

ANDRE NORTON'S TALES OF THE SOLAR QUEEN

CHARACTERS:

Dane Thorson: Our lead character--a modern-day Viking, young (about 19-20), long-legged and tall, with the kind of blonde good-looks we associate with Robert Redford--although Dane is tougher, a bit harder.

Van Rycke: Dane boss--the cargo master. A big man--not fat, just big--wide, broad-shouldered. A bit sloppy in his uniform, with a broad red face, and white-blond hair starting to thin in front.

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Captain Jellico: A man of average size--but one who has seen, and done, a lot. His face is harsh, both from the effects of weather and the difficulties of his job. He has a nasty scar down one cheek--the blistered remains of a near hit by a laser weapon. Note that the Captain's hobby is xeno-zoology (he keeps alien animals), and that is 'pet' is a an odd blue creature that looks like a cross between a toad and a parrot--with six legs, two of them ending in nasty claws.

Ali Kamal: Looks like a movie star. Incredibly handsome, black, close-cropped hair--just long enough to set off his perfect face, with a wave. Dark eyes, with lids habitually half-closed, almost as if he is always amused by something.

Rip Shannon: A burly Negro, really rough around the edges, although with an open smile and a wide-eyed, friendly face. Not a tall man, but gives the illusion of size.

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Tang Ya: A martian colonist (third generation), .
 oriental features and hair, but with
 a vastly enlarged, barrel chest--the
 result of breeding for the limited
 Martian atmosphere.

Note: All the spacemen have indicative badges on their uniforms--patches on the chest, say, that show their specialties. Cogwheel for engineering, chart for astrogation, and so on--I haven't found a mention of a design for cargo or command yet--you might ask Andre about that.

MURRAY/SOLAR QUEEN/4

PAGE ONE

PAGE ONE IS A FULL PAGE SPLASH. RIGHT IN FRONT OF US IS DANE THORSON (OUR HERO), HE HAS JUST CLIMBED OUT OF A BULLET-SHAPED VEHICLE AND IS SHOULDERING A SORT OF DUFFEL-BAG THING WHILE STARING IN FRONT OF HIM. WHAT HE--AND WE--SEE, IS THE OUTSIDE OF A HUGE SPACE TERMINAL. DANE IS ON A SORT OF WALKWAY, A DOOR TO ONE SIDE, WITH THE OUTER EDGE OF THE GLASS-WALLED TERMINAL ROLLING AWAY TO THAT SIDE. IN FRONT OF HIM, AND CURVING AWAY AS FAR AS THE EYE CAN SEE, ARE ROW AFTER ROW OF SPACESHIPS. THEY COME IN ALL DIFFERENT SHAPES AND SIZES, FROM THE SQUAT AND UGLY ASTEROID MINERS, TO THE BULBOUS PASSENGER SHIPS, AND, AWAY IN THE DISTANCE (WHERE DANE IS LOOKING), THE STAR SHIPS--BRIGHTLY POLISHED, GLEAMING AND HUGE. SLEEK VESSELS THAT SEEM TO BE STRAINING TO TAKE OFF.

Title: Andre Norton's Tales of the Solar Queen

Credits

Caption: Dane Thorson stood on the apron of the take-off field, staring out at the rows of ships preparing for flight...

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PAGE ONE (CTD)

Caption (two): He paid scant attention to the stubby,
interplanetary ships. Those dull ships just
plowed out to Saturn or Jupiter's moons...

Caption (Three): What Dane Thorson wanted was a Star
Ship--one of those sleek vessels out there, with
the soil of alien worlds still clinging to their...

Voice (off): Hey Viking! Hunting for your long boat?

