

DARK HORSE

TUROK SON OF STONE

ISSUE #1

“Aztlán”

Part 1

“Out of Time”

Script for 25 pages by
Jim Shooter

May 28, 2010

(IMPORTANT NOTE TO THE ARTIST: Please strive for Kirby-level clarity. Keep the panel layout simple and rectilinear. Use the grid. Don't try to "design the page" or do "interesting" panel layouts. Use the most regular, simple panel layout possible. Vary from the standard layout only when absolutely necessary.

Every panel of every page *must* have gutters. Borders and gutters *must* be white. Having a borderless or partially bordered "open" panel once in a while is desirable, as long as they *remain in the grid*. The background of the art in an open panel should be white.

No overlapping/ interlocking/ inset panels *ever*, unless I specifically call for them. *Nothing, ever*, poking out of a panel! The panel borders are absolute. No bleeds, ever, unless I specifically call for them.

If anything called for in the script requires clarification, don't hesitate to call or e-mail. I'll be happy to try to untangle whatever. If an ugly-but-possibly-informative scribble-sketch might help, I will cheerfully provide one. Actually, I do a crude little sketch of nearly every panel for myself, anyway.

Lastly, I don't know how familiar you are with working from full scripts, so—you probably already know this, but—please PLAN FOR THE COPY! You know what it is, so allow enough space for the balloons and captions. Fake in the lettering if you have to, to make sure that there's enough room and that the copy will read in the order intended—generally, first speakers on the left, last speakers on the right, or work out some way that the copy can be read in order that doesn't involve tortuous pointers and crazy tricks. Dialogue and captions at the top of the panel to the extent possible, please.)

(NOTE TO EXPLAIN THE NOTE: It's not that I'm universally against design riffs beyond what is specified above, it's just that we're trying to create a consistent look-and-feel to the story presentation of all the titles in this line, and this straightforward, no-filigrees motif is what we chose. You'll be in good company, with some of the greatest storytellers in the history of the business. It's all about what's *in* the panels, here, and not about clever page layout or artsy design. If you don't wish to follow the rules set forth above, quit now. Do not mess with the line motif.)

Samples of open or partially open panels:



Feel free to play "Name That Genius." :)





This is here only as an example of an open panel, the third one. I do *not* like the head in the fifth panel overlapping the sixth panel, or the copy placement.





SEEING HIS OPENING, MAGNUS PUTS THE TREMENDOUS STRENGTH OF EVERY SUPERBLY-TRAINED MUSCLE INTO A BLOW AT THE ROBOT'S WEAKEST POINT...





Idiotic balloon placement, but the art is great.

PAGE ONE:

Panel 1 (3/5 page splash):

Scene: The American Southwest, terrain reference provided below, in the year 1428. It's SUNSET. TUROK, foreground, full figure, is creeping stealthily through the brush on a low rise overlooking the remains of a CHIRICAHUA VILLAGE, background. The village has been overrun and all but destroyed by Tepanec raiders. Tepanecs are a division of the AZTEC peoples. Henceforth, I'm just going to call them AZTECS.

On a blood-drenched, makeshift ALTAR, FOUR AZTEC WARRIORS hold down a fourteen-year-old Chiricahua boy, ANDAR, spread-eagled, face up. A PRIEST is about to plunge an OBSIDIAN KNIFE into Andar's chest.

Nearby, OTHER AZTEC WARRIORS hold the CHIEF of this Chiricahua band by his arms and hair, helpless. He is being forced to watch his son Andar die, after which, he, too, will be sacrificed.

The Aztec Emperor MAXTLA is off to one side watching the sacrifice, attended by several SLAVES and another PRIEST. Plant them in the tableau, but there's no need to feature them here. One Slave, call him MESCALERO SLAVE, is a young Mescalero Apache, about 20 years old—but he's dressed in Aztec style, here. He's important later. Give him very long hair gathered in back, a ponytail, sort of, that droops down to the middle of his back—not that it will be visible here. We'll see him closer later.

Turok, Andar, Maxtla the Chief and more are described in detail in the "REFERENCE, NOTES" section below.

There are about 100 Aztecs here, FYI, but, no, of course I don't expect you to show all of them. Even I am not that crazy.

A few of the WICKIUPS, dwellings, of this village are in ruins. None are burning, though...yet.

Except for Andar and the Chief, the last two, all of the people of this Chiricahua band have already been sacrificed. Please give evidence of the previous sacrifices—a pile of bodies. But, we will only see it once, here, in this panel, from a distance, so it is not too sickeningly gory. Be careful. No Sam Peckinpah stuff. Get the point across without causing kids to have nightmares.

After cutting each sacrifice's still-beating heart out, the Aztecs performing the ritual would typically decapitate and dismember the victims, but we don't have to go that far. Dead will do.

Turok has an arrow nocked and is starting to draw his bow, obviously preparing to fire at the Raiders—in particular, of course, the Priest.

LOGO

TUROK

Son of Stone

CAPTION

Three score and four years before men of the Old World first stand upon the shores of a Bahaman isle....

CAPTION (2nd)

Far west of the great river called by the *Ojibwe* people “**Misi-ziibi**,” where rugged mountains gaze down upon the desert....

TITLE

Aztlán

Part 1

Out of Time

CREDITS

Jim Shooter – writer

X – artist

X – letterer

Chris Warner – editor

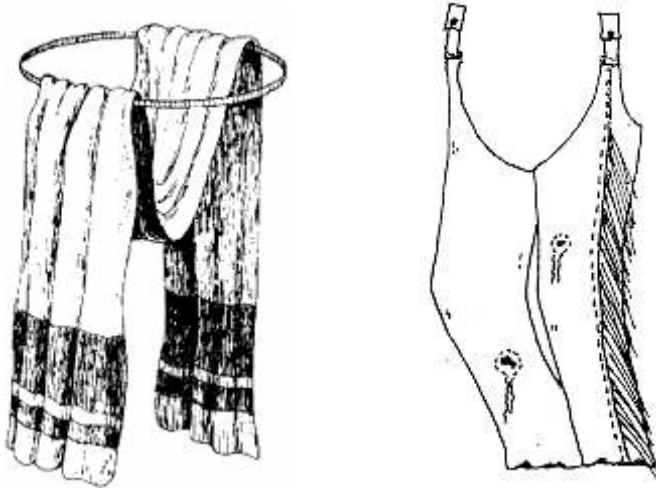
Cover by – X

Mike Richardson – Huey Tlatoani

REFERENCE, NOTES:

There is precious little good, visual reference available online for the Pre-Columbian Americas. In a way, that’s good news, because we can make it up and few can argue with what we do. Here are some particulars about a few key characters and things:

TUROC – Turok is *Algonquin*. Algonquin men typically wore breechclouts and leggings. The flaps of the breechclout went almost to the knees. The leggings for each leg were separate, not attached to each other. Each legging was held up by a strip fastened to the breechclout's waistband. Few, if any North American tribes wove cloth, so all clothing was made from skins of animals large and small. Algonquins and others made good, smooth, supple leather from deer, elk, bison, bear, beaver hides and more. Here are pictures that illustrate the breechclout/leggings thing:



CHRIS, MIKE, DON'T WORRY—I'M GOING TO GET TUROK LOGICALLY INTO PANTS, AS IN THE ORIGINAL SERIES, IN THIS STORY. BEAR WITH ME.

Algonquin men often wore “tunics,” so I suppose it’s not a great stretch to have Turok in a simple vest, as in the classic series. However, let’s not make it bright blue. Please. It’s leather. P.S. It wasn’t blue on covers, usually. It could be dyed, or have some subtle, simple geometric pattern if you wish, but nothing extreme, please.

In the original, Turok has a feather in his hair at the back of his head, held there by a hair ornament, presumably made of shell. That’s okay. The hair ornaments on the sides of his head, presumably also shell, are okay too, BUT, please don’t make them look like earmuffs, as in the original series. Shell ornaments where his braids begin, okay, earmuffs, no. Let’s see some ears.

Turok carries a SEAX, or Viking long knife in a leather sheathe. Make the blade about 14 inches long or so, so it doesn’t look like a sword.

Seax. The curved part is the un-edged side, the straight part is the cutting side:





The Seax is made of DAMASCUS STEEL. Damascus Steel has a distinctive look, so whenever we see the Seax up close, we should see this sort of pattern in the blade:





Turok also carries a small VIKING AXE, a hatchet, really, which serves him as a STEEL TOMAHAWK. It's made of Frankish steel, good stuff, but with no pattern like Damascus Steel. It's tucked in his belt. It looks something like this, with a slightly shorter handle:



Turok's most important possession is his BOW. Turok has a COMPOSITE BOW—a wooden bow stave reinforced on the “belly” side, facing the archer, with laminated strips of horn, and covered on the other, the “back” side, with layers of sinew glued onto the wood. Turok's bow is slightly recurved. It looks sort of like this, in terms of basic shape, anyway:



However, please make it thicker, **STRONGER** and **MORE ROBUST-LOOKING**. When we see it close up, we'll be able to see the laminated layers. I haven't found a better reference for that than the above yet, but I will, or I'll draw you some, if you need it.

Also, please give it some **DISTINCTIVE FEATURES**—some decoration, maybe, but nothing that would interfere with functionality. Could be some simple geometric designs painted on in places. There could also be sinew or leather cords wrapped tightly around the bow stave in a couple of places to reinforce the glued lamination, whatever. Make it distinctive, powerful-looking and unique.

For clarity's sake, here's a similar bow, unstrung, strung and drawn:



Turok made his own bow. He was taught the art of making such bows, perfected by the Turks, by the same Viking friends who gave him his Seax and Axe. He also has a substantial-sized quiver that holds *15 arrows* with flintknapped heads. Turok's bow can

propel an arrow *half a mile*, and strikes with devastating force at close range. In all the Americas, there is not its like.

Because he's "on the road" here, as this story starts, Turok also has a LEATHER BAG that closes by means of a drawstring and has a leather strap so he can sling it over his shoulder and across his chest. It's big enough to hold extra bowstrings, some leather and sinew cords, some dried meat or other provisions, a chunk of pyrite and a flint. Make it look more like a knapsack than a purse, please.

Turok wears mocassins. Very basic, please.

Turok is a tall, strong, good-looking guy. Well-built, but not cartoony-over-muscular.

P.S. Just so you know how special Turok's steel weapons are, there was no significant use of any metal at all in the Americas during his time, the early 1400's. The major Central and South American civilizations made jewelry and ornaments of gold, silver and copper, but none of them got even as far as a Bronze Age, and other than a few arrowheads made of copper, metals rarely saw service as weapons components. A "Copper Culture" in the Great Lakes area used fairly pure elemental copper found there to make jewelry and a few implements, but they never developed the technology to melt, much less smelt copper—so they were limited to what they could shape using stone hammers from chunks of cold, raw metal. So, there were some ornaments, beads, a few fishhooks and even some arrowheads, but little of significance. The most major implement/weapon ever discovered was a copper "pike." It was eleven inches long.

