

HORIZON

Issue 1: "Wings of Icarus"

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The far off future of 3532 A.D. Humanity has joined a galactic community and spread all across the Milky Way. The Star System Alliance (SSA) maintains a relative peace throughout the galaxy, but there is still plenty of conflict to go around. Those who refuse to live by the laws of the new order live on the fringe, scavenging what they can find and stealing what they can't. They are pirates.

CAST:

SYDNEY ALISTAIRE:

Species: Human

Appearance: Male appearing to be in his early thirties. He is tall and lean with medium length brown hair, sharp blue eyes and a mischievous smile. He is roguishly handsome, and has an easy swagger about him. Sydney wears a worn, three quarter navy-blue peacoat, trousers, and boots. Around his waist is a holster carrying a gold and purple alien hand-cannon (Sun Lord weapon). Sydney always has dog tags on a silver necklace, but the tags stay tucked under his shirt.

About the character: A former naval officer, now wanted war criminal (wrongly accused), Sydney is the captain of the pirate ship *Icarus*. He is highly intelligent, charismatic, and unpredictable.

ARAK OF THE SUNDERED MOUNTAIN:

Species: Chagar - Between eight to ten-feet-tall and weighing close to 800 pounds, they are living tanks with a penchant for destruction. These lizard-like creatures have bony plates covering their entire body and are extremely difficult to kill. Despite their animal appearance, Chagar are not mindless brutes. They are tribal warriors, living by a strict code of ethics, are the best metal-workers in the galaxy. They live to be between 600-800 years.

Appearance: Arak is a Chagar in the prime of his life, and stands over eight feet. His body is red with dark brown markings around the face and along his back. His eyes are golden, with black crocodile pupils. Arak rarely wears a shirt, but has intricate armor from his waist to his knees, and massive boots. Arak's weapon of choice is a energy-scythe with a glowing orange blade. If there is a god of war, Arak was made in his image.

About the character: Sydney's loyal friend and the *Icarus'* resident wrecking ball, Arak leaves no mission unfinished. This stoic warrior lets his actions speak for him, and never turns away from a good fight.

ROOK (full name: ALIA PESH ROROOK):

Species: Broccus - Often called "the Lost Cousins of Earth," Broccus are a humanoid species from a distant arm of the galaxy. They average between five and six-feet-tall, are of a slender build, and have skin every shade of purple. Broccus are highly militarized, and train in the art of war and science at an early age. Every citizen is required to serve in the military before leaving the home world, and many find work in similar positions later in life. Broccus are incredibly strong for their size. With rare exception, Broccus bear tattoos all over their bodies that detail the major exploits of their life, written in alien symbols. Though most die long before old age, they can live to be 180.

Appearance: A female Broccus appearing to be in her twenties. Rook is slender and feminine, with shoulder-length black hair (that she constantly dyes other colors), silver eyes and a stern

but attractive face. She wears form-fitting woven clothing, and can attach armor plates when there's fighting to do. On her right arm, running from the shoulder to her wrist, are silver tattoos detailing her decorated history. Her weapon of choice is the most dangerous object in the room. *About the character:* The heavy weapons specialist for the ship. Rook is honest and direct, a consummate professional, but has a sense of humor with Sydney's antics.

LEK'NOK'SHRUN:

Species: Tassilian - Perhaps one of the oldest species in the known galaxy, Tassilian are hyper-intelligent collections of energy and electricity. Only a few have ever been seen on civilized planets, so they remain something of a mystery to the rest of the universe. Tassilian love to be around anything mechanical, as interaction with those systems give them a sense of purpose. When "attached" to a machine, they are recognizable by glowing particles around the hardware. In order to engage with the physical world, they often don specially made cybernetic suits. No one is exactly clear on how Tassilians die, or how to kill them.

Appearance: Lek'Nok is an ageless creature, but his mannerism are reminiscent of a mature human man. His suit is a bronze and sapphire armor made into a humanoid shape, with glowing blue eyes and a square mouth. Lek'Nok often appears uncomfortable with his physical body, bumping into objects and walking in a gangly manner.

About the character: Pilot of the *Icarus*, Lek'Nok is a grounded personality, offering sage wisdom and insight. He avoids partaking in violence, focusing on flying instead.

CASTLE:

Species: Human

Appearance: Average build and medium height, with sharp features and hollow cheeks. He has green eyes, short brown hair, and a wiry beard. Castle tends to slouch a lot, hunching his shoulders and lowering his head. He always wears a smile, but there is a seriousness in his eyes that hint at a darker past. Castle wears a chef's outfit all the time, and carries a sharp carving knife on a belt.

About the character: *Icarus'* onboard chef and Sydney's oldest friend, Castle seems to be the only person out of place on a pirate ship. He is extremely focused when working, but always cheerful toward the crew.

