HYPOCRISY

"Pilot - A Chance of Fates"

Written by

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INT. ORBITING SPACE STATION - BAR - NIGHT

Dim, purple lights shine on CAPTAIN JAMES SHORT, 50s, ragged, who sits at the bar and holds a glowing drink.

ADAM WILKES, 30s, stoic, sits on a stool nearby and takes a sip from his drink.

BROOKE WOLF, 20s, wearing a black uniform, approaches Captain James at the bar. She leans on the counter, close to him. He eyes her and downs his drink.

                    CAPTAIN JAMES
          Is there something you want?

                    BROOKE WOLF
          I need you to fly me to Paxion IV.

                    CAPTAIN JAMES
          What if I say no? Huh?

Brooke slides two Creds across the counter. Captain James pockets them.

                    CAPTAIN JAMES (cont'd)
          Okay, so why do you wanna fly with
          the *Fool's Errant?*

                    BROOKE
          Just do what I paid you to do.

Brooke turns her back toward him and leaves. Adam shifts in his seat and watches her walk away. Captain James refocuses on his drink and shrugs.

INT. ORBITING SPACE STATION - DOCK/CARGO HOLD - NIGHT

Cargo crates cluster the tiny space. PASCAL EDOUARD BORDEAUX, 30s, wearing a Victorian outfit, sets down a crate inside the *Fool's Errant*'s cargo hold.

SABRINA MCMILLAN, 20s, pale as a ghost, slips between the crates and almost past Pascal until he straightens himself out. She flinches as a response.

                    PASCAL
          Oh, good evening, my dear...

Pascal grabs her hand and plants a kiss. Sabrina snatches her hand away from his grasp.

                    PASCAL (cont'd)
          I apologize, but tell me something.
          What is an exquisite woman like
          yourself doing here?

Sabrina backs away. Pascal smirks and steps toward her. She
moves past him and disappears inside the ship. He looks
around, confused.

                    PASCAL (cont'd)
          Such a strange woman...

INT. FOOL'S ERRANT – QUARTERS – NIGHT

Crisp light shines over four cots plugged into the wall. Adam
sits on a far bed and cleans his folding sword.

The doors open. Brooke steps inside, communicator in hand.
She catches a glimpse of Adam and faces him.

                    BROOKE
          What exactly are you doing here?

Adam runs the cleaning rag over his blade.

                    ADAM
          Same as you...

Brooke inches her hand toward her plasma bow.

                    ADAM (cont'd)
          You won't be needing that here.

                    BROOKE
          I beg to differ, so I'd start talking
          if I were you.

Adam lays down his sword and stands. Brooke pulls her bow and
steps to the side.

                    ADAM
          Relax. You're not my target. I'm
          after an ageless woman. Found out
          she's boarding this ship, but --

                    BROOKE
          But, what?

                    ADAM
          I don't know her name or what she
          looks like. My employers didn't go
          into the details...

He places his hand on his communicator, but Brooke aims her plasma bow at him. A glowing arrow shimmers in the chamber.

>   ADAM (cont'd)
>   Hey now, relax. I'm not reaching for
>   my weapon, okay?

>   BROOKE
>   Slowly...

Adam pulls out his communicator with ease. Brooke takes a glance at the device and nods.

>   BROOKE (cont'd)
>   Okay.

>   ADAM
>   Okay?

>   BROOKE
>   You're good.

Brooke tucks away her bow. Adam extends his hand toward her.

>   ADAM
>   I'm Adam, by the way. Adam Wilkes.

>   BROOKE
>   Brooke. Brooke Wolfe.

They shake each other's hands.

INT. FOOL'S ERRANT – BRIDGE – NIGHT

Alcohol flasks lay strewn between open panels. Dim lights blink from the control panel.

Captain James lounges in his seat, data pad in hand. He types coordinates into the control panel. The screen flashes: **Ergonn Hyperia. ETA: 3 hours.**

INT. FOOL'S ERRANT – CARGO HOLD – DAY

Cargo crates line the walls. In the corner, Brooke kneels and presses a button on her communicator.

>   BROOKE
>   Tell me what you've got.

Pascal steps out from the shadows, but remains hidden from
Brooke. He presses his back up against a crate and leans
toward her.

                         INFORMANT (V.O.)
               Current intel suggests he's on the
               same ship as you.

Pascal leans closer.

                         BROOKE
               If that's the case, then what's his
               name? Give me his identity!

A short pause.

                         INFORMANT (V.O.)
               Unfortunately, we don't have that
               information yet. But, I need you to
               stay alert, okay?