ANDAR – Andar is *Chiracahua*, a division of the Apache. At the beginning of this tale, Andar wears only a breechclout, mocassins and a leather-strip headband. Chiricahua males typically wore a headband or head covering. Give Andar a wide strip of leather tied around his head, with a feather in the back. The leather strip is dyed red, which was Andar's signature color in the old series. Don't worry, we'll get him into pants soon. At the beginning of this tale, Andar has no weapons or accouterments.

At the risk of being thought insane, I request that Turok wear a TURKEY FEATHER, the one seen below on the left, and Andar wear an EAGLE FEATHER:



IMPORTANT: In the original series, both Turok and Andar wore metal arm bands around their upper arms. DO NOT give them metal arm bands, please! The Native Americans from their areas at that time didn't have such things. Turok could have a tied LEATHER ARM BAND, if you wish, but metal makes no sense.

CLASSIC TUROK and ANDAR:

For your convenience, here are some images from the original series:

DELL

DEC. FEB.

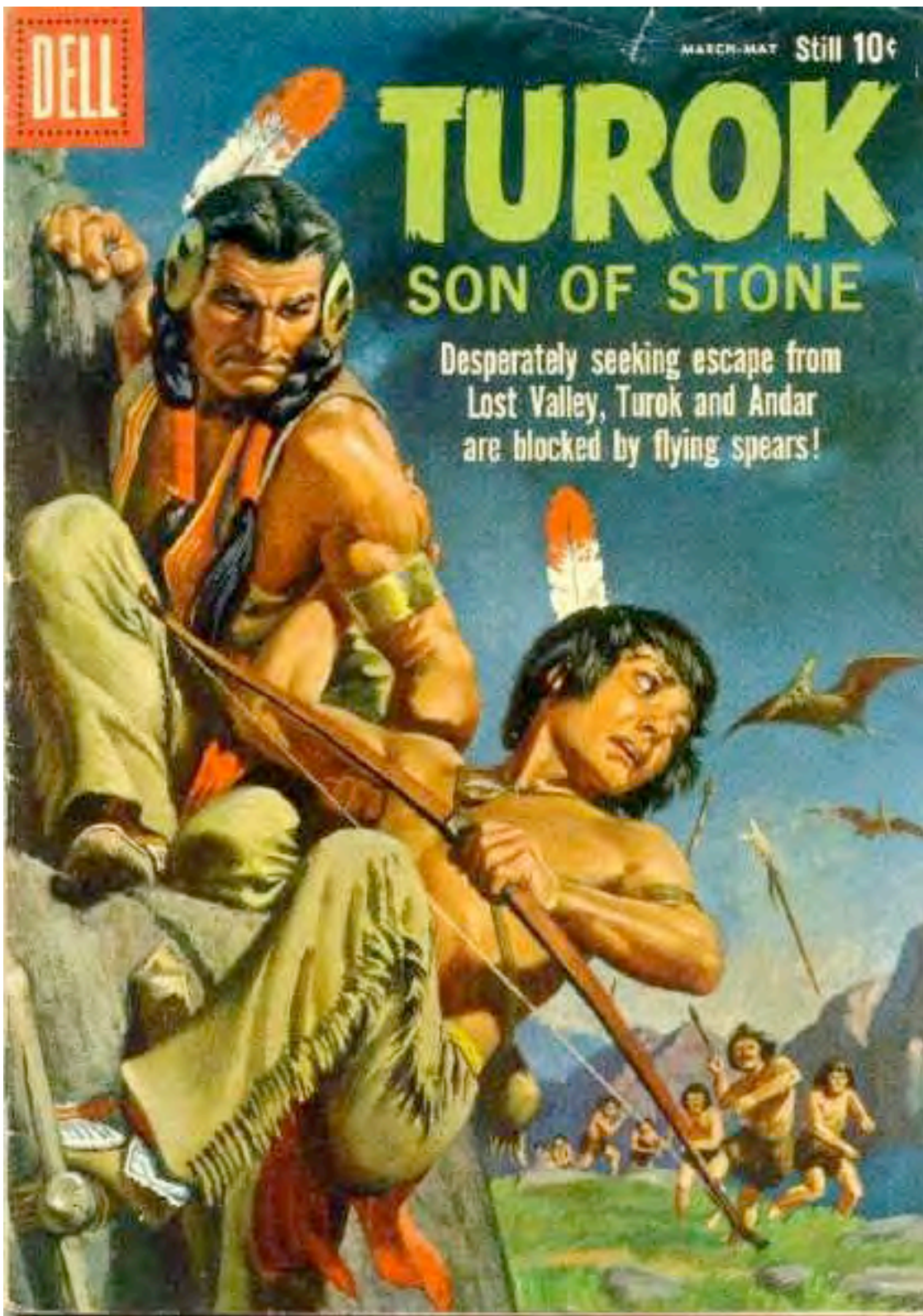
Still 10¢

TUROK

SON OF STONE



Trapped...
between angry cavemen
and a flying fury!



Turok should be more handsome, but I love how boyish Andar looks on these covers.

TUROK SON OF STONE

VALLEY OF THE DANGEROUS DREAMS

AS TUROK AND ANDAR EXPLORE A REMOTE SECTION OF LOST VALLEY, SEEKING A WAY OUT OF THE FANTASTIC JUNGLE WORLD, SUDDENLY...

LISTEN! SOMETHING IS CRAWLING TO US!



THERE, TUROK! THE BUSHES ARE MOVING! SOMETHING IS COMING CLOSER!



AR-ARE THEY BEHIND--- ARE THEY FOLLOWING--- THE MEN WITH THREE HEADS?



TUROK * 31-6211

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CHANGES OF ADDRESS should reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue date. Give both your old and new address enclosing if possible your old address label.



WHERE DID NAHUNK'S CLUB HIT YOU, SKI-YU?---HAH!---HERE-- ON YOUR BACK?



HO! THERE'S NO HARM DONE, THEN...

THERE IS *MUCH* HARM DONE, TUROK! EITHER YOU MUST GET RID OF SKI-YU, OR WE MUST FIND ANOTHER HOME!

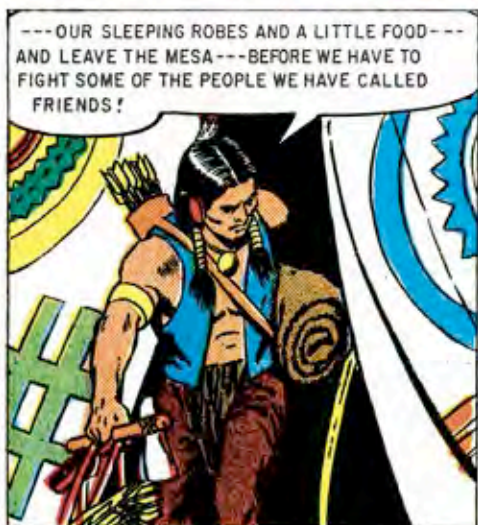


GET RID OF SKI-YU? NEVER, ANDAR! HE IS *MY WOLF PUP!* I RESCUED HIM FROM THE GREAT BEAST WHO WRECKED HIS DEN AND ---

HUNH! THEN WE HAVE ONE CHOICE LEFT--- TO FIGHT NAHUNK---OR LEAVE THE MESA! NOW!



YOU ARE RIGHT, ANDAR! WE HAVE JUST FINISHED A HANDSOME, NEW TEEPEE! NOW WE MUST GET OUR WEAPONS---



---OUR SLEEPING ROBES AND A LITTLE FOOD--- AND LEAVE THE MESA---BEFORE WE HAVE TO FIGHT SOME OF THE PEOPLE WE HAVE CALLED FRIENDS!



IT IS WELL, TUROK! I WAS GROWING A LITTLE RESTLESS!

WE STILL MAY FIND A WAY TO CLIMB OUT OF THESE DEEP CANYONS--- AND GO HOME!

The **CHIEF** – The Chief, Andar’s father, should be simply dressed, much like Andar. Instead of a headband, his leather head-wrap should be more cap-like. I love the look of this guy:



AZTECS – lots of reference easily available online for Aztecs—however, most of it shows the way-overwrought ceremonial garb. It’s costume-crazy. The Aztecs at the beginning of this story are refugees from a great battle—and major defeat—at the hands of a rival Aztec group. They aren’t dressed for ceremony, they’re dressed to fight.

So...don’t be misled by what you’ll find online. Don’t over-costume the Aztecs. Keep it simple, with a few Aztec-motif riffs. Worry more about the weapons and functional stuff than the fluff and feathers. Nobody looking like they’re ready for the Mummers Parade, please.

Aside from two PRIESTS, a few SLAVES (including our Mescalero Slave) and MAXTLA THE HUEY TLOTOANI (the King, essentially), these Aztecs are all “SHORN ONES,” the highest of the elite Aztec warrior classes.

I cannot find any good visual reference for the Shorn Ones. This is what we know: they all have their heads shaved, except for a long, braided lock that falls over their left ears. They paint their faces half blue and half red or yellow. They are sworn never to take a step backward in battle. They are the fiercest, deadliest warrior-badasses of their time. It’s okay to show some variety in the Shorn Ones’ clothing and weapons, but keep enough common elements in their general look—especially the face paint and lock of hair—so that it is apparent that they belong to the same military outfit.

Remember, there are no “Jaguar Warriors,” “Eagle Warriors” or other varieties here. All Shorn Ones.

With the Priests and Maxtla you can go a little more decorative, a little more costume-y. Maxtla is a warrior, though, not a fop, so don’t get carried away with regal finery. He is armed and dangerous.

Make **MAXTLA** distinctive, impressive and imposing. It should be clear at a glance that he’s the King, from his regalia, from his bearing and from the way all of his people devoutly serve him, worship him and fear him. He’s fierce. Cruel. Ruthless. Vicious. To us, he seems like evil incarnate. But from his point of view, he is merely exercising his divine right and doing his divine duty. It takes many sacrificial murders to keep the sun rising every day. Maxtla should look physically powerful. Strong. Tall. Significantly taller and more muscular than Turok.

The Aztecs generally didn’t take archers with them on expeditions. Their weapons were ATLATL (a “throwing stick” used to hurl spears called “darts”) and various clubs, including some with obsidian edges. Start here:

http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Aztec_warfare

<http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Atlatl>

I can find no reference on quivers for Atlatl darts, but they must have had some sort of quivers to carry the darts. They’d be like arrow quivers, but longer.

As previously explained, the Aztecs of the time we’re dealing with, 1428, had no metal weapons. They did have metal jewelry and ornaments, gold especially. Another important thing, the Aztecs never discovered the wheel and had no pack animals.

