

● Galactic Thot Marauders

- Created by: Ken Fields

Chapter 01

TEXT BOX: sector 4.

TEXT BOX: Planet Rilnulia.

TEXT BOX: Asteroid 17.

wide shot: The area is packed with men and women eating and drinking heavily while enjoying the loud music emanating from the stage in the middle of an enormous pool.

TEXT BOX: Dark Fantasy: Dancer, concubine, bad bitch

wide shot: Fantasy is dancing in a gorgeous Grado type pool on the rear of an asteroid orbiting a remote planet reserved for some of the most dangerous space gangsters and pirates in the solar system. They paid top dollar for the most beautiful babes to dance solely for them. The asteroid was especially known for its hot spring pool where the girls crowded and danced in with their guests.

The large stage erected in front of the massive pool had various girls. All of which had the attention of the men in attendance. They were all massive and grizzly men, hardened by their experiences in the business. Most of them were old guys, enjoying the pleasures of their hard work in the form of dancing babes. Fantasy dances at the pool's edge, under a lavish VIP tent. The material was made of expensive fabric which blocked the view of those unable to get in. The ropes warding them off were made of gold, but merely for display. The real stopping power comes from the men she is accompanied by. Thugs armed to the teeth with guns, and their boss Victor. She is seen by everyone in the VIP, yet they know she's Victor's and his thugs, skilled and vicious as they were, are always steps away from him and ready with the smoke.

TEXT BOX: Victor: Mob Boss, Wizard, Treasure hunter

Victor: Fantasy! Bring that ass here girl.

close up: From this panel we see Fantasy smiling as she walks out the pool slowly, glistening as water is dripping out every crack and crevice of her body.

Fantasy : Yes Mr. Vic, how may I be of service to you daddy?

Wide shot: As Fantasy starts dancing on his lap we see that he is dressed very well and covered in expensive jewelry. Despite the tight security, the guards were focused on having a good time and not the portly man taking out his treasure from a chest and adorning the beautiful woman with it as she dances.

Fantasy is now covered in fantastically expensive jewelry. He begins to pull out something else from under his own shirt. It was an amulet with part of a beautiful gem at its center. It had ancient runes engraved into it and was made of a strong metal that was lightweight.

Victor (Eagerly handing the amulet to Fantasy): Do you know what this is, baby girl?

Fantasy (giggling): No daddy, but I know you'll tell me.

Victor: This chain previously belonged to Roman, A nasty witch that ruled over the West galaxy for thousands of years.

wide shot: Fantasy is twirling her hair in between fingers as the man rambles off the history of the amulet.

Victor: Many tried, yet none could stop her, but they did manage to eventually seal her powers away inside of her own Legendary Treasure, a magical stone said to hold awesome value and power. Legend has it that whoever wields the gems would inherit her massive power. I will take this power for myself, and this amulet is the key to unlocking it.

Fantasy : Wow, it's so beautiful. Can I try it on Daddy?

Victor: My beautiful Fantasy, since I picked you up from that shit hole of a strip club, you have saved the lives of many of my men with your intuition, and quick wit. As well as leading me to find

more of Romans sacred Treasures. No longer do myself or my men see you for your sweet ass and tits, but your courage, brains and wisdom. Of course you can, baby girl!

Close up: He puts the chain with amulet on Fantasy. As it rests comfortably just above her breast it begins to glow insanely with vibrant colors. It was like someone had trapped a star in it. Fantasy found herself mesmerized by it.

Victor: I've never seen the amulet glow so bright! The power of Roman ... It calls out to you!

Fantasy : It's ... It's beautiful! (Fantasy says this with shock on her face.)

Victor: With this amulet and the other treasures of Romans I've amassed, we will be able to find the main colony of the Androids, getting rid of them once and for all. Then I can reclaim the western galaxy and all its treasures . This very light will lead us into our next battle, against the Androids!

wide shot: Fantasy looks up with a devilish grin and points a finger gun at him. As the other jewelry also begins to glow, the portly man quickly realizes something was off. She pulls the trigger on her finger gun, BANG! The man's head explodes.

close up: Fantasy's finger pistol is smoking and the man's head exploded as if shot by a shotgun slug. His insides painted the tent and floor, leaving quite the mess.

Fantasy: Thanks for your help finding these bad boys, Mr. Vic. But I think our business here is now done.

TEXT BOX: Dark Fantasy: Dancer, Spy, Mercenary, Bad Bitch

Mid shot: Fantasy's sudden betrayal caught the surrounding thugs off guard enough that all but one hesitated to pull their guns.

GUARD: Oh shit Code 17! Code 17! Fantasy !!!

cowboy shot: He was the next to get taken out by the assassin, quickly followed by the six surrounding. Fantasy's skin changes into as hard as diamonds. She bursts through the door to the canopy.

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Created by: Ken Fields and Kevin Blessed
Scripted by: Victor Farr

Co-written by: noellechantaca

After exiting the door, she is pelted by gunfire and attacks the gunmen with rampant lunging attacks in retaliation with the grace of an apex predator. As the guards fell, panic spread throughout the pool area. A group of men became alerted to the sound of gunfire and began to react to it but fell to a shower of bullets from above.

TEXT BOX: Asteroid 21.

Out in space two small spaceships floated out on another asteroid. One was in the shape of a gun and was firing a slow and steady burst of gunfire.

With each shot, a hail of bullets descended on the gangsters below, who attempted to defend themselves from the powerful attacking claws of Fantasy with magic but were instead slain by a controlled shot to the vitals that rained down from above with the skill of a marksman.

TEXT BOX: Baby Savage: Dancer, Shooter, Mercenary, Bad Bitch

Baby Savage: (on intercoms from ship) Primary targets eliminated.

TEXT BOX: Slippery: Dancer, Pilot, Mercenary, Bad Bitch

Slippery: (on intercoms from the second ship) Wow she's really going at it.. The way she's fighting right now, it's almost like she wants to kill them all herself! We are sure she is going to be all right down there right?? With all of the energy she is taking in from Romans treasure?? You don't think Romans not like taking control over her brain cells or anything wild do you.?

Savage: Um, Fantasy ?! hello?! You alright down there girl?

The hail storm of attacks intensifies as we see the targets on the ground be terminated with prejudice. Where there was once a massive pool party there is now a blood bath. The stronger sources fought on, no longer being caught off guard by the Cannon fire Fantasy breaks a sweat of excitement.

SLIPPERY: Fantasy , GIRL IT'S TIME FOR EXTRACTION!

Amid a storm of bullets, the Second ship takes off from its position and travels down to the planet below.

She flies down in the ship to where her comrade is being surrounded by the overwhelming number of powerhouses the late mob boss had at the party. Fantasy is battling them all with blades coming from her

fingers and toes lunging into the air with great strength, or firing them off like bullets into guys' faces.

Slippery (over loudspeakers): HEY GIRRRRRRRL!
She Begins to charge a blue energy from deep in her seat..
(screaming)

SUPER SOAKER!

Fantasy notices the ship and extends her finger blades into the ground and holds on as a large beam is fired from the ship into the crowd of men.

Washing them away and leaving only Fantasy drenched in wetness.

Fantasy : HEEYY GIIIIIRL

The ship opens up for Fantasy to hoop right in and the two fly off.