

# ISSUE 1

## COMRADES IN ARMS ORIGINALLY TITLED: "WELCOME TO THE MACHINE"

*Mike, it's great to be working with you again. As before, I trust your judgment in penciling, so if you have a better way to do something, other than what I described, go for it. All I ask is that you pay close attention to the order in which word balloons fall in any given panel, so that the figures in that panel will appear in the right position to make everything come out right. Hoo Hah! Here we go.*

### **Page One (Seven panels)**

*On this page, we are slowly panning back from what we see in the first panel, so that we see a little bit more each time. There is no dialogue or sound effects on this page, so you don't have to leave room for any lettering.*

#### **Panel One**

*This is an extreme close-up shot of a fine dinner on fine china. At this point, all we can see is the plate and a little bit of someone's hands, holding a fork and knife of fine silver, cutting a bite from the meal. I*

*invision a menu of Chicken Kiev; Broccoli; New Potatoes; but you draw what you feel like, provided that it is something more sophisticated than pizza or burgers. We can see that, whatever it is, the meal is mostly finished.*

## Panel Two

*We pull back a bit to see more of the plate surrounded by a full, elegant place-setting. A crystal-stem goblet of wine; another goblet of ice water; a side dish with some kind of bread; a salad dish, finished, and pushed to one side; various utensils; salt and pepper shaker, etc. It is all on a fine white table cloth. The (still unseen) person eating is lifting the small fork-full of chicken, she just cut for herself last panel, up towards the camera (our p.o.v.).*

## Panel Three

*Now, in addition to pulling back more, we move the point of view so that we can see that it is Dynasty, in full costume, (see character sheet) who is seated at an elegant cloth-draped dining table, eating the dinner. In this panel, she eats the bite described in the last panel. If we can see any background yet, all we will see is a star-filled night sky. Dynasty is seated all alone.*

## Panel Four

*Having set the fork down, and while delicately patting her mouth with a cloth napkin, Dynasty looks up at the star-filled sky overhead. In the starscape overhead, we can clearly see the fiery trail of some comet-like object pass overhead, from one side of the panel, almost to the edge of the other side. This is what Dynasty's looking at. Her expression is calm and detached.*

## Editor's Note

*"Bill Willingham and Mike Leeke have been friends for years since they both lived in Philadelphia and it really comes through in the little notes in this script. There is a nice batch of the personal notes that have been inserted into the body of the pages. That is blended with the more perfunctory adherence to a formula in the script. As we all got more used to the process, and used to working with each other, we did away with some of these formalities."*

*"First issues are tough, because they have to introduce characters and start establishing the themes and tones for the series. A good first issue works without pulling out the stops from plot device theatre. The introduction of the characters in the course of Dynasty's interviews lead directly into the Freedom Machine meeting."*

*--The Other Bill*

## Panel Five

*Dynasty has stood up from the table and is glancing back at it, still without much in the way of expression. Now, for the first time, we can see that this is a dinner setting (one table; one chair; maybe one of those fancy silver, self-standing ice buckets you chill champagne in) on the cold, dead surface of Earth's moon. The streak of fire can still be seen above her. It has moved a little farther than it was last panel.*

## Panel Six

*This is pretty-much the same shot, from the same p.o.v. as last panel. Dynasty, still glancing back at the table etc., is now using her laser/heat vision to disintegrate the table, chair, wine, meal, dirty-dishes; everything which does not normally belong on the moon.*

## Panel Seven

*From the same p.o.v. as last panel. Dynasty flies off the surface of the moon, away from us, and towards the streak of fire in the sky. Where the dinner setting used to be, now is just a slight puff of smoke and maybe a few trace atoms.*

## Page Two (One panel)

*This page, and the pages following, deal with an extended conversation between Dynasty and Sundiver. Dynasty is a very serious character who is not given to easy mirth. Her expressions throughout the scene should reflect this. Sundiver, on the other hand, is a big goof. His expressions range from subtle, knowing smiles, to outright shit-eating grins. He's one happy-go-lucky dude who can't quite figure out why most everyone else is so serious all the time.*

## Panel One

*This is a full-page splash. In the foreground we see Sundiver (see character sheet) flying through space. He is the one blazing the trail of fire we saw last page. Sundiver is flying in one direction, but looking*

back at Dynasty.

*In the middle-ground, Dynasty is flying towards us and Sundiver, trying to catch up to him. Sundiver's expression is a big silly grin. Dynasty's is a look of sober concern.*

*In the immediate background, we can see the surface of the moon. We are far enough away from it that we can begin to see its curvature.*

*In the far background, in the sky (space) behind the moon, we can see the Earth.*

DYNASTY: Sundiver.

DYNASTY: Wait up.

SUNDIVER: Dynasty.

