

PANDORA ROX
Based on "Pandora's Box"
Adapted by Christopher Howard Wolf

PAGE ONE

Panel One - Int. Cloning Facility - Morning

This is a sterile facility full of high-tech machinery and several large darkened TUBES in an orderly row.

A sign here reads:

THE PEOPLE PLACE
GROWING YOUR FAMILY SINCE 2095

CAPTION: I would start this story with "Once upon a time..."

Panel Two - Int. Cloning Facility - Continuous

We now see a SCIENTIST, in all his scientific glory, walking ahead of MAN'JURR a husky, stout ALIEN with tentacles for a moustache. Man'Jurr is dressed in a sharp suit, and seems all business.

CAPTION: ...But honestly, this has happened *quite a few* times before.

SCIENTIST: Here are the latest females. Do you happen to have a specific maturity level in mind?

MAN'JURR: Not too old... but old enough, if ya' catch my drift.

Panel Three - Int. Cloning Facility - Continuous

The Scientist stops at one of the tubes. As he does, it seems to light up from the inside, revealing PANDORA, a beautiful female clone with long, untouched hair and pristine skin.

SCIENTIST: Perhaps this one satisfies your requirements?

MAN'JURR: Don't matter. This one's as good as any, I suppose.

Panel Four - Int. Cloning Facility - Continuous

The Scientist engages Man'Jurr in further discussion, but Man'Jurr seems to be done with the whole process and has turned to leave.

SCIENTIST: But... but surely there must be some sort of necessary skill or unique attribute required. What function will this unit serve?

MAN'JURR: Pop star.

SCIENTIST: Ah! Never mind, then.

Panel Five - Int. Cloning Facility - Continuous

The Scientist calls out to a WORKER who is standing idly nearby.

SCIENTIST: Yo, Manny! One blank slate to go! Yank 'er out, wrap 'er up, and slap a stamp on 'er!

PAGE TWO

Panel One - Int. Small Office - Afternoon

We are now in Man'Jurr's tiny, cluttered office. A half-eaten PIE sits in a PAN on his DESK, along with the discarded wrappers of past meals and an INTERCOM unit. Smoking a CIGAR, Man'Jurr sits at the desk, facing a DOOR into this presumably stench-filled room. There is also a large, high-tech mechanical CONTAINER to the back of the room.

CAPTION: The little clone had no idea what fate she had just been handed... (mostly because she was incapable of having ideas at the moment) She had been hand-picked by Man'Jurr, the foremost authority on musical groups!

Panel Two - Int. Stage - Timeless

We now see a boring, white bread BAND. These young MEN strike cliché "gangsta" poses.

CAPTION: Man'Jurr was the genius behind bands such as "The Awesome Brothers"...

Panel Three - Int. Stage - Timeless

We now see a different group of young MEN in a similar BAND. They are nearly identical to the first group, save for striking different poses and wearing slightly different outfits.

CAPTION: ... "Bro Factor"...

Panel Four - Int. Stage - Timeless

We now see almost exactly the same group of young MEN once again! As per the previous panel, they are nearly identical save for their poses.

CAPTION: ..."The Brothers Extreme"...

Panel Five - Int. Stage - Timeless

Finally, there is a break in the monotony. We now see a single young MAN on the stage. He is dressed largely the same as the previous young men.

CAPTION: ...And "K.J.", formerly of "Bro Squad Five".

PAGE THREE

Panel One - Int. Small Office - At That Moment

Man'Jurr leans back in his chair and looks quite smug as he talks into the intercom.

MAN'JURR: Ruth, send in the new one, please.

Panel Two - Int. Small Office - Continuous

Pandora stands at the office door, looking into the room with unease. She is as beautiful and untainted as we remember, now wearing a BODY SUIT that makes her look akin to an androgynous mannequin.

Panel Three - Int. Small Office - Continuous

We see a close shot of Man'Jurr as he grins evilly, exposing piranha-like teeth.

MAN'JURR: C'mon in, sweet pea. I bite, but not often.

Panel Four - Int. Small Office - Continuous

Pandora steps into the office. She is still unsure of what to make of all this. Man'Jurr offers a hand to her, presumably for a handshake.