COMMANDER ELLIOT FAWKS:

Species: Human

Appearance: Tall, broad shouldered, with blonde hair and green eyes. In his mid thirties, but appears somewhat older in his face. Always seems serious and focused. Wears the uniform of a naval officer: A pressed white suit and gold shoulder-boards, complete with a chest-full of medals and ribbons. Elliot never wears a weapon when in uniform.

About the character: The ideal naval officer, Elliot is fiercely focused and driven. He is incredibly intelligent and calculating, making him a rising star in the Alliance Navy.

CAPTAIN ORION:

Species: Krillen - An amphibious race of humanoids. Shorter than humans of average, and with a range of body types, the Krillen are master navigators and energetic merchants. At a young age, Krillen have silky smooth, green skin and black hair. As they age, their skin becomes the texture of a toad, and their features flatten. The Krillen are not skilled warriors on the ground, but a few are skilled tacticians. They also have an artistic streak that makes them prized in the more civilized portions of the galaxy. Krillen live to be 300.

Appearance: An older Krillen, with weathered skin and sparse gray hairs. His eyes are a dull copper with the pupils of a gecko. Orion is heavysset, but knows how to use his weight in a fight. He has a double ridge running from his nose to over his large eyes. He wears a brown leather jacket and colorful shirts, and carries a worn saber on his belt.

About this character: Captain of the *Iron Hide*, Orion was Sydney's pirate mentor for many years.

CAPTAIN RAVEN (RIJUTA THAKKAR):

Species: Human

Appearance: Medium height and an athletic build, in her late twenties. She has olive skin, straight black hair, and hazel eyes. Raven carries herself with confidence, but doesn't hide her sultry form. Her attire consists of form-fitting clothes and light armor, and she always has at least three pistols within easy reach.

About the character: Raven is a renowned pirate with a dangerous reputation and three ships under her command. Her loyalty to her crew is absolute and she has a soft spot for the downtrodden. She is unpredictable, and has a complicated relationship with Sydney and the crew of the *Icarus*.

CAPTAIN URIK:

Species: Sartor - The Sartor (Sartori) are intelligent and inventive artisans, and accomplished fighters. Sartor are between six and seven-feet tall and slender, but are much stronger than they appear. Their skin is light to dark blue, and can be spotted or striped. Though they are willing to work with other species for their own betterment, Sartor will always make the decision that best favors themselves. Sartor live to be 450.

Appearance: Urik is tall and imposing, with dark blue skin and black eyes. He wears plated armor and polished boots.

About the character: Captain of the *Hell Fire*, and a member of the Vanguard for the Black Fleet.

There are various other sentient species in the galaxy that live and work in our universe. We leave them to the artist's discretion at this time.

LOCATIONS:

THE ICARUS:

A lightly armored pirate ship, built for speed and maneuverability. It has a shark-like frame, a single dorsal fin, and two winglets angled 45 degrees from the body. It is well maintained, but the interior is more functional than aesthetically pleasing.

HELIX STATION:

A large and technologically advanced space station for the SSA, and the build site for secret projects. Smooth lines, polished metal, looks brand new.

THE ROCK:

Hollowed-out asteroid. Nondescript from the outside. Inside is a sprawling pirate haven, ingeniously constructed into the walls.

THE HELL FIRE:

A heavily armed and armored frigate, painted black, with sharp angles and plenty of battle scars. The interior is stark and dim.

PAGE ONE - 6 panels

Panel One - Horizontal panel, top 1/3 of page

A wide shot of a transport ship flying through the black. A large gas giant and its moon hang back on the left side of the page, while a brilliant blue star glows on the right. The aging vessel leaves a long yellow tail in its wake as it frantically flees from the darkness.

1. CAPTAIN MADDIX (FLOATING): What's the status on that distress call?

Panel Two - Center left

Interior of the transport ship's flight deck. A red warning light strobes in the corner as Captain Maddix stands stoically in command of his vessel. The ship's communication officer looks at him with fear in his eyes.

1. COMMUNICATIONS OFFICER: Nothing's getting through, sir. They're jamming all of our signals.

2. CREW MEMBER (FLOATING): It's not going to make a difference...

Panel Three - Center

A panicked young man stares at holographic radar displaying a yellow blip being chased by a blue blip.

1. CREW MEMBER: Whoever they are, they're moving fast. Help won't get here in time.

Panel Four - Center right

Tight on Maddix' face.

1. CAPTAIN MADDIX: No reason to be bashful, lad. You know exactly who *they* are...

Panel Five - Horizontal panel, bottom 1/3 of page.

A wide shot of the transport tearing through space, as a SECOND SHIP gives chase. The new vessel has a little flare, and seems almost shark-like. It is significantly smaller than the transport ship, and looks like a machine built for speed and maneuverability. It is painted a dark shade of blue.

1. CAPTAIN MADDIX (FLOATING): PIRATES!

Panel Six - Small floating panel, bottom right, overlapping panel 5.

A tight shot on sigil painted the pirate ship's hull: Two crossed bones, with wings on either side. The wings flank a yellow sun. Underneath the symbol is name "ICARUS."

