

## ONE

**Panel 1:** Panel subdivided into several small panels across the top of the page, each one showing the motion of TRAVELER'S thumb over his index- and middle-fingers of his left hand. The caption moves across the panel.

1. CAPTION (TIME/PLACE): LONDON, 2016
2. CAPTION (TRAVELER): This is my favorite part.
3. CAPTION (TRAVELER): A plan is coming together,
4. CAPTION (TRAVELER): And I get to do what I do best.

**Panel 2:** Panel covers the left half of the rest of the page and is a shot of TRAVELER from behind, filling most of the panel. In the distance, there is billowing smoke and maybe a bit of the ROBAZI Giant Robot.

1. CAPTION (TRAVELER): Not gonna lie...

**Panel 3:** Panel covers the right half of the rest of the page and is a close up of TRAVELER'S face with the ROBAZI'S giant robot framed in the mirrored lenses of his mask. He is smirking.

1. CAPTION (TRAVELER): *I live for this!*

## **TWO**

**Panel 1:** Full page panel showing the Giant Robot rampaging through London. TRAVELER is standing on the roof of a building in the foreground. The title of the book is splashed on this page.

1. TRAVELER: Traveler ready. How we doing, mates?
2. CAPTION (TRAVELER): My teammates, my friends despite ourselves, are the best.

## **THREE**

**Panel 1:** Showing QUARtermaster and VALKYRIE battling other robots in the lobby of the building below TRAVELER.

1. CAPTION (VO, TRAVELER): Desmond Llewelyn, a.k.a **Quartermaster**, my favorite metal man.
2. CAPTION (VO, TRAVELER): Lady Michelle Barriston, a.k.a. **Valkyrie**, the second-in-command of our merry band.

**Panel 2:** QUARtermaster is battling robots, using energy discharges from his hands, and random gadgets pulled from his pockets. One robot blasts his lab coat, leaving a smoking hole.

1. QUARtermaster (BURST): Another lab coat ruined.

**Panel 3:** VALKYRIE is tossing robots around with her TK while hovering.

1. VALKYRIE: Can't you just make a new one?
2. QUARtermaster (OFF): That is hardly the point, Lady Valkyrie.
3. CAPTION (VO, TRAVELER): Those two are a formidable distraction...

## **FOUR**

**Panel 1:** Panel is the full page, with other panels on top of it. One of the feet of the giant robot crashes into the ground.

1. SFX: BROOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOM
2. CAPTION (VO, TRAVELER): They've cleared the way for the last two to tee up the trap.

**Panel 2:** Top right corner. BOLERO steps out of the shadows, red tendrils of energy flowing out of her hand, some lashing around.

1. CAPTION (VO, TRAVELER): Lara Sladen, a.k.a **Bolero**, our very own shard of cosmic force.
2. BOLERO: Rook, are you sure this will work?

**Panel 3:** Bottom left corner. ROOK, all confidence and determination, strides out of a cloud of dust. Silver energy is flashing around him.

1. BOLERO (OFF): It seems too... Simple.
2. CAPTION (VO, TRAVELER): Prince Richard Windsor, a.k.a. **Rook**, our noble, fearless leader.
3. ROOK: The simplest plan is the least likely to fail.

**Panel 4:** Bottom right corner. Tighter shot of ROOK. His hand is outstretched, and a stream of silver energy is flowing out of it.

1. ROOK: This will most assuredly work.
2. CAPTION (VO, TRAVELER): Yeah, he always talks like that.



## SIX

**Panel 1:** Shot of ROBAZI from TRAVELER'S vantage point, it is clearly about to topple.

1. CAPTION (TRAVELER): My turn.

**Panel 2:** The giant robot begins to fall.

1. TRAVELER: Valkyrie, now!

**Panel 3:** VALKYRIE launches herself up, away from the last few robots.

1. VALKYRIE: Inbound. Go!

2. TRAVELER: Going!

**Panel 4:** TRAVELER is sprinting towards the edge of the roof.

1. CAPTION (TRAVELER): Here we go!

**Panel 5:** A directly over-head shot of TRAVELER mid-leap off the building. VALKYRIE is visible below him, pushing against him telekinetically.

