

ROGUE GALAXY

"Troyvyn City"

Written by
J.R. Curry

Benevolent Pictures

jrcurry15@gmail.com

602 579-3973

ROGUE GALAXY

"Troyvyn City"

TEASER

INT. SHUTTLE-CRAFT - KRONO ROOM - DAY

Through a porthole window, a ship explodes in the vacuumed silence of space.

The shuttle RUMBLES. An ALARM BLARES.

ON SHIP COMPUTER
(intercom)
Warning. Collision imminent.
Warning. Collision imminent.

A little BOY covers his ears and SCREAMS. A Man we'll know as Stryder takes the boy's hands away from his ears.

STRYDER
(to Boy)
It's gonna be okay. I have you.
You have to be a big boy now, okay?
We're going to see each other soon.

The shuttle shakes violently.

CUT TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

A large vessel drifts through the blackness of space.

Just below the bridge painted in white reads --

Republic Guard Space Station - Anoryx. Next to it is an emblem of a wolf.

A CHYRON reads --

SOMEWHERE IN SPACE - PRESENT DAY

INT. R.G. SPACE STATION - BOILER ROOM - DAY

STEAM rises from thousands of pipes. Flat out hot. No place for a prisoner.

Unconscious and tied to a pipe, KIMBALL STRYDER, 35, looks peaceful. He disguises his damaged past with chronic sarcasm and a fondness for chocolate.

POMPOUS GUARD (O.S.)

Wake up.

The POMPOUS GUARD splashes a bucket of water in Stryder's face. He jolts awake.

STRYDER

Please, Mommy! I don't wanna take a bath. It dries out my skin.

Stryder looks around, then at the Pompous Guard.

STRYDER

Oh... Thank God it's only you. I really thought for a second there I was in a bad situation.

Stryder jerks his hands forward, but learns he's tied up.

Pompous Guard WHISTLES.

The door opens. Three more Guards rush in.

STRYDER

Four on one. Kinky.

SKINNY GUARD slides taser-knuckles onto his hand, similar to brass knuckles, but with a jolt of electricity.

A look of dread crosses Stryder's face.

INT. R.G. SPACE STATION - CORRIDOR - DAY

The corridor winds, a labyrinth of white, spotless, never-ending bends.

Heavy FOOTSTEPS. MARCY ABBOUD, 34, fearless, in control, and RUCKER, 32, leather and piercings, he's the German version of Sid Vicious, sprint around the bend.

They're met with yellow streaks of BLAST RIFLE FIRE. If it didn't kill you, it would actually look pretty effing cool.

MARCY

Get down!

Rucker and Marcy hide behind one of the bends.

RUCKER
How many of them are there?

Marcy peers out, quickly snaps her head back to Rucker.

MARCY
Too many.

RUCKER
Only one way.

MARCY
Let's fall back and find another route.

RUCKER
There is no other route!

Rucker turns back and FIRES at the soldiers.

MARCY
Fall back. Now! That's an order!

Rucker shoots. He kills one of the Republic Guard soldiers.

Marcy grabs him and pulls him back.

MARCY
When Stryder's not around, you will treat me as your Captain. Understood?

RUCKER
(to Marcy)
With all due respect, *Captain*. Screw you and your God complex.

Rucker pulls a PULSE-GRENADE from his belt.

RUCKER
(to himself)
Ha! Forgot I had this.

He pulls the pin and heaves it at the Soldiers.

The Soldiers attempt to find cover, but it's too late.

ZWAP. BUZZ. The grenade sends a flare of electricity out and zaps both of the soldiers. They fall immediately.

RUCKER
Looks like you owe your disobedient pilot an apology.

Marcy's completely straight faced.

Rucker shrugs. Can't win 'em all.

INT. R.G. SPACE STATION - BOILER ROOM - DAY

MUSCLE GUARD strikes a blow to Stryder's jaw.

STRYDER
That all you got?
(spits up blood)
There are one-hit wonders that hit
harder than you.

Skinny Guard approaches. His taser-knuckles zap the air.

Stryder GULPS. Skinny Guard rears back...

EXPLOSION. The door hinges blast off.

In step Marcy and Rucker. A sight for Stryder's sore eyes.