MAN'JURR: The name's Man'Jurr. Pleased ta' make ya'.

Panel Five - Int. Small Office - Continuous

Pandora and Man'Jurr both look down at his extended hand.

MAN'JURR: Guess they don't teach ya' how ta' shake hands when yer in stasis, eh?

PAGE FOUR

Panel One - Int. Small Office - Continuous

We see Pandora's face as she looks sheepish.

PANDORA: I don't mean to be rude. I'd introduce myself, but... what is my name?

Panel Two - Int. Small Office - Continuous

Man'Jurr's EYES dart back and forth shiftily.

MAN'JURR: Oh, right... lessee...

Panel Three - Int. Small Office - Continuous

We see a shot of the pie pan on the desk.

MAN'JURR: (off panel) Pan...

Panel Four - Int. Small Office - Continuous

We see a shot of the office door.

MAN'JURR: (off panel) ...Door?

Panel Five - Int. Small Office - Continuous

Man'Jurr GRASPS Pandora's hand and shakes it vigorously.
This only serves to startle her.

MAN'JURR: Pandora.

PANDORA: I think... that's a pretty name.

MAN'JURR: That's what they pay me unholy amounts of cash
fer, babe!

PAGE FIVE

Panel One - Int. Small Office - Continuous

Pandora continues to stand as Man'Jurr leans back in his
chair and puffs away on his cigar thoughtfully.

PANDORA: What's cash?

MAN'JURR: Oh, awful stuff. Positively *awful*. Don't worry,
I'll make sure ya' never have ta' deal with it.

Panel Two - Int. Small Office - Continuous

This is largely the same scene as Man'Jurr continues to work his 'magic' on Pandora.

MAN'JURR: You're a very lucky collection of cells, you know that? You coulda' ended up in some Anillian prince's harem, or stuck in some far off ice mine...

Panel Three - Int. Small Office - Continuous

Man'Jurr blows a puff of smoke in Pandora's direction. She covers her nose and mouth.

MAN'JURR: Instead, I'm gonna make ya' a galaxy-wide celebrity. All ya' gotta do is... you know...

Panel Four - Int. Small Office - Continuous

Another close shot of the grinning, evil-looking Man'Jurr.

MAN'JURR: ...everything I say.

Panel Five - Int. Small Office - Continuous

Suddenly, the containment unit behind Man'Jurr begins to beep. Surprised, Man'Jurr nearly falls back in his chair.

SFX: (containment unit) DEET DEET DEET DEET DEET

MAN'JURR: Oop!

PAGE SIX

Panel One - Int. Small Office - Continuous

Man'Jurr is now POUNDING on the containment unit with one FIST, all the while grinning as if nothing is wrong.

MAN'JURR: Blasted things... never know when they ain't wanted...

Panel Two - Int. Small Office - Continuous

Man'Jurr now has his back to the unit as Pandora approaches unexpectedly.

PANDORA: What... What is that?

MAN'JURR: Ha! Nothin' important. It's where I keep all my... concepts. They're unrefined, y'see... I haven't had a chance to... uh... *refine* them.

Panel Three - Int. Small Office - Continuous

Pandora strokes her chin thoughtfully.

PANDORA: For concepts, they're quite disagreeable!

Panel Four - Int. Small Office - Continuous

Man'Jurr takes Pandora's hand and quickly leads her to the door.

MAN'JURR: You don't gotta tell *me*! C'mon, let's get ya' yer makeover!

Panel Five - Int. Small Office - Continuous

As Pandora is led out the door, she looks back into the office. Over her shoulder we see that she is looking back at the containment unit.

MAN'JURR: Yer gonna love what I got planned for ya'!

PAGE SEVEN

Panel One - Int. Make-Up Room - Later

We now see a MIRROR IMAGE of Pandora as she looks at herself. Her FACE is slathered in harsh MAKE-UP and her HAIR is TEASED up into some incredibly ridiculous "style". She looks quite dismayed.

CAPTION: Of course, Pandora *didn't* love it. She didn't know what love was, specifically... but this obviously wasn't it.

Panel Two - Int. Stage - Later

Pandora is now standing at a MICROPHONE with several freaky alien BACK-UP DANCERS in the background. She half-heartedly SINGS into the microphone.