## Page Three (Four panels)

*For the rest of this scene, both Sundiver and Dynasty have stopped flying, and are now just floating, near each other, in space. But in space, momentum keeps going, even though you may have stopped accelerating. So they are still moving away from the Earth and Moon. In each panel in this scene, the Earth and Moon should be a little smaller than they were in the panel before; to show that these two are still moving, even though they appear to be simply floating.*

*However, there is one panel, coming up, where Sundiver points at the Earth. Make sure the Earth is still large enough to recognize by then, otherwise the panel won't make much sense.*

*Also remember that, as we get farther away from the Earth and Moon, the Moon will seem to shrink faster than the Earth, until they assume their relative sizes in scale to each other.*

*For reasons which become important in the next two scenes, the American continents should be on the nightside of Earth, and the*

### Writer's Note

*To this day I feel like Dynasty was one of the best superhero characters I've ever imagined. Her name derives from the notion that her powers were handed down, from mother to daughter, through hundreds (and perhaps thousands) of generations, and with each new inheritor of these gifts being just a bit more powerful than the one before. Super powered mother has a daughter and sometime after puberty, the power begins to transfer from mother to daughter. When this transfer is complete (over a period of months to about a year) the mother dies. Pretty grim, huh? We'd originally planned a short story to explain this situation (plus the origin of Dynasty's problems with Outrider), but the script was never drawn.*

*--Bill Willingham*

*Eurasian continent on the dayside.*

### **Panel One**

*Sundiver and Dynasty, floating together in space. Facing each other.*

DYNASTY: I heard you were back in the neighborhood.

DYNASTY: I've been looking for you.

SUNDIVER: Wonderful to see you again.

### **Panel Two**

*Close-up of Sundiver. He's got his big silly grin.*

SUNDIVER: Few things are more pleasurable than visiting with old comrades-in-arms.

### **Panel Three**

*Sun and Dy, floating in space.*

DYNASTY: It's good to see you too, but I'm afraid this isn't only a social call.

DYNASTY: There's trouble coming and we need your help again.

SUNDIVER: Trouble?

### **Panel Four**

*Sun and Dy, floating in space. Sundiver points at the Earth.*

SUNDIVER: For whom?

SUNDIVER:                   Them?

DYNASTY:                   Yes.

## **Page Four (Five panels)**

### **Panel One**

*Sundiver, still grinning, turns away from the Earth, and Dynasty. Dy is a little shocked by what he says.*

SUNDIVER:                   Bugs on a mote of dust.

SUNDIVER:                   Not interested.

DYNASTY:                   Not...?

### **Panel Two**

*Sundiver faces Dynasty again. They're still floating together, away from the Earth and its moon.*

DYNASTY:                   How can you...?

SUNDIVER:                   Dynasty, darling. Grow up.

SUNDIVER:                   Do humans concern themselves with the welfare of the ants under their feet?

### **Panel Three**

*They're still floating in space. Sundiver gestures with his whole arm and open hand, away from the Earth and Moon, out into the void.*

DYNASTY:                   Some do.

SUNDIVER: My interests have expanded.

SUNDIVER: I've seen such extraordinary things.

SUNDIVER: Out there.

### Panel Four

*Floating, floating. They're still floating. Earth and that moon thing are getting farther away.*

DYNASTY: You used to be human once.

SUNDIVER: So?

### Panel Five

*Close-up of Sundiver as he makes a little speech.*

SUNDIVER: Humans used to be clouds of invisible hydrogen gas.

SUNDIVER: Parts of exploding stars. Nebulae of exotic matter.

SUNDIVER: Everything changes, but nothing is lost.

## Page Five (Four panels)

### Panel One

*Sundiver suddenly turns to face Dynasty again, taking both of her arms into his hands. His grin is bigger than ever. Dynasty is obviously flustered.*

SUNDIVER: Hey.

### Writer's Note

*On one of those science and nature shows (I'm addicted to watching such things), a scientist of a poetical frame of mind once said: "Hydrogen is an odorless, colorless gas that, over time, becomes humans." What an elegant way to describe the ever-changing nature of matter. Even though I've long forgotten the scientist's name, I never forgot that wonderful line.*

*--Bill Willingham*

SUNDIVER:                Why don't you come with me?

DYNASTY:                What?

## **Panel Two**

*Closer on the two of them as Sundiver pulls Dynasty a little closer to him. His grin turns conspiratorial.*

SUNDIVER:                You've nothing in common with those creatures anymore than I do.

SUNDIVER:                The things I could show you.

## **Panel Three**

*Closer still on the two of them, as Sundiver pulls Dynasty right up to him. His lips are almost brushing hers as he speaks. She is quite flustered.*

SUNDIVER:                Let's copulate in the cores of distant suns.

SUNDIVER:                We'll dive into the hungry mouth of a black hole and see if there's anything on the other side.

DYNASTY:                Please let go of me.

## **Panel Four**

*She pushes away from him, not forcefully, just to get some distance. He is still amused.*

DYNASTY:                I still have responsibilities.