1. VALKYRIE: Oof!

**Panel 6:** A silhouette shot of the skyline, TRAVELER, and the ROBAZI, with TRAVELER'S trajectory shown.

1. TRAVELER (BURST): WOOHOO!

## **SEVEN**

**Panel 1:** Half page panel. ROBAZI is in free-fall towards the streets. TRAVELER is in the foreground flying towards ROBAZI'S head. His hands are beginning to glow.

1. CAPTION (TRAVELER): My name is Peter McEnnis. I'm not from here.
2. CAPTION (TRAVELER): I'm from somewhere *else*. Let me show you what I do.

**Panel 2:** Half page panel. Traveler grabs a hold of ROBAZI'S head and below them a rippling portal, the same color as the glow around TRAVELER'S hands in the previous panel, appears. TRAVELER is clearly riding ROBAZI down.

1. CAPTION (TRAVELER): Let me show you why they call me...
2. CAPTION (TRAVELER) (BURST): TRAVELER!

## **EIGHT**

**Panel 1:** Full page panel of ROBAZI going through the portal, with TRAVELER riding him through.

## NINE

**Panel 1:** Full page panel of this otherworld. Other panels will be inset. ROBAZI and TRAVELER are drifting.

**Panel 2:** Top right. Close up on TRAVELER drifting.

1. CAPTION (TRAVELER): Pretty self-explanatory, right?

**Panel 3:** Just below Panel 2. Slightly wider shot showing TRAVELER placing his legs against ROBAZI.

1. CAPTION (TRAVELER): I travel, hence, *Traveler*.

2. CAPTION (TRAVELER): Duh.

**Panel 4:** Bottom left. TRAVELER'S hand phases out and he shoves it into ROBAZI.

1. CAPTION (TRAVELER): Oh yeah, I can do this too.

**Panel 5:** Directly below Panel 4. TRAVELER'S hand draws back, pulling a frail old man in a tattered Nazi-style uniform out with him.

1. TRAVELER: Hiya, you old bag of bones! Let's get you back into prison, huh?

2. ROBAZI: <Cursing in German>

**Panel 6:** Bottom right. TRAVELER kicks off the robot with ROBAZI in hand. They pass through a portal he opens.

1. TRAVELER: You are *such* a charmer!

## TEN

**Panel 1:** TRAVELER launches out of the other side of the portal, back into London. ROBAZI is still in tow.

1. TRAVELER: Home again, home again.
2. QUARTERMASTER (OFF): Jiggity-jig.

**Panel 2:** QUARTERMASTER walks up to TRAVELER who is visibly exhausted.

1. TRAVELER: We all good on this end, Metal-man?
2. QUARTERMASTER: Yes. His cell is waiting for him. And you know that is not my name Traveler.
3. TRAVELER: Yeah, yeah Quartermaster. Let me deliver this guy.

**Panel 3:** TRAVELER opens another portal into a prison cell and places ROBAZI through it.

1. TRAVELER: There we go, safe and sound you horrible old man.  
Please leave us alone!
2. ROOK (OFF): That would be exceptionally nice of him.
3. VALKYRIE: And highly unlikely. He has yet to leave any version of this team alone. Ever.

**Panel 4:** ROOK, BOLERO, and VALKYRIE arrive. TRAVELER begins closing the portal.

1. TRAVELER: We can hope, right?
2. BOLERO: Hope all you want T, I'm going to stick with realism.
3. QUARTERMASTER: I like hope. Hope is a good thing. Maybe I'll name an EMP cannon "Hope."
4. VALKYRIE: Thank you for keeping everything nice and literal  
Quartermaster. It's what I like about you.

## ELEVEN

**Panel 1:** Full page. The whole team is posed with some distinctly “London” architecture in the background. ROOK in the center.

