

8-Page, One-Shot script entitled:

# "TWILIGHT OF THE GODS PROPHECY"

TO BE CONSIDERED FOR:

COMIC BOOK SCHOOL'S  
8-PAGE CREATOR CHALLENGE FOR NYCC 2020

WRITTEN BY ANDRÉS BRIANO  
[andresbriano@gmail.com](mailto:andresbriano@gmail.com)  
+33 06 22 95 07 61

## PAGE ONE (3 PANELS)

**Panel 1:** Low angle. In the foreground on the dirt, a home-made dwarf rag doll, with its head torn off. It could have some drops of blood here or there.

CAPTION: Fragments from a Prophecy of the Apocalypse known as Twilight of the Gods, contained in the Dwarf Scrolls, dating from 3,000 years ago:

CAPTION [Parchment]: *An age of famine, pestilence and desolation shall set upon the world by your own hand, as you ravage, slaughter and usurp.*

**Panel 2:** A big bonfire fills the panel. In the center, fueling it, there are logs but also severed members of warriors. Next to the bonfire and sticking out of the ground, there are one sword and one ax, belonging to those who have summoned the truce, as a symbol of honesty. These belong to the **ORC CHIEF BIGTUSK** and the **GOBLIN WARBOSS XLIZER**, who are off-panel right now.

CAPTION: In the battlefield of the Lowlands of Ran'e-Lagh, it was the Orcs who lit the ritual bonfire of Truce.

CAPTION [Parchment]: *And you shall inch towards the end of the world, but the noise of deception and that of brothers killing brothers will not let you hear the doom that is coming.*

**Panel 3:** The sun setting on the horizon. We see the silhouette of the land (all black) with scattered trees. Different creatures hanging from nooses from the branches of those trees.

(NOTE: Below the horizon, I need some good space that is all black so as to put all the credits there)

CAPTION [Parchment]: *And, if all that devastation should not suffice, I shall send two final signs.*

## PAGE TWO (6 PANELS)

**Panel 1:** Behind the bonfire and to the left, we see the **ELF COMMANDER SYLVAR MORVARIS** and the **DWARF CAPTAIN MEVIEL IRONFORGE** in their battle-worn, blood-splattered armors. Helmets between their bodies and arms. As they were summoned, they have the right to hold on to their weapons. The fire is the only light source in this dusk. The shadows on faces should be ominous. The warm colors of the flames tint their expressions. Their army behind them should be nothing but black silhouettes.

MORVARIS [ELF]: Tell me Orc, why should we help the enemy that we despise?!

**Panel 2:** Reverse angle. Behind the bonfire, but to the right, we see their sworn enemies: Chief BigTusk and WarBoss Xlizer in their equally battle-worn, blood-splattered armors. Helmets in hands too. Same light/shadow/color notes. Their army behind them, the same, nothing but black silhouettes.

XLIZER [GOBLIN]: Beausse of hiss foul temper, and in the interessst of fruitful negotiationss, Chief BigTusssk will not be sspeaking. But I will answer you.

LINKED: Beausse our villagesss are being leveled and our eldersss and our infantsss are being ravaged by a monsstrouuss creature the sssize of a mountain whosse cry hauntss our nightss.

**Panel 3:** Behind the Elf and Dwarf commanders, warriors start murmuring concerned among themselves.

DWARF WARRIOR #1 (SMALL): Gunungwangi?

DWARF WARRIOR #2 (SMALL): The prophecy?

DWARF WARRIOR #3 (SMALL): But how could that be--?

**Panel 4:** CLOSE-UP of IronForge. She has turned around in anger to shout at the troops.

IRONFORGE [DWARF]: SILENCE!

CAPTION [Parchment]: *THE FIRST SIGN: Gunungwangi the immortal seven-headed Dragon. Born in hell from Serpent and Flying Beast, big like an ocean, has a shriek like thunder, and its appetite, like a volcano, is never satisfied.*

**Panel 5:**

MORVARIS [ELF]: The question remains, why should we help you?

LINKED: A beast eradicating your ilk from this world? Sounds like an answer to our prayers!

**Panel 6:** Wide panel with the bonfire in the middle, and the leaders of each army to each side of it.

TWILIGHT OF THE GODS PROPHECY / BRIANO

BIGTUSK [ORC]: Once no more Orcs and Goblins, who the beast going to feed on?

XLIZER [GOBLIN] (SMALL): Hold your tongue, General. We have agreed!

IRONFORGE [DWARF]: We'd rather take our chances...

## PAGE THREE (6 PANELS)

**Panel 1:** CLOSE-UP of the Goblin, standing next to the Orc, only reaching the height of his elbow.

BIGTUSK [ORC] (OFF-PANEL): We willing to return captured prisoners of war...