DYNASTY:                Ones you used to share before you decided it was more important to go... sightseeing.

## Page Six (Four panels)

### Panel One

*Closer on Sundiver as he spreads his arms in one of those “Oh what the hell” kind of gestures.*

SUNDIVER: Sorry Love.

SUNDIVER: But just because the situation is desperate doesn't make it interesting.

SUNDIVER: If Armageddon itself is coming, it's still only local news.

### Panel Two

*Dynasty turns to head back the way they came.*

DYNASTY: I'm the one who's sorry.

DYNASTY: Sorry to have wasted so much of your time.

### Panel Three

*Just as she is ready to go, Sundiver calls her back. They are still drifting of from the Earth/Moon system.*

SUNDIVER: Dynasty, wait.

SUNDIVER: There's another, more compelling reason you should consider coming with me.

DYNASTY: Oh?

### Panel Four

*Close again on Sundiver. For the first time, his perpetual grin looks*

*a little subdued.*

SUNDIVER: I'm not the only Prodigal returning these days.

SUNDIVER: I saw the Outrider.

SUNDIVER: He's less than thirty thousand lightyears away and heading home fast.

## **Page Seven (Five panels)**

### **Panel One**

*Dynasty looks a little worried at hearing this news.*

SUNDIVER: I, for one, don't intend to still be here when he arrives.

SUNDIVER: How about you?

DYNASTY: I can't leave. I have...

### **Panel Two**

*Sun and Dy, still floating away together against a backdrop of stars.*

SUNDIVER: ...responsibilities.

SUNDIVER: Right.

SUNDIVER: Stubborn woman.

### **Panel Three**

*Close on Sundiver, still grinning, but still a little subdued.*

SUNDIVER: As I recall, you two didn't exactly part on pleasant terms.

SUNDIVER: That creepy bastard scares even me, so you must be ready to pee your pantaloons.

#### **Panel Four**

*Dynasty turns away from Sundiver again, ready to head back to Earth.*

DYNASTY: I have to go.

DYNASTY: Good bye.

#### **Panel Five**

*Dynasty is flying back towards the Earth, leaving Sundiver floating alone in space.*

DYNASTY: Stay well.

## **Page Eight (Five panels)**

#### **Panel One**

*We switch scenes to an establishing shot of Philadelphia at night. This is a cityscape, your choice of buildings.*

CAPTION: Philadelphia.

#### **Panel Two**

*We close in on some of the buildings. This is an unidentified area of the city; a place where one can get around from rooftop to rooftop. A place where the rooftops are a maze of air ducts, access hatches, pipes, wires, cables, water towers, worn brick, air conditioning systems, and the like.*

*It's a place of deep shadows from all of these things. Nothing is on the same level from anything else. None of the buildings are new. This is one of the old sections of town. (See the text-page section of Coventry # 3 for a one-panel example of some of what I'm getting at here).*

*Phil the Thief is a Philly punk. He looks like he's fallen on hard times. In this panel, he is leaping from one rooftop to another, over a space that, if he misses, means a long fall. We see him in mid-leap. In one hand he carries a handgun. In the other he carries a lady's purse.*

*On the rooftop he has just leapt from, on the edge of the panel, we can just see two city cops who are obviously chasing Phil. They have their handguns out as well. One cop is skinny; one is heavy-set.*

HEAVY COP:                      Stop!

### Panel Three

*Phil lands safely on the other side. The skinny cop follows, by leaping the chasm. The heavy cop does not.*

PHIL:                              Sure.

PHIL:                              You bet.

### Panel Four

*Skinny Cop has landed safely on the other side as well, but is forced off balance because Phil, on the same roof, has turned and snapped off a quick shot at him. The shot barely misses, only because Skinny Cop leans way back, just as his feet land, so that there is no way he can avoid tumbling off the rooftop ledge. Skinny Cop is pinwheeling his arms, trying to keep balance, but doomed to fail. His handgun goes flying.*

SFX:                                Pow!

PHIL:                                Bye bye spud.

SKINNY COP:                      Woah!

## Panel Five

*Skinny Cop has barely saved himself by grabbing the ledge of the roof he was falling from. This should look like it was done completely without grace. He is holding on to the ledge for dear life. Maybe some loose bricks from the ledge fall off. He looks totally panicked. His cap has fallen off. We can no longer see Phil. He is long gone.*

SKINNY COP:                    Oh God.

## Page Nine (Six panels)

### Panel One

*Skinny Cop tries to crawl up the ledge, but he isn't doing a very good job of it. More loose material is falling away, and his efforts are getting him in a worse position.*

SKINNY COP:                    Frank, I...

SKINNY COP:                    I don't think I can...

### Panel Two

*In a closer version of the previous panel, a black shadowed arm reaches down from the rooftop Skinny Cop is clinging to, and grabs Skinny Cop by the back of the shirt, just behind his neck, saving Skinny from falling. We can't see much more than the black arm, but this is Blackheart.*

SKINNY COP:                    Uh...?