TITLE (two): Sargasso of Space

PAGE TWO

Panel 1) DANE TURNS TO ONE SIDE, AND SEES THREE OTHER YOUNG. ARTUR SANDS--A TYPICAL RICH-KID, LEADS THE THREE. ALTHOUGH HE HAS THE SAME UNIFORM AS DANE ON, HIS SEEMS BETTER TAILORED, CLEANER, SOMEHOW OF A HIGHER CLASS. HE IS STANDING IN FRONT OF THE OTHER TWO MEN, AND GESTURING WITH THE GRACE AND EASE OF SOMEONE USED TO BEING DEFERRED TO-- NOTE THAT HE FEELS THAT THE OTHERS ARE HIS LESSERS, AND HE TREATS THEM (AND EVERYONE ELSE) AS HIS LACKEYS. RICKI WARREN AND HANLAUF BAUTA ARE BEHIND HIM, AND, IN APPEARANCE, THEY ARE A LESSER MIRROR-IMAGE OF THEIR LEADER, ALTHOUGH RICKI WILL APPEAR A LITTLE NERVOUS, GLANCING AROUND HIM, HIS EYES JUST A WEE BIT SHIFTY.

Artur: Haven't tried your luck yet? Neither have we.

Artur (two): C'mon! Let's find out where we go!

Panel 2) DANE TURNS, SIGHING, AS HE FOLLOWS THE OTHERS INTO THE HUGE TERMINAL. HE ISN'T ANXIOUS FOR THEIR COMPANY, BUT THERE'S NO GRACEFUL WAY FOR HIM TO IGNORE THEM.

Artur: There's a Psycho right inside, near the lounge!

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PAGE TWO (CTD)

Panel 3&4) WE CUT TO THE INSIDE, AND SEE A VAST OPEN ATRIUM-
STYLE AREA, ALL THE SURROUNDING WALLS MADE OF A GLASS-LIKE
SUBSTANCE, WITH THE SHADOWS OF THE HUGE SPACESHIPS FALLING
EVERYWHERE. THE WALKWAY INSIDE IS CROWDED WITH VARIOUS
FORMS OF LIFE, RANGING FROM LARGE-CHESTED MARTIANS, TO TALL,
THIN, EMACIATED ASTEROID MINERS AND OTHER RACES FROM OTHER
STARS (USE YOUR IMAGINATION HERE). DANE IS LOOKING AROUND
LIKE A SIGHTSEER IN NEW YORK, HIS HEAD TILTED BACK TO TAKE
IN EVERYTHING, BUT ARTUR IS PLOWING RIGHT AHEAD, SHOULDERING
HIS WAY THROUGH THE CROWD TO A LOUNGE ARE NOT FAR AHEAD OF

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PAGE TWO (CTD)

THEM--NEXT TO THE LOUNGE AREA IS AN ALCOVE WITH A LARGE, METALLIC BOX IN IT, THE BOX TOPPED BY A BIG COMPUTER-STYLE SCREEN THAT SAYS: PSYCHOTRONIC TESTER, INSERT ID HERE, WITH AN ARROW POINTING DOWN.

Caption: The Psycho--the supreme arbiter for those who wished to go into space--the machine that balanced knowledge, ability, and potentialities--and made assignments...

Caption (two): A machine that would decide the fate of Dane Thorson...

Artur: There it is! Get your ID's ready!

Panel 5) ARTUR RUSHES FORWARD, HIS ID (A SORT OF MODERNISTIC DOGTAG) IN HIS HAND, READY TO PUSH INTO THE MARKED SLOT. DANE HOLDS BACK, LOOKING AT HIS OWN ID, AND THINKING.

Caption: Dane knew that the Psychos were supposed to be impartial, and yet...

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PAGE TWO (CTD)

Panel 6) ARTUR PLUNGES HIS ID INTO THE MACHINE, LOOKING EAGERLY AT THE SCREEN TO SEE WHAT IT WILL REVEAL. THE OTHERS CROWD AROUND, ALL LOOKING UP AT THE SCREEN, ALL SHOWING SOME DEGREE OF UNEASINESS (ESPECIALLY RICKI). THE SCREEN SHOWS NOTHING SPECIAL, JUST A COMPUTER LIKE ARRAY OF COLORS, PERHAPS A MONTAGE OF NUMBERS, PHOTOS, ETC--YOU PICK HOW YOU WANT TO DO IT.

Caption: It did seem that certain people got preferred treatment--people like Artur--people who had fathers with the right connections, the right...

Sound FX: GONG!

Artur: Here it comes!