CHIRICAHUA VILLAGE – a Chiricahua village consisted of a group of WICKIUPS closely spaced.

Here's some Wickiup reference:



Here's an unfinished Wickiup, to give you a better idea of how they're constructed:



Here are some **TERRAIN** shots of the general area where this story begins. Obviously, we need a bit of a clearing for the Chiricahua Village:





Panel 2 (2/5 page):

Scene: Focus on the altar and the impending sacrifice. Maybe a slight upshot, so we can see Andar's anxious face, the Priest who's trying to stab him and a hint of the Warriors holding Andar down. Forget about Turok, here. He's off panel.

Here's the *point* of the panel: Turok's first arrow is killing the Priest and, at least for the moment, saving Andar's life. The arrow is hitting the Priest with tremendous force between the eyes, in the heart, whatever works, so that it's *certain* he's dead. Again, don't be too gory. A little gory is okay. ;)

PRIEST

UHHK....

PAGE TWO:

Panel 1 (1/3 page horizontal):

Scene: Again, focus on the area of the altar, somewhat different angle, a little farther back to include more people. By now, Turok (still off panel, don't worry about him) has fired THREE MORE ARROWS. The Priest, shot dead last panel, is on the ground. One of the AZTEC WARRIORS who had been holding one of Andar's arms has been shot and is *almost* all the way to the ground. A second AZTEC WARRIOR who had been holding one of Andar's legs has been shot and is *halfway* to the ground. One of the AZTEC WARRIORS, let's call him WARRIOR 3, who had been holding the Chiricahua CHIEF is just being hit.

Andar and the Chief are, as you would expect, are taking advantage of this opportunity, struggling like crazy, trying to get away. And it should look like they might succeed. The remaining AZTEC WARRIORS holding onto Andar and the Chief are, well, losing their grip.

This can be a really cool frozen moment in time. Please make it rock.

(NOTE: Remember, the Shorn Ones are *fearless badasses*, so they shouldn't look terrified—just surprised, and beginning to scramble for their weapons.)

WARRIOR 3
(being hit)

HIEEEE....

Panel 2 (First of a series of three 1/9 page panels, comprising the second tier):

Scene: Andar has broken free. The Chief is punching, throwing down or otherwise breaking free of the last Aztec Warrior who had been holding him. To the extent that we see any other Aztecs, they're pointing at where the arrows are coming from, hurling Atlatl darts that direction. If you can, show another one being hit by an arrow. Yes, that's a lot for a small panel. Come on, you can do it.

CHIEF

Run, boy! To where the arrows come from!

Panel 3 (1/9 page):

Scene: Andar is running as ordered. But the Chief is pausing, picking up the weapon of a fallen Aztec Warrior. Other Aztec warriors are swarming toward him.

Lots of ways to do this—Andar's fleeing feet in the foreground, Chief middle ground, a hint of the Aztecs, background, or the reverse of that. Whatever.

(no copy)

Panel 4 (1/9 page):

Scene: Focus on the Chief fighting, heroically (and suicidally) trying to hold off the pursuing Aztecs so his son, Andar, can escape. We're going to see this well next panel, so go for drama, here. We don't need to see the entire Aztec mob.

(no copy)

Panel 5 (1/3 page horizontal):

Scene: This is the money shot. The Chief, fighting like a father possessed, is holding back the Aztecs for precious moments, but is being overwhelmed. Both things should be absolutely clear—that the Chief has heroically done damage and delayed the pursuit, and that he is a split second away from being killed.

(no copy)

PAGE THREE:

Panel 1 (1/3 page horizontal):

Scene: Andar is just arriving at the top of the low rise where Turok is. Turok is no longer hiding behind cover—he's standing, the better to fire arrows down at the Aztecs.

Andar is glancing back over his shoulder, just now realizing that his father isn't right behind him. Imagine how he feels seeing his father being killed back there. No need to show the Aztecs in this shot.

ANDAR

Father...!

(IMPORTANT NOTE, TO ME, ANYWAY: Turok is firing his SIXTH ARROW in this panel. That means he has NINE left in the quiver, till further notice.)

Panel 2 (1/6 page):

Scene: Turok has grabbed young Andar by the arm and is keeping him from running back down the hill to try to help the Chief (who is probably already dead by now). Andar struggles to break away from Turok, in vain.

Atlatl Darts hurled by the pursuers strike dangerously close to Turok and Andar. Again, the Aztecs may be off panel here.

ANDAR

Let **go**! I have to **help** him!

TUROK

No! He is finished.

Panel 3 (1/6 page):

Scene: Turok leads Andar down the other side of the hill away from the village. Andar follows reluctantly, looking back. A few darts are still incoming, but now that Turok and Andar are off the crest of the hill and therefore, out of sight, the darts are missing by a wide margin.

TUROK

He gave us a little more time. Honor his gift.

Panel 4 (1/3 page horizontal):

Scene: Back at the village. Establishing shot, but feature the players. MAXTLA, the Aztec King, stands near the makeshift altar, pontificating to his SHORN ONE OFFICERS, who are gathered around him, respectfully awaiting orders. Attending Maxtla obsequiously are a PRIEST, call him PRIEST 2, and a few SLAVES, including our Mescalero Slave. In the background, we see two Shorn Ones dragging the ravaged body of the Chief away, presumably toward the pile of bodies of other slain Chiricahua.

CAPTION

Moments later.

PRIEST 2
(humbly)

O great **Maxtla**, divine *Huey Tlatoani*, emperor and speaker, what say your **brethren**, the **gods**?

MAXTLA
(grim, angry)

To allow a sacrifice to escape is to steal his blood from their mouths.
Their thirst must be slaked...or their **wrath** will be terrible.

(NOTE: No comma after “O.”)

PAGE FOUR:

Panel 1 (1/6 page):

Scene: By now, it’s just starting to get dark. Cut to Turok and Andar, a mile away by now, pausing in their flight to look back. Put them in the foreground, full figures, with some environs around them to clarify the new locale.

The Chiricahua Village is burning—but it’s a mile or so behind them, so all we really need to show is the light from the fire way off in the distance.

Something like this, maybe:



ANDAR

They're burning the camp!

TUROK

Torching perfectly good shelters.... I think that means they're coming after us **now**. **All** of them. We'd better keep moving.

Panel 2 (1/6 page):

Scene: Turok and Andar keep moving, running at a fair-but-maintainable pace through the "broken field" of the desert. Full figures again, but we can be a bit closer than last panel since we don't have to show distant background this time.

ANDAR

You **talk** funny.

TUROK

Your talk is a little like that of the **Na'isha** I wintered with. I think they must be your cousins. I will learn to speak like you after a while.

(NOTE: Just for your info, a fun fact: the Na'isha are the Plains Apache, or *Kiowa-Apache* before white men named them that.)

Panel 3 (First of a series of three 1/9 page panels, comprising the second tier):

Scene: Angle on Turok and Andar, close up, talking as they run.

ANDAR

Why are you helping me?

TUROK

Your father saved my life. I owe it to his spirit.

Panel 4 (1/9 page):

Scene: Another angle on them, fairly close up.

ANDAR

But you saved us first!

TUROK

I **live**. He **died**. His gift was greater.

TUROK (2nd)

I am called **Turok**. What is your name?

Panel 5 (1/9 page):

Scene: Another angle, but from farther away, maybe from $\frac{3}{4}$ behind them as they press on.

ANDAR

You **can't** say your own **name**...!

TUROK

Oh, I **know** this law. Many peoples follow it. And you cannot speak your father's name either...?

ANDAR (2nd)

It might disturb his spirit. I would never do that.

(NOTE: I meant to write "peoples." It's not a mistake.)

Panel 6 (1/3 page):

Scene: This is a historic moment—Turok gives Andar his NAME. I'm inclined to do this a close up, so we can see Turok's thirty-something face and Andar's 14-year-old face clearly. They shouldn't be running, here. They're pausing for a second. Turok looks wise and serious. Andar is glad of Turok's aid, but remember, he just lost his father, so he's hurting in a stoic, Chiricahua way. Receiving a name is a big deal in both their cultures, by the way.

TUROK

I see. Well, I will **give** you a name, like mine, in the secret tongue of the Shamans. I will call you **Andar**. It means “**Strong Roots**.”

TUROK (2nd)

My name means “**Young Hawk**,” though you see I am not a fledgling anymore.

PAGE FIVE:

Panel 1 (1/6 page):

Scene: Turok and Andar are running again, pressing on. I’d show them fairly small, from some distance, because the real star of this panel is the SKY. Show lots of sky, and in the sky, an UNNATURAL STORM rolling in.

(NOTE: This Unnatural Storm is actually roiling “clouds” of bizarre energy. This “storm” flickers in and out of our reality, appearing here and there along the time-stream. It’s going to transport Turok, Andar and the Aztecs to the TIMELESS LAND. Don’t worry about the hows and whys now, all will be explained later. Just make the Unnatural Storm ominous, eerie-looking, terrifying, powerful and very impressive. However—it should look enough like a natural storm so that it is reasonable that Turok, Andar and the Aztecs would call it that. Design this effect within an inch of its life—we’ll be seeing it again.)

For inspiration, you might want to go to Google Advanced Image Search and in the *related to any of these words* blank type in *supercell* and “*super cell*” (in quotes). Some of the *real* storms are pretty weird and scary looking.

http://images.google.com/advanced_image_search?hl=en

From this point on, eerie, flickering illumination might come from what seems to be lightning flashing in the “clouds.”

ANDAR

A **storm** is coming.

TUROK

But the clouds look **strange**.

Panel 2 (1/6 page):

Scene: From a cave entrance hidden from sight but not far away from Turok and Andar, a huge number of BATS burst forth, making a tremendous noise, as they emerge for the night. Ever heard a large number of bats taking off? It's a sudden, startling, scary sound and *loud*. Andar reacts, very startled—but not terrified, he's a brave kid. Turok reacts less—looks, but doesn't flinch.

ANDAR

That **noise**...!

TUROK

Bats. They show us the way to a cave.

Panel 3 (1/3 page):

Scene: Establishing shot of the CAVE ENTRANCE, but show a good bit of sky, too. Turok and Andar have come around to a position where they can see the Cave Entrance now and are still cautiously making their way down the rocks toward it—but they're still fifty feet or so away from it. They can be relatively small here, which will help give some scale to the Cave Entrance. The stars of this panel are the Cave Entrance and the rapidly approaching, strengthening Unnatural Storm. A few Bats, the stragglers, are still coming out of the Cave.

ANDAR

I have heard them before but...not so **close**.

TUROK

We could take shelter here....

TUROK (2nd)

...but our enemies will **expect** us to seek shelter from the storm. If they find this cave....