### Panel Three

*Blackheart is standing boldly right on the brink of the ledge, and lifts Skinny Cop in one hand, up so that his feet are above the roof they are on, except that he is being held over the chasm. He is quite panicked now. Blackheart has his trademark grim, stoic expression (or lack of*

*expression). Somehow, Blackheart is mostly in shadow.*

SKINNY COP: Oh God!

BLACKHEART: Don't worry officer.

BLACKHEART: I've got you.

#### **Panel Four**

*Blackheart sets Skinny Cop safely on the rooftop, next to him. Skinny Cop is so shaken up he can barely stay on his feet. He seems more frightened of Blackheart than he was of falling to his death.*

BLACKHEART: Are you injured?

SKINNY COP: Uhm...Uh...?

SKINNY COP: No, I guess not.

SKINNY COP: I'm okay.

#### **Panel Five**

*Close-up of Blackheart staring grimly into Skinny Cop's still frightened eyes. Blackheart is much taller than Skinny Cop, so he is looking down at him.*

BLACKHEART: Good.

BLACKHEART: You're done here for the night.

BLACKHEART: You and your fellow officers can pull back.

#### **Panel Six**

*Blackheart turns and walks away from the frightened officer, away from the edge of the building and towards us. We can see the officer, still*

*shaken, behind him. Blackheart seldom runs. He stalks.*

BLACKHEART: He belongs to me now.

SKINNY COP: Yes sir.

## Page Ten (Six panels)

### Panel One

*We switch to another area of the maze of the rooftops, where Phil is sneaking around, looking all around him with a slightly paranoid expression, punctuated by the tiring effort of leaping and running over rooftops. He still has his gun in one hand and the stolen purse in the other.*

### Panel Two

*Phil moves on, thinking he is safe.*

### Panel Three

*Phil is brought up short by a figure standing on a ledge (or something) above him. His reaction should show that he was taken completely by surprise. The figure is Valentine, Blackheart's teenage sidekick. By the way Mike, I've changed my mind. This Valentine is not a girl, as I told you; he's a boy. The girl-as-Robin bit has been done more than once now, and I don't want too many accusations of copying from Frank Miller. One of the former Valentines will be shown to have been female, later in the series. This Valentine is smiling, with hands on hips, enjoying himself.*

VALENTINE: Howdy Numbnuts.

PHIL: Jeese!

## Writer's Note

*Like Dynasty, Blackheart first began as a sketch in one of my sketchbooks. I knew nothing about him, when I first drew him. I just liked the visual dichotomy between the grim overall look of the character, and the Boy Scout-like neckerchief that evokes feelings of a more innocent age. I found it odd that few artists working on this project could (or would) draw the neckerchief correctly. Most seemed to treat it as a small cape around his neck.*

*--Bill Willingham*

VALENTINE: Taking the night air, are we?

#### Panel Four

*Phil runs back the way he came, away from the still smiling Valentine who makes no effort to follow him. Phil is looking back at Val; not where he is going.*

VALENTINE: Okay. See you around.

VALENTINE: Nice to have almost met you.

#### Panel Five

*Phil runs smack dab into the chest of Blackheart, hitting it just like he would hit an unyielding brick wall.*

#### Panel Six

*Blackheart lifts Phil by the neck with one hand. With the other hand, he wrenches the gun out of Phil's hand. This is done with no show of effort on Blackheart's part. Phil's feet dangle off the ground.*

## Page Eleven (Five panels)

#### Panel One

*Blackheart brutally slams Phil into the hard rooftop. I don't think Phil was going to put up a fight, but if he was, this takes it all out of him. At the same time, Blackheart casually tosses the gun away.*

PHIL: Owf!

#### Panel Two

*Holding the unresisting Phil down with one hand, still on his neck,*

*Blackheart slides the Heart Ring off of his neckerchief with the other hand.*

PHIL: Oh god.

PHIL: Oh my god.

### **Panel Three**

*Same as the previous panel, but now Blackheart has the Heart Ring off of the neckerchief, so that the two rolled arms of the neckerchief hang loose around Blackheart's neck. Blackheart is holding the Heart Ring in his free hand, over Phil's pinned head.*

PHIL: Don't hurt me.

PHIL: I give.

PHIL: I give!

### **Panel Four**

*Blackheart presses the face of the Heart Ring hard onto Phil's forehead. It is burning him. It hurts Phil like hellfire. Blackheart is still pinning Phil down by the neck with his other hand.*

SFX: sssssssssss

PHIL: Oh. Oh. Ooooooooooh!

### **Panel Five**

*Blackheart lifts the Heart Ring from Phil's forehead. There is now a heart-shaped black brand burned in Phil's forehead. Tears of pain stream out of Phil's eyes. Blackheart no longer holds Phil down by the neck.*

BLACKHEART: Quit your blubbering boy. You'll live.

