

Script – Chapter 1: The Outlaw's Spark

Narrator: The cargo bay smelled of rust, smoke, and trouble. Jax Orion knew it well—it was the smell of every bad decision he'd ever made. With his jacket half-zipped and blasters strapped to his hips, he strutted through the docking ring of the starport like he owned the place.

Narrator: In truth, all he owned was debt, a ship that coughed more than it flew, and a reputation for making enemies faster than friends. Still, there was a glint in his eye—the same spark that made strangers follow him and villains curse his name.

Narrator: Jax Orion wasn't just anyone. He was the kind of outlaw the galaxy couldn't decide whether to kill, crown, or cheer for.

SFX: (Starport chatter. Machinery clanking. A distant alarm.)

Narrator: As Jax moved deeper into the docking ring, a gruff voice called out.

Dockmaster (gruff, irritated): Orion! You still owe three cycles' worth of docking fees! Don't think you can just skip out again.

Jax (cocky, playful): Dockmaster, my friend. What's three cycles between old pals? You'll get your credits. Eventually.

Dockmaster (angry): You said that last time. And the time before.

Jax (smirking): And wasn't I right every time? Relax. Trouble may follow me, but luck never leaves me.

Narrator: He tipped two fingers in mock salute and kept walking. The Dockmaster cursed under his breath, but Jax was already gone, swallowed by the neon lights and smoke of the starport's bazaar.

Narrator: He didn't know it yet, but destiny was waiting—hidden in the shadows of the galaxy, ready to drag him into the kind of adventure only fools and heroes survive.