Here are a couple of cave entrance shots:



Panel 4 (1/6 page):

Scene: Close up shot of Turok and Andar as Turok weighs entering the Cave. Turok is calm but concerned, judging the odds. Andar looks a little scared, but wouldn't admit it. Hey, Chiricahua or not, he's only 14. Certain death is pursuing him, a spooky cave is in front of him and there's a scary storm overhead. I'd be nervous, too.

Shoot from the direction of the Cave Entrance, which would make this a somewhat up-angled shot. Therefore, we can see a bit of sky and the increasingly threatening Unnatural Storm.

By now, the WIND is beginning to pick up, swirling and gusting.

ANDAR

Maybe they will be **afraid** to come in after us. Because...wh-who knows what might be in there.

TUROK

Those warriors did not flinch when my arrows were cutting down men next to them. I think they fear **nothing**.

Panel 5 (1/6 page):

Scene: Turok is leading Andar into the Cave, but he's glancing skyward, here. Andar follows, a little reluctantly, scared, but doing it anyway. Lots of good ways to shoot this. No need to show the sky. Give evidence of the strengthening wind.

TUROK

Still, I have never **seen** a sky like this. This is no **ordinary** storm.

TUROK (2nd)

Let us go inside. If they follow us, maybe we can hide from them until we can find another way out.

ANDAR

(looking around nervously)

I wish I had my **bow**.

PAGE SIX:

Panel 1 (1/3 page horizontal):

Scene: Cut to the place where Turok and Andar first paused to look back at the light and smoke from the burning village, shown in panel 1 of page four. Shoot from essentially the same angle, but closer to the players this time. Establishing shot, full figures. Here's what's going on:

- An Aztec Shorn One TRACKER is examining very slight traces of FOOTPRINTS left by Andar. Turok didn't leave any.
- Maxtla stands near the Tracker. There are Shorn One GUARDS vigilantly protecting him. Priest 2 stands nearby.
- A COLUMN of Shorn One warriors stands assembled a few paces behind Maxtla. Close order drill hasn't been invented yet, so they're not in rigid formation, but they're reasonably organized. There are about 95 Aztecs, total, now—Turok took out about five.
- Remember, the Unnatural Storm is intensifying overhead, and its "lightning" is providing illumination.
- If we can see some light and smoke from the burning village, as we did the last time we saw this location, that would be good. By the way, the fires would be less intense now, nearly burned out.

(IMPORTANT NOTE: The above is *everything* that's going on, but you don't need to go crazy trying to squeeze it all in. The essential things are: The Tracker, Maxtla, getting across the drift that the Aztec raiders are on the march and that this is the same location seen in panel 1 of page four.)

(ALSO IMPORTANT: Remember the WIND is gusting.)

TRACKER

The sacrifice **paused** here. I see no sign of the bowman. They took different paths...or he walks like a **ghost**.

MAXTLA

Find the **sacrifice** and we will find the **bowman**. If he is a ghost, he will be forced to return to the afterworld when we strip away the flesh he wears.

Panel 2 (1/6 page):

Scene: Angle close up on Maxtla. Include, near background, Priest 2. Both are looking up at the ever-strengthening Unnatural Storm. They need not be looking in the same direction, because by now, the Unnatural Storm covers much of the sky. Maxtla should be facing the camera, more or less, so we can get a good look at his face. Show enough of the sky so we see a bit of the Unnatural Storm.

PRIEST

Divine Emperor, this **storm**...!

MAXTLA

In his godly anger, **Mextli** has sent this storm to scourge us. But it will **help** us, too. **They** will try to **hide** from the storm's wrath.

Panel 3 (1/6 page):

Scene: Led by the Tracker, the Aztecs are moving out, resuming the pursuit, as Maxtla is ordering, here. That's the point we have to get across. I picture Shorn One Officers pointing left and right, directing the troops to fan out. I picture this shot from a POV 15 or 20 feet above the ground and $\frac{3}{4}$ behind the lead elements of the Aztec force, but I'm not married to that. Make it clear. More, even fiercer "lightning" and wind, please.

MAXTLA

The flashing clouds will light our way. We will find them cowering under a tree or in some hole.

MAXTLA

(gesturing/pointing forward)

On!

Panel 4 (1/3 page):

Scene: In the large entrance "room," just inside the mouth of the Cave, Turok and Andar find a place where there is cover, behind some craggy rocks. By hiding there, they'll be able to see the enemy entering the Cave without being seen. There is an OPENING to a tunnel or shaft close by that they could retreat into if the Aztecs came into the Cave. Establishing shot, please. Feature Turok and Andar as much as is practical, but they can be small, here. Shoot this so we can see the Cave entrance.

TUROK
(pointing at the Opening)

Let us hide here, Andar, where we can watch the mouth of the cave. If they come, we can retreat down this shaft.

ANDAR
(looking at the spooky Opening
with apprehension)

Down **there**...?

Here are a couple of shots from just inside the cave looking out. No man-made walkways, obviously:





Here are shots of spooky Openings to tunnels or shafts:





PAGE SEVEN:

Panel 1 (1/6 page):

Scene: Turok is looking out warily toward the Cave entrance. Close up on Turok, and past him, we see Andar—that is, our POV is more or less from the direction Turok is looking. The lighting comes from the Unnatural Storm’s flashes.

TUROK

I hope this strange storm soon brings **rain** to wash away your tracks. I wish there had been time to show you how to **leave** no tracks.

ANDAR

Who **are** these people, Turok?

TUROK (2nd)

Far have I traveled, but never have I seen any like them.

Panel 2 (1/6 page):

Scene: Two-shot to favor Andar. Andar is slumped down, sad, depressed, tired. Hey, his whole band has just been slaughtered. Turok is vigilantly keeping watch.

ANDAR

Raiding to take food or women is fair enough, but why did they kill **everyone**?

TUROK

It looked like an offering to their gods.

Panel 3 (1/6 page):

Scene: Turok is looking toward Andar here—an acknowledgement of this young boy's grief and need for comforting. I'd pull back to full-figure depth.

ANDAR

What kind of gods want **that**?

TUROK

How many summers do you have, Andar?

Panel 4 (1/6 page):

Scene: Two-shot to favor Turok. So much for comforting Andar—Turok hears the Aztecs outside the Cave, and is hushing Andar.

ANDAR

Ten and four, if this one counts. Do you....

TUROK

Ch! Quiet!

Panel 5 (1/3 page horizontal):

Scene: Cut to outside the Cave. Establishing shot, show the Cave entrance. The Tracker is kneeling beside what we presume is a footprint—we're too far away to tell—and he is pointing at the Cave entrance. Maxtla and the Aztec force are ready to swoop into the

Cave and attack. Priest 2 is looking up at the Unnatural Storm, which is descending to near ground level! It's right above them, its roiling, flashing, glowing energy only twenty feet or so above ground, with wisps and tentacles snaking down among them! And the *wind* is getting fierce! It's almost enough to sweep a warrior off his feet!

TRACKER

There.

PRIEST 2

Great Maxtla...! The storm **descends** upon us!

PAGE EIGHT:

Panel 1 (1/6 page):

Scene: Angle to show the glowing, flashing wisps and tendrils of the Unnatural Storm entering the Cave! Show Priest 2 and Maxtla.

PRIEST 2

Even into the **cave**...!

MAXTLA

Mextli lights our way to them! He is **eager** for a draught of blood!

Panel 2 (1/6 page):

Scene: Action depth, full figures. The glowing, flashing, roiling energy has engulfed the Aztecs. The wind is bowling over several of them, and others are barely resisting its force. In particular, the Tracker is being swept off the ground—*toward the Cave*!

Maxtla offers the strongest resistance to the wind, standing his ground better than anyone—he is one tough dude—but even he is being battered and moved.

TRACKER

AIEEE...!

Panel 3 (1/6 page):

Scene: Inside the Cave, the roiling, flashing energy has reached Turok and Andar, as has the wind. Andar has been blown off his feet! Turok has caught him by the arm with one strong hand and is holding onto a rocky crag with the other.

ANDAR

Turok! The **wind**...!

TUROK

Hold **on**! I have you!

Panel 4 (1/6 page):

Scene: The little crag of rock Turok is hanging onto breaks off! Uh-oh.

TUROK

Ai!

Panel 5 (1/3 page horizontal):

Scene: Turok and Andar are swept away, tumbling into a maelstrom of energy. All I ask is for spectacular effects.

(no copy)

PAGE NINE:

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

(NOTE: DO NOT do this as an inset panel. Don't even *think* about it.)

Scene: Broad daylight, no more wind or Unnatural Storm. Fairly close on Turok and Andar, on the ground, just starting to pick themselves up. They should look a bit windblown, disheveled and disarranged, but basically intact. The ground is fern and grass covered. Not mowed lawn grass, mind you, but wild, unkempt, ancient grass.

TUROK

Andar! Are you all right?

ANDAR

Yes...I think.

Grass:



Panel 2 (5/6 page):

Scene: Big scope establishing shot of the TIMELESS LAND with Turok and Andar in the foreground, full figures, please. They're in the middle of a large, open, grassy area. On one side, beyond the grassy field are the shores of a marsh. On the other side, beyond the grassy field is a forest. Turok and Andar are starting to rise, looking around in amazement. This sure ain't New Mexico anymore. Pterosaurs and dinosaurs are in view. No large, dangerous predators in sight, though, please.

The Timeless Land is essentially Earth in the LATE CRETACEOUS PERIOD. It is, however, much infiltrated by things from other times, swept here by the wandering Unnatural Storm, which we'll discover as we go along.

ANDAR

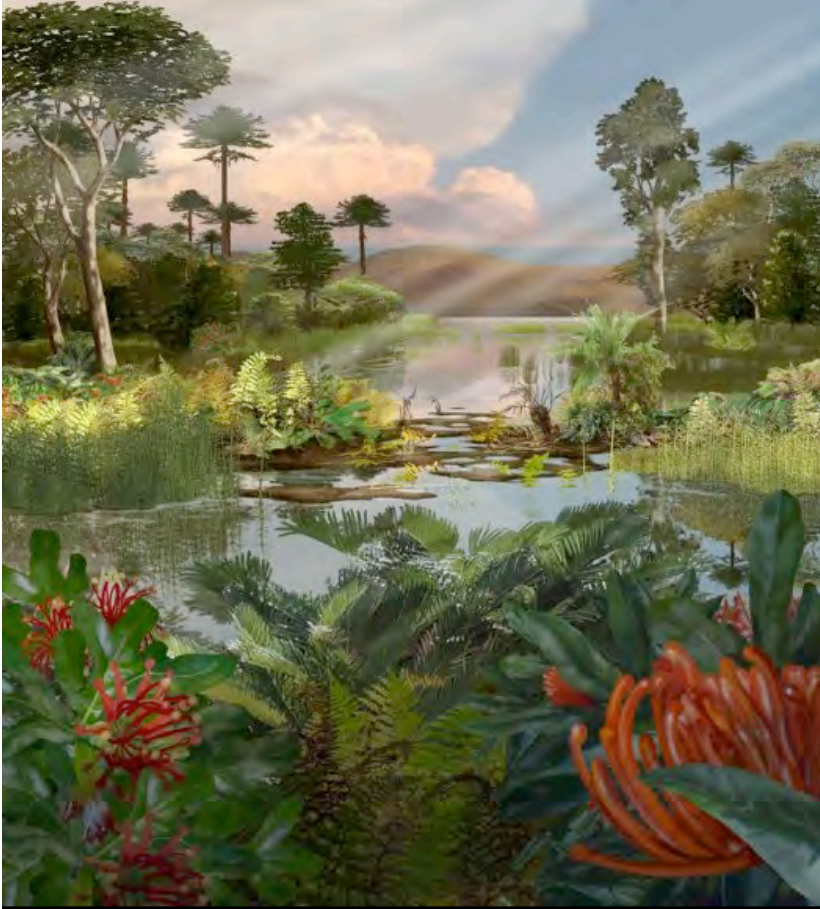
Where **are** we?