## Page Twelve (Five panels)

### Panel One

*We pull back a bit to see more of the rooftop. Valentine joins Blackheart who is still crouching over Phil. Phil is still laying down, but has now propped himself up on his elbows - or on one elbow. He is still crying.*

BLACKHEART: Hurts though, doesn't it?

BLACKHEART: My mark is permanent, boy, and it's burned in deep.

BLACKHEART: You'll find you can't cover it or cut it away.

### Panel Two

*Blackheart continues his lecture to Phil while Valentine looks on. Blackheart slides the Heart Ring back on his neckerchief. The purse lies forgotten on the rooftop.*

BLACKHEART: Graft new skin over it and my mark will burn through again.

BLACKHEART: It's my brand.

BLACKHEART: It means I own you now, body and soul.

### Panel Three

*Blackheart, on his feet now, continues. Phil is seated on the floor of the roof. Valentine smiles on.*

BLACKHEART: But I'm giving you a choice.

BLACKHEART: One chance for mercy. After that, justice only.

VALENTINE: Take my word for it, fool. You won't like his

idea of justice.

### Panel Four

*Blackheart stares at Valentine, silently reproving him for interrupting. Valentine looks like he knows he just fucked up.*

### Panel Five

*Close on Valentine.*

VALENTINE:                      Sorry. Just trying to help.

## Page Thirteen (Five panels)

### Panel One

*Blackheart turns his attention back to Phil, who makes no attempt to get away.*

BLACKHEART:                      Leave my city. Tonight.

BLACKHEART:                      Never return.

BLACKHEART:                      Not ever.

### Panel Two

*Close on Blackheart.*

BLACKHEART:                      If you do, I'll know it. My mark will always tell me where you are. What you're up to.

BLACKHEART:                      Come back here and no one will ever see you again.

### Panel Three

*With one motion, Blackheart lifts Phil to his feet and starts him on his way. Phil has trouble staying upright on wobbly legs.*

BLACKHEART:            Now get lost.

### Panel Four

*Phil runs off while Blackheart looks after him and Valentine picks up the fallen purse.*

### Panel Five

*Both Blackheart and Valentine turn to look as a voice comes from off panel.*

VOICE (FROM OFF PANEL):            Nice to see some things remain constant, even in these troubled times.

## Page Fourteen (Three panels)

### Panel One

*This is the big panel of the page. We see the full figure of Dynasty floating (standing in the air) slightly above the heads of Blackheart and Valentine. Both of them have turned to face her. Valentine still holds the lady's purse. Dynasty's cape blows in the gentle wind.*

DYNASTY:                Your methods are severe as always Blackheart.

BLACKHEART:            They get the job done.

DYNASTY:                Yes, I imagine they do.

## Panel Two

*Dynasty lands gently on the rooftop, next to the other two. Specifically she turns to Valentine who is in almost total awe of her.*

DYNASTY: Hello.

DYNASTY: You must be the new Valentine. I'm...

VALENTINE: Dynasty. Yes, I know.

VALENTINE: I mean, uhm, it's an honor to meet you, Ma'am.

## Panel Three

*Valentine flushes with embarrassment as Dynasty pays him a compliment.*

DYNASTY: Aren't you cute.

# Page Fifteen (Five panels)

## Panel One

*Blackheart puts his hand on Valentine's shoulder, interrupting the spell she seems to have him under. Valentine is not happy at being told to get lost.*

BLACKHEART: This is grownup talk, son.

BLACKHEART: Go find a cop and return the lady's purse.

VALENTINE: Aw, can't I...?

## Panel Two

*Blackheart reaches inside (or under) his vest to get something out of*

*his otherwise covered utility belt.*

BLACKHEART: Get going.

BLACKHEART: And I'm out of smokes.

### **Panel Three**

*Blackheart holds out a five dollar bill to Valentine, who reluctantly takes it.*

BLACKHEART: So hit the Seven Eleven on the way back.

VALENTINE: Fine.

### **Panel Four**

*Valentine dives over the edge of the roof, seemingly without a care for his own safety. In the background, Dynasty and Blackheart watch him go.*

DYNASTY: Using your sidekicks to fetch your cigarettes?

DYNASTY: That's setting a good example.

### **Panel Five**

*Now that Valentine is gone, Blackheart turns to get down to business with Dynasty.*

BLACKHEART: Is there some point to your visit?

DYNASTY: I'm calling an emergency meeting of the Freedom Machine.

## Page Sixteen (six panels with lots of dialogue)

### Panel One

*Blackheart and Dynasty continue their conversation.*

BLACKHEART:            So? What has that got to do with me?

DYNASTY:                A meeting of all members, past and present.

BLACKHEART:            Count me out.

### Panel Two

*Close on Blackheart.*

BLACKHEART:            I don't do that kind of stuff anymore.

