

# **Horns & Tales: Battle of the Guilds**

Written by Michelle Moskiewicz / © 2021 Michelle Moskiewicz

## **ONE -**

**Panel 1:** ALEX TENNUR, 13, lean build and dark hair, and his father, JONATHON, 30's, dark hair, bearded, are standing just outside their modest home in a medieval village. Jonathon holds a bow and a rabbit. Alex holds a quiver of arrows and is looking up at his father with a smile.

NO COPY

**PANEL 2:** A NEIGHBOR MAN, 30's, cloth brimmed hat, peasant clothes with suspenders, grips their old style fence (example below) with one hand, a shovel in the other. Sweat is running down his brow and his face is red. His mouth is open, yelling.

1. NEIGHBOR MAN: Jonathon! Get the family safe! Orcs are coming from the forest!

[Fence Example](#)

**PANEL 3:** Jonathon looks down at Alex. The rabbit forgotten at his feet. His hands grip Alex's shoulders. Alex's eyes are wide, as he grips the quiver in both hands.

2. JONATHON: Get your mother into the cellar, then come find me!

3. ALEX: But, Papa-

4. JONATHON: Alex! Go!

**PANEL 4:** (Black and white) Alex and his MOTHER, huddle together on a dirt floor in the dark. His eyes are shut tight and his hands are over his ears. His mother looks forward toward the reader and slightly up.

NO COPY

**PANEL 5:** In black and white, angled upward, are two cellar doors with a wooden block in place to keep them closed. Smoke wafts through the crack. In color, an orange glow is seen through the crack.

5. MOTHER: (Off panel) Jonathon...

**PANEL 6:** It's still dark, but close to sunrise. Jonathon has his arms around Alex and Alex's mother, hugging them. He is bruised, cut, and has soot on his face and clothes. In the background their home is half destroyed and still smoking.

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## **TWO -**

**Panel 1:** (SPLASH) Jonathon and Alex, holding shovels, stand in the small yard of a neighbor's home. The home has been burnt to rubble. Three crosses made of scrap wood in the ground behind them with dirt mounds in the front. Alex's eyes are downturned towards the ground. Jonathon looks down at him, his mouth pulled in a tight line.

1. JONATHON:                      You've learned harsh lessons, son. There are some beasts that can never be trusted, but running in fear costs innocent souls.

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## **THREE -**

**Panel 1:** Three distant human figures standing outside of a modest home in a medieval village. A bearded father, Jonathon, 30's, and a mother who is hugging her teenage son who wears a leather travelers pack.

1. MOTHER: I'll miss you, Alex.

2. JONATHON: You be careful with them monsters out there.

TEXT BOX: 2 Years later.

**Panel 2:** ALEX TENNUR, 16, medium build and dark hair, walks to the right down a dirt path in a heavily wooded forest. He wears modest clothing and has a dagger sheath on his side. His shoulders are slumped from the traveling.

Caption Box: Forest of Arenbaugh, two weeks later.

**Panel 3:** Alex's point of view shot. At the end of the dirt path, there is an opening in the trees and a small opening filled with sunlight.

NO COPY

**Panel 4:** Alex stands in the grass-covered clearing with his face soaking in the sunlight. It appears he is standing at the top of a hill—a slight shadow of a large dog in the woods behind him.

NO COPY

**Panel 5:** Shot of a small village at the bottom of the large hill that Alex stands on. The village sits in a valley of an extensive mountain range that surrounds it.

3. ALEX: Better get some more supplies. Those mountains look rough.



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## **FIVE -**

**Panel 1:** Bulfim, left, holds her hand down to Alex, right, with a smile. Alex sits on the ground, being propped up with his arms behind him. His brow is furrowed at Bulfim.

1. BULFIM: I thought that dog almost had you. Hand up?
2. ALEX: No. Thanks. I can get it.

**Panel 2:** Over Bulfim's shoulder, Alex is now standing with the village behind him. He is turned slightly to the right, but his head faces Bulfim. He has a slight frown and is holding onto his pack straps tightly.

3. ALEX: I'm just headed to the village.
4. BULFIM: I'm meeting some friends there. I'll walk with you.

**Panel 3:** Alex walks behind Bulfim, looking at the ground. There is a large space between them. Bulfim carries her club over her left shoulder, and her right arm is stretched out, pointing towards the village. She is looking forward.

