

Shanghaied Bride
By Collin Jose

INT. CLAN S SPACECRAFT - NIGHT

SHOT: wall of space weapons with two bulky silhouettes grabbing anything they wanted and somehow strapping it onto them.

BOWIE

You know if this will do the trick?

He holds up a space rifle.

VORN

Just stick to the bow.

BOWIE

Dammit. Next time.

He polishes the rifle and sets it back on the rack.

Bowie puts his three fingered hand on a black panel on the wall.

The panels illuminate then open. A laser-bow hovers in the glow.

He grabs it and yanks on the laser bow string. Once satisfied he hides it under it cloak.

BOWIE (CONT'D)

You have what you need?

Vorn one by one holds up his daggers then suddenly a third one rises from his hidden third limb.

VORN

(mischievously)

I think so.

EXT. CLAN S SPACECRAFT - NIGHT

The spacecraft hovers above the ground. Suddenly an escape door opens on the bottom of the vessel and a heavy-duty rope falls ground.

The two jump out with weapons on every square inch on them under their cloaks.

They land with a thud.

Bowie holds out his wrist gauntlet and rapidly taps the screen. He looks up and the spacecraft zooms into the atmosphere.

They walk off into the darkness towards the city.

INT. CLAN SHIP C, HULL

Clan Cs' Captain sits in his commanding position with a weary look on his face.

Delorix (Del), the captain's son stands there in officer position on edge.

The captain lets out a deep sigh.

CAPTAIN

Fine. But this is your last opportunity to prove yourself as a worthy member of clan C. If you fail, you will no longer be placed in the field. You will be restricted to janitorial duties ONLY.

Delorix beams with excitement but tries to contain it as much as he can.

DEL

Yesss!

He pumps his fists, then quickly returns to position nervously.

CAPTAIN

Do. You. Copy?

DEL

Absolutely. This is all I need father!

CAPTAIN

Its captain to you, Delorix.

The captain stands up. And puts his hand on Del's shoulder.

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)

Do not let me down. I'm serious.

The captain steps back.

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)

Norlow... he is under your command out there.

NORLOW

Yessir. The mission will surely be
a success.

The captain turns around staring at the wall while they walk
away.

NORLOW (CONT'D)

Prep up kid. We have a lot of work
to do in not a lot of time.
Reconvene in 10 minutes then we
head off. Got it?

DEL

Yessir!

Del stands there in a salute.

NORLOW

Go on now kid!

Del scurries off.

INT. CLAN N SPACE CASTLE - EVENING

The old emperor stands in front of his crew of soldiers and
guards.

GROOM

This is the best man of the wedding
and chief commander. Whatever he
says goes, without obstruction or
disobedience. Understood.

The squad of 75 soldiers hit their chest in acknowledgment.

Gyron, the chief commander, steps in front of the squad of
soldiers.

GYRON

Boys listen up. This is the highest
stakes event that has happened in
our lifetime, and we will do
everything in our power to protect
the bride. Remember this union of
marriage merges our clan with hers.
Through this we will have peace,
prosperity, resources, and more
importantly allies. In case you
have forgotten, we are the largest
and most despised clan amongst the
rest.

(MORE)

GYRON (CONT'D)

So, we will take every precautionary measure to expose any threats to her life and trust me, there will be many. Our objective is to find and eliminate any danger as soon as possible. Up the security and remain on high alert. As of right now, everyone is a hazard.

FADE INTO MANTAGE: the guards are scanning people at the gate. Soldiers and posted on rooftops with rifles. And guards are throwing people out/ not allowing certain people entry.

GYRON (V.O.)

We must have the most thorough security checks. Inspect for unsavory items, weapons, and do background checks. If we fail, this could be one of the most catastrophic days in our history. This could cause an all-out war between the clans. There are untold consequences of failure. We must be the peacekeepers. We must protect the bride.