

By Dawn

written by

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PANEL 1

A man in his fifties lays by a tree, a sword stabbed through his chest. The man has short gray hair, a shaggy beard and his right ear is scarred and burned. The hooded man is dressed in medieval clothing, with a hooded cloak pulled up over his head.

A field surrounds the man as the sun falls in the background-- it's dusk.

PANEL 2

The man's eyes open as an unseen person pulls the blade out of his body.

PANEL 3

There are no wounds, as the older man looks perplexed as he moves his hands around where the wounds should be. There's no blood or gashes-- his clothes aren't even torn from the blade.

ELDER MAN Th-thank you. Have I- have I passed? Is this the afterlife?

PANEL 4

The older man's eyes adjust and realizes that there are two people in front of him, both him from different parts of his life.

A twenty year old version of the man handles the pulled sword as an eight year old version of the man looks behind the twenty year old version with surprise.

The twenty year old Tybalt speaks up.

TYBALT AGE 20 Something like that.

Text boxes reveal all three characters as...

CAPTION: Tybalt, Age 50

CAPTION: Tybalt, Age 20

CAPTION: Tybalt, Age 8

TYBALT AGE 50 Oh! It's... *us*.

PAGE 2 - PANELS: 5**PANEL 1**

The three walk through the field, the grass grown to the knees of the two adult incarnations. The 20 year old Tybalt is holding the child version's hand as the eldest follows close.

TYBALT AGE 8 So the big me said you grew up to be a great adventurer! Is that true?

The eldest Tybalt chuckles.

SFX: HEH HEH

TYBALT AGE 50 I had some accomplishments in my day but I'm afraid that's behind me now. I miss it but... these bones have gotten rusty. Ah- where are you taking me?

PANEL 2

The youngest Tybalt is all-smiles as he looks back, still hand in hand with the 20 year old Tybalt.

TYBALT AGE 8 A Campfire!

TYBALT AGE 20 (OFF- Someone wants to talk to you.
PANEL)

PANEL 3

Dusk has passed as the three continue to walk through the field in the night. The oldest Tybalt lags slightly behind. There's a bit of smoke in the direction they're walking.

TYBALT AGE 50 Is it-

The eight year old Tybalt puts a finger over his lips, signaling the eldest to be quiet.

TYBALT AGE 8 HUSSSHHH! Don't ruin the surprise!

PANEL 4

We focus on the eldest Tybalt's face as it betrays a bit of disappointment.

TYBALT AGE 50 It's you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

PANEL 5

Opposite the eldest Tybalt, across the campfire sits another Tybalt, this time aged 35. The left side of this Tybalt's face is covered in a burn scar. His face is absorbed in contempt, and wears the same clothing as the eldest Tybalt. The other two Tybalts are gone, leaving the eldest and the younger Tybalt in a sea of darkness with nothing but the campfire lighting their faces.

TYBALT AGE 35

How could you forget about Jean?

PAGE 3 - PANELS: 5**PANEL 1**

The eldest Tybalt sits down by the fire with a dulled expression.

TYBALT AGE 50 You know I could never forget about Jean, he was the love of my life.

PANEL 2

The younger Tybalt's fist hits the ground as the embers of the fire grow.

TYBALT AGE 35 You're just *pathetic*, then! You let the only person you loved get murdered and you never even finished the job!

PANEL 3

The elder man sighs. The two sit across from each other, eyes locked.

TYBALT AGE 50 It's not about strength or weakness— it's about pain.

TYBALT AGE 35 You don't know a thing about pain. You've forgotten it.

TYBALT AGE 50 *Have I?* Or have I just had a greater understanding of the pain we wrought?

TYBALT AGE 35 ...I'm listening.

PANEL 4

Eldest Tybalt speaks in the foreground and in the background, an image of his memory plays like a projector screening a movie. The 50 year old Tybalt wears a calm expression.

In his memory, a 35 year old Tybalt attacks a older male noble with a sword in the middle of a sparsely populated town square. Next to the noble is his daughter, screaming out in fear.

TYBALT AGE 50 You— We killed numerous people in our little quest for revenge. How many of those lives really made a difference in reaching our goal? How many of those people had someone they cared about?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

TYBALT AGE 35 (OFF- Does it really matter?
PANEL)

PANEL 5

The eldest Tybalt is immediately less calm as he shouts in frustration.

TYBALT AGE 50

Of course it matters! We were responsible for the deaths of too many. Even if we *found* someone we could point to as Jean's 'killer' definitively, it wouldn't ever be enough.

I- I had to open my eyes to that and move on but...

PAGE 4 - PANELS: 5**PANEL 1**

The younger Tybalt strokes his chin.

TYBALT AGE 35 But?

PANEL 2

The elder Tybalt wears a pained expression. In front of him, the embers of the campfire weaken— only a streak of blue is left.

TYBALT AGE 50 You're still *a part of me*, a part of me I didn't want to accept. Every day I feel that pain and anger— it's just... controlled now. After I realized I had left children parentless and turned spouses into grieving widows, I stopped. I couldn't do it anymore.

PANEL 3

A memory is projected in the background again, this time showing Tybalt's demise. The daughter of the noble, now grown up, stabs the 50 year old Tybalt in the chest with the sword that was taken out of his chest on Page 1. Tybalt is killed, similar to his last memory, in a town square.

In the foreground, Tybalt is saddened, on the verge of tears.

TYBALT AGE 50 But... I still hid everything and ran from the consequences of my actions. I used pseudonyms, I grew out my facial hair, I had a mage heal my scar. I was a coward. But even then, the consequences caught up to me and... now I'm here.

PANEL 4

Tears roll down Tybalt's face.

TYBALT AGE 50 I just... I fear that the good I did could never outdo the bad. I fear this old man has no more adventures to go on. Jean can't find me here, can he...?

PANEL 5

A hand rests on the elder Tybalt's shoulder as we mostly see the back of his head, hooded.

PAGE 5 - PANELS: 4**PANEL 1**

Tybalt turns his head, now resembling his 35 year old self without the burn scar. His face is still dirty with tears but he isn't crying anymore- now, his face expresses surprise and awe.

PANEL 2

Jean stands behind him, a somewhat androgynous silver-haired man with a devilish smile on his face.

JEAN Care for one last adventure, love?

PANEL 3

The two embrace passionately as they laugh and cry, with most of the tears coming from Tybalt. It's a beautiful reunion after so many years of doubts and hopes but finally they're back together.

PANEL 4

Jean and Tybalt walk hand in hand as the dawn breaks and the campfire smolders.