

This document contains the original script for my comic “The Order of Nimbus,” originally published in 2020’s *Inspiration: A Comic Anthology*. In addition, I have included some references and notes on characters and settings that I compiled for the talented artist I collaborated with, Chris Doray, to give you a look at our process. You may notice a few small differences between the script as written and the final product that came about as a result of conversations between Chris and me during the production of the comic. The script was already written by the time he and I joined up, but through our partnership, I think we were able to create something even greater than I had imagined.

The Order of Nimbus

Chris Larsen

PAGE 1

Layout is five equal panels spanning the width of the page.

Panel 1

Night. Overhead shot of a mostly empty modern big city street. Illuminated by streetlight is MO'S FALAFEL CART. We can see (but not particularly clearly) a figure (MO) standing in the cart at the register, and another (ROBBER) standing outside of the cart, brandishing a gun at Mo. NOTE: The colors in this should be somewhat evocative of the threat. Everything illuminated by the streetlight should be bathed in yellow, while everything outside the light should be shrouded in shadow.

Panel 2

View is now directly from behind the robber. We can see the back of his head. He wears a black ski mask and a brown jacket. Mo has dark hair and a full, close-cropped beard. He wears a green jacket over a white t-shirt. He looks absolutely terrified.

ROBBER:

Empty the register, or **else**.

Panel 3

Same angle as Panel 2, but something has changed. The shadow of a figure on horseback has fallen across the scene now. (This is going to be a knight, so the head should reflect that he's wearing a plumed helmet.) The robber doesn't notice, but Mo is now looking past him in surprise. From off-panel, a VOICE speaks to the robber (note: lettering should be gothic and old-timey)

VOICE:

Halt, ye brigand!

Panel 4

Same view as before, but the robber has now angrily turned his head back to look at the voice (facing us). Through the ski mask, we can see the anger in his eyes and mouth.

ROBBER:

What the hell...?

VOICE:

Unhand yon merchant...

Panel 5

Same as before, but now the shadow of the horse clearly has wings unfurled. The robber now looks terrified and his gun drops from his hand.

VOICE:

...or face my blade!

PAGE 2

Three panels, the first taking up half the page.

Panel 1

The camera is now facing the KNIGHT (SIR PERCIVAL) on his pure white PEGASUS (THUNDERBOLT). (The background here should be like a burst of light behind the knight, highlighting him and making his appearance that much more dramatic.) His armor is the brightest silver, with white and blue accents and a fluffy, cloudlike plume on the helmet. His helmet is closed, and we will never see his face. On his left arm rests a shield. The heraldry on his shield, also white and blue, evokes the sky: white clouds on a blue background, and the gold silhouette of a pegasus rearing up. With his right hand, he points the blade towards the robber, who cowers in the foreground. Percival speaks again (once more in the gothic lettering, as it will be whenever he speaks):

PERCIVAL:

What say you?

Panel 2

Over the shoulder from behind Percival. The robber is crouching, terrified, staring at the knight. In the Falafel Stand, Mo is looking at the knight, mouth wide open in confusion.

Panel 3

From the same perspective, where there once was a robber, we now see blurred speed lines and a cloud of dust moving towards the right side of the panel. The knight and Mo have both turned their heads to the right to watch the robber make his escape. In large, shaking letters that trail off the side of the panel along with the robber's movement:

ROBBER:

AAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHH

PAGE 3

Four panel grid with a larger fifth panel below

Panel 1

We are now looking down the sidewalk, Mo on the left, Percival on the right. Mo looks at Percival, equal parts confused, nervous, and grateful. The knight is still watching the robber, who we see disappearing over the horizon.

MO:

Thank you.

PERCIVAL:

Of course. I could not stand idly by whilst banditry threatened our humble foodsmiths.

MO:

Err... right...

MO:

I'm sorry, who are you?

Panel 2

Close up on Percival.

PERCIVAL:

Why, I am **Sir Percival** of the **Order of Nimbus!**

Panel 3

Medium view as Percival pats his pegasus on the neck. Its face is beaming.

PERCIVAL:

And this noble beast is my steed, **Thunderbolt!**

PERCIVAL:

Together, we patrol the skies, protecting the realm from all manner of dangers, from scofflaws to sorcerers!

Panel 4

Percival is now mounting Thunderbolt. Behind him, Mo looks on, still a little confused.

MO:

How can I thank you? Do -- do you like falafel?

PERCIVAL:

Dear Mo, my work here is done, and so I take my leave of you and your market.

PERCIVAL:

Come, Thunderbolt...

Panel 5

A view from above, similar to the first panel of page one, only this time, Mo is looking up in awed confusion as Percival and Thunderbolt swoop into the sky through the foreground of the scene.

PERCIVAL:

...**AWAY!**

PAGE 4

Four panel grid.

Panel 1

Establishing shot of a corner bookstore in the same big city. It's now daytime. A banner on the window proclaims: TODAY ONLY! JESSICA CROMLEY READS FROM HER NEW BOOK. We can make out a small crowd through the windows.

