

## RED SONJA

ISSUE 51 V 1.1

“WAR SEASON” PT 1: WOLVES ON THE ROAD  
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### **THE CHARACTERS...**

We're introducing a handful of new characters here, and each needs to be visually distinct to make life easier on the reader.

**RED SONJA**

Red Sonja, of course, we know.

I'd like to steer more towards the original "Song of Red Sonja" / Barry Windsor-Smith and Roy Thomas version; she's a bit more open faced, curvier, more heavily muscled. We'll be doing stuff with the "chainmail bikini," but to help establish where we're at in Sonja's career, I'd love to see her defaulting to the chainmail tunic design BWS introduced for her.

She's always been described as having "sea green" eyes, though comics have been inconsistent on this point; even in the old Marvel stuff, she's frequently shown with blue eyes; I'd prefer to default to "sea green," if we could.

RED SONJA



**SONJA'S BAND:****ROGATINO THE FAIR**

Rogatino is young, perhaps 18 or 20. He's handsome in a winking, roguish way, standing a shade below six feet tall. He's muscular, but not bulky.

He has dark medium-length hair, and has a dark complexion (think Sicilian). He dresses in padded leather armor, adorned with various scarves and buckles, and his primary weapon is a [heavy dueling rapier](#). He's a piratical, romantic, swashbuckler.

ROGATINO



**DIMITRI**

A Hyrkanian horse-soldier; Hyrkanians are Slavic-looking; dark haired, squat (think a heavily-muscled jockey, really), with pale skin and dark eyes. Dimitri is a bit older, in his early 30s, with ropey, muscular arms and is somewhat bandy-legged.

His armor consists of a hodgepodge of leather and fur/skins, and a long, flowing tunic, with a wide leather belt. There are beaded fringes on a pointed "Mongol"-style steel helmet, and studded leather gauntlets.

He carries a large quiver of arrows, and a [curved short-bow](#). He also has several thin daggers sheathed on his right hip, which he can throw with considerable accuracy.

He never, ever stops frowning.

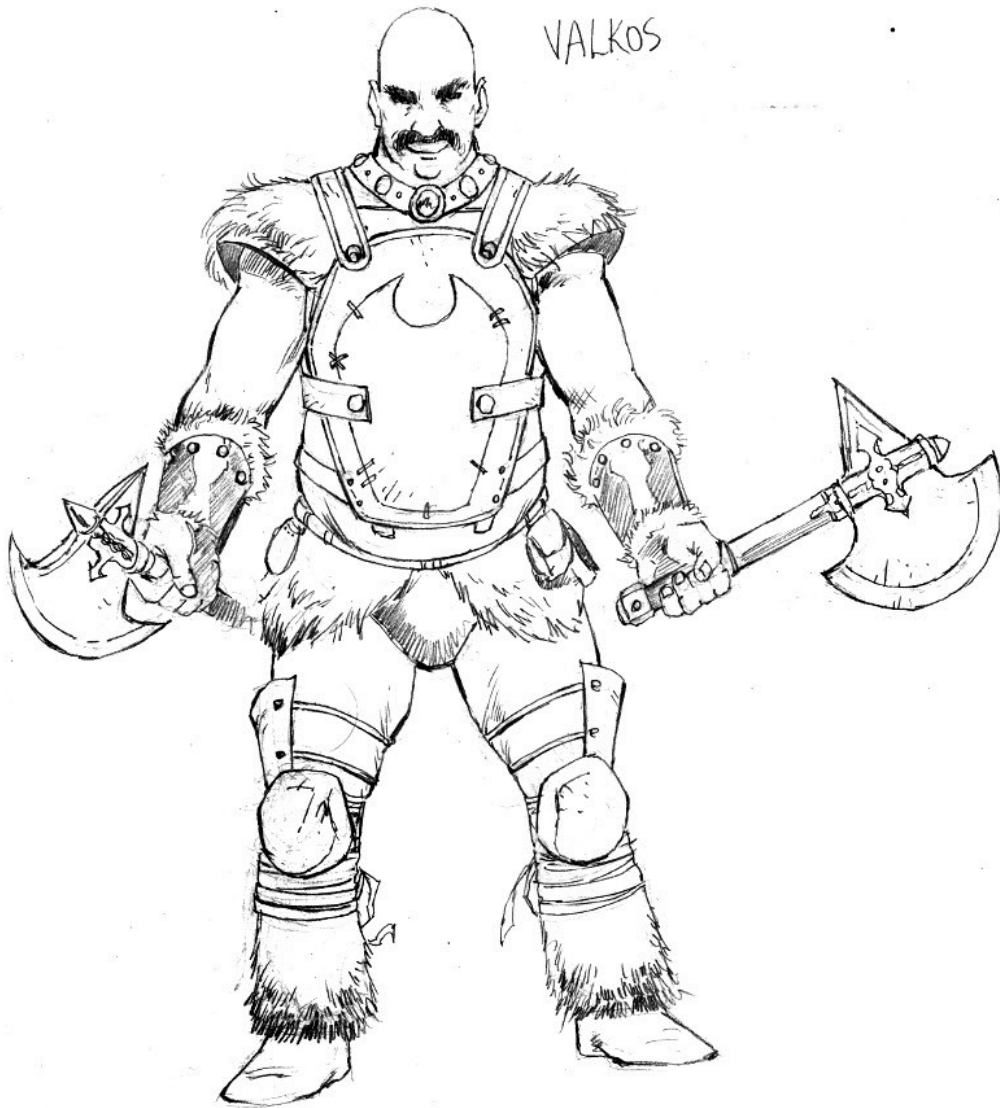




**VALKOS**

Another Hyrkanian, the yin to Dimitri's yang. Dressed similarly to DIMITRI, but more colorfully. Playful, humorous, a bit rotund (but not obese – he is a fighter and soldier, after all). He is not an archer (unusual for a Hyrkanian); he's a bit more of a brawler, typically wielding a pair of [short axes](#).

He is bald, but has a thick, drooping moustache, and bushy eyebrows.



**WURKEST**

A Pict. Dressed in a rough-hewn sleeveless tunic that falls almost to his mid-thigh. He wears furred leather boots (similar to the old John Buscema Conan the Barbarian boots, really), and a rope belt knotted at the waist. He's a spearman, and he carries several short spears, and small shield (costuming [similar](#) to this, though the tunic is not shown here).

He is in his mid-to-late 20s, and wears his wild, black hair in a Celtic topknot; some minimal adornment on his costuming (a buckle or clasp to hold his spears on his back) could show Celtic knotwork.

Additionally, he has Celtic knotwork "tribal tattoos" on his arms and face, and has a long, thin moustache, weighted at the end with silver beads.

Picts are described as being short and squat; Wurkest is sort of our "resident badass." Taciturn, fierce in battle, intimidating as hell.



## ENEMIES AND SUPPORTING CAST

## CAVVALUS

The villain of the piece.

Cavvalus is a [Kothian](#). He's tall (six foot or more) and heavily muscled, with his dark-brown hair worn in a series of intricate braids that are held in a ponytail by an elaborately engraved silver clasp.

He's older, perhaps in his late 30s, and his face is gaunt. Tribal tattoos are visible on his right cheek and the right side of his forehead (stylized writing similar to Greek characters, perhaps).

His expression is typically rather mannered and mild (though when angered, he can move from calm to brutal and sadistic at the drop of a hat). Well-educated and cultured, he is nonetheless utterly ruthless.

His battle armor is fearsome: a chain-mail tunic, with additional armor on the elbow, shoulder and knee joints. He has studded gauntlets on each arm.