(IMPORTANT NOTE: From this point on, please frequently show DINOSAURS and other PREHISTORIC ANIMALS in the backgrounds, soaring across the sky, whatever. Wherever, whenever they might logically be seen. Even *predators* at a safe distance. No interaction with the characters unless called for, please—except, in some circumstances the characters might be *noticing* the critters. We might also see the bones of a dead creature, or scavengers feasting on a carcass, whatever.)

Late Cretaceous landscape shots for inspiration:







Tons of reference available online. Google Advanced Image Search “Cretaceous” and “Late Cretaceous.” Don’t worry. You almost can’t go wrong. As stated, anything from any time could show up in the Timeless Land. Turok and Andar, for instance.

PAGE TEN:

Panel 1 (1/3 page horizontal):

Scene: Cut to the Aztecs, who have landed on the edge of a marsh. Establishing shot. Make this area *distinctly different* from the grassy field where Turok and Andar landed. Show the area and lots of Aztecs but feature Maxtla, Priest 2 and a SHORN ONE CAPTAIN.

All of the Aztecs are slowly rising, gathering themselves—except for Maxtla. He was the first on his feet and is standing, here. Priest 2, still on all fours, looking around astonished and bewildered, echoes Andar’s question. Maxtla is largely ignoring him and giving orders to Shorn One Captain, who has gotten as far up as one knee.

Again, some wildlife should be seen, but no predators that are an immediate threat.

(NOTE: Don't show the Mescalero Slave. You'll see why soon.)

PRIEST 2

Where **are** we?

MAXTLA

Captain. Take **count**. And send out **scouts**.

Panel 2: (1/6 page):

Scene: Close up, two-shot of Priest 2, now on his feet, and Maxtla. Priest 2 would be respectfully facing Maxtla, head bowed slightly. He's awed and amazed. Maxtla is still looking around at this amazing place, but with calmness and dignity befitting his divine status—and therefore, they can both be more or less facing the camera.

MAXTLA

The gods will tell me, in their own time, what land this is and what great purpose they have for me here. For now, like any other, it is a land to **conquer**.

Panel 3 (1/6 page panel):

Scene: Here's the situation: Immediately upon arriving, unnoticed in the confusion, the MESCALERO SLAVE scrambled into the marsh, where he's hiding in the water. By now, the Aztecs onshore have mostly recovered and regrouped.

SO, THE SCENE IS THIS: Foreground, we see the Mescalero Slave in the water, hiding among the rushes, only his head from his chin up above water. Astute readers might realize that they have seen him before, if briefly, but no matter. Background, onshore, we see some Aztecs. In particular, Shorn One Captain is reporting to Maxtla.

SHORN ONE CAPTAIN

Mighty Emperor, all of our own are accounted for. One **slave** is missing.

MAXTLA

When you find him he will be sacrificed to great **Mextli**, who delivered us to this place.

Panel 4 (1/6 page):

Scene: A Shorn One, call him SHORN ONE A, is running toward Maxtla, the Priest and Shorn One Captain, who turn toward him as he shouts news. No need to show anyone else.

SHORN ONE A

Divine Emperor! A scout has spotted the **sacrifice!** And the **bowman!**

Panel 5 (1/6 page):

Scene: Cut to Turok and Andar, on the move, now, about to enter the forest. Establishing shot. Remember, this location is distinctly different from the one where we saw the Aztecs. Turok and Andar should be in the middle distance, close enough to identify, but far enough so the environs are featured. Turok leads the way. Young Andar lags behind. Hey, he's had a rough day and hasn't slept for a while. Andar is glancing back because of a noise he hears.

TUROK

I do not know where we are, or what dangers this place may hold, but we will be safer in the **woods**, where we are not so easy to see. **Hurry**, Andar.

SFX
(drifting in from off panel)

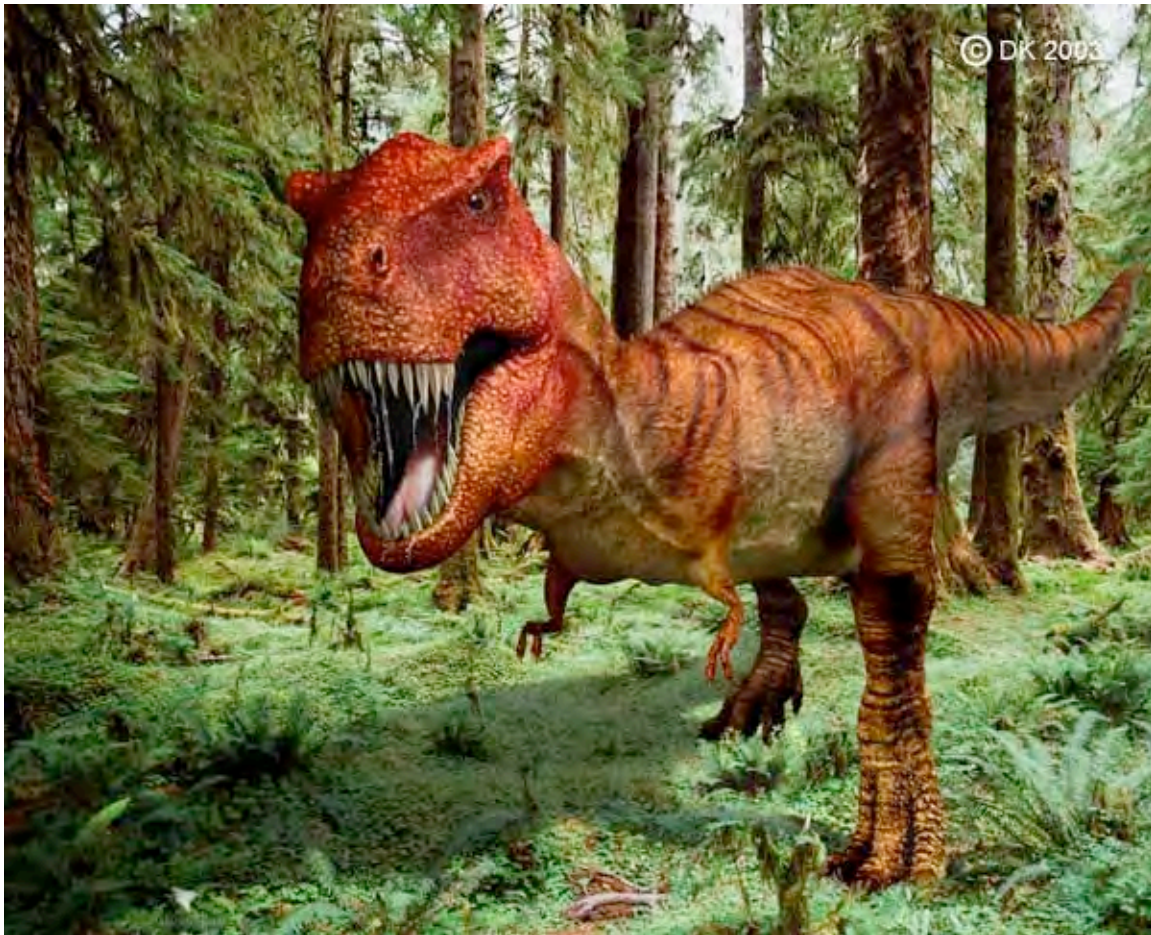
oorOOOoooooooo

ANDAR

Sounds like a **coyote**....

Here are some illustrations of Late Cretaceous forests (and dinosaurs):





As you can see, not so different from modern woodlands.

PAGE ELEVEN:

Panel 1 (1/3 page horizontal):

Scene: Coming over a small rise, dozens of Aztec Shorn Ones led by the Shorn One Captain charge Turok and Andar. Turok is flinching/ducking so that an Atlatl Dart narrowly misses him. He would have been skewered if Andar hadn't turned in time to see the oncoming Aztecs and warned him.

The Aztecs are fairly close to Turok and Andar, only 70 feet or so away. They must have maneuvered cleverly, using the small rise as cover, to get this close before pouncing.

No Atlatl Darts fall near Andar! The Aztecs don't mind wounding or even killing Turok, but the "Sacrifice" must be taken alive.

Lots of good ways to show this, but please put Turok and Andar in the foreground. Maxtla is not present, nor is Priest 2, nor any Slaves. All Shorn Ones.

ANDAR

Turok! Look out!

SHORN ONE CAPTAIN

Kill the bowman! The **Sacrifice** must be captured unharmed!

Panel 2 (1/6 page):

Scene: A couple seconds later, Turok and Andar have taken cover behind trees at the edge of the woods. Turok is about to fire an arrow at the charging Aztecs. Please give at least a hint of the onrushing Aztec force. Turok and Andar foreground, whatever Aztecs are seen, background.

TUROK

I have **nine** arrows left. Soon, there will be nine fewer **enemies**. I will hold the rest as long as I can. **Run**, boy!

ANDAR
(grimly, unafraid)

No.

Panel 3 (1/6 page):

Scene: Focus in on Turok and Andar. No need to show anyone else. Turok has fired the first arrow, and, while keeping his eyes on the charging Aztecs (and probably figuring out which one to shoot next), is handing Andar his TOMAHAWK, which remember, is really a small, steel Viking Axe.

ANDAR

I will not lose my father and **you** the same way, on the same day. I **stay**. I **fight**!

TUROK

Then take **this**.

Panel 4 (1/3 page horizontal):

Scene: Feature the charging Aztecs, and please show as many as necessary to really convey a sense that Turok and Andar are going to be overwhelmed. Reminiscent of panel 2 of page one, show one Shorn One Warrior shot by Turok on the ground, one halfway to the ground and one, SHORN ONE B just getting hit.

