

# Ad Aversum

Issue #1

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PAGE ONE (ONE PANEL)

Panel 1. Splash page. We see a hill with a path leading up. At the top, an enormous Greco-Roman temple sits with massive pillars, white and pristine. We don't see the top of it because of its impossible size. Brilliant, crystalline light shines out from between two massive pillars. There is loud laughter within. Imagine the gods are having a party within. The wind blows and rain begins to fall. Near the bottom left of the page are two figures climbing the path though we can't make out clearly who they are. One is smaller than the other, They look windswept and ragged from the climb up the mountain. Lightning flashes in the distance, heralding a storm. Thunder in the distance.

SFX:  
BOOOM

1 CAP:  
I remember that horrible night...

## PAGE TWO (THREE PANELS)

Panel 1. The two travelers have arrived at the temple. We now look at the two figures from inside the temple. They look like ants at the bottom center of the panel. Encapsulating them is the massive temple. Behind them, a dark stormy night. Rain has begun to fall. They are insignificant standing next to the base of a massive stone pillar inside the temple where there is light and revelry. One of the small figures has his hands raised as if to draw attention to himself. He is a FATHER. He shouts in desperation.

FATHER:

Help! I beseech the gods!

1 CAP:

Everything was simple then.

Panel 2. A close up on the Father from the shoulder up, center panel. He looks directly at us. An older gentleman, he is in his fifties, wrinkled skin, soaked and cold from the rain. And yet there is a weakness about him, something that has worn on him for many years. He may be a farmer or a peasant, but he is simply dressed. He looks at us with wide, pleading eyes and his hands are clasped together in front of him.

1 CAP:

We loved the gods then...

Panel 3. Suddenly, in this panel we see 10 larger-than-life individuals standing in a row across the panel amid glorious light. These are the 10 Emphyreals, godlike beings. Each one controls a different aspect of nature and they each resemble their element in frightening ways. Here is a list of each Emphyreal and their respective element:

IMAIA - WIND

PAREXAND - FIRE

RAEMA - COLD

PHAILOS - SAND

AMYRRH - FORESTS

ENTIDEMOS - OCEANS

CLESIA - ANIMALS

CHELIUS - EARTH

KLOS - DARKNESS

SICALVIA - MOUNTAINS

Each one of these gods is looking down on the Father, annoyed that their revelry has been interrupted.

1 CAP:

But the gods? They hated us...

PAGE THREE (THREE PANELS)

Panel 1. The Empyreals are on the right side of the panel, in an arc, looking down at the two insignificant figures on the bottom left. A wide cap separates them. The Empyreal of the Winds, IMAIA, opens her mouth to speak.

IMAIA:  
What do you want?

1 CAP:  
We all want something more than anything we can give in return...

Panel 2. Medium shot on the Father. He bows his head in humility, still clasping his hands. He's desperate now, and terrified now that all attention is focused on him. Everything behind him is darkness. Someone shorter is standing next to him but we can't see who it is clearly.

FATHER:  
I am but a humble Fade. I will cease from existence if you don't cure me.

Panel 3. Close up on the Father again. He has tears in his eyes and reaches out toward the gods with gnarled hands.

FATHER:  
I am a curious man with a good, sharp mind and intellect. Please don't let me die before my time! I beg you!

PAGE FOUR (TWO PANELS)

Panel 1. The Empyreals continue to watch from the top right corner of the panel, most look unconcerned or bored. Some of them look curious. The two smaller figures stand at the bottom left of the panel, small like ants compared to the gods before them.

FATHER:

In return, I will give you a sacrifice!

Panel 2. Close up now on the Father's son who was standing next to him all along. He is about ten or eleven. He looks forlorn and has been crying, though he doesn't make a sound. He stares forward at us with darkness in his eyes. It's obvious this was a betrayal of the boy's trust in his Father. He never saw this coming.

1 CAP:

Some want what they want more than others...

PAGE FIVE (THREE PANELS)

Panel 1. A wide view of all the Empyreals across the long top panel. They each burst into uproarious laughter: HAHAHA! The Father and Son stand at the bottom of the panel, small as ants again.

1 CAP:  
I wanted a family.

Panel 2. One of the Empyreals named Clesia, is center stage in the center panel. He has horns and dark-red skin. He's turning and grinning at Amyrrh standing next to him. Amyrrh is delighted in a terrible way.

CLESIA:  
The Fade would give us his only son to save his own life!

