Job Hazard One-Shot

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Genres: Survival Horror, Sci-Fi, Dark Comedy.

Page Count: 23

Logline:

Mack is a futuristic space scavenger that works for a company where survival is far from guaranteed. Out on a particularly harrowing job, he encounters something unusual even for someone with his job.

Characters:

Mack: Kind of a schlub who has had all his ability to care steadily broken over time.

Page 1:	
Panel 1:	A piece of tech inside of a box, being scanned by lasers. On the floor of an abandoned space station.
AI:	Scanning.
Panel 2:	A holographic wall seals the box, the tech now floating inside of it.
AI:	Scan complete. Item accepted.
Mack:	Alright.
Panel 3:	Pack popping the package into his squared metal backpack. Narration begins.
Mack:	Hey I'm Mack. And I work for... Well It's kind of boring. Let's just say I go in and grab valuable scraps from less than successful ventures across the stars.
Panel 4:	Mack walking through a dark hallway, shoulder flashlight leading the way. Narration box over- Something? Behind him.
Mack:	Pretty much the pay sucks and the job sucks worse. I mean most of the time it seems fine-
Panel 5:	Mack glancing over shoulder.
Mack:	-but sometimes.

Page 2:	
Panel 1:	Foreground: Mack falling backwards in terror, his light whipping back. BG: The light barely illuminating a clawed monster in the darkness, mostly unseen, but still utterly terrifying.
Mack:	AAHHHH!!
Panel 2:	Blood splattering across the packages that have fallen to the floor.
Panel 3:	A small ship outside of a space station
Panel 4:	A large tube of liquid holds something inside of it.
Panel 5:	The tube opens and (a nude) Mack pops out of it, liquid splashing out all around.

Page 3:	
Panel 1:	Mack rubbing back of neck as he gets up. Narration restarts.
Mack:	Hey I'm Mack. And I work for... Actually, you might already know that. Since I don't know if we've done this before.
Panel 2:	Mack suiting back up.
Mack:	You see when I bite the dust my company kind of just pops a new me back out. A clone.
Panel 3:	Mack chewing on some slime covered toast, while looking over computer files.
Mack:	Damn it. I needed that mission to go well.
Mack:	You see I don't get the memories of my last me if I don't make it back to re-upload them into the system. So I'm not really sure what went wrong last mission and I'm not exactly keen to find out.
Panel 4:	Mack using a marker to cross something out.
Mack:	Especially since I don't have time to worry about it now.

Panel 5:	An old stained up calendar with most days crossed out leading up to tomorrow's date.

Page 4:	
Panel 1:	Mack orders a few things online.
Mack:	You see I needed the cash from that last mission to fund this next expedition.
Panel 2:	Mack examining some equipment that is piped down through mail tubes.
Mack:	And yeah. I got to use the companies money to buy their own equipment from them so I can do the job. Don't blame me. Blame the lack of unions.
Mack:	Oh, also I have to buy back my freedom. So – there's that.
Panel 3:	Transition Panel:
Mack:	But no time to discuss that. I need to be ready for this next mission.
Panel 4:	Mack's ship flying towards a stormy uninhabitable planet.
Mack:	This score has eluded me for long enough. A planet that only clears up enough for space travel once every year.
Panel 5:	Mack trying to drink a cup of coffee with one hand while piloting with the other. The entire ship shaking (and Mack) shaking from the stormy turbulence.
Mack:	Meaning I have one and only one chance to get the massive haul that's here. I can't fail again...

Page 5:	
Panel 1:	Ship's landers touching down in overgrown jungle.
Mack:	It's a good thing then.
Panel 2:	Steam rolling out of the bay door as Mack astronaut walks out of the ship.
Mack:	That I'm the best that's ever done it.
Panel 3:	A cooing is heard prompting Mack to desperately leap into the nearest bush.
Panel 4:	A strange one-eyed, one legged circular bird sits on a branch. Staring with its unblinking eye.
Mack:	Okay maybe not *the* best. But come on I'm up against weird monster aliens - cut me some slack.
Panel 5:	Mack with his back pressed up against the wall next to an opening to the facility.
Mack:	Okay, come on! I've got this! I can do this! Let's do this!

Page 6:	
Panel 1:	A pleased looking Mack back on the ship with a bunch of scrap containers. Wiping off some sweat.
Mack:	Hey I did it. That wasn't so bad. I wonder what went wrong last time?
Panel 2:	Mack looking fired up.
Mack:	No time to worry about that! Let's make some money!
Panel 3:	Establishing shot of an overgrown facility. Mack coming in and out of various openings all around it.
Panel 4:	Interior shot of the ship. Small number of packages.
Panel 5:	Identical Shot: Medium number of packages.
Panel 6:	Identical Shot: Large number of packages.
Panel 7:	Mack posing triumphantly in front of stacks of packages.
Mack:	And with plenty of time before the auto pilot takes us off the planet.

