

In Science As In Love

5 page Future Shock – full script

DAVID BAILLIE

Page 1

Panel 1

A huge manga-type robot marches through a wreckage-strewn battlefield. Smaller, human-piloted war machines and vehicles bombard it with laser fire and incendiary projectiles.

(I'm imagining the action scenes taking place in 'widescreen' panels, while the quieter stuff happens in more naturally arranged grids – but that's only a suggestion)

Panel 2

The robot bends down to swat aside a tank, which looks small in comparison. Humans plummet from the airborne tank as it flies through the air. On the ground more human soldiers scatter to avoid being squashed when it lands.

Caption:

FROM THE JOURNALS OF DOCTOR F. J. EZZI

JUNE 17TH

AS I CROSSED THE STREET THIS MORNING TO RETURN TO THE LABORATORY AFTER LAST NIGHT'S DISCOVERIES, I CAUGHT THE SCENT OF A PRETTY YOUNG GIRL AS SHE PASSED.

Caption:

WHICH I HAVE TO ADMIT WAS VERY PLEASANT.

Panel 3

Guns mounted on the shoulders of the gigantic robot fire on the ground troops, and a rocket launches from out of its belly, soaring towards a futuristic helicopter.

Caption:

OF COURSE IT WASN'T HER **OWN** SCENT - IT WAS THE SCENT OF SOME **CHEMICAL** SHE HAD CHOSEN, DESIGNED TO EVAPORATE SLOWLY AND LEAVE THE TRAIL OF AN AGREEABLE AROMA IN HER WAKE.

Panel 4

The helicopter explodes as the mechanoid strides on, crushing humans and vehicles beneath its feet. In the distance we can see a large military establishment. This is the robot's target and what the humans are trying to defend.

Caption:

THE MOLECULES OF THE SUBSTANCE IN QUESTION (USUALLY APPLIED TO THE NECK AND WRISTS IF MEMORY SERVES CORRECTLY) HAVE **ESCAPED** HER VICINITY AND **INVADED** MINE. I INHALE THAT WHICH WAS ONCE UPON HER SKIN.

Panel 5

The robot holds its huge arms over its head and roars like an animal at the oncoming enemy. The lasers and bullets from below bounce off it, causing no obvious damage.

Robot:

ROOAAAAARGH!

Caption:

THERE IS NO **MAGIC** ABOUT IT. MERELY PHYSICS AND
CHEMISTRY.

PAGE 2

Panel 1

A tall, athletic Chinese woman (Harker), garbed in a Matrix-esque black leather uniform, ushers a middle-aged man in a white coat (The Doctor) from a hectic laboratory.

In the background we can hear the distant roar of the robot, which has visibly put the willies up everyone here.

Harker:

COME ON DOCTOR - WE NEED TO GET YOU TO THE
UNDERGROUND COMPLEX

SFX (small type across the panel):

RAAAAAOOR

Panel 2

Armed guards line the walls, as Harker drags the reluctant Doctor through the immaculate white corridors of the base. There are com-screens every ten metres, all showing a Red Alert security status.

Panel 3

Harker holds a bare hand against a palm-print scanner beside a featureless sliding door, and it beeps in recognition.

Doctor:

AGENT HARKER, PLEASE – I –

SFX:

BEEP!

Panel 4

She grabs him and starts running again. Beads of sweat appear on the unfit, middle-aged man's brow as he protests.

Harker:

I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE GOING TO SAY DOCTOR, AND YOU'RE REALLY **MISSING** THE POINT. MY ORDERS ARE THAT YOU ARE TO BE TAKEN TO SAFETY IN THE BELLY OF THIS INSTALLATION AND KEPT THERE UNTIL THE ATTACK IS DEFEATED.

Doctor:

AND WHAT IF IT **ISN'T**? HOW MANY ARE GOING TO DIE? WE **KNOW** WHAT THEY WANT!

Panel 5

The corridor slopes downward, as they begin to descend underground. Harker keeps up the pace and the Doctor struggles.

Harker:

AND HOW MANY HAVE DIED **ALREADY**? THEIR DEATHS WOULD BE IN VAIN IF WE SIMPLY GAVE UP NOW.

Harker:

BESIDES YOU'RE TOO **IMPORTANT** TO US. AND OUR CAUSE...

PAGE 3

Panel 1

The robot is painfully close to the installation now, swatting machines out of the air and kicking others up from the ground as it nears its target. The human defence is dense, but this isn't deterring the huge machine at all.

Caption:

AUGUST 15TH

I SIT HERE CONTEMPLATING MY MISERY, CONSUMED BY SELF-LOATHING. KNOWING THAT THE DEEPER I FALL THEREIN THE MORE **IRONIC** MY SITUATION.

