

A Captivating Heist: Issue 1

Page 1: Two Panels

Panel 1

Establishing shot of a corporate building, “GILDED GILROY COLLECTIONS” plastered on one side in bold, gold lettering. The structure is fancy, high-tech, and shiny.

Jhora “Jo” Norman: *“My father used to tell me...”*

Panel 2

Interior shot of the building, the main lobby, very pristine, clean. Large photo of “Guy Gilroy” over the main reception desk.

“Jo”:
“...that one day, this company’s fate would be my responsibility.”

Page 2: Six Panels

Panel 1

Elevator area, real ornate decorations, a lot of gold and crystal. The ground is marbled tile, with big “Vegas strip hotel” vibes.

“Jo”:
“He was right.”

Panel 2

Wide shot of offices, with workers in cubicles and at desks. A bit more standard, but still the same luxury feel. More art and more Gilroy on the walls.

“Jo”:
“Jo”:
“Even though he passed away early.”
“And let his best friend and partner take over...”

Panel 3

A pair of security guards standing in front of a door that says “CEO - Guy Gilroy”. They’re wearing white suits, with multiple guns on their waists.

“Jo”:
“Who, out of ‘respect’, removed most of his contributions and name from the corporate history...”

Panel 4

Wide shot, top floor, French museum-esque, with a large display case in the center of the space, holding a very large, very intricate weapon of sorts.

“Jo”: *“But at least I was able to continue my father’s legacy and do my part in taking care of his company.”*

Panel 5

Medium of Jo’s back in a janitor’s uniform mopping the elevator area floor.

Panel 6

Close on Jo wiping down the glass case on the museum floor. His face is bitter, resentful. He stares through the glass toward men in business suits.

“Jo”: *“Doing only the most important work of course.”*

Page 3: Six Panels

Panel 1

Medium in a hallway, Jo walks past the bathroom, lunch in hand. Water leaks from under the slightly ajar, bathroom door. An employee’s head poking out from the bathroom, a crass smile on his face.

Employee: “Jo! Toilet’s backed up again!”

Panel 2

The employee exits the bathroom, holding an empty toilet paper roll. The now open door reveals a toilet in a stall that’s been stuffed with toilet paper. Water gushes out the sides and all over the floor.

Panel 3

Hallway. Jo stops at a water fountain and tries to take a sip. Nothing comes out.

“Jo”: “What the...?”

Panel 4

Jo realizes someone sealed the faucet hole with chewed gum. Snickers from other employees in the background.

“Jo”: “Filthy pissbreeds...”

Panel 5

Wide shot of the breakroom. Jo stands, cleaning a sea of used plates & utensils, water/coffee cups, and other miscellaneous trash scattered about on tables and the floor.

Panel 6

An employee pats Jo on the shoulder, winking at him as he tosses a cup in front of Jo.

Employee: “You missed one.”

Page 4: Four Panels

Panel 1

Gilroy walking down the hallway, flanked and followed by an entourage of guards, attendants, assistants, etc.

“Jo”:
“Luckily for me, I’m close to the current CEO, Guy Gilroy.”

Panel 2

Close on Gilroy’s face as he scowls at and berates Jo in his office.

“Jo”:
“He even lets me visit his fancy private office on occasion.”

Panel 3

Gilroy slapping Jo.

“Jo”:
“He can be a little tough on me sometimes, but I know he means well.”

Panel 4

Guy storming off, leaving Jo laying on the ground, facing up toward the ceiling, out cold. A large red mark on his face.

“Jo”:
“Overall, he’s a really swell guy...”

Page 5: Five Panels

Panel 1

Medium shot of Jo cleaning the clogged toilet. He’s got a ton of the paper out and it sits in a soggy pile in a bucket.

“Jo”:
“But in all seriousness, you’re probably asking why I put up with all of this.”

Panel 2

Jo wiping down the windows. The view is spectacular, almost the entire city of Azura is visible, from the other high rise buildings of the inner ring, to the industrial and urban middle ring, and even the distant slums of the outer ring.

“Jo”:
“Aside from the views and a pretty good paycheck for being a janitor...”

Panel 3

Jo looks at an old photo in his wallet of his father and another man who looks like an older Gilroy standing arm-in-arm, smiling in front of a small building that says “Gilroy & Norman Co.”