The additional armor plating is engraved as well, showing primitive, stylized images of elephants in battle. (Might be fun if Cavvalus is somehow a worshipper of Yag-Kosha, the "Elephant in the Tower" from the Conan stories.)

Additionally, he wears a crimson-lined cape, with elaborate clasps holding it to the shoulder plates of his armor.

Most distinctive, however, is his helmet, similar to [this](#) design, but with the adornment of "tusks" (fairly elephantine in appearance, but possibly ram's horns or something more reasonable in terms of size).

(Conversely, if we can find a cool way to use the actual bones of an elephant or tusks to form the helmet, that would be suitably Howardian.)

Cavvalus carries a heavy broadsword into battle, and is also armed with a mace.

Basically, he's our Darth Vader, so he need to be a big, looming presence when he's in battle.



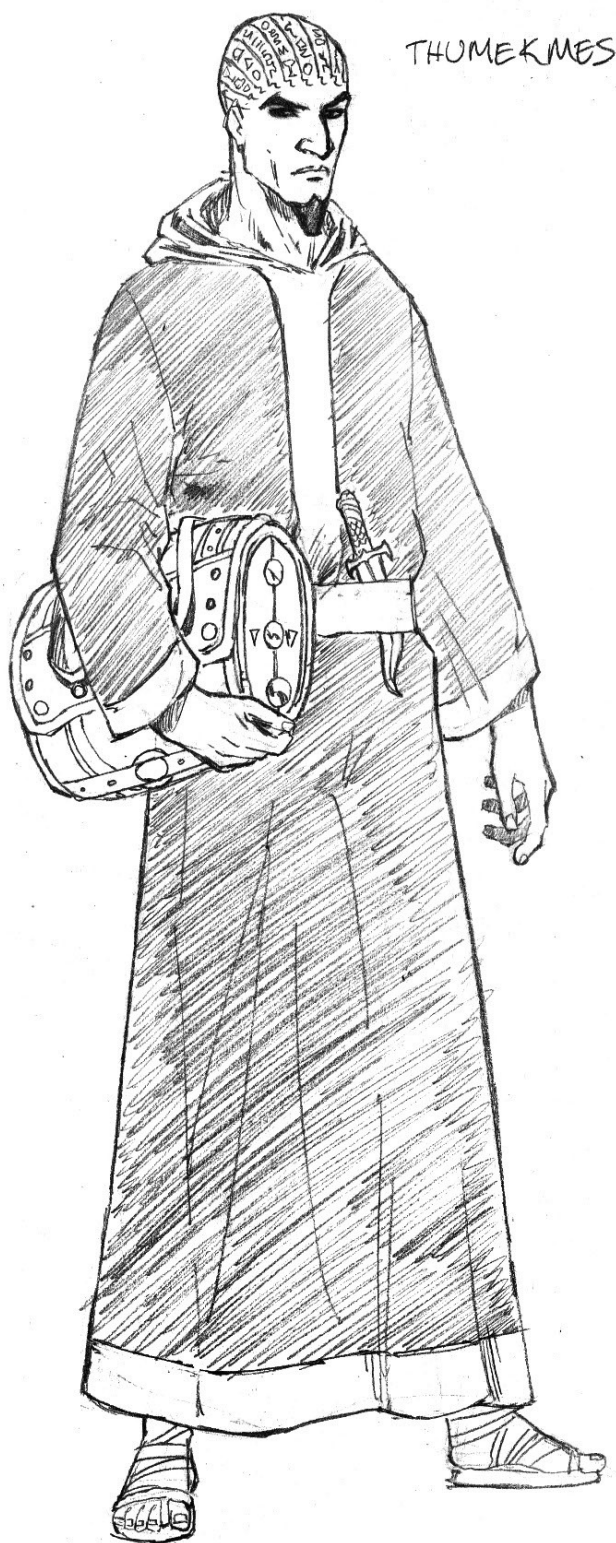
**THUMKES**

A Stygian scribe.

His head is shaven, with hieroglyphs tattooed or dyed into his scalp. Stygians should appear to be lean, athletic, with slight build and dark skin and eyes; proto-Egyptians, really.

Thumekmes is in his mid-to-late 20s, with a hawk nose; he is dressed in a dark cloak, and carrying a largish leather pouch (containing scrolls, quill pens, inks, and so on). He is armed only with a curved dagger, with a hilt carved/engraved to look serpentine; snake scales are part of the design.





**CAPTAIN SHEMIZAN**

The head of the city guard/militia of the Shemite city-state Persemhia, where much of our tale will be taking place.

Shemizan is in his 40s, with prominent crow's feet near his eyes. He has a thick, curled beard, and is of medium height. He is solidly built, broad shouldered, with a hook nose and gleaming black eyes. His hair is a deep blue-black.

Shemizan's attire is a bit more traditional "medieval knight"; heavy armor, covered by a [tabard](#). He doesn't wear a full, face-covering helm, opting instead to eschew a helm for improved sightlines.



**OTHER NOTES:**

This four-issue story is scripted with the intent of creating a movie-like, "widescreen" feel. To that end, my preference is to keep panel layouts moving horizontally, not vertically.

This first issue handles a lot of the key "setup" so panel layouts are a little more dense here; later issues, the action will, by design, get progressively bigger, culminating in a pretty massive city siege.)

**ARMIES:**

The Hyborian nations all have distinct character, derived from historical sources. We have the Messantian Legion (which should appear to be a stylized version of the Romans), the Kothian armies (which can be a bit more traditional sword&magic sword-wielders), the Stygians (who are a fantasy Egyptians with a snake motif, and so on. I'm happy to dig up all kinds of visual ref, but when we get on to the end of the story, we'll need to make sure we're presenting the various factions in visually distinct ways.

**PAGE 1 [4 PANELS]**

*[[[Four stacked horizontal panels on this page; I'll be building pretty much everything from a matrix of horizontal panels, to keep a "widescreen" feel to the story.]]]*

*[[[Note: We need to establish a lettering convention, titled "SCROLL CAPTION," which I'll be using through all four issues; ideally, I'd like this to look like fragments from an old scroll, with a stylized, calligraphic typeface, please.]]]*

**PANEL 1**

Ext. - a plain of battle somewhere within Argos. We see a VANIR mercenary - OLAG THE VANIRMAN. OLAG is a blond, hulking Viking-type, wielding a broadsword, and ordering his troops (mostly armored Argossians) forward. Smoke, fire, blood, etc.

**1.1 SCROLL CAPTION**

*KNOW, O QUEEN, OF THE TIME AFTER THE  
GLEAMING OCEANS SWALLOWED ATLANTIS, THERE  
WAS AN AGE UNDREAMED OF.*

**1.2 SCROLL CAPTION**

*AN AGE OF MIGHTY BARBARIAN USURPERS  
STRIDING FROM THEIR COLD NORTHERN  
VILLAGES AND CARVING A PATH INTO HISTORY  
WITH FIRE AND SWORD*

**1.3 SCROLL CAPTION**

*OF SCHEMING PRACTITIONERS OF ALCHEMY AND  
SORCERY UNLOCKING TERRIBLE MAGICKS FROM  
THE ANCIENT PAST; A TIME FOR THE BOLD AND  
THE MIGHTY.*

**1.4 OLAG (YELLING)**

*STAND FAST, YOU DOGS!*

**PANEL 2**

We pull back, and we see OLAG (looking back "at" the reader, as and pointing into the distance with his broadsword; we see him pointing at the leading phalanx of MESSANTIAN LEGION troops (essentially a Roman legion), as if to urge the reader forward into battle.

