

# **SEVEN SCOUNDRELS**

"Pilot"

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**EXT. CIRRUS IV - NIGHT**

Fireworks pop off across a skyline packed with elegant, neon skyscrapers, restaurant barges and traveling holographic billboards that display "HAPPY 2155!"

As one of the fireworks explodes, a FLYING, RED SPORTS CAR does a barrel roll right through it.

**INT./EXT. FLYING SPORTS CAR - NIGHT**

Inside the car, the perpetually coiffed and coutured TA'LIN OL'AR, 25, blue alien and girl can drive! (TAY-linn ohl-ARR)

She steers toward a tall, GLASS DOME-topped, art deco building, a holographic sign that reads "CLUB Des Folles."

*The group talks through IN-EAR COMMS. KADIR (30-M) KIT (30-F.) We'll meet them properly in a minute.*

TA'LIN

WOO! This is one hell of a buggy.

KADIR (COMMS)

Did you steal something with more than two seats this time?

(Silence. No.)

Dammit, Ta'Lin.

TA'LIN

What? You too good for the trunk all of a sudden?

KIT (COMMS)

I'm headed in, how long ya gonna be?

TA'LIN

Pulling up to the roof now.

She pulls away as we slide through the glass to...

**INT. CLUB DES FOLLES - CONTINUOUS**

Music pounds as we float through the old, 1920s ART DECO club updated with neon.

Dancing humans, aliens of all kinds, gogo dancers, robot (cog) bartenders, tuxes, gowns. Everyone dressed to the nines.

At the top of the stairs, a GORGEOUS COUPLE (30s), best dressed in the place. HE's suave with a pencil mustache, SHE's elegant with eyebrows that could kill.

A WAITER hands them CHAMPAGNE glasses when KIT CALLISTO cuts between them, steals their drinks and struts down a curved, marble staircase.

30, Hispanic, spiky hair, cut lip, black eye, trouble in a leather jacket, and coming off one hell of a bender.

#### **CLUB EMERGENCY EXIT**

At the far side of the club, coming in through the out door, the eagle-eyed and tuxedo'd KADIR (30, Middle-Eastern) struggles against his bow tie. As the door shuts, a NAKED GUARD, unconscious in the stairwell behind him.

He carries a small, METAL BRIEFCASE.

KADIR  
You clock Valentín yet?  
(VAL-in-Teen)

KIT  
Sly devil's double dippin' in the champagne room.

#### **VIP SECTION**

INTERCUT ALL

The impossibly good looking VALENTÍN, (40s, Hispanic) arms around GORGEOUS WOMAN (20s) on one side and a PRETTY YOUNG MAN (20s) on the other. Holding court for his ne'er-do-wells.

KADIR  
How many guards does he have?

KIT  
(downing champagne)  
A few.

KADIR  
That's not a number.

KIT  
I'm gonna go say hi.

She floats effortlessly through the crowd toward Valentín.

KADIR  
Wait for me.

KIT  
Try to keep up, Kadir.

Kadir can hardly move, pushing his way across the dance floor.

**VIP SECTION**

Dark leather, brass rails, wood, round tables with drinks and SCREENS for entertainment or to call for cocktails.

TWO BODYGUARDS intercept Kit. One of them scans her while the other watches a MONITOR.

ON SCREEN, we see inside Kit's body. On the outside, she looks like regular flesh and blood but inside? Metallic arms, metallic legs, implants in her skull and spine.

The guard with the monitor shows Valentín, spins her image around and zooms in on the back of her neck to see...

"INHIBITOR NODE: ACTIVE" - She pulls back her jacket.

A dime sized piece of metal, clamped to the top of her spine.

Valentín motions for Kit to take a seat, she does.

He lays the monitor on the table. The word, "DEACTIVATE" prominent on the screen.

VALENTÍN

Kit. Welcome to Cirrus Four. Good to see you dressed for the occasion.

KIT

V. I am the occasion.

She grabs one of the hors d'oeuvres off the table and pops it in her mouth.

KIT

Nice club. Maybe next time don't skimp on the canapés.

