

SCRAPHEAP'S DEPARTURE

by

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EXT. DOCKING BAY - MIDDAY

Bustling with space travelers. Breeze sweeping up sand beneath feet. WYNSTON, a tall, thin man with a draped black cloth on his head and back and tired eyes, and PORTER, a stout, burly man equipped with a backpack about his size, approach a rundown spacecraft. Porter puts his hands to his hips with a grin, Wynston rolls his eyes in disbelief.

PORTER

Here she is, my pride and joy! And yer--

A steel plate falls off of the spacecraft with a loud clank.

WYNSTON

(Interrupting)

Death sentence?

Porter turns around, angrily pointing up at Wynston.

PORTER

(Angry, voice low)

Yer only ticket to freedom, Wyn.

Porter hobbles to the steel plate and whips out his toolkit. Wynston looks back at the crowd, eyes darting.

PORTER

Y'know, I promised ta have yer back, the least ya could give is a 'thanks.'

WYNSTON

(Attention kept on crowd, anxious tone.)

Well, thanks.

PORTER

(Under breath)

Okay, maybe a lil' more wouldn't hurt.

Porter takes notice of Wynston watching the crowd.

PORTER (CONT'D)

Kid, it's been four days of us layin' low. They're probably lookin' fer ya a system or two over by now.

WYNSTON

These guys are more thorough than that, Porter.

PORTER
 (Mocking)
 Heheh, always figured you was
 allergic to diligence.

Wynston walks to Porter and grabs him by the collar, his attention to the crowd broken.

WYNSTON
 (Angry)
 Dammit, old man, you're gonna blow
 this whole--

Porter interrupts Wynston by clearing his throat and gestures back towards the crowd, onlookers starting to take notice of their squabble. Wynston puts on a fake smile, pretending to brush sand off of Porter's already filthy shirt.

PORTER
 Let's just, save the pleasantries
 till we get aboard Scrapheap here,
 alright?

Wynston steps away from Porter, letting him work.

WYNSTON
 (Under breath)
 It's even got a fitting name...

Wynston returns to look out at the crowd. He closes his eyes and holds his hood as wind sweeps up sand into the air. Opening his eyes, he sees three armed GUARDS, all in navy blue armor and helmets that shield their eyes, making their way through the crowd, holding up a wanted poster with Wynston's face, questioning travelers. One being questioned points towards the Scrapheap.

WYNSTON
 Shit, shit shit shit, Porter!

PORTER
 What, kid?

WYNSTON
 We've gotta go, NOW.

PORTER
 I'll be done in a minu--

Wynston rushes to Porter, puts his hands on each side of Porter's head, and turns it towards the guards. Porter's face twists in pain. The guards struggle through the crowd towards them.

WYNSTON
 (Interrupting)
 We don't **have** a minute.

Wynston hops inside the spacecraft, Porter follows after quickly slapping duct tape to the remainder of the plate.

Guards FIRE their blaster pistols, hitting the closing door.

INTERCUT SCRAPHEAP INTERIOR - COCKPIT

Wynston anxiously scans the dashboard and starts to flick switches while Porter takes a seat beside him, rubbing his neck.

PORTER

(Pained)

No need to be so rough there, kid.

Porter pushes a large thruster forward, the spacecraft begins to shake and rise. Porter and Wynston fasten their seatbelts.

INTERCUT DOCKING BAY

The Scrapheap begins to lift off the ground, pushing sand towards the guards approaching the vessel. The exhaust lets out an explosion of black smoke before continuing to rise. The smoke covers the guards as they cough.

PORTER

Ya better know a chiropractor over on Talan.

WYNSTON

Just worry about getting us there in one piece, old man.

The Scrapheap breaks its way through the clouds, the steel plate flying off and crashing back into the docking bay, narrowly missing a guard.

WIPE TO SPACE