PAGE TWO - 7 panels

Panel One - Top left

Interior of the transport ship's flight deck. The communications officer uses one hand to fiddle with switches, while the other presses against his ear piece.

1. COMMUNICATIONS OFFICER: They're sending a transmission.

Panel Two - Top center

Maddix gestures with his hand to patch the call through.

1. CAPTAIN MADDIX: This is Captain Maddix. What is your business with this vessel?

2. SYDNEY (FLOATING): Captain, you're currently in possession of a good deal of cargo I mean to liberate...

Panel Three - Top right

Icarus continues to close the gap with the transport ship. The two ships are almost next to each other.

1. SYDNEY (FLOATING): Some of my crew will be along presently to collect it—

Panel Four - Center left

Maddix maintains his resolve as three of his crew members ready various fire arms behind him.

1. CAPTAIN MADDIX: This ship is transporting military supplies on behalf of the Star System Alliance. You are in affect attempting to steal directly from the Alliance's Navy.

2. SYDNEY (FLOATING): Yes...yes I am.

Panel Five - long panel across center

Icarus fires a cylindrical tube toward the transport ship. It arcs gracefully through the black toward its target.

1. SYDNEY (FLOATING): In a few moments you're going to feel the impact of our boarding pod. You have one

opportunity to throw down whatever weapons you have and cooperate.

2. SYDNEY (FLOATING):

The decision is yours: die alone and cold, protecting someone else's swag, or go home to your families.

3. SYDNEY (FLOATING):

I don't see any reason this has to be an unpleasant experience for any of us. We'll be over shortly.

Panel Six - Bottom left

Tight on Captain Maddix, his face betraying his anxiety for the first time.

1. CAPTAIN MADDIX:

The man's insane.

2. SYDNEY (FLOATING):

...That is the general consensus, yes.

Panel Seven - Bottom right

Captain Maddix looks at the Communications Officer incredulously as the Communications officer shrugs in surprise.

1. SYDNEY (FLOATING):

...This channel is still open, by the way.

2. COMMUNICATIONS OFFICER:

whispers You didn't say to end the call.

PAGE THREE - 7 panels

Panel One - Top left

The boarding pod slams into the transport ship, bending the hull inward under the force of the impact.

Panel Two - Top right

Interior corridor of the transport ship. In the foreground is the massive dent caused by the pod's impact. Maddix stands in the background, sidearm drawn, as three of his crew members kneel with weapons aimed at the dent. The kneeling crew members tremble slightly.

1. SFX:

CLANG!

2. CAPTAIN MADDIX:

Steady, men.

Panels Three, Four, Five and Six - equal sized panels across the middle third.

Looking head-on at the impact sight. A glowing orange light pierces through the hull and begins to trace a circle, a bit of smoke wafting in its wake. Panels 3-5 show the circles progress to

completion, panel 6 shows the completed circle, as the orange light cools and gives way to a solid black line.

1. SFX: HISSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSS

Panel Seven - Horizontal panel, bottom 1/3 of page

The freshly cut piece of hull flies across the panel with force into the ship, hitting the wall on the other side of the corridor.

1. SFX: CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAASH

PAGE FOUR - 3 panels

Panel One - Small panel, top left

Tight on Captain Maddix face, his eyes wide in fear.

1. SFX: WUMP

2. SFX: WUMP

Panel Two - Long panel, top right

On the three crew members, trembling in fear.

1. SFX: GRRRRRRRRRR

2. CREW MEMBER ONE: Holy sh—

3. CREW MEMBER TWO: It's a Chagar...I've never seen a Chagar.

4. CREW MEMBER THREE: He's huge.

Panel Three - 3/4 page splash

Arak, the mighty Chagar, stands before them barely fitting in the confines of the corridor. Next to the giant stands a smiling Captain Sydney Alistaire, brandishing a his trademark sidearm: an ornate gold and purple hand canon.

1. SYDNEY: How about it, gents? Anything on this rig worth losing your life over?

PAGE FIVE - 4 panels

Panel One - Horizontal panel, top 1/3 of page

LOCATION: HELIX STATION - SSA NAVAL BASE

A brand new, state-of-the-art naval base and research facility. Commander Elliot Fawks and Captain Harkin stand in the foreground, overlooking the construction of an experimental deep space exploration vessel. The ship is mostly hidden by tarps and scaffolding, but patches of black metal can be seen sporadically. Workers of various species scurry about, seeing to their respective duties.

1. FAWKS: How long will we be delayed?
2. HARKIN: It's hard to be sure, sir. Sun Lord technology is extremely advanced, we still don't fully understand it. It's been challenging integrating it into our own systems.
3. LIEUTENANT (O.P.): Commander Fawks!

Panel two - Center left

Fawks turns to face the LT.

1. LIEUTENANT: A transport vessel carry supplies was attacked by pirates in our sector. All of the cargo was lost.
2. FAWKS: How many casualties?

