

THE COURIER

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8 SCRIPT PAGES

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PAGE ONE (4 PANELS)

1/ We open inside of a Western/Cyber Punk Saloon. It's the Wild West meets Science Fiction technology. There should be things like computer monitors behind the bar, the piano player (maybe a robot) should be playing on a futuristic looking piano, the whores that populate the Saloon are android type pleasure bots that look human, but something about them is robotic. The bartender has a robot assistant who wields multiple bottles that can pour simultaneous whiskey shots at the same time, etc. etc. Two trench-coated, sci-fi cowboy types sit at a table sipping whiskey shots. Meet Zeke and Harry. Both look like rugged, no nonsense mid thirty year olds. One of their legs is exposed from under their trench, exposing a holstered futuristic six shooter laser revolver. It looks like an old western pistol crossed with a sci-fi laser blaster. (NOTE: I picture them shooting actual bullets that get coated with different energy types as soon as they leave the barrel if that helps.) Zeke has one sleeve rolled up and exposes a computer screen on his forearm. A holographic display hovers above his forearm that reads: "Contract Acquired. Assigned to Courier: H.Tubminn"

ZEKE: That contract shoulda been MINE Harry and you know it.

HARRY: Now you and I both know if that were the case then it would list YOUR name instead of mine, Zeke. Nowadays there ain't no "shoulda's," there just IS...

2/ Cut to a closer shot. Zeke is leaning in closer to Harry. He looks a bit concerned.

ZEKE: C'mon Har'. I'll even split it with ya. I got another petri assigned to me they're gonna make me provide for. I'll even go seventy thirty YOU. Whataya say? Help me out partner.

3/ Close up on Harry lighting a cigarette. (NOTE: Lighter should look sleek and futuristic. Maybe a slender little tube that rocks a torch lighter type flame.)

HARRY: Sorry - can't do that old friend...

4/ Zoom out again like panel one. Harry and Zeke are still seated at table. Harry is exhaling smoke into the air. One of the saloon whores has approached Zeke and has attempted to put her hand on his shoulder in a flirtatious manner but Zeke is

slapping her hand away. She looks a bit shocked. Zeke looks angered but still holds eye contact with Zeke.

HARRY: These times is rough for everyone... A man can't afford the luxury of helpin' out his fellows - even if he wanted to.

WHORE: Heya Har'. How's about a lil' roll around? I promise not to tell Celeste.

HARRY: Unhand me whore! ...Can't AFFORD ya anyways.

PAGE TWO (5 PANELS)

1/ Zeke stands outside of a building front on a dirt road. He looks up, lost in thought, at a sign on the façade of the building that reads: "Bo Turner: U.S. Certified Tracker"

NO DIALOGUE

2/ Side shot of the same panel above, but Zeke's head is now lowered in shame.

NO DIALOGUE

3/ Cut to the inside of Bo Turner's station. It's simply his desk, a coat rack, and a few holding cells. Bo, a rugged mid 40's bad ass, leans back in his chair with his feet up on his desk, Spinning his pocket watch around his finger like a lifeguard does his whistle. His trench is on the coat rack, and his get up seems to look like an "armored banker" looking one. Think thin Kevlar vest over shirt and tie with leather pants that have sown in Kevlar patches. Zeke sits across from him, hat in hand looking torn to be there.

BO: You're tellin' me that you're willing to throw me one of your own for ten THOUSAND credits?

ZEKE: That I am, times bein' what they are 'n all... I'm a man of enterprise. Virtue died in me long ago.

BO: Well, ain't no Courier worth ten grand.

ZEKE: Not even TUBMINN?

4/ Small close up overlay of Bo looking mighty shocked and VERY interested.

BO: You can get me Tubminn in the ACT?

5/ Cut back to wide shot of Bo's station. He is leaning forward, hands on his desk, laughing at Zeke. Zeke is leaning back a bit caught off guard.

BO: Well hell son, for Tubminn I'd a givin' ya TWENTY grand!
HAHAHAHAHA

PAGE THREE (6 PANELS)

1/ Bo stands on top of a building trying to remain hidden from view. He is now geared up in a stylized trench, hat, gloves, and is wearing "Cyclops" styled visor. His pocket watch dangles from a chain attached to his belt. Below him, Harry is approaching a shanty styled apartment building with caution. (Think of a western version of a Brazilian ghetto. Like http://1.bp.blogspot.com/_y4GndRyP64A/TTdlsLTx3tI/AAAAAAAAABKA/a5t-kjQV-TY/s1600/favelas2.jpg but not as cluster phobic)

BO: ...Well I'll be...

