

A GALAXY BEFORE TIME

By

John Ver Mulm

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jdvermulm95@gmail.com
605.951.3119

EXT. SPACE - 65 MYA - THE EQUIVALENT OF NIGHT

Most things are quiet in the Milky Way. Distant stars glitter, asteroids pass peacefully as they orbit around the sun, and in the distance, four TEENAGERS from the planet GLOHB (|Globe|) cruise aimlessly in a small motorboat spacecraft.

The general look of these aliens involves two STALK EYES standing above their heads... and that's basically it. Skin tone, body structure, and facial features are pretty much human.

The spacecraft looks very much like what a modern day Earthling might recognize as the most minimal fishing boat with a motor. The only difference is that this ship has a protective dome of energy on top, and a WARP MOTOR that spins glowing blades of electrons instead of metal.

On the bumper is a half ripped off sticker that reads "Gahd Bless Planet Glohb".

In the back sits CEVVIN (|Kevin|) and SCARUH (|Sarah|). Cevvin directs the boat using a motor extension handle. He smiles at Scaruh, who places a hand on Cevvin's knee.

In the front, BROHDI (|Brody|) and GAIRRED (|Jared|) share swigs from a bottle of some kind of alien alcohol.

BROHDI

Cevvin, man, it's pretty cool that your dad bought you your own ride!

CEVVIN

(smiles)

Yeah, dude. It's not exactly the one I wanted, but it's something.

Gairred scratches at a patch of rust on the edge of the boat.

GAIRRED

No kidding. This thing's a piece of shit.

SCARUH

Shut up Gairred! You're a piece of shit.

Brohdi laughs as Gairred pretends to stab himself in what I can only assume is where his heart is located.

SCARUH (CONT'D)

Don't listen to him sweetie, this is a very nice spaceship.

Cevvin leans his head against Scaruh's.

CEVVIN
Thanks, babe.

Brohdi BURPS.

BROHDI
Let's stop somewhere. I gotta piss.

CEVVIN
Again? This is the third time in
the last hour!

Brohdi wags the bottle in the air.

BROHDI
Do you want this to be a fun trip
or do you want me to take a leak in
your ride?

GAIRRED
(laughs)
Might even freshen it up in here.

CEVVIN
(sighs)
Fine.

Cevvin scans the vast expanse of space.

CEVVIN (CONT'D)
I think I see a planet over there.
It's a bit off route, but--

BROHDI
Let's gooooo!

The motorboat pulls off course and towards a relatively small, blue/green planet that, to the trained eye, looks quite similar to...

EXT. EARTH - CONTINUOUS

Cevvin brings the boat to a rough landing, producing several GROANS from his friends.

GAIRRED
(judgmentally shakes head)
Shitty boht for a shitty pilot.

Cevvin slugs Gairred in the shoulder.

CEVVIN
Shut up, dude. I'd like to see you
do better!

GAIRRED
Betcha I could!

CEVVIN
(skeptical)
Oh, really!

GAIRRED
Really!

CEVVIN
(less certain)
Really?

BROHDI
Um, could we pause this riveting
conversation and open the dome?
Nature. Is. CALLING.

Cevvin opens up the protective dome with the push of a button
and Brohdi hops out.

Scaruh leans on Cevvin and places her hand on his knee again.
Cevvin reaches his arm around her shoulder.

Gairred, sits awkwardly in the front seat... SOFT KISSING
noises in the back... Gairred slaps his thighs and grunts.

GAIRRED
Well, I might as well take a leak
too. See ya in a few!

Gairred hops out of the motorboat as fast as he can and walks
away.

CEVVIN
(paying more attention to
Scaruh)
Yeah, see ya.

The protective dome closes shut. Within a few seconds, the
motorboat begins a'rockin.

Inside the boat, Cevvin lays on top of Scaruh as they make
out vigorously.

SCARUH
(in between shoving her
tongue down Cevvin's
throat)
(MORE)

SCARUH (CONT'D)

Why did you have to bring *them* along?

