



Stan Lee's

# The Seekers

Writing Test  
AARON SHIVELY

# SAMPLE SCRIPT

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## Page 1 (FIVE PANELS)

### **PAGE 1, Panel 1.**

An expansive, glass walled office shows a short, thin, balding man, RONALD WILSON, standing with one arm resting all of his inconsequential weight on a large leather office chair. A pair of well-formed silhouetted legs hold up the unseen woman he's speaking to.

RONALD WILSON:

Jen, sweetheart, there's no story left in this guy. People died and, yeah that's horrible and tragic and great for ratings but he's just nuts... and the crazy angle has been done to death.

### **PAGE 1, Panel 2.**

JENNIFER HART, a beautiful young blond woman in her thirties stands in an over-accentuating business suit with a slightly too-short skirt. She talks with her hands.

JENNIFER HART:

He's been going out into the desert, Ron. He's been looking for something. Give me some time with him and I'll get you something juicy.

### **PAGE 1, Panel 3.**

Ron sighs, standing up but not quite reaching her height. He's not keen to the idea. Jen just gets angrier.

RONALD WILSON:

I need you here for the mayoral debate.

JENNIFER HART:

You have at least five other correspondents, Ron. You know Greg or Tiffany would kill for that .

### **PAGE 1, Panel 4.**

Ron puts his hand on Jen's shoulder.

RONALD WILSON:

You're the only one the politicians want to talk to, Jen. They love you and because of that, I love you here, where you belong.

JENNIFER HART:

But --

RONALD WILSON:

The only but I want to see is your pretty little one going down to the courthouse on Wednesday.

**PAGE 1, Panel 5**

Jen walks out of Ronald's office, fuming.

JENNIFER HART:

Yes, sir.

**PAGE 2 (FOUR PANELS)**

**PAGE 2, Panel 1.**

A low-flying bird's eye view of a posh but sensible, immaculate green sedan parked in front of a horribly unkempt front lawn and the adjoining and equally downtrodden suburban house fills a full page width panel. It's a blinding California summer day. The front porch covering hides the woman calling out for the owner.

JENNIFER HART: (WHISPER)  
I couldn't care less if he fires me.

SFX:  
NOK-NOK-NOK-NOK-NOK

JENNIFER HART:  
Arthur Norden?

**PAGE 2, Panel 2.**

Paint chips fall as her slender hand raps on a door in disrepair. Notices crowd the only wooden area left.

SFX :  
NOK-NOK-NOK

JENNIFER HART: (OP)  
Mr. Norden? Mr. Arthur Norden, my name is Jennifer Hart. I'm with World News Network--

**PAGE 2, Panel 3.**

Jennifer, with sunglasses clipped to her pocket, peers inside the dusty windows next to the door.

JENNIFER HART:  
--Can you please come to the door? I would really love to talk with you about the Death Valley Incident.

**Page 2, Panel 4.**

A darkened figure of a tall man holding a glass leans against a doorway inside the house. He seems to watch her with little interest.

JENNIFER HART: (OP)  
Mr. Norden, I can see you. Please, this is ridiculous. I want to help you.

**Page 3 (TWO PANELS)**

**PAGE 3, Panel 1.**

Jennifer stands up, sighing with annoyance. Her official look falls a little.

JENNIFER HART: (WHISPER)

I'm the one who's been littering your mail slot with letters since last month. Maybe you've heard of me?

ARTHUR NORDEN: (OP)

Hey, lady --

**PAGE 3, Panel 2.**

Arthur Norden, a rugged, weary, dust covered man in ripped khaki shorts and a torn t-shirt covered with a tactical vest stands laden down with multiple duffel bags and plastic cases. He's exhausted and in no mood to deal with strange women.

ARTHUR NORDEN:

-- Help me with this crap or get outta my way.

**PAGE 4 (SIX PANELS)**

**PAGE 4, Panel 1.**

Arthur's house is a mess. A ridiculously large stack of letters stand just inside the closed door of Arthur Norden's house. Jennifer Hart's name can be seen on half of them. In the corner lays all the junk he was carrying outside.

ARTHUR NORDEN: (OP)

Thanks for your help. It's a pain to lug all that over here.