In my scribble-sketch of this panel, I chose an angle slightly behind and off to the side of the lead warriors in the charge, and therefore, a hint of Turok and Andar was visible small in the background. But, as you wish. The point of the panel is that Turok is cutting down an Aztec with every arrow.

SHORN ONE B

HHLK....

SHORN ONE CAPTAIN

Flank them! Surround them! They must not escape!

PAGE TWELVE:

Panel 1 (1/6 page):

Scene: Focus again on Turok and Andar. Turok is out of arrows. He's dropping his bow and pulling his SEAX. They've taken a few steps back, here, away from the tree trunks they were hiding behind to gain space to swing their only remaining weapons.

Andar stands ready. Remember, he's a boy, facing scores of the baddest warriors in the *world*—but he has, to paraphrase Shakespeare, screwed his courage to the sticking place. The first two or three of the Shorn One Warriors are almost upon them. Almost all the Shorn One Warriors are bigger and stronger than Turok!

TUROK
(to Andar)

Strike low! Legs, knees! Slash! Don't let the blade get stuck!

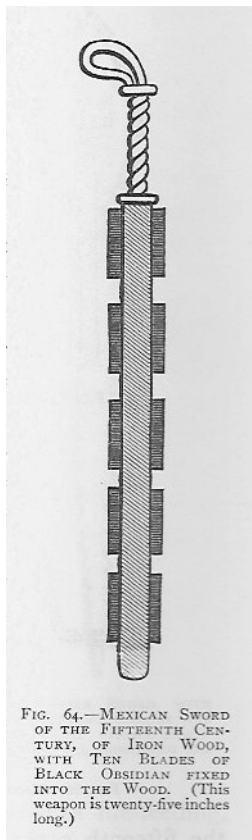
Panel 2 (1/6 page):

Scene: A Shorn One Warrior, SHORN ONE C, bull-rushing Turok, hacks at him with his MACUAHUITL, see below. Turok is pushed back/falling back. A branch or a sapling partially blocks Shorn One C's swing, saving Turok's life. The blow nearly cuts through the branch or sapling, though. Obsidian can be incredibly sharp.

SHORN ONE C

HRAHH!

A Macuahuitl is a club with obsidian blades embedded. It functions as a sword.



<http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Macuahuitl>

(IMPORTANT NOTE: Please give Shorn One C a LEATHER QUIVER that holds three Atlatl Darts. Remember, these “Darts” are actually SPEARS, so this Quiver is longer than a Quiver for arrows. There should also be a THROWING STICK tucked in his belt.)

Panel 3 (1/6 page):

Scene: Turok kills Shorn One C with his Seax, slashing it across Shorn One C's throat. Remember, the straight side is the cutting side of the Seax.

What I'd like here is a shot to get the point across without the gore being overwhelming. The point is this: Turok's Damascus Steel Seax is so strong and sharp that Shorn One C's head is almost severed, as is the hand or forearm he raised instinctively to try to block. Vicious stuff, but please *suggest*, do not *explicitly* show the full horror of it. Maybe shoot this from behind Shorn One C, or somehow partially hide the worst of it?

(NOTE: In this dense forest, short-stroke, slashing weapons like Turok's Seax and Tomahawk have an advantage over longer melee weapons.)

(no copy)

Panel 4 (1/6 page):

Scene: Focus on Andar. A Shorn One Warrior, SHORN ONE D, is trying to seize Andar—grabbing him by one arm, or by the hair—but failing to secure the hand that holds the Tomahawk. Because Shorn One D barely missed grabbing/blocking Andar's Tomahawk arm, Andar is slashing Shorn One D's knee with a wild swing!

This should look almost *accidental*. Andar should be clearly overpowered, bowled-over-and-in-the-grasp of Shorn One D, a *boy* against a big, strong *man*, but a boy flailing away and getting in *the* lucky shot of all time.

If you saw Franco Zeffirelli's *Romeo and Juliet*, in which Romeo's swordfight against far bigger, older, stronger, more skilled Tybalt ends with Romeo accidentally stabbing Tybalt, that's the feel I want here.

ANDAR
(in pain)

Aiioww...!

SHORN ONE D

AUHKK....

Panel 5 (1/3 page horizontal):

Scene: Here comes another one of my "frozen moment" shots.

Choose an angle that shows Turok and Andar, each several paces into the trees, but also shows a bit of the grassy area just outside of where the woods begin. Andar is scrambling/crawling away from Shorn One D, who's writhing on the ground with a badly wounded leg. With his Seax, Turok is killing another Shorn One Warrior, SHORN ONE E. Many more Shorn One Warriors have made it near the edge of the woods, and were about to rush (and surely overwhelm) Turok and Andar—BUT THEY HAVE STOPPED IN THEIR TRACKS! They are all looking off panel (in the general direction of the camera) at *something*. We don't see it yet, but, for your information, it is a TYRANNOSAURUS REX, which is thundering to the attack!

All of the Shorn One Warriors, except D and E are looking up at the off-panel Tyrannosaurus Rex, and several are pointing, especially SHORN ONE F. They're unafraid—fearless, remember—but astonished, agape. Turok and Andar are too busy to notice yet.

I scribble-sketched this as a somewhat down-angled shot from Tyrannosaurus-eye level, just outside the woods. Ugly sketch available on demand.

SHORN ONE F

Captain!

SHORN ONE CAPTAIN
(turning to look)

Ayya....!

PAGE THIRTEEN:

Panel 1 (1/2 page):

Scene: The Tyrannosaurus Rex tears into the Aztecs. One should be in the Tyrannosaurus Rex's mouth, possibly one is being crushed underfoot. A few Aztecs are throwing Atlatl Darts with minimal effect. Most are *fleeing*. Their pledge not to take a step back in battle doesn't cover *this*.

No need to show Turok and Andar.

Don't kill the Shorn One Captain or the Tracker. They get away.

(NOTE: A T-Rex could not possibly grasp anything in its two foreleg claws, so don't have it doing so. If it works, and you wish, it *could* be raking and nearly cutting in half

an Aztec with its foreleg claws, but only if it makes sense visually—and you *really* want to do it. Those forelegs were powerful, if relatively small.

(no copy)

Panel 2 (1/6 page horizontal):

Scene: Turok and Andar flee into the woods. Show a bit of the locale Turok and Andar are leaving, including a hint of the Tyrannosaurus Rex and fleeing Aztecs so we completely understand what's happening. Turok has his bow. Obviously, he picked it up. He also has the LEATHER QUIVER with three Atlatl Darts in it that Shorn One C had been carrying! Andar still has the Tomahawk.

ANDAR

(pointing back at the Tyrannosaurus Rex)

What **is** that thing?!

TUROK

Our **salvation**. Maybe your father's **spirit** sent it.

Panel 3 (1/3 page horizontal):

Scene: Establishing shot of a BROOK winding through the forest. Turok and Andar have been making their way UPSTREAM by stepping or jumping from rock to rock. Turok, however is calling a halt. Andar looks winded, exhausted. He's standing precariously on a rock, bent over, breathing hard, hands on knees. Full figures, of course.

CAPTION

Hours later.

TUROK

We laid a false trail in the **other** direction, traveled a good distance stone to stone, leaving no marks.... I think we are **safe** now.

TUROK (2nd)

We have to find some supplies. Then, seek a **camping place**.

ANDAR

Good. I have not slept for **three days**, since they attacked our village!

A couple of rocky stream shots for inspiration:



PAGE FOURTEEN:

Panel 1 (2/9 page horizontal):

Scene: Moments later, in a place where the woods have thinned out a bit. Establishing shot, but feature Turok and Andar. Andar is just finishing chopping down a SAPLING with the TOMAHAWK. The Sapling is big enough so that one could carve a five-foot BOW STAVE out of the heart of its trunk.

Andar is marveling at the incredible effectiveness of the steel tomahawk, which has perked him up some. Turok hears or senses something, and is surreptitiously looking around suspiciously—that is, *we* can see that he's looking around, but it wouldn't be apparent to an observer from a distance that he is—so, he's not overtly giving away the fact that he heard something by his actions.

On the ground, we should see a BUNDLE, tied with leather cords (from Turok's bag, if you were wondering) of STRAIGHT STICKS that will be made into arrows.

CAPTION

Soon.

ANDAR

This sapling will make a **fine** bow! Chopping it was **easy**! This **tomahawk** is wonderful!

Panel 2 (1/9 page):

Scene: A SHADOWY FIGURE hiding behind a tree in a small stand of trees nearby is watching Andar. Andar is looking up from his work, looking around, wondering where Turok went. One second he was there, and now...where'd he go?

Please put the Shadowy Figure, who is, of course, the escaped Mescalero Slave, in the foreground. He may be cropped, but show enough of him to make it clear that he's spying on, and perhaps stalking Turok and Andar. Andar is full figure, maybe twenty feet away, background.

Make this seem ominous, threatening. Though the Mescalero Slave is too cloaked in shadows for us to make out details, we can tell he's got an ARROW in his right hand.

Make that seem menacing—he's holding it as if he were going to stab someone with it. He also has a bundle of five more arrows in his left hand, but don't reveal that yet.

ANDAR

I should trim the branches, now, right...?

ANDAR (2nd)

Turok...?

Panel 3 (1/6 page):

Scene: Turok, suddenly, stealthily BEHIND the Shadowy Figure/Mescalero Slave, has him by the hair and has his Seax against his throat. No need to show Andar.

TUROK

Move. Die.

MESCALERO SLAVE

Eeee...!

Panel 4 (1/6 page):

Scene: Seconds later, the Mescalero Slave is on his knees in the small clearing—not in a praying position—looking like Turok shoved him to the ground, which he did. Turok, Seax ready, looms menacingly over him. Andar, Tomahawk ready, also stands poised to chop this stalker if he tries anything.

The six arrows the Mescalero Slave carried are on the ground nearby. They are *Turok's* arrows, which the Mescalero Slave recovered from the battlefield!

MESCALERO SLAVE

...they slaughtered my village and took me as a **slave**. But I escaped after the **magic** brought us here.

MESCALERO SLAVE (2nd)

I **followed** them...I **warned** you when they were about to attack....

ANDAR
(having a revelation)

You were the **coyote**!

Panel 5 (1/6 page):

Scene: Another angle on the three. Turok and Andar confer, while Mescalero Slave is still protesting his innocence. Andar is pleased, smiling. Turok is thoughtful, but satisfied.

MESCALERO SLAVE

Once the great beast drove them off, I recovered some **arrows** for you!

ANDAR

This man is all right. By his talk I know he is **Nadahéndé**...like my people, but from the east. He talks less funny than you!

TUROK

We will trust him then.

(NOTE: “Nadahéndé” is what the Chiricahua called the Mescaleros.)

