

Jim Luck's Last Job

5 page Future Shock – full script

DAVID BAILLIE

Page 1

Panel 1

Long shot of a man climbing a sheer cliff face.
In the background a deep red sunset and a couple of flying cars.

LUCK'S THE NAME **Caption:**

JIM LUCK **Caption:**

GUN FOR HIRE **Caption:**

Panel 2

Close in on the climber - a tough guy with a crew cut and a leather waistcoat - toiled up with a variety of weapons.

Caption:
YOU **MIGHT** HAVE HEARD OF ME. MY NAME IS OFTEN
MENTIONED IN WHISPERED TONES ALONGSIDE MISSING-
PRESUMED-DEAD POLITICIANS AND DIGNITARIES.

Caption:
THE OCCASIONAL ACTRESS OR POP STAR... HIGH
SECURITY TARGETS ARE MY SPECIALITY.

Panel 3

As he nears the top we see a huge citadel, towers and spires and spikes - platinum surfaces sparkling in the evening sun.

Caption:

LIKE I SAID - YOU MAY HAVE HEARD OF ME. IF NOT -
YOU'VE DEFINITELY HEARD OF SOME OF MY WORK.

Caption:

THIS WILL BE MY BIGGEST JOB TO DATE. THIS ONE WILL
BE TALKED ABOUT FOR **CENTURIES** TO COME.

Page 2

Panel 1

He skulks through the shadows of an immaculate hallway, a gun in his left hand and a hunting knife in his right.

Caption:

THIS IS THE JOB THAT WILL MAKE ME A STAR! I COULD RETIRE AFTER THIS ONE IF I WANTED. THE BOUNTY MONEY IS **PHENOMENAL**.

Caption:

EARTH IS ONE OF THE RICHEST WORLDS IN THE KNOWN UNIVERSE... ALL THE FREAK SHOWS IT RUNS - HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS OF TICKETS SOLD EVERY YEAR TO CURIOUS INTERPLANETARY TOURISTS LOOKING FOR A QUICK **SICK** FIX.

Caption:

THE ONLY SPECIES IN THE HISTORY OF THE GREAT GALAXY TO MAKE A FORTUNE FROM CENTURIES OF INBREEDING!

Panel 2

He passes enormous bookshelves full of dusty tomes, the names of which are written along their spines in alien hieroglyphics.

Caption:

THE TERRAN GOVERNMENT PUT UP THIS BOUNTY LAST MONTH, BUT I WAS BUSY IN QUARTUS 6 TRACKING DOWN THE LAST THREE-NOSED TASQUITCH AND DIDN'T SEE THE CONTRACT UNTIL THE DAY BEFORE YESTERDAY.

Panel 3

He comes to a large set of ebony doors and rests a hand on an ornate handle. His eyebrows furrow and his weapons are poised.

Caption:

OF COURSE IT WON'T BE EASY. NO ONE KNOWS ANYTHING ABOUT THE OLD BUGGER. AND NO ONE'S EVEN **TRIED** TO DO THIS BEFORE - THERE MUST BE SOME REASON...

Panel 4

Luck is surprised....

Speech bubble (from behind the door):

COME IN!

Page 3

Panel 1

Change of scene – flashback.

A bunch of old farts in purple and gold robes stand around a tall wooden table in a musty old room drinking port and talking to each other.

Fart One:

HE'S REALLY **TAKING** THE CONTRACT?

Fart Two:

YES, IT APPEARS SO!

Panel 2

The same old farts, the same room.

Fart Three:

HAS HE **READ** IT?

Fart Two:

YES, IT'S APPEARS SO.

Panel 3

Close in on the three farts that are talking in this panel. Fart Three is agitated.

Fart One:

DOES HE KNOW **WHO** WE WANT HIM TO KILL?

Fart Two:

YES, IT APPEARS –

Fart Three:

SHUT UP!

THIS IS FANTASTIC NEWS. WHAT CHANCE DOES HE STAND?

Panel 4

Close-up of Fart One as he explains to the rest of the group.

Fart One:

WE HAVE NO IDEA LORD CHANCELLOR - NO ONE HAS EVER ATTEMPTED SUCH A HIT.

Off-Panel Voice:

HIT?

Panel 5

Fart One looks pleased with himself. Fart Two has had enough of Fart One.