JENNIFER HART: (OP)

No problem --

JENNIFER HART: (OP)

--so, you don't live here?

**PAGE 4, Panel 2.**

Arthur sits on a cluttered couch. There's barely any room to walk, save a single winding path from the door to what appears to be the kitchen. Jennifer isn't comfortable here but she's trying to keep composure. She examines a mannequin, dressed in similar clothes to Arthur.

ARTHUR NORDEN:

Not for a while. I hate the 'burbs. I've got a trailer in the desert. That's my home.

JENNIFER HART: (WHISPER)

That explains a lot.

**PAGE 4, Panel 3.**

Jennifer breathes out her frustration, turning away from the mannequin who's holding a glass and leaning against the doorway.

JENNIFER HART:

Why don't you just sell? Do you really need to keep using it like a garage?

ARTHUR NORDEN:

It belonged to my ex.--

**PAGE 4, Panel 4.**

Arthur looks uncomfortable. He stares at the window. Jennifer sits down next to him.

ARTHUR NORDEN:  
It was left to me in the will.

JENNIFER HART:  
I'm sorry. I always get too personal.

ARTHUR NORDEN:  
Ms. Hart, what do you want? What's your story?

**PAGE 4, Panel 5.**  
Jennifer smiles nervously, pulling out her phone.

JENNIFER HART:  
I'm hoping to get your story, actually. I'm with World News Network and--

ARTHUR NORDEN:  
Get out.

**PAGE 4, Panel 6.**  
Arthur gets up, his face changed to a harsher, colder tone.

JENNIFER HART:  
Mr. Norden, please--

ARTHUR NORDEN:  
Now.

**PAGE 5 (FOUR PANELS)**

**PAGE 5, Panel 1.**

Arthur opens his front door and gestures for Jennifer to leave.

ARTHUR NORDEN:

I'm sure there are some homeless drunks out there who can give you better stories than I can.

JENNIFER HART:

You don't even know why I'm here.

ARTHUR NORDEN:

Pretty standard practice now, really. Send someone down to talk to the nutty explorer, get some funny story about how he thinks someone else caused the collapse that killed--

**PAGE 5, Panel 2.**

Jennifer stands with the phone still in hand. She's steady and focused, almost intimidating. Matriarchal, yet there's still a reassuring tone about her.

JENNIFER HART:

No. I'm not here to do that to you. I want to talk about your search.

**PAGE 5, Panel 3.**

Arthur closes the door silently.

**PAGE 5, Panel 4.**

Arthur looks at Jennifer with a calm, searching gaze.

ARTHUR NORDEN:

How do you know about that?

JENNIFER HART:

Mr. Norden...

**PAGE 6 (FOUR PANELS)**

**PAGE 6, Panel 1.**

Jennifer starts the app on her phone. The screen says 'Recording'.

JENNIFER HART:

... An eccentric but respected archaeologist and explorer cuts off all contact with his peers and family. That kind of news gets around to those who have a talent for finding it.

**PAGE 6, Panel 2.**

Arthur leans his back against the wall. Jennifer looks at him very seriously, very professionally.

JENNIFER HART:

What are you looking for, Mr. Norden?

ARTHUR NORDEN:

You're sharp, you can probably figure that out.

JENNIFER HART:

The man. The one that dug his way through the ground. Is that it?

**PAGE 6, Panel 3.**

Arthur stares at the ceiling. His hands in his pockets. The stippling on the ceiling stands out. It contours a little like an elevation map.

ARTHUR NORDEN:

I'll tell you what you need to know if you're willing to listen.

JENNIFER HART:

I'm always willing.

ARTHUR NORDEN:

But you've got to be willing to really listen. You've got to shut that little 'this doesn't make sense' part of your brain up and just try to believe.

JENNIFER HART:

I'm a real journalist, Mr. Harden. I don't judge.

ARTHUR NORDEN:

We'll see.

**PAGE 6, Panel 4.**

The stippling becomes a satellite image of the Mojave Desert. A red dot shows the place in Death Valley which the expedition took place.

ARTHUR NORDEN: (OP)

We picked up on some odd mineral deposits in Death Valley through satellite imaging. We've known about the well preserved mastodon remains in the Mojave for some time but this looked to be something new. Something big.