She spits it into her champagne flute. He steams.

VALENTÍN

You got the merchandise?

KIT

You know I do. That's why you tipped off that patrol on Aphenia.

She drops a METAL HUNK on the table. A police badge. Blackened from a laser bolt.

Kadir watches nearby, hidden in the crowd on the dance floor.

VALENTÍN

You expect me to believe you killed  
ten constables?

KIT

A dozen but who's counting?

VALENTÍN

Why would you do that, huh?

KIT

You go against me? I'll burn you  
down. Now everyone knows. Just like  
they know you're willing to double-  
cross on a job. Now, you can close  
this deal and no one ever has to  
hear about it. If not?

She starts to stand, an ALIEN BODYGUARD steps in her way and  
reveals a SWORD under his coat.

VALENTÍN

And you think they're going to  
believe a necro addict who sold her  
shipment out to pirates and got her  
limbs chopped off for her efforts?

KIT

I didn't do any of that.

VALENTÍN

Your reputation is trash, Kitoko. I  
can do whatever I want.

She fumes for a second, could she take these guys? Kadir  
shuffles nervously and puts his hand under his coat.

## CAR ON ROOF

TA'LIN

Kit. Listen. Listen to my voice.

(then)

We'll smash his face later, okay? I  
promise. We've come all this way,  
let's get what we came for. It's  
worth eating a little crow today if  
tomorrow we can get Claye.

(then)

Five more feet to the finish line.

Kit mouths to herself, "Five more feet to the finish line."

VALENTÍN

Did you think I was going to let  
you leave without handing it over?

She pulls herself together and sits back down at the table.

KIT

Like I was just going to walk in  
here with it.

VALENTÍN

Maybe not.

KIT

Maybe not.

VALENTÍN

Maybe your friend has it.

She looks over. TWO GUARDS (dressed as party guests) blasters pointed at Kadir's back relieve him of his blasters.

STOUT GUARD hands over the LOCKED CASE he was carrying.

*Fuck.* Kit produces a SLIM CYLINDER with a RED BUTTON on top.

KIT

Did you know police badges have  
panic buttons in them? It's not  
that hard to figure out their  
frequency and set up a trigger.

TA'LIN (COMMS)

If you have the right talent.

KIT

If you have the right talent. Now,  
tell me, V, how are you going to  
explain the badges of a dozen dead  
constables scattered around your  
"hot ticket?"

(lets it sink in)

Here, take this, it's gross.

She hands Alien Bodyguard the glass with the chewed canape.

VALENTÍN

You think I can't buy some cops?

KIT

Federal marshals? Whose friends just  
died a terrible, violent death?  
Responding code red? Can I watch?

He stews.

KIT  
Give me. What you owe me.

Valentín nods to SCRUFFY BODYGUARD, who produces an old, leather, doctor's bag and drops it in front of Kit.

She opens it. It's chok-a-bok full of Multi-colored bills. "Bits." But she don't give a fuck about the money.

KIT  
This was not the deal.

She pushes the bag away and brandishes the panic button.

KADIR  
That's a lot of money, Kit.

TA'LIN  
How much?

Outmaneuvered, Valentín pulls a small, black DATA STICK out of his pocket and plugs it into an EMITTER on the table.

With a BLEEP, holographic screens shoot up.

Planets. Star maps. "Known associates," "safe houses," all around one, central figure, CLAYE DEVON LENNOX. (30, Middle Eastern) Covered in blood and laughing in his video mug shot.

Kit's eyes blaze. FINALLY! But just as fast, it blinks away.

VALENTÍN  
You get Claye when I get my goods.

Desperate to close the deal, she opens the locked case and produces a PACKAGE wrapped in OLD LEATHER. She slides over.

He takes the package and carefully unwraps it, revealing an alabaster and gold statue. Ancient Greek, by the looks of it.

VALENTÍN  
Beautiful.

KIT  
You're welcome.

VALENTÍN  
Almost a pity.

She shrugs, he violently SMASHES THE SCULPTURE on the table.

In the remains of the shattered alabaster, a plain, brushed metal box. A single, Catholic cross on the front. He lifts it with reverence and smiles warmly.

