

# **DARK HORSE**

## **TUROK SON OF STONE**

ISSUE #2

**“Aztlán”**

**Part 2**

**“God and Goddess”**

Script for 22 pages by  
Jim Shooter

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**INSIDE FRONT COVER:**

LOGO, USUAL STUFF

CREDITS

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X – letterer  
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Cover by Raymond Swanland  
Mike Richardson – Panther God

**PAGE ONE:**

**Panel 1 (3/5 page splash):**

**Scene:** A PATH winding through the Cretaceous forest/jungle over uneven terrain. It is LATE IN THE DAY. Feature and establish TUROK and ANDAR, large full figures. They are *bound* and being roughly herded along by PANTHER WARRIORS. Turok and Andar are in the midst of a COLUMN of Panther Warriors trekking through the jungle. Naturally, their weapons have been taken away from them. It would be good to show Panther Warriors carrying Turok and Andar's captured bows, quivers, Turok's Seax and tomahawk/axe—perhaps marveling at the Seax and tomahawk.

For your information, AASTA on her THRONE-PLATFORM is near the head of the column, out of sight here.

As always, work in CRETACEOUS WILDLIFE where it makes sense. Lots of reference available online. You might want to start here:

[http://images.google.com/images?as\\_q=&hl=en&btnG=Google+Search&as\\_epq=cretaceous&as\\_oq=animals+fauna&as\\_eq=&imgtype=&imgsz=&imgw=&imgh=&imgar=&as\\_filetype=&imgc=&as\\_sitesearch=&as\\_rights=&safe=off&as\\_st=y&biw=1067&bih=618](http://images.google.com/images?as_q=&hl=en&btnG=Google+Search&as_epq=cretaceous&as_oq=animals+fauna&as_eq=&imgtype=&imgsz=&imgw=&imgh=&imgar=&as_filetype=&imgc=&as_sitesearch=&as_rights=&safe=off&as_st=y&biw=1067&bih=618)

No overt, imminent, dinosaur *threats* in this scene, however—though there could be a dangerous looking critter or two watching from a distance.

CAPTION

Swept through a rift in spacetime, Native Americans **Turok** and young

**Andar** are lost in a **Timeless Land**...

CAPTION

...and in **big** trouble.

ANDAR

**Turok**...! Are they going to **kill** us?!

TUROK

Yes, I think so, Andar.

TITLE

**Aztlán**

**Part 2**

**God and Goddess**

**Panel 2 (2/5 page):**

**Scene:** A HIEROPHANT (a Priest, basically, wearing appropriate Panther Priest regalia) advises AASTA, GODDESS QUEEN of the Panther People that they, those in the column, are near home. The Hierophant is *sniffing the air* like a Panther might.

Aasta is aboard her massive palanquin or THRONE-PLATFORM borne by Panther People bearers. Give us a good, full figure look at Aasta, please.

(NOTE TO THE LETTERER: Please give all PANTHER PEOPLE and AASTA, when she's speaking with them, WEIRD BALLOONS suggesting a panther-inspired growls-and-purrs language.)

(NOTE TO CHRIS: Yes, I know I didn't indicate the above for the last panel of last issue, the only place where anyone [Aasta] spoke Panther-talk. If that panel can't be changed [until the trade?], I'd still like to begin the weird balloons thing with this issue.)

HIEROPHANT  
(weird balloon)

**Goddess Aasta**, the air bears no scent of the **enemy**. Our city lies just ahead. We are **safely home**.

AASTA  
(weird balloon)

Thank you, Hierophant.

**PAGE TWO:**

**Panel 1 (FULL PAGE):**

**Scene:** Angle to show the Column cresting a hill and coming into view of the PANTHER PEOPLES' CITY. Please show, even if small, Aasta's Throne-Platform and further back in the column, Turok and Andar.

This is a big, sprawling city built in the trees, extending high into the jungle canopy. The trees can be *enormous*—this is the Timeless Land, where anything goes. Panthers are excellent, powerful climbers. Use the Zulu dwelling reference offered last issue as inspiration for their tree-house buildings—some of which may be very large. Tree house skyscrapers, even! Complexes in different trees are linked by precarious, rustic bridges and, well, *catwalks*.

This is more than a City, it's an extensive FORTRESS. The walls of the Fortress aren't vertical, they're HORIZONTAL, more or less, built around the trunks of the trees, to prevent the less skilled and capable from climbing up to and entering the city. Of course there are *gates* and crude "ladders," hewn from trunks of normal sized trees, that only a Panther Person—or a *Panther*—could ascend or descend.

Their stronghold should be next to a river or body of fresh water, please. Panthers are powerful swimmers, by the way.

Show some of the City reasonably close, so we can see some detail, and give enough scope on the rest so we can see that this is a vast, spectacular place. In the close places, we see SENTRIES reacting, pointing, shouting. We see HERALDS blowing TRUMPETS made from ANIMAL HORNS. We see regular Panther People pausing in their daily chores to bow to their approaching Goddess.

She's not a harsh Goddess, by the way. Her people love her. They're sincerely welcoming her. Children could be cheering, throwing flowers in her path, whatever.

Make this no-copy shot worthy of a full page. Blow the readers and me away. There has to be enough to see here so that readers will really enjoy checking out all the thoughtful details. If you need more ideas or a scribble-sketch, let me know.



(no copy)

**PAGE THREE:**

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

**Scene:** Very tight close-up, cropped shot of two SHORN ONE WARRIORS, let's call them WARRIOR LUC and WARRIOR PIMOTL, reacting with awe and terror to something charging at them from our point of view—that is, they're looking directly at the camera.

To the extent we see any background here, it should be a GRASSY SAVANNA, or other fairly open space, distinctly different from the forest/jungle seen on pages one and two.

It is DUSK.

CAPTION

Miles away.

WARRIOR LUC

*Ayya...!*

Here are a few terrain shots that might be useful:



A savanna at dusk:



Doesn't have to be dead flat. Up to you:



**Panel 2 (1/2 page HORIZONTAL):**

**Scene:** Pull back to full figures/action depth to show the two Warriors being attacked by a PREDATORY DINOSAUR—not a Tyrannosaurus Rex, since we used one last issue. I'd suggest a UTAHRAPTOR, reference below, but feel free to use something else, if you like, as long as it looks a lot different from a T-Rex. You might even want to use a *pack* of smaller dinosaurs, like DEINONYCHUS or VELOCIRAPTOR. No flying dinosaurs, please—I'm saving them for later. The Utahraptor or whatever is pouncing on and killing Warrior Pimotl. Warrior Luc is trying to fight back with his MACUAHUITL.

WARRIOR PIMOTL

***HIEEE...!***

Small predators:

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

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

Utahraptor reference:

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

Here are various visualizations. Nobody really knows what these things looked like, so feel free to do your own take:

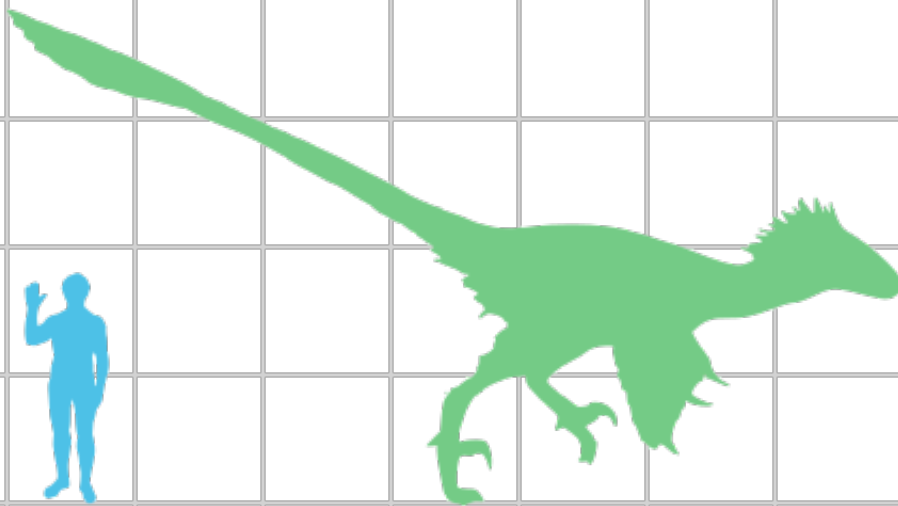








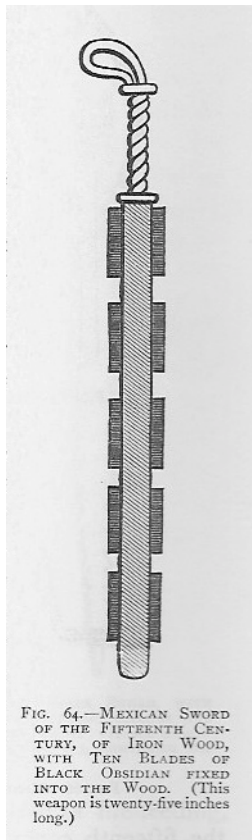
# ***Utahraptor***



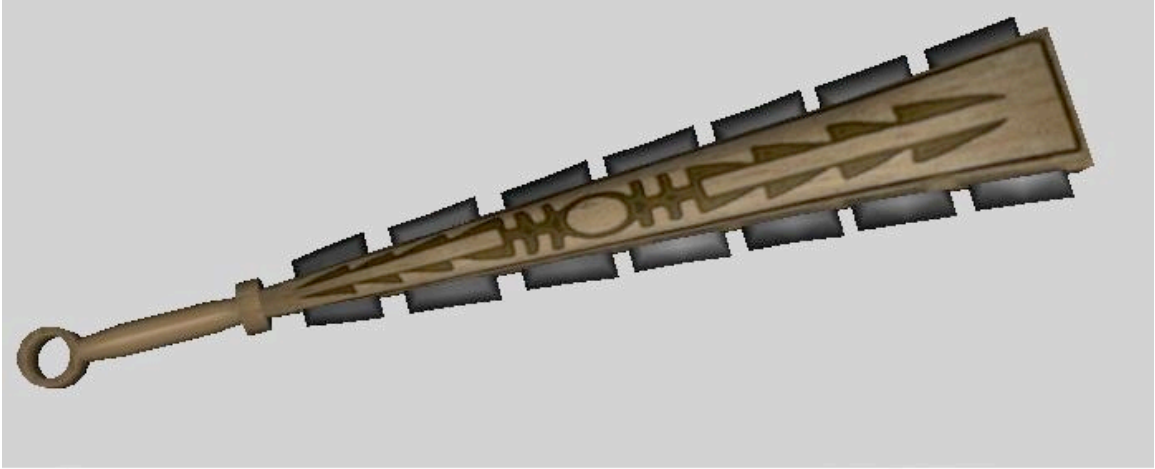
**7 METERS**



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



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





**Panel 3 (1/3 page horizontal):**

**Scene:** The CAMP of MAXTLA and his men. This should be in the same, rugged, rocky place at the top of the cliff where Turok, Andar and Mescalero camped last issue!  
Establishing shot.