Page 7:	
Panel 1:	Mack thinking to himself.
Mack:	Enough time to get some more! And even if I die the stuff is already on the ship. Soooo...
Panel 2:	Mack merrily walking through a dark corridor.
Panel 3:	Behind back shot: Mack standing in front of a completely destroyed path. A possible way through if someone parkoured through it.
Panel 4:	Mack with a flat expression. A bark heard in the distance.
Mack:	Yeah, not happening.
Panel 5:	A tall dark four legged creature, with red gills and two sets of eyes and an acidic maw.

Page 8:	
Panel 1:	Mack with an annoyed expression.
Mack:	Shit...
Panel 2:	Dog Alien giving a thunderous bark as it sprints forward.
Panel 3:	Mack with a terrified expression.
Mack:	Shit!
Panel 4:	Mack's head shoots back and forth between the dangerous parkour and the approaching barking.
Mack:	Uh? Ah? Mhh?
Panel 5:	A grimacing Mack leaps forward over the first pit, right as the Dog bites down where he was standing.

Page 9:	
Panel 1:	A series of Mack's after images monkey through the environment.
Panel 2:	Mack turns around flipping the dog off.
Mack:	Hah! I would like to see a mut like you do that?!
Panel 3:	Mack staring forward at the dog on the other side.
Panel 4:	Identical shot: Dog doing the exact same movements as Mack and making it over. The man now shocked.
Panel 5:	Lower-to-upper shot: Mack running with tears streaming. Dog leaping up behind him. Something else vaguely visible in the shadowy rafters.

Page 10:	
Panel 1:	Mack sees an opening.
Panel 2:	Mack jumps in.
Panel 3:	An X-ray shot of Mack tumbling and slamming through the sharp turning vent. Then popping out.
Panel 4:	Mack rubbing head, as he sees the room he's in. An establishing shot of a lived-in area.
Mack:	What the-?
Panel 5:	Mack picking up a spear in one hand and a piece of oozing meat in the other. Examining both.
Mack:	How can this be? This place got overrun like a century ago. And the one year opening is only a handful of years old as is.
Panel 6:	Mack noticing something out of the corner of his eye.
Panel 7:	Mack's expression shifting to distress as his head twists over to what he saw.

Page 11:	
Panel 1:	Mack staring down with an awe and terror filled expression.
Panel 2:	Over the shoulder shot: A destroyed set of gear just like Mack's.
Mack:	Whatever is here would probably be the reason I failed last time. That or-
Panel 3:	Mack turning around to look at the vent as metallic tumbling noises echo from it.
Panel 4:	Identical Shot: The dog slides out to the bottom of the vent. Mack dying on the inside.
Panel 5:	Mack twisting around as the Dog lunges at him.

Page 12:	
Panel 1:	FG: Mack bracing himself for the bite. Midground: A spear shooting down through the top of the dog's skull.
Panel 2:	Mack having fallen back down onto the floor, shaking with blood splattered on him. He's staring at the dog in shock.
Panel 3:	A figure drops down from the ceiling shadows, lightly touching down onto the ground.
Panel 4:	They flip the spear out of the corpse

Page 13:	
Panel 1:	Establishing shot: The figure is pointing the spear forward. They are wearing skinned animals with a head of a dog creature serving as a pseudo mask.
Panel 2:	Mack’s brow furrows as he looks up.
Panel 3:	A shadowy eye focuses in as the figure stares down.
Panel 4:	Side shot of the two pointing at each other.
Macks:	You’re me...?
Panel 5:	The man takes his mask off revealing an older bearded Mack, with a streak of grey through his hair. Clearly aged from his experience here beyond the actual time.
Mack 2:	Has it really been a year?

Page 14:	
Panel 1:	A dumbfounded Mack shakes off his jitters.
Mack:	s-Since I was last here? y-Yeah.
Panel 2:	A single tear breaks down Old-Mack’s face. A sense of serenity around the man.
Mack 2:	I see. I made it then.
Panel 3:	Mack seems deeply touched by the visual.
Panel 4:	Mack pops up dusting himself off, clearly in a tizzy. Old-Mack just unenthusiastically stares back at him.
Mack:	I have so many questions! Like why do we look so old and cool? And what the heck is going on here?! And do you also sleep weird at night sometimes?
Panel 5:	Old-Mack pinches the bridge of his nose, holding up a hand to stop young him.
Mack 2:	Too many questions and not nearly enough time. I’ll answer them all once we get everything out of here.

Page 15:	
Panel 1:	Old-Mack gives a dead-eye stare, with a hollow aura to him. Deep bags under his eyes.
Mack 2:	But to answer at least one. I wouldn’t exactly say I sleep funny ever.
Panel 2:	Young-Mack seeming dejected, adverting his eyes.
Panel 3:	Young-Mack looking back up with a questioning glimmer in his eyes.
Mack:	Get everything out?
Panel 4:	A devilish smile spreads across Old-Mack’s face.
Panel 5:	Lower-to-upper shot: FG: A proud Old-Mack pulling back a curtain. BG: Mack with sparkling eyes.
Mack:	Oh my – money...
Mack 2:	Do you mean god?
Mack:	You worship your thing I'll worship mine.

