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.


    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.