It is DARK. Campfires and torches provide light. Maxtla sits regally on a CRUDE THRONE hastily fashioned from stones and wood, padded with grass or other soft plant material over which a cloth has been placed—a makeshift cushion. Over the Throne a crude shelter/canopy has been erected, fashioned from straight sapling trunks and sticks, thatched on top with leafy branches. To the extent we can see his expression and body language, Maxtla is grim and angry. He is convinced that the failure of his men to recapture Andar and Mescalero alive means that *the sun will not rise tomorrow!*

Maxtla is attended by SHORN ONE CAPTAIN, introduced last issue. He stands near the Throne.

Near the Throne is a hastily and crudely built ALTAR. On the Altar, on his back, held down by two Shorn Ones is SLAVE ONE. PRIEST 2, introduced last issue, is poised to plunge the obsidian SACRIFICIAL KNIFE into Slave One's chest.

Slave One is terrified, struggling futilely.

There are approximately 70 AZTEC SHORN ONE WARRIORS left alive. Turok, Andar and a Tyrannosaurus Rex killed about 30 of them last issue. Of course you need not show them all. Just give the impression that there are a lot of them. They're watching the Sacrificial Ceremony.

CAPTION

Five hours later, far to the east.

CAPTION (2<sup>nd</sup>)

The camp of Aztec ruler **Maxtla** and his elite guard, the **Shorn Ones**, swept into this Timeless Land while pursuing Turok and Andar.

PRIEST 2

...**blood** to quench your godly thirst, O mighty **Huitzilopochtli**.

(NOTE: No comma after "O.")

**PAGE FOUR:**

**Panel 1 (1/6 page):**

**Scene:** Focus on Priest 2 plunging the obsidian knife into Slave One's chest, just below the heart. Make it shocking, horrific and disturbing—but not *too* gory, please. Careful!

SLAVE ONE

*GAHHH...!*

**Panel 2 (1/6 page):**

**Scene:** A few seconds later. Priest 2 raises Slave One's still-beating heart to the heavens. Blood runs down his arm. Again, horrific—but not over the top. Careful.

PRIEST 2

We pray that tomorrow you bless us once again with the **sun**.

**Panel 3 (1/6 page):**

**Scene:** Focus on Maxtla and the Shorn One Captain. Maxtla looks deeply troubled. The Shorn One Captain matter-of-factly is offering himself and all his men as sacrifices. Fearless and noble is he.

MAXTLA

*Fhh!* One isn't **enough**, Captain.

SHORN ONE CAPTAIN

He was our last remaining **slave**, Divine Emperor...

SHORN ONE CAPTAIN (2<sup>nd</sup>)

...but every **Shorn One** is willing to die on the altar for **you**, and to please your **god-brethren**.

**Panel 4 (1/6 page):**

**Scene:** Another angle, pull back and reset the scene. Show some of the Shorn Ones, still watching the ceremony. It isn't over yet. Priest 2 is dismembering Slave One's body and cutting off the head. *IF* you attempt to show this, be very careful. *Suggest*, don't blatantly show the gore. Shorn Ones could be assisting Priest 2.

Meanwhile, Maxtla explains the problem to the Shorn One Captain. The Shorn One Captain humbly asks a question.

MAXTLA

Sacrificing all of you would do no good. We have failed the gods **miserably**.

SHORN ONE CAPTAIN

Because the **bowman** rescued the **Chi-ri-ca-hua boy** from the altar...?

**Panel 5 (1/6 page):**

**Scene:** Close up of troubled, worried Maxtla.

MAXTLA

We also failed to sacrifice the boy's **father** and a Na-da-hén-dé **slave**—both **died**, but not on the **altar**! Not as **gifts**!

MAXTLA (2<sup>nd</sup>)

Their blood was **stolen** from the mouths of the gods. My brethren are **angry**.

**Panel 6 (1/6 page):**

**Scene:** Angle to include Maxtla and Priest 2, in the midst of his grisly work, his hands and forearms bloody, his face and body blood-splattered. Again, careful. I would put Priest 2 foreground, cropped, turning, looking up from his labor to acknowledge his emperor, and Maxtla approaching from the background.

MAXTLA

**Priest!** At the beginning of the **ninth hour** of the night, **I** will die on the altar.

## MAXTLA (2<sup>nd</sup>)

My **divine** blood may appease Huitzilopochtli for now...slake his thirst and persuade him to allow the sun to rise.

NOTE: WHEN I CALL FOR 1/6 PAGE PANELS, I MEAN **STANDARD PANELS**—THE KIND THAT FIT TWO TO A TIER, THREE TIERS TO THE PAGE. PLEASE DO **NOT** DO VERTICAL 1/6 PAGE PANELS—THE KIND THAT FIT THREE TO A TIER, TWO TIERS TO THE PAGE—UNLESS I **SPECIFICALLY** CALL FOR THEM.

LIKE THIS:



NOT LIKE THIS:



**PAGE FIVE:**

**Panel 1 (1/3 page horizontal):**

**Scene:** Re-establish the camp. It's dark, very dark, lit only by torches and campfires. Dramatic lighting.

No one is sleeping. All keep vigil. The Shorn One Captain interrupts Maxtla's meditations, running toward him—he has important news!

CAPTION

Later...

CAPTION (2<sup>nd</sup>)

...in the darkest hour of the night.

SHORN ONE CAPTAIN

**Great Maxtla!** One of our **scouts** has returned!

**Panel 2 (1/6 page):**

**Scene:** Two SENTRIES, call them SENTRY ONE and SENTRY TWO, help WARRIOR LUC—remember, he was one of the two Warriors attacked by the Utahraptor—toward Maxtla, who should be standing. Warrior Luc is **BADLY INJURED**. One of his arms was **BITTEN OFF**, and he sustained other grievous injuries as well—he's been half eaten by a dinosaur. Careful with the gore. It's amazing that he's alive. It's a *miracle* he trudged, stumbled and crawled his way back to camp. He looks weak, on the edge of death.

SENTRY ONE

We heard him crawling through the brush.

SENTRY TWO

Something bit his **arm** off.

WARRIOR LUC  
(small, as if weakly)

Divine...Emperor...

**Panel 3 (1/6 page):**



**Scene:** Focus on Warrior Luc as with his last breath, he delivers vital information to Maxtla.

WARRIOR LUC

...west lies...**Aztlán**.

**Panel 4 (1/6 page):**

**Scene:** The Sentries have gently laid Warrior Luc's corpse down on the ground. The Shorn One Captain kneels down and holds his hand near Warrior Luc's mouth and nose, to see whether he's breathing. No. He's dead. Show Maxtla, background, dramatically comprehending/contemplating the miraculous news just delivered.

SHORN ONE CAPTAIN

He is dead.

MAXTLA

**Aztlán...!**

**Panel 5 (1/6 page):**

**Scene:** Close up of Maxtla, looking away, gesturing presumably to the east, with wonder and awe—musing over the *miracle* the gods have sent!

MAXTLA

City of **legend...birthplace** of our people. City of our **ancestors...!**

MAXTLA (2<sup>nd</sup>)

Break camp! We march **now!**

**PAGE SIX:**

**Panel 1 (1/3 page horizontal):**

**Scene:** In the PANTHER PEOPLES' CITY, high up in one of the many complexes of platforms and structures. Not every place here has to be entirely enclosed, by the way. The weather is generally warm and nice.

Establishing shot, but feature our stars.

Turok and Andar are in SEPARATE, SMALL CAGES, placed next to each other. Startlingly beautiful Aasta stands imperiously before them.

Aasta is attended by an entourage appropriate to a Goddess—the Hierophant, GUARDS, SERVANTS, HANDMAIDENS, and NOBLES, all treating her like loving, worshipful subjects.

It is *dawn*.

CAPTION

The **City of the Panther People**. Dawn.

AASTA  
(NORMAL balloon! Till further notice)

It's **amazing** what turns up in this crazy place. You look like a couple of **Pochahontas's** pals.

ANDAR

Now her talk sounds like **clucking** and **braying**. Before it was like **growls** and **purrs**.

TUROK

Before she was talking to her **warriors**. I will try something....

**Panel 2 (1/6 page):**

**Scene:** Two-shot, favoring Aasta, with whatever/whomever in the background that would logically be seen. Turok speaks to Aasta in ANCIENT NORSE! It's vaguely similar enough to modern Norwegian so that Aasta actually understands! Aasta is shocked.

TUROK  
(note the hooked "o")

*Dønsk tunga?*

AASTA

Did you say...**Danish tongue**?!

**Panel 3 (1/6 page):**

**Scene:** Three shot, Turok, Aasta and Andar. Favor Turok. Turok speaks to both Andar and Aasta, but please have him looking at Aasta here, gesturing at their surroundings.

TUROK

I **thought** so. She speaks a **little** like people I once met who came across the great waters. Their **hair** was like hers too, like the **sun**.

TUROK (2<sup>nd</sup>)

*Eik-hús. Hár.*

AASTA

**Tree-house**, yes. **Very** high.

**Panel 4 (1/6 page):**

**Scene:** Pull back. Aasta strides away, followed humbly, worshipfully, by all but the Panther Warriors guarding the prisoners. Show Turok and Andar small in the background.

AASTA

I speak **Norwegian**...and a few other languages. I'm not quite sure what you're speaking—it certainly isn't Danish. And, your **accent** is lousy, but....

AASTA (2<sup>nd</sup>)

...we'll sort it out later. Be **cool**.

**Panel 5 (1/6 page):**

**Scene:** Focus, close, on Turok and Andar. Andar is, as usual, amazed and impressed by Turok. Turok is puzzling over Aasta's last remark.

ANDAR

Did you understand what she said?

TUROK

Only a word here and there. At the end, I think she said "**freeze**." But it is very **hot** here. I don't know.

**PAGE SEVEN:**

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

**Scene:** The SAVANNA, as seen previously—the same type of terrain as in panels 1 and 2 of page three, but not the exact same spot as where Warrior Pimotl and Warrior Luc were attacked. Maxtla and his Shorn Ones are marching along quickly in single file, up a hill. See reference below. Show enough Aztecs and enough environs so that we get the drift about what we're seeing here, but feature, in order, left to right, Priest 2, Maxtla and Shorn One Captain, who is the point man of this column. He is the first to the top of the low hill, and the first to see what is on the other side. He points ahead.

CAPTION

A **volcanic savanna**. Shortly after sunrise.

PRIEST 2

The sun **rose**! Surely this means the gods **forgive** us!

MAXTLA

(grimly, not looking at Priest 2)

They grant us one more chance.

SHORN ONE CAPTAIN

**Divine One! Behold!**

Savanna hill:



**Panel 2 (5/6 page panel):**

**Scene:** Giant scope shot, showing the CITY OF AZTLÁN in the distance and Maxtla and company in the foreground. Make Maxtla and company fairly small. The City and the environs are the stars of this shot.

Aztlán is situated on an ISLAND in the middle of a LARGE LAKE. The Island has a good bit of level ground, upon which the City is built, but at the Island's center is a gently sloping VOLCANIC CONE. It's a dormant volcano—no worries there—but it provides a dramatic backdrop. This is not a huge volcanic mountain—relatively low. The surroundings, around the lake are dramatic—ridges, hills, forests, rough, volcano-spawned terrain.

A CAUSEWAY connects the City to the mainland. Many boats ply the lake.

