

DEGENERATE AVENGERS

Written by
Angela Daley

860-278-6428

ACT ONE

EXT. PLANET - DAY

The sun shines between the towering buildings as it rises. The city awakens below as a ship in the distance, covered in flames, breaks into the atmosphere.

INT. AIRPORT CONTROL ROOM - DAY

Three AIR TRAFFIC CONTROLLERS sit in front of a series of monitors. Planes and port stations are shown on the monitors. The AIR TRAFFIC CONTROLLER zooms on the spacecraft.

INT. SPACECRAFT - CONTINUOUS

The sky, half black and half burning red, is seen through the windshield. Bright stars sprinkle the dark half.

The ship rips through the atmosphere and plummets it's remains of a ship down to the local air shuttle.

ZAGGER, 18, a blue haired punk-looking degenerate, death grips the steering joystick. His muscles flex as he pulls the lever towards him.

AIR TRAFFIC CONTROLLER

Come in air craft. You are not authorized-

Zagger raises his foot and smashes the heel of his boot on the speaker.

ZAGGER

Well, move over space stiffs we're landing anyways.

The space craft rattles and shakes.

ERITHA, 19, a pink skinned, hot head with black hair and KIP, 22, an ex-military human, emerges through the door in the back. Eritha races to Zagger's side.

ERITHA

What in black holes are you doing?

ZAGGER

Not crashing.

Kip walks over to the radio and lifts a broken part of it. Zagger side glances over at him, but avoids eye contact.

SAL, 16, a tough brawler with green skin and brown shaggy hair smirks, but keeps his eyes on the control panel in front of him.

ERITHA

This ship can't take this kinds
heat, Zagger.

ZAGGER

Oh really, peanut gallery? Well,
strap up and go out and fix it.

Eritha glares down at him. Zagger doesn't look up.

ZAGGER (CONT'D)

No? Then take a seat and stop
burning a hole through the back of
my neck.

Eritha huffs at him. She and Kip take their seats and straps the seat belt harness over them.

EXT. SPACECRAFT - CONTINUOUS

The front of the ship is completely engulfed in flames. Multiple planks of scrap metal chip off and whip behind them into the atmosphere.

INT. AIRPORT - DAY

A dozen of armed GUARDS stampede through the white futuristic halls. CIVILIANS quickly move out of their way.

INT. AIRPORT - PORT DOORS - CONTINUOUS

The guards stand in formation with their green energized weapons charged and aimed at the doors.

INT. SPACECRAFT - DAY

Sal, Kip, Eritha, and Zagger stare at the windshield tensely.

SAL

We've broken through the
atmosphere. Smooth sailing now,
Zaggs.

The door slides open again, Luke, 15, a nervous human punk dark skinned and black hair, looks over at Kip nervous.

KIP
What is it, Luke?

LUKE
The shields burnt up and the
landing gear is fried.

Zagger glares over at Sal, and he uneasily glances over at Zagger. Eritha unbuckles herself.

KIP
Eritha, you can't-

ERITHA
Who else is going to? Your
superstar pilot over there?
(to Luke)
Come on.

INT. SPACECRAFT - LANDING GEAR - DAY

Luke walks over to the shelf and picks up a helmet. He turns around and faces Eritha. Eritha stands stiff in a space suit. He slides the helmet over her black curly hair.

He locks the latches and runs over to the levers near the drop door. She turns around and steps back. Luke throws down the lever and the floor caves and opens three feet then jams.

Luke picks up a crow bar and wedges it in the door. He throws his body into the crow bar and it snaps open. Luke stumbles forward and falls through the door.

ERITHA
Luke!

He grabs the side of the ship. Eritha grabs his arms and struggles to pull him back over the edge.

She lifts him a few inches and he pulls himself up with rest of the way. He stares back at her wide eyed.

LUKE
Jeez, Erith, I owe ya one.

She shakes her head dissatisfied and turns back to the door. She tugs on the cord that stems from her suit to the wall then lowers herself down to the landing gear.

INT. SPACECRAFT - COCK PIT - CONTINUOUS

Zagger and Sal look through the fiery windshield.

ZAGGER
Anything yet?

Sal looks down at the red light that flashes in front of him and shakes his head.

ZAGGER (CONT'D)
Come on, what's takin them so long?

Sal bites his lip and Zagger stares intently at the ground that grows quickly in their view as he fights the lever.

EXT. SPACECRAFT - LANDING GEAR - DAY

Eritha rips the damaged landing gear parts off and drops them. She pulls out her tools and works quickly to repair it.

INT. SPACECRAFT - COCK PIT - CONTINUOUS

Sweat glistens on Kip's forehead he glances down the his side pack then back at the parachute on the wall. He looks up to see Sal looking back at him.

KIP
Zagger, we haveta aban-

A chime steals Sal's attention. He punches the orange blinking button and it flashes green.

SAL
Landing gear set. Up to you Zaggs.

Zagger pulls the levers on either side of his seat, but they slip out of his hands. Kip unbuckles and grips the lever next to his seat.

ZAGGER
Pull.

Kip pulls the lever. The door opens behind them and the ship swerves. Eritha and Luke fall into the wall. Eritha staggers to the other side of Zagger and grips the other lever.

ZAGGER (CONT'D)
Pull.

Eritha and Kip pull their levers. The ship slows evenly and descends fluidly down to the runway. Zagger looks up at Eritha.

ZAGGER (CONT'D)
Jeez, what took you so long?

Eritha back hands his head and the cockpit laughs. The ship hovers over the yellow box painted on the ground.

Two cables extend quickly from the closed doors. They lock onto the ship and cranks it into position. The ship locks and settles in place.

ERITHA

You still got it, Kip?

Kip pats his satchel. They walk over to the exit. The door drops and a dozen guns confront them.

ZAGGER

What planet is this again?

LUKE

Ssafina.

ZAGGER

Well, it was nice knowing you guys. We had a sick run for it. I actually would've preferred to burn up in scorching flames over this.

KIP

Zagger, shut up.

ZAGGER

I'm just saying.

He looks at the guards.

ZAGGER (CONT'D)

I hate this planet.

OFFICER DALIAH, 20, a clean cut, sharp witted young lady walks through the armed guards.

DALIAH

Zagger.

ZAGGER

Daliah.

KIP

Daliah, good to see you.

Kip smiles handsomely at her. Daliah's scale over Kip.

DALIAH

Kip, I should've known this junk with an engine belonged to you. Take them to debriefing.