

BUCK ROGERS — HBO-STYLE SCRIPT

ACT 1 — SCENE 1

INT. NASA COMMAND CENTER — 2025 — DAY

Monitors flicker with telemetry. Engineers and technicians bustle beneath glowing displays streaming global news feeds: *Humanity's first faster-than-light test flight*.

GENERAL WILLIAM ROGERS (leaning over a console, proud)

Remember, Buck... Neptune and back. And try not to break the prototype.

BUCK ROGERS (grinning, helmet under arm)

See you in two days, Dad. Don't worry — I'll bring back a souvenir... if I survive the trip.

GENERAL ROGERS (chuckling)

Just come back in one piece, son. That's enough for me.

Buck slaps his father's shoulder and strides toward the launch pad. Monitors track his movement. The camera lingers on the pride—and the worry—in General Rogers' eyes.

EXT. NASA LAUNCH PAD — DAY

A sleek FASTER-THAN-LIGHT spacecraft gleams under the sun. Technicians scurry; drones hum overhead. Crowds murmur.

Buck climbs the ramp, helmet tucked under arm. The craft's futuristic hull glints like liquid chrome.

INT. COCKPIT — CONTINUOUS

The hatch hisses shut. Buck straps in, flips switches, checks monitors. Lights blink. Engines hum.

BUCK ROGERS (to himself)

Let's make history.

EXT. LAUNCH PAD — CONTINUOUS

GROUND CONTROL (V.O.)

T-minus ten... nine... eight...

Buck's hands tighten on the controls. Eyes dart across fluctuating readings.

GROUND CONTROL (V.O.)

Three... two... one... ignition!

Flames roar. The ship rises gracefully, slicing through the atmosphere. Stars streak, blur, and twist as the craft enters FTL.

INT. COCKPIT — CONTINUOUS

The ship shudders violently. Panels flash red:

“QUANTUM CORE OVERLOAD — GRAVITY FLUX CRITICAL.”

BUCK ROGERS (voice tight, panicked)

Past Neptune... I can't stabilize... flux is off the charts!

Alarms scream. Sparks fly across the console. Buck grips controls, teeth clenched. Sweat beads his brow. His vision swims; limbs go numb.

BUCK ROGERS (muttering, fading)

Dad... I...

He collapses into his seat. Darkness swallows him. The ship slips into uncontrolled orbit—a trajectory that will bring him **back 501 years later**.

INT. COCKPIT — LATER

Power dies. The cabin freezes in seconds. Ice creeps across surfaces. Buck's breath fogs in slow, visible plumes. Outside, stars drift silently past the frozen viewport.

FADE OUT.

ACT 2 — SCENE 2

EXT. DRACONIAN FLAGSHIP “DRACO” — DOCKING BAY

Buck's FTL craft glides into the massive bay. No landing gear; magnetic fields hold it steady. The side reads:

"RANGER 3 — CAPTAIN BUCK ROGERS, USA."

Draconian soldiers surround it cautiously, armored plates glinting under alien lighting. Gestures signal for Buck to board. The scale of the flagship dwarfs him.

INT. DRACO — INFIRMARY / MED BAY

Buck lies unconscious on a sleek alien medical bed. Frost melts from his flight suit. Advanced Draconian tech hums and pulses around him—lights scanning, energy rippling through conduits.

GENERAL KANE (entering hallway, knocks on massive door)

Come.

The door slides open. **PRINCESS ARDALA** stands regally, arms folded, scanning Buck like a chess piece.

GENERAL KANE

Report on our guest.

PRINCESS ARDALA (tilts head, intrigued)

The pilot... alive?

GENERAL KANE

Alive and breathing. By his ship and clothing... he might be over 500 years old.

PRINCESS ARDALA (smiles subtly, calculating)

Revived... old or young?

GENERAL KANE

Very young.

PRINCESS ARDALA

Hmmm. I want to see him.

The camera lingers on Ardala's face—subtle smirk, curious eyes, danger barely contained.

FADE OUT.

ACT 2 — SCENE 3

INT. DRACO — CORRIDORS

Buck, still groggy, is escorted down wide metallic corridors. Soldiers march, armor reflecting flickering lights. A soft hum of alien engines pulses in the background.

GENERAL KANE (whispering to Ardala)

What if it's a trap? The Earth Directorate put him in our path... to learn about us.

PRINCESS ARDALA (smooth, calculating)

Or... he's for real.

INT. DRACO — MED BAY

Buck is guided inside. Med techs move with precise, mechanical efficiency.

GENERAL KANE

Walk him in.

A med tech administers a tranquilizer shot.

BUCK ROGERS (struggling, blurry-eyed)

Where am I??

GENERAL KANE

We ask, not you. Where are you from?

Buck blinks, trying to focus.

BUCK ROGERS

Captain Buck Rogers... United States Space Force.

PRINCESS ARDALA (raising an eyebrow)

United States... collapsed 400 years ago.

BUCK ROGERS (rubbing his head)

Anyone got a Tylenol?

GENERAL KANE

No pain reliever... maybe something to calm him.

PRINCESS ARDALA (intently watching)

Give it to him.

The med tech administers it. Buck groans, easing into the medicine.

BUCK ROGERS

Ooo... mmm... nice. So... where am I??

PRINCESS ARDALA

You are aboard the King's Star Fortress, Draco... on its way to Earth... on a peace mission.

BUCK ROGERS (on edge)

On its way to... ???

Before he can process, a sedative is administered. Buck drifts into unconsciousness.

FADE OUT.