CEVVIN

They're my friends. We do everything together. What's the big deal?

She starts to walk two fingers up Cevvin's chest.

SCARUH

Not everything...

Cevvin gets excited... like, horny excited.

CEVVIN

Ah, don't worry about them. They know when to get lost.

Cevvin kisses Scaruh again. She wraps her arms around him as he begins to clumsily unzip her pants and slip his hand in.

Just then, SCREAMS from outside.

Cevvin lifts his head as Scaruh sighs, frustrated.

CEVVIN (CONT'D)

Okay, they know when to get lost MOST of the time.

He smiles and lifts himself off of Scaruh who rolls her eyes and zips up her pants.

CEVVIN (CONT'D)

Come on, let's see what those assholes are up to.

The protective dome opens and Cevvin helps Scaruh out. They don't make it far when they notice Brohdi and Gairred racing back in their direction.

CEVVIN (CONT'D)

What on Glohb is wrong with you two?

Brohdi and Gairred simultaneously grab Cevvin and Scaruh and try to pull them towards the motorboat.

SCARUH

Hey!

CEVVIN

Dude, get off me!

BROHDI
(frantically)
We need to go dude!

Cevvin shrugs Brohdi off.

CEVVIN
What's your problem, man!

The ground quakes with a solid THUD. Then again. Cevvin watches as his three companions' faces go pale. Their stalk eyes stand straight up, paralyzed with fear.

A few more thunderous steps grow closer. And louder.

Cevvin slowly turns to face the same direction as his friends. Within an instant his eyes shoot up just as stiff as the others.

Before them, stands a 3 ton, 9 meters long creature with razor sharp teeth. Its arms are stubby and it walks on two legs, balanced by a thick tail. It is what an Earthling might recognize as... an Albertosaurus.

A slow SHRIEK of terror grows from within Cevvin. The others follow suit. And who can blame them?

The Albertosaurus replies by tilting its head back and letting out an ear-piercing ROAR.

CUT TO:

EXT. MORE SPACE - THE EQUIVALENT OF A WEEK LATER

A rescue ship flies steadily through open space. It is a fairly medium vessel containing only a few levels and a rescue boat strapped to the deck.

RITCHHERD (V.O.)
(whispers to the side)
Get me a coffee, would ya?
(clears throat)
Kaptin's Field Notes, Galacti-year:
145.5.65.5. The president has
assigned us to comb the reaches of
the universe in search of his son
and fellow teenage companions.

INT. BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

KAPTIN RITCHHERD (|Captain Richard|) sits at the center of the bridge. He wears a purple shirt with the emblem of the planet Glohb pinned to his chest.

The other crew-mates share the same pin, but their shirt color varies depending on department: Navigation also wears purple, Science and Medicine wears Orange, and Communications wears Green.

A number of younger looking adult aliens, the interns, wear blue shirts as they assist the different department heads.

RITCHHERD (V.O.)

We have reached the edges of the Solis System. The teens went radio silent in this region, and we will do anything in our power to find them.

The Kaptin ponders for a moment.

Lievi

Kaptin, we're coming up to planet EA46. Class: Restricted.

Ritchherd turns to the ship pilot, LIEVI (|Levi|), who sits in front of a number of buttons and levers. Next to him sits TCHAD (|Chad|), a busy looking blue-shirt.

RITCHHERD

Thank you, Lievi.

Ritchherd turns to his second-in-command, MODDE (|Maude|).

RITCHHERD (CONT'D)

Any signs, Modde?

The orange-shirted Science Officer straightens up from a clunky block-like device with a few dials. It looks like junk, but her posture and authoritative gaze leaves one wondering why it wouldn't be something extremely high-tech.

MODDE

Nothing solid, Kaptin.

RITCHHERD

What do ya got?

MODDE

Well, it's a young planet. Only about 2 billion years old.

(MORE)

MODDE (CONT'D)

Whatever life is down there isn't advanced enough for us to make contact with, hence the restriction status. There does, however, seem to be small readings of radiation on the surface.

