

**CONQUEST: WRAITH**  
**ISSUE ONE**  
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First Draft  
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\*

**A NOTE ON STYLE...**

...WRAITH IS INTENDED TO BE THE GOTH/HORROR COMIC OF THE CONQUEST EVENT. THE CHARACTER NEEDS TO BE FRIGHTENING AND UNSETTLING: FEW WORDS, QUICK AND DISTURBING ACTIONS, AND AN UNSETTLING EFFECT ON EVERYONE HE ENCOUNTERS. SIMILARLY, IN SCENES AND SEQUENCES FAVORING WRAITH OR SHOWING WRAITH ACTING (ESPECIALLY WHEN HE IS ALONE) FEEL FREE TO PLAY WITH THE PANEL STRUCTURE - JAGGED PANELS, PAGES WITH BLACK BORDERS CONTRASTING WITH WHITE-BORDERED PAGES, UNUSUAL CONFIGURATIONS AND SHAPES - ANYTHING TO SHOW THAT WE ARE WATCHING A HERO WHOSE PSYCHE IS DIFFERENT AND MAYBE A LITTLE TWISTED. FINALLY, WHERE THE BOOK WILL BE LETTERED IN THE TRADITIONAL ALL CAPS STYLE, WRAITH'S SIGNATURE FONT SHOULD BE ALL LOWER CASE TO SHOW THAT HE SELDOM LIFTS HIS VOICE ABOVE A WHISPER.

**PAGE ONE**

**PANELS ONE THROUGH THREE CONSIST OF STRIPS ACROSS THE PAGE COMPRISING THE FIRST TWO THIRDS OF THE PAGE**

**PANEL ONE**

In the vast void of space...a Phalanx cruiser: a dark, spiny and menacing behemoth lit from within by an eerie, mechanical red glow...

**CAPTION (PHALANX STYLE): PHALANX HEAVY CRUISER DX0-9 ON PATROL OF THE KREE OUTER RIM OCCUPIED TERRITORIES.**

\*

**CAPTION #2 (PHALANX STYLE): UNIDENTIFIED OBJECT IN FORWARD SCANNER - VELOCITY: HIGH - SIZE:SMALL - LIFEFORM READINGS: NULL.**

\*

**PANEL TWO**

CLOSER: as the citadel of the Phalanx cruiser comes to dominate the page - the forward command deck now central on the frame...

**CAPTION (PHALANX STYLE): FIRE TRACTOR BEAM - REMAND OBJECT TO QUARANTINE BAY #1028 FOR STUDY.**

\*

**PANEL THREE**

EVEN CLOSER: looking through the window of the forward command deck to see a Phalanx COMMANDER (scientist class), ordering his SOLDIERS into action...

PHALANX COMMANDER  
DISPATCH AN INTERCEPT SQUADRON TO  
QUARANTINE BAY #1028. THE OBJECT  
MUST BE CLASSIFIED AND ASSIMILATED.

\*

\*

**PANELS FOUR THROUGH SIX ARE OF EQUAL SIZE ACROSS THE REMAINDER OF THE PAGE - PANELS FOUR AND SIX APPEAR TO BE EQUAL HALVES OF AN IMAGE BISECTED BY PANEL FIVE**

**PANEL FOUR**

Inside one of the cramped, dark corridors of the Phalanx warship...bathed in the creepy red light pervasive in all nests of the Phalanx...

...a squadron of Phalanx SOLDIERS faces the frame...

HEAD SOLDIER  
OPEN THE QUARANTINE BAY DOOR

**PANEL FIVE**

REVERSE ANGLE: the quarantine bay door opens with a **ZZZT!**

**PANEL SIX**

...back on the Phalanx soldiers...

PHALANX SOLDIER  
INTERNAL SCANS SHOW IT TO POSSESS  
THE DNA OF A KREE MALE.

\*

\*

PHALANX SOLDIER #2  
YET IT DOES NOT SCAN AS A LIFE  
FORM.

\*

HEAD PHALANX SOLDIER  
IDENTIFY YOURSELF.

\*

END OF PAGE ONE

**PAGE TWO****FULL PAGE SPLASH**

The first ever appearance of WRAITH...

...a stunning beauty pass of our hero, standing astride his mount, one leg out, holding his space-motorcycle-like ship upright (and the ship is essentially a space-borne ramjet with a seat), front and center in the quarantine bay.

Wraith stares directly ahead at the Phalanx soldiers - his bearing ice cold...