“Jo”: *“...I just couldn't bring myself to let my father down.”*

Panel 4

Jo pocketing his wallet and the photo as he walks down a hallway, mop and bucket in his other hand.

Panel 5

Black panel, just the narration in the box.

“Jo”: *“And who knows. Maybe one day my hard work will pay off.”*

Page 6: Six Panels

Panel 1

Jo passes Gilroy's office. Gilroy's secretary waves him over.

“Jo”: “What? I'm busy.”
Secretary: “Mr. Gilroy would like to see you for a moment.”

Panel 2

Jo's face sinks, above his head is a large gold plaque that says “To Guy Gilroy's Office”.

“Jo”: “Again?”

Panel 3

Medium shot of the secretary smiling at Jo.

Secretary: “No questions. This way please.”

Panel 4

Door to a private elevator opening, and the secretary gesturing inside as Jo passes her, walking into the elevator. This one even more ornate than the others, encased in gemstones, more gold, and perfectly polished mirrors.

Panel 5

The interior of the elevator. Jo sees his face from four different angles. He looks terrible. Only two floors are available. “Lobby” and “G”.

Panel 6

Jo presses the “G”.

“Jo”: *SIGH*

Page 7: Four Panels

Panel 1

Wide shot on Jo. He’s sitting opposite Gilroy. His head is still hung, a shadow now covering his face.

Panel 2

Close shot on Guy Gilroy. He has a smile on his face.

Panel 3

Shot of the desk, various trinkets, valuable, strewn across it. Desk itself is lined in gold.

Guy Gilroy: “Listen, Jo. I know we all have those bad days. Believe me, I’ve been there.”

Panel 4

Close up on Jo. A little bit of hope returns to his eyes, his head lifting a little.

Page 8: Four Panels

Panel 1

Guy leans over his desk. His smile disappears.

Guy Gilroy: “**BUT**, that does not excuse the poor performance I’ve been hearing about.”

Panel 2

Close on Jo’s face as it drops. Dread and sweat pour down his face.

“Jo”: “I-I...”

Panel 3

Guy points a sharp finger at Jo, who sinks down in his seat.

Guy Gilroy: "Just because our fathers were friends, doesn't mean you can slack off like this Jo. Get it together or I'll have to let you go."
"Jo": "Y-yes, sir."

Panel 4

Medium shot on Jo leaving Gilroy's office. In the background, Gilroy leans back in his seat with his legs propped on his desk. The smile has returned to his face.

Page 9: Five Panels

Panel 1

Establishing shot of the bar, "The Drunken Karlik." The outside is pretty worn and dirty, evidently not one of the better areas in town. Heavy rain pours down.

Panel 2

Jo ambles toward the entrance, head still hung. He doesn't have an umbrella and his hair and clothes are soaked.

Panel 3

Medium shot of the interior of the bar. It's your typical tavern. Lots of rowdy customers, wooden aesthetic with various trophies, flags, and iconography on the walls. The barkeep is a small, stout, female Karlik who walks along the bar table as she takes orders and provides drinks.

Panel 4

He takes a seat at a booth, tucked away in the corner, away from the majority of the crowd. On the other side of the room another man watches him from the shadows.

Panel 5

A waiter comes by. An Olari'i, in his mid 20s. Bushy brown hair braided into a knot and dark, rugged skin.

Waiter: "The usual Jo?"
"Jo": "Yeah...yeah..."

Page 10: Four Panels

Panel 1

A pile of empty bottles on the table. The waiter brings Jo another. Jo is a little more than buzzed, and flushed red. He is evidently in the middle of a rant.

“Jo”:
Waiter: “Can you believe he’s threatening to sack me?”
“Uhhh...”

Panel 2

The waiter stands awkwardly beside Jo. He looks at the other tables and customers, a bit of sweat on his brow..

“Jo”:
“I meannnnn, the audacity of them!”

Panel 3

The waiter pours beer from the bottle into Jo’s empty class. Jo watches the glass fill.

“Jo”:
“After working there for over ten yearssss...”

Panel 4

Over the shoulder shot from a mysterious figure across the bar. The waiter now backing off, moving toward the kitchen.

“Jo”:
Waiter: “It’s that bumchucker Guy Gilroy! He’s the cause--”
“--Hey Jo. Listen, I’d love to talk, but if I don’t get back to work, I’m the one who’ll be getting sacked. You understand, right?”