5. BULFIM: There's a market down the main road. Want me to show you?
6. ALEX: No! I can find it on my own.

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## **SIX -**

**Panel 1:** Long shot from above as Bulfim and Alex enter the village from the left. Cobblestone and wooden buildings are lining the road: a tavern, an apothecary, an Inn, and unnamed buildings. Merchant stalls are set up on the far side of the road with clothes, furniture, and weapons. Some townspeople are wondering about it.

NO COPY

**Panel 2:** Medium shot of Alex looking towards a HUMAN MAN, 64, graying hair, with a DWARF WOMAN, short but muscular, red hair, both wearing peasant clothing. They stand to his left outside of the Inn door, facing each other.

1. HUMAN MAN:                      You heard the old shepherd was attacked by those wild mountain Orcs last night? Lost half his flock.
2. DWARF WOMAN:                 I used to play at the base of those mountains when I was a wee child, now I wouldn't go near them without my crossbow.

**Panel 3:** Close up of Alex's face with eyes widened in shock and sweat droplets forming on his brow.

3. ALEX:                               Orcs?

**Panel 4:** From Alex's point of view, Bulfim, with her long braid and club, walks in front of him, looking forward. Four villagers look towards her. Two have looks of fear. The other two have narrowed eyes. A woman holds her toddler boy tight to her side.

NO COPY

**Panel 5:** Close up of Alex's face. His eyes look to the left.

NO COPY

**Panel 6:** Close up of Alex's face. His eyes look to the right.

NO COPY

**Panel 7:** Close up of Alex's face. His eyes look to the left.

NO COPY

**Panel 8:** Bulfim, traveling right, looks back over her shoulder with her mouth open. A translucent dotted outline of Alex shows where he had been. The townspeople keep an eye on her in the background.

4. BULFIM:                            Huh?



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## **EIGHT -**

**Panel 1:** (SPLASH) Over the shoulder between Alex and Celeste of the tavern's inside. *GRAYED OUT*. The tavern has wide-planked wooden floors that have been worn over the years. The bottom 1/3 of the walls are made of cobblestone, and the top 2/3 is wooden. Sconces hang on the walls offering light. On the furthest wall away from Alex and Celeste is a bar, backed by a young Satyr woman. Tables are full of various mythical creatures sitting by themselves or in groups of two or three in the open area.

*COLORIZED*. To the furthest, viewable left sits Bulfim, with a tankard in front of her. She sits at a round table with a small male Goblin, PROG, on her right, dressed in all black, with black hair and yellow eyes. To Bulfim's left is a male Tiefling-like creature, ZEXIS, wearing brown, tattered robes. A staff is leaning against the table near him. Bulfim looks in Alex's direction.

To the furthest, viewable right, at a round table, sits a brunette bearded Dwarf, IRONFIST, wearing armor, with the hilt of a sword leaning against the table next to him. To his left is an empty chair. On the right is a light gold Firbolg, OAK, with short, cropped hair and a tunic. Next to him is another empty chair

2. Bulfim: (Thought bubble) ?!

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## **NINE -**

**Panel 1:** Alex sits with Celeste and the party from the right, with the dwarf on the left of the frame and the Firbolg on the right. Celeste sits on the further most left. All faces should be seen clearly. Goblets sit in front of the Dwarf and Firbolg.

1. CELESTE:                                This is Ironfist and Oak. And this is Alex.
2. IRONFIST:                              Lovely sword, boy. One of Unger's forges, I see.
3. ALEX:                                    Yes, Sir. It is.
4. IRONFIST:                              Fine for fighting, Lad.

**Panel 2:** Still sitting at the table, Ironfist is now leaning towards Celeste, but his eyes point off-panel in the direction of Bulfim's group. Oak's face turns towards them, but he is drinking from his goblet. Alex is leaning forward slightly toward Celeste and Ironfist.

5. IRONFIST:                              You see they've made themselves at home here?
6. CELESTE:                                I noticed the Half-Orc and her **companions** when we entered.
7. IRONFIST:                              The time has come, Celeste.
8. CELESTE:                                Indeed, it has, Ironfist.

**Panel 3:** Close up of Celeste's face. Her eyes are narrowed, and her brows downturned—slightly darker tint to her and no panel borders. The following panels will be visualizations of her thoughts.

9. CELESTE:                                and I have the perfect plan.

**Panel 4:** Panel is frameless. The illustration looks more sketch-like, less clean. With the village in the background, a clan of about 8-10 mountain Orcs carrying weapons and torches group in the street. Buildings are on fire.

