

INT. LUXURY CABIN - NIGHT

This room is decked out like a swanky cruise ship, but through the porthole a nebula shimmers on a field of stars.

In the kitchenette, a thirtyish man, DAVID, flips a crepe with a showy flourish. He grins with too-white teeth.

Watching with rapt attention, MEGAN leans on the counter. She's mid-twenties, dark-haired, in floral dress and clogs.

MEGAN

You're very good with your hands.

DAVID

Just one of my many talents.

She leans closer, pushing her cleavage together.

David moves in for a kiss, but just then the ship LURCHES and he FLIES INTO THE AIR, hitting the ceiling with a SMACK.

..But he doesn't fall back down. He floats, unconscious.

Megan, feet still planted, raises one eyebrow as first her hair and then her dress billow in the room's zero gravity.

She snatches the crepe out of the air and takes a bite.

MEGAN

Shit, that's delicious! I'm almost sorry about ruining your day.

She grabs David's collar and tows him over to the bed, where she hits a button on the side. Straps snake out and tie him down, then she fastens a breathing mask to his face.

This done, Megan clicks her heels and her outfit morphs into a more practical space suit, including a helmet.

She opens the kitchen cabinet and starts grabbing spice jars and shoving them into an expanding pocket in her suit.

Satisfied, she taps the side of her helmet.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

Ready for extraction!

Something massive goes by outside the porthole-

A HUGE, YELLOW EYE.

Claws punch through the wall, tearing a hole. Megan lifts off and then flies out into space to meet the waiting dragon.