CAPTION: She may have been created in a laboratory, made from the genetic stock of some random, long-deceased donors...

PANDORA: If you say you want me, then we'll be together... If you say you love me, then it'll be forever... I'm your intergalactic girlfriend on a trajectory that never ends...

Panel Three - Int. Stage - Continuous

We see a closer shot of Pandora's face as she hangs her head and frowns, still at the microphone.

CAPTION: ...But even *she* knew this sucked.

Panel Four - Int. Concert Hall - Continuous

We now see several rows of alien AUDIENCE MEMBERS as they sit calmly in their seats. None seem particularly thrilled by the performance.

CAPTION: Still, Pandora had no idea *why*. She had only been awake for a few days, and everyone out there seemed to think this was alright.

Panel Five - Int. Backstage - Later

Pandora is now standing backstage, talking to one of the alien back-up dancers.

PANDORA: I don't understand. Why are they all paying to hear a machine sing while I move my mouth? Could they not put the machine onstage instead? What is my purpose?

DANCER: Honey, the less you think about it, the happier you'll be.

PAGE EIGHT

Panel One - Ext. Deep Space - Timeless

Pandora is now sitting on top of a small ASTEROID in the middle of deep space. She buries her chin in her hands as she pouts and looks generally frustrated.

CAPTION: Okay... she went to the one place in the universe where no one had heard of her, and tried to not think about it.

Panel Two - Ext. Deep Space - Continuous

Pandora grimaces as if straining her brain very hard.

CAPTION: She tried really, *really* hard, you guys.

Panel Three - Ext. Deep Space - Continuous

Pandora throws her hands on the air and opens her mouth as if she's screaming out.

CAPTION: Struggle as she might, she couldn't help screaming out all of the questions that plagued her. Of course, no one could hear her because... well... *outer space*.

Panel Four - Ext. Deep Space - Continuous

The asteroid is now empty as Pandora has left the scene.

CAPTION: Then, fortunately, she figured out what to do.

PAGE NINE

Panel One - Int. Small Office - Night

The office is now darkened. Man'Jurr is nowhere to be seen.

Panel Two - Int. Small Office - Continuous

Pandora pops her head through the office door, looking a bit like a scared rabbit.

PANDORA: H... hello? Mr. Man'Jurr, you in here?

Panel Three - Int. Small Office - Continuous

Pandora now sneaks through the office, all stealthy-like.

PANDORA: Muah-ha-ha!

Panel Four - Int. Small Office - Continuous

Pandora now stands over the containment unit, looking down at it as if she is about to crack open some ancient, forbidden text. Should she do it?

PANDORA: If I see your concepts... then I'll know why you have me do this. I'm sure it will all make sense...

Panel Five - Int. Small Office - Continuous

Pandora OPENS the containment unit! She is bathed in an eerie burst of LIGHT, a stunned, yet euphoric look on her face.

CAPTION: Acting upon that thin justification, Pandora breached the containment unit. As soon as she did, she knew. There was no way to explain just *how*, but she *knew*.

PAGE TEN

Panel One - Int. Small Office - Continuous

We can now see that the interior of the containment unit houses an old-fashioned TURNTABLE and a collection of VINYL RECORDS. Pandora is sitting on the floor as a record PLAYS

on the turntable. She looks absolutely euphoric, almost drained by the experience.

CAPTION: The unit contained strange discs made of a material called vinyl. Man'Jurr didn't have any "concepts" in there. None of his own, anyway.

Panel Two - Int. Small Office - Continuous

Pandora looks ecstatic as she changes the record on the turntable.

CAPTION: These were albums he routinely went through and watered down, creating an endless stream of his own so-called "music" that was merely a shadow of past genius.

Panel Three - Int. Small Office - Continuous

Pandora lies out on the floor, closing her eyes as she lets the music sink into her brain.

CAPTION: That music, the *real* music, was now burning through Pandora like some sort of chemical poisoning... blowing her mind like a thousand nuclear warheads.

Panel Four - Int. Small Office - Continuous

We start to move in close on Pandora's face as she smiles, eyes still closed.

CAPTION: She was starting to feel like she could quite possibly rock and roll all night...

