

HOLY WARS

written by

Václav Urbánek

urbanekwriting@gmail.com



The panel descriptions and the number of panels on each page present a basic structure for the story. If you wish to tweak them a bit, go for it. You are the visual artist, after all. I would, however, like to preserve the flow of the individual pages, the story beats on them, and what happens before and after a page turn.

PANEL 1

BIG PANEL. We are looking at the SOLDIER from the back, and seeing what she is seeing. In the distance, over the piles and piles of bodies and destroyed machinery, there is a GIGANTIC CATHEDRAL. It looks newly build, but also somehow WRONG. Like if people in a dystopic future were trying to replicate medieval architecture from only fragments of information and historical records (because they did).

It can also kind of look like a ship or at least that it has some sort of an engine system. Like it wasn't build here, but more like it landed or was dropped down from orbit.

NARRATION

Yes, my **Lord**.

We have held back the demonic beasts from reaching **Your Holy Temple**.

And I shall protect its treasures until my last breath.

In **Your Name**.

PANEL 2

The SOLDIER is now walking through the battlefield, stepping over corpses and getting closer to the Cathedral.

NARRATION

So many of us have fulfilled our duty.

So many of us are already in **Your Embrace**.

Oh, how I look forward to join them.

PANEL 3

Among all the other bodies, we are now focusing on ONE SPECIFIC. It's a body of a FAT UGLY MAN, barely fitting in his golden armor. His chest pierced with alien claws/tail/whatever. In his face is an expression of utter HORROR and FEAR, his mouth and nose covered in blood and vomit. This man was not prepared for war and was probably not as enthusiastic about dying in it as our heroine.

NARRATION

Father Elias.

One of the most devoted among us all. It is only right that he was also one of the first who has been given the honor of sacrificing themselves **for You**.

He became my mentor as soon as I was of age, so that he could not only guide me through the righteous path, but also to reveal to me the truest extend of earthly suffering. So that I could be cleansed of my sins when I reach the gates of our **Creator**.

He was very thorough in his teachings.

And I am forever grateful for that.

PANEL 1

The SOLDIER is very close to the LARGE DOOR into the Cathedral. There are no bodies in a big circle around the structure and where the circle ends and the bodies start to pile up, they are mostly human bodies. Soldiers protecting the entrance to the Cathedral to the last man.

NARRATION My legs are failing me, my head is spinning.
 But soon I will be free of this wretched body.

PANEL 2

She is OPENING the MASSIVE DOOR. Sunlight from the outside illuminates the dark stone-like interior.

NARRATION When they will write of this day, it will be known
 that we have prevailed. That we have protected the
 holy artifact to our last breath.

 That even in this unholy land we have defended the
 most ancient token of divine power.

PANEL 3

The SOLDIER is heading to the CENTER of the HALL that looks like it was made for giants. There is a GLASS BOX on a pedestal. Seems like everything else in the Cathedral centers around it.

NARRATION I have never wished for anything in my life, my
 Lord. Anything apart from **Your Love**.

 And now, in my final moments, I only wish to see it.
 To make sure that we were truly successful in
 protecting it.

 To die as I have lived. In awe of **Your Greatness**.

PANEL 4

The SOLDIER is getting closer to the GLASS BOX. We still don't see what's in it. Not clearly, anyway.

NARRATION I am not worthy of this honor.

 Reaching the end of my earthly life in the presence
 of a divine artifact.

 I can see it now.

 It is...

 It is...

PAGE 4 - PANELS: 5

PANEL 1

BIG PANEL, a CLOSE-UP on the GLASS BOX. In it, almost perfectly preserved, an OLD PAPER/PLASTIC BOX WITH CHRISTMAS ORNAMENTS, red, blue, green. On the box, a big logo reading "MERRY CHRISTMAS" with a smaller label reading "50% OFF!". You can even throw in an image of a winking Santa Clause or something like that.

NARRATION It is even more beautiful than I could have ever imagined.

PANEL 2

The SOLDIER is KNEELING, BOWING to the ARTIFACT, while also leaning on her SPEAR. Blood is now DRIPPING from her wound and onto the stone-like floor.

NARRATION All those we have lost.
All those who have suffered in the heat of the battle.
And in the cold flames of the endless Holy Wars throughout the galaxy.
Billions and billions of souls on a righteous path.

PANEL 3

SHE is TURNING HER BACK to the artifact and now focusing on the door she just came through. Still on her knees.

NARRATION All would have sacrificed their lives thousand times over just to witness this moment.

PANEL 4

We are looking at the SOLDIER as we would if we were standing in the door, her facing us and with the artifact on the pedestal behind her, all illuminated by the light from the outside. She is still kneeling, blood still dripping, but ready with her spear in a defensive position.

NARRATION I must stay humble.
For I will now finally join **You, my Lord.**
For now I can finally return...

PANEL 5

SIMILAR PANEL. The SOLDIER is still kneeling, but with her upper body now closer to the ground or even on the ground, suggesting that she is either dead or very close to dying. The SPEAR has fallen from her grasp and is now laying on the ground where the pool of blood is spreading. Since she is now closer to the ground, the sunlight no longer illuminates her. It only illuminates the artifact on the pedestal.

NARRATION ...home.