...if Phalanx soldiers constitute a threat or elicit fear, it isn't working on this guy...

...because Wraith looks mythical - tall, lean and dark, he is the inscrutable bastard of Clint Eastwood and The Crow...

WRAITH

**i have no name.**

...and like The Crow, the one thing about Wraith that may not be immediately obvious is that he is young: this is a man in his early twenties, even if his preternaturally detached bearing says otherwise.

And on the corner of the page -

**TITLE AND CREDITS**

**END OF PAGE TWO**

**PAGE THREE****PANEL ONE**

FROM ABOVE: the Phalanx droids enter the quarantine bay, their unyielding mechanical threat unabating as they head toward Wraith.

HEAD PHALANX SOLDIER  
IT IS NOT ALIVE AND YET IT LIVES.  
QUERY: **WHAT IS IT?**

\*  
\*

**PANEL TWO**

MEDIUM SHOT: on Wraith.

WRAITH  
i have no quarrel here.

**PANEL THREE**

ON THE ADVANCING PHALANX SOLDIERS: brandishing their weapons.

PHALANX SOLDIER  
ITS UNIQUE CHARACTERISTICS MAY POSE  
A THREAT TO THE PHALANX.

\*

**PANEL FOUR**

CLOSER ON WRAITH: the tension piling up as the standoff develops...

WRAITH  
i have my own business in this  
galaxy. i mean you no harm.

**PANEL FIVE**

CLOSER: on the incoming Phalanx Soldiers, filling the frame.

PHALANX SOLDIER #2  
IT MUST BE STUDIED.

\*

**PANEL SIX**

EXTREME CLOSE UP ON WRAITH'S EYES

Slits.

WRAITH  
come. no. further.

**PANEL SEVEN**

EXTREME CLOSE UP ON THE LEAD SOLDIER'S EYES

**PANEL EIGHT**

EXTREME CLOSE UP ON WRAITH'S HAND: reaching for his weapon...

AND IF YOU HAVEN'T GOTTEN IT BY NOW THAT THIS IS A SERGIO  
LEONE WESTERN...

**END OF PAGE THREE**

**PAGE FOUR****PANEL ONE**

Wraith dives over the side of his mount - his weapon now in hand, an exotic gun with the outline of a futuristic six shooter, BLASTING AWAY - firing bolt after bolt of glowing plasma at the Phalanx soldiers - an ERUPTION of violence - as he slides across the Quarantine Bay floor...

...FCHOOM! FCHOOM! FCHOOM!

**PANEL TWO**

The Phalanx soldiers take their losses as several are BLASTED off the main formation while the rest plow forward under their leader's commands to:

HEAD PHALANX SOLDIER  
ADVANCE! ASSIMILATE! **ASSIMILATE!**

\*

**PANELS THREE, FOUR AND FIVE FORM A NARROW BAND ACROSS THE PAGE**

**THREE:** ECU ON WRAITH'S GUN: blasting away.

**FOUR:** SAME - only the gun is now changing - morphing - into...

**FIVE:** - into A MOLECULAR BULL-WHIP with a glowing leading edge!

**PANEL SIX**

LARGE, REST OF THE PAGE

A line of Phalanx soldiers would stand in front of Wraith - blocking him from view - save that he has just cut the foremost one of them in half with a slash of his whip -

**SNNNNNNNRRRRRRRIIIIIKKKK!**

- as he CHARGES into the melee!

**END OF PAGE FOUR**

**PAGE FIVE****PANEL ONE****SHRIKK! SHRIKK! SHRIKK!**

One - then two - then three Phalanx soldiers fall to pieces under attack from Wraith's whip as heads and limbs fly in the developing fray.

PHALANX SOLDIER  
IT APPEARS TO BE USING A  
POLYMORPHIC WEAPON.

\*  
\*

HEAD PHALANX SOLDIER  
OPEN FIRE - INCAPACITATE FOR -

**PANEL TWO****SHRIKK!**

The Head Phalanx Soldier splits in half as Wraith ploughs through the formation and...

**PANEL THREE**

...LEAPS through the air, firing his weapon - now back to a gun - as Phalanx weapons fire upon him - **TCHOOM! TCHOOM! TCHOOM!** -

- but the blasts are absorbed into his suit!

PHALANX SOLDIER  
IT IS ABSORBING OUR BLASTS - **CALL  
FOR REINFORCEMENTS!**

\*

**PANEL FOUR**

SMALL: Wraith's weapon CHANGES into a dagger.