AMYRRH:  
Delicious!

Panel 3. Looking at the scene from a different perspective now: all the Empyreals are on the left side of the panel. We see most of their faces. Most look amused. Most are now angry. The Father and Son stand at the bottom right of the panel. The Father looks dejected and the Son stands and watches, unsure of what will happen next.

RAEMA, EMPYREAL OF THE COLD:  
What more will you give us?

PHAILOS, EMPYREAL OF THE SANDS:  
Tell us more!

KLOS, EMPYREAL OF DARKNESS : (GRUMBLING)  
Humans...

1 CAP:  
I wanted love.

PAGE SIX (FOUR PANELS)

Panel 1. Smaller panel at top left. Medium/direct shot of the Father who raises his hand toward us. His mouth is open and wide, he is becoming more bold and desperate. His son stands to his left, looking up at his father with terrified, wide eyes. His mouth is open as if he wishes to scream or protest.

FATHER:

Please! I have prayed to you my whole life! My life is yours! If my son is insufficient, name your price!

1 CAP:

I wanted a safe place to call my home.

Panel 2. Smaller panel at top right. Medium/direct shot of the son who is aghast that his father would say such things. A hesitant hand reaches toward his father without touching.

SON

Father...

1 CAP:

I wanted a good father to raise me to be who I was meant to be.

Panel 3. Middle panel. Close up on Siclavia, the Empyreal of the Mountains.

SICLAVIA

Go home, human. You will get what you deserve when you do.

Panel 4. Bottom panel. Side shot of Father and Son. Father looks overjoyed, smiling brightly. The Son looks overcome with emotion, head lowered with eyes closed and lip trembling.

SICLAVIA

Leave your son!

1 CAP:

I got none of those things.

PAGE SEVEN (THREE PANELS)

Panel 1. Top left corner panel, a small version of the hill path with the giant temple at the top. We see a small figure running down the hill into the rain and cold. It is the Father who has left and abandoned his Son at the temple. He is running toward the thing he deserves.

1 CAP:

My father, the Fade. He didn't care for anyone but himself.

Panel 2. Top right corner panel. Same as the left panel except lightning lights up the sky and thunders hakes the world. The Father is further along the path.

SFX:

BOOOM!

Panel 3. Large bottom panel, the 10 Empyreals all stand in a row, laughing at the little boy who was left alone by his Father. The boy stands as an insignificant dot in the bottom center of the panel, looking up at the horrifying gods before him.

EMPYREALS:

HAHAHAHAHA!

1 CAP:

And when I come back, I'm going to kill every last one of them.

PAGE EIGHT (SIX PANELS)

Panel 1. Top left corner panel, a small and modest house sits at the end of a dirt path. It looks like these people live on a farm. It's raining here and windy too. A teenage girl about sixteen is on her way back inside from doing outdoor chores when she sees her Father running down the path toward her.

DAUGHTER:  
Father!

Panel 2. Top right corner panel. The Father stops just outside the house and the Daughter approaches him but he seems distracted, looking away toward the temple and the storm.

DAUGHTER:  
Father, it's good to have you home but...where's Kadan?

Panel 3. Middle left panel. Medium shot of the father, who raises his hands into the air in spite of the cold rain and wind. He has a wild look in his eyes, a desperation, and perhaps a little tinge of guilt that he suppresses.

FATHER:  
I've done as you asked! Ha! I've come home, gods! Grant me healing! It's what I deserve!

Panel 4. Lightning strikes in the background. We see a close shot of the Father gripping his chest. Something is wrong. His eyes are wide and his mouth is wide open as if to scream but can't. He gasps for air and trembles.

DAUGHTER:  
Father, what's wrong?

Panel 5. In the next panel, the Father is half invisible. He is fading away. His hand is outstretched and he opens his mouth to scream.

FATHER:  
No--!

Panel 6. Close up on the daughter's face staring at us. She is the only one left in the panel. Horror is etched into her features. She is reaching outward and off panel, staring at the place where her Father was standing only moments before.

DAUGHTER:  
Father!

1 CAP:  
I know better than most what it means to lose.

PAGE NINE (TWO PANELS)

Panel 1. Top panel. The Daughter bursts through a door, letting in the rain and wind. She's crying now and reaching out to someone off-panel. The inside of the hut is warm, cozy, and made of wood and logs. There is a fire burning somewhere off-panel. This is a great little home to raise a family.