RITCHHERD

Small readings, you say?

MODDE

I believe so, Kaptin. Allow me to check again.

Modde returns to the device's view finder. She pushes this button. Then that one. She cranks a wheel full circle three times, then one back. And lifts her head again.

MODDE (CONT'D)

Yes Kaptin, small readings. Possibly from a missing warp engine... Or an active volcano.

Kaptin nods with an approving smirk.

RITCHHERD

Citt?

He turns to the Communications Operator, Citt (|Kit|), a rather bulky green-shirted Glohbian. He removes one side of his headset and turns to Ritchherd.

CITT

I'm picking up some interference, but nothing is broadcasting, Kap. No one is responding to my messages either.

RITCHHERD

Keep sending out messages. And tell Doc to get up here.

Citt nods and taps the shoulder of the blue-shirt next to him, LANNDUN (|Landun|).

The intern jumps and lifts one side of his headphones to expose the sound of MUSIC BLARING.

CITT

(quietly to Lanndun)
Quit your dilly dallyin' boy, and get the doc up here.

Citt points at a bunch of blinking dials as Lanndun gets to work.

RITCHHERD
Prepare to land, Lievi.

LIEVI
Yes, Kaptin.

Ritchherd grins to himself.

RITCHHERD
Ritchy smells a promotion.

INT. LOWER DECK - CONTINUOUS

WRONA (|RHONA|) wears a blue shirt and a tired look on her face as she leans on the wall.

She watches as GAREMI (|Jeremy|), a fellow blue-shirt with an apron, works the concession stand. He hands a crew mate their lunch.

WRONA
You'd think we would have figured out how to make sustainable nutrition cubes for long space journey's by now.

GAREMI
That is a nutrition cube. I just smashed and grilled it into a burger.

Wrona raises an eyebrow at Garemi's smug grin.

GAREMI (CONT'D)
It's all about presentation.

WRONA
Whatever, Kap needs a coffee.

GAREMI
Coming right up.

Garemi taps a few buttons on the wall. A small latch slides open, revealing a cup of colorful cubes.

WRONA
(actually impressed)
I stand corrected... How have I never noticed that before?

GAREMI

Bigger fish to fry, I guess. How's
life shadowing the head honcho
anyway?

He holds the cup under a blender, flipping the ON switch.

WRONA

It's... uh...

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

INT. BRIDGE - THE EQUIVALENT OF DAY

Wrona steps in with a sub sandwich on a plate as Ritchherd speaks to the main screen. It projects the image of a LARGE GASEOUS BLOB in the middle of space.

RITCHHERD

Don't you see Consummulon, we
Glohbians aren't the parasites you
believe us to be. There is hope for
Glohb-kind. We can learn from our
mistakes, take them to heart, and
grow for the better.

CONSUMMULON

You have taught me a valuable
lesson, Kaptin Ritchherd. I have
decided not to eviscerate your
kind.

The gaseous being floats away.

WRONA

Wow, Kaptin Ritchherd that was--.

RITCHHERD

(smirking)
Inspiring? I am, aren't I... uh...

The kaptin quickly scrolls through a screen on his arm rest labeled: CREW LIST.

WRONA

Wrona, sir. Your assistant?

RITCHHERD

(checking her out)
Right...

WRONA

How did you talk Consummulon down so quickly?

RITCHHERD

When you're a natural-born leader like me, Wroanna, nothing is impossible. You would know this if you paid more attention.

Wrona glares but stays silent.

RITCHHERD (CONT'D)

Well done everybody! I'm off to my quarters...

(to Wrona)

to unwind a bit. Ah, thank you.

Ritchherd grabs the sub and heads to the elevator.

RITCHHERD (CONT'D)

(calling back)

Open fire, Lievi.

LIEVI

Opening fire, sir.

The pilot flips a few switches and pushes a series of buttons.

A FLASH of light erupts from the projection screen and the crew watches Consummulon SHRIEK in agony.

The kaptin winks at Wrona as the elevator door shuts.

END FLASHBACK.