PHALANX SOLDIER (CONNECTED TO  
PREVIOUS)  
REINFORCEMENTS - CALL FOR -

**PANEL FIVE**

Wraith lands on top of the Phalanx Soldier...

...and plants his dagger straight into its head.



END OF PAGE FIVE

**PAGE SIX**

**PANEL ONE**

Wraith stands alone: surrounded by Phalanx Soldier carnage - looking over the body of the last Phalanx soldier - the dagger still in its head as it hits the deck with a...

...**THUNK**...

...and then, from behind...

**ZZZZZT!**

**PANEL TWO**

SMALL, FLOATING OVER PANEL ONE

EXTREME CLOSE UP ON WRAITH'S FACE: as he turns around to see...

**PANEL THREE**

REVERSE ANGLE: to show a massive number of Phalanx soldiers storming the Quarantine Bay - not bothering with the pleasantries but opening fire immediately...

PHALANX SOLDIER  
THREAT LEVEL ASSESSED AS **HIGH** -  
OPEN FIRE!

\*

**PANEL FOUR**

ANOTHER SMALL EXTREME CLOSE UP ON WRAITH: Closing his eyes...

WRAITH  
time to go.

**PANEL FIVE**

WIDER ON WRAITH: the enemy's fire coming in a furious stream as the upper layer of, for lack of a better word - *blackness* - on his suit begins to atomize, forming a cloud around him...

**SHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRROOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOFFFFF!**

...and as a nimbus of darkness develops around Wraith...

CAPTION (PHALANX STYLE): WARNING! WEAPON OF UNKNOWN ORIGIN \*  
DEPLOYED IN QUARANTINE BAY! \*

END OF PAGE SIX

**PAGE SEVEN****PANEL ONE**

HUGE

The dark, swarming cloud spreads from Wraith to the phalanx droids as he rushes across the Quarantine Bay to his mount...

...and the rushing blaster fire disperses in the black fog...

**CAPTION (PHALANX STYLE): WARNING - SYSTEMS SHUTDOWN IMMINENT -  
WARNING - WARNING - WEAPON OF UNKNOWN -** \*

**PANEL TWO**

The swarming obscurity coalesces around Wraith as he leaps on to his mount...a comet trail of darkness that sows confusion in its wake...

...whatever Wraith has done, it has provided the blanket of dark fog he needed to make his escape...

**CAPTION (PHALANX STYLE): - WARNING! SYSTEMS SHUTDOWN -  
SYSTEMS - WARNING - WAR747RU%&@\*%\*XXX\*%\$&\* \_\_\_\_\_** \*

THE CAPTION ITSELF DISINTEGRATES IN A DULL POP

**PANEL THREE**

ON THE OUTER HULL OF THE PHALANX SHIP: the ports and windows still glowing red...

**BLAM!**

- and the side of the ship ERUPTING as Wraith BLASTS his way out with the forward cannons of his mount...

**PANEL FOUR**

ON WRAITH: on his mount...zooming away...as the Phalanx ship goes dark behind him...

WRAITH

set course for...anywhere...  
anywhere i can find the kree.

Wraith's response is acknowledged by his MOUNT - we won't be so cheeseball as to name it, but we will give it a distinctive text and speech balloon...

MOUNT  
REQUEST ACKNOWLEDGED - SEARCHING  
ASTROGATION CHARTS FOR NEAREST  
INHABITED WORLD.

\*

**END OF PAGE SEVEN**

**PAGE EIGHT**

**PANELS ONE THROUGH FOUR FORM A STRIP OF IDENTICAL-SIZED  
FRAMES ACROSS THE TOP OF THE PAGE**

AND COURSING THROUGH THESE FOUR PANELS, A STRING OF SOUND  
EFFECTS...

**STOMP - STOMP - STOMP - STOMP - STOMP - STOMP - STOMP - STOMP**

**PANELS ONE AND THREE**

The black marching feet of an row after row after row of  
Phalanx warriors splashes on wet streets.

**PANELS TWO AND FOUR**

EXTREME CLOSE UPS: on the red eyes of the Stompers and  
Soldiers...

...and then...

**PANEL FIVE**

HUGE - MOST OF THE PAGE

A city skyline...and it's a Kree city, full of Syd-Mead-meets-  
Jack-Kirby futuristic architecture...

