

Next Ovum

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PAGE 1 (2 panels)

PANEL 1

The neat hallway in Anomena and Jorga's futuristic art nouveau-ish and cosy two-story apartment. Clothes lined precisely in a half-closed wardrobe compartment inside the wall. Shoes set neatly inside a compartment next to the wardrobe. The front door tinted glass.

The beautiful Anomena - clad in an Oriental, straight and tight but colourful dress, with long white art nouveau hair - is about to push the release button for the door. She is obviously expecting company.

ANOMENA

Jorga! They're here!

PANEL 2

The glass door slid open, the Harkson's stand outside in the white, blending sunlight. There is no street behind them, and we are obviously high up in the air, surrounded by lush climate-friendly skyscrapers.

Morry Harkson, bald and burly and 30-ish, smiles warmly, while his wife, Coressa, thin as a stick, stretches out her twig-like arms to hug Anomena. One big, excited smile smeared across her long face. Both clad in tight, nice suits, chess-coloured and matching. Both with some Bluetooth-like device attached to their ear.

MORRY

Glidu'ps, Anomena!

CORESSA

Darling! Soooo nice to see you.
I'm soooo excited about this!

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PANEL 1

Anomena hugs Coressa courteously in the hallway as the Harkson's enter. Morry checks his holowatch.

MORRY

I was afraid we were a bit late.

ANOMENA

Just on time. Jorga's the late one.

PANEL 2

Coressa looks profoundly into Anomena's eyes, hands on her shoulders, motherly.

CORESSA

How are you darling? Is everything going as scheduled? I can't wait to see it!

PANEL 3

Jorga comes down the stairs with his hand up in greeting, like a high five. Wrapped in a burgundy toga-like cloth from neck to toe. His slick black hair spiked backwards. A similar device in his ear.

JORGA

Morry! Coressa!

JORGA

Sorry. I just had a medishower. Cut down those stress levels. My darling's been driving me crazy lately.

PANEL 4

Anomena smiles with a grimace to Jorga (o/p).

JORGA (o/p)

Webchasin' toys and clothes all day long. Bustin' my balls, I tell you!

ANOMENA

Shut up, you. Go program some coffee for our guests.

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PANEL 1

Jorga stands next to a compartment in what looks like a small kitchen alcove. A hovering bar top in the centre, all the kitchen applicants compartmentalised inside the art deco patterned walls. He fiddles with a control panel.

MORRY (o/p)

How were the prices now, Jorga?

JORGA

Uhm... we ended on ten grand,
without the equipment, of
course.

PANEL 2

Inside the compartment, several laser-like beams are building an aerogel cylinder-shape, the size of a cup.

JORGA

New Life was more expensive.
Not sure why.

PANEL 3

Jorga places the finished cylinder on a hovering plate.

PANEL 4

From inside an aquarium filled with lush pink liquid, the faces of Anomena and Coressa wobbly and cartoonish on the outside, looking in through the glass. Their bodies leaned forward to inspect whatever's behind the glass.

CORESSA

They always were. Who did you
use?

ANOMENA

A.B. They came highly
recommended.

PAGE 4 (4 panels)

PANEL 1

In the living room, Morry, already seated in the low couch, accepts the cup-sized aerogel cylinder from Jorga, seated opposite him. Three similar cylinders already on the table, one in front of Jorga, two others where the women are to sit. No table between the couches, just hovering disks to place food, cups and reading pads on.

In the background the two women are inspecting something by the wall, which is still hidden from view by their bodies.

MORRY

Thank you!

JORGA

So how was your glide? Takes you about 1K seconds from Nouveaupolis, doesn't it?

PANEL 2

Through the pink liquid, behind the glass plate, the two distorted faces of Anomena and Coressa, both smeared with a smile. Anomena leaned a bit back now.

ANOMENA

...we haven't decided yet. Still some time to fight over that.

CORESSA

You're so lucky. Remember my time waiting. In faaaact...
(whispers)
I've been hinting to Morry...
one more would be fuuuun.

ANOMENA

You should totally, girl!

PANEL 3

Morry lifts his cup to salute Jorga. Jorga nods in return with his cup up. All the cylinders now turned into steaming coffee cups. The women are moving to the couch, as well.

MORRY

For the coming months!

MORRY

Damn good coffee, by the way.
Made the app yourself?

PANEL 4

All four now seated. Anomena next to Jorga, his arm around her. Coressa next to Morry, kissing his cheek. Behind them (the opposite direction of what the women were looking at) a massive white-tinted window, skyscrapers beyond.

ANOMENA

So glad you could make it,
guys. It's been ages. We should
totally go to San Casanouvea
again when this is over.

MORRY

That beach, man...!

JORGA

Beach? All I remember were the
tiny umbrellas.

CORESSA

We could all bring the little
ones.

PAGE 5 (2 panels)

PANEL 1

Between the two couples, by the wall - where you would think a TV was standing - an aquarium-like tank. Inside, a human foetus floats. The people are all looking over to the tank.

CORESSA

So adorable!

ANOMENA

One more month, and it's ready!

PANEL 2

The foetus bobs in the claustrophobic tank. Like some second coming of mankind.