Panel three - Long panel across center

BLACK AND WHITE flashback panel. The crew of the transport ship sits comfortably tied up, laughing and smiling, as Sydney narrates a hilarious story.

1. LIEUTENANT (FLOATING): Actually...none, sir.
2. LIEUTENANT (FLOATING): To be honest, they said it was rather..."pleasant."
3. FAWKS (FLOATING): That's a surprise.

Panel Four - Horizontal panel, bottom 1/3 of page

Fawks turns his attention back toward the ship.

1. HARKIN: They could have at least tried to defend the cargo.
2. FAWKS: There's a lot of galaxy to patrol, Captain. We don't have enough manpower to cover it all. Outsourcing low-priority supply runs to the private sector has helped some...

3. FAWKS:

...but you can't expect civilians to risk their lives for *our* cargo. Lieutenant, increase the patrol rates and instruct the transport companies to stick to the main causeways. And get me an inventory of everything we're missing.

PAGE SIX - 7 panels

Panel One - Top left

Inside *Icarus'* cargo hold. On Sydney holding an apple and listening thoughtfully. Behind him, Arak moves giant crates as if they were weightless.

1. ROOK (O.P.):

A few dozen crates of small arms, ammunition, explosives, a few of these mag-rail gatlings...

Panel Two - Wide panel, top center

On Rook sitting on top of a crate surrounded by more crates. In one hand she holds a cargo manifest while the other hand easily lifts a massive mag-rail gatling gun nearly twice her size.

1. ROOK:

I've always wanted a mag-rail gatling...just saying...no? Fine...

2. ROOK:

And whatever food stuffs and fuel cells you *didn't* leave with Captain...whatever his name was.

Panel Three - Center left

Tight on Sydney, examining the ripeness of the apple.

1. SYDNEY:

Leaving them this far from civilization without food or fuel would have been a death sentence. I promised they could go home.

Panel Four - Center

Rook drops the mag-rail gatling gun, the expression on her face unmoved.

1. SFX:

CLUUUUNK

2. ROOK:

Hey, I didn't say anything.

Panel Five - Center right

Sydney cracks a smile.

1. SYDNEY: Yeah, but you were not saying it very loudly.
2. SFX: CRAAAAAASH

Panel Six - Wide panel, bottom left

Sydney and Rook look at Arak, one massive crate at his feet, the other still effortlessly above his head.

1. ARAK: **They should have fought and died with honor.**
2. SYDNEY: Hey, I don't blame them, Arak. You're a wall of terrifying. I'm your best friend, and I'm still a little afraid of you.

Panel Seven - Bottom right

Sydney looks up as a streak of blue electricity courses through the wiring atop the cargo hold.

1. SFX: CRACKLE
2. LEK'NOK (FLOATING): *Sydney, we will be arriving soon.*
3. SYDNEY: I'll be right up, Lek.

PAGE SEVEN - 7 panels

Panel One - Wide panel, top left

Sydney tosses the apple to Rook, who moves her hand to catch it.

1. SYDNEY: Rook, store the fuel cells, get the food goods up to Castle, and find a fence for the weapons, if you please.
2. ROOK: Roppongi will deal. He's always looking for shooters, and we're the only crew crazy enough to steal from the Navy.

Panel Two - Top right

Sydney taps his temple as he feigns insult.

1. SYDNEY: Crazy like a fox.

2. ARAK (O.P.):

What's a fox?

Panel Three - Center left

Sydney walks around Arak.

1. SYDNEY:

I don't know. A small dog? A large cat? I've never actually seen one. It's just an expression.

Panel Four - Center

Rook hops off her crate and smirks.

1. ROOK:

You don't want to help move this crap, Syd?

Panel Five - Center right

Sydney continues to walk backward, a large smile across his face. Rook bites into the apple.

1. SYDNEY:

You're a strong girl, Rook, you don't need some man to move boxes for you.

2. SYDNEY:

I've got Captain-y stuff to do. Besides...

Panel Six - Wide Panel, bottom left

LOCATION: THE ROCK - PIRATE HAVEN

Icarus approaches a giant asteroid. A few ships dot the blackness around them.

1. SYDNEY (FLOATING):

We're almost home.

Panel Seven - Floating panel, bottom right

Icarus flies into an inconspicuous crevice in the side of The Rock.

PAGE EIGHT AND NINE - Two page splash with pull out page.

Icarus fully enters The Rock, revealing the true nature of the awe-inspiring structure. Small ships and various crafts scurry about the hollowed-out asteroid, others are docked at the landing bays along the interior walls. Lights from living quarters, businesses, bars and establishments twinkle all around. The pirate haven has all of the features of a fully sufficient futuristic city. *Icarus* disappears into the organized chaos.