1. ROOK:

No reason to not embrace both. Well done today

Knights!

2. CAPTION (TRAVELER):

**Knights of the Crown**, that’s us. And heaven help me, I think I may finally have found some place to stick around.

## TWELVE

**Panel 1:** Panel covers top third of the page. It is a shot of the HMS *Belfast* from the east, framed by Knight Bridge on the left and the Tower of London on the right.

1. CAPTION (TIME/PLACE): Later
2. CAPTION (TRAVELER): The HMS *Belfast*. She was gifted to us by Her Majesty's Government after our first little outing.
3. SFX: High-pitched whine, increasing in volume.

**Panel 2:** Left side of middle third. Same shot as above.

1. SFX: WHUMP

**Panel 3:** Right side of middle third. Same shot, but this one adds a plume of water erupting from near the back of the *Belfast*.

1. SFX: FOOOM
2. CAPTION (TRAVELER): That happens a lot.

**Panel 4:** Bottom third. Shot is of a lounge space inside the *Belfast*. TRAVELER, BOLERO, and VALKYRIE are there. TRAVELER is sprawled on the couch, reading. BOLERO is talking on a cell phone with a mug of tea. VALKYRIE is sitting forward in an easy chair, looking at a laptop with sheaves of paper scattered around her.

1. BOLERO (INTO PHONE): No babe that was just one of our Quartermaster's experiments exploding.
2. TRAVELER: Not it.



## **FOURTEEN**

**Panel 1:** Shot of the corridor with TRAVELER and a smoking QUARTERMASTER wearing a burned and tattered lab coat walking down it.

1. TRAVELER: Look Des, I'm not saying it isn't a cool idea. It is. It's just that, well, I don't think physics works that way.
2. QUARTERMASTER: Physics should be more accommodating.
3. TRAVELER: I don't disagree. I'd love it if I could safely hop further than one dimension out at a go.

**Panel 2:** Shot from behind them with the lounge in the distance. TRAVELER has his arm around QUARTERMASTER's shoulders.

1. QUARTERMASTER: It would be quite impressive if I could make it work.
2. TRAVELER: I know buddy. I want the *Belfast* to fly too.

**Panel 3:** Lounge shot. Should include the other three, but not the other end of the couch. BOLERO has moved over to look at something on VALKYRIE's laptop.

1. BOLERO: It is nice to have some friends in the media I suppose.
2. TRAVELER: Mission accomplished, experiment halted.
3. TRAVELER (POINTING): And who invited the tourist?

**Panel 4:** Shot of the other end of the couch, where QUICKPEEK is seated, snacking on something tourist-y. ROOK, VALKYRIE, and BOLERO all whip their heads around.

1. QUICKPEEK: Hiya!

## **FIFTEEN**

**Panel 1:** VALKYRIE and BOLERO are on their feet, preparing to attack. BOLERO has red energy gathering around her hands.

1. ROOK (BURST): HOLD!
2. ROOK: Everyone just hold.

**Panel 2:** Shot from above and behind TRAVELER and QUARTERMASTER, showing the KNIGHTS standing down and QUICKPEEK still snacking.

1. ROOK: Right. Good. Now-
2. QUICKPEEK: Quickpeek! Nice to meetcha!

**Panel 3:** Shot from over QUICKPEEK's shoulder. He is pointing at ROOK.

1. QUICKPEEK: Yes!

**Panel 4:** Same style of shot, this time pointing at TRAVELER.

1. QUICKPEEK: No.
2. TRAVELER: What?

**Panel 5:** Shot of the whole group. TRAVELER and QUARTERMASTER have moved up to stand with their teammates.

1. ROOK: Ah. He is a precognitive.
2. QUICKPEEK: Like I said, yes.
3. TRAVELER: Isn't that impossible?
4. QUICKPEEK: Again, like I said, no.
5. QUICKPEEK: Honestly, how do you guys even function?

