

# **Stan Lee's The Seekers**

Writing contest

10 page submission

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My treatment for Stan Lee's The Seekers is as follows:

A treasure hunt spanning the globe with occasional flashback to historical conspiracies, extraterrestrial canon and mysterious spiritual places not unlike the current history channel or discovery channel documentaries about Ancient Aliens, Decoded, Destination Truth and the possibility of "end times" prophecies.

I grew up in the seventies when UFO's, Marvel Comics and Skateboards were new. I was fascinated by reading at age thirteen, the paperback version of Chariot of the Gods and The Late Great Planet Earth. I understand the importance of documents and maps, undisputed scientific evidence and accurate detail to pull off a good ripping yarn.

Structurally, I'd like to use the cliff hanger format. While not ending in chapters, I would like to end each scene without the instant gratification of resolution before switching to the next scene. I'm not going to forget the core of my audience is young action movie/ graphic novel/ pop culture / video gaming fan. I think I can cover all those bases.

Luckily, I have seven years of wasted college where I majored in such useless subjects as History, Art history, Philosophy and Anthropology and have spent a little time in the military as a reconnaissance scout including enjoy a lovely vacation in the jungle warfare school in Panama. So the map reading and compass, dealing with third world natives, pot shards and golden idols, who's buried in Grant's tomb and who's really buried in Grants tomb is covered. As far as the Sci-Fi stuff.

I'm going to keep it sub - academic, but not stuffy. It will be written with the depth of subject of a magazine article, not a text book - something eye popping with great images and story telling that can easily be transferred to the (once) big screen and then a really good videogame. I'd like to stay away from Star Wars and lean more towards Close Encounters. I want a reader of any age to set the book down and think Wow!!! What a great adventure but also be filled with that sense of wonder... What if? What's out there? I want them to ultimately be inspired to go on their own adventures even if it is just to the local library or museum... the internet or discovery channel or ultimately the next big Stan Lee scripted adventure.

The characters Stan Lee has created for this project are really strong archetypes and easily recognizable starting points for a comic book reader of any age.

The Gatherer: Alien to the human race. An outsider constantly struggling not to be corrupted in his duties by intermingling with humanity. Mission-oriented and possessing almost godlike power, yet a fish out of water... Lost in the modern world of the twenty first century, learning every step of the way that perhaps there is hope and potential in the earthlings he is seeking to destroy.

Norden: A seeker of ancient mysteries robbed of his glory and academic importance, now put on the trail of the greatest mystery of all. Unsure if he's young enough to handle all the danger and covert military intrigue that's taking him so far from his simple notebooks and trowels...

Hart: Struggling to be more than window dressing always chasing that big story. Now, reporting a story that is too big. Constantly filled with regrets and second guessing, knowing she can never go back to the lip stick job she left.

The Seekers. Helping them change and grow as the adventure changes and grows with them. Watching the adventure flow as readers eyes become the characters eyes. In 110 pages of sequential art and story I will introduce and intertwine gods, demons and myths humanizing them, and occasionally dehumanizing us. Taking people to edges of their limits and then past... into the great unknown where anything is possible. Casting the human race to the very brink of its own destruction, both damning and then finding saving grace in the very qualities that evolve us beyond mere homo sapiens and transform us into humanity in the best sense of the word. The Seekers are blank slates each waiting to be written on. They move through the world gathering puzzle pieces that will ultimately divulge the location of a decision.

Does mankind evolve further? Do we join the Homo Galactic, or do Homo Sapiens end here, with ever hope and dream we've ever had for our children and our children's children. Hopefully Stan Lee's The Seekers will inspire Readers to think about the choices they make in this world and inspire the next group of dreamers to take the human cocoon one step further towards the human butterfly. I like thinking there would be an universal mechanism like The Seekers separating the spiders from the butterflies. When you look at the mess man can make of his own world when he's not thinking... imagine what would happen if he were allowed to expand unchecked throughout the universe. I guess I would have 110 pages to convince the readers and the Seekers not to activate the weapon when found.

Page 1

Pnl 1: Caption: Sixty miles south of Death Valley Dig Site.