2/ Cut to the inside of a small, one room, shanty apartment. And by one room I mean ONE room. Think barren old western "Inn" type room but yet remember to add a dash of futuristic elements as well. (Maybe a computerized something and a digitally locked door). There is a small cot in the room and on it, sits Shera a seventeen year old female that looks western-future-punk. She looks as if she has been crying all night but is now all cried out. The door to the room is opened a bit and Harry is stepping in with a look of concern.

HARRY: Ms. Peoples? I believe you sent for me.

SHERRA: It's Sherra.

HARRY: Right. And I assume you've thought this through Sherra?

SHERRA: Yeah. I mean - I guess...

3/ Zoom in to a close up of Harry.

HARRY: That isn't good enough. I NEED you to be SURE. The path we are about to take is one that people don't WANT us taking.

4/ Flashback: Cut to Shera frantically running down a small cramped shanty alley (again think of a western version of a Brazilian ghetto). She is looking over her shoulder being chased

by a couple of teen thugs. She doesn't see the two or three other teen thugs in front of her obstructing her way.

HARRY (OFF PANEL): If we are caught, and people will be looking, the sentence is absolute death. NO second chances.

5/ Flashback: A small panel overlaid on top of panels 4 and 6 that shows the impact of Shera blindly colliding into the chest of the thug teen leader she didn't see standing in her way. It's as if she has hit a brick wall. She is falling backward towards the ground.

NO DIALOGUE

6/ Flashback: Cut to an up angle point of view shot (seen through the eyes of Shera) of the teen thug leader, now shirtless, towering over her. He is unbuckling the belt of his pants, and is looking down at Shera (and the reader since it's a point of view shot) with one of those disturbing sex crazed looks. Maybe licking his lips as if he is about to bite into a juicy steak? (hope that doesn't read as crass as it sounds)

HARRY (OFF PANEL): And if we make it, you will have to live with the decision for the rest of your days. And fer a youngin' like you, there'll be plenty ahead of ya.

PAGE FOUR (5 PANELS)

1/ Cut back to present to Shera's room to a close up of Shera who is angrily whipping her head toward Harry. Her eyes are welled with tears and the velocity in which she turns her head leaves mild tear streaks frozen in mid-air. She is screaming, but one of those emphatic cry screams.

SHERRA: I'M F@#%!NG SURE ALL RIGHT?!

2/ Cut back to Harry who has been taken off guard a bit. He looks surprised yet concerned.

HARRY: Understood.

3/ Cut to a shot of Shera and Harry exiting her apartment building. Harry is out in front of her and has his arm extended

behind him holding Shera back in a protective defensive manner. Something has caught his eye on the roof top in which Bo the Tracker stood. It's Bo's chrome pocket watch. It has caught the sun and has caused a bright sun flare to reflect off of it giving away his position.

HARRY: SH@#!

4/ Cut to a full shot of Bo on the roof top, with the perspective also angled down exposing Harry and Shera out in front of her apartment building down below. On the left side of the panel, Bo is now standing behind cover (concealed from Harry and Shera) holding his pocket watch in hand - annoyed that it gave him away. On the right side of the panel, We can see Harry pulling Shera along and running toward off panel.

BO: SH@#!

5/ Cut to a frontal shot of Harry running, holding his hat in place with one hand and pulling Shera along by the wrist behind him with the other. She struggles to keep her balance to keep up with him since he's moving so fast. She looks surprised and confused.

THOUGHT BOX: So it begins

HARRY: HOLD ON AND FOLLOW MY LEAD!

SHERRA: THAT WAS SO FAST! HOW'D THEY KNOW?!

HARRY: WE WERE SOLD! - HANG ON!

6/ Close up on Harry's face. He looks pissed as he realizes who sold them out.

THOUGHT BOX: ...Zeke... You BASTARD...