Panel 5

Jo’s head hits the table as the waiter leaves him alone, the impact of Jo’s head causing the glass of beer to tip over and spill onto the table.

Page 11: Four Panels

Panel 1

POV shot of the mysterious character approaching Jo’s booth as Jo finishes his drink.

Panel 2

High angle shot overlooking Jo. The stranger fixing the knocked-over glass.

Stranger:
“Jo”:
“Can I get you another one of these?”
“Sssure...the more the merrierrr.”

Panel 3

Medium shot of the Stranger and Jo. The Stranger hails the waiter for another drink.

Panel 4

POV shot of Jo facing the stranger. We get our first look at Dario. Human, late 20s, handsome, a real charmer. He looks down at Jo with a bemused grin on his face.

Page 12: Five Panels

Panel 1

Dario now sitting opposite Jo, who has a new bottle and full glass in front of him. Dario's hands are folding in front of him.

Dario: "Sounds like you've been through the ringer lately."

Panel 2

Jo leaning back, scoffing. His arms spread wide.

"Jo": "Don't even get me started."

Panel 3

Medium shot of the two, profiles of both men at the booth. The lighting is sort of dark over Jo, and brighter over Dario.

Dario: "Don't you wanna do something about it?"

Panel 4

Close up of the table. The bottles, Jo's hand gripping the glass, Dario's arm.

"Jo": "If only I could..."

Panel 5

Insert of the glass. The beer inside is a light ale of sorts, bubbly, a bit cloudier than you'd expect, but through the glass, you can still see the reflection of Jo's distraught face.

Page 13: Four Panels

Panel 1

Jo suddenly sitting up, leaning in to get a better look at Dario. A spark reignited in his eyes.

"Jo": "What if I just--robbed him?"

Panel 2

Dario's eyes go narrow as he leans in.

Dario: "Rob him? How?"
"Jo": "Easy."

Panel 3

Close on Jo hand as he finishes a swig and wipes his mouth.

"Jo": "At the top of the company building, on the showcase floor..."

Panel 4

Shot of the same museum floor that Jo was previously cleaning, close on the weapon inside the case.

"Jo": "...there's a thium gun. As rare and valuable as it gets. The kind of thing that Guy Gilroy would hate to lose..."

Page 14: Four Panels

Panel 1

Close on Dario as he contemplates. His face a mix of amusement and interest.

"Jo": "I know all of the ins and outs of the security system...blind spots of the cameras...guard rotations, you name it."
"Jo": "Perks of working the same place for twenty-five years I guess."

Panel 2

Jo looking up toward the ceiling.

"Jo": "Too bad y'know...all I'm missing are a good enough crew and the guts to do it."

Panel 3

Wide of the bar. Dario gestures to a group at another table. A mix of different species and gender.

Dario: "Well, you've happened across just the right person then, my friend. I think I can help with at least one of those."

Panel 4

The crew approaches the table. They stand in a line.

Dario: "I'd like to introduce a few friends..."

Page 15: Two Panels

Panel 1

Meet C - profile info

Dario: "Meet C...[insert description]"

Panel 2

Meet Abbadon - profile info

Dario: "Abbadon...[insert description]"

Page 16: Two Panels

Panel 1

Meet Gidget - profile info

Dario: "Gidget...[insert description]"

Panel 2

Meet Sul - profile info

Dario: "and Sul...[insert description]"

Page 17: Six Panels

Panel 1

Jo smiling toward everyone. He raises his glass. They smile and nod toward him.

"Jo": "Quite the--variety of individuals you've got here."

Panel 2

The crew gather around Dario. Dario grins at them. They grin back.

Dario: "They're the best."

Panel 3

Dario looking intently at Jo.

Dario: "So are you in?"

"Jo": "Y-yeah, I guess so."

Dario: "Fantastic."

Panel 4

Wide of Dario flagging down the waiter.

Dario: "Another round over here!"

Panel 5

The waiter drops off more drinks. Everyone holds a glass, including Jo. They cheers, smiling.

Dario: "Cheers, to our new friend."

Panel 6

Jo's POV. He is absolutely plastered, barely able to keep it together, and his vision is blurry.

Dario: "So about that plan of yours..."

Page 18: Black

A small blurb of an onomatopoeia that says "Bzzt Bzzt!" or some alarm sound.