VALENTÍN

(to himself)

Al fin, te tengo en casa de nuevo,  
mijo. Me hacias falta, mi changito.

She slides the stick off the table.

KIT

V? Never a pleasure.

She tries to stand but the bodyguards shove her back down.

Alien Bodyguard takes the data stick and hands it back.

VALENTÍN

I can't have The Savoy Syndicate  
knowing I gave up one of our own.

KADIR/TA'LIN

Crap.

The crowd counts down to midnight.

10...

KIT

This was a clean deal. We can both  
walk away happy.

9...

VALENTÍN

I don't think so.

8...

Kit stares down Valentín.

7...

Ta'Lin starts the car.

6...

Kadir sizes up his captors.

5...

Valentín, smiling at his long lost treasure.

VALENTÍN  
Take her out back and finish it.

4...

Cables and motors SPOOL UP under Kit's skin.

3...

Valentín laughs at her and starts to crush the data stick.

2...

A BLINKING CAPSULE in the half-chewed canape champagne glass.

1! *Happy New year!*

Champagne bottles POP and fireworks BOOM outside, hiding the noise of--

The champagne glass EXPLODES, taking off one of AB's hands.

Shattered glass embeds into Valentín's face! He screams.

She kicks the table into Valentín's chest, breaking ribs with a CRUNCH!

She picks up the HEFTY TABLE and hurls it like a tomahawk at Bearded Bodyguard who drops like a sack of lumpy shit.

She grabs the sword from the screaming Alien Bodyguard.

She spins around and SLICES Valentín'S HAND OFF at the wrist!

It flies onto the dance floor, still holding the data stick.

She looks up and sees Kadir's captors turn their BLASTERS on her. *Shit.* She cringes. He takes advantage of the situation.

Grabs one of their hands, points it at the other Guard, shoots him, strips the gun, turns it around, shoots the second.

Panicking and screaming, the crowd runs for the exits.

Kadir retrieves Kit's SLICK-ASS BLASTER and tosses it to her.

Kit runs after the Data Stick without a word.

KADIR  
You're welcome!

Unable to catch his breath, Valentín hits a button on one of his rings. Red lights and alarms go off all over the club. His seat tips back and he disappears into an ESCAPE HATCH.

More INCOGNITO BODYGUARDS emerge from the crowd.

Kadir moves with military precision, takes down bodyguard after bodyguard.

Then... sees the bag of cash. Oh... hello.

### **ROOF**

Red lights flash, sirens blare.

TA'LIN

Oh good. You set off the alarms.

She slides the hover car sideways, crushing two DOOR GUARDS.

TA'LIN

We're clear for now, but hurry up!

### **DANCE FLOOR**

Kit flings people out of her way left and right as she runs for the severed hand.

Kadir heads toward the stairwell with the bag of cash.

KADIR

Kit come on! We're about to get swarmed by trigger happy mercenaries.

TA'LIN

Follow the plan, Kit!

She's almost got it when a group of TRIGGER HAPPY MERCENARIES run in at the top of the stairs. They see her running and fire.

Just barely in front of the laser bolts, she scoops up the hand and DIVES behind the BAR (smashing everything as she goes) where she comes face to face with what she's holding.

She plucks the stick from Valentín's gross fingers, throws the hand, then looks up and sees a ROBOT BARTENDER.

ROBOT BARTENDER

What can I getcha?

She smiles.

### **DANCE FLOOR**

Kadir gives up on Kit.

KADIR

I'm heading to you, Ta'Lin.

He opens the stairwell door and is greeted by SECURITY OFFICERS.

He slams the door.

KADIR

They got through those locks FAST!

Kadir takes a step back. The Mercs spot him, bag and gun.

He fires, hitting a couple of them but he's in a bad spot.

KADIR

Kit! Help! I need--

The Trigger Happy Mercenaries open fire. He gets hit by a half-dozen blaster bolts and falls to the ground.

DEAD.

Money spilling.

**ROOF**

TA'LIN

Kadir? Kadir!