XLIZER [GOBLIN] (SMALL): You idiot...!

**Panel 2:** Over the bonfire we see the Dwarf and Elf conferring in secret, after adopting a sort of scrum position. On this side of the bonfire, the Goblin whispers to the Orc.

XLIZER [GOBLIN] (SMALL): Thisss bluff hasss now turned very rissky...

**Panel 3:** The faces of the Elf and Dwarf in the scrum. Seen from the ground up.

IRONFORGE [DWARF]: This smells bad. I don't trust them. It has to be a trap.

MORVARIS [ELF]: You are right. But how else can we get our people back alive?

**Panel 4:** conferring is over

MORVARIS [ELF]: We agree to help you. Under one condition.

IRONFORGE [DWARF]: Release all those you've kidnapped, immediately.

**Panel 5:** Dwarf and Elf looking at each other, as if they were discussing telepathically.

XLIZER [GOBLIN] (OFF-PANEL): Half of the prissoners now, half when the job iss done.

BIGTUSK [ORC] (OFF-PANEL): We not stupid!

**Panel 6:**

MORVARIS [ELF]: Very well. What do you need from us?

## PAGE FOUR (2 PANELS)

(NOTE: Two vertical panels, as tall as the page and half as wide.)

**Panel 1:** Goblins mining iron ore as a raw material to build the weapon.

CAPTION: We need your help to create a weapon like nothing seen before.  
A weapon that will stop this demon.

CAPTION [Parchment]: *Gunungwangi, the eater of worlds, the destroyer of civilizations, the extinction of species, knows no defeat, does not stop to rest and needs not feel hungry to eat.*

CAPTION: We can provide the best of raw minerals.

**Panel 2:** Orcs with domesticated salamanders are forcing those to breath fire into a forge to melt the iron ore.

CAPTION: And we provide hottest of fires.

## PAGE FIVE (2 PANELS)

(NOTE: Two vertical panels, as tall as the page and half as wide.)

**Panel 1:** Dwarves placing the molten metal into a cast.

CAPTION: But we need the Dwarfsss ssskillsss at forging weaponsss.

**Panel 2:** Elves performing a ritual under the full moon to grant the weapon magical powers.

CAPTION: And we need Elf's magic so that weapon can kill immortal creature.

CAPTION [Parchment]: *Only by surrendering to the beast and allowing it to devour your wives and sons in front of you, will you stay the last signal.*

## PAGE SIX (? PANELS)

**Panel 1:** REVEAL of the weapon in all it's glory. It is a mixture of a giant crossbow and a catapult. Made entirely of natural materials, such as trees, stone, and rope. It is loaded with a sort of harpoon (the size of a van) made with beautifully intricate metalwork (which we saw being manufactured in the last 2 pages). Morvaris looks tiny in front of it. The action happens at noon (very important).

MORVARIS [ELF]: We've kept our half of the bargain. Now, release our families.

BIGTUSK [ORC]: They waiting for us. Come, let's celebrate, Elf!

**Panel 2:** Inside a communal tent in the orc village, there's a very long table, covered with the most varied and exotic meals. A banquet resembling a Viking or Medieval Party. The Orc is holding up a sort of metal jug with wine.

(VISUAL AIDS: Viking or medieval Party)

(Type of table/Setting:

(<https://i.pinimg.com/originals/3b/a1/46/3ba146b2a5880b9772bb49a34fb14455.jpg>)

(<https://media.tacdn.com/media/attractions-splice-spp-674x446/07/bb/64/co.jpg>)

([https://www.visityork.org/imageresizer/?image=%2Fdmsimsgs%2FBanquet\\_-\\_website\\_2\\_1868781993.jpg&action=ProductDetailProFullWidth](https://www.visityork.org/imageresizer/?image=%2Fdmsimsgs%2FBanquet_-_website_2_1868781993.jpg&action=ProductDetailProFullWidth))

(Type of food:)

(<https://mm.aiircdn.com/122/5bdadec492da0.jpg>)

(<https://i.pinimg.com/originals/9e/c6/94/9ec694938a5037ce1320fe5a2d2f135b.jpg>)

(<https://pbs.twimg.com/media/BntiHZZIQAAFRa2?format=jpg&name=small>)

BIGTUSK [ORC]: We drink and eat to peace and collaboration.

LINKED: You, us and your families. All together.

**Panel 3:** Small panel. Morvaris biting a Turkey leg.

(NOTE: Gastón, consider dropping the background on this panel)

**Panel 4:** Small panel. Ironforge stuffing her face with lamb.

(NOTE: Consider dropping the background on this panel too)

IRONFORGE [DWARF]: The food is very good, Orc, but I'm growing impatient. Where's my son?