WRONA

The usual.

Garemi hands her the steaming cup of joe.

GAREMI

That scummy, huh?

WRONA

I thought kaptin training would be tough, not demoralizing. I'm a glorified maid, not an intern.

GAREMI

Is there a difference?

Wrona gives him the stink-eye.

GAREMI (CONT'D)
 (surrendering)
 Bad joke. More motivation to pass
 the final exams and get a ship of
 your own.

WRONA
 Not likely to pass if my teacher
 spends more time jerking it to
 himself than teaching.

GAREMI
 You really think Kaptin Perv could
 teach you anything other than
 sexually harassing your way to the
 top? You and I both know you could
 do a better job than him.

Wrona considers this as Garemi hands her an ice cream. She
 smiles and instinctively accepts it, taking a big bite.

GAREMI (CONT'D)
 Look, Wrona, you don't need him.
 You're the smartest, toughest gal I-
 -

WRONA
 Ooo, brain freeze!

GAREMI
 ... What was I saying?

Wrona squints, rubbing her temples. She looks down the hall
 to see DOCTOR FILLIP (|PHILLIP|) briskly walking away in an
 orange shirt. Following close behind him is a frantic-looking
 blue-shirt, HAIRULD (|HAROLD|).

The intern looks up and down at Phillip. He scribbles chicken
 scratches in his notebook as he walks.

WRONA
 That's the doc. Looks like he's
 heading toward the bridge.

GAREMI
 (nudging the coffee)
 Duty calls.

WRONA
 Thank you. You're the best.

Garemi smiles as Wrona heads toward the bridge. She inspects the coffee before taking a quick sip and continuing on.

INT. BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

Ritchherd sits in his chair with two fingers pretentiously pressed against his lips.

Fillip walks in followed by Hairuld, still writing.

RITCHHERD

Ah, Fillip, you made it.

FILLIP

Surprised? What's the situation, Kaptin?

RITCHHERD

We're landing soon. Gunna need ya down there in case things get messy.

FILLIP

(rolls eyes)

You couldn't just have Citt tell me that?

RITCHHERD

(sly smile)

Well, I also missed your ugly mug.

Fillip crosses his arms and shakes his head with a smirk.

Hairuld looks back and forth between Fillip and Ritchherd. He vigorously takes notes.

WRONA walks in shortly after, moving to the Kaptin with his coffee.

WRONA

Here's your coffee, sir.

RITCHHERD

Ah, thank you, Wrohana.

WRONA

Wrona, sir.

RITCHHERD

(not making eye contact)

Right.

He stands up and takes the coffee with a smile.

RITCHHERD (CONT'D)
Thank you, Wrona, what would I do
without you?

Before she can respond--

RITCHHERD (CONT'D)
We're about to start the search. Go
on down again and have some rations
prepared for the party.

He sets the coffee down on his arm rest and passes Wrona.

RITCHHERD (CONT'D)
So, Doc, any word from the medical
community about the... growth...
serum?

Dumbfounded. Wrona slowly moves to exit, but hesitates. She
looks back at the kaptin, mid-conversation.

WRONA
Kaptin.

Cut off, Ritchherd turns to Wrona.

RITCHHERD
Hurry along Wron, we should be
leaving shortly.

WRONA
(fed up)
I... Kaptin, don't you think I
should be joining you on the search
rather than make your goodie bag?

A HUSH consumes the room.

The kaptin forces a chuckle, maintaining very direct eye
contact.

RITCHHERD
I admire your ambition, dear. But
where's that, "no job too small,"
mentality? I seem to remember that
being one of the application
requirements.

Wrona clenches her jaw.

WRONA
I've done the task before, sir.

RITCHHERD
And you'll do it again.

WRONA
I'm ready to learn something new,
sir.

RITCHHERD
And I'm about ready to get rid of
my assistant all together!

Wrona's jaw slacks, eyes wide.

RITCHHERD (CONT'D)
So are you going to do your job or
not?

The crew sits, awkwardly staring at the two of them.