They aim their blast canons at the guards.

KLACK BLAT BLAT. They fire. One by one, the guards fall.
Rucker continues firing.

STRYDER
Rucker! Cease fire!

Rucker finally stops.

RUCKER
Just letting off a little steam.

Marcy runs up to Stryder. Is it a long-awaited reunion?
Hell no. She punches him square in the face.

STRYDER
OWWWW!

MARCY
What the hell is wrong with you?

STRYDER
C'mon Marcy. It's not that bad.

MARCY
You went rogue and we had to
infiltrate a damned Republic Guard
space station. What the hell is so
damned important?

A question he's not ready to answer.

STRYDER

I didn't ask you to come save me.

MARCY

What were we supposed to do? Not save our Captain's ass?

STRYDER

It just doesn't stink right without me does it?

(serious)

There's a few less Republic Guards in the galaxy. I'd say that's a win.

Marcy SCOFFS.

Rucker unties Stryder.

STRYDER

(to Rucker)

You holdin' out on me?

Rucker tosses Stryder some chocolate. He bites in with a SIGH of relief.

INT. R.G. SPACE STATION - BRIDGE - MOMENTS LATER

LEO ALFONSI, 26, flips open a BUTTERFLY KNIFE. His attempt to impress the tied up FEMALE GUARD. Her eyes fixed on the knife as it spins around his fingers like a dance.

He's a beautiful Italian man, but when God gave out brains, he forgot to give one to Leo.

Stryder, Marcy and Rucker run in.

STRYDER

(re: the Guard)

She's out of your league, Leo.

LEO

Good to see you too.

STRYDER

(to everyone)

Get back to *The Wanderlust* and strap in.

Leo writes a number on paper and tucks it in the Female Guard's pocket.

LEO
Don't forget about me, baby.

The Female Guard gives him a dirty ass look.

INT. R.G. SPACE STATION - DATA STORAGE - MOMENTS LATER

Stryder logs on to one of the computers and places a HOLO SPHERE (something reminiscent of a compass) onto a circular deck next to the keyboard.

He's lost in thought.

BEEP BEEP.

1 facial recognition match found. Stryder stares at the screen, shocked.

He quickly downloads the footage and leaves.

INT. THE WANDERLUST - BRIDGE - LATER

The bridge has two floors. Centralized on the top is the pilot's deck with four chairs. Below, split on each side are the navigation's deck and the first mate's deck, which are accessible by a split staircase.

Three large windows allow both decks to see out.

Marcy straps into the first mate's deck.

MARCY
First-mate in.

LEO
Navigation's up.

Stryder sits next to Rucker in the pilot's seat.

He rubs the chair's arm rest. A moment of longing.

STRYDER
(to the ship)
Missed you.
(to Rucker)
How we lookin?

Rucker flips a switch. The windows light up with holograms of coordinates and other gauges. The engines POWER-UP.

RUCKER
Real pretty.

The Wanderlust detaches from the station dock.

Stryder looks on the R.G.S.S. bridge. The Female Guard from earlier angrily stares back at them.

STRYDER
Leo, why is there an angry woman
staring a hole through our ship?

The Female Guard raises the butterfly knife for them to see.

LEO
Ah, man. That was my favorite
knife.

RUCKER
Incoming missiles!

STRYDER
Get us the hell outta here, Ruck!

Rucker pulls evasive maneuvers.

A loud BAM. The whole ship SHAKES.

STRYDER
Status.

MARCY
Camo-warp's wrecked, right back
engine's fried.

The Wanderlust's Camouflage Warp malfunctions, revealing the true identity of *The Wanderlust*. She's a real beaut, something similar to a **curved W**.

STRYDER
Dammit! Can they identify us?

Marcy goes quiet.

STRYDER
Marcy...

MARCY
No. Looks like they didn't.

STRYDER

Rucker, land us at the closest planet.

Leo pushes a few buttons.

LEO

Closest planet... Troyvyn.

Stryder grimaces. That's the last thing he wanted to hear.

The Wanderlust blasts away from the R.G. Space Station. Smoke trails behind them.

On the hull of *The Wanderlust*, a small circular device blinks red. It has the initials "R.G." A tracker...

FADE OUT

END OF TEASER