

**CINEMATIC SCRIPT: SCAVENGERS**

CONTEXT: HANA LOREN is a mechanic by day and scavenger by night. She and her crew (self-proclaimed "space pirates") use informants to hunt down crashed ships and other space junk before the government or other scavengers can get to them. This mission involves a crashed cargo ship and the promise of a big pay out if they can manage to nick the engine. Thinking it to be an easy in-and-out job, she brought along only her right hand man BUCKY RAYS. Bucky is a goofy yet reliable schematics expert that she's known ever since they both flunked out of pilot school.

**INT. THE OZUMA CARGO SHIP - DEEP SPACE**

An airlock door at the end of a dark hallway; blinking red emergency light at the top. It hisses open and a little snuffling nose pokes through before a mutt decked out in full space gear bounds in, including a little doggy-respirator.

HANA (O.S.)

Whoah there Sid, wait for the rest  
of us.

The dog sits and waits patiently. Close behind him is HANA LOREN (26, buff, shaved head) and assistant BUCKY RAYS (25, lanky, large bug-eyed glasses). They're decked out for scavenging, with an assortment of tools clipped on their belts that clank as they step through the entryway.

HANA (CONT'D)

Good boy.

She gives the dog a ruffle.

HANA (CONT'D)

Fuck it's dark. Bucky?

BUCKY

On it.

He clicks on a flashlight multi tool and a wide beam of orange light sweeps through the hall. It's devoid of any movement. The beam passes over a crack in the metal ceiling panels where tendrils of plant life have taken root. Both of them take off their respirators.

HANA

Did our intel say what caused the crash?

BUCKY

Only that it was a malfunction due to a faulty pressure valve of some sort. Caused an issue when they were navigating the asteroid belt.

They pass through a hallway where a large chunk of wall has been torn out. Through the hole is a room with lab equipment. Hana peers into the room while Bucky tries to make heads or tails of the blueprint schematics in his hands. The dog sniffs at a potted plant on the floor and whines.

HANA

Cargo ship, you said?

BUCKY

That's right. Although I'm beginning to suspect our info might have been slightly faulty.

Hana steps through the mangled wall and sweeps a gloved finger over a spilled liquid on one of the tables. She gives it a sniff.

HANA

I'm gonna kill Ritter next time I see her.

On her way out she wipes her finger on the wall - a smear of blue goop.

Hana grunts as she pushes on another jammed air locked door, prying it open. Behind it is what is clearly an engine room. A glowing green tank sits in the middle of the space, the only light besides Bucky's flashlight.

Hana gets to work prying apart the bits holding the tank in place. Bucky spots a logbook on the floor and picks it up. The last entry reads:

CODE 000. HAVEN'T SEEN ANYTHING LIKE IT BEFORE. CALLING FOR BACK UP, MIGHT BE TOO LATE. HAVE TO GET RID OF THE BODIES AND TELL CREW TO HOLD BREATH. WILL UPDATE IF SUCCESSFUL.

BUCKY

Hey uh, Hana?

HANA

Little busy right now. Hand me the light, would you?

BUCKY

Something's off. Logbook doesn't say anything about a valve issue.

HANA

Does it matter?

BUCKY

You seen any bodies round here?

HANA

Yeah, been real lucky this time. I wasn't looking forward to encountering another maggot-gate.

In the corner of the room Sid sniffs at the bottom of a closed door. He whimpers, then barks.

HANA (CONT'D)

Not now Sid, I'm trying to focus. See what he's yapping about.

Bucky heads over to the dog and kneels to pet him. Sid whimpers again and nudges Bucky in the thigh, tail between his legs.

BUCKY

(baby voice)

What d'ya smell, buddy?

Sid looks at the door and whimpers louder. There is a small slit of window at the top of the door. Bucky stands and peers through. At first there is only darkness. Then, a curling vine smacks against the pane.

Bucky jerks back and Sid devolves into a fit of barking.

BUCKY (CONT'D)

Holy shit. Nope nope nope.

HANA

I'm almost done here, just gimme a sec.

BUCKY

Leave the tank, something's alive in there.

HANA

Mhm.

BUCKY

Gods, you're not even listening.

He walks over to her and smacks her on the back of the head.

HANA

Ow! What?

BUCKY

Have a look yourself.

He indicates the door. Hana reluctantly hauls herself up and goes to peer into the window. Nothing.

HANA

You're so funny, Bucky! I see now why you were so popular at school!

Bucky sighs and gives the window pane a tap with a finger. Two thick bits of plant smack against it even louder than the first time.

HANA (CONT'D)

Holy shitcakes. Think it's dangerous?

BUCKY

I think that I haven't seen a single body and I'm not interested in finding out where they went.

HANA

Good point. Gimme a minute to finish up here and we leave.

Bucky looks incredulous.

HANA (CONT'D)

Thirty *thousand* trex, Bucky. *Thirty thousand*.

Bucky stands aside, keeping one nervous eye on the door while Hana returns to her tinkering. We can hear the gentle thunk of more vines hitting the glass.

HANA (CONT'D)

Almost...there...

A splintering noise as a tendril of plant cracks the glass.

BUCKY

That's my cue. We're leaving.

HANA

Gimme *juuuusssstt* a sec...

Bucky attempts to haul Hana to her feet, but she is much too stocky for him to lift. He watches in horror as tendrils of plant matter curl out of the window, sensing the air and reaching in their direction.

BUCKY

Hana!

HANA

(frustrated)

What!

He forcibly swivels her head in the direction of the plant.

HANA (CONT'D)

Oh shi- why didn't you say something!

BUCKY

I'll take offense to that later.  
Right now we LEAVE.

Hana jumps to her feet right as a horde of plant matter busts through the window. It roils like an ocean wave. Hana snatches Sid out of the way and they beeline for the door, managing to slam it shut just in time.

A few severed tendrils of plant wriggle on the floor. Bucky shines his light ahead of them down the hall. Plant matter seems to be wriggling from every crack and corner.

BUCKY (CONT'D)

This is gonna sound crazy but, hold your breath.

HANA

(panting)

What?

BUCKY

Something in the logbook about it.  
I think it's the carbon they're sensing.

HANA

You better be right, pal. Takes a lot of oxygen to fuel this bad boy.  
(gestures at muscular body)  
Once I start we've got about twenty seconds before I'm passed out on the floor, pissing myself.

There are several loud thuds against the door behind their backs. The airlock rattles.

BUCKY

Let's hope it doesn't come to that.

Together they take a deep breath and plunge down the hall.