LIEVI
Ready to land, Kaptin.

With a final glance, Ritchherd steps away from the situation.
But Wrona stands paralyzed.

The projection screen displays the outer layer of the
planet's atmosphere.

RITCHHERD
Make the descent.

CUT TO:

EXT. EARTH - DAY

The ship lowers carefully through a layer of clouds and lands
next to a forest treeline.

On the other side is a steep cliff's ledge. Beyond the ledge
is a grassy plain surrounded by trees on either side.

The ship hovers inches above the ground, engines roaring.

INT. BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

Wrona tries to control her nervous breathing.

Ritchherd fumes as he notices her not leaving from the corner
of his stalk-eyes.

LIEVI
Initiate stability anchor.

Tchad pushes some buttons.

TCHAD
Initiating stability anchor.

Wrona looks at the door, then back at the kaptin. With a final deep breath in, she crosses her arms and stands her ground.

EXT. EARTH - CONTINUOUS

Outside, the engines relax as the ship lands.

A few moments pass before the stability anchor flicks out from the side of the ship much like a bicycle kickstand but with the shape of an anchor at the end.

The ship rests slightly on its side, now that it is safely secured.

INT. BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

The kaptin pats the back of Lievi's chair.

RITCHHERD
All right. Citt, Modde, and
Medical, let's get out there.

Ritchherd turns to see Wrona, arms crossed. He glares.

RITCHHERD (CONT'D)
Are you hard of hearing or are you
just stupid??

Ritchherd moves to stand over the nervous intern.

RITCHHERD (CONT'D)
You don't trust my judgement, do
you?

WRONA
No sir, I just--

RITCHHERD
If that's the case, you do it.

WRONA
...sir?

RITCHHERD

You lead the search. I've only been kaptin since before you were born, but hey, you can probably do it better. Right?

WRONA

But Kaptin, you haven't taught me--

RITCHHERD

What's wrong? Not sure what your job is anymore?

Wrona glares back at Ritchherd. She nods.

The kaptin latches on to her arm, leading her and the rest of the crew out of the bridge.

RITCHHERD (CONT'D)

(to the crew)

Off we go!

Citt throws on a bag of communication equipment before turning to Lanndun.

CITT

You stay here and keep the radio on my channel. You understand?

Lanndun doesn't seem to be paying much attention.

LANNDUN

Sure thing, Citty.

CITT

Hey.

Citt lifts one side of Lanndun's headset and lets it slap back onto his ear. Lanndun flinches.

CITT (CONT'D)

(frustrated)

You listenin' to me dunce?

LANNDUN

(playfully)

I've been trying to avoid that as much as possible, actually.

Citt glares, folding his arms.

LANNDUN (CONT'D)

I'll keep the radio on your channel, boss-man.

CITT

Good.

Lanndun winks and turns his chair back to his station.

LANNDUN

(on the radio)

Sorry about that, where were we? Oh yes!

(seductively)

What are you wearing?

Citt shakes his head and turns to leave as Lanndun continues to chat.

CITT

Bloody kids, these days.

LANNDUN

So what you're saying is, I could get two for the price of one, plus a complementary desk lamp if I sign up today?

EXT. MAIN DECK - CONTINUOUS

Wrona, Modde, Citt, Phillip, and Hairuld all walk out of the door with the kaptin.

The main deck of the ship looks very much like a typical rescue ship. Most of the interior of the craft is located in the front and a landing platform takes up the back. There is a protective energy dome around the platform.

Wrona walks awkwardly next to the kaptin who doesn't seem to be letting go of her arm any time soon.

Modde fiddles with a strange gadget around her neck.

Phillip turns to Hairuld who walks nearby, reviewing his notes.

FILLIP

Did you bring my equipment?

Hairuld quickly closes his book.

HAIRULD

Yes, sir.

FILLIP

Bandages?

HAIRULD
Small, medium, and large, sir.

FILLIP
Splints?

HAIRULD
For all kinds of limbs, sir.

FILLIP
Surgical blades?

HAIRULD
Sharpened and ready, sir.