Brooke taps her communicator's screen and tucks the device
away. She storms out. Pascal watches her leave.

INT. FOOL'S ERRANT - DINING HALL - DAY

A bolted table sits wedged between two booths crammed against
a wall. Adam rests at one. Sabrina slouches in the other.

The doors fly open. Brooke strides inside. She takes a box
from the meal kiosk. Adam gives her a smile. She takes the
seat across from him.

The door almost closes until a hand prevents the motion.
Pascal slips inside. He glances at Brooke and retrieves a box
from the meal kiosk.

Sabrina rises and wraps her arms around herself. She shuffles
into the hall.

Adam catches a glimpse of Sabrina and stands.

                         ADAM
               Excuse me for a second.

INT. FOOL'S ERRANT - HALL - DAY

Dim lights flicker overhead. Cords snake across the floor.

Sabrina ambles toward the medical bay. The doors fly open. She disappears inside. Adam pauses by the doorway, keeping a close eye on her.

She sits on a medical table and the doors slam shut.

Adam steps back.

>   ADAM
>   What the hell?

He turns and strolls down the hall.

INT. FOOL'S ERRANT – DINING HALL – DAY

Pascal takes a seat across from Brooke.

>   PASCAL
>   Mind if I join you, ma'am?

Brooke holds her hand out toward the seat.

Pascal sits down and takes a bite out of his food.

>   PASCAL (cont'd)
>   This tastes like the bloody, defiled
>   excrement of Queen Julia's heart.

Brooke stifles a laugh.

>   BROOKE
>   Have you seen the Captain? Don't
>   expect much from him.

Pascal laughs and picks at his food.

>   PASCAL
>   So, what made you board this ticket
>   into hell?

>   BROOKE
>   Revenge...

Pascal shifts in his seat.

>   PASCAL
>   Against whom?

>   BROOKE
>   The man who killed my kin...

                         PASCAL
            I see. Well, I've done my research on
            your new friend and found out some
            interesting information.

                         BROOKE
            Who? Adam? What did you find?

                         PASCAL
            According to my findings, he works
            for The Fates Corporation. I've heard
            about their dealings. Quite nasty.

Brooke stares ahead. The doors open. Adam saunters inside.
Pascal rises and gives her a nod.

                         PASCAL (cont'd)
            Pardon me, my dear.

He slips past Adam and smiles.

INT. FOOL'S ERRANT - BRIDGE - DAY

A bottle rolls across the floor. Pascal bends down and picks
up the bottle. He walks over toward Captain James.

Pascal sets the bottle down on the console. He pauses and
studies the data pad, which reads: **Ergonn Hyperia.**

He slaps a hand down on Captain James' shoulder. Captain
James spins and shoves Pascal's hand away.

                         CAPTAIN JAMES
            Why did you do that for?

                         PASCAL
            Tell me. Where exactly do you plan on
            taking us? I'll certainly wait!

Captain James glances at the data pad.

                         CAPTAIN JAMES
            What? What are you talking about?

Pascal snatches the data pad from him. He waves the device in
Captain James' face and points at the screen.

                         PASCAL
            This, you vile vermin! Ergonn Hyperia
            is slaver's territory!

Captain James snatches back the data pad.

                    CAPTAIN JAMES
          The Nav system messes up sometimes!
          What else did you expect?

                    PASCAL
          This isn't some error, you fool! You
          were planning on selling us the
          entire time!

                    CAPTAIN JAMES
          Don't be a goddamn --

The data pad BEEPS twice. Captain James looks at the screen.
His heart sinks in his chest.

                    CAPTAIN JAMES (cont'd)
          No, this can't be right...

                    PASCAL
          Oh, what was your first clue? You
          can't be this incompetent...

Captain James types "Ergonn Hyperia" into the console's
keyboard. Pascal winces and grabs him by the arms.

                    PASCAL (cont'd)
          Have you gone mad? You dare become
          the most vile of traitors?

They wrestle for control of the console's keyboard. Captain
James reaches his hand behind his back and grabs Pascal by
his hair.

                    CAPTAIN JAMES
          Get off me, asshole!

They spin and hit the floor. Pascal kicks Captain James in
the face. He scrambles for the console. Captain James grabs
him and slams the data pad into Pascal's nose.

An earsplitting, unholy SCREECH freezes them in mid-combat.
They exchange worried glances.

INT. ENGINE ROOM - DAY

Red, purple, and orange ceiling lights shine on the
silhouette of a WOMAN. The same earsplitting SCREECH escapes
from her. All the lights and the engines spark and shut off.

                    END OF EPISODE ONE.