PAGE FIVE AND SIX (DOUBLE SPREAD FULL PAGE PANEL)

1/ Cut to a full double page spread montage of stylish shots throughout a futuristic western landscape. It should consist of various shots of Harry and Shera running from Bo. Throw in a couple of action shots where Bo and Harry are exchanging fire using their futuristic laser revolver six-shooters. The last shot of the three of them should be of Shera bee-lining it for

an inconspicuous building door where Harry is covering her, shielding her from BO. I picture this two page spread looking like a bad ass montage mural, where it all bleeds together with no frames. have at it ;)

PAGE SEVEN (6 PANELS)

1/ Cut to a shot of Shera running into the now open door of the inconspicuous building with Harry right behind her and Bo closing in on Harry. NOTE: It is night and there is no one else around. Think futuristic western ghost town.

HARRY: JUST GO! I'LL BE HERE WHEN YOU GET OUT!

2/ Cut to a frontal shot of Harry slamming the door shut behind her, keeping it closed like a guard dog - gun drawn - cocking back the hammer with his thumb, trained on an off panel Bo.

SFX: SLAM!

SFX: CLICK

3/ Zoom out to expose Bo with his gun drawn aimed at Harry. This panel should like the traditional high noon standoff with the profile of Bo standing on the left side of the panel and the profile of Harry on the right, still holding the door shut with one hand and aiming his laser revolver at Bo with the other. It's a standstill. Like
this:http://img3.etsystatic.com/il_570xN.252416091.jpg
but with guns drawn pointed at each other.

BO: So this is it huh? The death factory...

HARRY: Others don't see it that way.

4/ Cut to a different angle of the standoff.

BO: Is that right? Well open your eyes and look around will ya. Our number grows smaller by the day. Most of us have become as barren as the land itself, and soon enough there won't be any of us left. And places like this, well, they ain't really helping the cause.

HARRY: Maybe that's just the way it's meant to be.

BO: No. What occurs behind those doors interrupts what's, "meant to be."

5/ Cut to another angle of the standoff. Bo still has his gun drawn but he stands with an arms out questioning shrug. Harry still stands straight but has lowered his gun to his side.

BO: How can you support this? You're robbin' all of us from our progression as a race. You're aiding in our extinction. You're snuffin' out our right to live.

HARRY: We ain't livin' anymore. Those days have been long gone. What we do nowadays is just EXIST. And what kind of LIFE is that?

HARRY: The way I see it, we've been a cancer to this land for ages and it finally figured out how to get rid of us. We did this to ourselves.

HARRY: So in these bleak times, why rob people of the sole commodity that gives them solace? They may not know it, but alls we got we left in this world is choice. And who are you to try and take that away?

6/ Cut to another angle if the two. Bo has now revealed a hip flask and is taking a pull from it. Harry still stands at the ready but he has holstered his gun. But he has his hand on the handle ready to draw at the first sign of aggression.

BO: You make valid points friend. But a job's a job. So I'm gonna sit here and meditate on our conversation until your friend comes out that door. When she does, I'm gonna take her in. If you try and prevent that from happening, I'm gonna shoot ya.

HARRY: You have your job, and I have mine. I'll join you in meditation, and when that door opens and my client appears - may the fastest draw win.

BO: I'll drink to that.

PAGE EIGHT (6 PANELS)

1/ Cut to a side profile shot of the two kneeling facing each other, heads lowered meditating. The sun is just breaking the horizon.

NO DIALOGUE

2/ Same shot as above but the sun is higher. They both still kneel and meditate.

NO DIALOGUE

3/ Same shot as the above two but the sun is even higher. However, Shera has exited the building. She is hunched over holding on to her stomach. She looks absolutely miserable. She looks as if she has cried for two days and is both experiencing great depression and great pain. Bo and Harry have both jumped up to their feet and they are pulling the hammers back on their laser revolvers.

SHERA: ...It's done...

4/ Zoom in to a close up on Bo's face. He stares at Shera and is moved by her appearance. It looks as if his heart breaks for her.

BO: I once had a daughter about your age...

5/ Cut to a full shot of the three of them. Bo has lowered his gun, Harry still has his trained on him. Shera is standing behind Harry, still miserable using him as a shield.

BO: Friend. I'll tell you what. I'm going to call this one in as an evade. Consider it a thank you for our conversation last night. You've given me somethin' to think about. But if I see you again I will kill you. Maybe we are just existing, but maybe our unborn can someday change that...

6/ Cut to a shot of Bo walking away looking back over his shoulder at Shera and Harry.

BO: What are you waitin' for? You two best get runnin'.

THE END