...and an incessant, oppressive rain that casts an even  
greater gloom over the blackness of a searchlight-riven  
night...

...and on a buttress on the side of a massive skyscraper...

WRAITH

...his mount stashed away on a ledge, crouching over the  
city...watching...as the mechanical army marches below...

...and the VOICE of the Phalanx Invasion fill the air...

PHALANX P.A. VOICE  
CITIZENS OF THE KREE CITY OF  
HAROUN! CURFEW IS NOW IN EFFECT!

\*

PHALANX P.A. VOICE (SECOND BALLOON)  
CURFEW IS NOW IN EFFECT! ANY KREE  
CITIZENS NOT OBEYING CURFEW WILL BE  
SUMMARILY EXECUTED!

\*

\*

**END OF PAGE EIGHT**

**PAGE NINE****PANEL ONE**

ACROSS THE PAGE - FULL BLEED \*

**MULTIPLE IMAGES OF WRAITH AS HE RUNS, JUMPS AND VAULTS OVER  
THE SKYLINE**

...this is our chance to show the dark grace of our hero as he navigates the rooftops...and beneath him, one of the streets of Haroun - covered with Phalanx SOLDIERS and STOMPERS marching through the searchlit night... \*

PHALANX P.A. VOICE  
CITIZENS OF THE KREE CITY OF  
HAROUN! CURFEW IS NOW IN EFFECT!  
CURFEW IS NOW IN EFFECT! \*

**PANEL TWO**

As the occupying army marches below, Wraith removes his weapon from its holster as it morphs into a spotting scope...

PHALANX P.A. VOICE  
ALL KREE CITIZENS NOT OBEYING  
CURFEW WILL BE SUMMARILY EXECUTED. \*

**PANEL THREE**

...and trains it on an alley below...coolly regarding his options...

WRAITH  
magnify view of northwest quadrant.

**PANEL FOUR**

SCOPE VIEW (exotic crosshairs with alien text) \*

- an alley - and in the magnified quadrant...two figures are crouched in an alley - a KREE MALE (DOR-MIN) - clearly a criminal - holding a knife to the neck of a KREE FEMALE - clearly a VICTIM - and holding the other hand over her mouth. \*

**END OF PAGE NINE**



**PAGE TEN****PANEL ONE**

A BAND ACROSS THE PAGE - FULL BLEED, DREAMLIKE \*

On the left side of the panel is Dor-Min, holding his hand over his victim's mouth... \*

...on the right is something a little more stylized - an image, colored and penciled in a distinctive **FLASHBACK STYLE** (which will recur at greater length in issue #2, and we will revisit this particular image when Wraith tells the story of the murder of his parents) - \*

- of a KREE WOMAN (Wraith's mother) terrified - her face held from behind by the massive hand an attacker whose face cannot be seen - \*

- but what we can see is that the woman's attacker wears a ring of some kind - \*

- and it's hard to tell where this is taking place - but what can be seen is that this is indoors, and seen from the point of view of someone hiding behind a grill of some kind - as the image is divided by thin slats. \*

In the middle of this band...at the fuzzy delineation between reality and flashback...Wraith - putting down the binoculars - his black eyes narrowing... \*

**PANELS TWO - FOUR** \*

FORMING ANOTHER BAND ACROSS THE PAGE \*

2. Thin and small - another close-up on Wraith - very close on his eyes - his growing anger palpable. \*

**This is the Wraith equivalent to the red-tinted anger close ups of The Bride's eyes in the Kill Bill movies.** \*

3. Also small - and fading at the edges as if vanishing - an image of the eyes of the woman in the flashback \*

4. The largest of the three images - as a black bullwhip wraps itself around Dor-Min's knife hand with a **SNAP!** - from above! \*

**PANEL FIVE**

Dor-Min now hangs by his arm - held there by Wraith's bullwhip (pulleyed over another an outcropping from the side of the building) - wincing in pain as Wraith regards him...

...and the victim runs away down the alley in the background...

Dor-Min is clearly trying to squeeze his frightened words through the least amount of volume possible, as evidenced by the tiny letters in his jagged speech balloon...

DOR-MIN  
OHGODOHGODOHGODPLEASE....

**PANEL SIX**

CLOSE ON WRAITH:

WRAITH  
i need **information.**

**END OF PAGE TEN**

**PAGE ELEVEN****PANEL ONE**

Profile-to-profile - on Wraith and Dor-Min. \*

WRAITH  
i came to find a man.