**1.5 SCROLL CAPTION**

*A TIME OF BLOODSHED, OF WARS AND  
REBELLIONS, WHERE ONE COULD SELL HIS  
SWORD ARM INTO THE SERVICE OF THE HIGHEST  
BIDDER.*

**1.6 OLAG (YELLING)**

NO QUARTER!

**1.7 OLAG (YELLING) / LINKED**

TONIGHT, THESE MESSANTIAN PIGS BURN IN  
HEL!

**PANEL 3**

We're close on the leading edge of the MESSANTIAN force, as they raise their shields and spears and prepare to meet OLAG's charge.

**1.8 SCROLL CAPTION**

*A TIME WHERE BLOOD-DRENCHED CONFLICT  
ERUPTED LIKE BLOOMS IN A GARDEN.*

**1.9 MESSANTIAN CAPTAIN**

FORWARD, BROTHERS!

**1.10 MESSANTIAN CAPTAIN/LINKED**

I'LL HAVE THAT MERCENARY CUR'S HEART ON  
MY SIDEBORD BY NIGHTFALL.

**1.11 MESSANTIAN LEGIONNAIRES (YELLING) / (IN UNISON)**

FOR THE KING!

**PANEL 4**

We've pulled up to an elevated view, and we can see OLAG's "army" is VASTLY outnumbered by the approaching lockstep, regimented formation of the MESSANTIAN legion.

**1.12 SCROLL CAPTION**

*A REBELLIOUS PRINCE OF ARGOS, UPON  
FAILING TO USURP HIS UNCLE, FLED TO HIS  
FAMILY HOLDINGS NEAR ARGOS' EASTERN  
BORDER.*

**1.13 SCROLL CAPTION**

*STANDING BETWEEN THE PRINCE AND THE  
VENGEFUL KING'S LEGION OF MESSANTIA ARE  
THE BADLY-OUTNUMBERED MERCENARY COMPANY  
OF OLAG THE VANIRMAN.*

**1.14 SCROLL CAPTION**

*A POOR HOUR FOR A PAY-SOLDIER, A HOLIDAY  
FOR THE BUZZARDS.*

## PAGE 2 [5 PANELS]

## PANEL 1

We cut to a forest, approaching sundown. Shafts of sunlight filter through the trees, giving everything a warm yellow-orange glow.

Silhouetted in the frame are five horseback riders (who we will soon learn are SONJA, ROGATINO, DIMITRI, VALKOS and WURKEST).

The riders are moving slowly—they're not at a full gallop or anything.

## 2.1 LOCATION CAPTION

THE ARGOS/SHEM BORDER.

## 2.2 VALKOS (NO TAIL, QUIET)

--I'VE SEEN NO SIGN OF A RIDER IN HALF A DAY. WHAT ARE WE STILL DOING OUT HERE?

## PANEL 2

We push in closer; we can see two of the riders – DIMITRI and VALKOS, speaking. DIMITRI is scowling, VALKOS is playfully clapping DIMITRI on the shoulder. Both riders are a bit grimy and sweaty from the ride.

## 2.3 DIMITRI

WE ARE FOLLOWING OUR CAPTAIN, VALKOS. YOU ARE MAKING ENOUGH NOISE TO WAKE THE DEAD.

## 2.4 SFX: CLAP ON THE ARM

SMAK

## 2.5 VALKOS

AH, MORE COMPLAINTS FROM OUR OLD DIMITRI. THERE'S NOT A MESSANTIAN LEGIONNAIRE WITHIN A LEAGUE OF US. THEY'RE TOO SCARED YOU'LL SCOWL AT THEM.

## PANEL 3

We reverse angle here; we're now ahead of the riders; DIMITRI and VALKOS in the background, and WURKEST and ROGATINO in the foreground.

ROGATINO is looking back over his shoulder, grinning as he banters with DIMITRI and VALKOS. VALKOS is rolling his eyes playfully; DIMITRI is scowling.

WURKEST is looking ahead, as if past the reader, his expression guarded.

Again, both men are sweaty and dusty from the ride.

**2.6 DIMITRI**

OR WORSE, THAT ROGATINO MIGHT SING ONE OF HIS HORRIFIC BALLADS.

**2.7 ROGATINO**

CURSE YOU FOR AN IGNORANT HYRKANIAN SAVAGE, DIMITRI. I'LL HAVE YOU KNOW MANY A MAIDEN SURRENDERED HER VIRTUE 'PON HEARING MY SONGS.

**2.8 DIMITRI (MUTTERED)**

IF ONLY FOR THE PEACE AND QUIET, I'LL WAGER.

**2.9 WURKEST**

SHH.

**PANEL 4**

Profile of WURKEST, as he leans forward on his horse, as if looking down at the ground. ROGATINO is speaking to WURKEST.

**2.10 ROGATINO**

OHO. OUR PICTISH COMRADE ACTUALLY MAKES A SOUND. SETTLE THE MATTER, WURKEST. ARE WE FOLLOWING A PHANTOM?

**2.11 WURKEST**

ONE HORSE, UNARMORED AND TIRING. WE'RE GETTING CLOSE NOW.

**2.12 ROGATINO (MUTTERED)**

HMPH. CAN YOU TELL ME THE NAME OF THE BLACKSMITH WHO SHOD IT?

**2.13 WURKEST**

NO.

**PANEL 5**

Similar panel, ROGATINO in the foreground, VALKOS and DIMITRI visible. ROGATINO is gesturing off-panel (toward the front of the group, where SONJA is).

**2.14 DIMITRI (QUIET)**

WE SHOULD HEAD NORTH. THE AQUILONIANS PAY WELL...

**2.15 ROGATINO**

YOU THINK SO? IF YOU WANT TO ARGUE WITH THE CAPTAIN WHEN SHE'S LIKE THIS, BE MY GUEST.



## PAGE 3 [2 PANELS]

## PANEL 1

Large panel, dominating page, perhaps three quarters of the page.

We're close on RED SONJA. Her expression is serious, her eyes squinting as she surveys the woods around her.

We're seeing her in armor – the chainmail suit mentioned in the character descriptions at the beginning. One hand is on the hilt of her sword, the other holding the reins.

(Let's establish that, slung on her horse's saddlebags, there's a short bow and arrows as well.) Behind her, some distance back, we see the rest of her ground–WURKEST and ROGATINO in front, DIMITRI and VALKOS bringing up the rear.

SONJA is sweaty, and a bit grimy, from several hours of hard travel.

**3.1 ROGATINO**

CAN I HAVE YOUR HORSE WHEN RED SONJA GUTS AND JOINTS YOU?

**3.2 SCROLL CAPTION**

*HITHER CAME A DAUGHTER OF HYRKANIA, THE FIRST TO BEAR THE NAME "RED SONJA."*

**3.3 SCROLL CAPTION**

*HER FAMILY MURDERED, HER HOME DESTROYED, SONJA SUFFERED TERRIBLE INDIGNITIES AT THE HANDS OF EVIL MEN.*

**3.4 SCROLL CAPTION**

*BLESSED WITH UNPARALLELLED SKILL WITH A SWORD, BY THE LARGESSE OF THE GODDESS SCÁTHACH, SONJA SET OUT TO FIND HER FORTUNE AS A THIEF AND MERCENARY.*

## PANEL 2

Horizontal panel, across bottom of the page.

We're tight on SONJA's face; her eyes narrowed in concentration.

