



EXT. SPACE

Darkness.

Pinpricks of starlight fade in.

Pan up to a PLANET of red and gold earth and rivers of deep black. This is:

SUPERIMPOSE: ALMANON - KEPLER-442 SYSTEM (LYRA CLUSTER)

EXT. ALMANON - DESERT - DAY

A large red sun is rising in the pink sky.

A small ship (a SPEEDER) skims low over the ground, kicking up waves of red-gold sand.

It's just large enough for an engine and a pilot, its white paint mostly chipped off to reveal shiny chrome underneath. On its side, a name: THE NOMAD.

INT. NOMAD - DAY

Despite her petite figure, the PILOT is nearly bent double in the ship's tiny cockpit.

Her gloved hands maneuver a set of simple controls. She's in a deep-red spacesuit, as faded and worn as the ship itself. Her matching helmet has a reflective, gold-plated face-shield.

The cockpit window doubly functions as a screen, projecting a map of the planet's surface. The ship is moving steadily towards 'Solaris Canyons'.

A notification pops up on the window-screen:

"INCOMING MESSAGE FROM V. TORRANCE"

With the press of a button, the pilot ignores it.

EXT. ALMANON - CANYONS - DAY

Pillars of stone rise into the sky. Formations with veins of color ranging from pale sand to deep rust red.

The speeder slows as it approaches the edge of these structures, then stops, hovering two feet above the ground.

The Pilot jumps out. There's heavy weights strapped to her boots, but she's still able to leap across the sands. A cloud of red-gold blooms around her with every landing.

Something flashes on her helmet-screen:

"INCOMING MESSAGE FROM V. TORRANCE"

There's a CLICK as her COMMUNICATOR (COMM for short) turns on. A FEMALE VOICE comes through.

TORRANCE  
Finity? Finity, come in.

FINITY  
Yes, Dr. Torrance?

TORRANCE  
What are you doing in the canyons?

Finity begins to respond--

TORRANCE (CONT'D)  
Come back. Right now.

FINITY  
Now?

TORRANCE  
There's a sandstorm approaching  
from your east, a few hundred  
kilometers out.

Finity sits up, looks to the horizon.

FINITY  
Will it reach us in the HAB?

TORRANCE  
I would say so.

FINITY  
What about--

TORRANCE  
Just come back.

CLICK as the connection is severed.

FINITY  
Yes, Dr. Torrance.

Finity takes a deep breath, gathers herself. She turns to the canyon and leaps in.

Deeper in the canyons, a structure rises above the stone formations. It's sand-colored like everything else, but its shape is sharp and inorganic.

Finity is heading towards the wreckage of a GIANT SPACESHIP.

INT. SPACESHIP WRECK - DAY

Pinprick rays of sunlight shine onto a sand-covered floor.

A metal panel is ripped away from the ceiling. Light pours in. It hits the control panel and something GLINTS brightly.

The Pilot drops down into the ship. As the sands settle, she bends over and begins to COUGH.

After a moment, she straightens up, and the glint catches her eye. She picks her way through the wreckage towards it.

With a tap, the reflective shield slides away to reveal FINITY (12), dark-skinned, with short curly hair. Her eyes are wide and intelligent, taking in everything.

She leans in close to the panel, brushes away the sand caked around the object, and pulls it out.

At first glance, it's a GLASS PRISM. Finity holds it up against the sunlight. It scatters dazzling lights across her face.

Inside, an intricate matrix of wires, spiderweb-thin.

She flips it over, and a glitching hologram of a BLUE AND GREEN PLANET appears.

Finity recognizes it instantly.

FINITY  
(in awe)  
Earth.

Underneath, but unreadable, are a series of numbers, perhaps coordinates. As Finity leans in closer, inspecting...

CLOSE UP on the slowly rotating hologram... We hear the sound of WAVES...

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. EURYNOME STATION - CATH'S ROOM

A DUSTY BROWN PLANET, framed by a porthole in a dark room.

The sound of waves continue...

The washed-out light of a distant sun illuminates a sleeping figure on a narrow bed.

This is CATH. Her age is indiscernible. Half of her face, her right arm, lower torso, and legs are cybernetic prosthetics -- made of metal, plastic, and carbon fibre.

Her eyes twitch behind her eyelids as she dreams.

#### CATH'S DREAM

She's standing in the ocean. It seems to extend endlessly, no land in sight. Turquoise waves lap at her bare feet. Not prosthetics... her own flesh and blood.

There is a multi-ringed planet on the horizon, as well as a small yellow sun.

SPLASH! A YOUNG GIRL LAUGHS behind her.

She turns--

#### INT. EURYNOME - CATH'S ROOM

-- GASPS and jerks awake.

The sound of the waves disappear, giving way to the quiet hum of machinery.

She doesn't move. Just stares at her cybernetic hand, glinting in the darkness.

The room slowly brightens.

Stark. An empty, white cube made of smooth curving walls.

Over the communications system:

VOICE (O.S.)  
Good morning.

CATH  
Morning, Hesper. How's the station?

HESPER's voice is soothing, soft, and constantly calm.

HESPER (O.S.)  
All core systems stable. Oxygen levels unchanged.

The lights flicker just slightly.

HESPER (CONT'D)  
There are still a few malfunctions.

CATH  
Same as yesterday?

HESPER (O.S.)  
Affirmative. Just as you left it.

Cath looks out of her porthole, at the planet outside.

It's shrouded by dust clouds, brown and featureless, orbited by a ring of debris and a singular moon.

SUPERIMPOSE: ZERO - RALOS-1 SYSTEM

CATH  
Let's get to work.

INT. EURYNOME - MAIN CORRIDOR

As Cath moves down the hall, she methodically checks screens and control panels, all seamlessly incorporated into the smooth white walls.

She is now in a dark grey jumpsuit. On her left breast, a LOGO: a white galaxy with the letters I.S.S.A. underneath.

The logo is printed on a few sections of the walls as well, accompanied by: 'InterStellar Space Agency'.

For a moment, the station's lights flicker, but Cath pays it no mind.

CATH  
How are the bio-scans looking?

HESPER (O.S.)  
The new report should be ready in a few minutes. You woke up earlier than scheduled.

CATH  
I had... a dream.

HESPER (O.S.)  
(thoughtful)  
A dream.