Caption:

OH HOW THEY MUST BE LAUGHING AT ME FROM THE HEAVENS ABOVE.

Panel 2

A 'worm's eye' view of the robot smashing up the human army defences from the POV of the ground troops, some of whom are taking flight while others stand and fight; firing hand weapons and carefully aiming ground mortars.

Dead bodies litter the deeply scarred ground.

Caption:

WE'VE BEEN LIED TO.

Caption:

BY **GOD** HIMSELF.

Panel 3

We return to Harker and the Doctor still fleeing down an incredibly long tunnel, steadily descending further and further into the Earth.

Doctor:

HARKER, WE HAVE TO STOP. PLEASE – MY HEART IS GOING TO **EXPLODE**.

Harker:

NOT MUCH FURTHER DOCTOR. **PLEASE** - WE DON'T HAVE MUCH TIME!

Panel 4

The Doctor is bent double, one hand resting on the wall, gasping for breath.

Doctor:

LET THEM TAKE ME! YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND!

Harker:

NO! COME ON. WE CAN MAKE IT...

Panel 5

Close-up of the Doctor as he pleads.

Doctor:

NO – YOU DON'T **UNDERSTAND** –

Doctor:

I DESERVE THIS!

PAGE 4

Panel 1

The robot pierces the roof of the complex with its hands, and is about to rip it in two as if it were made of canvas. Airborne vehicles continue in vain to stop it.

Caption:

TO KNOW THAT EVERY TIME I SMILE OR LAUGH...

Caption:

IT'S NOT REAL.

Panel 2

The Doctor and Harker stand in the corridor arguing.

Harker:

YOU'RE A GREAT MAN! YOU'VE DONE **AMAZING** THINGS –
SHOWN THIS WORLD –

Doctor:

SHOWN THIS WORLD WHAT? WHAT HAVE I CONTRIBUTED?
I HAVE **DESTROYED** THIS WORLD! I SHOULD HAVE JUST
KILLED MYSELF WHEN I DISCOVERED WHAT I DID!

Panel 3

From the robot's POV.

We see its huge hands tearing and pummeling, revealing layer after layer of the base.
Humans run for cover as they are exposed.

Caption:

TO BE THE MAN WHO **DISCOVERED** THAT THE VERY
THING ON WHICH ALL SOCIETY AND RELIGION IS BASED...
IS NOT SOME **DIVINE** GIFT...

Caption:

BUT THAT SCIENCE CAN EXPLAIN IT – IN ITS **ENTIRETY** -
JUST AS EASILY AS IT DOES PHOTOSYNTHESIS OR
COMBUSTION...

Caption:

KILLS ME **MORE** EACH DAY

Panel 4

The two are still arguing. The doctor is on his haunches now, about to cry.

Harker:

NO! YOU FREED US! FREED US FROM OUR BIOLOGICAL
IMPERATIVES... ALLOWED US TO CONCENTRATE ON
BETTERING OURSELVES AND FURTHERING OUR SPECIES!

Doctor:

NO, NO, **NO!** CAN'T YOU SEE – ALL I'VE DONE IS INSPIRE
HATE! PEOPLE DON'T **LOVE** ANYMORE! THEY STILL
BREED... BUT THEY DON'T **LOVE!**

Doctor:

I EXPLAINED IT AWAY! I EXPLAINED IT AWAY AND IT
STOPPED WORKING. I'M THE MAN WHO **KILLED LOVE!**

Panel 5

Just the silhouette of the Doctor in the foreground. In the background we see the dents being made by the robot's fists on the roof of the corridor.

Doctor:

AND **THIS** IS WHAT IS LEFT WHEN YOU TAKE AWAY LOVE.

Doctor:

HATE...

PAGE 5

Panel 1

The robot peels off the top layer of the corridor like a child lifting a sheet of paper. It growls as the Doctor and Harker look up.

Harker is terrified, while the Doctor is merely resigned to his fate.

SFX:

CRRRRRRRIIIP – CHKAH

Robot:

DOCTOR EZZI, I PRESUME?

Panel 2

They both know that this is the end.

Harker has tears in her eyes as she tells him:

Harker:

BUT I LOVE YOU!

Panel 3

Close up of the Doctor as he responds.

Doctor:

NO. YOU DON'T.

Doctor:

AND I CANNOT LOVE YOU

Panel 4

The robot's fist comes crashing down hard into the floor, crushing Agent Harker like a hammer would a piece of overripe fruit. The Doctor doesn't even flinch.

Doctor:

THAT IS MY PUNISHMENT

Panel 5

Black panel with caption;

Caption:

I ONLY WISH IT WERE MINE **ALONE**

FIN