(Birdseye view) looking down through circling buzzards at a rustic, dusty gas station in the middle of the desert. The hood on the beat-up land rover is up, a white cloud billowing from its engine. Various Cacti, a rusty tow truck and ancient vehicle carcasses litter the surrounding sandscape. ARTHUR NORDEN, mid-thirties man in dusty khaki's and a fur felt fedora leans back from the engine steam.

NORDEN: It's dead!!! It's all dead. My truck. My dig. My men. My career...

Pnl 2: Norden, frustrated, holds his hands to the heavens. He has finger less gloves on his hands and leather wrist bands. His face is covered in stubble.

NORDEN: Why Me? Why GOD?

Pnl 3: Norden turns startled at a reply. A beautiful girl in a t-shirt stares up at the sky. The oversized t-shirt is being pulled tight by her forward motion defining her perfect form. The t-shirt states in large black block letters: What Happens in Vegas, Stays in Vegas.

T-SHIRT GIRL: Who is... God? Is he one of those nasty flying things?

Pnl 4: Norden looks down at her feet. They are floating, the sand and dust beneath them undisturbed.

NORDEN: Oh Norden, We have defiantly turned a page in your research here. You have been out in this heat too long, Old Son. Your starting to..No, you defiantly have...lost your mind.

Pnl 5: T-Shirt Girl holds her hand, which is wearing a strange jeweled bracelet, in the white smoke billowing off the engine. Norden, his hat flying off, reaches for her hand concerned..

T-SHIRT GIRL: Which of those flying creatures is Norden?

NORDEN: I'm Nord...Don't do that!!! You'll scald yourself!!!

Page2

Pnl 1: Norden and the Girl stand before the engine. Her hand is fine.

NORDEN: You're not burned. The steam has stopped... how did you?

THE GIRL: You have had recent contact with the Gatherer. You will take me to him now.

NORDEN: Gather?

Pnl 2: The Girl shoves her hand onto Nordens' forehead and he raises off the ground, his back arching, the desert background behind them has been replaced with a cosmic star field and the visage of The Gatherer.

Pnl 3: (Worms eye view) Shaken, Norden is on his knees on the ground, tears streaming from bulging eyes that peer out from between his protective fingers. His other hand raised, shielding him from her power.

NORDEN: OK. I... The Gatherer. I... understand. Please don't do that inside my brain again. My skull is... small... in there. There's not enough room for me in there let alone all of that hot stellar mess. I'd like a word with him myself... He destroyed my dig site.

THE GIRL: What is...Dig site?

NORDEN: I'm an Archeologist... A bone raider... artifact hound... treasure hunter... tomb chipper... dino snatcher. I dig old stuff. I'm also... A gatherer.

Pnl 4: The Girl slams the hood of the land rover down.

THE GIRL: If You are a gatherer then why do you not wear the bracer? Why have you no knowledge of the world husher. I have seen your mind face Arthur Nordensapien. You play in dirt because women don't breed with you.

NORDEN: That's a little harsh...but fair.

THE GIRL: Let us vehicle away now.

NORDEN: It's no good. The engines burnt. It won't go. For us to go I need the engine to go.

THE GIRL: Go? Go.

Pnl 5: The girl stands, her finger on a jewel, her bracelet glowing. Norden eyes and mouth wide in disbelief, as he watches the range rover disappears down the highway at incredible speed.

NORDEN: Go... With us... inside it.

THE GIRL: You did not say...

NORDEN: Thank you... now I no longer want to die in the company of a beautiful, exotic woman.

Page 3

Pnl 1: The Girl and Norden fly through the desert sky on the rusty hulk of the ancient tow truck!!! The hook and chain, as well as pieces of rusty metal are whipping off of the wreckage in the wind behind them. Plastered against the broken windshield, Norden holds on to his hat for his dear life. The girl stands legs wide and arms crossed, majestically surveying the landscape blurring beneath them unaffected by the speed or height.

NORDEN: Of course, why didn't I consider this option. Did I mention my life's work is in my truck.

THE GIRL: Soon your life's work will be as meaningless as your life, Arthur Nordensapien. It is the time of the awakening and the gathering is at hand.

Pnl 2: A black unmanned predator drone flies through the circling buzzards over the gas station, feathers fly everywhere.

Caption: From across the burning heat of the desert, moving at equally unimaginable speeds, A second set of predatory eyes, cold and calculating, gives pursuit to the unaware couple of seekers.