**3.5 SCROLL CAPTION**

*SO IT WAS RED SONJA CAME TO ENTER THE SERVICE OF OLAG THE VANIRMAN, CAPTAINING A COMPANY OF SWORDS-FOR-HIRE.*

**3.6 SCROLL CAPTION**

*AND SO TO, DID SHE FIND HERSELF, ON THE*

*EVE OF OLAG'S DEFEAT, ON ONE LAST MISSION  
FOR HER COMMANDER...*

**3.7 SCROLL CAPTION**

—FROM THE LOST NEMEDIAN CHRONICLE

**3.8 SONJA (WHISPERED)**

DAMN.

**3.9 TITLE TREATMENT**

RED SONJA IN  
WOLVES ON THE ROAD (WAR SEASON, PART 1)

## PAGE 4 [6 PANELS]

## PANEL 1

SONJA dismounts her horse, looking irritated. Behind her we see the other men dismounting as well.

## 4.1 SONJA

IT'S GETTING DARK.

## 4.2 SONJA/LINKED

WE'LL MAKE CAMP HERE AND RESUME THE PURSUIT AT FIRST LIGHT.

## PANEL 2

We pull back a bit, and see we're in a clearing. There's a stream feeding into a large pond. We see some signs of making camp; ROGATINO perhaps tying his horse to a tree, DIMITRI stretching, as he dismounts his horse; VALKOS drawing one of his axes to chop down a small tree for firewood, and so on.

SONJA is in the foreground, wiping sweat from her brow, and looking off into the treeline, frowning. WURKEST is talking to her.

## 4.3 ROGATINO (QUIET, IN BACKGROUND)

SWEET MITRA, WHAT A RIDE.

## 4.4 ROGATINO (LOUDER)/LINKED

SO, MY LOVELY CAPTAIN, ANY PLANS TO SHARE WITH YOUR LOYAL MEN-AT-ARMS WHAT WE'RE DOING OUT HERE?

## PANEL 3

ROGATINO speaks to SONJA. Behind him we see WURKEST also preparing to make camp.

## 4.5 SONJA

HUNTING AN ARGOSSIAN MESSAGE RUNNER. OLAG WAS CONVINCED THAT THE MESSANTIAN LEGION WAS CALLING FOR REINFORCEMENTS.

## 4.6 SONJA/LINKED

THE LAST THING HE NEEDED WAS ARGOS' BORDER ARMY RIDING UP ON HIS BACK.

## 4.7 ROGATINO

AND HOW ARE WE TO FIND ONE MAN IN ALL THE FRONTIER?

## PANEL 4

Close on WURKEST as he murmurs a response back at ROGATINO.

## 4.8 WURKEST (QUIET)

WE HUNT.

**4.9 WURKEST/ (LINKED)**

OR DO YOU THINK OUR ENEMIES WILL SIMPLY  
FALL INTO OUR LAPS?

**PANEL 5**

As SONJA walks away, ROGATINO is comically cocking his head to one said, musing about WURKEST's offhand comment.

**4.10 ROGATINO (QUIET, IN BACKGROUND)**

THAT WOULD BE RATHER HELPFUL.

**4.11 SONJA**

ENOUGH.

**4.12 SONJA/LINKED**

HE CAN'T BE FAR AHEAD OF US, AND HIS  
HORSE IS FAR FROM FRESH. SO GET SOME  
REST...

**PANEL 6**

Horizontal, along bottom of the page.  
OTS of a a silhouetted male figure (to be revealed later as THUMEKMES), hiding in the bushes. Beyond him, as the shadows deepen and a small cookfire burns, we see RED SONJA's camp.

**4.13 SONJA (OFF PANEL, NO TAIL)**

...AND THINK ABOUT HOW TO DRAW THE  
BASTARD OUT OF HIDING.

## PAGE 5 [6 PANELS]

## PANEL 1

Small panel here. We see SONJA walking toward the pond/stream.

## 5.1 SCROLL CAPTION

*IT HAD BEEN A HARD RIDE, AND SONJA AND HER MEN WERE WEARY.*

## PANEL 2

Small panel. We're close on SONJA's bare feet. Her boots are lying on the ground in the foreground.

## 5.2 SCROLL CAPTION

*DIMITRI AND VALKOS SOON HAD A SMALL FIRE BURNING, AND WURKEST – A MASTER HUNTER FROM FOREST-CHOKED PICTLAND – QUICKLY CAUGHT A PAIR OF RABBITS.*

## PANEL 3

Small panel. Close on SONJA as she pulls her mail tunic off; obviously, we're not going for nudity here.

## 5.3 SCROLL CAPTION

*SOME HOT FOOD, A WARM FIRE, AND GENEROUS DRAUGHTS FROM ROGATINO'S WINESKIN, AND THE MEN WERE SOON ASLEEP.*

## PANEL 4

We see SONJA hanging her swordbelt and dagger from the branch of a nearby tree.

## 5.4 SCROLL CAPTION

*LEAVING SONJA ALONE TO CONSIDER HER NEXT MOVE.*

## 5.5 SCROLL CAPTION

*WITH THE KEEN INSTINCT OF A PROFESSIONAL SOLDIER, SHE COULD SENSE IT.*

## PANEL 5

Largest panel on page. SONJA, in the water, her back to the "camera," bathing, lit by a combination of moonlight and the thin red glow from the cookfire some distance away.

## 5.6 SCROLL CAPTION

*JUST A FEELING, NOTHING MORE.*

## 5.7 SCROLL CAPTION

*HER QUARRY WAS NEAR.*

## PANEL 6

Small panel, inset. We see THUMEKMES' hand, reaching for SONJA's swordbelt.

## 5.8 SCROLL CAPTION

THE MESSENGER HAD RUN HIS HORSE HARD. TOO  
HARD, AS IF PURSUED BY A DEVIL FROM HELL.

**5.9 SONJA CAPTION**

IN THE GRIP OF SUCH FEAR, SHE THOUGHT,  
HER PREY MIGHT MAKE A MISTAKE.

## PAGE 6 [4 PANELS]

## PANEL 1

We see THUMEKMES more clearly now, in the glow from the fire. He has SONJA's swordbelt, and is starting to untie one of the mercenaries' horses.

## 6.1 SCROLL CAPTION

*LIKE TRYING TO STEAL HER HORSE AND WEAPONS.*

## 6.2 SONJA (OFF-PANEL)

YOU'RE NOT MUCH OF A HUNTER, ARE YOU?

## PANEL 2

Small panel. Close on THUMEKMES, whirling about, startled.

## 6.3 THUMEKMES

WHA-?!

## PANEL 3

SONJA's fist smashes into THUMEKMES' face, hard.

## 6.4 SFX: PUNCH

KRUNCH!

## PANEL 4

Dominant panel on the page. SONJA, pretty much naked (probably some kind of loincloth, and whatever shadows necessary to maintain a PG-13 rating).

## 6.5 SONJA

TO CATCH YOUR PREY, ALL YOU NEED IS THE RIGHT BAIT.

## PAGE 7 [5 PANELS]

## PANEL 1

THUMEKMES draws SONJA's own sword, tossing the swordbelt aside in the process. His expression is fierce, and blood trickles from his mouth and nose.

7.1 THUMEKMES

<< A WOMAN? >>

7.2 THUMEKMES/LINKED

<< IN MY LAND, HARLOT, YOU'D BE STONED TO DEATH AND LEFT TO THE SERPENTS FOR STRIKING A MAN. >>

7.3 THUMEKMES/LINKED

<< ALAS... >>

## PANEL 2

SONJA ducks a horizontal slash from THUMEKMES. In the foreground, we see the swordbelt.