CAPTION:

The next day, just a few blocks away...

JESSICA (V.O.):

"And so, satisfied that the bandit would never again darken the merchant's doorstep, they took to the sky..."

Panel 2

Inside the bookstore. Amidst the bookshelves, there is a large, open area. We see a podium with a microphone before an audience made up of men, women, and children (at least one of whom is a young African-American girl, SAMANTHA, who is there with her MOTHER and who will speak soon -- I don't know how clearly they'll be seen in the crowd right now, but just in case, Samantha's hair is twisted up in a bun, and she's wearing a white shirt under purple overalls, while her mother has short black hair and is wearing whatever you think looks good, because she's never actually going to talk), all of whom are seated in folding chairs. There is an aisle down the middle of the chairs (Samantha should be in an aisle seat). At the podium, reading aloud from a book, is JESSICA CROMLEY. She looks to be in her mid-30s. She has somewhat messy long brown hair that looks under control, but only barely. She wears glasses with large, circular frames. She wears a gold-colored blouse and blue jeans under a long, loose-fitting purple coat with large sleeves that drape down from her arms, almost like a wizard's coat.

JESSICA:

"...well aware that it would not be long until the citizens called upon their heroics yet again." Thank you.

Panel 3

Medium shot of a smiling Jessica. She is picking up the book from the podium, but we don't see it in detail yet. From off-panel, the sound of applause, as Jessica continues speaking.

SFX:

CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP

JESSICA:

Thank you all so much. Once again, that was an excerpt from my new fantasy novel...

Panel 4

Close up of Jessica holding up her book. The ornate cover sports the exact same design as Percival's shield, and we see its title: THE ORDER OF NIMBUS.

JESSICA:

...**The Order of Nimbus!**

PAGE 5

Simple 8 panel layout.

Panel 1

Medium shot of Jessica standing at the podium. She has put the book back down and is now looking at the audience.

JESSICA:

OK, so I think I have time for a few questions...

Panel 2

Viewing the audience now from behind Jessica. Several people have their hands raised. Jessica surveys the crowd.

JESSICA:

Let's see. How about...

Panel 3

Jessica's POV (the podium and mic could possibly be seen at the bottom of the panel to convey this). In the crowd, we see Samantha standing on her chair, stretching her hand as high as she possibly can, desperately trying to be seen above all of the adults who are also raising their hands (there should be action lines or some other indication that she's moving around quite a bit, for contrast with the next panel).

JESSICA (V.O.):

How about...

Panel 4

Same angle, only now Samantha is completely still (though her hand is still outstretched). The expression on her face is one of surprise (and a bit of "Oh crap"). When she speaks in this panel, lettering should be small.

JESSICA (V.O.):

...you, young lady?

SAMANTHA:

...me?

JESSICA (V.O.):

Come on up!

Panel 5

Wider shot from behind the audience. Samantha is now moving up the middle aisle towards the podium. People turn to look at her, smiling. Jessica is smiling broadly, as well.

JESSICA:

What's your name?

SAMANTHA:

I'm Samantha.

JESSICA:

And you have a question for me?

Panel 6

Close up of Samantha, who is now standing at the very front of the aisle, near the podium. Still looking a little shy, but speaking with growing confidence.

SAMANTHA

I love reading your books so much that someday I want to write my **own** books.
Why did you decide to write?

Panel 7

Over the shoulder of Samantha, we see Jessica, who smiles a wry smile.

JESSICA:

First of all, you don't have to wait to write your own books! You can start right now if you want! And someday I can't wait to read what you write.

JESSICA:

Now, to answer your question, why did I decide to write? It's because I love magic.

Panel 8

Close up of Jessica now.

JESSICA:

And not only do I get to write about magic, but I believe writing **is** magic. Maybe one of the most powerful types of magic there is!

JESSICA:

It can take you to new places, help you meet new people, and so much more. I think there's no limit to the good it can do. In fact...

PAGE 6

Six panel grid.

Panel 1

Afternoon establishing shot of a restaurant, THE ROUND TABLE. There are a few people seated outside eating.

JESSICA (V.O.):

...it can even save lives!

CAPTION:

Later that day...

Panel 2

Inside the restaurant, Jessica is seated at a table, sipping from a mug of coffee. On the table in front of her is a muffin with a bite out of it, as well as a brown canvas tote bag. We can see a television hanging up in the corner of the ceiling behind Jessica. On the TV we see what looks to be a daytime talk show.

Panel 3

Same view, the TV now displays a "BREAKING NEWS" logo. Jessica, still holding her coffee, hears the NEWS ANCHOR (who is a voiceover from the TV) and turns her eyes to the TV. (Note: the news anchor's speech should be in a radio bubble.)

NEWS ANCHOR:

This just in: a fire has broken out at the Shady Oak apartment building on 13th Street. We go live now to the scene.