PAGE TEN - 7 Panels

Panel One - Top left

Sydney makes his way down a corridor toward the flight deck. Castle walks toward him, wearing his trademark chef's outfit and a twin set of butcher knives holstered around his waist. Castle is bright eyed and smiling as he carries a box labeled "Protein"

1. SYDNEY: Rook has some food goods for you...and some of it's actually food, not consolidated nutrients.

2. CASTLE: Exciting. No protein paste tonight.

Panel Two - Top right

Sydney enters the flight deck as the doors slide open.

1. SFX: WOOOOSH

2. SYDNEY: How are we looking, Lek?

Panel Three - Vertical panel, center left.

Icarus has docked in a landing bay.

1. LEK'NOK (FLOATING): *Successfully docked, Captain.*

2. SYDNEY (FLOATING): Good. I need to meet with Orion. Why don't you slip into your body and join me?

Panel Four - Center

Icarus' flight deck control panel courses with blue electricity.

1. SFX: crackle

2. LEK'NOK: *If you insist.*

Panel Five - Center right

The blue electricity drains from the control panel, forming a floating cloud of blue energy: Lek'Nok in his natural form.

Panel Six - Bottom center

Lek pours himself into a lifeless metal robot crumpled on the floor. The robot's eyes glow blue as Lek fills the empty machine.

1. SFX: whiiiiiiirrrrr

Panel Seven - Bottom right

Lek is fully integrated into the robot body. The machine's eyes glow blue as blue light crackles throughout the frame.

PAGE ELEVEN - 8 panels

Panels One, Two, Three, Four and Five - Configured at artist's discretion across top 1/2 of page, dialog to be allocated at artist's discretion

Sydney and Lek make their way through the crowded streets and alleyways of The Rock. The "city" is vibrant, alive with commotion and color, the embodiment of an alien bazaar. The population is a dynamic mix of all species, and a few children expertly navigate the predominantly adult crowds. Residents conduct business, gossip in the public areas, and start fights. This is the chaotic life on the fringe. Lek wears his bronze and sapphire suit, which draws more than a few glances.

1. LEK'NOK: *If I may, Arak is generally your companion on these excursions.*
2. SYDNEY: He's busy moving heavy things. Besides, you're old as all hell. I figure some of that earned wisdom might rub off on me.
3. LEK'NOK: *I appreciate the attempted flattery, but the sentiment is dubious at best. My age is indeterminable by your standards.*
4. SYDNEY: ...See? I only understood like half of those words.
5. LEK'NOK: *chuckle*
6. SYDNEY: You spend too much time literally *in* the ship. It's good to stretch your borrowed legs from time to time. Get some outside contact.
7. LEK'NOK: *You're concern for my well-being is touching.*
8. SYDNEY: I'm thoughtful like that. Besides, you're never gonna meet a girl cooped up in there.
9. LEK'NOK: *My species is exceedingly rare. I will likely never stumble upon a female out here either.*
10. SYDNEY: You know, for a guy made out of light, you're a real downer sometimes.

Panel Six - Center Left

Sydney and Lek sit down at the bar of a moderately crowded drinking establishment. Sydney waves at the bartender, gesturing for two drinks.

1. SYDNEY: Two over here, and point me in Orion's general direction.
2. LEK'NOK: *I can't drink.*
3. SYDNEY: They're both for me.

Panel Seven - Center right

On the bartender as he pours two tumblers of nondescript alcohol. One glass is filled, the second overflows as the bartender is frozen in surprise.

1. LEK'NOK: **whispers* That seems like a waste of libation.*
2. BARTENDER: Sydney...you haven't heard?

Panel Eight - Horizontal panel across the bottom

BLACK AND WHITE panel. A large black ship floats ominously through space, surrounded by the debris of another destroyed vessel. Several human bodies can be seen floating in the midst of the wreckage. In the foreground a shattered piece of metal drifts, the words "IRON CLAD" still visible under scorch marks.

1. BARTENDER (FLOATING): The *Iron Clad* was massacred, its crew killed and Captain Orion taken captive.
2. BARTENDER (FLOATING): Word came in about a week ago...I assumed you knew.

PAGE TWELVE - 7 panels

Panel One - Top left

On Sydney. His expression is serious for the first time, a fire burning in his eyes as he slams a fist into the bar. The patrons around him take notice of his change in demeanor and back away.

1. SFX: WHACK
2. SYDNEY: WHO?!

Panel Two - Long panel, top center

BLACK AND WHITE panel. On the black ship floating through the wreckage.

1. BARTENDER (FLOATING): The Black Fleet's been gobbling up territory for decades...they finally sent an emissary to our side of the galaxy.

Panel Three - Floating panel, top right

BLACK AND WHITE panel. Tight on the symbol painted on the hull of the black ship: a skull and cross bones surrounded by flames. Underneath the sigil are the words "HELL FIRE."

Panel Four - Center left

On Sydney as he turns from the bar toward the door, purpose and determination in his eyes. Part of **Raven**'s body is visible in the foreground, between Sydney and the door. Her silhouette is draped in partial shadow.