7.4 THUMEKMES

<< ...I DON'T HAVE TIME FOR THAT. >>

7.5 SFX: SWORD SWING

SWOOSH

## PANEL 3

Small panel; we see SONJA's hand grab the swordbelt.

7.6 SONJA

<< A PITY THEN-- >>

7.7 SONJA (QUIET, LINKED, GRUNTING WITH EXERTION)

NNF

7.8 SONJA/LINKED (NORMAL VOLUME)

<< --YOU AREN'T IN YOUR LAND. >>

## PANEL 4

Small panel, close on THUMEKMES, snarling, brandishing the captured sword.

7.9 THUMEKMES

<< A GREATER PITY TO STAIN THIS FINE TURANIAN STEEL WITH THE BLOOD OF A BRAZEN WHORE. >>

7.10 THUMEKMES/LINKED

<< A NECESSARY EVIL.>>

## PANEL 5

Largest panel on the page. THUMEKMES thrusts with the point of the sword, SONJA sidestepping it, we see SONJA holding the recaptured swordbelt. He's all brute force; she's more balletic and graceful.

7.11 THUMEKMES (GRUNTING)

HNNNGH!



**7.12 SFX: SWORD THURST**

SWOOSH

## PAGE 8 [5 PANELS]

## PANEL 1

SONJA uses the swordbelt to snare THUMKES' sword-arm.

8.1     **SFX: SWORDBELT WRAPPING AROUND ARM**

FNAP!

8.2     **SONJA**

<< CALL ME WHORE AGAIN... >>

## PANEL 2

SONJA drives her knee into THUMKES' groin.

8.3     **SFX: BLOW**

WHUDD!

8.4     **THUMKES**

NNNGHAAH!

8.5     **SONJA**

<< ...AND THE PAIN IN YOUR NETHERS WILL  
BE THE LEAST OF YOUR WORRIES.>>

## PANEL 3

Close on THUMKES, writhing in pain on the ground.

8.6     **THUMKES (WEAKLY)**

<< --KILL YOU-- >>

## PANEL 4

We're at ground level, looking up; THUMKES is in the foreground, startled, as WURKES looms above him, his expression dark and angry; WURKES holds his spearpoint right over THUMKES' neck.

The other mercenaries are visible as well, weapons drawn and expressions pissed off.

8.7     **WURKES**

DO. NOT. MOVE.

8.8     **ROGATINO**

I'D LISTEN TO HIM. HE'S RATHER FOND OF  
OUR DEAR SONJA.

8.9     **ROGATINO/LINKED**

AS ARE WE ALL.

## PANEL 5

Close on ROGATINO as he leans forward, grinning a wicked grin. He's face to face with THUMKES, who looks pretty scared.

8.10    **ROGATINO**

NOW THEN, BOYO, LET'S HAVE A LITTLE CHAT,  
HM?

## PAGE 9 [7 PANELS]

[[[I promise: 7-panel pages will be RARE.]]]

## PANEL 1

We see WURKEST binding THUMEKMES, as SONJA looks on. ROGATINO is speaking to SONJA, gesturing off into the distance with one hand; SONJA looks dour.

## 9.1 ROGATINO

IF HE'S AN ARGOSSIAN, I'M THE RAJAH OF AGRAPHUR.

## 9.2 SONJA

HE'S A STYGIAN. A SCRIBE FROM THE LOOKS OF HIM.

## 9.3 ROGATINO/LINKED

AND THIS IS WHO OLAG SENT US HARING OFF AFTER? NOT SOME ARGOSSIAN MESSENGER?

## PANEL 2

Two-shot. SONJA and ROGATINO. ROGATINO isn't smiling anymore; he looks pretty pissed off, actually.

## 9.4 SONJA

...YES.

## 9.5 SONJA/LINKED

OLAG BELIEVED THE ARGOSSIANS HAD ARRANGED TO HIRE STYGIAN SORCERERS, AND SENT US TO STOP THEM.

## 9.6 ROGATINO

SORCERERS? YOU SHOULD HAVE TOLD US, CAPTAIN. I'LL FIGHT ANY MAN WITH A SWORD OR AN AXE, BUT NO ONE SAID ANYTHING ABOUT WIZARDS.

## PANEL 3

ROGATINO speaks to THUMEKMES, who has his head down, cowed. DIMITRI and VALKOS speak amongst themselves in the background.

## 9.7 ROGATINO

AND WHAT ARE WE TO DO WITH HIM, THEN?

## 9.8 ROGATINO/LINKED

OLAG IS LIKELY DEAD ALREADY, STYGIAN WIZARDS OR NO, AND I DON'T RIDE -- OR FIGHT -- FOR FREE.

## 9.9 DIMITRI

WE SHOULD JUST KILL HIM AND MOVE NORTH. THE AQUILONIANS--

## 9.10 VALKOS

"--ALWAYS NEED SWORDS." JUST BECAUSE YOU KEEP REPEATING IT DOESN'T MAKE IT TRUE, DIMITRI.

**PANEL 4**

Small panel, close on THUMEKMES, who is listening.

**9.11 DIMITRI (OFF-PANEL)**

OH? WELL WHAT BRILLIANT SCHEME HAVE YOU  
CONCOCTED TO FILL OUR PURSES WITH GOLD,  
VALKOS?

**9.12 THUMEKMES (QUIET)**

...I CAN GET YOU GOLD.

**PANEL 5**

ROGATINO and SONJA looking down at THUMEKMES.

**9.13 ROGATINO**

AH. YOU'RE NOT REALLY A SCRIBE, YOU'RE  
THE PHAROAH OF ALL STYGIA. MY APOLOGIES  
FOR NOT RECOGNIZING YOU SOONER, YOUR  
ROYALNESS--

**9.14 SONJA**

ENOUGH. LET HIM SPEAK.

**PANEL 6**

One-shot; THUMEKMES speaking.

**9.15 THUMEKMES**

I'M NO PHAROAH, OPHIRAN, BUT MY FAMILY  
HAS...SOME STANDING.

**9.16 THUMEKMES/LINKED**

I AM TO BE MET BY OUR RETAINERS, IN SHEM.  
THEY WILL PAY MY RANSOM.

**9.17 THUMEKMES/LINKED**

IN GOLD.

**PANEL 7**

SONJA, WURKEST, DIMITRI, ROGATINO, VALKOS, facing  
each other and speaking.

**9.18 SONJA**

WELL? WHAT SAY YOU?

**9.19 ROGATINO**

YOU KNOW ME, SONJA. I LIKE MONEY.

**9.20 ROGATINO/LINKED**

HELL IS AN EMPTY PURSE...

## PAGE 10 [5 PANELS]

## PANEL 1

Large panel, dominating page.

Exterior, nighttime.

We cut to the aftermath of the battle in Argos; the dead are piled high, and we see MESSANTIAN LEGIONNAIRES burning the corpses of the fallen.

Striding through the middle of this scene, we see a large, armored figure—CAVVALUS.

He's ordering MESSANTIAN LEGIONNAIRES.

Flanking him are two MESSANTIAN ELITE GUARDS (distinguished by high "plumes" on their helmets) and his aide de camp, CLAUDIO.

CLAUDIO is speaking to CAVVALUS as they make their way through the battlefield.

**10.1 ROGATINO/CAPTION**

"...AND WE'RE FAR MORE LIKELY TO SEE A PROFIT FROM THIS ADVENTURE THAN FROM POOR, DEAD OLAG."

**10.2 LOCATION/CAPTION**

THE PLAINS OF ARGOS.