Panel 6 (1/6 page):

Scene: The Mescalero Slave is now free, so he’s no longer “Mescalero Slave”—from now on, we’ll call him simply MESCALERO.

(NOTE: Like Andar, he can’t tell anyone his own name.)

Turok, Andar and Mescalero move on. Turok carries his Bow, Leather Bag, sheathed Seax and his Quiver, now with SIX ARROWS in it. Andar carries the Tomahawk, tucked in his belt, and the Quiver of Atlatl Darts. Mescalero carries the Sapling trunk and bundle of thirty or so straight sticks for arrow-making. Full figures, please, with some environs.

TUROK

We left no trail but a false one. But you **followed** us. If **you** left tracks....

MESCALERO

I **tried** to be careful, like you....

PAGE FIFTEEN:

Panel 1 (1/3 page horizontal):

Scene: It's SUNSET. Turok, Andar and Mescalero are arriving at the top of a RIDGE, at a CAMPING PLACE where there is some natural cover—trees, some jagged rocks, whatever—that will keep them from being easily seen. It's almost a small, natural fort. Establishing shot, please, but try to feature the players to the extent possible.

Turok is already there, in the Camping Place atop the ridge, looking around, assessing the site. Exhausted Andar is already there as well, sitting wearily, shedding his burdens. Mescalero is just scaling the last few yards of the steep, rocky, natural path leading up to the Ridge top.

At this point, here's what they're carrying:

- Turok has his bow, his Leather Bag, his Quiver, which now has FIVE arrows in it, his sheathed Seax, and, in one hand, by the legs, he carries a dead *RAHONAVIS OSTROMI* that still has the arrow he shot it with sticking out of it! Reference on the Rahonavis Ostromi, a bird-like critter about a foot and a half long, can be found below. (NOTE: Turok wouldn't pull the arrow out of the Rahonavia Ostromi and risk damaging it if he knew he could butcher the bird later and remove the arrow cleanly.)
- Andar carries the Tomahawk, tucked in his belt, the Quiver of Atlatl darts and two HAMMER-STONES—the kind used for knapping arrowheads, which are basically smooth, egg-shaped stones a little bigger than a baseball—one in each hand.
- Mescalero carries the Bundle of Sticks and the Sapling Trunk, which has been trimmed and stripped of branches. Tucked in the crook of one arm, he also carries a BOWLING BALL SIZED ROCK—a chunk of CHERT, which is used for making arrowheads. Reference below.

These guys are heavy-laden!

We won't be able to see all of what they're carrying in detail. Don't sweat it! I just want *you* to know what they have! The point is that they're heavily burdened and have just made a difficult climb to a Ridge-top where there's cover.

CAPTION

Sunset.

TUROK

We camp **here**. I think the way we came is the only **easy** way up here....

ANDAR
(wearily)

Easy?!

MESCALERO

You are wise. From here, we will be able to see them coming. And they **will** come. They will **never** stop hunting me....or you.

Three different takes on *Rahonavis Ostromi*. You pick:





Courtesy Luci Betti

Chert:



(By the way, “chert” is a generic term for quartz-family rocks, of which *flint* is one variety.)

Possibly useful/inspiring photos for this location:





These cliffs may be of interest, but there would be forested hills below, not water—except maybe a river.



Panel 2 (1/6 page):

Scene: Turok is gesturing, indicating how far around the Aztecs would have to travel to take a route to the top of the cliff other than the “easy” way, and yet, he’s also weighing the odds. It’s a tough call. Please show Andar, still sitting, slumped, exhausted, but bravely volunteering to press on—not looking up, not raising his head, as if even the slightest movement is an unbearable effort. *God, have I been there.*

TUROK
(musing, talking mostly to himself)

To head us off, they would have to travel far by night through unfamiliar territory. Still, it is a **risk** staying here...

TUROK (2nd)

...but Andar cannot go on.

ANDAR

I **can**. In a minute.

Panel 3 (1/6 page):

Scene: Turok comforts Andar. Sort of. Andar is still slumped, hasn’t moved.

TUROK

No. We **stay**. Besides, we have **work** to do.

ANDAR
(exhausted)

Work. You are worse than my **father** was. “Carry the water skin, boy... fetch wood, boy...skin the deer, boy....”.

Panel 4 (1/6 page):

Scene: Establishing shot of the camp, but feature the players as much as possible. NO campfire! It's night, but there's a brilliant FULL MOON, providing reasonable illumination. Turok has used his Seax to whittle the Sapling trunk into a BOW STAVE. He's almost finished.

Andar and Mescalero are knapping arrowheads from the Chert rocks using the Hammer-Stones. One of them, here or in subsequent panels, should be using a WOOD or ANTLER TOOL (see below) for fine shaping. We'll assume Turok had such a tool in his Leather Bag.

Mescalero is marveling at Turok's Seax.

Andar is focused on his work, fighting to stay awake. Anything you can do to make him look weary is good.

Close to where Andar and Mescalero are working, we see the straight sticks, already smoothed and prepared by Turok to be tipped and fletched. He works fast and his Damascus Steel Seax is a tremendous tool! Also in evidence, close to Andar and Mescalero, is a pile of FEATHERS plucked from the *Rahonavis Ostromi*, as well as the partially denuded bird carcass. There is very little *wind* in this Late Cretaceous climate, so no chance of the feathers blowing away.

(IMPORTANT NOTE: I'm telling you everything that's in the camp and everything that's going on, and providing all the reference now, but, obviously, in a 1/6 page panel establishing shot, we are NOT going to see all the details. Don't sweat it. The point here is to get the *general idea* of what's going on across, and give a general sense of the camp. We'll see the details in upcoming panels.)

REFERENCE:

The bow Turok is making, in a hurry, for Andar is a simple "self bow," not recurved or laminated. The stave is straight till strung, then it will look like this:



The bowstring, however, could be nocked like this:



CAPTION

Hours later.

MESCALERO

What kind of **knife** is that? And the **tomahawk**! The way it chopped the sapling...! These things are **wondrous**!

TUROK

They are made of something called “**steel**”—a thing unknown in all the lands I have roamed.

Again, we’re seeing the knapping of arrowheads from a distance, here, so no worries, but FYI, this is how it’s done. We’ll see it closer in subsequent panels:



No gloves on our guys, obviously.



Panel 5 (1/6 page):

Scene: Close up of Turok's hands using the amazing Damascus Steel Seax to put finishing touches on the Bow Stave. Give us a good look at the Seax, so we can see the Damascus pattern in the blade. Past Turok's skilled, busy hands we see Mescalero finishing an arrowhead.

(NOTE: If ever, in any panels during this sequence Andar is seen incidentally, he is working but looking ever more exhausted. Until further notice.)

TUROC

Far north and east, I befriended a man who came from the other side of a **great water**. His hair was the color of the **setting sun**.

TUROC (2nd)

I saved his woman's life. In gratitude, he gave me these weapons, and taught me many things.

PAGE SIXTEEN:

Panel 1 (1/6 page):

Scene: The reverse of the previous panel. Close up of Mescalero's hands knapping an arrowhead. In the background, Turok has laid the Bow Stave aside for the moment. He's taking a coiled up BOWSTRING and several hanks of what looks like yellowish-white string out of his Leather Bag—it's *sinew twine*, actually.

TUROK

I have an extra bowstring, and sinew twine we can use to tie the arrowheads, and for fletching.

TUROK (2nd)

I scored the feather-places on the shafts at an **angle**....

MESCALERO

Yes, so the arrows will **spin** and fly straighter.

Panel 2 (1/6 page):

Scene: Angle to include all three, all still working. Remember, Andar is super-tired. Turok is looking up at the full moon with concern.

TUROK

The **moon** helps us finish our work, but...will it help them too?

TUROK (2nd)

Nadahéndé, tell us what you know of our **enemies**.

Panel 3 (1/6 page):

Scene: Focus on Mescalero, working as he talks, maybe tying feathers onto the arrows, here. Reference follows, but don't overcook this. This isn't an instructional comic for arrow-makers—just get across what's going on.

MESCALERO

They captured me three moons ago. They taught me their talk so I could **serve** better. I cannot even **say** some of their words...but I overheard much.

MESCALERO

They come from a land far south called **Az-cah-pot-zalco**. Their King is called **Maxtla**.

FLETCHING:





Panel 4 (1/6 page):

Scene: Another angle to feature Mescalero.

MESCALERO

A while ago, an **Alliance of Three Nations** rose against Maxtla's cruelty and defeated his armies. They captured and sacrificed a man made to **look** like Maxtla...

Panel 5 (1/6 page):

Scene: Another angle on the camp. I'd pull back a bit and reset. Turok is stringing the bow he made!

MESCALERO

...while Maxtla **escaped** with two priests and his personal guard, mighty warriors called the **Shorn Ones**. They journeyed north seeking their ancestral **homeland...a paradise...**

MESCALERO (2nd)

...a place called **Aztlán**.

Panel 6 (1/6 page):

Scene: Two-shot of Mescalero and Turok, favoring Turok. Do NOT show Andar!

MESCALERO (2nd)

They say one of their **gods** swept us all away **here**.

TUROK

I have never seen gods do **anything**. But...we **are** here.

PAGE SEVENTEEN:

Panel 1 (1/6 page):

Scene: Angle to favor Andar, who had fallen asleep and here is being awakened by Turok.

TUROK

Andar? **Andar!**

ANDAR

Hhllh? Uhh...s-sorry. I...fell asleep.

Panel 2 (1/6 page):

Scene: Angle to include all three, favoring Andar. Turok is proudly presenting Andar with the bow he made. Andar looks ashamed.

TUROK

Look, Andar! I have made you a **bow!**

ANDAR

Give it to the Nadahéndé. I am not **worthy**. I fell **asleep** when there was work to do. I have been **nothing** but a burden, always complaining....

Panel 3 (1/6 page):

Scene: Close up of Andar, who's feeling like a loser, useless.

ANDAR

And...I am **afraid**, Turok. In my dream just now, my father's spirit **cursed** me for not fighting and dying at his side.

ANDAR (2nd)

I am a **coward**. I am a **disgrace** to my father's spirit. He **said** so!

Panel 4 (1/6 page):

Scene: Two-shot, Andar and Turok, to favor Turok. He's being fatherly. Andar is amazed to hear that Turok ever gets scared.

TUROK

I think dreams are **you** talking to **yourself**. If your father's spirit has had time to watch you, he is **proud**.

TUROK (2nd)

Every man sleeps when weariness overwhelms him. You have been **no** burden. And **I** am afraid, too.

ANDAR

You?!

Panel 5 (1/6 page):

Scene: Close up of Turok.

TUROK

Fear is **normal**. Did your father not teach you this? If you find yourself at the edge of a **precipice**, back **away**! It is not cowardice, it is **common sense**.