Aztlán is a magnificent Aztec City. Tons of reference easily available online. Start here:

[http://images.google.com/images?as\\_q=&hl=en&btnG=Google+Search&as\\_epq=aztec+city&as\\_oq=&as\\_eq=&imgtype=&imgsz=&imgw=&imgh=&imgar=&as\\_filetype=&imgc=&as\\_sitesearch=&as\\_rights=&safe=off&as\\_st=y&biw=1048&bih=631](http://images.google.com/images?as_q=&hl=en&btnG=Google+Search&as_epq=aztec+city&as_oq=&as_eq=&imgtype=&imgsz=&imgw=&imgh=&imgar=&as_filetype=&imgc=&as_sitesearch=&as_rights=&safe=off&as_st=y&biw=1048&bih=631)

SHORN ONE CAPTAIN

AZTLÁN!

## **PAGE EIGHT:**

### **Panel 1 (1/3 page horizontal):**

**Scene:** The CAUSEWAY. Maxtla and his group advance toward Aztlán. From Aztlán, however, a POWERFUL FORCE, looking ready to fight, is marching out to meet them. These are Aztecs, much reference provided earlier. This group can include many warriors in fancier dress/plumage than Maxtla's troops. There should be EAGLE WARRIORS, JAGUAR WARRIORS and even a few SHORN ONES. Lots of reference easily available online. Start here: [http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Aztec\\_warfare](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Aztec_warfare) Here's another good starting point: <http://www.sbceo.k12.ca.us/~vms/carlton/Renaissance/Aztecs/aztecs1.htm>

At the head of the approaching Aztlán force, seen small, here, are the AZTLÁN SPEAKER and the AZTLÁN PRIEST. The Aztlán Speaker is their RULER, and should look the part. The Aztlán Priest is his high-ranking aide, and should look the part.

Shoot this so that our POV is closer to Maxtla and company, so we have a better look at the characters who are talking. Priest 2 is pointing at the Aztlán Speaker.

CAPTION

Soon.

SHORN ONE CAPTAIN

They come to **meet** us, weapons **raised**.

PRIEST 2

That one is their **Speaker**.

MAXTLA

Stand ready to die.

SHORN ONE CAPTAIN (2<sup>nd</sup>)

For you and your **brethren gods**, Great Maxtla!

**Panel 2 (1/6 page):**

**Scene:** The two forces confront each other, dangerously close, both ready to fight. Show, as prominently as possible, the Aztlán Speaker and Maxtla.

AZTLÁN SPEAKER

Who are you?

MAXTLA

I am **Maxtla**, Huey Tlatoani of the **true people**.

**Panel 3 (1/6 page):**

**Scene:** Two-shot, the Aztlán Speaker and Maxtla, and whoever/whatever else is logical. The Aztlán Speaker is curious, inquisitive. Maxtla is bold, defiant.

AZTLÁN SPEAKER

Our legends say that the gods will send us one of their own... a **great emperor**, who will lead us to **paradise**.

MAXTLA

I am here.

**Panel 4 (1/6 page):**

**Scene:** Angle to show a bit of the Aztlán Speaker—just a cropped sliver will do—and feature Maxtla, Priest 2 and the Shorn One Captain. Maxtla is casually gesturing toward Priest 2 and the Shorn One Captain.

AZTLÁN PRIEST

The prophecy says he and his attendants will be **three**, the number signifying **sacred war**...

MAXTLA

This is my **priest** and this is my **captain**. We are **three**.

**Panel 5 (1/6 page):**

**Scene:** Angle to feature the Shorn One Captain, addressing the first ten Shorn Ones near him. Show at least a bit of the Aztlán Priest, small, background, since he talks.

AZTLÁN PRIEST

...and that his soldiers will be **three twenties**.

SHORN ONE CAPTAIN

You ten. Die.

**PAGE NINE:**

**Panel 1 (1/3 page horizontal):**

**Scene:** Each of the ten Shorn Ones chosen kills himself! Willingly! They thrust their obsidian knives into their own hearts, slash their own necks, run themselves through with



their own Atlatl Darts (which are like spears, remember) or whatever. Make it spectacular and shocking. Not *too* gory, please.

I imagine this being shot from a low angle, with the bodies of two or three of the self-stricken Shorn Ones tumbling off the edge of the Causeway into the water. But, as you wish.

(no copy)

**Panel 2 (1/6 page):**

**Scene:** Priest 2 addresses the Aztlán Speaker, but there is no need to show the Aztlán Speaker. Design this shot to feature Priest 2, and in the background show a few of the ten dead Shorn Ones lying on the Causeway and at least a hint of the sixty remaining Shorn Ones. Remember, the Shorn Ones who died were the first ten in the column, so the survivors—now, 60, as prophesied—would be farther away than the corpses.

Priest 2 is being dramatic, making a gesture that signifies “behold!”—like a magician who has just performed an amazing trick. See reference below.

*If* we can see the Shorn One Captain and Maxtla—not necessary, but it’s up to you—they both look confident and powerful, and in Maxtla’s case, kingly.

PRIEST 2

The prophecy is fulfilled.

“Behold!” gesture:



**Panel 3 (1/6 page):**

**Scene:** The Aztlán Speaker boldly approaches Maxtla. The Aztlán Speaker carries a Macuahuitl—please make it particularly fancy and ornate. Is he going to strike Maxtla down? There should be a little doubt, some suspense. Maxtla just stands there, erect, kingly, unafraid.

(no copy)

**Panel 4 (1/3 page horizontal):**

**Scene:** The Aztlán Speaker humbly prostrates himself before Maxtla. So do members of his entourage and all his soldiers, the entire Powerful Force that came out to meet Maxtla. No need to show too many of them, just enough so that the readers get the drift. Maxtla remains standing nobly. No need to show Maxtla's men, but if you choose to, fine. They remain standing.

AZTLÁN SPEAKER

Welcome, god Maxtla. We worship and serve you.

**PAGE TEN:**

**Panel 1 (1/3 page horizontal):**

**Scene:** Aasta's THRONE ROOM—could be a walled room, an open-sided “room,” or just a DECK, high in a giant tree. Whichever way you go, this place is OPULENT in a primitive way, adorned and furnished in a manner appropriate to a Goddess Queen. Remember to stick to the PANTHER MOTIF—lots of Panther pelts, Panther skulls, Panther claws. There might be a Panther-skin rug—like a bearskin rug, only a Panther skin—before the Throne. There might even be a live Panther or two in a cage. Optional.

Besides Panther-ish items, there might be décor in a Zulu-inspired style, per the reference provided last issue. More easily available online.

On a low TABLE in clear view are Turok's unique WEAPONS—the SEAX, the TOMAHAWK, the BOW and the QUIVER full of ARROWS. Andar's BOW and QUIVER full of ARROWS are there, too. Not that the readers will be able to count them here, but for your information, each Quiver contains 13 ARROWS.

Aasta sits regally upon her primitively opulent Throne.

Also present are two Warrior-Guards, a servant humbly offering Aasta a beverage in a primitive goblet on a primitive tray, and a few members of Aasta's court—the Hierophant, certainly and maybe a few NOBLES, one of whom might be a woman.

Turok is on his knees before Aasta, his butt resting on his heels, his wrists tied behind his back—but his torso is straight and his head is up. He's looking up at her. For a bound captive forced to kneel, he looks proud and unbowed.

Andar is beside Turok, wrists tied, in a similar posture. He also looks proud and unbowed—but he's really just imitating Turok. Have him looking at Turok, here.

#### CAPTION

The next day.

AASTA

All right, I suspect this isn't going to be easy...but I'll speak Norwegian slowly, and you do the same with your *Dønsk tunga*.

AASTA (2<sup>nd</sup>)

Who **are** you?

TUROC

I am **Turok**. I named the boy **Andar**.

Bearskin rug:





**Panel 2 (1/9 page):**

**Scene:** Angle to include Turok and Aasta. Turok is struggling to understand.

AASTA

It seems that things from **any** time get swept here. What is **your** time?  
When were you **born**?

TUROK

When...I...born...?

TUROK (2<sup>nd</sup>)

The year of the big snow.

**Panel 3 (1/9 page):**

**Scene:** Focus on Aasta, frustrated.

AASTA

Well, that narrows it down.

**Panel 4 (1/9 page):**

**Scene:** Angle to show Aasta's hand picking up the SEAX and, background, Turok, striving to understand her words. **IMPORTANT!** We should be close up enough on the knife to see its **DISTINCTIVE DAMASCUS STEEL PATTERNS**, reference provided last issue.

AASTA

How did you get **this**? This knife is **Damascus steel!**

TUROK

How...knife...?

**Panel 5 (1/9 page):**

**Scene:** Focus on Turok.

TUROK

Knife is...*seh-ahks*. **Old, old, old.**

TUROK

**Friend** with **fire hair**...from far across **great waters**...gave seh-ahks to me.

**Panel 6 (1/9 page):**

**Scene:** Another interesting angle on Aasta, pondering the profound implications of Turok's words.

AASTA

**Seax.** A **Viking** blade. Yes, it is. "Fire hair?" A **Viking** gave you this?

AASTA (2<sup>nd</sup>)

We Norwegians know our Viking history. Viking traders got as far as **Baghdad**...

**Panel 7 (1/9 page):**

**Scene:** Angle to include Aasta and Turok. And whatever else you wish.

AASTA

...and across the “great waters” to Newfoundland, as late as the early 1400’s, to forage and **trade** with....

TUROK

**Beothuk.** Trade with people painted with **red clay**.

**PAGE ELEVEN:**

**Panel 1 (1/6 page):**

**Scene:** Another angle to favor Aasta (but show at least a little of Turok). Aasta is increasingly fascinated by this remarkable man. Remarkable and *handsome*. Really appealing in that primitive, noble savage kind of way. She’s attracted—in the same primal way that Jane was attracted to Tarzan. I don’t know if you can suggest that in her expression or body language, but try. Around here, they say, “She’s undressing him with her eyes.” Turok, to the extent we see him, betrays no emotion.

(NOTE: “Omàmiwinini” is what the Algonquin called themselves. Anyone interested to know will look it up. No worries.)

TUROK

I am **Omàmiwinini**. Beothuk are...**cousins**.

AASTA

I wish I had my **laptop** so I could look up *Omami*-whatever. The only red Indians I know about are **Hiawatha** and **Pochahontas**, thanks to Longfellow and Disney.

**Panel 2 (1/6 page):**

**Scene:** Another angle. Favor Turok, boldly questioning the “goddess.”

AASTA

But, I guess you’re from some tribe near Newfoundland...late 14<sup>th</sup> or early 15<sup>th</sup> Century.

TUROK

Who are **you**?

**Panel 3 (1/6 page):**

**Scene:** Diagrammatic two-shot, giving equal play to bold, defiant Turok and shocked, affronted Aasta.

AASTA

You dare question **me**?! I am a **goddess**!

TUROK

Then go back to the sky where you belong and do your job. Goddess? I think you are just a **clever woman**.

**Panel 4 (1/6 page):**

**Scene:** Seething, Aasta commands her guards, who hasten to do her bidding. (Secretly, Turok's boldness has done nothing but increase her budding romantic interest in him.) Andar and Turok, while being roughly grabbed, exchange comments. They're unruffled. They have already accepted the idea that they're going to die, and anything that happens now is no big deal. In fact, Andar is being a little humorously snarky.