*Holy shit.*

**BAR**

Kit pokes her head up and takes in the situation. It's bad.

KIT

Ta'Lin I need you out front.

TA'LIN

Wait. Like... Front, front?

KIT

Yes!

TA'LIN

No!

KIT

Yes!

*Shit! Ta'Lin guns it off the edge of the building.*

Kit comes bursting out from behind the bar, robot bartender as a human shield--

ROBOT BARTENDER

What can I getcha?

--fires a fully automatic burst at security as she makes for the windows.

She drops the robot as security turns it into swiss cheese.

She shoots the glass.

It cracks.

She dives.

SMASH!

GLASS RAINS ON THE CLUB as the entire DOME COMES DOWN.

**EXT. CLUB DES FOLLES**

Kit flies out the window...

Falling...

Falling...

Fall--WHAM! Ta'Lin's car races under her just in time.

TA'LIN

A little more warning next time,  
please.

Kit laughs, Loving this!

The constables hot on their tail, Kit fires at them as she slides through the window.

**INT./EXT. FLYING SPORTS CAR/CIRRUS IV - NIGHT**

Racing through the city. Firing, taking tight corners, flying through fireworks, crashing cop cars, swerving civilians.

TA'LIN

Damn! Remind me to steal one of these  
for myself if we survive!

KIT

Next time, steal something space-  
worthy.

TA'LIN

You said low profile!

KIT

You call this low profile?

The cops get a good hit, the engine flames out.

KIT

What are you doing?

TA'LIN

They knocked out our drive.

KIT

It's completely dead?

Ta'Lin tries the gears, one makes the car jump. She smiles.

CUT TO:

**SPACEPORT** in sight. Hover-car smoking, careening toward it.

IN REVERSE!

The ship fires up, engines flame, cargo ramp lowers.

Almost there!

When a GUNSHIP appears above them and FIRE ROCKETS.

KABOOM! The car flips end over end and smashes into a wall.

**INT. FLYING SPORTS CAR**

Bloody and dazed, they both struggle for consciousness, car crumpled around them.

Kit abandons her jacket to reveal her METALLIC SKELETON under the sizable, bleeding, gash in her arm.

She grabs an AEROSOL CAN and sprays, the bleeding stops.

She grabs the Data Stick from her pocket. Checks on Ta'Lin. She's bleeding from the nose and a dozen small cuts.

HER LEGS -- CRUSHED

Sirens in the distance. The cops are coming.

TA'LIN

(struggling)

Kit... help.

She looks over. The entire dashboard and steering wheel are crushed around Ta'Lin's pelvis.

Sirens getting closer.

Kit tries to lift the console. It creaks, releasing some pressure and blood GOUTS from Ta'Lin's torso. Kit stops. She tries the aerosol but there's too much blood.

Sirens almost there.

Kit puts her forehead to Ta'Lin's. Tears in her eyes.

KIT

Ta'Lin. I'm sorry.

TA'LIN

(we've been through worse)

Come on, we can do this, just spool  
up your bionics.

KIT

The cops'll take care of you.

TA'LIN

No. You can carry me. Put me in the  
auto-doc. I'll be fine. Five more  
feet to the fi--

Ta'Lin coughs up blood, Kit shakes her head.

KIT

I'm so sorry, you know I love you.

Despite the impending sirens and face full of glass, she  
smiles. The words she's wanted to hear ever since they met...  
But before she can confess her love back...

KIT

You're the best friend anyone could  
have.

Ta'Lin is devastated.

Kit SPOOLS UP.

KIT

But I only have energy for one.

Ta'Lin's teary eyes go big...

**EXT. HOVER CAR - NIGHT**

The crumpled door flies away from the wreckage. Kit jumps away.

Tears roll down Ta'lin's face.

**EXT. SPACEPORT - NIGHT**

With inhuman speed, Kit runs across the tarmac, she's almost  
to the ship when a spotlight hits her.

CONSTABLE (O.S.)  
HOLD!

She spins, whipping up her gun. Blasts hit her as we--

CUT TO BLACK.

**TITLE:**



For the whole script, contact me

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