10. CELESTE:                              We lure the mountain Orcs into the town and allow them to wreak their havoc. When it seems as if enough villagers have been affected, we step in and slay them.

**Panel 5:** Panel is frameless. The illustration looks more sketch-like, less clean. Bulfim and her group are tied up around a post while a mob has formed around them. Celeste and her party, including Alex, stands to the side smiling.

11. CELESTE:                              Then we assure the villagers it must have been the Half-Orc who led them in so that she, the Goblin, and Tiefling could pillage the town.

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## **TEN -**

**Panel 1:** Close up of Alex's face. His eyes are widened, and his brows raised slightly. His mouth is parted.

1. ALEX:                                      Couldn't innocent people be killed?
2. CELESTE:                                 (off panel) For the greater good.

**Panel 2:** From Alex's point of view, through the bodies in the tavern, he sees Bulfim and her party. They are smiling and seemingly laughing.

NO COPY

**Panel 3:** Alex is leaning forward with his hands on the table. Celeste's hands are folding on the table in front of her. Ironfist looks towards Alex, his eyes narrowed. Oak's hand rest under his chin.

3. ALEX:                                      What have they done?
4. CELESTE:                                 It's not what they have done. It is who they are.
5. IRONFIST:                                We can not allow these beings to sully this fine town, boy.
6. OAK:                                        Orcs can not control their anger. Goblins and Tieflings are known thieves and scoundrels.

**Panel 4:** Alex looks off-panel towards Bulfim's group. Celeste and her party look towards him.

NO COPY

**Panel 5:** Alex is standing. The party looks up at him.

NO COPY

**Panel 6:** (Page-wide Panel) Bulfim and her group's table viewable on the left, Celeste and her group's table viewable on the right. Two tables in between are viewable, with various creatures sitting at them. Alex is in the middle of the panel, walking towards Bulfim's table on the left. Celeste and her party's heads are all turned toward Alex.

NO COPY



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## **TWELVE -**

**Panel 1:** Bulfim, Alex, Prog, and Zexis are all slightly hovering above their chairs. Their heads face off-panel, and their eyes are wide.

1. CELESTE: ***My ring!***

**Panel 2:** (Wide panel, no frame.) Both Bulfim's and Celeste's groups are viewable. Celeste stands with her finger pointed out towards Alex. Her face is sharper, more pointed than before.

2. CELESTE: That boy has stolen from me!

3. ALEX: I didn't steal your ring?!

4. CELESTE: He is working with them to ruin our fair town!

**Panel 3:** (Wide panel) Bulfim is standing and pointing back toward Celeste, whose hands rest in front of her. Celeste's party is now standing. Ironfist grips his sword. Prog stands on the table.

5. BULFIM: You plan on ruining this fair town yourself!

6. IRONFIST: Hear the lies they tell? We had no problems til yeh lot showed up.

7. PROG: You be your own's problem!

**Panel 4:** Close up of Bulfim's face. Eyes narrowed. (INSET) Close up of Bulfim's fist clenching her club.

NO COPY

**Panel 5:** Close up of Celeste's face. Eyes narrowed. (INSET) Close up of Celeste's hand, slightly angled, and fingers outstretched. A small glowing yellow orb in her hand.

**Panel 6:** (Wide panel) Both groups are standing, looking towards each other. Prog is holding daggers. Zexis is holding his staff. Alex has halfway pulled out his sword and is looking down at it. Ironfist holds his sword above his shoulder. Oak stands with his arms crossed.

8. IRONFIST: We settle our problems.

9. PROG: A fight you want, a fight you get!





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## **FOURTEEN -**

**Panel 1:** Prog is mid-air, springing from Zexis' shoulders to the right. The hand holding the dagger is stretched out in front of him, his other hand (the one closest to the reader) is gripping the dagger in his mouth. The background is faint town buildings.

NO COPY

**Panel 2:** Prog is still mid-air. The dagger that was in his teeth is now pulled back behind his head, ready to throw. Background is faint town buildings.

NO COPY

**Panel 3:** Prog has landed on the ground in a crouched position. Little puffs of dirt come from where his two feet have landed. The arm that was pulled back is now outstretched and the dagger has just left his hand.