AASTA  
(weird balloon)

Take them back to their cages.

ANDAR

She's snarling and growling again.

TUROK

Her peoples' language. I think I made her angry.

ANDAR (2<sup>nd</sup>)

*Hah.* Nice work.



**Panel 5 (1/3 page horizontal):**

**Scene:** The EMPEROR’S PALACE in Aztlán, specifically a large COURTYARD or DECK. This would be two or three stories up, not ground level. Potentially inspirational reference below.

A TRAINER who trains PTEROSAURS like a Falconer trains hawks is commanding one of his enormous flying dinosaurs to take off. (Naturally, these giant dinos don’t perch on his arm.) : )

If you choose an angle that shows significant background, the Emperor’s Palace is near the center of this mighty city. Only the TEMPLE OF THE SUN, located in the exact center of the city, is a more important building. Aztec city and temple reference will be provided in subsequent scene descriptions, but it’s easily available online.

CAPTION

Meanwhile.

CAPTION

**Aztlán. The Palace of Maxtla.**

TRAINER

**Fly!**

For Pterosaur reference, check here: <http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Pterosaur> , and even better, here: <http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Azhdarchidae>

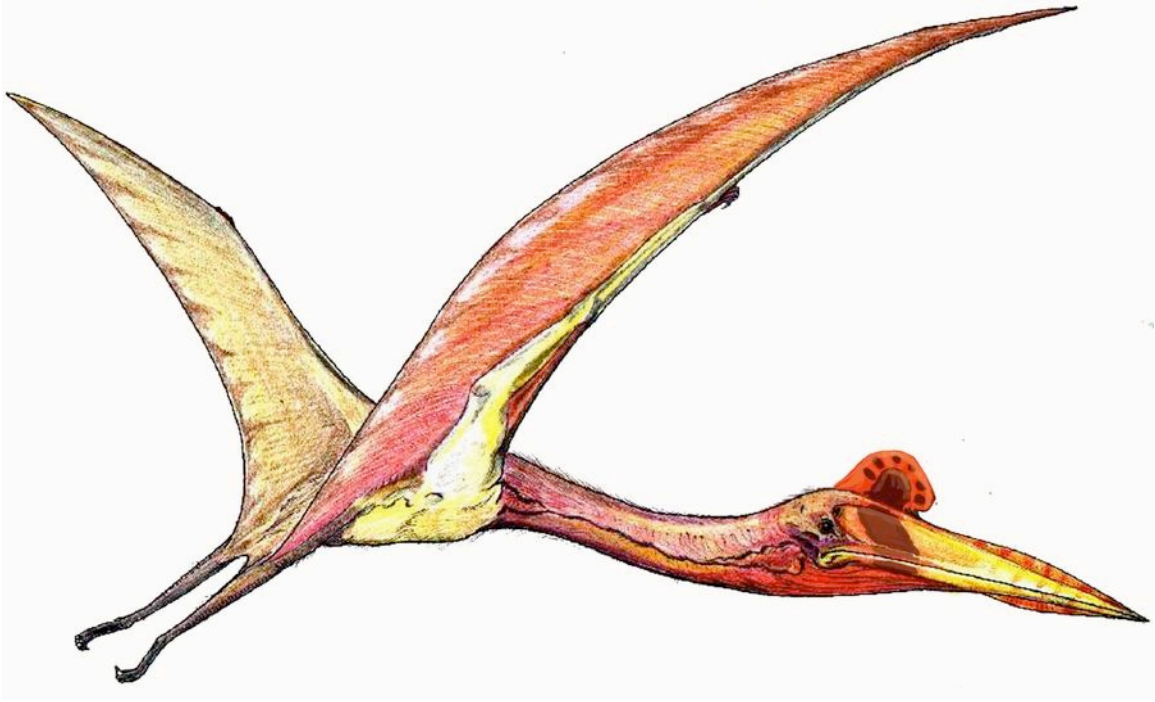
Here are a few images:

Quetzalcoatlus – one of the biggest, similar in size (and other ways) to Hatzegopteryx:

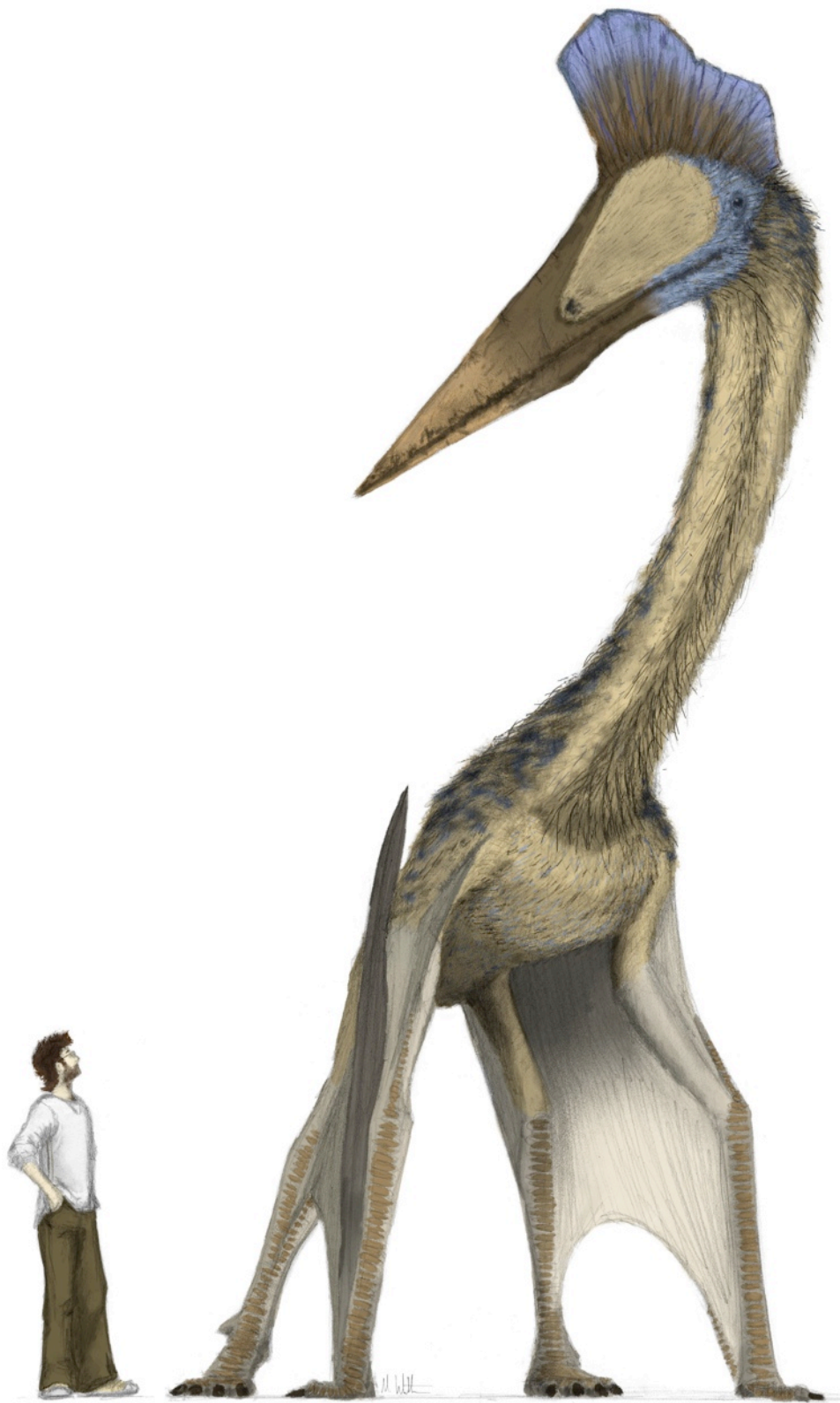


P.S. The Trained Pteros might have some JEWELRY or other ornamentation/ armor/ harness. Not too much. Lightweight stuff. Proper livery for dinos.

Quetzalcoatlus – as usual with these things, no one really knows exactly what they looked like, so no worries:



Hatzegopteryx:



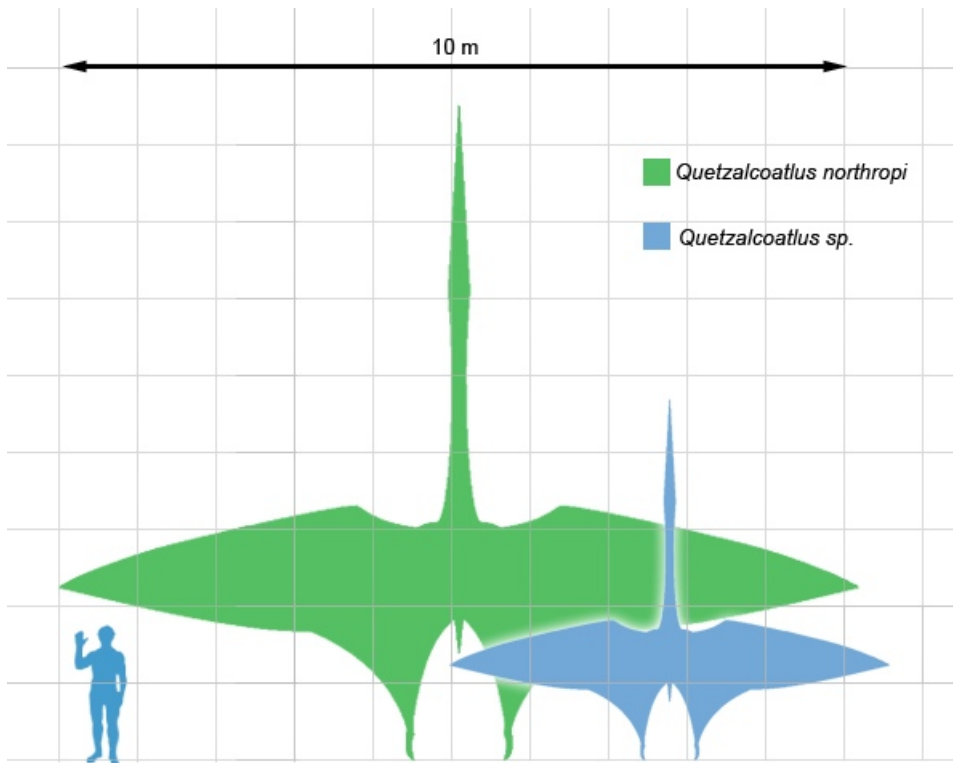
Hatzegopteryx:



Imagen: Danny Ayala Hinojosa / [www.ecuadorciencia.org](http://www.ecuadorciencia.org)

Hatzegopteryx:

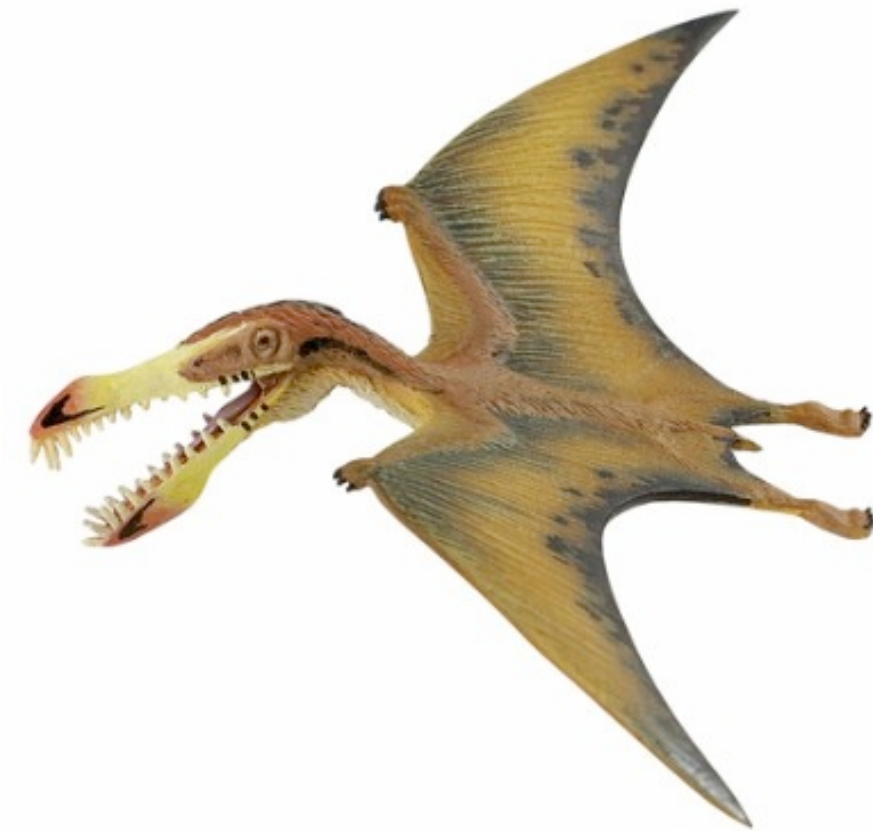




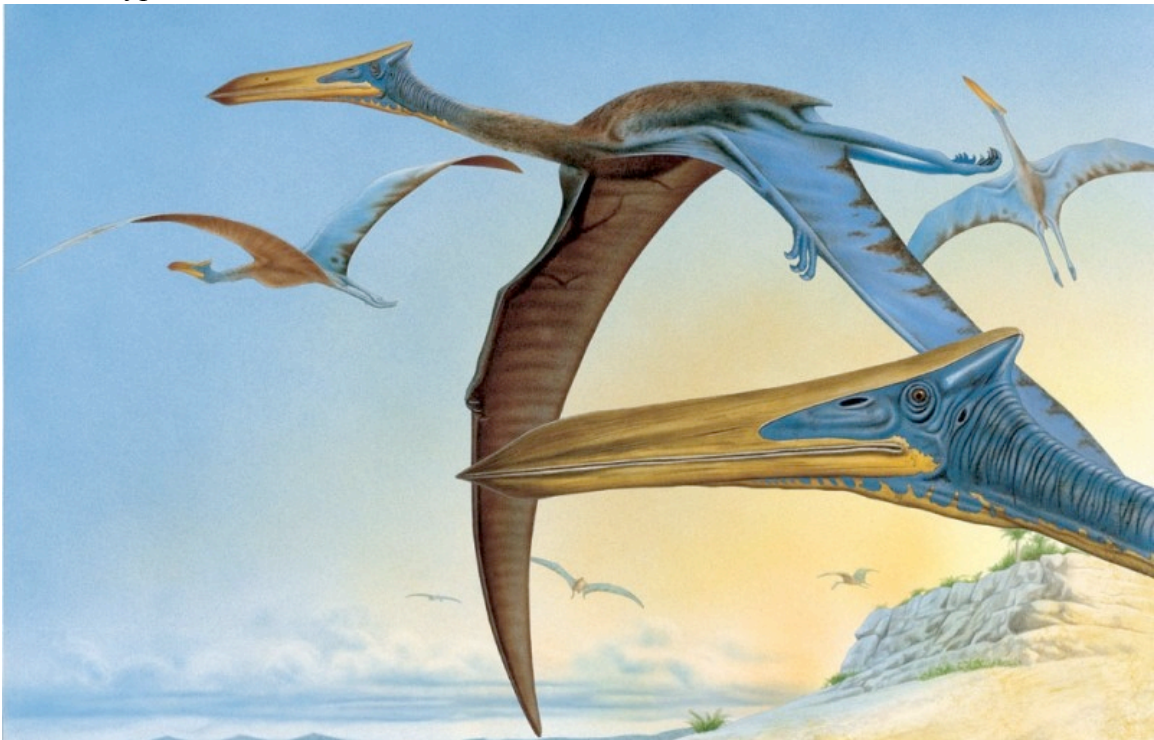
Somewhat smaller, toothy Pteros:







Another type:



Here are shots of ruins of a palace. These are Mayan, but ours would be very similar:



















Here's Swanland's cover with an ornamented dino:







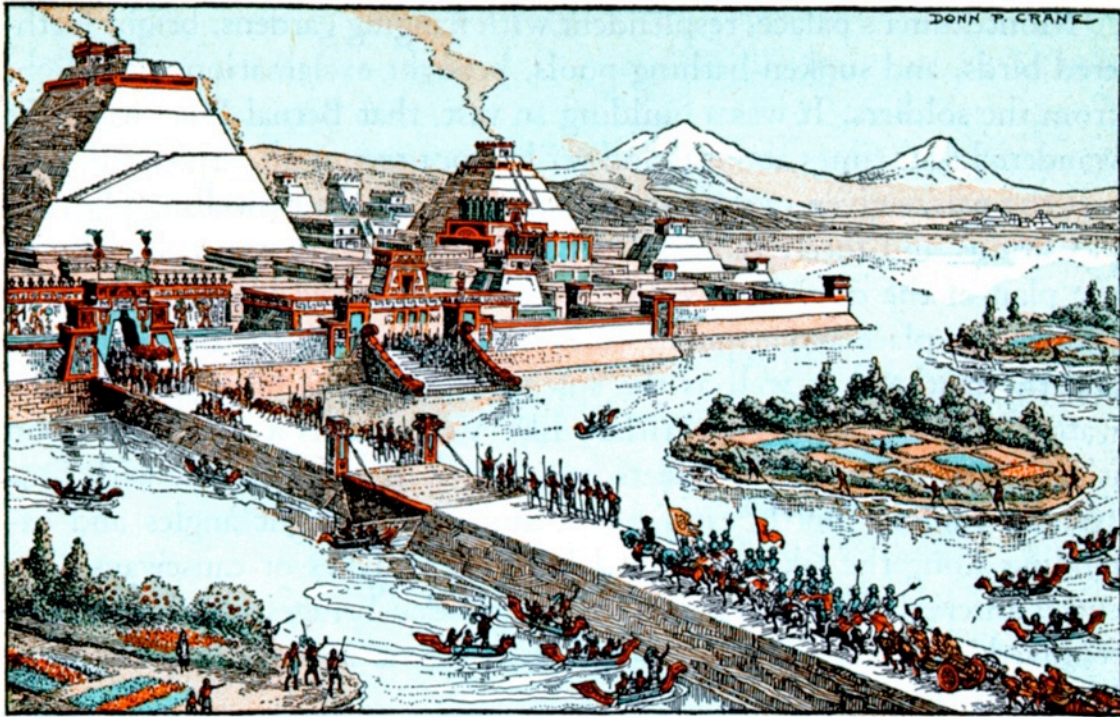
AZTEC CITY REFERENCE:













## History Close-up

### Tenochtitlán

The Aztecs turned a swampy, uninhabited island into one of the largest and grandest cities in the world. The first Europeans to visit Tenochtitlán were stunned. At the time, the Aztec capital was about five times bigger than London.

The Great Temple stood at the heart of the city. On top of the temple were two shrines—a blue shrine for the rain god and a red shrine for the sun god.

Gold, silver, cloaks, and precious stones were among the many items sold at the market.

A network of canals linked different parts of the city.

Aztec farmers grew crops on "floating gardens" called *chinampas*.

#### ANALYSIS SKILL ANALYZING VISUALS

What is the most important building in this picture?







**PAGE TWELVE:**

**Panel 1 (1/3 page horizontal):**

**Scene:** The PTEROSAUR we saw taking off is swooping toward a PANTHER WARRIOR PRISONER who is bound, helpless, on top of a PLATFORM or ROOFTOP not too far from the Palace. Please have him bound in an upright, standing position—possibly tied to a “T” shaped or “X” shaped wooden frame. Whatever. As long as he’s securely forced to be upright, his arms and legs are bound and there is nothing to prevent his HEAD from being RIPPED OFF by the Pterosaur, which it will be next panel.

This Platform or Rooftop is in clear sight of the Palace, but we don’t have to prove that here. The Platform or Rooftop could be part of the Palace complex or a building close by. If you choose an angle that reveals the proximity, fine. If not, okay. Don’t worry about it. Go for maximum drama!

(no copy)

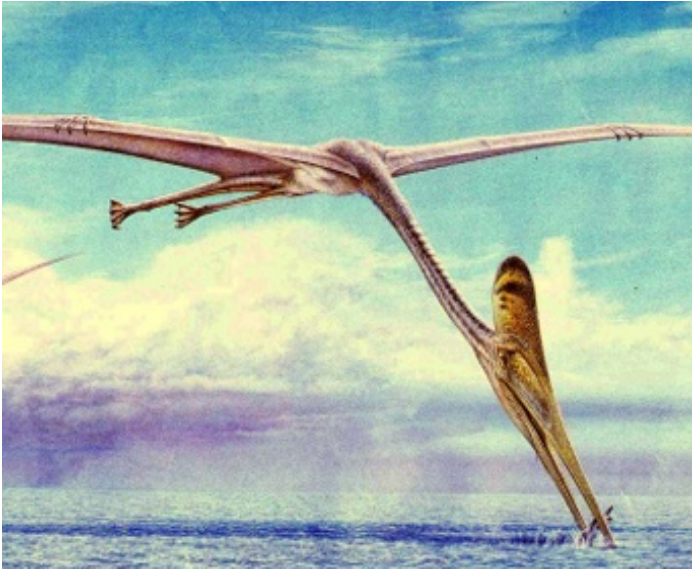
**Panel 2 (1/3 page horizontal):**

**Scene:** The Pterosaur BITES THE PANTHER WARRIOR PRISONER'S HEAD OFF ON THE FLY! It could be taking his neck and a chunk out of his torso along with his head, if that works. Whatever works best. I picture it like this: the Pterosaur is swooping above the Panther Warrior Prisoner and lowering its head on its long neck down to chomp the guy. I'd shoot this a half-second after the actual bite, so the Pterosaur is a little past the suddenly-headless Panther Warrior Prisoner, blood trailing from its jaws.

**IMPORTANT:** This must be shocking, horrific and disturbing—but it can't be TOO nightmarish and grotesque. You have to make it absolutely clear and terrifying without being sickening. Careful!

(no copy)

Here's a possibly informative picture:



**Panel 3 (1/3 page horizontal):**

**Scene:** The same COURTYARD or DECK of the EMPEROR's PALACE from which the Pterosaur flew. Lots to show in this panel, so design carefully.