BLACKHEART:            It distracts from my real work.

### Panel Three

*Dynasty and Blackheart again.*

DYNASTY:                Your real work?

BLACKHEART:            Looking after my city.

DYNASTY:                Are you serious?

BLACKHEART:            Always.

### Panel Four

*Close on Dynasty. Here's a bit of a speech, so leave room.*

DYNASTY:                I'm afraid that's not good enough, Blackheart.

DYNASTY:                    There's a fight coming and everyone knows it.

DYNASTY:                    Sooner or later, you'll have to choose sides.

### **Panel Five**

*Dynasty and Blackheart again, with plenty of room for Dynasty to continue her speech.*

BLACKHEART:                Not me.

DYNASTY:                    Yes, you too.

DYNASTY:                    You can't hide forever behind imaginary territorial boundaries.

DYNASTY:                    What are you going to do when this thing spills over into your precious turf?

### **Panel Six**

*Close on Blackheart as he looks coldly and boldly into Dynasty's eyes.*

BLACKHEART:                I'll deal with it then.

BLACKHEART:                Decisively.

## **Page Seventeen (Six panels)**

### **Panel One**

*We switch scenes to a sky filled with tumbling clouds. Dynasty is flying along with determination. It is growing lighter as she flies into*

*the direction of the sunrise. If we can see any of the ground, she is flying over the ocean.*

## **Panel Two**

*We switch our point of view to a spot above Dynasty, as we look down past her to a (relatively) small island in the wind-tossed sea. She is heading towards that island. This island is the home of the character Ivanhoe. It must be big enough to hold a large estate, a little wilderness, and some forest areas.*

**CAPTION:**                      A private island, somewhere off the western coast of Scotland.

## **Panel Three**

*Your choice of point-of-view, as we see Dynasty zoom in closer over the island. She passes over a medium sized ancient medieval European castle, with moat, walls, towers, various halls; the whole nine yards. The grounds around the castle are elaborate gardens, leading to large grass lawns, leading to meadow areas, leading to forest areas. There are occasional clumps of trees here and there amongst the meadows. There are horses scattered about the meadows, but too far away to see many details yet. (Yeah, Mike, I know I gave you far too many details to draw in one panel, but I thought I would get most of the description for this coming scene out of the way in one shot. Mostly, in this shot, you need to show most of the castle and some of the gardens - and Dynasty of course.)*

## **Panel Four**

*We switch to one of the gardens. Ivanhoe, in civilian garb suitable for gardening, is working in the gardens. He should have some sort of sun hat, gloves, and maybe some overalls. There should be gardening tools nearby: rakes; hoes; maybe a wheelbarrow; watering cans; clippers; whatever. Above him, unseen by him at this point, Dynasty zooms in on his position. (Mike; English estate gardens have a very specific look to them. Please get a good reference, or, if you prefer, I think I can send*

some to you. Thanks.)

### Panel Five

*Ivanhoe (see character sheet) looks up as Dynasty lands by him. He is gladly surprised to see her. Ivanhoe is a quiet and reserved type, but not morose. He's mostly a happy fellow. He's kind of old. Maybe in his middle fifties, but in good shape for those years. He doesn't have a beard, but he may not be clean shaven in this scene.*

DYNASTY: Hello, old timer.

IVANHOE: Karen!

### Panel Six

*Ivanhoe takes one of Dynasty's hands in both of his, having set down whatever tool he may have been using.*

IVANHOE : Bless you, it's been a long time.

IVANHOE: How are you dear girl?

DYNASTY: Good, all things considered.

DYNASTY: And you?

## Page Eighteen (Five panels)

### Panel One

*Ivanhoe tips his hat back off his head, to hang by a string behind him, letting us see his sun and age weathered face. Some of the lines run deep. He smiles.*

IVANHOE: Good enough for a retired old campaigner.

### Panel Two

*Dynasty takes Ivanhoe by one elbow, steering him to walk with her through the gardens.*

DYNASTY: Any chance I could talk you into dusting off the old sword and buckler for one last grand adventure?

IVANHOE: What's the matter now?

### Panel Three

*Closer on Ivanhoe, as the two continue to walk through the gardens. Please note that they are walking generally away from the castle, not towards it.*

IVANHOE: I thought we'd slain all the dragons, brought down the wizard kings and chained up all the great beasts.

IVANHOE: Has one of them gotten loose?

### Panel Four

*Dynasty's expression shows that this is serious business. She's reluctant to mention it, but Ivanhoe catches on that this is important.*

DYNASTY: No, but...

IVANHOE: Oh dear.

IVANHOE: What is it?

