

First

"Pilot"

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TEASER

EXT. SPACE

A ship slips through empty space. Quiet.

Teardrop shaped, the smooth hull shimmers a metallic blue. Its most distinctive feature, the glowing, donut-shaped ring that circles its midsection.

The light from the stars around the ship is distorted, as if it were in a space-time bubble.

The only markings on the ship: **Aurora Nova 001**

INT. BRIDGE : AURORA NOVA 001

The bridge is small, round, with a dome above covered with thick metal plates. Eight reclining chairs hug the walls.

Seven gleaming **CREW MEMBERS** in fancy uniforms watch a holographic projection of a countdown clock.

One seat is empty.

The clock hits 1:00. The **XO** nods to the **COMMUNICATIONS SPECIALIST** who twitches his head to open up a channel.

COMM

Captain. It's time.

A moment later, **CAPTAIN JOYCE STARR** strides in. She's the pride of the fleet. Everyone knows it.

STARR

XO. Start your banter.

XO

Aye, sir. All stations, prepare for drop from superluminal. Hardware?

HARDWARE

All systems go.

XO

Software...?

Starr watches her crew as they run through their checks. A smile of pride crosses her lips.

XO

All stations return green, Captain.

STARR
Excellent. Here we go...

The crew watches the countdown with quiet anticipation:

0:03, 0:02, 0:01, 0:00...

STARR
Hardware. Drop us out.

HARDWARE
AB drive spooling down...

A hum we hardly noticed subsides.

EXT. SPACE

The glowing ring dims. The space-time bubble fades and the ship slows to coasting.

INT. BRIDGE

NAV
We have flat space, sir.

XO
Position?

NAV
The map lines up. We're one hundred AUs from USM 708-1395. Right on target.

STARR
Let there be light...

The **PILOT** twitches and the plates over the dome slide off.

Everyone leans back to admire the cool **blue star** directly overhead.

STARR
There she is... Savor this moment, gents. You'll tell your great, great, great grand kids about this as you bask in this sun right here on one of these planets.

She nods to the XO.

XO
All stations, start your sc--

NAV PILOT
What!? Jesus.

Alarms blare. The crew jumps into action.

EVERYONE BUT STARR (AD LIB)
Can't get a reading... Unknown
composition... A direct course...
Hardware, fire us up... There's no
time... Alert Command...

STARR
STOP!

Starr lifts out of her chair, looks up at the curious shape forming above the dome.

A tiny sliver of what looks like glass pops through the dome and slices through everything in its path, cutting a hole in the floor.

Air hisses out the pinprick above.

Another shard whips in at another angle, slicing through Starr's empty seat.

The next one **cuts right through the navigator's arm**, slicing bone and muscles so cleanly he hardly feels it. Just watches his arm slough off and thud on the deck.

He looks to his captain in terror.

Panic as glass rips through the crew. The artificial gravity gives way and a beautiful, sickening ballet of blood and body parts floats over the bridge.

But Starr ignores it all. Calm in the middle of the chaos, she addresses her crew.

STARR
Gents. It's been an honor serving
with you.

A deluge of glass churns through everything.

Starr is the last to go. She looks up to see the dome **shatter** out into the vacuum of space as the cloud of black glass thunders in and tears her to pieces.

EXT. SPACE

A black swarm of millions of tiny glass shards rips the ship to shreds. In just a few seconds, **there's nothing left.**