DOR-MIN  
I CAN'T HELP.

**PANEL TWO**

From above, showing just how far above the alley floor Wraith has his victim...

WRAITH  
now you fall.

**PANEL THREE**

MEDIUM SHOT: on the two of them - Dor-Min is shit-in-his pants scared and fighting to talk his way out of this one...

DOR-MIN  
NO! PLEASE! **WAIT!** IT'S JUST -  
WITH THE OCCUPATION -

WRAITH  
occupation? this is the kree  
empire - is it not?

**PANEL FOUR**

CLOSE UP ON DOR-MIN: his fear barely held in check by his incredulity.

DOR-MIN  
WHAT ROCK HAVE YOU BEEN UNDER?

**PANEL FIVE**

CLOSE ON WRAITH: losing patience:

WRAITH  
i ask the questions.

**END OF PAGE ELEVEN**

**PAGE TWELVE****PANEL ONE**

VERTICAL, DOWN THE LENGTH OF THE PAGE

Showing the tableau of Wraith, still hanging Dor-Min by his arm in the rainy darkness of the alley - the two of them intermittently illuminated by light-spill from Phalanx search lights.

The speech balloons below float over PANEL ONE and PANELS TWO THROUGH FIVE, which also run down the length of the page telling their own story...

DOR-MIN

THE WHOLE KREE EMPIRE HAS BEEN  
OCCUPIED BY THESE ROBOTIC MONSTERS -  
THERE'S NO LAW - THERE'S NO WAY TO  
SURVIVE - EVEN OUR EMPEROR - RONAN -  
HAS **VANISHED!**

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

WRAITH

i do not care about your empire. i  
am looking for someone. i need  
**information.** databanks.

DOR-MIN

- THERE'S NO WAY TO FIND IT. THOSE  
PHALANX DROIDS HAVE LOCKED UP ALL  
THE COMPUTERS IN THE EMPIRE.

\*

WRAITH

i will let go, then.

DOR-MIN

NO! PLEASE! THE RESISTANCE - THE  
RESISTANCE - IN THE CITY OF HALINE.  
THE ONLY FREE PLACE LEFT IN THIS  
DROID-INFESTED CRUNG-HOLE!

WRAITH

you are with them?

DOR-MIN

I KNOW SOMEONE WHO IS.

**PANELS TWO-FIVE**

Tell the story of what happens after this conversation...

**TWO** - shows Wraith walking Dor-Min over the rooftops against the night sky.

**THREE** - shows Dor-Min **KNOCK-KNOCK**-ing on a squalid iron door.

**FOUR** - OVER DOR-MIN'S SHOULDERS: shows a slit opening on the door - speakeasy style - a pair of eyes regarding him.

DOR-MIN  
WE'RE HERE FOR RA-VENN.

**FIVE** - shows the door opening - letting our a shaft of dim light as Wraith and Dor-Min are admitted into...

**END OF PAGE TWELVE**

**PAGE THIRTEEN****PANEL ONE**

...a dark and crowded SPEAKEASY-type space - where dozens of shadowy DENIZENS OF THE KREE UNDERWORLD drink their poison in dimly lit booths...

**PANEL TWO**

...until they stand - weapons drawn and trained at Wraith - the place filling with the **SHWICKT!** Of guns leaving their holsters.

DOR-MIN  
DON'T SHOOT ME! I BROUGHT HIM TO  
YOU! ALL I WANT IS THE **REWARD!**

Reward? What the fuck?

**PANEL THREE**

ON WRAITH AND DOR-MIN: regarding Dor-Min, but if there's any emotion on his face other than a certain detached bemusement, he sure as hell isn't betraying it.

WRAITH  
**reward?**

DOR-MIN  
BUDDY - YOU'RE PUBLIC ENEMY A#1  
AROUND HERE - AND I'M THE LUCKIEST  
SON OF A -

**PANEL FOUR**

CLOSE UP: on Wraith's hand and hip as he reaches for his weapon -

**PANEL FIVE**

- Dor-Min reacts - a look of shocked horror and surprise on his face - but what the hell is Wraith doing?

**END OF PAGE THIRTEEN**

**PAGE FOURTEEN****PANEL ONE**

HUGE, FULL BLEED

The comics turn-the-page equivalent of a SMASH CUT...

...as Wraith now stands at the center of the speakeasy, bullwhip in hand as every one in the place - all of them disarmed, bloody, and all of them in various stages of having just had the shit beat out of them - crouch, kneel or lie on the ground, defeated...