Foreground, Maxtla is sitting on a THRONE-LIKE CHAIR. His Throne-like chair is elevated somehow—on a stone dais or deck.

Near Maxtla is the Aztlán Speaker, reverently attending Maxtla.

Also near Maxtla is an EAGLE WARRIOR, one of the soldiers of Aztlán, standing guard.

Nearby, at the foot of the dais or deck are Priest 2 and the Aztlán Priest. They're talking to one another—in fact, they're *arguing*, and their body language should tell us so! They could be sitting on the steps to the dais or deck.

In the background we see the Pterosaur coming in for a landing near the Trainer, who is giving hand signals to guide the Pterosaur in. An ASSISTANT waits nearby holding a very thick ROPE with which to tether the Pterosaur. The end of the Rope the Assistant is holding has a LOOP that will be placed over the Pterosaur's head, around its neck. The other end of the Rope is attached to a large, heavy STONE STANCHION.

Farther in the background, just large enough so that we understand what we're seeing is the limp, headless body of the Panther Warrior Prisoner, held up by the wooden frame.

Tough panel, but you can do it, Eduardo.

AZTLÁN SPEAKER

...some can be **trained**. But they are still dangerous. They can **turn** on you.

MAXTLA

Its prey?

EAGLE WARRIOR

A **panther-worshiper**, Great God-King Maxtla. We captured one of their scouting parties last night.

### **PAGE THIRTEEN:**

#### **Panel 1 (1/6 page):**

**Scene:** Focus on Priest 2 and the Aztlán Priest, heatedly arguing.

PRIEST 2

Are you **mad**? Aztlán vanished **364** years ago! And the seven peoples who remained migrated to the shores of **Texcoco**...!

AZTLÁN PRIEST

It was only **29** years ago! A strange and terrible storm swept our city here!  
The damage was **catastrophic**! Our rulers were **killed**...!

**Panel 2 (1/6 page):**

**Scene:** Angle to include the Aztlán Speaker, Priest 2 and Maxtla. The Aztlán Speaker is respectfully disputing Priest 2's claims. Priest 2 is protesting. Maxtla is pondering what he has heard, looking thoughtful and wise.

AZTLÁN SPEAKER

This is **true**. Since then, I, and my father before me, served as  
**Quauhtlatoani—stewards**, awaiting the God-King of prophesy.

PRIEST 2

But, Mighty Maxtla...!

MAXTLA

Quiet.

**Panel 3 (1/6 page):**

**Scene:** Foreground, Maxtla is making a pronouncement. Background, from a DOORWAY opening onto the Courtyard or Deck, the Shorn One Captain is entering the area, striding toward Maxtla. As on page five, he has important news. Maxtla is not looking at the Shorn One Captain, here, rather at the people close around him. You don't need to show them.

MAXTLA

I speak for my brethren gods. In this place, they bring together whomever,  
whatever they wish from **all of eternity**. This is a **Timeless Land**....

SHORN ONE CAPTAIN

**Divine Maxtla**...! Important news!

**Panel 4 (1/6 page):**

**Scene:** The Shorn One Captain kneels before Maxtla. Maxtla is looking at the Shorn One Captain, but gesturing to, and talking to the Aztlán Speaker. Maxtla looks grim and intent.

SHORN ONE CAPTAIN (2<sup>nd</sup>)

Under torture, one of the cat-men scouts told of **strangers** they took prisoner...a **bowman** and a **boy**!

SHORN ONE CAPTAIN (2<sup>nd</sup>)

They are being held in the savages' **tree-city**, two days march to the east and north.

MAXTLA

Summon your commanders.

**Panel 5 (1/3 page horizontal):**

**Scene:** The area where the Pterosaur was being tethered by the Assistant, overseen by the Trainer. The Pterosaur is biting and killing the Assistant, who was trying (and failing) to place the Loop of the tether-rope over its head and around its neck. The Trainer is shouting the alarm!

ASSISTANT

*Yaahh...!*

TRAINER

*Aieee! Run!*

**PAGE FOURTEEN:**

**Panel 1 (1/3 page horizontal):**

**Scene:** The Pterosaur charges Maxtla and company. The Pterosaur does NOT fly, here—it charges on the ground. See reference below.

Priest 2 and the Aztlán Priest are fleeing, terrified.

The Aztlán Speaker has fallen back a step or two, and is fearful—but isn't quite ready to desert his new God-King...yet.

The fearful Eagle Warrior Guard is halfway turned, poised to flee, and is shouting to Maxtla to do the same—run inside to safety.

Maxtla stands firm and unafraid. His eyes are on the approaching terror. At the same time, he is reaching with one hand in the direction of the Eagle Warrior Guard, demanding his weapon.

The Shorn One Captain stands near Maxtla, weapon ready, unafraid.

The Trainer, if seen, is fleeing—probably glad the Pterosaur is attacking the royal party and not him.

SFX  
(from the Pterosaur)

***RRROOONNK***

EAGLE WARRIOR

**God-King...! Inside, quickly!**

MAXTLA

Give me your **weapon**, coward! This beast will **forbear** and **submit** to me...

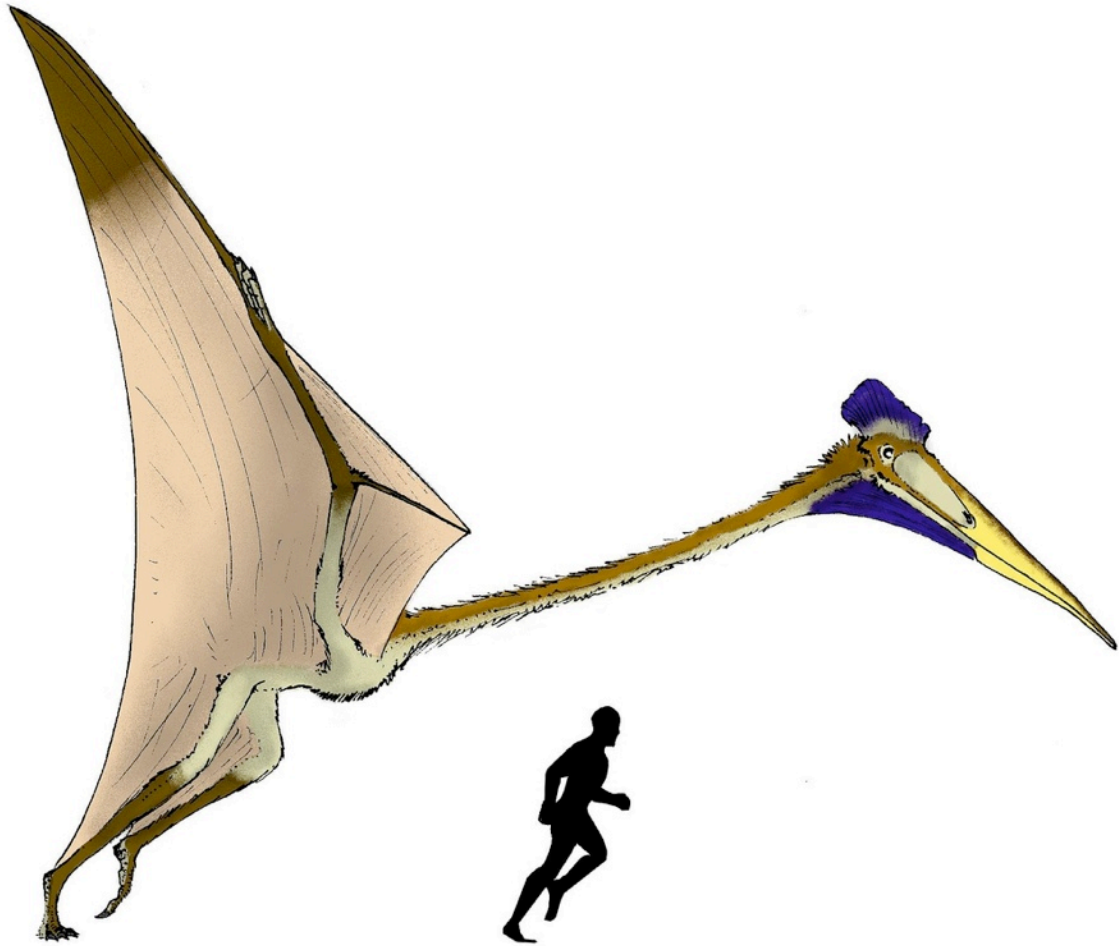
MAXTLA (2<sup>nd</sup>)

...or it will **die**.

Pterosaurs moving on the ground:







**Panel 2 (1/3 page VERTICAL):**

**Scene:** As the Pterosaur attacks Maxtla and the Shorn One Captain, in mid-pounce it is SHOT DEAD from off panel by THUNDER-HAND. Thunder-Hand's gun fires projectiles that generate a small ELECTRICAL EXPLOSION on impact.

Sort of like these electrical explosions:









However, the explosion should throw off ELECTRICAL CRACKLES—lightning-like tendrils like these:



So, what we see here is Maxtla poised to swing or thrust the weapon he took from the Eagle Warrior Guard; and nearby, the Shorn One Captain also ready to fight; and the Pterosaur getting shot. No need to show anyone else.

The Electrical Explosion should be doing TREMENDOUS DAMAGE to the Pterosaur—vaporizing a significant part of its body, severing its neck—whatever. Clearly, the Pterosaur is finished.

It should appear that, no matter how brave and strong Maxtla and the Shorn One Captain are, they *surely would have been overwhelmed and killed* by the huge Pterosaur if not for Thunder-Hand shooting the thing.

One more thing—a lightning-like Electrical Crackle or two should be striking DANGEROUSLY CLOSE to Maxtla, and damaging whatever they strike.

(no copy)

**Panel 3 (1/3 page VERTICAL):**

**Scene:** Full figure shot of THUNDER-HAND to establish and introduce him. Also show a bit of a few AZTLÁN MILITARY COMMANDERS who are with him. They've

all just arrived or are arriving. Try to make it seem that way, but don't sweat it. No worries. Don't feature the Aztlán Military Commanders, they're background, here. Make it a great shot of Thunder-Hand. He's pleased with himself, smiling.

Here's the description of Thunder-Hand I wrote for Raymond Swanland:

Thunder-Hand is a fighter pilot from the 22<sup>nd</sup> Century. Shortly after he was swept into the Timeless Land, aircraft and all, his left leg was bitten off by a Tyrannosaurus Rex. He has a crude prosthetic, a peg-leg more or less, fashioned by the Aztecs who saved his life. He carries a big, nasty-looking sidearm that fires futuristic electrical-explosive bullets. He also carries a commando knife in a sheathe that will eventually become Andar's.

He wears a combination of his pilot's jumpsuit and Aztec regalia. Please do not go over the top with Aztec plumage and fancy stuff. Keep it simple, just enough to get across the motif.

Here is some modern-day fighter pilot reference. Remember, Thunder-Hand comes from a time 100 years or so in the future, so please "futurize" the jumpsuit a bit.

