

Legacy

SAMPLE SCRIPT

INT- MARSEILLES WAREHOUSE SLAVE AUCTION

Packed room. PAIGE- an innocent, naive, trusting early twenty something red head, hunts in embarrassment through the room ignoring admiring glances. She finds JACK, a good looking man with a millionaire smile, enjoying the show.

PAIGE  
Captain's late!

JACK  
I'm busy!

PAIGE  
I'm not staying here. We've got work to do!

She leaves. Jack resigns himself and follows.

INT- HOTEL STAIRCASE

Paige and Jack ascend to a door. The sound of TV's leak through walls, distant shouting, a bed creaks; This is a slum hotel where nothing works. Paige steels herself and knocks, waits, knocks again.

JACK  
Excuse me...

He picks the lock in seconds.

PAIGE  
You learn that in Med school too?

INT- BEDROOM

A naked man rides a naked woman on all fours from behind. Paige blushes and hides her gaze, but Jack just grins.

PAIGE  
Sorry to disturb you, Captain...

The man turns and smiles at her...then is pitched from the bed. The woman kneels up, tosses long raven black hair out of her face and looks at them over her shoulder- SERENA. A product of superlative genetic engineering, a perfect mind in a perfect body. Ageless, graceful, frighteningly intense and four steps ahead of humanity. Hard to believe she's 42

SERENA  
This had better be good!

PAIGE

Er...you told us to be ready,  
Captain? For the meeting?  
Ambrose?

SERENA

...Already? Time flies when  
you're having fun!

She stretches like a cat as Paige hurries to hold out a pair of trousers. Serena steps into them and walks past Jack without a backward glance. Paige grabs her clothes and follows, hitting Jack's arm because he enjoyed the free show- which amuses Jack all the more.

EXT- OUTSIDE HOTEL

Serena lets Paige pass her a bra, then slings her shirt loose whilst she walks barefoot down the road, waving at passing cars that honk in appreciation of her form.

JACK

Where did this meeting come from?

SERENA

Old friend called Severin called  
me last night.

JACK

And who was that guy?

SERENA

Port authority docking officer.

PAIGE

(drops sandals to floor  
and puts Serena in  
them)

What's he doing for you, sir?

SERENA

Hiding our existence.

PAIGE

Why?

SERENA

Ambrose wants to hire three crews  
to look for something. We need to  
be there in a couple of hours.

PAIGE

Is it on Earth, sir?

SERENA

Meeting's in Honduras, contract  
is off-world.

She continues walking. Paige and Jack hurry to catch up.

PAIGE  
Did you tell him about our  
problems, Captain?

SERENA  
(waves at another car)  
What problems?

PAIGE  
We need a new pilot for one...

SERENA  
Jack, en route to Honduras, find  
me a pilot.

JACK  
What makes you think I'm  
qualified to find anything?

SERENA  
You're corrupt. (to Paige) happy?

PAIGE  
There's the other matter...

SERENA  
(concerned)  
What other matter?

PAIGE  
We don't have a ship.

SERENA  
Of course we have a ship!

She leads them into the docking bays.

INT- DOCKING BAY

Sandy floored room with a clapped out shuttle. A pair of  
legs sticks out from underneath.

PAIGE  
We don't have a ship, sir- we  
have a shuttle with a bad engine!

SERENA  
You worry too much! Hex???

HEX emerges from underneath- a young portly Mexican with a  
full beard and stained maroon overalls.

SERENA (CONT'D)  
How is it?

HEX

Fried. Main engine's barely working and secondary will give us a couple of seconds if you ignore the side effect.

SERENA

What side effect?

HEX

EMP blast that takes out everything in a couple of hundred metres.

Paige climbs aboard, kicks off her sandals and bangs them out on the threshold. Serena can't help staring but hides her arousal; clears her throat and returns to now.

SERENA

Anything else?

HEX

Keep her under two hundred kph and I'd be grateful.

SERENA

Will it get us there?

HEX

I wouldn't like to bet on it

SERENA

Anything else?

HEX

Navigations' busted...

SERENA

Hex! We're only going to Honduras! We just head for the Pyrenees and keep going west!

She ruffles his hair and climbs past Paige. Jack hands Hex a flask. Hex sniffs it and double-takes.

HEX

It's real! What's the occasion?

JACK

Final drink for the condemned. I'm convinced Serena can get us up in one piece, but can she get us down?

Hex grins and drinks.

