

CHARACTER DESCRIPTIONS / STORY ATMOSPHERE

Trebor: German-American 21-year-old male.
Kurzweil: Jewish-American 56-year-old male.
Lawyer: Italian-American 42-year-old male.
Shiela: Irish-American 38-year-old female.
Sawyer / BOD Members: Varied.

AI-generated image to encapsulate the emotional tone of the story:



Song I created to capture the emotional tone of the story:

<https://soundcloud.com/omnivata/mindscan>

PAGE 1 | 5 PANELS

PANEL 1

A horizontal pressure chamber sits in a room. A loudspeaker crackles.

1. LOUDSPEAKER: < UPLOADING MIND FILE... COMPLETE >

PANEL 2

A door atop the chamber slides open.

2. SFX: SHHK

PANEL 3

A 21-year-old male (TREBOR) unsteadily climbs out, naked and dripping with goo. KURZWEIL, dressed in formal wear, stands nearby. He is holding a folded robe.

3. KURZWEIL: GREETINGS, SIR.

PANEL 4

An overhead sprinkler dowses Trebor.

NO DIALOGUE

PANEL 5

Kurzweil wraps the robe around Trebor.

4. KURZWEIL: YOU MUST FEEL DISORIENTED. NO WORRIES, THAT IS PAR FOR THE COURSE. LET'S GET YOU SOME CLOTHES, SIR.

PAGE 2 | 5 PANELS

PANEL 1

The LAWYER sits behind a desk in a posh office. There is a large mirror hanging on the wall to one side. Trebor sits across from him, in a comfortable chair.

1. LAWYER: YOUR BENEFACTOR HAS DIED. HE BEQUEATHS HIS ESTATE TO YOU.
2. TREBOR: WHY ME?

PANEL 2

The lawyer narrows his eyebrows.

3. LAWYER: YOU ARE HIS **CLONE**.

PANEL 3

Reaction shot of Trebor, showing surprised shock.

NO DIALOGUE

PANEL 4

Trebor has regained his composure.

4. TREBOR: A CLONE?

PANEL 5

The Lawyers hands are folded on the desk.

5. LAWYER: YES. AN **EXACT** DUPLICATION.

PAGE 3 | 5 PANELS

PANEL 1

The Lawyer is leaning back in his chair, with his legs crossed and shoes resting on the desk.

1. LAWYER: YOU HAVE BEEN IN A NOURISHMENT CHAMBER FOR 21 YEARS.
2. TREBOR: THAT CAN'T BE... I HAVE... **MEMORIES**.

PANEL 2

The Lawyer looks at himself in the mirror hanging on the wall.

3. LAWYER: IMPLANTED.
4. LAWYER: YOUR DNA IS AN EXACT COPY, A ROADMAP OF POTENTIAL. BUT CHARACTER IS DEVELOPED THROUGH **NURTURE**, NOT NATURE.

PANEL 3

Trebor is leaning forward, agitated.

5. LAWYER: YOU NEEDED THE SAME ENVIRONMENTAL CONDITIONS... THE SAME REFERENCE EXPERIENCES, FOR THE **MIND FILE** TO SET.
6. TREBOR: YOU ERASED MY MIND?

PANEL 4

The Lawyer is up now, leaning against the corner of his desk, towering over Trebor as he sits.

7. LAWYER: THERE WAS NOTHING TO ERASE. YOU WERE A BLANK SLATE - A TABULA RASA.
8. LAWYER: WE SIMPLY HARNESSSED THE BASE SET OF MEMORIES FROM YOUR BENEFACTORS **MINDSCAN**, AND THEN TRICKLE FED THEM INTO YOU, IN SEQUENTIAL ORDER, OVER THE COURSE OF 21 YEARS.
9. TREBOR: WHO AM I?

PANEL 5

The Lawyer stands by the door, holding it open for Trebor.

10. LAWYER: THIS IS A LOT TO TAKE IN.
11. LAWYER: WHY DON'T YOU GET SOME REST. TOMORROW, I'LL INTRODUCE YOU TO THE OTHERS.

PAGE 4 | 6 PANELS

PANEL 1

The Lawyer and Trebor stand at the end of a long table, in a formal meeting space. There are six more middle-aged people sitting at the table, three on each side. They are dressed business formal. The Lawyer is extending an open palm to a woman (SHIELA) to his immediate right, introducing her.

1. LAWYER: TREBOR, I'D LIKE TO INTRODUCE YOU TO THE **BOARD OF DIRECTORS**.
2. LAWYER: AND THIS IS SHIELA... SHE WILL HELP YOU SETTLE IN.

PANEL 2

Shiela is up and shaking Trebor's hand.

3. SHIELA: IT'S SO NICE TO FINALLY MEET YOU. WE'VE BEEN WATCHING OVER YOU FOR SO LONG!
4. TREBOR: UM. WHAT **IS** THIS?

PANEL 3

Shiela holds her arms out, presenting the entire building to Trebor. SAWYER, along with other board members, sits with his elbows on the table and his hands folded in front of him.

5. SHIELA: THIS IS YOURS! YOU ARE THE CEO OF **THE MANUMIT FOUNDATION**, A MULTINATIONAL NON-PROFIT, DEDICATED TO INCREASING HUMAN UNDERSTANDING.
6. SAWYER: ROBERT WOULD NEVER HAVE LET ANYONE ELSE TAKE CONTROL. TOO MUCH EGO FOR THAT.

PANEL 4

Trebor is flabbergasted.

7. TREBOR: I'M THE CEO?! WHAT ABOUT **MY** LIFE?

PANEL 5

Shiela's head is lowered in disappointment, while she pulls from her purse a small pistol (we faintly see the handle).

8. SHIELA: THE MIND FILE DIDN'T TAKE.

PANEL 6

Shiela shoots Trebor in the head.

9. SFX: BLAM!

PAGE 5 | 3 PANELS

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END
