

THE AUTHORITY

Propuesta original del autor

The front line

The last chance

The final defense

The only hope

The Authority.

STORMWATCH has collapsed; the Skywatch station destroyed, the United Nation coffers effectively empty. The UN simply cannot support another undertaking like Stormwatch.

For the first time in ten years, there is not a powerful neutral defensive force of superhumans watching over the planet. No-one to protect the Earth from threats from outside. No-one to protect the Earth from itself.

Earth is suddenly a more dangerous place than it's ever been.

Down in the dark, Stormwatch Black have been cut loose. Officially, they never existed anyway; three superhumans who performed covert Stormwatch missions under complete deniability.

However, unknown to their paymasters, they've been using their downtime between missions to make connections of their own. When Stormwatch goes, they see it's time to make their own move.

JENNY SPARKS, the electric woman, the spirit of the 20th Century; JACK HAWKSMOOR, designed by aliens as the king of cities; SHEN LI-MIN, swift and predatory winged woman; These three have always wanted to make the world a better place.

Now's their chance; also, Earth's last chance of any real defense.

Jenny Sparks, Jack Hawksmoor and Swift form THE AUTHORITY; a replacement force that answers to nobody.

Joining them are; APOLLO and THE MIDNIGHTER, soldiers remade by mad covert science into the sun king and the bringer of war; THE ENGINEER, the woman who exchanged her blood for nine pints of living liquid machinery; and THE DOCTOR, urban shaman, a mystic for the new millennium.

These seven, based in a fifty-mile-wide alien vessel existing outside space and time, provide Earth's ultimate defense, dealing with threats on the vastest possible scale. Invasions from beyond space and time, the return of insane and ancient deities, the advance of huge and pitiless assassination squads trained to kill countries... in such matters, they are the final authority.

GENERAL NOTES

The intention of *THE AUTHORITY*, from the perspective of Bryan and myself, is to go utterly nuts. To do all the huge-scale insane concepts that'd've never have fitted in *STORMWATCH*. To, in the parlance, turn the volume up to eleven.

We're going to take a crack at redefining the large-scale superhero book. We're going to see just how vast and cosmic and crazed we can get. In many ways, this sounds like the utter antithesis of *STORMWATCH*, I know, and, yes, *THE AUTHORITY* will be very different... but it will retain some key concepts of my *STORMWATCH* run.

Chiefly its attention to nasty little details, it's appalling bad attitude, and the utter carnage the cast are capable of creating when they work together -- Wizard called attention to this, and likened their exact and violent teamwork to the Green Berets.

This is what people liked; the mad little ideas, the edge and the kicking of arse.

And Bryan Hitch. That's what we'll keep for *THE AUTHORITY*.

What we'll add is stories on the biggest scale we can imagine.

How To Make Your Artist Scream His/Her Guts Out

Every now and then, I like to drop a page like this into a script, to remind an artist exactly who holds the power of life, death, and permanent mental damage. Me. In the month of writing *AUTHORITY* #1, it was, unfortunately, Bryan Hitch's turn for this terrible lesson. (I did it to John Higgins the following month, and he hasn't spoken since. Well, not to me, anyway.)

PAGE FIFTEEN

Pic 1;

CUT TO; A dreamscape. A lightly forested area, bright sky, blazing sun... tall grasses made of fiber-optic plastics, trees glistening with glass bark and mercury sap... a sky that is the wrong

colour, a sun that is the wrong shape... and THE DOCTOR, walking through it, out of a clutch of trees into a patch of open field...

FROM OFF; SO. YOU WALK WITH A PANTHEON. JUST AS I DID.

DOCTOR; YES. THE SPIRIT OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY. THE GOD OF THE CITIES. THE WINGED HUNTRESS. THE MAKER. THE SUN KING AND NIGHT'S BRINGER OF WAR. AND ME, THE SHAMAN.

DOCTOR; AND I HAVE LESS EXPERIENCE THAN ANY OF THEM.

Pic 2;

A figure emerges from a copse of glassy trees; The OLD DOCTOR, the one from "Change Or Die." Our Doctor stops, considers him.

OLD DOC; YOU ARE THE FIRST OF US TO OPERATE PUBLICALLY, ON A FULLY GLOBAL SCALE.

DOCTOR; HOW MANY OF "US" HAVE THERE BEEN?

OLD DOC; THERE HAS ALWAYS BEEN A DOCTOR. EARTH ALWAYS NEEDS HER SHAMAN.

Pic 3;

A second terrible sun rises behind the Old Doctor—a vast glowing shining disc...(described by Terrence McKenna as "the transcendental object at the end of time... a mercurial hologrammatic disk, part file, part machine, part syntax, part mind..." ...does that help?). The trees get out of the way by collapsing into glassy seeds and tumbling down to the earth like scattered glitter.

OLD DOC; "EXPERIENCE" IS NOT IMPORTANT, IN THE TERMS IN WHICH YOU FRAME IT.

OLD DOC; YOU ARE THE DOCTOR.

OLD DOC; UPON MY DEATH, THE SINGULARITY OPENED UP AROUND YOU, AND YOU KNEW THEN EVERYTHING THAT ALL OF US KNEW.

Pic 4;

The Old Doctor puts his hand on the new Doctor's shoulder, as they become surrounded by a wind of glass seeds growing into crystal birds with electric-circuit veins, under a second terrible sun...

OLD DOC; AND IT BECAME YOUR JOB, AS IT WAS MINE AND ALL OF OURS, TO CHANGE THE WORLD.

OLD DOC; BECAUSE MAGIC IS NOTHING BUT CHANGE.