...and yes, **we don't get to see the fight** - this is the comics equivalent of the first duel in the Gregory Peck film *The Gunfighter*, where someone draws on him and after the cut, Johnny Ringo has already put his drink down and holds a smoking gun.

In other words, we're in the business of selling bad-assery, not process.

WRAITH

since i have no quarrel with anyone  
here, i've only disarmed you -

**PANEL TWO**

CLOSE UP ON DOR-MIN: same expression as on the end of thirteen...but lying on the ground...Wraith's boot on his head.

A thin stream of blood trickles from Dor-Min's open mouth.

He's dead.

WRAITH

- except this one. he **hurts** women.

\*

**PANEL THREE**

ON WRAITH: surveying the faces of his victims - a gaggle of wounded men surrounding him.

Then, an ELECTRONIC SPEECH BALLOON FROM O.P.



SPEAKER VOICE  
GIVE HIM INSTRUCTION AND A  
PASSCODE. LET HIM COME TO  
HALINE...

**PANEL FOUR**

ON A SPEAKER ON THE WALL: the voice coming from somewhere  
else, somewhere far away...

SPEAKER VOICE  
...LET HIM SEE US FACE TO FACE.

**PANEL FIVE**

SMALL - FLOATING OVER FOUR

A close-up on Wraith's eyes: narrowing.

**END OF PAGE FOURTEEN**

**PAGE FIFTEEN****PANEL ONE**

ESTABLISHING SHOT: Wraith approaches, riding his mount through a massive underground sewer pipe...

...through the huge, jagged mouth of which can be seen HALINE...

...an entire city under the metropolis seen in the previous pages - if Haroun was a high-tech dystopia with touches of Mead and Kirby, Haline is clearly antique...

...Byzantine, Alex Raymond as channelled through the cosmic aesthetic of the Marvel Universe, a city of skyscrapers among massive stalactites and stalagmites.

A VOICE, belonging to RA-VENN (the same voice heard over the speaker in the bar) floats over the image...

RA-VENN

HALINE IS AN ANCIENT CITY - THE  
 RUIN UPON WHICH THE MODERN  
 METROPOLIS WAS BUILT - THERE'S NO  
 TECHNOLOGY DOWN HERE, NOTHING FOR  
 THE PHALANX TO ASSIMILATE...ONLY  
 THE SCROLLS OF OUR ANCIENT  
 HISTORY...THE HERITAGE THE  
 RESISTANCE SEEKS TO PRESERVE...

**PANEL TWO**

OVER WRAITH'S SHOULDER: RA-VENN stands in front of a massive library (remember "Who Speaks For Earth;" the episode of *COSMOS* where Carl Sagan walks through the library of Alexandria? Take that as your reference - only this library is dark and decrepit, lit by a few shafts of light from above)...

...and Ra-Venn - imagine her as the transcendently beautiful cross between Carole Bouquet (Bond's girl in *For Your Eyes Only*) and Captain Jack Sparrow, she is dressed in tight fitting leather armor and carries a repeating crossbow slinged across her back.

Ra-Venn's face is crossed by a scar across her left eye.

RA-VENN  
I AM RA-VENN - I LEAD THE  
RESISTANCE AGAINST THE PHALANX. I  
PUT THE REWARD OUT ON YOU.

**PANEL THREE**

On Wraith, stepping up to face her:

WRAITH  
why? i am no one.

**PANEL FOUR**

ON RA-VENN: as several KREE MEN and WOMEN, also dressed in armor, also battle-worn, step up to join her.

RA-VENN  
YOU ARE EVERYTHING.

One of the Kree men - a stout, officious and scientific-looking subordinate by the name of DA-VALL takes up Ra-Venn's line -

DA-VALL  
YOU ARE A WEAPON.

**END OF PAGE FIFTEEN**

**PAGE SIXTEEN****PANEL ONE**

Wraith steps up to confront Ra-Venn and Da-Vall.

WRAITH

how?

RA-VENN

THE PHALANX CAN ASSIMILATE ALL  
ELECTRONIC TECHNOLOGY. THAT'S WHY  
WE CARRY SWORDS AND CROSSBOWS, WHY  
WE FLY SOLAR SAILERS...

RA-VENN (SECOND BALLOON)

...SEVERAL DAYS AGO, DURING ONE OF  
OUR EXPEDITIONARY ACTIONS, WE FOUND  
A DERELICT PHALANX SHIP - EVERY  
DROID INSIDE WAS PARALYZED.