Lots more available online:









Here are some wicked-looking knives. Lots more reference easily available online. Please don't get too outrageous. Make it look like it might be standard, if futuristic government issue:





Thunder-Hand's main weapon is a LARGE PISTOL that fires rounds that look like oversized BULLETS. In the movie *T2*, Arnold Schwarzenegger used a weapon that fired explosive rounds. Thunder-Hand's weapon should be similar, but, as I said, make it a big handgun rather than the sawed-off shotgun type weapon Arnold used (which, in case you're interested, was a 40mm M79 "Thumper" grenade launcher):



IMPORTANT: There should be a wisp of SMOKE coming from the muzzle of Thunder-Hand's gun to suggest that it was just fired.



Thunder-Hand should be wearing a BANDOLIER-STYLE AMMO BELT. There should be FIVE ROUNDS left in the belt. Here's a Thumper ammo belt:



And, just for good measure, here's Arnold firing his Thumper:



Note how he wears the ammo belt.

Another thing—Thunder-Hand has a GADGET the size of an iPod attached by a clip to his shirt up near his collar, something like this:



This Gadget is a UNIVERSAL TRANSLATOR. He also wears a small, EARPIECE/ MICROPHONE DEVICE that connects wirelessly to the Universal Translator. Very sleek, very lightweight and futuristic, please. Maybe something like this:



Here's the point: the Universal Translator picks up whatever is being said and Thunder-Hand hears it, translated to his language, via his Earpiece. Thunder-Hand whispers into the Microphone and his words, translated, come out of the Universal Translator.



THUNDER-HAND  
(pointer to the UNIVERSAL TRANSLATOR  
he wears—see above)

**Hot-cha-cha...!**

**PAGE FIFTEEN:**

**Panel 1 (1/3 page horizontal):**

**Scene:** Establishing shot. Show the whole tableau, but feature the characters—that is, make them reasonably large and prominent, but show enough of the environment to establish it—in this case, to re-establish it.

The Pterosaur lies dead, its electrocuted, partly-vaporized body smoldering.

Maxtla is discarding his borrowed weapon, looking at the approaching AZTLÁN MILITARY COMMANDERS, including Thunder-Hand, who is at the fore. Maxtla addresses Thunder-Hand.

Somewhere near Maxtla stands the Aztlán Speaker, regaining his composure. He gestures toward the approaching Aztlán Military Commanders.

The Shorn One Captain, always wary, stands ready with his weapon.

(NOTE: This is an *establishing shot*. Do not crop people unnecessarily in this or any other establishing shot. Show the main players' whole bodies, including their feet. Do not tilt the camera. For that matter, *never* tilt the camera unless I call for it. Spielberg doesn't do it. Cameron doesn't do it. It's rarely a good idea. I'll call for it when it is.)

AZTLÁN SPEAKER

Here are the commanders of the armies of Aztlán, Divine One.

MAXTLA

**You** killed the beast?

THUNDER-HAND  
(pointer to his Universal Translator)

Yessiree! Don't thank me. My pleasure.

THUNDER-HAND (2<sup>nd</sup>)  
(pointer to his Universal Translator)

They call me **Thunder-Hand**.

**Panel 2 (1/6 page):**

**Scene:** Three-shot, the Aztlán Speaker, Maxtla and Thunder-Hand. Thunder-Hand has one hand near his ear, the one that has the earpiece, as if he was pressing it in a little, making sure he's hearing Maxtla correctly. I've seen people with hearing aids do this. Thunder-Hand looks skeptical of this primitive fool Maxtla who fancies himself a god.

AZTLÁN SPEAKER

From his cudgel springs **lightning!** He is the **Ixiptlatzin** of **Tlaloc**.

MAXTLA

My brother sent you to **represent** him?

THUNDER-HAND  
(pointer to his Universal Translator)

You're **Tlaloc's brother?** Right. O-kay.

THUNDER-HAND (2<sup>nd</sup>)  
(pointer to his Universal Translator)

Yeah, I was sent by **Tlaloc**, god of lightning and...other stuff. I'm his **right hand man**.

**Panel 3 (1/6 page):**

**Scene:** Maxtla gives orders to the Aztlán Military Commanders. One, let's call him the GENERAL, politely objects. All of the Aztlán Military Commanders are deferential and respectful of Maxtla—except Thunder-Hand, who's a little cocky.

MAXTLA

Before the sun rises again, you will march to attack the stronghold of the **panther-worshippers**.

GENERAL

But, God-King, their fortress-city is **impregnable**.

**Panel 4 (1/6 page):**

**Scene:** Angle to include Maxtla, the Shorn One Captain, Thunder-Hand and whoever/ whatever else would logically be seen. Maxtla indicates Thunder-Hand, here, pointing at him.

MAXTLA

My **Captain** will lead you. My **Shorn Ones** will spearhead the assault. And, **you**, the **Fist of Tlaloc**, will hurl his wrath against them.

**Panel 5 (1/6 page):**

**Scene:** Close up of grim Maxtla.

MAXTLA

You will bring back **many** prisoners to sacrifice. **Especially** the **Chi-ri-ca-hua boy**.

**PAGE SIXTEEN:**

**Panel 1 (1/3 page horizontal):**

**Scene:** The same area seen in panel 1 of page six, where Aasta first spoke with Turok. Establishing shot, but feature the players. Turok and Andar are in their cages. Aasta sits on a simple, rustic chair or stool very near Turok's cage. She is speaking with Turok. Her body language tells us that her interest in him is more than casual, more than curiosity—that is, she is leaning forward, eyes fixed on him, etc. No one else is around.

CAPTION

Next evening.

AASTA

...on my **wedding day**. A **weird storm** came up suddenly and literally **blew me away**. Next thing I knew I was walking with the dinosaurs.

TUROK

A strange storm swept us here, too.

AASTA (2<sup>nd</sup>)

**Panther warriors** found me. I convinced them I came from the sky. They think I'm a **goddess**...not just a "clever woman."

**Panel 2 (1/6 page):**

**Scene:** Close two-shot of Aasta and Turok. Favor Turok. He's as attracted to her as she is to him. But, both of them are being circumspect—be subtle.

AASTA

I come from **600 years** after your time. Can you understand that?

TUROK

The days of the world flow like a river. Andar and I were **upstream** from you, *Ah-stah*...but now we are all **here**.

**Panel 3 (1/6 page):**

**Scene:** Angle to include the ENTRANCE to this chamber. A BOWING SERVANT is at the door. Aasta, noticing the Bowing Servant (and realizing she is needed elsewhere) is getting up. Show Turok and Andar as well.

Aasta is awed and moved by Turok. What a man! Aasta is rising to leave reluctantly.

AASTA

You know, you're a **very** smart man, Turok. And...I actually love how you say my name.

AASTA (2<sup>nd</sup>)

I have to go do goddess-queen stuff. I'll come back later.

**Panel 4 (1/9 page):**

**Scene:** Long medium on Turok and Andar in their cages. No one else is around. Lots of environs.

ANDAR

I can't believe you understand her quacking!

TUROK

I'm good at learning tongues.

ANDAR (2<sup>nd</sup>)

You're good at **everything**!

**Panel 5 (1/9 page):**

**Scene:** Pull in closer. Medium depth shot of Turok and Andar in their cages. Andar is turned toward Turok, and is talking to him. Andar has a sly, knowing smile. Turok is not looking at Andar—rather looking off in the direction Aasta departed, thinking of her.

ANDAR

You know, I see that **look** you get in your eyes whenever she comes.

TUROK

What look?

**Panel 6 (1/9 page):**

**Scene:** Close up two-shot of Andar and Turok, now looking at each other. Andar is grinning. He knows Turok is falling for Aasta. Turok is amused—like a father mildly amused by the antics of his son—but be subtle. He doesn't show emotion much.

ANDAR

The same kind of look I get when **any** girl comes near!

TUROK

*Ch! Youth...!*

**PAGE SEVENTEEN:**

**Panel 1 (1/3 page horizontal):**

**Scene:** A WATCHPOST miles from the Panther Peoples' Tree City, high on a rugged, barren hilltop from which one can see far and wide. There is a small, rough-hewn SHELTER the size of a pup tent—just big enough for one man to sleep in. There is a small CAMPFIRE burning in a shallow fire pit. There are other things around that one might expect to find in a campsite—a few water gourds, rough-hewn bowls, other primitive supplies, extra firewood, implements and tools.

Most importantly, there is an UNLIT BONFIRE—that is, a pile of wood ready to be ignited at a moment's notice, to serve as a signal to people far away that enemies are approaching. This pile of wood should be eight feet high.

It is DUSK.

Two PANTHER WARRIOR SENTRIES, call them SENTRY 1 and SENTRY 2, man this Watchpost. Both of them are being taken by surprise and KILLED from behind by two SHORN ONE WARRIORS.

Sentry 1 is sitting near the campfire eating from a small bowl (using his fingers) as he is struck a mortal blow from behind.

Sentry 2 was the one “on duty,” watching. He is also being killed from behind without warning.

The Shorn Ones can be using any of the Aztec weapons we have established. Atlatl Spears, a Macuahuitl, a club. Remember, they have no bows and arrows.

Try to make it seem reasonable that the Shorn Ones managed to sneak up on the Panther Warrior Sentries.

CAPTION

Meanwhile.

CAPTION (2<sup>nd</sup>)



A **watchpost** in the outerlands.

SENTRY 1

*Hlghk...!*

(NOTE TO EDUARDO: I haven't seen any finished art from this issue, but from the layouts it looks like you're drifting farther and farther from the description of the SHORN ONES. Here it is again:

Maxtla's Aztec Warriors are all "SHORN ONES," the highest of the elite Aztec warrior classes.

**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.

Please try to get it right.

The above applies only to Maxtla's men. The Aztecs of Aztlán have no Shorn Ones.)

Here are unlit bonfires:







**Panel 2 (1/3 page horizontal):**

**Scene:** A big CLEARING in the Cretaceous forest/jungle. This is not level ground. Uneven terrain, please. As if we were entering a hilly/mountainous region.

The ARMY OF AZTLÁN is here, with Maxtla's Shorn Ones at the forefront. They paused in their March toward the TREE-CITY of the Panther People while the two Shorn Ones ventured ahead and killed the Sentries at the Watchpost (who otherwise would have spotted the approaching Aztec Army and given the warning).

Standing before the entire company are the Shorn One Captain and the Aztlán GENERAL, who was seen in panel 3 of page fifteen. The General is marveling at the prowess of the Shorn Ones.

The two Shorn One Warriors are approaching the Shorn One Captain and the General DRAGGING BEHIND THEM THE BODIES OF THE SENTRIES!

I'd put the Two Shorn Ones dragging the Sentries foreground, the Shorn One Captain and the General middle ground and the mass of troops background.

You don't have to draw thousands of guys here! Just suggest that there's an army behind the leaders. Remember, it's getting dark. Anyone not close to our POV is in shadow.

CAPTION

Moments later.

GENERAL

Your **Shorn Ones** are **miraculous**! Taking these cat-men by surprise is near impossible...!

SHORN ONE CAPTAIN

Their **signal fire** would have caused unnecessary inconvenience. I **hate** inconvenience.

**Panel 3 (1/9 page):**

**Scene:** Close two-shot of the General and the Shorn One Captain. This is a small panel with a lot of copy, so plan carefully.

GENERAL



The tree-city is still ten hours away. We should make camp. My men need rest.