**Page 7 (FIVE PANELS)**

**PAGE 7, Panel 1.**

Arthur leads a group of four men. They lean down as they go through an open room in a dark cavern. Their helmets shine beams of light through the inky atmosphere but very little is illuminated.

CAPTION ARTHUR NORDEN:

I picked my best colleagues. No inexperienced members, that's my rule. Everyone that goes with me has at least a year in simpler cave systems under their belt.

Caption ARTHUR NORDEN:

We traveled through the caverns for hours...

**PAGE 7, Panel 2.**

A member of the team, FELIX, a fit Hispanic man with a gold chain around his neck holds an LED lantern with one hand and signals to the others.

CAPTION ARTHUR NORDEN:

It seemed like it was going to be a bust...

CAPTION ARTHUR NORDEN:

Until we found something.

**PAGE 7, Panel 3.**

A strange looking gilded symbol shines in the light. It looks typically Mayan or Aztec but without much of the ornamentation. The symbol is a masked face with open jaws. One of the team brushes some dust from it.

CAPTION ARTHUR NORDEN:

My specialty isn't in North American cultures but Felix was there. He gave us a basic idea that he had no clue what it was.--

CAPTION ARTHUR NORDEN:

--He only knew it was old and probably important. We marked it with a tracker and took some pictures.--

CAPTION ARTHUR NORDEN:

--They were so damn excited...

**PAGE 7, Panel 4.**

The other men take pictures of the find. Arthur puts his hand to the ground, squinting his eyes. He's listening to a faint rumbling.

CAPTION ARTHUR NORDEN:

They didn't feel the quake until it was too late.

**PAGE 7, Panel 5.**

Arthur turns to them, yelling and gathering the gear. The closest to the exit of the cavern begins to run. The other two grab equipment.

CAPTION ARTHUR NORDEN:

Felix and Harry wouldn't leave the camera equipment. They just kept saying we had time.

**Page 8 (THREE PANELS)**

**PAGE 8, Panel 1.**

Splash of THE GATHERER, a tall, statuesque man pummeling his way through the solid dolomite and granite making up the cave's floor. Debris flies around, slamming into Felix's head and smashing it against a stalagmite. Arthur tries to get to him but the other remaining member of the party grabs his arm and pulls him towards the exit.

CAPTION ARTHUR NORDEN:

We didn't have any time. He tunneled straight through our site before I could convince them to leave the crap behind and go.

CAPTION JENNIFER HART:

Can you describe him?

**PAGE 8, Panel 2.**

Floating panel. The Gatherer kneels, his naked body hidden by the rocks and dust. He looks at Felix's body.

CAPTION ARTHUR NORDEN:

Cold. Everything about him was so damn distant. He looked at Felix like he was some raccoon lying on the side of the road.

CAPTION JENNIFER HART:

A description, Mr. Norden, please.

**PAGE 7, Panel 3.**

Floating panel. The Gatherer stands, ignoring Arthur being pulled out of that area of the cavern, and looks at the ceiling of the cave.

CAPTION ARTHUR NORDEN:

Tall. Muscular. Perfect, like an anatomy workbook. He had some kind of thick, bulky bracelet on his right wrist. His face was too generic but his eyes...

CAPTION JENNIFER HART:

Describe them.

CAPTION ARTHUR NORDEN:

I can't. I honestly can't even try.

CAPTION JENNIFER HART:  
What happened next?

**Page 9 (**

**PAGE 9, Panel 1.**

The Gatherer jumps upwards, into the rock which cracks and explodes under his strength. The cavern's foundation shudders and the whole cave system shakes.

Caption ARTHUR NORDEN:

The worst nightmare of a cave-diver. Everything went to hell. Everything came down on us.

**PAGE 9, Panel 2.**

Arthur pulls on a hand sticking out of rubble brought down by The Gatherer. His face is stained with dirt and tears.

Caption ARTHUR NORDEN:

Felix went quick... But Harry...

**PAGE 9, Panel 3.**

Arthur sits on his couch, nursing a drink of some kind. Jennifer has brought a folding chair from somewhere in the junk and sat down to listen to his story. She holds her phone like a tape recorder.