## Writer's Note

*Ivanhoe is our knight on a flying horse, which has become a comic-book staple. Of course we fiddled with the stereotype though. For one, I decided to play with the idea of "Where do they get their winged horses from?" My answer is that he raises them on his private estate. Ivanhoe also fills our needs for the happily retired super hero, who reluctantly comes out of retirement for one last campaign.*

*--Bill Willingham*

## Panel Five

*They walk together out of the gardens, out into the grounds. In the distance, horses graze about, but there is something odd about them.*

DYNASTY: Well I guess once we'd defeated all the old villains, there were too many heroes left with nothing to do.

DYNASTY: Maybe it's inevitable we'd start fighting each other.

## Page Nineteen (Five panels)

### Panel One

*As they get closer to the horses, it becomes clear these are really Pegasi, horses with wings. Some are stallions, some mares, and some are frisky colts. The adults are all passively grazing. Some of the colts might be frolicking about, but none are flying.*

IVANHOE: We've always had our little rows, dear.

IVANHOE: It's the nature of our kind.

IVANHOE: Or is this more serious?

### Panel Two

*They get close to one of the adult horses, who comes towards them.*

DYNASTY: There is a faction among us, a very strong faction, who believe we've yet to take the final step.

### Panel Three

*Close-up of Dynasty.*

DYNASTY: Now that the villains are all done away; they think it's time to take over the reigns of world political power.

DYNASTY: Usher in a new world Utopia, with us in charge of humanity's welfare.

### Panel Four

*Back with a two-shot of Dynasty and Ivanhoe. Ivanhoe pets the nose of the horse.*

IVANHOE: Take over mankind for their own good?

IVANHOE: To protect them against themselves?

DYNASTY: Yes.

### Panel Five

*Close on Ivanhoe, continuing to pet the horse.*

IVANHOE: Compelling ideas, which always lead to dirty business.

IVANHOE: Seems I've been out of touch for too long.

## Page Twenty (Six panels)

### Panel One

*The winged horse trots off as Ivanhoe gives it a parting pat on the rump.*

DYNASTY: I'm terribly sorry to drag you back in...

IVANHOE: Not at all.

IVANHOE: So where do you stand in all this?

### Panel Two

*Dynasty takes Ivanhoe by both upper arms, looking seriously at him.*

DYNASTY: Against them.

DYNASTY: Emphatically.

### Panel Three

*They continue to walk together, maybe passing under the shade of a great oak.*

IVANHOE: And who stands with them?

DYNASTY: We believe Daedalus is the ringleader.

IVANHOE: Dear.

IVANHOE: He was always a cold one.

### Panel Four

*Close-up of Dynasty.*

DYNASTY: He hasn't drawn away many of the other members of the Machine, but it looks like the Oddities will go over to him as a group.

### Panel Five

*The two of them again.*

IVANHOE: They're a tight family.

DYNASTY: The Bestiary are straddling the fence.

IVANHOE: No surprise.

### Panel Six

*The two of them still yammering at each other.*

IVANHOE: I take it they're waiting to see which side's more likely to win before they commit themselves?

DYNASTY: That would be my guess.

## Page Twenty One (six panels)

### Panel One

*Close-up of Ivanhoe. He looks wistful.*

IVANHOE: Well...

IVANHOE: You look like a woman in a hurry.

IVANHOE: I guess I shouldn't make you wait for an answer.

## Panel Two

*This panel will need some room for dialogue as Ivanhoe continues, and Dynasty hangs her head, knowing she is about to be rejected for the third time.*

IVANHOE: Truth is, I'm a little surprised to say that I've grown used to the quiet life of a gentleman farmer.

IVANHOE: I don't miss the old days much.

DYNASTY: I understand.

## Panel Three

*Ivanhoe tenderly lifts Dynasty's head to look at him again. She is sad and slightly confused.*

IVANHOE: No, dear, you don't.

## Panel Four

*Ivanhoe looks back at his castle estate, which they've walked some distance from.*

IVANHOE: It will take me a day or two to close things down here, then I'll join you.

IVANHOE: If that won't be too late.

## Panel Five

*Dynasty is pleased. Now she takes Ivanhoe's face in both of her hands, equally tenderly.*

DYNASTY: Of course not.

DYNASTY: Thank you.

DYNASTY: My hero.

### Panel Six

*She kisses him, chastely. He is a little surprised.*

DYNASTY: Ivanhoe.

## Page Twenty Two (Two panels)

### Panel One

*This is a smaller inset panel, near the top of, and inside the larger second panel which is more of a full-page splash, except for this inset panel.*

*We see the mountain headquarters of the Freedom Machine. It is full daytime by now. It is mid-summer in the Rockies, but there is still some snow on the tops of the tallest peaks, one of which is Mount Thunder. There are details in the side of the mountain which show that it is a high-tech facility. Maybe there is an open aircraft hanger up on the side of the peak.*

*Be sure to leave room for the two balloons and two captions in this inset panel.*

CAPTION #1: Mount Thunder.

CAPTION #2: In Eagle County, Colorado.

VOICE FROM MOUNTAIN: This meeting of the Freedom Machine is called to order.

VOICE FROM MOUNTAIN: The secretary will call the roll.

