

INT. SPACE STATION - CAFE - DAY

A sleek, modern downtown square curves up the inside of a ring-shaped station. Sunny artificial light fills the space.

NORA sits at a table sipping a mug of tea. She's thirtyish, dark hair cut short, wearing a leather jacket and jeans.

She sets down her tea and sighs, enjoying the moment. A BEE lands on the mug and then bumbles away on other business.

Nora sits frozen for a beat. Right as she's about to reach for her tea, another WOMAN bustles in and hugs her.

This is CASEY, also thirtyish, her face round and open, hair shoulder-length blonde, dress black and cut for the office.

CASEY

Oh my god, you haven't aged a day!
How long has it been?

Casey smiles fetchingly and sits opposite Nora.

NORA

Five... no, seven years?

CASEY

What have you been up to? Do tell!

NORA

Just boring government work. Wait, did I call you, or did you call me?

CASEY

I called you. Is everything okay?

NORA

Casey was always such a flake, I'd only find out she was in town after she started posting photos.

CASEY

I don't know why you're talking about me like I'm not here.

NORA

This station never had bees.

Casey scowls. The station LURCHES and then COMES APART. Everything behind her sucks into a BLACK VOID.

CASEY

Fucking amateur hour around here!
Hurry up and tell us what you know.