1. LEK'NOK: *to himself* *I guess we're leaving then.*
2. RAVEN (PARTIALY O.P.): Sydney...

Panel Five - Vertical panel, center right

Full body panel on Raven, casually leaning against a wall. She has a wry smile and a dangerous air about her.

1. RAVEN: ...you look like you're about to do something incredibly stupid.

Panel Six - Bottom left

Sydney walks toward Raven on his way to the exit.

1. SYDNEY: I don't have time for a round of witty banter, Raven. There's no combination of words that's going to stop me.

Panel Seven - Bottom center

Sydney walks past Raven without breaking his gate.

1. RAVEN: Well, I'll certainly miss you. You were fun.

PAGE THIRTEEN - 8 panels

Panel One, Two, Three and Four - equal-sized boxes across the top of the page, each panel from the same POV.

Panel One

Panel Eight - Floating panel, bottom right corner.

Wides shot on Rook. She has a giant mag-rail gatling in either hand, and is surrounded by an impressive arsenal of stolen weaponry. She appears to have been playing with the loot.

1. ROOK: Who are we going to war with?

PAGE FOURTEEN - 6 Panels

Panel One - Top left

On the surprised faces of Rook, Arak and Castle.

1. ROOK: WHAT?!

2. ARAK: ***RUMBLE***

3. CASTLE: ...Who's Orion?

Panel Two - Top right

On Sydney.

1. SYDNEY: He's the reason I'm still alive. He took me in when I had nowhere else to go. He made me family. In one way or another, he made *us* a family.

Panel Three - Wide panel across the center.

Sydney, Lek, Rook, Arak and Castle stand in a circle in *Icarus'* cargo hold.

1. SYDNEY: The *Hell Fire* has a crew of over a hundred bodies. But that's not the real problem...

2. SYDNEY: They're a vanguard for the Black Fleet. The largest armada outside of the Alliance's Navy.

3. SYDNEY: We take the ship, we run the risk of blipping on their radar. It could potentially bring down a lot of heat. I understand if any of you don't w—

Panel Four - Floating panel, center right, overlapping panel three

On Arak.

1. ARAK: **We best leave no survivors.**

Panel Five - Bottom left

On Rook, Lek and Castle.

1. ROOK: Shut up, Syd. None of us would ever walk away from you...or a fight.
2. LEK'NOK: *You failed to conjure up a date for me, so I'm free... indefinitely.*
3. CASTLE: I literally just put in a soufflé and don't trust any of you not to botch it up.

Panel Six - Bottom right

Arak puts his mighty hand on Sydney's shoulder. The giant smiles ever so slightly. In the background Rook, Lek and Castle depart in different directions to prepare for the impending fight.

1. ROOK: Besides, what's the point of all these guns if I don't have something to shoot them at?
2. ARAK: **I miss your war face, Captain. I grow tired of your incessant smiling.**
3. SYDNEY: Uh...thanks, big guy. That's...nice?

PAGE FIFTEEN - 7 panels

Panel One - Vertical panel, top left

Interior of *Hell Fire's* brig, a dark and dank prison cell. Orion is chained and suspended from the ceiling, his feet barely touching the ground. His face is beaten and bloodied. Urik, Captain of the *Hell Fire*, circles him. Urik has a sinister grin plastered across his face.

1. URIK: I have to give it to you, Orion. You are a tough old bastard. You can really take a beating.

Panel Two - Top Center

Urik leans in toward Orion's face.

1. URIK: Don't get me wrong, I'm a little disappointed how easy it was to take your ship. You're supposed to be this legendary pirate, and I barely broke a sweat...I hope it wasn't all a lie.

Panel Three - Top right

On Orion's beaten face and torso.

1. URIK: Because I also hear you've got a moon somewhere bursting with loot...enough to rival the Admiral of the Black Fleet himself.
2. ORION: You believe everything you hear?

Panel Four - Center

Urik punches Orion in the gut, sending a bit of blood spraying from his mouth.

1. SFX: THWAAAK
2. ORION: UUUMF
3. URIK: I want that treasure!

Panel Five - Center right

Red warning lights start strobing behind Urik, accompanied with an alarm. He turns his attention toward the intercom near by that sparks to life.

1. SFX: EH EH EH EH EH
2. URIK: What's going on?
3. LOUD SPEAKER VOICE: Incoming ship. Small and alone, but moving fast. They've fired twenty boarding pods. Impact is imminent.

Panel Six - Wide panel, bottom left

Urik snarls as Orion sways on his chain.

1. URIK: Get five-man teams to each impact site and kill anything that comes out...I don't hear any guns, OPEN FIRE ON THAT SHIP!
2. ORION: Damn kid...
3. URIK: What did you call me, old timer?

Panel Seven - Bottom right

Profile of Orion's face.