**10.3 CLAUDIO**

GENERAL SEPTIMUS IS DEMANDING WORD OF OUR PROGRESS, M'LORD.

**10.4 CAVVALUS**

OF COURSE HE IS. THAT'S HOW "CIVILIZED" WARS ARE FOUGHT, EH, CLAUDIO?

**10.5 CAVVALUS/LINKED**

THE KINGS SEND OUT GENERALS TO CONDUCT THE BATTLE, AND THE GENERALS HIRE MEN LIKE US TO DO THE FIGHTING.

**10.6 CLAUDIO**

AS YOU SAY, SIR.

## PANEL 2

Ground level; we see one of OLAG's mercenaries, grievously wounded, lying on the ground, bleeding from a mortal wound to the belly. He is lying amidst dozens of corpses, so he's been mistaken for one of the dead.

CAVVALUS' boot is visible in the frame, as he walks near the dying mercenary.

**10.7 CAVVALUS**

OLAG WAS A FOOL TO THINK HE COULD STAND

AGAINST THE MESSANTIAN LEGION, NO MATTER  
HOW MUCH GOLD THAT IDIOT PRINCE DANGLED  
IN FRONT OF HIM.

**PANEL 3**

Small panel; we see the MERCENARY slowly draw a knife  
from his boot, grimacing in pain.

**10.8 CAVVALUS/LINKED**

THERE'S NO HONOR IN THIS SLAUGHTER,  
CLAUDIO.

**10.9 CAVVALUS/LINKED**

STILL...

**10.10 MERCENARY (VERY QUIET)**

--BASTARD--

**PANEL 4**

Small panel; we see the gleaming blade of a  
broadsword plunged into the dying MERCENARY's back.

**10.11 CAVVALUS**

...WE ARE BEING PAID TO BE THOROUGH.

**10.12 SFX: SWORD**

SHHNNNK!

**10.13 MERCENARY**

--AAA--

**PANEL 5**

We see CAVVALUS stepping over the dead MERCENARY,  
wiping the blood from the blade of his sword. CLAUDIO  
looks down at the dead MERCENARY.

**10.14 CAVVALUS**

CHECK THEM ALL.

**10.15 CAVVALUS/LINKED**

MAKE SURE ALL ARE DEAD, AND SEND THEIR  
HEADS AS TROPHIES FOR OUR DEAR GENERAL.

**10.16 CLAUDIO**

...IT WILL BE DONE, M'LORD.

## PAGE 11 [5 PANELS]

## PANEL 1

CAVVALUS makes his way toward a tattered tent in the encampment.

## 11.1 CAVVALUS

OLAG PAYS POORLY, SO THERE WILL BE  
DESERTERS.

## 11.2 CAVVALUS/LINKED

WE'LL NEED TO ROUND THEM UP, AS WELL. IT  
WOULD BE UNTIDY TO LEAVE THEM ROAMING THE  
COUNTRYSIDE.

## PANEL 2

CLAUDIO pushes open the tent flap, as CAVVALUS steps inside.

## 11.3 CLAUDIO

I HAVE THE SCRIBES COUNTING BODIES, MY  
LORD. WE'LL KNOW HOW MANY GOT THROUGH  
WITHIN THE DAY.

## 11.4 CAVVALUS

GOOD.

## PANEL 3

Inside the tent. Small panel; we see CAVVALUS remove his helmet, and now we can see his face.

## 11.5 CAVVALUS (SIGHING)

SIGH.

## 11.6 CAVVALUS/LINKED

ALL IN ALL, A GOOD DAY'S WORK...

## PANEL 4

Largest panel on the page.

In the foreground, we see OLAG; he's missing an eye, and has clearly been beaten to a pulp. There's an arrowshaft protruding from his left shoulder.

OLAG is on his knees, his arms chained behind him.

In the foreground, we see CAVVALUS, smiling and looking down on OLAG; CAVVALUS' arms are folded in front of him, and his posture is relaxed.

## 11.7 CAVVALUS

...THOUGH THERE'S STILL CHORES TO BE  
DONE.

## 11.8 CAVVALUS/LINKED

ISN'T THAT RIGHT, OLAG?

## 11.9 OLAG (WEAK)

--WHO...ARE YOU?

## 11.10 CAVVALUS

THEY SAY YOU FIGHT AS IF YOU WERE BORN A

DEVIL, OLAG.

**11.11 CAVVALUS**

SO WHEN YOU FINALLY MEET YOUR DEMONIC KIN  
IN HELL, YOU CAN TELL THEM...

**PANEL 5**

Small inset panel; we see CAVVALUS' face, and in front of it, he holds a a wicked-looking dagger. He's smiling mildly.

**11.12 CAVVALUS**

...CAVVALUS OF THE BLOODY TUSK SENT YOU.

**11.13 CAVVALUS**

AND HE'LL BE SENDING YOU PLENTY OF  
COMPANY.



**PAGE 12 [3 PANELS]****PANEL 1**

Exterior of the tent; the two ELITE GUARDS flank the entrance.

**12.1 OLAG (FROM WITHIN TENT)/LOUD**

NNNNGH!

**PANEL 2**

We pull back a bit, and we see the two ELITE GUARDS exchange nervous looks at the sounds emanating from the tent.

**12.2 OLAG (FROM WITHIN TENT)/LOUDER**

NNNNYYYYAAAAA!

**PANEL 3**

We pull WAY back, and we see the encampment; fires, soldiers, and so on. LOTS of MESSANTIAN soldiers.

**12.3 OLAG (FROM WITHIN TENT) / VERY LOUD**

NNNNNNYYYYYYYYYYYYAAAAA!

## PAGE 13 [5 PANELS]

## PANEL 1

Cut back to the forests; it's the pre-dawn twilight period.

SONJA leads the group on horseback; we see THUMKES, his arms bound, and tied to WURKEST's horse. WURKEST is holding the rope as well, pulling THUMKES along.

## 13.1 SCROLL CAPTION

*SONJA AND HER MEN SET OUT, SEVERAL HOURS BEFORE DAWN.*

## 13.2 SCROLL CAPTION

*THE STYGIAN, THUMKES, HAD WARNED THAT HIS COMRADES WOULD ONLY WAIT A SHORT TIME.*

## 13.3 WURKEST

KEEP MOVING.

## PANEL 2

Close on SONJA; there's a bit of light hitting her face now, and she shields her eyes a bit, as she stares ahead...

## 13.4 SCROLL CAPTION

*SOMETHING ABOUT THE SCRIBE'S MANNER SAT UNEASILY WITH SONJA, BUT HER MEN WERE INTENT ON PAYMENT.*

## 13.5 SONJA

ALL RIGHT, THUMKES...

## PANEL 3

Biggest panel on page; we see PERSEMHIA for the first time.

PERSEMHIA is a large, walled city, nestled near the edge of a valley. Water is supplied by a large waterfall that plummets from the cliff walls along one edge of the region.

We're looking down into the valley; SONJA and her men are barely dots in the foreground. Dawn is breaking.

## 13.6 SCROLL CAPTION

*AND THUS DID RED SONJA COME TO PERSEMHIA, A LITTLE KNOWN CITY-STATE OF SHEM.*

## 13.7 SCROLL CAPTION

*SHEM, A COLLECTION OF LOOSELY ALLIED CITIES, SEPARATED BY PASTORAL FIELDS AND BESET FROM ALL SIDES BY ENEMIES.*

## 13.8 SONJA

...WE'RE HERE.

