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PAGE ONE (Four Panels)

Panel 1. (Close Up) Sunlight streams through a curtain of pink and white blossoms as they sway in a soft breeze. The sky above is warm and blue.

CAPTION/PANDORA:

“It becomes harder to remember days like these. With each passing moment, I lose it a little bit more.”

Panel 2. (Wide Shot) PANDORA, her black hair pulled into a tight knot and adorned with flowers, stands beneath a blooming cherry tree set high on a cliff. She looks out toward the horizon-- a vast ocean stretches far and wide. Fishermen work along the coastline, casting nets into the water from a myriad of small boats. A number of Grecian buildings are nestled among the cliffs.

CAPTION/PANDORA:

“Some things I could never forget-- the smell of the sea, the feeling of the wind on my neck.

Panel 3. Pandora holds herself, feeling the coolness of the air on her skin as falling petals dance around her. She is every bit as beautiful as the famed girl of myth should be, wearing a crisp, white robe which clings to her body as it billows behind her like a cape.

CAPTION/PANDORA:

“In my dreams, I remember the world from before. I remember how peaceful it could be.”

Panel 4. (Close Up) Pandora turns her head slightly, startled by a voice from behind. Her eyes are blue jewels against her white, perfect skin. A FIGURE reflects in her eyes, someone grand and powerful who glows with radiant light.

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FIGURE:
(off panel)
I have a gift for you, my daughter.

CAPTION/PANDORA:
“And I remember how I destroyed it.”

PAGE TWO & THREE (Four Panels, Double Page Spread)

Panel 1. (Wide Shot, Across Both Pages) Pandora, dressed in a modern top and black pants laced up the front, corkscrews through the front windshield-- and the entire length-- of a crowded METRO BUS. Terrified passengers dive desperately out of her path, shielding themselves from the whirlwind of flying glass and twisted metal which follows her.

Panel 2. Pandora bursts through the rear window of the bus in an explosion of glass..

Panel 3. ...and skids along the pavement of the street, hitting with such force that she leaves a trail of broken concrete in her wake. In the background, the demolished bus comes to a halt as it sideswipes an oncoming car in the adjacent lane.

Panel 4. (Close Up) Pandora, still on the ground, turns to face her attacker.

VOICE:
(off panel)
On your feet, woman!

PAGE FOUR (Four Panels)

Panel 1. (Wide Shot, Low Angle) Pushing its way through the stopped traffic and stampede of fleeing bystanders, an immense, female CYCLOPS lumbers slowly towards the fallen Pandora. The beast is nearly twelve-feet tall, completely nude, with cascading rolls of pale grey fat which quiver with each massive step of its pounding, elephant-like feet. Sores and deep scars litter its loose, puckered skin, and a thick layer of coarse red hair covers it from the waist down. Its milky, white EYE rolls wetly in its socket as it fixes its gaze on Pandora, injured and helpless, at its feet.

A small man, insect-like and no larger than a foot tall, rides upon the Cyclops' shoulders. He clings to the creature's greasy, matted hair, swinging to and fro with each rumbling step. The tiny man barks insults at Pandora with sinister glee. Long strings of thick, white saliva drip from his constantly moving mandibles. His name is SKUTTLEBORNE.

SKUTTLEBORNE:

This *wretch* is the legendary Pandora?! A daughter of Zeus should not die on her knees!

Panel 2. (Close Up) Skuttleborne cups his thin-fingered hand to his mouth, making quite sure that his shrill-voiced taunts can be heard. The Cyclops, its slimy lips quivering with love, gazes at him in quiet adulation.

SKUTTLEBORNE:

Stand! Face me as a true warrior!

Panel 3. In the shadow of the Cyclops, Pandora stands to face them. She is dwarfed by the sheer size of the creature.

SKUTTLEBORNE:

So demands Skuttleborne!

Panel 4. (Close in) In a flash of green light, a magical dagger appears in Pandora's hand. She allows herself a slight grin.

PANDORA:

As you wish, worm.

PAGE FIVE (Four Panels)

Panel 1. (Wide Shot, Low Angle) Like a wild ape, the Cyclops sends both fists crashing down onto Pandora-- piercing the concrete below in an eruption of dust and debris. Pandora narrowly dodges the blow, rolling from beneath the pounding weight of the Cyclops.

CYCLOPS:
ARROOOOOO!!

Panel 2. Unbalanced, the Cyclops falls to one knee, shaking the ground beneath it as Skuttleborne holds desperately onto its hair, slinging him forward. Pandora doesn't miss a beat, charging toward the hapless Cyclops and launching herself off of a nearby car. Her dagger is poised and ready to sink into the eye of the rampaging titan.

CYCLOPS:
Arrooo?

SKUTTLEBORNE:
You clumsy fool! Get up! Get up!