Panel 6 (1/6 page):

Scene: Angle on all three. Andar is bucking up a bit.

TUROK

If there is **danger**, a man with the brains the Great Spirit gave a **goat** chooses **safety**. Unless there is a reason **not** to.

TUROK (2nd)

You have done **well**, young warrior. We **need** you.

MESCALERO

Turok speaks **truth**.

PAGE EIGHTEEN:

Panel 1 (1/6 page):

Scene: Close up of Mescalero.

MESCALERO

I am afraid, too. Especially of the **sacrificial knife**. My heart cut out, still beating, while I watch with dying eyes...? No, **any** death but that!

MESCALERO (2nd)

That is why I **fled**. They only keep slaves so long...then they are sacrificed.

Panel 2 (1/6 page):

Scene: Pull back, reset. Mescalero is pointing to the impressive pile of arrows he and Andar made. Andar yawns and stretches. Turok gestures toward, or holds the Quiver of Atlatl Darts.

MESCALERO

Andar and I made **twenty-six more** arrows, Turok

TUROK

Good. Both of you, **sleep**. I will stand watch. And rework this spear-quiver to hold Andar's arrows.

Panel 3 (1/3 page horizontal):

Scene: Morning. Sunrise. Turok, looking intense, is awakening Mescalero and Andar, and offering/handing the three Atlatl Darts (which are like spears, remember) to Mescalero. Mescalero is already halfway to his feet and reaching to accept the Atlatl darts. Andar is just waking up, still groggy.

CAPTION

Dawn.

TUROK

Wake up! **Trouble!**

TUROK (2nd)

Nadahéndé, take these spears.

Panel 4 (1/6 page):

Scene: Andar is now on his feet, mostly awake. Turok is handing Andar his bow and the refashioned Atlatl dart QUIVER, which is now smaller and full of arrows. Andar still has the Tomahawk, remember.

(NOTE: The number of arrows in the quivers isn't important here, so don't worry about showing that detail, but just so you know, there are 16 arrows in Andar's Quiver, to be exact, and 16 in Turok's Quiver now. I'm just letting you know. FYI. Don't sweat it.)

Mescalero, meanwhile, is looking out at the area away from the cliff at the advancing enemy, pointing at them with one hand. In the other, he holds the Atlatl darts, which are like spears, remember. No need to show the Aztecs, here, but if you *can* give a hint of them, okay.

Remember, the camp is like a small, natural fort, so Mescalero is behind a rock or tree.

TUROK

Fifty or so of the enemy came around ahead of us by night. Some thirty wait in ambush at the bottom of the path we came up.

TUROK (2nd)

We have nowhere to run. Get ready to **fight**.

MESCALERO

I **see** them...in a semi-circle, moving closer. But there is a **gap** in their line, **there**. I will run **through** it!

Panel 5 (1/6 page):

Scene: Two-shot, Andar and Mescalero, to favor Mescalero. Andar objects to what he thinks is Mescalero's suicidal plan.

ANDAR

No...!

MESCALERO

Young Andar, like you, I am one they wish to **sacrifice**. They will not risk **killing** me, and if I am quick they will not **catch** me.

MESCALERO (2nd)

If some chase me, maybe you two can slip by the rest.

PAGE NINETEEN:

Panel 1 (1/6 page):

Scene: Mescalero is leaving the camp and charging toward the advancing Aztecs. Turok and Andar are firing arrows—cover fire—at the Aztecs, who are still some distance away, 60 or 70 feet.

Shoot this from behind our three protagonists so that, past them, we can see the Aztecs. This may be our first shot that shows the advancing Aztecs, so make it clear. They'd be spaced seven to ten feet apart.

MESCALERO

WYAHHH!

TUROK

Make every arrow **count**, Andar.

ANDAR

This is a **good bow!**

Panel 2 (1/6 page):

Scene: Mescalero is racing through the Aztec line and toward escape! Aztecs are pursuing him. Andar and Turok look on, excited. Turok thinks it's time for he and Andar to make their break.

I've done scribble-sketches from several angles. I'm not sure what the best way to show this is. What do you think?

ANDAR

He's **through!** And some are chasing him!

TUROK

Run where the **opening** is!

Panel 3 (1/3 page horizontal):

Scene: Seconds later, Turok and Andar are, like Mescalero did, racing through the big gap in the line of Aztecs. If the Aztecs were seven feet apart along their semi-circular line, and five of them pursued Mescalero, that would leave a 35-foot gap. Of course, they're not robots and as soon as Turok and Andar made their break, the Aztecs would start to converge. But Turok and Andar are shooting arrows as they run, and while their accuracy isn't great running at top speed they're taking down one or two of the "convergers."

Atlatl Darts are just missing Turok. None are being thrown at Andar. Turok is having trouble keeping up with Andar.

ANDAR

We will **make** it!

TUROK

A little sleep and you run like a **rabbit**!

Panel 4 (1/6 page):

Scene: Turok and Andar suddenly find themselves trapped! Ten Aztecs were lying in wait, knowing they'd try to make a break for it! The Aztecs have them dead to rights, blocking their way forward. Turok and Andar can't go back—the bulk of the Aztec force is behind them and swarming toward them. There is a huge rock or outcrop to their right (and hence, no Aztecs there). They can put their backs against that “wall.”

ANDAR

Turok!

TUROK

They **expected** this. These are **good** warriors.

Panel 5 (1/6 page):

Scene: Indeed, Turok and Andar instinctively put their backs to the “wall.” But Andar *puts himself in front of Turok, shielding him!* Turok has a hand on Andar, as if to shove him away.

ANDAR

You stay **behind** me!

TUROK

Away, boy. I will not use you as a **shield**.

PAGE TWENTY:

Panel 1 (1/6 page):

Scene: The Aztecs close in, only feet away now. Andar, still in front of Turok—so the Aztecs don't dare risk hurling Darts at Turok—has drawn the Tomahawk from his belt. Turok is drawing his Seax.

ANDAR

To stand away from me is to stand at the edge of a **precipice**! Use **common sense**! Stay **close**...and let me save your life.

TUROK

(trumped, a victim of his own words)

Mh.

TUROK (2nd)

They are too close for bows....

Panel 2 (1/6 page):

Scene: Andar leading, they launch themselves at the Aztecs, slashing and chopping! The Aztecs, inhibited by their need to capture Andar alive, are at a disadvantage. Turok and Andar are breaking through. Turok, as ordered, is staying close.

ANDAR

Come **on**!

Panel 3 (1/3 page horizontal):

Scene: Running ahead of the pack of pursuing Aztecs, Turok and Andar approach a very deep GORGE some thirty feet wide, that has a fallen TREE TRUNK bridging it—barely. It's *just* long enough, and looks like it's just about to fall into the Gorge—precariously staying put, for now. It's a narrow, skinny Tree Trunk that's been there for a while. Whatever branches were on it are mostly broken or rotted off.

IMPORTANT: This time Andar deliberately runs close *behind* Turok—still doing the human shield thing! The Aztecs can't throw Darts at Turok with Andar in the way!

Turok is shouting to Andar to run fearlessly at full speed across the Tree Trunk!

TUROK

Do not **think**! Do not look **down**! Just **run**!

Panel 4 (1/6 page):

Scene: Turok and Andar sprint across that narrow tree trunk, with a several hundred foot drop beneath them. I'd shoot this from a high angle to emphasize the scary chasm below. It's okay that this is a small shot and from a distance. It's simple and clear. There's no copy.

(no copy)

Panel 5 (1/6 page):

Scene: Establishing shot, featuring Turok and Andar. Turok has made it safely to the other side. Andar is still on the Tree Trunk, but only a few steps away, flailing his arms, struggling for balance, but he'll make it.

The main force of the Aztecs is arriving at the other side of the Gorge, but they're pulling up, hesitating.

Turok is already facing the Aztecs, already has his bow in hand, an arrow nocked and is starting to draw.

TUROK

Even **they** are not so mad as to step out onto the log where we can pick them off easily.

ANDAR

I think we can push it **down**!

PAGE TWENTY-ONE:

Panel 1 (1/6 page):

Scene: Turok and Andar have, together, given the Tree Trunk the little push it needed to fall into the Gorge. It's falling. I'd shoot this from far down in the Gorge, looking up

(no copy)

Panel 2 (1/6 page):

Scene: From across the Gorge, we, Turok and Andar see that Mescalero has been captured! He's terrified! He doesn't want to have his heart cut out! He's screaming!

MESCALERO

Turok! Turok!

ANDAR

They have the **Nadahéndé!**

Panel 3 (1/6 page):

Scene: Focus on Mescalero, in the grip of two Aztecs, in anguish, terrified.

MESCALERO

I beg you...!

Panel 4 (1/6 page):

Scene: Focus on Turok as he draws his bow and aims carefully.

(no copy)

Panel 5 (1/6 page):

Scene: Focus on Mescalero as Turok's arrow strikes him, killing him—without question. And, of course, that spares him from being sacrificed, as he wished. A great shot.

MESCALERO

Hhk....

PAGE TWENTY-TWO:

Panel 1 (1/6 page horizontal FLAPJACK):

Scene: Turok and Andar lope away through the woods. Small full figures, please, with lots of environs.

ANDAR

That was **kind**.

TUROK

Come. They will find a way over here soon.

Panel 2 (1/3 page horizontal):

Scene: Suddenly, a BIG, POWERFUL WARRIOR of the PANTHER PEOPLE—call him PANTHER WARRIOR 1—leaps down from a tree limb on Turok! Turok is going down, with this Warrior on top of him. Another Warrior, PANTHER WARRIOR 2 simultaneously jumps out from cover and grabs Andar!

The PANTHER PEOPLE worship BLACK PANTHERS. The Warriors dress in Panther Skins, they stalk like Panthers, they are big, strong and use weapons that mimic Panther Claws and Fangs!

I will send much reference and design ideas later, but feel free to work up some ideas. These people have to be *wonderful*!

Imagine how good, how stealthy you have to be to take Turok by surprise!

PANTHER WARRIOR 1

HRRRAHH!

TUROK

UHH....

ANDAR

Yü!

Panel 3 (1/2 page):

Scene: Now, other Panther Warriors have appeared and seized Turok and Andar. Turok and Andar are held helpless. From the jungle comes a host of other Panther People, a number of whom are bearing a portable THRONE. Remember XERXES' throne in 300? Something like that, but primitive, rough-hewn. On this Throne-Platform, standing before her Throne is AASTA, the GODDESS QUEEN of the Panther People.

AASTA is beautiful and fair-skinned, with long, blonde hair. She wears a SLIGHTLY TATTERED—not too badly—MODERN WEDDING DRESS. Again, more on her later.

AASTA

Take their **weapons**. **Bring** them.

AASTA (2nd)

We have **pets** to feed.

FIN

NEXT: “God and Goddess”