Pnl 3: Interior of a high-tech command center, the drone is being piloted by a paramilitary agent in a black nomex flight suit. In the background a M.I.B. is tracking something on a big screen.

Caption: Digital eyes belonging to a shadowy world of control and the iron fisted domination of power both foreign and domestic.

AGENT 1: Sir, Vegas is picking up a lot of speed. I'm getting out classed. Recommend we jump to satellite.

CONTROL: Do it.

Pnl 4: The M.I.B. is looking at numerous intel pictures and global map points. One of the photos is the girl in the T-Shirt walking out of a casino in Vegas. An insert high lights the fact her feet aren't touching the ground.

CONTROL: He doesn't like messy. The Old man runs a clean ship..

Pnl 5: A face appears on the screen behind the M.I.B. It is an older man with long white hair, an ivory goatee and clear horn rimmed glasses. The man has pink eyes and no skin pigment.

THE OLDMAN: I do at that. I trust you are keeping track of our little white rabbit? I believe you've codenamed her Vegas? We don't want to

lose her. We can't catch the Gather if we loose track of the things he's coming to gather.

CONTROL: Sir, we've switched to eye in the sky. She's picked up a civilian. We were able to get a license plate Arthur Norden ... College Professor of some sort..

THE OLDMAN: Arthur Norden the archeologist? He was digging in Death Valley, last I heard. I want everything he's done for the last seventy-two hours.

Page 4

Pnl 1: Caption: There are some men for whom scientific exploration never ceases. The quest for truth is never quenched. There is no place in their world view for Gods or failure. The need to know is all consuming. Discovery and control of information is power and power is the ultimate aphrodisiac. Such men are also Seekers in their way.

The interior of a submarine laboratory. Outside of the big glass windows killer whales swim by. The Old Man dressed in white with a white lab coat, leans on a glass cane talking to the M.I.B. on the screen.

THE OLD MAN: You're working on an epic that has been two hundred thousand years in the making. The very fate of the human race is at stake here. And remember... Vegas as you call her is a guest in our house. Treat her as one.

Pnl 2: The old man walks back to a rectangular glass case where a severed reptilian arm wearing a bracelet just like the girl in the t-shirt was wearing.

THE OLD MAN: You're friends are waking up. The time of the gathering is at hand. I hope we're still keeping you comfortable... after all you are a guest in our house. Do you like our little underwater home. We are testing our theories of deep space habitation down here in the ocean. Substituting one harsh unforgiving environ for another.

Pnl 3: The old man stands before a giant glass tube tapping with his cane. Inside, on a platform of bamboo and living vines, a one armed reptile man in an outdated business suit is finishing off a tiger carcass.

THE OLD MAN: Soon, my old friend, soon... all your friends will be reunited and we will have a big garden party.

Pnl4: Caption: Some men are not only seekers of Truth, but collectors as well.

The old man walks down, tapping his glass cane, a corridor lined with giant glass tubes.

Pnl5: Outside shot of the high tech submarine docked to an underwater bubble facility, with a field of huge satellite dishes. A pod of killer whales swim by.

Page 5

Pnl 1: Caption: Two blocks off the Las Vegas strip. A place where the neon starts to fade and the laundromats, all night diners and gas stations don't really cater to tourists anymore.

Bobby, A little chubby kid holding something in his arms runs down an alley. He is wearing a t-shirt with a lightning streak on it.

BOBBY: It's OK... It's OK...

Pnl 2: He hides behind a dumpster breathing heavy. Bigger kids with hockey sticks run by.

BOBBY: It's OK... It's OK...

Pnl 3: Bobby looks up at the cruel looking punk standing over him dressed in street hockey gear.

MANSON: Geek monkey, give us back our puck or we'll take your chunky monkey little fan boy fanny out in the street and jock strap you and make you the puck.

BOBBY: Come on Manson, I think she's pregnant.

Pnl 4: The other kids crowd into the alley surrounding Bobby, A very tired looking cat is poking it's head out of his shirt.

MANSON: Comic book booger, we don't care about hurting the puck. The baby pucks inside it... or you.

BOBBY: Manson, why are you so mean? You don't have to be. We used to be friends...

MANSON: Bobby, it's because we used to be friends... in the third grade... and play action figures on the playground... and watch samurai robot cartoons together... in the third grade. That I'm going to let you drop the puck and walk out of this alley.