**Panel 5:** EXTREME CLOSE-UP of the Orc, as he wets his lips with his tongue.

BIGTUSK [ORC]: He on this table!

LINKED: Don't recognize the taste of your own flesh and blood?

**Panel 6:** The tarp roof of the tent is yanked away by Gunungwangi. We witness this from the POV of

TWILIGHT OF THE GODS PROPHECY / BRIANO

everyone that was inside of it. Morvaris in attack pose with his blade unsheathed. IronForge is spitting out the meat in her mouth. At the same time a Goblin warrior comes running in and shouting. The panel should evoke a force of nature, similar to footage of a tornado ripping the roof off a house, or an earthquake. The beast should be 5 times taller than the structure.

(SPOILER: Gunungwangi is a garden variety cockroach. But that will only be learned by the readers on page 8. So the challenge is to depict the monster as something that looks supernatural in tune with the prophecy, but at the same time, it has to have features that remind us of a roach, but only upon a second reading. Easier said than done, I'm sure)

GOBLIN: It'sss here! It'sss here!

## PAGE SEVEN (? PANELS)

**Panel 1:** In the foreground, Morvaris is struggling to physically refrain IronForge from going after BigTusk, with her ax. Morvaris' attention, however, is fixed on the Elfs and Dwarfs that are around the weapon, which is some 100 meters away, but since the tent has been yanked out, it is now on the line of sight.

MORVARIS [ELF] (JAGGED): CAPTAIN!

LINKED: AIM AND FIRE AT WILL!

**Panel 2:** SMALL PANEL. Close up of a sword as it slices through a tense rope (fire mechanism).

NO DIALOGUE

**Panel 3:** The intricate harpoon flying through the air at high speed. This is the panel to show it in all its glory. The metal can even glitter when reflecting the sun light.

NO DIALOGUE

**Panel 4:** The harpoon bounces off the belly of the beast without even scratching it. Scale is very important. The weapon that looked so big and massive when presented next to the Elfs, must now look tiny in comparison to the beast.

SFX: Pink...!

**Panel 5:** CLOSE-UP of IronForge, somber, in disbelief.

IRONFORGE [DWARF]: All is lost.

**Panel 6:** The Elf has let go of the Dwarf. He took a step back and he is pointing at BigTusk.

MORVARIS [ELF]: Not all is lost.

LINKED: Avenge your son!

**Panel 7:** FULL SHOT of IronForge, jumping in mid air, holding her ax with both hands over her head, ready to strike as soon as she lands.

(NOTE: I would drop the background on this panel too)

MORVARIS [ELF] (OFF-PANEL): It's an honor to die at your side, Meviel.

## PAGE EIGHT (6 PANELS)

**Panel 1:** Almost identical to last panel of previous page, with a couple of slight differences. This action takes place a couple of milliseconds after that panel. Everything around IronForge (her included) has gone dark in the middle of the day. As if something was blocking the sun. This prompts her to get distracted from her mission and to look up in surprise.

CAPTION [Parchment]: *THE SECOND SIGN: But if the sun becomes black in the middle of the day, you will know that you have failed, for this is the last sign.*

**Panel 2:** Dwarf's POV: Angle looking straight up. The motion blurred sole of a **Converse All-Stars sneaker** that comes crushing down. It should not be instantly recognizable.

(VISUAL AIDS: All-Star Sneaker: [https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Sneakers#/media/File:Black\\_Converse\\_sneakers.JPG](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Sneakers#/media/File:Black_Converse_sneakers.JPG))

CAPTION [Parchment]: *I will sweep the earth with the broom of destruction, and this whole land shall become a desolate wasteland forever.*

**Panel 3:** CLOSE-UP of the sneaker stepping on grass.

CAPTION [Parchment]: *For peace shall only be obtained when no creature remains alive.*

**Panel 4:** CLOSE-UP of a squished cockroach caked into the sole of the upturned sneaker. The owner is trying to remove the goo off of it with a small tree branch or twig.

CAPTION [Parchment]: *And the responsibility shall be yours and not mine, for I am divine.*

**Panel 5:** Similar to panel above, only CLOSER. Less goo on the sole than before. Between 2 grooves, and tiny to the point of not even registering, is the harpoon.

CAPTION [Parchment]: *And alone, I will stand to declare the end of the beginning.*

**Panel 6:** The same 2 grooves from above now look as big as canyons. And shoved in there, the harpoon, all twisted and bent.

OWNER (OFF-PANEL): I hate cockroaches.