**PANEL TWO**

ON DA-VALL: holding up a piece of photo paper - not showing  
the image yet...

DA-VALL

WE LOOKED INTO THEIR SECURITY  
CAMERA FEEDS AND FOUND THIS.

**PANEL THREE**

CLOSE UP ON THE IMAGE: as Da-Vall turns it around for Wraith  
to see...

...and it shows Wraith, partially obscured by the swarming  
black cloud around him, yet easily recognizable.

DA-VALL (O.P.)

YOU WERE THE LAST THING THEY SAW -  
WHATEVER YOU DID IN THAT SHIP -  
WHATEVER YOU DID TO ESCAPE.

**PANEL FOUR**

ON RA-VENN: flanked by Da-Vall:

RA-VENN  
YOU **LOOK** LIKE A KREE - BUT WHAT YOU  
DID IN THAT SHIP IS BEYOND ANY OF  
US.

DA-VALL  
IT GAVE THEM SOMETHING THEY'VE  
NEVER FELT.

DA-VALL (SECOND BALLOON)  
YOU GAVE THEM **FEAR**.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

**END OF PAGE SIXTEEN**

**PAGE SEVENTEEN****PANEL ONE**

MEDIUM SHOT FAVORING THE THREE: Wraith stares, unmoving as Da-Vall continues.

DA-VALL  
THE PHALANX IS WITHOUT EMOTION -  
BUT SOMEHOW YOUR PRESENCE  
INTRODUCED **FEAR** INTO THEIR MATRIX.

DA-VALL (SECOND BALLOON)  
THEY WEREN'T ABLE TO PROCESS SO  
EXTREME AN EMOTIONAL STATE - AND  
THE ENTIRE STARSHIP'S WORTH OF  
MECHANICAL MONSTERS **SHUT DOWN**  
COMPLETELY.

RA-VENN  
WE NEED TO KNOW HOW YOU DID IT - WE  
NEED YOUR TECHNOLOGY.

**PANEL TWO**

Wraith turns away from Ra-Venn and Da-Vall - already walking off.

WRAITH  
I HAVE NO TECHNOLOGY TO GIVE YOU.

RA-VENN  
THEN FIGHT BY OUR SIDE -

WRAITH (SECOND BALLOON)  
**no.**

**PANEL THREE**

Ra-Venn steps in front of Wraith, not willing to let it go at that:

RA-VENN  
I DON'T UNDERSTAND. OBVIOUSLY, YOU  
ARE A WARRIOR - AND YOU HAVE AN  
ADVANTAGE IN THIS FIGHT -

RA-VENN (SECOND BALLOON)  
- WE ARE UNDER SIEGE - OUR WAY OF  
LIFE -

**PANEL FOUR**

CLOSE ON WRAITH: betraying no emotion, simply making himself understood: the guy is ice.

WRAITH  
- is not my concern.

**PANEL FIVE**

TWO SHOT: tight on Ra-Venn - growing increasingly angrier at Wraith's evasion and apprehension - and Wraith, not responding to her escalating emotion.

RA-VENN  
BUT YOU'RE KREE. YOUR PEOPLE ARE -

WRAITH  
you are **not** my people.

RA-VENN (SECOND BALLOON)  
WHAT ARE YOU? A MERCENARY OR A  
**COWARD?**

Off Wraith, not answering...

**PANEL SIX**

A THIN, NARROW PANEL

EXTREME CLOSE UP: on Ra-Venn.

RA-VENN  
WHAT DO YOU WANT?

**END OF PAGE SEVENTEEN**

**PAGE EIGHTEEN****PANEL ONE**

ON WRAITH AND RA-VENN: as he turns from her, finally deciding to put something of himself out there - to ask for the one thing he wants most...

...this (and the next) may be the most important panels in this entire issue...

...they must show that Wraith is capable of something greater than mere indifference.

WRAITH  
he wears a signet ring...of a  
skull. engulfed in flames.

\*

RA-VENN  
WHO?

**PANEL TWO**

CLOSE ON WRAITH: In. Tense.

WRAITH  
the man i've come to kill.

**PANEL THREE**

CLOSE ON RA-VENN

RA-VENN  
AND IF I TELL YOU WHERE TO FIND  
THIS MAN?

**PANEL FOUR**

CLOSE ON WRAITH: not sure he can give her what she wants...