## PAGE 14 [5 PANELS]

## PANEL 1

We're inside the city gates now; the group is on foot. THUMEKMES is still bound, but he's got a cloak over his hand, hiding the ropes.  
The streets are crowded with various merchants, peasants, and so on.

## 14.1 SCROLL CAPTION

*PERSEMHIA, CITY-STATE OF SHEM, HEMMED IN BY GREEDY KOTH TO THE NORTH, UNSTABLE ARGOS TO THE WEST, AND DARK STYGIA TO THE EAST.*

## 14.2 SCROLL CAPTION

*NOT A TERRIBLE PLACE FOR A MERCENARY TO FIND WORK.*

## 14.3 VALKOS

*ERLIK'S BALLS, THIS PLACE REEKS LIKE A SLAUGHTERHOUSE.*

## 14.4 ROGATINO

I DON'T KNOW, VALKOS.

## PANEL 2

ROGATINO smiles at a pair of barely-dressed temple girls outside an ornate, gold encrusted temple; prominently featured in the carvings are peacocks. The TEMPLE GIRLS are throwing coins out from golden bowls, and are beaming and happy.

## 14.5 ROGATINO

THIS CITY IS NOT WITHOUT CHARMS. IT'S ENOUGH TO MAKE ME RECONSIDER MY FAITH.

## 14.6 TEMPLE GIRL 1

COME IN! JOIN US!

## 14.7 TEMPLE GIRL 2

WE LOVE YOU!

## PANEL 3

DIMITRI gives ROGATINO a gentle nudge to move him along.

## 14.8 DIMITRI

I THOUGHT YOU WERE EDUCATED IN A TEMPLE, ROGATINO.

## 14.9 ROGATINO

AYE, IN OPHIR. WHAT OF IT?

## 14.10 DIMITRI

THEN YOU SHOULD KNOW: THE SHEMITE PEACOCK GOD IS A TRICKSTER AND A BLOOD GOD.

## 14.11 DIMITRI/LINKED

THOSE LOVELY LASSES WOULD HAVE THE

BOLLOCKS OFF YOU AND LEAVE YOUR COOLING  
CORPSE ON THEIR ALTAR.

**PANEL 4**

The group stops in front of a large tavern, the  
Sleeping Scorpion.

**14.12 ROGATINO (MUTTERED)**

ANU'S BILE. IT'S ENOUGH TO MAKE A MAN AN  
ATHIEST.

**14.13 THUMEKMES**

HERE. THIS IS THE PLACE. MY RETAINERS  
WILL ARRIVE SHORTLY, IF THEY'RE NOT  
INSIDE ALREADY.

**14.14 SONJA**

FOR YOUR SAKE, STYGIAN, I HOPE SO.

**PANEL 5**

We're inside the tavern, close on the door as SONJA  
pushes it open. She's grinning slightly.

**14.15 SFX: DOOR OPENING**

KREEEK

**14.16 SONJA**

I'VE SEEN ROGATINO WITHOUT GOLD OR FEMALE  
COMPANY.

**14.17 SONJA/LINKED**

YOU'D BE BETTER OFF FACING MY BLADE.

## PAGE 15 [5 PANELS]

## PANEL 1

Interior of the Sleeping Scorpion; it's dimly lit, and basically structured like a Viking longhouse. It's a large room, with a small hearth on one wall, in which a small fire burns; suspended over it is a small metal pot, in which one of the tavern servants is cooking some kind of stew or soup. There's a bar, as well. Large wooden tables and benches run in rows throughout the room. Aside from a couple of bored looking "tavern wenches" and a fat INNKEEPER, the room is basically empty. ROGATINO is striding toward the bar, arms outstretched, as the rest take seats at one of the long tables.

## 15.1 ROGATINO

INNKEEPER! ALE AND FOOD! AND BE QUICK ABOUT IT.

## 15.2 SONJA

I DON'T SEE YOUR FRIENDS, THUMKES.

## 15.3 THUMKES

YOU'LL SEE THEM SOON ENOUGH.

## 15.4 SONJA

I'D BETTER.

## PANEL 2

Small panel. Close on SONJA as she sips from a wooden mug of ale.

## 15.5 SFX: SIP

SIP

## 15.6 SCROLL CAPTION

AN HOUR PASSES.

## 15.7 SCROLL CAPTION

THEN TWO.

## PANEL 3

Small panel. Close on the INNKEEPER, wiping the bartop and scowling at the mercenaries.

## 15.8 SCROLL CAPTION

AS THE SHADOWS LENGTHENED, SONJA'S UNEASE GREW.

## PANEL 4

Small panel. Close on SONJA's eyes.

**15.9 SCROLL CAPTION**

*A SENSE OF SOMETHING OUT OF PLACE.*

Small panel. Close on the INKEEPER's face; a bead of sweat trickles down his cheek.

**15.10 SCROLL CAPTION**

*THE TOO-QUIET, EMPTY TAVERN.*

**PANEL 5**

Small panel. We see the sweat drip from the INKEEPER's chin...

**15.11 SCROLL CAPTION**

*THE NERVOUS INKEEPER.*

## PAGE 16 [3 PANELS]

## PANEL 1

Small panel; we see the sweat drip splash on the bartop.

## 16.1 SFX: (QUIET) DRIP

DRIP!

## PANEL 2

Small panel; SONJA's head snaps up, her expression alarmed.

## NO COPY

## PANEL 3

Large panel; We're facing SONJA, as she rolls to the side, avoiding an attacker striking from behind.

The attacker is a STYGIAN ASSASSIN.

The ASSASSIN is dressed in a black cloak; like THUMEKMES, his head is shaven.

The ASSASSIN is armed with a short pole-arm, with a large blade on the end of it; the blade is burying itself in the table in front of SONJA, spilling her ale.

Behind the ASSASSIN, we see several more cloaked, shaven-headed figures, firelight glinting from the blades of their polearms.

## 16.2 SCROLL CAPTION

*THE FAINT, ACRID SCENT OF THE STYGIAN LOTUS BLOSSOM.*

## 16.3 ASSASSIN

<< DIE! >>

## 16.4 SONJA (GRUNTING)

NNNGH!

## 16.5 SFX: WEAPON HITTING TABLE

KRASH!

## PAGE 17 [3 PANELS]

## PANEL 1

SONJA throws a dagger, burying it in the throat of the ASSASSIN, who clutches at it.

17.1 SONJA (YELLING)

AMBUSH! TO ARMS!

17.2 SFX: KNIFE STRIKING HOME

SHUNK

17.3 ASSASSIN (DEATH RATTLE)

GGGLK!

## PANEL 2

As the ASSASSIN collapses, we see SONJA draw her sword. She's grinning a predatory grin.

17.4 SFX: SWORD DRAWN

SHING!

17.5 SONJA

MANNERS, STYGIAN.

17.6 SONJA/LINKED

YOU WANT TO DANCE WITH ME...

## PANEL 3

Dominant panel on the page. Big fight; we see WURKEST spearing one of the ASSASSINS; ROGATINO is fencing with another; DIMITRI and VALKOS are dispatching a third.

17.7 SONJA

...YOU'LL HAVE TO ASK MORE POLITELY.

17.8 ROGATINO

NO GOLD, NO WOMEN, AND A MAN CAN'T EVEN HAVE A PINT OF ALE IN PEACE.



## PAGE 18 [5 PANELS]

## PANEL 1

One of the STYGIANS hurles a thin, crimson cord from within his cloak sleeve, wrapping up ROGATINO's arm. ROGATINO looks startled.

18.1 ROGATINO

I THINK I HATE SHEM--

18.2 ROGATINO/LINKED

?!