Pnl 5: Manson holds the hockey stick up over his head.

MANSON: or if you're so concerned about your precious puck. You can try and save it and run the gauntlet.

Page 6

Pnl 1: Bobby stands up, bending his body around the cat. The other kids have formed a tunnel of raised hockey sticks.

BOBBY: Manson, what's wrong with you?

MANSON: I'll tell you what's wrong with me Bobby. I didn't wet my pants on the playground in the third grade. You want to yell for a super hero to save you?

Pnl 2: The cat jumps out of Bobby's arm and runs up Manson's face, and up the fire escape.

MANSON: Gahhh ,My face..You little..

Pnl 3: Manson's Face is bleeding as he holds his hockey stick over his head to deliver a deathblow to bobby who is crouching on the ground with his arms crossed over his face.

Pnl 4: Bobby closes his eyes. Tears streaming down the side of his face.

BOBBY: Please somebody help me..

Page7

Pnl 1: Bobby stands on one knee, his tearing eyes open in disbelief. The bullies with their hockey sticks hang neatly in the air like coats on a rack. Behind him the dumpster is floating. A powerfully built man, wearing a strange bracelet, is examining the cat which is floating. Everything is glowing with a strange energy.

BOBBY: Who are you?

THE GATHERER: You give birth to live young? From inside your bodies?

Pnl 2: Bobby takes the cat and puts it on the ground. The Gatherer looks down at Bobby.

BOBBY: The females of the species. Usually mammals. Everything else uses eggs basically. I'm learning about it in biology. I'm guessing you're doing all this... So you have super powers? Mutation, alien or enchanted? Triple "S", that's super soldier serum... usually very hush-hush... Or are you a victim of Gamma gone awry. No matter I have prepared for such contingencies.

Pnl 3: The Gatherer and Bobby walk out into the street.

BOBBY: first we have to get you some cloths you can't walk around LA with your dorkus hanging out. Then a costume and a secret identity... and you'll need a codename. I think something mysterious like Night Eagle is in order. It's a character I made up...

Pnl 4: (Birds eye view) A police car slams on its breaks... in the intersection where Bobby and his new friend is crossing. The passenger side officer is already getting out of the vehicle before it stops.

POLICEMAN 1: Step away from the boy.

POLICEMAN 2 (DRIVER): We have a nude male possibly armed, possible hostage situation...

POLICEAN1: I said step away from the boy...looks like we got a dooper. Call for back up.

Pnl 5: Bobby holds up his hands. The Gatherer looks menacingly, muscles flexing at the challenging Homo sapiens and their loud noise machine and arrogant bearing.

BOBBY: It's OK officer. This is NightEagle and I'm his trusty boy side-kick. We work with the law... not against it.

The Gatherer: I am The Gatherer. Yield.

Page 8

Pnl1: The Gatherer raises his bracer. Pushing a jewel.

Pnl 2: The police car and guns come apart in the air in a technical drawing exploded view. In the background other black and white units arrive.

BOBBY: That's cool and all, NightEagle, but we might not have wanted to go there so quickly. We'll need contacts in the Police Department.

Pnl 3: The Gatherer floats Bobby in front of him.

THE GATHERER: I need access to communication transmission equipment. What you call television.

BOBBY: My aunt is Jennifer Hart. The reporter. She works for the WNN. The World News Network...Do you want to meet her? She gets home at around seven thirty tonight.

Pnl 4: CAPTION: THE WORLD NEWS NETWORK...

Jennifer is in the control room talking to her program director. She's unhappy. In all the monitors are close ups of a strange looking guy in a suit with crazy wind blown hair and a goatee. He's got a crazy smile on his face as make up people try and tone down his spray tan.

JENNIFER:I asked for a one on one with a real archaeologist. Not a nutcase. I wanted Arthur Norden, not Geno Scarbelta.

PROGRAM DIRECTOR: Look this guy is the hot ticket on the circuit. His Ancient Gods, Alien Chariots book is a New York times best seller.

Pnl 5: Geno is hitting on the make up ladies.

GENO: It's all true. In Peru... In a crystal pyramid no man could have ever carved, they have deciphered a code that tells of a man-god called The Gatherer and he basically rises up from the ground... with a UFO strapped to his wrist and begins freeing these hyper beings that are hidden all over the world in these ancient cultures...