Fart One:

YES - IT'S BOUNTY HUNTER TERMINOLOGY! I'VE BEEN INVESTIGATING THE SUBJECT IN THE OPTICAL ARCHIVES IN ORDER THAT I CAN CONVERSE MORE EFFICIENTLY WITH THE -

Fart Two (interrupting):

IS HE HERE YET?

Panel 6

Farts Four and Two stop drinking port long enough to exchange the following words.

Fart Four:

YES, YOUR MAJESTY - HE HAS JUST ARRIVED

Fart Two:

WELL SHOW THE MAN IN THEN!

Page 4

Panel 1

Jim Luck appears in the doorway to the Old Fart room with a huge 'look-at-me' grin on his face. He seems a little younger than when we saw him at the opening of the story.

Luck:

GOOD AFTERNOON GENTLEMEN - JIM LUCK AT YOUR SERVICE, NOW WHAT'S THIS I HEAR ABOUT YOU WANTING TO KILL –

Panel 2

Fart Two puts a hand on the bounty hunter's shoulder as he escorts him into the room.

Fart Two:

YES, YES. KEEP YOUR **VOICE** DOWN SONNY! WE DON'T WANT HIM TO DISCOVER OUR PLANS. HE WOULD CERTAINLY TRY TO FOIL THEM - - AND MAYBE EVEN GET **VERY ANGRY** INDEED!

Luck:

DOES HE **GET ANGRY**?

Panel 3

Fart Two:

WE DON'T KNOW - THAT'S THE THING - WE KNOW SO LITTLE ABOUT HIM.
UNTIL FIFTY YEARS AGO WE DIDN'T EVEN KNOW THAT HE WAS A **HIM!**
BUT WE KNOW THAT HE'S KILLING US ALL - AND SLOWLY!

Panel 4

Close-up on Farts Three (in full expository mode) and One (looking quite pleased with himself at being given another opportunity to use bounty hunter jargon

Fart Three:

YES - OVER THE CENTURIES WE'VE CURED EVERY OTHER SCOURGE OF THE HUMAN RACE WITH OUR VAST RESOURCES, BUT THIS ONE HAS ALWAYS ELUDED US.

Fart One:

AND THAT'S WHY WE WANT YOU TO TAKE HIM OUT!

Panel 5

Luck is thrown by Fart One's last offering.

Luck:

TAKE HIM OUT?!?

Fart One:

ISN'T THAT WHAT YOU BOUNTY HUNTERS SAY?

Page 5

Panel 1

Back to the original scene with Jim Luck in the alien corridor, stalking his prey...

The doors open.

Inside there is a large ornate throne upon which sits an old man - his white beard long enough to touch the floor. Around him there are stacks of those dusty old books we saw earlier.

Luck raises his weapons in readiness.

Caption:

ANYWAY THE PRICE WAS RIGHT - AND THAT'S WHY I'M
HERE...

Panel 2

Close-up of the old guy

Old Guy:

I'VE BEEN EXPECTING YOU, YOU KNOW.

Old Guy:

IT'S THOSE BLOODY HUMANS - ISN'T IT?

Old Guy:

INBRED TO THE POINT OF PERMANENT SENILITY - IDIOTS
ONE AND ALL!

Panel 3

Pull out to show Luck – who all of a sudden isn't looking too good. The old man stares off into the distance and doesn't seem to notice...

Old Guy:

AND WHAT - THEY'VE SENT **YOU** - TO KILL ME? I DON'T
SUPPOSE I'M SURPRISED. I'M CERTAINLY NOT UPSET.

Old guy:

THEY DON'T DO **WELL** OUT OF MY WORK, IT'S TRUE...

Panel 4

Luck starts to sputter, his eyes bulge and he appears to be shaky on his feet. The Old Guy looks genuinely concerned.

Old Guy:

OH - - OH DEAR. I'VE KEPT YOU TOO LONG **ALREADY**
HAVEN'T I?

Panel 5

Luck falls to the ground, his hair suddenly white and face drawn and ashen. His weapons clatter on the floor.

Old Guy (off panel):

I WAS TRYING TO **WARN** YOU BEFORE YOU GOT TOO
CLOSE!
SOMEONE NEEDS TO TELL THOSE IDIOTS...

Panel 6

Close up of the Old Guy, looking vaguely saddened by Jim Luck's final fate.

Old Guy:

YOU SIMPLY CAN'T KILL **TIME!**

THE END