SHORN ONE CAPTAIN

We march all night. Tomorrow, when enemies are swinging weapons at their heads, your men will find their strength surprisingly renewed.

**Panel 4 (2/9 page):**

**Scene:** The THRONE ROOM of GODDESS-QUEEN AASTA. Aasta is ENTERING, striding toward her throne. Present are the HIEROPHANT and several other nobles, there on serious business. Lots of copy. Plan carefully.

CAPTION

The Throne Room of the Goddess-Queen.

AASTA

Why was I **disturbed**, Hierophant?

HIEROPHANT

Because I **fear** for you, Goddess.

HIEROPHANT (2<sup>nd</sup>)

It's the **prisoners**...! They were captured on **sacred ground**! By law, they must be thrown into the **panther pit**.

HIEROPHANT (3<sup>rd</sup>)

But...you **keep** them!

**PAGE EIGHTEEN:**

**Panel 1 (1/6 page):**

**Scene:** Aasta sits on her throne. She's explaining the situation (totally lying) to the Hierophant. He isn't buying it. He's pressing his case, grimly, seriously.

AASTA

These aren't **ordinary** captives. The older one speaks **god-language**, like me! He's a **messenger** from the sky.

HIEROPHANT

He is not **fair** like you...! His aspect is like our **enemies**, who worship **feathered serpents**!

**Panel 2 (1/6 page):**

**Scene:** The Hierophant argues even more, pressing his accusations. Aasta is exasperated, frustrated by this fool. Show her, but feature him.

HIEROPHANT

These two **wear feathers**! The little spears their string-sticks throw have **feathers** on their tails...!

HIEROPHANT (2<sup>nd</sup>)

I judge them **demons**. And I think the elder one has put a spell on you... Goddess.

AASTA

*Oh*, give me a **break**...! They're not demons.

**Panel 3 (1/6 page):**

**Scene:** Close up of the grim, serious Hierophant.

HIEROPHANT

Listen to the **law**. At sunrise they must be offered to the **great cats**. If you refuse, then their magicks have **tainted** you.

**Panel 4 (1/6 page):**

**Scene:** Focus on Aasta. Close up. But include, foreground, the Hierophant's forearm and hand, pointing at her. No need to show more of him than that. Aasta looks grim and a little angry.

## HIEROPHANT

Then, you, **too**, must be cast to the panthers. They will **purify** you...or show us that you are just a **pale woman**...not a goddess.

### **Panel 5 (1/3 page horizontal):**

**Scene:** The room where Turok and Andar are caged. It's still nighttime and dark—just a little before dawn will start to break.

Aasta is approaching the cages. She's trying to be as quiet and stealthy as she can, though, remember, she's just an average, modern person stealth-wise. She is carrying the following:

- Turok's BOW, QUIVER (full of arrows), SEAX, TOMAHAWK and LEATHER BAG.
- Andar's BOW and QUIVER (full of arrows)

That's quite a lot to carry, but Aasta is managing. She's pretty robust for a slender woman.

Turok is awake, alert and on his feet, watching her enter. (He's a light sleeper. He heard her enter the room.)

Andar is just waking up, sitting up, yawning and stretching.

There is no one else around. (Aasta ordered whatever guards there were away.)

## CAPTION

The ninth hour of the night.

AASTA

*Pssst...!* Turok!

ANDAR

*Hwh-hmmm.....*

**PAGE NINETEEN:**

**Panel 1 (1/6 page):**

**Scene:** Three-shot, fairly close on Aasta, Turok and Andar as she opens our stars cages. The Panther people have no metal, no locks, so that means she must be cutting some rope closure that was impossible to untie from inside the cages. Don't over-think it too much. Aasta would be using Turok's Seax to cut open the closure.

AASTA

They're going to feed you to the panthers at dawn. Me, too, maybe...

AASTA (2<sup>nd</sup>)

...but I'll figure out some kind of baloney to tell them. Just go.

**Panel 2 (1/6 page):**

**Scene:** Close up, two-shot of Turok and Aasta. This is a romantic moment—practically a declaration of love for stoic Turok. Aasta is looking into his eyes (and he into hers). Though taken by surprise by his offer, she clearly feels about him the way he feels about her. She looks dreamy, moved. It's like a woman feels when she's being asked to marry a guy she wants to marry!

TUROK

Come with me.

AASTA

Come...with....

**Panel 3 (1/3 page horizontal):**

**Scene:** The Aztec army is merging from the forest very near the Panther Peoples' Tree City. They're only 100 meters from the nearest Tree City tree. The only two Aztecs we need to see well are the General and the Shorn One Captain. Suggest that the rest are behind them.

There is a TOWERING TREE next to where the Aztecs are emerging from the forest. This tree is so big and so tall, that if it fell toward the Tree City it would become a 45° RAMP, broad enough to walk on. So, this tree must be straight and tall, well over 100

meters high. At its base, the trunk is 10 meters in diameter. (This makes it just a bit larger than the tallest Sequoias existing today. See below.) All we need to see is the base, here.

Angle this so we get a good look at the lower levels of the Tree City, and in particular, at its HORIZONTAL WALLS.

Eduardo, please understand this—the walls of the city are HORIZONTAL. They ring the tree trunks, preventing anyone from climbing up, like those bird feeder protectors that prevent squirrels from getting at the birdseed. Naturally, there are horizontal GATES, and ladders that can be lowered to allow friendlies up. All gates would be closed, now, all ladders retracted.

The General is looking at and gesturing toward the Tree City. The Shorn One Captain is ignoring him, looking at the Towering Tree.

CAPTION

Nearby.

GENERAL

**There!** The city of the cat-people. You see it is **unassailable**—**horizontal walls** around the tree trunks prevent any but them from climbing up.

Squirrel barriers:







Big trees:









**Panel 4 (1/9 page):**

**Scene:** Focus on the Shorn One Captain, the General and Thunder-Hand near the base of the Towering Tree. The Shorn One Captain is pointing at the Towering Tree. The General is arguing with him. Thunder-Hand is striding up drawing his Large Pistol. The figures can be small.

SHORN ONE CAPTAIN

Fell that tree. Toward the city.

GENERAL

What? Ten men with black axes couldn't....

THUNDER-HAND

I got this.

**Panel 5 (2/9 page):**

**Scene:** Back to the area where Aasta, Turok and Andar are. The Hierophant and a group of GUARDS are entering. The Hierophant is accusatory. Aasta, caught off-guard, red-handed, doesn't know what to say. Turok and Andar are out of their cages but don't have their weapons yet.

HIEROPHANT

What are you doing, woman?

AASTA

*Umm....*

**PAGE TWENTY:**

**Panel 1 (1/6 page):**

**Scene:** Thunder-Hand fires at the base of the Towering Tree, blowing it to smithereens. No need to show anyone/anything else.

(no copy)

**Panel 2 (1/6 page):**

**Scene:** Back inside. The Hierophant orders his men to seize Aasta, Turok and Andar. Turok steps protectively in front of Aasta, sort of herding her behind him with one arm. You know.

HIEROPHANT

Seize them!

TUROC

Behind me, *Ah-stah*.

**Panel 3 (1/3 page horizontal):**

**Scene:** The Towering Tree felled by Thunder-Hand crashes against the Tree City. The high branches of the Towering Tree are penetrating the area where Aasta, Turok, etc., are. Shoot this from INSIDE as the Towering Tree limbs come crashing in, doing tremendous damage. Everyone reacts like there's a giant tree crashing into the room. Best to show this from a diagrammatic or  $\frac{3}{4}$  angle.

(no copy)

**Panel 4 (1/6 page):**

**Scene:** Aztec warriors race up the trunk of the Towering Tree. The trunk is big enough so they can run two or three abreast. Remember, it's at a  $45^\circ$  angle. No need to show anything but Aztecs running up the trunk.

(no copy)

**Panel 5 (1/6 page):**

**Scene:** Aztecs are pouring into the area where Aasta, Turok and the rest are. Turok and Andar are grabbing their weapons. The Hierophant screams in terror. Everyone seen reacts to this assault.

HIEROPHANT

**Aieee...! The feathered serpent worshippers!**

**PAGE TWENTY-ONE:**



**Panel 1 (1/2 page horizontal):**

**Scene:** THE MONEY SHOT OF ALL TIME! Exterior shot of the Aztec invasion! Big scope! Aztecs are racing up the fallen Towering Tree! They're spreading out, attacking all levels! Trained Pterosaurs swoop down on the Tree City, plucking defenders up in their claws! Parts of the Tree City are afire! Panther Warrior defenders are being overwhelmed!

(no copy)

**Panel 2 (1/4 page VERTICAL):**

**Scene:** Back to where Turok and Andar are. Andar is firing an arrow that kills an invading Aztec (though many swarm in—it should look like a hopeless situation). Turok is being protective of Aasta, motioning for her to stay behind him. She's not cowering, though. She has a dagger that she picked up at the ready to defend herself.

This area is now RIPPED OPEN, severely damaged by the Towering Tree slamming into it, and therefore, we can see the SKY! A pterosaur is swooping down.

By the way, by now, Turok and Andar have all their gear—Turok his Seax and Tomahawk in his belt, his quiver on his back, and his satchel. His bow, with an arrow nocked, is in his hand. Andar has his bow and quiver.

TUROK

Now is the time for steady hands, Andar! Stay **calm** no matter what.

ANDAR

I will, for my father...and for you, Turok.

**Panel 3 (1/4 page VERTICAL)**

**Scene:** Turok fires an arrow that kills the swooping Pterosaur!

(no copy)

**PAGE TWENTY-TWO:**

**Panel 1 (1/3 page VERTICAL):**

**Scene:** Show the room where Turok, Andar, Aasta and the others are being overwhelmed by Aztecs. Turok and Andar are fighting heroically, shooting down Aztecs as fast as they can fire arrows. Thunder-Hand (who doesn't walk very fast because of his peg-leg) is just arriving. A lot of scope to this shot, set the scene, but feature Thunder-Hand's arrival.

(no copy)

**Panel 2 (1/3 page VERTICAL):**

**Scene:** Thunder-Hand fires at Turok! The projectile narrowly misses, but strikes something behind Turok with devastating, shattering effect. Could be a wall, could be any object in the room. Whatever, it's destroyed in a brilliant flash and thunderous roar. Though the projectile missed, searing tendrils of *lightning* from the blast find Turok's body, stabbing like a thousand needles!

This is a Jack Kirby-type shot—action and result in the same panel. A blast and puff of smoke from the gun and the electrical explosion both!

TUROK

*AHGH...!*

**Panel 3 (1/3 page horizontal):**

**Scene:** Turok lies, foreground, nearly unconscious on the floor. Wisps of smoke arise from his clothes and his skin! He has been burned a bit. I imagine the room has that burning hair smell.... Thunder-Hand stalks toward Turok, drawing his KNIFE, which he intends to use to finish Turok off. Turok's hand is NEAR HIS SEAX—but it doesn't look like he'll recover in time to use it. Background, Aasta and Andar are being seized by Aztecs. Please shoot this from a low angle, featuring Turok clearly.

THUNDER-HAND

Bye-ya, Hiawatha! **Hot-cha-cha...!**

FIN

NEXT: "Blood For the Sun"