Page 9

Pnl 1: Jennifer is grabbing her boss' lapels.

JENNIFER: Please don't make me do this. The man is a kook. Look at his hair. Did you see it on the discovering history channel? It kept changing sizes. Why won't you imbed me in Afghanistan?

PROGRAM DIRECTOR: Then who would wear all Vanna's pretty hand me downs. You want Washington someday. First you got to show them you can handle Roswell.

Pnl 2: Jennifer walks out into the studio. Geno stands up make up unevenly applied, hair sticking up at odd angles.

JENNIFER: Thank you for agreeing to be filler on such short notice.

GENO: Filler? Get over yourself. You put me up in a suite in Vegas and let me high roll for a week. I'm good. After this I'm going to get a video crew from Crypto Planet and I'm going to debunk Angel.

Pnl 3: Jennifer pulling back from Geno's hug.

JENNIFER: Please don't get goofy out here. I've still got to live and work in this town.

GENO: Halfway through the interview, ask me about the Chinese crystal talking skulls. Amazing. Seven of them, in a circle, all whispering in mathematic code.

JENNIFER: `Kay.

Pnl 4: Geno smiles, pulling tissue from his collar.

GENO: Did you guys manage to get the CCTV footage from the casino...the naked ghost girl coming up from the floor?

JENNIFER: The ghost what?

GENO: She broke some flake's wrist... she's A Seeker... an Astrogod. She wears a bracer on her wrist. The legend of the Gatherer. He comes... He gathers the Seekers. Far beyond anything to do with 2012 and the Mayans...

Pnl 5: A production tech holding a clipboard and wearing headphones runs into the studio.

PRODUCTION TECH: Jennifer... You've got to come quickly... Bobby is on the news...

JENNIFER: Bobby who?

PRODUCTION TECH: Your Bobby. He's been taken hostage by a guy and he's surrounded by the police. They have guns...

JENNIFER: WHAT???!!!

Pnl 6: swat teams and police units are surrounding The Gatherer and Bobby on the monitor.

JENNIFER: Where is this?

Page 10

Pnl 1: in the middle of the chaos, the cat jumps into Bobby's arms. Behind him, The Gatherer rises into the air, his body glowing.

THE GATHERER: VIOLENCE AND DESTRUCTION COME SO EASILY TO YOUR RACE. YOU THINK YOU CAN CONTROL THE POWER OF THE ATOM... BUT YOU CANNOT EVEN CONTROL YOUR OWN ANIMAL TENDACIES... AND YOU WOULD SEEK TO SPREAD THIS DISEASE TO THE STARS...

Pnl 2: The background is replaced with a star field and The Gatherer glows...energy pouring from his bracer...

THE GATHER: I AM THE GATHERER... THE AWAKENER OF THE SEEKERS... SOON MANKIND THE SCALES OF YOUR VERY SURVIVAL AS A SPIECES WILL REST IN MY HANDS... YOUR RECKONING IS AT HAND... SEEKERS AWAKE!!!!!!!

Pnl 3: The MIBS are looking from their high tech control room. A 3-D schematic/ hologram grid is laying out the scene from a center table.

MIB: The power is off the scales... Contact the Old Man.

Pnl 4: In the studio control room Geno whispers into Jennifer's ear.

GENO: This is the real deal. You need me. AstroGods. I'll share full credit on the book with you.

JENNIFFER: Oh Bobby. Get me a chopper!!! I want to be airborne... Get me there. And get this nut away from me.

Pnl 5: Jennifer runs from the control room. Geno shouts after.

GENO: You don't know what you're dealing with! I can have seven crystal skulls here in an hour.

Pnl 6: The Girl and Norden stand on a hill overlooking the Death Valley Dig site. It has been completely taken over by black ops. Black unmarked helicopters fill the air.

NORDEN: What the hell is going on here?

THE GIRL: Remain here. I need to find the sleep chamber of the Gatherer.

NORDEN: Those guys down there have guns. They won't just let you walk in there.

THE GIRL : Perhaps you are right, Arthur Nordensapien. I shall have to excise them first.

Pnl 7: Norden stands watching her float down into the camp across the desert landscape.