

TO THE FLAME

FADE IN:

INT. STARSHIP - NIGHT

FIRST MATE LYNN RUSSELL, female, 37, paces the bridge. Chaos surrounds her as sparks fly from damaged panels, broken monitors and frayed wires.

CAPTAIN JACK NIMBLE, male, 8, stares blankly into the void of space projected on the large monitor before them. The CREW work feverishly to contain the damage.

CREW MEMBER

Sir -- they've attached themselves
to the hull. Breach is imminent.

Metallic GROANS echo through the bridge. Something darts across the monitor. A CREATURE. Big. Nasty. Menacing. A THUMP. SCREAMS radiate from a nearby room.

CREW MEMBER

We have a breach in sector one!

RUSSELL

Jack, hurry.

NIMBLE

Turn us thirty degrees port.

The ship turns, a star slides into view. It's bright, fiery.

NIMBLE

Take us in. As close as you dare.
We're gonna burn these buggers
right off my ship.

The ship screams forward.

EXT. CAMPGROUND - NIGHT

Jack swoops his model of the Star Trek Enterprise past the campfire. A lightning bug flits from the tiny plastic hull.

NIMBLE

It's working, press on!

His mother stops him, hands him a plate.

RUSSELL

Before it's cold.

FADE OUT.