DAUGHTER:

Mother! Father's gone! I don't know where Kadan is!

1 CAP:

But I didn't know loss.

2 CAP:

Not yet.

Panel 2. A profile of the Mother. She's in her fifties, gray hair, slender figure. Very plain, not attractive, but not homely either. She's standing in the kitchen, in the act of turning around from cooking something in an old pot--maybe stew. Her face is a muddle of horror and fear.

MOTHER:

No! That fool!

PAGE TEN (TWO PANELS)

Panel 1. Top panel takes perhaps 1/6 of the entire page. You see the modest hut and the two women running out the door into the rain. They each have determined if not terrified expressions on their faces.

MOTHER:

They went to the temple! Please, gods, let Kadan be safe!

Panel 2. The rest of the page shows the hill path leading to the massive temple. This time, the temple is dark, there are no voices or reveling. The rain is coming down harder now. You see the two women running along the path toward the temple. Lightning strikes close by as darkness swirls around them.

1 CAP:

After that night, I discovered something about myself. Something that horrified me.

PAGE ELEVEN (FIVE PANELS)

Panel 1. The two women arrive at the dark and impossibly large temple. They are like ants at the bottom center of the top left panel. We're looking at them from inside the temple. Behind them, the storm is raging on. They stand between two massive pillars on each side of the panel.

MOTHER:  
Hello!

DAUGHTER:  
Kadan! Where are you?

Panel 2. This is the same panel as the first, but lightning strikes just behind them, illuminating them.

SFX:  
BOOOM!

1 CAP:  
Something I have lusted after since that night.

Panel 3. Middle left panel. All blackness, but we're looking inside the temple and we can't see much. We might see vague outlines of the gods, but we're not sure. Kadan is nowhere to be seen.

VOICE (BOOMING):  
HUMANS! BEGONE!

ANOTHER VOICE (BOOMING):  
DO YOU COME HERE TO DIE?

Panel 4. Middle right panel. Side view of the two women, the Daughter stands only slightly behind the Mother, staring into the darkness. Both looked weary, cold, and worn. But they remain steadfast in the presence of the gods.

MOTHER:  
Gods! Please! Hear me, I pray! I am looking for my Kadan! Where is he?

DAUGHTER:  
We only want to bring him home! Please...

1 CAP:

I hate what I've become...

Panel 5. Bottom panel. The faces of each of the 10 Empyreals emerge from the darkness, looking down upon the two fraught women who look like ants. Each of the Empyreals glare at them. There are no words.

1 CAP:

But I hate them more.

PAGE TWELVE (FIVE PANELS)

Panel 1. Panel is top 1/6 of the page. Clesia, an Emypreal with horns, snarles down at them amid darkness. His head is on the left side of the long panel. Everything else is black.

CLESIA:  
He is our slave!

Panel 2. Panel is another 2/6 of page below the first. Imaia, the Emypreal of Winds, appears and laughs at them amid darkness.

IMAIA:  
To use and abuse as we see fit!

Panel 3. Panel is another 3/6 of the page below the second. Raema, Emypreal of the Cold, appears to the right of Imaia. He is serious and not amused.

RAEMA:  
He was a sacrifice. OUR sacrifice!

Panel 4. Another 4/6 of the page down and we meet Klos, the Emypreal of Darkness who stands further to the right of Raema. He is glaring at them with unbridled hatred.

KLOS:  
Run along now, or we'll eat him and you!

Panel 5. Bottom panel takes up the rest of the page. All darkness, the gods seemed to have disappeared. This is a side view of the two women who are at the bottom right corner. Mother has prostrated herself on the floor. Daughter has fallen to her knees in despair. They are alone. They will not be taking Kadan home with them. He is gone forever.

DAUGHTER:  
No...

PAGE THIRTEEN (ONE PANEL)

Panel 1. Splash page. Close up of the Daughter who looks incredibly sad, standing in the midst of darkness. It's dark, but not dark enough so that he's impossible to see. Her eyes are closed, she's crying, and she presses the palms of her hands together as if in prayer.

1 CAP:

So, I did what all normal teenagers would do in that situation.

PAGE FOURTEEN (ONE PANEL)

Panel 1. Splash page. Same close up of daughter who looks incredibly PISSED, seething with righteous fury. Her fist tightens and the veins in her slender body bulge. She's staring right at us...

1 CAP:

I vowed I would enjoy feasting on the flesh of gods!

END WRITING  
SAMPLE