18.3 SFX: CORD WRAPPING AROUND ARM

SNAP

## PANEL 2

THE STYGIAN throws a glittering green cloud of powder in ROGATINO's face. ROGATINO is coughing.

18.4 STYGIAN

THEN LET ME EASE YOUR SUFFERING, OPHIRAN  
APE.

18.5 SFX: POWDER CLOUD

PAFF!

18.6 ROGATINO

--KAFF!

## PANEL 3

The STYGIAN rears back to deliver a killing stroke...

NO COPY

## PANEL 4

The tip SONJA's sword blade protrudes from the STYGIAN's chest, stabbed from behind.

18.7 SFX: STAB

SHNK!

18.8 STYGIAN

--UH?!

## PANEL 5

As the STYGIAN collapses, it reveals SONJA, her sword red with blood, turning to meet the charge of another STYGIAN. We see ROGATINO, dazed and shaking his head, down on his knees.

18.9 SONJA

BEWARE!

18.10 SONJA/LINKED

THE LOTUS POWDER CAN ROB YOU OF YOUR  
SENSES!

18.11 ROGATINO (QUIET, IN BACKGROUND)

KAFF! KAFF! NOW - KAFF! - YOU TELL ME.

## PAGE 19 [4 PANELS]

## PANEL 1

SONJA carves her way into the STYGIANS; she's a swirl of steel in the center of the carnage. She's slashing one STYGIAN with her sword, crouching low (allowing the blow from another to pass over her head and stab one of his comrades).

**19.1 SFX: SWORD STRIKE MISSING**

SWISSSH

**19.2 SFX: SWORD STRIKE HITTING**

SHLUK!

**19.3 SONJA**

IS THAT THE BEST YOU'VE GOT?

**19.4 STYGIAN (SCREAMING)**

NNNGGGH!

## PANEL 2

Inset panel; close on SONJA's face, a thin mist of blood splashing on it, as she dispatches another STYGIAN.

**19.5 SONJA (LOUD)**

IS IT?!

## PANEL 3

Small panel; VALKOS and DIMITRI look on in amazement.

**19.6 DIMITRI (QUIET)**

ERLIK HAVE MERCY.

**19.7 VALKOS (QUIET)**

HE'LL HAVE TO. SONJA WON'T.

## PANEL 4

We see the whole band, finishing off the other STYGIANS. WURKEST is pinning a STYGIAN to table with his spear; ROGATINO is still trying to clear his eyes (and near him we can see THUMEKMES, cowering).

**19.8 WURKEST**

THIS IS--

**19.9 WURKEST/LINKED (QUIET)**

NNF!

**19.10 SFX: SPEAR STAB**

THUNK!

**19.11 WURKEST/LINKED**

--THE LAST OF THEM.

**19.12 STYGIAN (DYING)**

NGGK!

## PAGE 20 [5 PANELS]

## PANEL 1

THUMEKMES makes a break for it, his expression terrified.

## 20.1 THUMEKMES (QUIET)

THEY'RE DEVILS. SET AND IBIS PROTECT ME--

## PANEL 2

ROGATINO "clotheslines" THUMEKMES; ROGATINO's characteristic smile and pleasant demeanor are gone. He's good and mad now; his eyes are wide open and red from the Stygian lotus powder.

## 20.2 ROGATINO

NOT SO FAST.

## 20.3 SFX: BLOW

WHUDD!

## 20.4 THUMEKMES

URK!

## PANEL 3

ROGATINO has THUMEKMES by the front of his cloak, and is pointing the tip of his rapier into THUMEKMES' neck, just starting to draw blood. ROGATINO is yelling.

## 20.5 ROGATINO

IT'S BEEN A BAD DAY, STYGIAN.

## 20.6 ROGATINO/LINKED

YOU PROMISED US GOLD. WHERE IS IT?

## 20.7 ROGATINO/LINKED (YELLING)

TELL ME, OR BY MITRA I'LL HAVE YOUR EYES.

## PANEL 4

SONJA, arms folded, her sword back in its scabbard, is issuing an order, her expression serious.

## 20.8 SONJA

ROGATINO.

## 20.9 SONJA

STAND DOWN. I WANT HIM ALIVE.

## PANEL 5

Small panel, tight on ROGATINO, who's looking back at SONJA, arguing a bit. We can see THUMEKMES at least partially in frame, still looking scared.

## 20.10 ROGATINO

BY ALL THE GODS, WHY?

## 20.11 ROGATINO

THIS BASTARD TRIED TO HAVE US MURDERED.

**20.12 SONJA (OFF-PANEL)**

DON'T MAKE ME SAY IT AGAIN.

**PANEL 6**

STET panel, except now ROGATINO is slamming the hilt of his rapier into THUMEKMES' temple, hard.

**20.13 ROGATINO**

...

**20.14 ROGATINO/LINKED**

FINE.

**20.15 SFX: BLOW**

WHUDDD!

## PAGE 21 [5 PANELS]

## PANEL 1

SONJA kneels over THUMEKMES unconscious form, tearing his tunic back open. ROGATINO is gesturing at him angrily.

21.1 ROGATINO

BUT I WANT TO KNOW WHY.

21.2 SFX: SHIRT RIP

SHHRIPP!

21.3 SONJA

HE'S A STYGIAN SCRIBE.

21.4 ROGATINO

SO?

21.5 SONJA

FOR THE MOST PART, THEY'RE SCHOLARS. BUT SOME ARE ALSO KEEPERS OF SECRET KNOWLEDGE.

## PANEL 2

Small panel. Close on SONJA's sword blade, still dripping with STYGIAN blood.

21.6 SONJA

SECRETS THAT CAN ONLY BE REVEALED WITH BLOOD.

## PANEL 3

Small panel, close on THUMEKMES' back, as the blood drips hit his skin.

21.7 SONJA

THE BLOOD OF ANOTHER STYGIAN, TO BE PRECISE.

21.8 SFX: DRIP

DRIP!

## PANEL 4

Bigger pannel; we see the blood forming vaguely EGYPTIAN looking heiroglyphs on THUMEKMES' back; they glow faintly, a sickly blood red.

NO COPY

## PANEL 5

ROGATINO, VALKOS, DIMITRI, and WURKEST, looking down at THUMEKMES (off-panel). SONJA is in the foreground.

21.10 DIMITRI

YOU KNEW ABOUT THIS?

21.11 SONJA

OLAG DID. THAT'S WHY HE SENT US.

21.12 ROGATINO

ENOUGH, SONJA. WE FOLLOW YOU, AND WE'RE  
LOYAL, BUT YOU'VE GOT A LOT OF EXPLAINING  
TO DO.

## PAGE 22 [SPLASH PAGE]

## PANEL 1

Full-page splash.

We see SONJA and her men, standing over the dead STYGIANS as CAPTAIN SHEMIZAN and several city MILITIA enter the tavern. SHEMIZAN is pointing at SONJA and ordering her arrest.

**22.1 SHEMIZAN**

INDEED, OUTLANDERS.

**22.2 SHEMIZAN/LINKED**

YOU MIGHT START BY EXPLAINING WHAT APPEARS TO BE SEVERAL BRUTAL MURDERS.

**22.3 SHEMIZAN/LINKED (LOUD)**

BY THE LAWFUL AUTHORITY OF KING AKKHIMAR OF PERSEMHIA, YOU ARE ALL UNDER ARREST.

**[[[CREDITS BLOCK]]]**

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**[[[END CREDITS BLOCK]]]**

**TO BE CONTINUED...**