Page 16:	
Panel 1:	The two excitedly running out of there while cheering with arms full of scrap to sell.
Panel 2:	Placing it down in the ship.
Panel 3:	Mack heading back out, but stopping and turning back.
Panel 4:	Old-Mack staring out of the ship opening with fear in his eyes.
Panel 5:	Young-Mack placing a hand on Old-Mack's shoulder, trying to console the man.
Mack:	Hey it's going to be alright. We can just take off if you want?
Mack 2:	No. We can't. There's enough scrap back there to buy your freedom. Getting that was...

Page 17:	
Panel 1:	Mack giving a reaffirming smile.
Mack:	I'm not sure how having two of us will play out, but if that's true then we could buy your freedom with it. After all, you're the one who gathered it all. It would only make sense to use it to free you.
Panel 2:	A forlorn Old-Mack returns a hesitant tearful gaze.
Mack 2:	I don't know if I'll ever truly be free.
Panel 3:	Mack raises a hand up to be grasped, with a look of determination on his face.
Mack:	We can figure that out with time. For let's take things one step at a time.
Panel 4:	Old-Mack hesitantly looks at the hand, grappling with something deep inside of himself.
Panel 5:	The two grasp hands, ready to fight for their freedom.

Page 18:	
Panel 1:	The two rushing out with a large floating dolly. Old-Mack riding it with his spear ready.
Panel 2:	The two coming back with a full dolly, new blood on both of them and the dolly.
Mack:	Hehe, you're pretty good at dealing with those creatures now. I guess you're the real predator of this planet now?
Panel 3:	Old-Mack throws out an arm to stop Young-Mack. As something shifts in the trees between them and the ship.
Mack:	What is it?
Panel 4:	Old-Mack with a severely intense expression, a dark burning aura around him.
Mack 2:	The real predator.
Panel 5:	Mack looking scared.

Page 19:	
Panel 1:	POV Shot: Something leaping down from the trees at the two. Young-Mack jerking head around. Old-Mack deathly still.
Panel 2:	Old-Mack turns his head to the camera. His expression shaded over. The only thing visible are the eyes of a killer.

Panel 3:	The creature locks its claws against Old-Mack's spear. A long-limbed multi-jointed creature with long sharp claw hands, its mouth opening at the bottom of its jaw, long tongue waving between the sharp teeth. Three eyes present.
Panel 4:	Interior of ship: Computer.
AI:	Auto pilot engaging in five minutes.
Panel 4:	Mack flinching back.
Mack 2:	Go!
Mack:	Wait, I can't just leave you!
Panel 5:	Old-Mack shooting a deathly glare over his shoulder.
Mack 2:	I won't die here on this planet. All you're doing is keeping my scrap safe for me.

Page 20:	
Panel 1:	Mack desperately pushing the cart forward.
Panel 2:	Old-Mack staggers back, as three slash marks bleed down over his eye.
Panel 3:	Old-Mack glances over to see his other-self safe on the ship.
Mack:	Come on! Get over here!
Panel 4:	Old-Mack gives a content and somber smile. As the alien raises up over him in the BG.
Panel 5:	A shot of the stormy sky as lightning strikes.

Page 21:	
Panel 1:	A three eyed glasses wearing alien secretary glances over a file.
Clerk:	Alright. Everything is in order. Congratulations you've bought your freedom.
Panel 2:	Nose down shot of Mack in a suit, with a small smile.
Panel 3:	BG: Clerk filing away paperwork while talking. BG: Mack's hand opening a door to go out.
Clerk:	A car will be waiting for you outside. Thank you for choosing to work with us. You will be missed.
Panel 4:	Behind the back shot: Mack walking down a long corridor.
Voice:	Hey.
Panel 5:	Mack stops and begins to turn.

Page 22:	
Panel 1:	The two Mack's standing across from each other. Old-Mack having cut his beard, but still with grey highlights.
Panel 2:	The two men grasp hands once again.
Mack:	I'll free myself as well.
Mack 2:	And I'll be waiting for you.
Panel 3:	Free-Mack walking out into the blinding light, looking back over shoulder with a hopeful smile. Giving a two-finger salute goodbye.
Panel 4:	Young-Mack nonchalantly returns the gesture.

Page 23:	
Panel 1:	Free-Mack gets into the back of a car while closing the door. Voice of the driver talks back at him.
Driver:	Where are we headed?
Panel 2:	Free-Mack glancing up at Driver.
Drive:	Woah! You're like way older than usual. You must be the best damn scrapper there ever was to live that long.
Panel 3:	Free-Mack's entire being shaken to the core.
Panel 4:	Shot of the Driver looking back. Is clearly another Mack.
Driver:	In shock, right? Yeah, it takes a while to get used to for all of us. You might be free but the company still owns the rights to your DNA for more clones. Not much can be done about it.
Panel 5:	Black BG.
Mack 2:	*What* the **fuck**-?!