Panel Five - Int. Small Office - Continuous

We are closer in on Pandora's face again as her eyes pop OPEN. Her smile has now turned just slightly wicked.

CAPTION: Maybe even... perhaps... party every day?

PAGE ELEVEN

Panel One - Int. Stage - Later

We now see Pandora's dark SILHOUETTE on the stage. A few weird-looking aliens accompany her, but this time they are holding strange, foreign INSTRUMENTS.

CAPTION: Pandora's next concert was sure to be interesting..

Panel Two - Int. Stage - Continuous

A SPOT LIGHT illuminates Pandora, now "rocked out" in haphazard, punk/goth clothes. Her HAIR is cropped short, and tribal markings adorn her FACE. She grins as she speaks into her MICROPHONE.

PANDORA: Hello, Andromeda! Slight change in plans. Tonight, I'll be covering some ancient classics..

Panel Three - Int. Stage - Continuous

The aliens onstage begin jamming hard on their instruments as Pandora screams lyrics into the microphone, her body movements on par with any wild, outlandish rock star past.

CAPTION: And so, she belted out lyrics written by long-forgotten musical groups. The Rolling Stones, The Ramones, Van Halen, The Clash, Beck, The Beatles, Nirvana, The Sex Pistols... It all erupted from someplace deep within her.

Panel Four - Int. Stage - Continuous

As Pandora and her band continue, a strange, ghost-like WRAITH appears overhead, as if bursting forth from their very performance. The wraith looks like a cross between a punk rock THUG and a banshee.

CAPTION: As she sang, dusty old ideas seemed to manifest before her... Rebellion..

Panel Five - Int. Stage - Continuous

Now two wraiths appear over Pandora... This time one appears to resemble an EARTH MOTHER in flowing garb, while the other resembles a freed PRISONER in broken chains.

CAPTION: Creativity... Opposition...

Panel Six - Int. Stage - Continuous

We now see a cluster of five wraiths, shooting out into the air! A lover... a weird-faced goon... a cat-person... one that holds the others at arm's length... and one clasping its own heart fondly...

CAPTION: Passion... Absurdity... Curiosity... Individualism... Compassion... and many more that couldn't fit into the confines of this panel.

PAGE TWELVE

Panel One - Int. Stage, Side - Continuous

We now see the side of the stage, where Man'Jurr is standing out of the audience's sight. His HEAD is EXPLODING in a puff of GAS. A "CENSORED" bar covers the focal point of his exploding head.

CAPTION: Upon seeing this outburst, Man'Jurr's noggin promptly exploded. (Don't worry, that's common on his home planet and was in fact long overdue.)

Panel Two - Int. Concert Hall - Continuous

The audience is now ERUPTING with a cheer! Gone are their placid, unaffected expressions.

CAPTION: The misplaced spirits had been returned to their rightful place in the hearts and ears of the populace, and there was no taking it back.

Panel Three - Ext. Stone Wall - At That Moment

We now see a line of serious-looking, heavily armored SHOCK TROOPS lined against a stone wall. They seem to be lined up for battle, but remain expressionless.

CAPTION: Naturally, this really tweaked a few fascist governments who thought they had gotten rid of this sort of thing when they erased all digital media.

TROOP #1: Boo.

TROOP #2: Snot.

Panel Four - Int. Stage - At That Moment

Pandora is now standing on the stage, weak and sweat-covered from her performance. She holds her hands out as a small, unidentifiable WRAITH hovers within them.

CAPTION: When Pandora was done, there was only one little spirit left... one so shriveled and neglected that it was barely recognizable.

Panel Five - Int. Small Office - Later

The office is now neat as a pin! Various ARTWORKS hangs on the walls as Pandora now sits at the desk. The WRAITH hovers next to her, now a little larger. The wraith is wearing a BUSINESS SUIT.

CAPTION: It was Ambition... and she decided to keep that one to herself... For a little while, anyway...

Panel Six - Ext. Deep Space - Timeless

We now see an ASTEROID as it floats aimlessly through space. Upon the rock, someone has spray painted the words: "PANDORA ROX!"

CAPTION: Written by Christopher Howard Wolf, Illustrated by Sean W. Thornton