### Panel Two

*This is the big panel of the page. Except for the inset described above, it is almost a splash page.*

*We see all of the available members of the Freedom Machine assembled in the conference room. There are a few dialogue balloons in this panel, so arrange figures in an order where the dialogue will work when you draw them. I have no idea what the meeting room should look like. Make it cool. Make it high-tech, half military and half superhero (whatever that means). All the characters assembled here are in full costume. The assembled Freedom Machine members are:*

- 1) Dynasty*
- 2) Bifrost*
- 3) Gulliver (at normal size).*
- 4) Fortress America (standing probably, since he is so big).*
- 5) Minerva*
- 6) Shadowpax*
- 7) Fable (the secretary)*

**BIFROST:** Is this formality strictly necessary?

**DYNASTY:** In this case, yes.

**DYNASTY:** I want complete records today.

**DYNASTY:** Fable?

**FABLE:** Attention to roll.

## **Page Twenty Three (twelve panels)**

*Don't panic Mike. The page here is divided into twelve identically sized panels in which we'll see the talking head of one character per panel. Trust me, this will be easier than last page. We'll see a couple of characters more than once, so let's make their expressions and head position slightly different in each panel. Bifrost is a little sullen and pouty for having to go through this nonsense. Most of the others are all business. Gulliver enjoys the roll of superhero and tends to be affable. By the way, I forgot to say last page, the Freedom Machine is normally larger than this by at least two or three members, so there is lots of*

*open room in this meeting room. Also, there will lots of coffee cups, other drinks, note pads, snack items, and other paraphernalia littering the meeting table.*

**Panel One:**

*A picture of Dynasty.*

CAPTION: "Dynasty?"

DYNASTY: Present.

**Panel Two:**

*A picture of Gulliver.*

CAPTION: "Gulliver?"

GULLIVER: Here.

**Panel Three**

*A picture of Bifrost. She tries to look bored, but looks spoiled instead.*

CAPTION: "Bifrost?"

BIFROST: Yeah. Whatever.

**Panel Four:**

*A picture of Fable, who reads her own name and responds.*

FABLE: Fable?

FABLE: Present.

**Panel Five:**

*Another picture of Dynasty. She looks disappointed.*

CAPTION: "Blackheart?"

DYNASTY: Not coming.

**Panel Six:**

*A picture of Fortress America. In full armor, we can't see what expression he has.*

CAPTION: "Fortress America?"

FORTRESS: Present.

**Panel Seven:**

*A picture of Bifrost, only slightly less pouty.*

CAPTION: "Manitou?"

BIFROST: Missing. Couldn't find him.

**Panel Eight:**

*A picture of Shadowpax.*

CAPTION: "Shadowpax?"

SHADOW: Here.

**Panel Nine:**

*Another picture of Dynasty.*

CAPTION: "Sundiver?"

DYNASTY:                   Also not coming.

**Panel Ten:**

*A picture of Minerva. She's all business.*

CAPTION:                   “Minerva?”

MINERVA:                 Present.

**Panel Eleven:**

*Yet another picture of Dynasty.*

CAPTION:                   “Daedalus?”

DYNASTY:                 Missing. Presumed... what? Retired?

**Panel Twelve:**

*A final picture of pouty-girl, Bifrost.*

CAPTION:                   “Tangaroa?”

BIFROST:                 No longer interested in the surface world.

*(See, Mike, that wasn't so bad.)*

## Page Twenty Four (four panels)

**Panel One**

*Back to semi-normal panels. We see the meeting room again with all assembled. Dynasty speaks.*

DYNASTY:                 I don't imagine it's news to anyone we're in for some trouble.

DYNASTY: We've lost some of our biggest guns, primarily Daedalus who is most likely a leading force in our growing opposition.

DYNASTY: Bad luck.

## **Panel Two**

*Gulliver objects, but in a fairly good natured way.*

GULLIVER: Bad luck, hell.

GULLIVER: His sympathies have been obvious for years.

DYNASTY: Fair enough.

## **Panel Three**

*Dynasty lectures again. She causes quite an outburst with her next words.*

DYNASTY: We're undermanned, true, but there's some help coming in a couple of days, and I have another idea to boost our manpower.

DYNASTY: I propose we advance all members of the Teen Machine early to full Freedom Machine status.

SHADOWPAX: What?

BIFROST: They're still kids!

## **Panel Four**

*This is almost the same scene as the previous panel, but we've pulled back to see that this scene is being observed via a communications screen by some unidentified person (Daedalus) in some remote, mysterious location. Daedalus is mostly in shadows, and all we can really tell is our*

*heroes are being observed, probably without their knowledge.*

DYNASTY (FROM VIEW SCREEN):

Sure, but they're well-trained kids, and we need them.

DYNASTY (FROM VIEW SCREEN):

Unusual problems often require unusual solutions.

**End of Issue One**