1. SFX: BOOM
2. ORION: I wasn't talking to you, dummy. I was talking to...

PAGE SIXTEEN - 9 Panels

Panel One - Large panel, top left

Icarus tears through space, a long blue tail in its wake. Laser blasts and missiles whiz by it without making contact. A large number of boarding pods erupt from *Icarus*, arching toward their target, leaving a trail of white behind them.

1. ORION (FLOATING): The storm headed your way.

Panels Two and Three - Wide panels, stacked on top of each other, top right

Panel Two

Boarding pods land at various locations on *Hell Fire's* hull, bending the metal with violent impact.

Panel Three

Inside, the corridors of *Hell Fire* shudder under the impact and orange circles begin to trace through the hull. Crew members gather near impact sights, armed with small arms and riffles. They arrange themselves to attack head on.

1. SFX: CRAAAAAASH
2. SFX: CRUUUUUUUNCH
3. SFX HISSSSSSS

Panel Four - Center left

The pods breach, pushing freshly carved chunks of hull into the corridor. Crew members fire blindly into the pods.

1. SFX: CREEEEEEEEK
2. SFX: BRRRRRAAAAATTTT
3. SFX: PEW PEW

Panel Five - Center

POV: directly into a boarding pod. The smoke clears, bullet holes riddle every inch, but it is otherwise empty.

1. CREW MEMBER (FLOATING): Sir, they're empty...all of them.

Panels Six, Seven, Eight and Nine - Equal sized panels across the bottom of page

Panel Six

The exterior of *Hell Fire*, on the outside of a boarding pod. There is a moderately sized metal box attached to the pod, with a digital read our reading "00:03"

Panel Seven

Tighter on the box, now reading "00:02"

Panel Eight

Tighter on the box, now reading "00:01"

Panel Nine

Tight on just the timer, now reading "00:00"

PAGE SEVENTEEN - 4 panels

Panel One - Horizontal panel across top of page

Hell Fire is torn asunder by twenty simultaneous explosions around its hull, in a magnificent light display. The blasts tear through the metal, spewing chunks of ship and crew members alike into space. The ship manages to limp on, but is badly damaged.

Panel Two - Vertical panel, left side of page

Icarus rams a weak spot in *Hell Fire's* compromised hull. *Icarus* is small in comparison, but deals a destructive blow none the less, knocking *Hell Fire* off course and intertwining the two vessels.

Panel Three - Wide panel, center

Rook makes her way through a smoldering corridor of the *Hell Fire*. The twin mag-rail gatlings she wields glow red as they tear through *Hell Fire* crew members standing in her way. Their bodies vaporize in a torrent of hotel metal. She is wearing a portable atmosphere mask around her nose and mouth.

- | | |
|-----------------------|--|
| 1. SFX: | MRAAAAAAWP |
| 2. SYDNEY (FLOATING): | Rook, make your way to the engine room and put this monster out of her misery. |
| 3. ROOK: | Aye aye, Captain. |

Panel Four - Wide panel, bottom, directly under panel three

Arak swings his bright orange energy-scythe through several *Hell Fire* crew members with a single mighty swing, sending bodies flying in every direction. He is wearing a portable atmosphere mask around his mouth and nostrils.

1. SFX: WOOOOOOOOOSH
2. SFX: GAAAAAAAH
3. SYDNEY (FLOATING): Arak, keep our extraction point clear.
4. ARAK: **RAAAAAAWR!**
5. SYDNEY (FLOATING): Uh...alright.

PAGE EIGHTEEN - 7 panels

Panel One - Top left

High up on a catwalk, Sydney has a sword shoved through the stomach of a *Hell Fire* crew member, holding the body close and using it as a shield. He uses the assault rifle in his left hand to shoot over the shoulder of his shield, into a crowd of incoming attackers. Sydney is also wearing a portable atmosphere mask.

1. SFX: BRRRAAAAAATTTT
2. SYDNEY: I'm going to find Orion.

Panel Two - Wide panel, top center

Sydney kicks the corpse on his sword towards his attackers, sending the body flying into them.

1. SFX: THUD

Panel Three - Floating panel, top right

Tight on Sydney's boots as the empty rifle and two grenade pins hit the ground near them.

1. SFX: CLANK
2. SFX: tink
3. SFX: tink

Panel Four - Center left

Sydney jumps off the catwalk, grabbing onto a nearby cable, sword still in hand, and assault rifle dangling from a shoulder strap. Behind him, the grenade goes off, absorbing the crew members in a haze of fire and ash.

1. SFX: KABOOOM

Panel Five - Wide panel, center

Rook is mid lunge, about to slam a mag-rail barrel into the face of a Hell Fire crew member pinned against the wall.

1. SFX: AHHHHH

2. SFX: MRAAAAAWP

Panel Six - Bottom left

POV looking through a hole in the wall at Rook, smoke wafting from her gun barrel.

1. ROOK: Engine room secured. Pick up the pace, Syd.

Panel Seven - Wide panel, bottom right

Arak is engaged in combat with another Chagar: A green giant, slightly larger than Arak. The two are locked in a struggle, the staff of Arak's energy-scythe pushing back the handle of the other Chagar's war hammer.