...but before he can answer...

**WAAAAAH! WAAAAAH! WAAAAAH! WAAAAH! WAAAH!**

**PANEL FIVE**

SLAM TO A WIDER SHOT: to include Da-Vall and the others!



DA-VALL  
THE WARNING! THEY'RE HERE! THEY  
FOUND US!

**END OF PAGE EIGHTEEN**

**PAGE NINETEEN**

**PANEL ONE**

HUGE: as a massive hole erupts in the wall of the library with an ECHOING **BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOM!**

As Ra-Venn and her minions cower, the Phalanx enters - weapons **BLASTING** - a fearsome blitzkrieg that makes it clear that if the Phalanx has its way, no one will leave this place alive...

**PANEL TWO**

Wraith helps Ra-Venn to her feet as the place fills with smoke and LASER FIRE:

RA-VENN  
THERE IS STILL TIME - COME WITH US!

WRAITH  
no. get out. **now.**

**PANEL THREE**

Wraith stands firm in the foreground - features full of resolve - as Ra-Venn and her men rush off behind him...

RA-VENN  
EMERGENCY EVACUATION PROTOCOL THEON-  
ACULA! GET TO YOUR SAILERS!

**PANEL FOUR**

HUGE - REVERSE ANGLE: to show the might of the incoming Phalanx war machine, as Wraith - standing with his back to the reader as the army comes closer and closer - swarms the Exolon Plasmoids covering his body...

**SHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHRRRRRRRRRRRRRRROOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOFFFFF!**

...and as the dark, obscuring cloud rises above Wraith...

**END OF PAGE NINETEEN**



**PAGE TWENTY ONE****PANEL ONE**

Wraith now blazes through OPEN SPACE as the LEAD PHALANX DROID catches up to his speeding mount...

...its arms extending to capture Wraith...

**PANEL TWO**

Wraith draws his gun, turns on his seat and FIRES - blasting the Phalanx soldier to bits...

**KAPOW!**

\*

**PANEL THREE**

...but a dozen more are already there...and piling on, holding on to Wraith's mount, to his body, to his arm - to anything that can be held on to -

\*

- overwhelming Wraith like a million maggots devouring a carcass...

**CAPTION (PHALANX STYLE): DEPLOY ALL TECHNOLOGY NECESSARY TO SUBDUE THE THREAT - DEPLOY TRANQUILIZER NEEDLES AND SERUM - DEPLOY STUN-BEAMS - APPLY PHYSICAL FORCE TO ALL PRESSURE POINTS.**

\*

**PANEL FOUR**

WRAITH'S P.O.V.: as his field of vision is obscured by the cold, menacing, red-eyed faces of the Phalanx soldiers setting on him...

**PANEL FIVE**

THE SAME: but growing DARKER and DARKER...

**PANEL SIX**

Until all goes BLACK.

**END OF PAGE TWENTY-ONE**

**PAGE TWENTY-TWO****PANEL ONE**

SMALL AND MOSTLY BLACK: slowly resolving into a face, someone talking to Wraith...

VOICE  
 YOU HAVE BEEN REMANDED TO THE  
 SELECTION FACILITY IN THE STRAITS  
 OF MIRADOR...

**PANEL TWO**

THE SAME: only slightly lighter and with better focus, the face is till undefinable...

VOICE  
 BECAUSE YOU STRIKE FEAR INTO THE  
 PHALANX, THEY HAVE CHOSEN ME TO BE  
 YOUR JAILER.

**PANEL THREE**

TAKES UP MOST OF THE PAGE: A SMASH CUT to...

...Wraith, arms and legs bound with sterile, high tech shackles on the gray floor of a VERY ADVANCED PRISON FACILITY, and standing over him...

RONAN THE ACCUSER!

...only this is not the hero we have grown used to seeing over the Annihilation event.

This is Ronan as assimilated by the Phalanx - his body encumbered by Phalanx implants...

...and his eyes hollow and static-filled in the way of all Select.

RONAN  
**MY NAME IS RONAN...**

RONAN (SECOND BALLOON)  
**...AND SOON, ALL OF YOUR SECRETS  
 WILL BE MINE.**

...and off the fearsome sight of our anti-hero, taken down and imprisoned...

...and off the sight of a known Marvel Hero, turned to the cause of the enemy, made into a tool of oppression and fear...

**END OF PAGE TWENTY-TWO**

**END OF ISSUE ONE**