Panel 3. Before Pandora can make the killing blow, Skuttleborne vomits a torrent of white, viscous LIQUID into her face...

SFX:
BLAGH!

Panel 4. ...dropping Pandora to the ground. She claws desperately at the strange substance, which begins to harden almost immediately.

PANDORA:
Hrrumph!

CAPTION/PANDORA:
"It's so beautiful."

PAGE SIX (Five Panels)

Panel 1. (Flashback) Pandora walks cautiously through a dimly lit TEMPLE. Statues and treasures, forged in honor of the gods, litter the massive space. The walls are adorned with fine silks and tapestries, each one showing a different event in the history of Olympus. In the center of the temple, an ornate IVORY BOX rests on a solitary pedestal. The box all but glows, engulfed within a brilliant shaft of light pouring from a circular window, cut high into the far wall, above an enormous statue of the god, HEPHAESTUS.

A figure of pure white beckons Pandora forward. His body is a shapeless blur, like a man in constant motion. It is ZEUS, King of the Gods.

ZEUS:

Do not be afraid, child. Does my gift not please you?

PANDORA:

Oh, yes. It is beautiful.

Panel 2. (Close On) Pandora cannot take her eyes off the box. She touches its beautiful lid with her delicate fingers, tracing the intricate carvings of grimacing, mask-like faces.

PANDORA:

What... what is inside?

Panel 3. Zeus places a ghostly hand on her face. His gentle smile reassures Pandora as her eyes meet his.

ZEUS:

Oh, the most *wonderful* things. Does a daughter of Zeus deserve any less?

Panel 4. Pandora turns to the box again, resting both hands on the finely crafted lid. She smiles, her fears gone, as Zeus walks slowly away to leave her with his gift.

CAPTION/PANDORA:

"He warned me never to open it, that its secrets should remain hidden."

(Continued)

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CAPTION/PANDORA:

"I remember how peaceful the world could
be..."

Panel 5. (Wide Shot) Zeus, a sinister smile spread across his lips, walks into the foreground. In the background, Pandora opens the lid of the box. An eruption of red light and dark, shadowy figures pour out from within it.

CAPTION/PANDORA:

"...before the box."

PAGE SEVEN (Five Panels)

Panel 1. (Overhead View) The Cyclops effortlessly drags Pandora behind it, pulling her by her long, black hair. The once bustling intersection is deserted. Abandoned cars and broken concrete litter the street as sparks rain down from a blown transformer high above. Skuttleborne, singing his own praises, dances upon the Cyclops' shoulder while Pandora struggles to tear the hardened substance from her face. She is suffocating.

SKUTTLEBORNE:

You see, my love? Do you see what Skuttleborne has done? The heavens will sing of our victory!

PANDORA:

(weak)
Mmmph...

Panel 2. (Close Up) Skuttleborne lovingly runs his hand through the Cyclops' matted hair.

SKUTTLEBORNE:

All hail Skuttleborne and his lovely bride! The Heroes of Olympus!

Panel 3. With one arm, the Cyclops slings Pandora over its head, sending her crashing onto the hood of an abandoned car with such force that the front wheels buckle beneath its frame.

Panel 4. Gasping for air, Pandora manages to tear a sliver of hardened slime from her face. She is barely conscious-- bloody and beaten on the hood of the shattered car. The Cyclops stands over her as it picks up a loose car door from the ground..

SKUTTLEBORNE:

Now, my love...

Panel 5. (Same Angle) ...and lifts the door over its head, taking aim on Pandora.

SKUTTLEBORNE:

...let us claim our reward.

PAGE EIGHT (Six Panels)

Panel 1. (Flashback) The Grecian costal town burns. Thick, black smoke billows into the sky, darkened by a flock of horrible, winged HARPIES which dart through the air like monstrous bats. Pandora, her white robe tattered and covered in soot, stumbles through the hell-torn streets as terrible beasts ravage the city and people she loves. A MAN and WOMAN rush past her, fleeing the devastation with their four-year-old DAUGHTER.

PANDORA:
(whisper)
Gods... what have I done?

WOMAN:
Zeus forsakes us! What have we done to
deserve his wrath?

MAN:
Hurry, we must make it to the shore
before...

Panel 2. (Low Angle) A HARPY drops from the sky, sinking its blade-like talons into the man's torso and pinning him to the ground. The woman grabs for her husband, struggling to pull him free as the Harpy begins to peck at his face with a saw-toothed BEAK. Pandora can do nothing but watch the horror which she has caused.

MAN:
GAHHHH!

WOMAN:
No! Gods, please, no!

Panel 3. As the harpy lifts what remains of the man into the sky, two more HARPIES descend from above. They peck and claw at the woman, who instinctively shields her daughter from the ravenous beasts as they chatter in gruesome unison:

HARPIES:
Bones, and blood, and tender bits!