1. ARAK: **I am in no rush, no warrior here is my equal.**

PAGE NINETEEN - 9 panels

Panel One - Top left

Arak pivots, freeing himself while simultaneously sending the other Chagar lurching forward.

Panel Two - Top center

Overhead view of Arak and the other Chagar. The other Chagar falls slightly forward as Arak spins around, bringing his energy scythe around the unbalanced Chagar's back.

1. SFX: WHOOOOOOSH

Panel Three - Top right

Arak follows through the strike, sending a red flash across the other Chagar's massive throat, separating head from body.

1. SFX: WAAAAOOOOOW

2. ARAK: **You were found lacking, boy.**

Panel Four Center left

Sydney enters *Hell Fire's* brig and finds himself facing Urik. Urik has a sword in hand. Fires smolder in the background.

1. URIK: Well, aren't you a swift pain in the ass. I'm warning you, human. I've buried better men than you before breakf—

Panel Five - Wide panel, center

Sydney charges, with surprising speed.

Panel Six - Wide panel, center, directly under panel five

Urik swings and misses as Sydney slides between his legs, stabbing a knife through Urik's foot on the way through.

1. URIK: AH! SON OF A—

Panel Seven - Bottom left

Only their silhouettes can be seen. Urik turns in time for Sydney to recover and drive his blade up the length of Urik's torso. A streak of black blood trails behind Sydney's blade as he finishes the stroke.

Panel Eight - Bottom center

Only their silhouettes can be seen. Sydney lowers his sword as Urik falls backward, more black blood gushing from his descending corpse.

1. URIK: *ACK*

Panel Nine - Bottom right

Sydney helps Orion down, the smile returning to his face.

1. ORION: You shouldn't have come.
2. SYDNEY: I know. But I did, and you're welcome.
3. ROOK (FLOATING): I'm done here, Syd, we need to ghost.
4. SYDNEY: Let's get the hell out of here.

PAGE TWENTY - 3 panels

Panel One - Top left

Icarus breaks away from the remains of Hell Fire.

Panel Two - Top right

Icarus takes off, leaving *Hell Fire* behind and bright blue trail in its wake. *Hell Fire* begins to explode from the inside.

Panel Three - 2/3 page splash

Hell Fire erupts into a blinding white light in the background, white washing everything on the panel, including *Icarus* racing away in the foreground.

PAGE TWENTY ONE - 8 panels

Panel One - Wide panel, top left

LOCATION: HELIX STATION

Commander Fawks' office. Hawks sits at his desk. A lieutenant pokes his head into the office.

1. LT: Sir, we processed the images from the transports cams...
2. LT: The pirate ship was called *Icarus*. Databanks say it's captained by a "Sydney Alistaire."

Panel Two - Floating panel, top right

On Fawks' face, his eyes are wide and attention fully engrossed.

1. LT (FLOATING): What are your orders?

Panel Three - Center left

Orion sits in the medical bay of *Icarus* as Sydney sees to his wounds.

1. ORION: I'm getting too old...that much at least I can glean from this experience.
2. SYDNEY: What are you talking about? You're going to live forever.

Panel Four - Center

Orion grabs Sydney's arm.

1. ORION: Nobody lives forever. You retire or you die...badly. I for one am going to enjoy the money I worked so hard to steal.

2. SYDNEY: No one deserves it more than you.

Panel Five - Center right

Orion lays back, smiling at the decision he's made.

1. ORION: You probably did a good deal of damage to this ship with that ballsy stunt you pulled.

2. SYDNEY: Doesn't matter.

3. ORION: I'll take care of it. My parting gift to you.

Panel Six - Bottom left

On Sydney, a touch of surprise on his face.

1. SYDNEY: You're serious about this? Retiring, I mean.

2. ORION (O.P.): This is a good ship.

3. ORION (O.P.): "Icarus," I always thought that was a strange name to choose.

Panel Seven - Bottom center

On Orion.

1. ORION: You know the story, yes? A cocky boy flies too close to the sun...it didn't end well for him.

Panel Eight - Bottom right

Sydney gestures for Orion to stop talking.

1. SYDNEY: I know the story, and no, the irony is not lost on me.

PAGE TWENTY TWO - Full page splash

LOCATION: THE LEVIATHAN - FLAGSHIP OF THE BLACK FLEET

A large figure stands draped in shadow in front of an immense window. Outside, hundreds of ships gather in formation: The Black Fleet. The figure's features are obscured, but the image is ominous. His head is turned slightly to listen to the subordinate in the foreground.

1. SYDNEY (FLOATING): But living this life...

2. SYDNEY (FLOATING): Whether intentionally or otherwise...

3. SYDNEY (FLOATING):

We're *all* flying too close to the sun.

4: SUBORDINATE:

My lord, the *Hell Fire* has been destroyed...What are your orders?