Fillip walks silently for a moment.

FILLIP
UV protection?

HAIRULD
Yes, sir.

FILLIP
How strong is it?

HAIRULD
Extremely, sir.

FILLIP
Good, give it to me.

Hairuld hands the sunscreen to Phillip as if anticipating the request.

The doc squirts some in his hands, giving the bottle back to Hairuld. He rubs the lotion on his face and around his stalk eyes.

Hairuld squirts a little for himself and starts applying as well.

EXT. RESCUE BOAT - CONTINUOUS

The group finally reaches the edge of the rescue boat. STIEVY (|STEVIE|) and his blue-shirt assistant, OOMAIRA (|UMARA|), stand at the ready next to the boat.

Stievy wears a big grin and a green shirt.

RITCHHERD
Stievy, you ol' dog! Ready for another adventure!

STIEVY
 As always, Kaptin!
 (pats the boat)
 Shandie's tuned up and ready to go.

RITCHHERD
 I'd expect nothing less.

STIEVY
 Up and away!
 He climbs up the ladder.

RITCHHERD
 (to Wrona)
 After you.

Wrona sighs and begins climbing the ladder.

The kaptin stares at her posterior with an evil grin before following close behind.

Oomaira gives Ritchherd a dirty look as the rest of the crew climb in. She climbs in last and pulls the ladder up after her.

Stievy sits behind the controls as everybody straps into their seats.

STIEVY
 Everybody ready?

RITCHHERD
 (to Wrona)
 Give the word, Kap.

WRONA
 (glaring)
 Ready.

Confused, Stievy turns to Ritchherd. The kaptin gives a nod.

STIEVY
 Yes... ma'am.

He starts the rescue boat and lifts off, clearing away from the ship.

Citt fiddles with his headset for a moment.

CITT
 (to Lanndun)
 We've lifted off Lanndun.
 (MORE)

CITT (CONT'D)

Be sure to listen for any incoming orders, ya hear?

Citt gets no reply.

INT. BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

Lievi and Tchad look at each other, slightly concerned before turning to Lanndun who LAUGHS hysterically with his headset on.

LANNDUN

(mid-conversation)

Oh, you are one sick bastard! How would you even begin to fit that in your--

EXT. EARTH - CONTINUOUS

Behind the treeline, the crew can be seen lifting off from the deck of the ship. DEEP, HEAVY breathing can be heard behind us. Something... or someone is watching the newcomers.

EXT. RESCUE BOAT - CONTINUOUS

The crew lowers to the ground, hovering with a slight HUM.

STIEVY

Where should we start, Kap?

RITCHHERD

(crosses arms)

This is your time to shine, kid.
Don't fuck up.

Annoyed, Wrona turns to survey the land. She sees nothing but a few flying creatures flapping away from their perches on distant branches.

Looking closer, just under the flying creatures, she notices the TREES aggressively swaying back and forth.

Wrona swallows.

WRONA

(nervous)

I think we should get higher...

She looks up at the senior crew mates who all shrug and nod to each other.

RITCHHERD
(chuckles)
Wrong.

WRONA
Why is that wrong?

RITCHHERD
Hey, you're the kaptin.

Ritchherd kicks his feet up and closes his eyes.

WRONA
(moving on)
We'll get higher and look for any
wreckage or signs of disruption.

Ritchherd pretends to COUGH as he shakes his head,
disapprovingly.

A low RUMBLING seems to be getting closer to their location.

WRONA (CONT'D)
What.

RITCHHERD
What?

The kaptin pretends to zip his lips.

WRONA
No, you clearly have something to
say!

He shrugs, pointing at his zipped lips.

WRONA (CONT'D)
Spit it out!

RITCHHERD
(unzipping his lips)
We DO want to look for signs of
disruption, but we don't want to
get higher.

WRONA
Why not?

The RUMBLING gets even closer. Wrona looks over to see that
whatever is rustling the tree branches has moved closer to
the end of the tree line where the ship is parked. Wrona's
eyes grow larger.