Page 19: Three Panels

Panel 1

Jo laying in bed, still wearing the clothes from last night. His hair is a mess and so is the bed.

"Jo": "Urk..."

Panel 2

Close on the alarm. The time reads 7:01.

Clock: "Bzzt bzzt."
"Jo": "Five more minutes..."

Panel 3

Jo's hand hitting snooze.

Page 20: Four Panels

Panel 1

Wide of the bedroom. It's mostly neat, pretty minimalistic. A few action figures of sorts on a shelf. Maybe posters on the wall. The clock buzzes yet again.

Clock: "Bzzt bzzt."

Panel 2

Jo throwing off the covers as he turns off the clock. Laying face up, his eyes still closed, revealing he was only wearing a stained dress shirt and underpants. Not a pretty sight.

Panel 3

Jo stretching at the edge of the bed.

"Jo": *YAWN*

Panel 4

Bathroom door slamming shut as Jo goes inside.

Panel 5

Close of Jo in front of the mirror post-shower. He looks a bit better, but his eyes squint in pain..

"Jo": "Ugh, my head."

Page 21: Five Panels

Panel 2

Jo in the kitchen, pouring himself a bowl of cereal. He's half-changed, thinking about the night before. The cereal is overflowing in the bowl. He notices at the last second.

"Jo": "What happened last night? The bar...drinks...waiter...."

Panel 3

Wide of Jo searching through the refrigerator. Inside is mostly old leftovers and alcohol.

"Jo": "Then there was that one guy. Damien? D-Darian?
Something like that..."

"Jo": "Where's the milk."

Panel 4

Close on Jo pulls out a carton of milk and sniffs it, recoiling.

"Jo": "Eugh!"

Panel 5

Medium overhead of Jo at the table with his cereal. It's mixed with orange juice instead of milk.

“Jo”:
“Dario! That was his name. Oh god, I hope I didn't do anything stupid.”

Page 22: Four Panels

Panel 1

Jo putting on his janitor uniform.

“Jo”:
“Not that I don't already have enough to worry about at work.”
“Jo”:
SIGH

Panel 2

Jo leaving his place. Wide to show the kind of environment he lives in: decent middle class urban environment. Within the middle ring, that typical industrial city feel.

Panel 3

Jo getting onto the public transport. Some sort of flying shuttle or the like. The driver is a big Avarga male. A sign on the transport says “To Inner Ring - Permitted Civilians Only”

“Jo”:
Ted:
“Morning Ted.”
“Mornin' Jo.”

Panel 4

Wide of the transport flying through the city to Gilroy's building. Below the disparity between the two rings is evident. Even though these are the two better rings of Azura, the colors and buildings of the inner ring are miles better than the middle.

Ted:
“Jo”:
Ted:
“Jo”:
“Weather's pretty good today i'n't it?”
“Yeah, it's not bad.”
“Somethin' fun always 'appens when the weather's good I'll tell ya that much.”
“Mmm. I bet.”

Page 23: Three Panels

Panel 1

Jo getting off the shuttle stop near the entrance to Gilroy's. Ted waves at him as he does.

Ted: "Take it easy Jo!"
"Jo": "You too Ted. Tell the wife I said hello."
Ted: "Will do mate!"

Panel 2

Wide of Jo entering the building. In the corner, hiding, are Dario and C.

Panel 3

Inside the main lobby, another medium-wide of the place. Jo walking in casually.

"Jo": "God I hate this place."

Page 24: Four Panels

Panel 1

Jo reaching for his employee ID badge to scan to get through the security check.

"Jo": "Where did I put it?"

Panel 2

Dario and C enter, beaming. Dario holds up Jo's badge. Jo's head turns as he hears Dario, with an expression of recognition.

Dario: "Looking for this buddy?"
"Jo": "D-Dario?"

Panel 3

Dario's arm wraps around Jo's neck and shoulders as he pulls him in. Jo's face is a mix of surprise and discomfort.

"Jo": "Wha--what're you doing here?"

Panel 4

Dario looks back to C.

Dario: "Already playing the part I see. Good man. Now let's get on with it."

Panel 5

Medium from behind of the trio walking arm-in-arm.

"Jo": "Get on with what?"

Panel 6

Close up on Jo's horrified expression.

Dario:

HAHA

Dario:

“The heist of course!”

THE END