NO COPY

**Panel 4:** (Wide panel that stretches the length of the page.) The background is blurred. To the very right of the panel is the dagger, the blade pointing to the right. A stretched out, looped line shows the path the dagger has traveled across the page.

**Panel 5:** Mid shot of Ironfist. The point of the blade is just touching Ironfist's chest armor.

SFX: \*tink\*

**Panel 6:** At the bottom of the page is a line of dirt. Just the very tips of Ironfist's boots are seen, with the dagger laying in the dirt. The background is blurred.

NO COPY





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## **SEVENTEEN -**

**Panel 1:** Zexis, Alex, and Prog are all in mid-run to the right. Alex has his sword, Prog is holding his dagger forward. Zexis has one hand behind him as if pitching a baseball, but in his palm is a ball of fire. Flames cover his other closed fist.

NO COPY

**Panel 2:** Alex is standing to the left, Ironfist to the right. They both hold their swords in both hands. Lines show that Alex has swung his sword down, while other lines show that Ironfist has swung his upward. The blades are touching each other about 1/3 away from the tips of the blade.

SFX: CLANG

**Panel 3:** Prog stands to the left, with Oak on the right, who holds his staff out cross bodied. The handle of Prog's dagger is hilt deep in Oak's chest, just at his heart. Prog stands in a stretched out position toward Oak, having just thrown the dagger.

1. Oak: Oof!

**Panel 4:** Zexis stands to the left, with Celeste on the right. Zexis has one fire ball still in hand, ready to throw, the other is just in front of Celeste. Celeste's arms are outstretched. A white-ish blue line, curves around the length of her body to the left of her hands, blocking the fireball from her.

2. Zexis: You will pay.

3. Celeste: We shall see, Heathen!

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## **EIGHTEEN -**

**Panel 1:** (SPLASH) Bulfim is still laying in the dirt in the forefront of the panel. To the left of the page, Alex and Ironfist are still locked in their sword fight. Alex has swung his toward's Ironfist from the right and Ironfist's from the right. The blades meet in the middle. They wear looks of concentration.

Prog is turned away from Oak's body that is laying in the dirt, with his dagger in hand. He is turned towards Ironfist's back and in a running position.

Celeste and Zexis who are on the right of the page are facing each other, Celeste's back to the right edge of the panel. The building behind Celeste has scorch marks from Zexis' missed fireballs. Zexis' hands are in flames up to his elbows. Celeste is forming another white/blue orb in her palms.

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## **NINETEEN -**

**Panel 1:** Alex stands to the left, with Ironfist on the right. Ironfist's sword is just to the left of Alex's right arm. Alex's sleeve is torn near his bicep and underneath the sleeve a cut can be seen. Alex is wincing and holds his sword with both arms above his left shoulder, ready to swing. Ironfist has a wide smile on his face.

1. IRONFIST:                      That one hurt, didn't it boy? The next slice will be worse.
2. ALEX:                              You won't get the chance.

**Panel 2:** Alex stands to the left, with Ironfist on the right. Prog sits on Ironfist's shoulders, with each fist wrapped in Ironfist's hair. He is leaning backward. Ironfist's head is stretched back toward Prog. Alex's sword is in the foreground, lines showing that Alex has swung it from above his left shoulder down to his right thigh. A deep wound is on Ironfist's chest.

SFX: SLICE

**Panel 3:** Ironfist is prone on the ground, with his head toward Prog on the right. Prog is leaning over Ironfist's head, holding on to the hilt of his dagger, the blade is deep in Ironfist's back. Alex stands, with sweat drops on his brow. He looks down at Prog.



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## **TWENTY-ONE -**

**Panel 1:** Alex, with Prog sitting on his shoulders, Bulfim, and Zexis stand together in a circle looking at one another. The bodies of the others lay in the dirt around them.

1. BULFIM: Thank you, Alex.
2. ALEX: There are some beasts that can never be trusted, but running in fear costs innocent souls.

**Panel 2:** (Large, borderless panel) The group stands in the circle. The damage from the battle can be seen on the buildings. The fire is now fully raging. There are holes in windows and the sides of buildings.

3. PROG: We should be leaving this place.
4. ALEX: I was heading toward the mountains if you want to join me.

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## **TWENTY-TWO -**

**Panel 1:** (SPLASH) With a fire raging on the right side of the panel and holes in buildings on the left side, the backs of Alex, shouldering Prog, Bulfim, and Zexis face the reader. They are close to the end of the village with a mountain range high in the background.

END