(Continued)

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Panel 4. Within moments, the harpies bring the woman to the ground. They tear into her flesh, repeatedly piercing her back and shoulders with their serrated, spear-like beaks. The woman holds her daughter to her breast, concealing the young girl beneath her. As her life fades, the woman's gaze never turns from Pandora, who cowers in the dirt, unable to move.

WIFE:

My daughter... don't let...

Panel 5. Pandora watches in horror as a Harpy pulls the woman's spine from her back, gnawing on it like a dog with a bone. The second Harpy digs and snaps at the terrified little girl, still protected under her mother's corpse. Tears swell in Pandora's eyes. Still on the ground, she forces herself to move away, pushing her back up against a stone building. Every inch of her tells her to run, until...

Panel 6. (Close On, Small Panel) ...her hand brushes up against a BRICK, half-buried in the dirt.

PAGE NINE (Four Panels)

Panel 1. Just before the Cyclops can bring the car door barreling down upon her, Pandora focuses her strength into a single, devastating KICK to the creature's midsection, knocking the Cyclops back.

PANDORA:

NO!

Panel 2. The Cyclops steadies itself atop its massive legs. It is completely unharmed, protected by undulating rolls of grotesque, impervious fat. Skuttleborne is delighted-- knowing full well that his companion is nigh indestructible, yet unaware that all Pandora needed was some distance...

SKUTTLEBORNE:

Foolish girl, we have battled the titans
themselves! Gods have been crushed
beneath our feet! HA! HA! HA!

Panel 3. ...to send her DAGGER flying, piercing Skuttleborne through the chest.

SKUTTLEBORNE:

(weak)
...urk.

Panel 4. (Overhead View) The Cyclops falls to its knees, holding the dying Skuttleborne in its massive hands. He begins to dissipate in a plume of green smoke-- returning to the prison of Pandora's Box. Black tears seep from the eye of the Cyclops. There is no more fight left in the monster.

PAGE TEN (Five Panels)

Panel 1. (Flashback) Pandora lunges at the Harpy, sending the brick crashing into its head as it makes a grab for the little girl. Its skull shatters, covering Pandora in thick, wet drops of blood and fragments of bone.

PANDORA:
(burst)
GET AWAY FROM HER!

Panel 2. Pandora pulls the girl to her side. All weakness is gone from Pandora's face. The second Harpy hovers a few feet in the air, assessing the situation.

Panel 3. (Close Up) Pandora stands her ground, the blood-soaked brick still clutched in her hand. She doesn't need it, threatening the harpy with little more than a glance. Her eyes are piercing.

PANDORA:
Go. Now!

Panel 4. (Low Angle) The Harpy escapes into the sky with a defeated squeal. The little girl, tears streaming down her face, clings to the Pandora's leg. In the foreground rests the twitching, dying Harpy draped across the body of the girl's mother. Pandora stares at the bodies, unable to look away, as she places a gentle hand on the girl's shoulder, attempting to comfort her as best she can. All that she can do is lie to the girl, telling her...

PANDORA:
It's going to be okay.

Panel 5. (Close Up) Pandora lets herself cry for the last time.

CAPTION/PANDORA:
"In my dreams, I remember the world from before."

PAGE ELEVEN (Four Panels)

Panel 1. (Close Up) Tears swell somewhere behind Pandora's eyes, yet they never come.

CAPTION/PANDORA:

"I remember how peaceful it could be.

Panel 2. Skuttleborne disappears into vapor. In a streak of light, Pandora's dagger magically returns to her hand. Exhausted, she limps toward the grieving Cyclops, still on its knees in the foreground. Blood and sweat drip from Pandora's face.

Panel 3. She stabs the Cyclops in the back of the neck, sinking the dagger deep into the creatures flesh. It hardly seems to care as it closes its eye, waiting for the end.

Panel 4. (Wide Shot) Pandora walks down the street, through the rubble and devastation caused by the epic battle. A crowd has formed in the foreground, surrounding the dead Cyclops as it lies, face-down, on the pavement. It has already begun to dissipate into green smoke which reaches high into the air-- returning to the box, just as Skuttleborne. No one seems to notice, or care, about Pandora's exit. She doesn't look back.

CAPTION/PANDORA:

"With each passing moment, I lose it a little bit more."

CAPTION/PANDORA:

"The world as it should be..."

PAGE TWELVE (One Panel)

Panel 1. (Full Page) The Cyclops and Skuttleborne embrace one another, floating inside the ethereal prison of Pandora's Box. Armies of creatures surround them, each one a different vice or horror sent back to the box by Pandora's fight against evil.

CAPTION/PANDORA:
"...before the box."