The crew also begins to notice the commotion.

RITCHHERD

(pointing to the sky)

How do you expect Modde to get any accurate readings with her portable life-probe if we're way up there?

The RUMBLING is so loud right now.

Modde clears her throat as she looks in her life-probe.

MODDE

Higher up is actually fine. Signal won't be--

Ritchherd gives Modde a death glare.

Noticing Modde's concern, Wrona turns to see the first of hundreds of large figures nearly breaching the treeline.

As she is about to warn the kaptin, she is met with the kaptin's finger pressed up against her lips.

RITCHHERD

Okay. You've had your chance. But you blew it. Just admit that you aren't fit to be kaptin, and we can move on.

The others are too busy staring in the direction of the coming threat.

Modde clears her throat again, louder this time.

The Kaptin maintains eye contact with a very nervous Wrona.

RITCHHERD (CONT'D)

Just a moment Modde.

STIEVY

Um, kaptin!

The kaptin sighs heavily.

RITCHHERD

(slightly sensual)

Stievy, can't you see that I'm trying to teach Wrona how... hard... being a kaptin can b--

SLAM!

The rescue boat is flipped over by a massive creature. All of the crew-mates fall, SCREAMING, onto the ground as the boat gets dragged several hundred feet forward on the single horn of what can only be classified as a CENTRASAUROS.

With a single tilt of its head, the centrasaurus flings the boat like a rag doll and continues to run for what seems to be its life.

Following the centrasaurus is a stampede of countless others who appear to share the same life-or-death motivation.

INT. LOWER DECK - CONTINUOUS

Garemi wipes down a table in the kitchen.

As he cleans, the pots, pans, and other dishes slowly begin to mysteriously shake. Something's not right.

Garemi slings his rag on his shoulder and begins fixing up a quick batch of nutrition cubes.

EXT. EARTH - CONTINUOUS

Wrona struggles to her feet and looks at the chaos around her. Members of the crew move in and out of focus as centrosaurus' race in between everybody.

She sees Hairuld struggling to help Phillip up.

HAIRULD

Come on, sir! We need to get to safety!

Before they are able to do so, a massive centrosaurus comes from behind the two, STEPPING ON FILLIP and creating a big ol' nasty mess.

The intern simply stares at his dead boss and screams.

HAIRULD (CONT'D)

Oh, no!

Wrona looks over at where Stievy and Oomaira landed.

STIEVY

Go, go, go!

Stievy pushes Oomaira towards the ship. Oomaira races in front of him. Stievy glances at the wreckage of the boat. He pauses.

STIEVY (CONT'D)
My poor boat! It's rui--

The horn of a centrosaurus sweeps Stievy's legs, causing him to fall over and roll between the creature's racing feet. It passes over Stievy, miraculously leaving him unscathed.

Stievy sits up from the ground, dumbfounded. In the heat of the moment, he begins to LAUGH. Just as his desperate laughter reaches its shrill crescendo, Stievy is greeted with a centrosaurus' HOOF TO THE FACE.

RITCHHERD (O.S.)
We need to go!

Wrona spins around to find the kaptin. Behind him are Hairuld, Modde, and Citt.

RITCHHERD (CONT'D)
Wrandy, we need to get back to the ship!
(leaning closer, eyebrow raised)
Don't worry. I'll protect you.

With that, Wrona shakes herself out of her daze. She glares at the kaptin, pushing him out of her way, and running for the ship. The others follow close behind.

RITCHHERD (CONT'D)
Citt, signal the ship!

CITT
I'm working on it, kaptin!

Citt puts a hand to one side of his headset.

CITT (CONT'D)
(to Lanndun)
Lanndun! Come in Lanndun! We have a code red! I repeat, we have a code red! We need support, now! Do you read me? Lanndun!

INT. BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

Lievi and Tchad play a card game at their posts as Lanndun continues to chat it up on the radio.

LANNDUN
(kinda bored)
No. No. No. Yes. No. Yes. No. No.
No. No. Yes.
(MORE)