ARTHUR NORDEN:

You know the rest. The University was too chicken... or maybe too smart to believe me. They said poor planning was the culprit. Took my grant away. I've been excluded from every major publication. And not a single soul even believes we found something down there.

Jennifer HART:

This man, this inhuman person, you've been searching for him?

**PAGE 9, Panel 4.**

Arthur stares into his glass. He's haunted. His jaw is firm but his eyes seem ready to well up at any moment.

ARTHUR NORDEN:

It's harder than you think, looking for a man that shouldn't exist. He was stark naked and burrowed out of the ground but I was only able to track down one person that's seen him.

JENNIFER HART:

So you have a lead?

**PAGE 9, Panel 5.**

Arthur chuckles.

ARTHUR NORDEN:

Yeah, you can call it that. Some pizza delivery boy in Adelanto wrecked his car trying to avoid a 'great big nude guy' on the road. He said the guy asked him where he could get clothes.--

**Page 10 (five PANELS)**

**PAGE 10, Panel 1.**

The Gatherer walks through a small Californian town. He's dressed in ripped jeans and a colorful band T-shirt but has no shoes. He stares at the technological device strapped around his wrist as if he's waiting for something to pop out of it.

CAPTION ARTHUR NORDEN:

-- The kid gave him an extra set he had in his trunk. Nice boy. Not very bright though.

CAPTION JENNIFER HART:

So you think he's in Adelanto? What would he be doing there?

**PAGE 10, Panel 2.**

One of the many jewels on the device begins to glow. The Gatherer stops walking and looks down.

CAPTION ARTHUR NORDEN:

The kid said it looked like he was searching for something.

**PAGE 10, Panel 3.**

The Gatherer travels down an alley, looking behind him to avoid being followed.

CAPTION JENNIFER HART:

And what would that be?

**PAGE 10, Panel 4.**

The Gatherer stands against a wall and whispers to the jewels on his wrist. He's hidden from sight by a trash can on one side and an extruding door on the other.

CAPTION ARTHUR NORDEN:

That's what I'm hoping to find out.

THE GATHERER: (WHISPER)

It was damaged when I awoke but the repairs are complete. Where are you?--

THE GATHERER: (WHISPER)

--And the others?

**PAGE 10, Panel 5.**

The Gatherer walks down the alley, towards the street, still speaking to his device.

THE GATHERER:

I will find and gather them. The time has come



# TREATMENT

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Departing from the original story, Arthur Norden and Jennifer Hart meet in the opening. For her, he is a gruff adventurer giving her an equality (albeit a rude version) which she was never presented by any other man. She is spurred by an interest in his past and a subversive belief in the crazy things he claims. She comes to find an interest in him personally and romantically but is stymied by a secret revealed in their journeys. He is much more complicated than she originally thinks; a man lamenting the loss of his same-sex lover, Felix Ortiz, desiring vengeance on the 'creature' that killed him and another member of his team during a dig in Death Valley; an archaeologist intrigued with an ancient, mysterious symbol found in the caverns before the aforementioned cataclysm took place; a pacifist who carries a loaded pistol at all times. They go in search of the impossible man who brought them together. Jennifer is searching for a story that would give her more credibility than being eye candy and Arthur simply wishes for a way to overcome his grief.

Throughout the story, a young police officer's life goes downhill in Harlem with a divorce and the death of his father, perforated with television and radio reports about the supernatural goings on.

A female Seeker, a member of an alien race, the beautiful but cold and distant Toltex, awakens in Las Vegas. She encounters increasingly confusing pieces of human society, misunderstanding the situations until she's forced to see our species as violent, greedy and despicable. She uses her abilities to escape from a group of police officers gaining the attention of both Arthur and Jen (who are in the area) and Section P, a shadowy government organization built to maintain order in the paranormal world.

The Gatherer finds many of his seekers and explains to them that there are six leaders, each with three assistants. The leaders were each entrusted with a piece of a puzzle, the location of an artifact, a clue to the location of the 'final decision.' The Seekers were to go to their clue and 'see what is to be shown.' The Gatherer refuses to answer any questions, telling them that their mission is the only thing they should find important.

