

EXT. SPACESHIP - NIGHT

A large, advanced-looking spaceship is slowly moving through space. Despite its size, it appears small, surrounded by emptiness.

INT. SPACESHIP BAR - NIGHT

Various creatures sit at tables dotted around the room. The bar is situated at the far end, facing large windows that reveal the expanse of space. Its shelves are lined with strangely-shaped bottles, each filled with different-coloured liquids. A young woman, MEL (23), is polishing glasses and delicately placing them on display behind the bar. A man, GRAY (42), dressed in uniform with a neatly-trimmed beard, takes a seat in front of her.

MEL  
(Hastily placing down her  
cloth)  
What can I get for you, Commander?

GRAY  
Just a scotch. Neat, please.

MEL  
Of course.

Mel pours him the drink along the bar, anxious not to spill a single drop.

GRAY  
Quiet tonight?

MEL  
(Looking up)  
Sorry?

GRAY  
I said, has it been quiet tonight?

Mel carefully slides the scotch across to Gray.

MEL  
Um, a little.

Gray looks at Mel intently.

MEL (CONT'D)  
I kind of get the feeling that, um,  
people are trying to keep busy at  
the moment. It all feels a bit  
tense.

GRAY  
Is that right?

Gray sips his scotch.

GRAY (CONT'D)  
I would have thought a few drinks  
at the bar could do everyone some  
good. Not to mention the lovely  
view.

Gray stares at Mel. Mel stares at nothing out the window.

MEL  
Yes, Sir.

Gray continues drinking in silence. Mel searches for something else to do. She decides to cut some alien fruit for garnishing drinks with.

Gray's communication device makes a loud noise, he picks it up.

GRAY  
(Speaking into his device)  
Hello?

Mel keeps slicing fruit, trying to look as if she isn't listening.

GRAY (CONT'D)  
(Speaking into his device)  
Right? Yes. But he said it would be  
fine for at least another week.  
Well, you'll have to take that up  
with him. No. No, we can't. It's-

Gray notices Mel and turns away, lowering his voice.

GRAY (CONT'D)  
(Speaking into his device)  
It's too far to the nearest  
galactic station and they'd reach  
us by then anyway. Listen- No, I  
know, listen; I'm coming to the  
bridge now, just hold on.

Gray finishes his scotch and gets up in a hurry. He paces out of the room. Mel watches as the doors slide abruptly closed behind him.

VENNA (50), Mel's boss, walks over to Mel.

VENNA

I hope you're not the reason the  
Commander left in a hurry like  
that.

MEL

I don't know *what* that was about.

VENNA

Hm. Can't say it looked good.

VENNA takes a list out of her pocket and hands it to Mel.

VENNA (CONT'D)

Before you finish, I need you to  
stock up on these for me.

MEL

(Scanning the list)

That's a lot of stuff, are you sure  
we have it all in storage?

VENNA

Doubt it. I mean, we haven't had  
any shipments for nearly a month  
now.

MEL

I don't like it.

VENNA

Well it needs doing, so-

MEL

No, like, I get why the ship's had  
to stay incognito, but I feel like  
there's something we don't know.

Elsewhere in the bar, two people in officer uniforms stand up  
from their seats. They are reading something on their  
communication devices and look alarmed.

MEL (CONT'D)

We were meant to stop off at a  
station last weekend but that got  
postponed, and they never even said  
why.

VENNA

They would tell us if something was  
properly wrong though, love. I've  
been here for decades and that's  
always been the way.