## SIXTEEN

**Panel 1:** Full page. Set in a conference room on the *Belfast*. ROOK, VALKYRIE, QUARTERMASTER, and TRAVELER are seated on one end. BOLERO is leaning against the wall. QUICKPEEK is sitting at the other end of the table.

1. ROOK: So, besides your precognitive abilities, what else can you do?
2. QUICKPEEK: Oh! My bad, I didn't explain. The precog stuff is secondary. I'm super-fast. Like, really, *really*, super-fast.
3. BOLERO: A speedster? Rook, didn't an older iteration of the Knights have a speedster?
4. ROOK: Yes, I believe they did. He used a suit that provided his powers. His name was-
5. QUICKPEEK: Quantum. He's my Pop!
6. QUARTERMASTER: If your father used a suit, how do you have powers? Unless you have internalized the mechanical components, I am not sensing anything that would give you such powers.
7. QUICKPEEK: Oh that. Well, Pop's rig did something with quantum blah-blah-blah that allowed him to move fast and see about a second into the future. He used it so much that it did something on a genetic level, and Ta-Da! You get me!
8. TRAVELER: OK, so we've got you. Why do we have you?

## SEVENTEEN

**Panel 1:** Shot tight on QUICKPEEK.

1. QUICKPEEK: Well, two things. First, I'm a legacy thanks to my Dad.
2. TRAVELER (Raising his hand): Wha-
3. QUICKPEEK: It means I'm supposed to be given a chance to join the team, right Rook?

**Panel 2:** Shot of ROOK and VALKYRIE exchanging a glance.

1. VALKYRIE: Well, technically yes. I don't know exactly how. Rook?
2. ROOK: I would need to go ask my predecessor, but I'd imagine some sort of-
3. QUICKPEEK (OFF): Test! Yeah, that's what Pops told me. He said that they were usually crazy tests. He mentioned something about a world-wide race and a fresh pizza from Chicago, but he wouldn't elaborate.

**Panel 3:** Long shot of the whole table

1. ROOK: As I said, I will need to ask some questions. You mentioned two things?
2. QUICKPEEK: Yeah, the second thing was that Pops sent me with a warning.
3. BOLERO (Perking up): What warning?

**Panel 4:** Tight in on QUICKPEEK.

1. QUICKPEEK: He said "The Aeonites aren't as gone as we hoped."

**Panel 5:** VALKYRIE and ROOK exchange glances

1. QUICKPEEK (Off): He said you would understand.
2. VALKYRIE: He couldn't mean...
3. ROOK: He certainly could.

## **EIGHTEEN**

**Panel 1:** Shot of the table from over ROOK's shoulder

1. TRAVELER: Care to clue in the rest of us Rook?
2. BOLERO: Yeah Boss, if it's got you this concerned, we should probably know.

**Panel 2:** Shot of ROOK, looking pensive.

1. ROOK: Yes, I'd say you do all need to know.
2. ROOK: It goes back to the very first iteration of the Knights, at the end of the War.
3. ROOK: The first concerted effort in the aftermath of the war to take apart the British Government was enacted by radical followers of Aleister Crowley who believed it was their divine mission to bring about something they called the Aeon of Horus.

**Panel 4:** Reactions from the rest of the table. TRAVELER should look incredulous.

1. TRAVELER: The Aeon of Horus? Like the Egyptian god Horus?
2. VALKYRIE: Exactly. They called it the Equinox of the Gods or something.
3. BOLERO: Be honest, is this a joke? I'm perfectly willing to start laughing right now.
4. ROOK: It is no joke Bolero. The Aeonites nearly succeeded in pulling off some ritual under London. If they are back, we are in trouble.

## NINETEEN

**Panel 1:** Set in an underground chamber, a disused station of the Underground. Several cloaked and hooded AEONITES are gathered around performing a ritual. In the center of their circle is a skeleton.

1. ROOK (OFF): Thankfully, their leader was caught and killed by the first Rook. Without him, they shouldn't be too big of a threat.