Arthur and Jen, are hounded by police when Jen's boss reports her company car stolen. She refuses to agree to his terms and is fired. Disenchanted and frustrated that her calculated move didn't work with her boss, she takes her anger out on Arthur. She wants to quit their journey. She doesn't have a choice though, as they are both in the police department, brought up on charges of theft.

Two representative of Section P show up, a thin, nervous looking new agent in his early thirties, Michael Fredericks and his senior partner, a tall, muscular, mysterious man named Wan Kame. They ask Arthur and Jen what they know about the alien forces. Of course, the two hapless heroes know nothing.

During the meeting, the Gatherer arrives, phasing through the wall. Arthur is sure he's there for him but he is mistaken. The Gatherer goes directly to Wan, asking why he woke so early and why he wasn't fulfilling his duties. Wan pulls back his sleeve, revealing the same device on his own wrist and fires a blast at the Gatherer, sending him flying through buildings and landing in the middle of the city. Arthur, Jen and Michael are flabbergasted. Wan collects the Gatherer and tells the other three to get in the car.

A seeker finds his clue below a Japanese subway station. On his way, he sees the horrible effects of recent geological disasters. He notices the goodwill being spread. The help given to

those in need. Using his wrist device, he rebuilds a young girl's home before leaving.

The Iraqi landscape lights up with small fire-fights in a decimated city. A group of insurgents use rocket-launchers on a US Humvee. A small missile flies through the air but doesn't ignite. Through the dust, a small female seeker appears, holding the rocket. She causes it to activate but holds the force back with a field from the device on her wrist. Disgusted with the fighting caused by so many fears and so much stupidity and hatred on both sides, she destroys their weapons and leaves them to their own troubles. She calls for the artifact below the sands which rises through the ground like it was water.

The Gatherer is held in a special room which negates his powers at Section P's base at an undisclosed location. Wan is revealed as an amnesiac seeker awakened by an accidental nuclear test in Nevada years ago. His presence began Section P's existence. Wan's role in the agency has gone from test subject, to recruit to highly respected consultant and field agent. His personality has been corrupted by the American government's ideals and he slowly appears to be a militaristic megalomaniac hell bent on rising up the chain of command.

The Gatherer and Arthur have their confrontation when Wan secretly hands Arthur a small experimental energy weapon to kill the alien. The Gatherer finally reveals the Seeker's mission, to destroy the planet if they find sufficient need, and asks for Arthur's help in saving the world, the Seekers, and all of humanity. Jen and Michael attempt to subdue Wan, who has become enraged over Arthur considering the Gatherer's plea. Of course, they are overpowered. Arthur allows the Gatherer to leave and Michael uses the weapon to hold Wan at bay. The Gatherer urges them to hurry. When the humans are distracted, Wan unleashes an attack. The Gatherer attempts to save them all by transporting them away.

The rest of the four seekers find their artifacts with varying impressions of the humanity. Toltex, angered by our society, finds solace in watching a police officer helping a young boy find his dog in Harlem. As she watches, a gang war rages through the area. Another seeker stops her from interfering, telling her to watch. The police officer shields the boy and his dog. Toltex refuses to let them die and stops the bullets in midair. She demands to know why the other Seeker tried to stop her. He smiles and tells her that she needed to see how much compassion a human can have, and he needed to see how much she was capable of.

At a temple under the dig-site, the Gatherer stands, waiting on the other seekers. Jen and Arthur, both injured mourn over Michael's dead body. Arthur confronts the Gatherer again, asking how many deaths there needs to be. When the seekers arrive, the Gatherer asks the to make their choice. Before this can happen, Wan arrives and kills multiple seekers with super-powered weapons and his own wrist device. Only three seekers remain, including Toltex. They are the only ones capable of stopping the machine. The Gatherer, Jen and Arthur (using weapons dropped during the battle) face off against Wan. They destroy him just before the machine is deactivated.

Jen is given a job on a network as a correspondent when she breaks the news of alien life on earth. Arthur returns to his work as an archaeologist, aided by the Seekers who decide to stay on earth

When all is through, Toltex travels to Harlem and finds the depressed young police officer about to commit suicide. He asks her what there is to live for. She tells him that the only thing left is hope.