Panel 4

As the TV displays a burning building, firefighters trying to get the flames under control, Jessica puts down her coffee.

NEWS ANCHOR:

Firefighters are doing their best to control this fire. There are thought to be several residents still inside.

Panel 5

Closer view of Jessica, who has a look on her face of... is that determination? She reaches into her bag.

JESSICA:

I guess break time is over.

Panel 6

Close up of the bag, and what Jessica is pulling out of it: a slightly tattered Moleskine notebook that somehow seems to glow, and a shimmering purple pen.

JESSICA (V.O.)

I'm feeling **inspired**.

PAGE 7

Three equal stacked panels that span the width of the page.

Panel 1

Full view of Jessica again, with the TV in the background, similar to before. On the TV we can see the burning building. Jessica is now writing. In a caption that looks like a piece of paper from the notebook, we see Jessica's writing in flowing purple script (all of the captions on this page will be in this style).

CAPTION:

"Smelling the smoke, he knew there was only one thing to do."

Panel 2

Close up of the TV now. A slightly aerial view of the burning building (it shouldn't be too far away, so we can make out details of the firefighters). We can still see the TV frame, and the coloring should be slightly faded to reflect that this is the TV we're seeing, not the actual scene.

CAPTION:

"It was time for Sir Percival to swoop in..."

Panel 3

Same view as before, only without the artifice of the TV screen this time. We're really there. But now, we see a shadow on the ground, the unmistakable silhouette of a knight on a flying horse. A firefighter in this shadow looks up at the source of this shadow (back towards the camera) in shock.

CAPTION:

"...and save the day."

THE END

PRODUCTION NOTES

SPRINGBOARD

In a modern day city, a robbery is stopped by a knight flying in on a pegasus. It turns out this is the work of a fantasy author who has the power to bring whatever she writes to life.

SUMMARY

Late one night in the big city, a robbery at a falafel stand is thwarted when a knight riding a pegasus descends from the sky, frightening the robber away. The knight tells the confused falafel stand owner that he is Sir Percival of the Order of Nimbus, then takes to the skies.

The next day, fantasy author Jessica Cromley is at a bookstore reading from her new novel, *The Order of Nimbus*. A young fan, Samantha, asks her why she decided to be a writer. Jessica responds that she believes writing is magic. Later that day, Jessica sees a news report about a burning building. She takes out her pen and notebook and begins to write about Sir Percival rescuing people from a fire, and as she does so, he appears on the scene in real life.

CHARACTERS

Protagonists

SIR PERCIVAL

His armor is the brightest silver, with white and blue accents and a fluffy, cloudlike plume on the helmet. His helmet is closed, and we will never see his face. On his left arm rests a shield. The heraldry on his shield, also white and blue, evokes the sky: white clouds on a blue background, and the gold silhouette of a pegasus rearing up. Carries a sword in his right hand. Should look somewhat fantastical. Gregarious, friendly, purely heroic.

THUNDERBOLT

A pure white pegasus. Accessories should be in this style (different colors and heraldry to match Sir Percival's).



SAMANTHA

Young African-American girl (8 years old or so?). Hair is twisted up in a bun, and she's wearing a white shirt under purple overalls. Excitable, but shy when the spotlight is on her. A little precocious, as well, and already knows she wants to be a writer.

JESSICA CROMLEY

She looks to be in her mid-30s. She has somewhat messy long brown hair that looks under control, but only barely. She wears glasses with large, circular frames. She wears a gold-colored blouse and blue jeans under a long, loose-fitting purple coat with large sleeves that drape down from her arms, almost like a wizard's coat. Very friendly, but also gives off a bit of a mysterious vibe.

Antagonist

ROBBER

Wears black ski mask, brown jacket, jeans. Brandishes a gun. Petty robber - just wants some cash.

Secondary characters

MO

Brown skin, short black hair, close-cropped beard. Wears olive green jacket, white t-shirt, brown pants. Frightened of the robber, then grateful (if not confused) by Sir Percival's intervention.

SAMANTHA'S MOTHER

In her 30s. She never speaks and is only in one or two panels, so... artist's choice.

SETTINGS

MO'S FALAFEL STAND

Your typical independent corner food stand, like you might see in New York. Only seen at night, so it will be illuminated by streetlamp. Sign should legibly read "MO'S FALAFEL STAND."

Something like this:



THE BOOKWORM

A corner bookstore in the same city. We'll see it in exterior (it looks to be one tenant in a larger building, and "THE BOOKWORM" and its logo, a cartoon worm poking out of an apple and reading a book, are painted on the window) as well as interior (amidst the bookshelves is an open area with podium and microphone in front of an audience gathered in folding chairs - the audience is divided into two sides with an aisle down the middle)

THE ROUND TABLE

A restaurant in the same city. Outside, there are tables with some people dining, and a sign above the door declares the name, and the logo depicts knights at the round table, gathered around a feast. Inside are tables, booths, and a bar. A TV hangs from the ceiling in a corner.