

INT. AIRLOCK - DAY

FOX and MENTOR stand side by side in the airlock. MENTOR taps his finger against his leg, waiting for the decontamination process to finish. Lasers move across their space suits, beeping. FOX fidgets, chewing her lip as she wants to mention something that's been bothering her for a while.

FOX

You never told me you and Reno had history. That you trained him...

MENTOR glances to her without turning his head much, a frown on his face. He pauses, pursing his lips before speaking.

MENTOR

I didn't think it worth mentioning. It's in the past.

FOX turns to face MENTOR, her hands out at her sides as she's frustrated. She thinks he treats her like a child.

FOX

Not worth mentioning? He tried to kill you! And me!

MENTOR turns to FOX, gesturing with his hands. The lasers from the decontamination field continue to wash over them, beeping.

MENTOR

Now you've got a bee in yer bonnet. Look, I made a mistake with him, and it's not one I'll make again.

FOX

A mistake? He literally killed a whole space station of people! That's a pretty big fucking mistake!

MENTOR grits his teeth together, glaring at FOX. He's getting angry.

MENTOR

Don't ya t'ink I know that? I live wit' my regrets! Him being one of 'em!  
But I don't control him, I didn't make him into that pile of shite!

MENTOR is interrupted by the door alarm blaring. Lights flash and the airlock doors hiss open. He turns back to the doors, bright light splashing over his form. He squints at the harsh light, holding up his hand in front of his visor.

MENTOR

We can talk about this another time. We've got work to do.

FOX squints her eyes, shielding her face from the light with both hands.

FOX

Sure. Later. Right.

EXT. ALIEN PLANET – DAY

MENTOR trudges forward through the airlock doors into the world beyond. He moves down the ramp like someone who's gotten used to the extraordinary. The long ramp leads to a colorful vibrant vista of an alien world. Islands float in the sky, with landmasses shifting on marshlands.

FOX briskly walks through the airlock doors, a pace behind mentor. She slows and turns to stare in wonder at the sight before them, her eyes wide and her mouth ajar.

FOX

Holy shit.

MENTOR stops at the bottom of the ramp and turns his head and shoulders back towards FOX, his expression shifting from all-business to mild amusement. He had a feeling she'd be impressed.

MENTOR

Cadet, welcome to Planet MCXII-7, better known as "Ishmael".

FOX turns her body around, twisting her head and shoulders back to view the giant white creatures in the sky that look like whales. One flies overhead, its massive underside twisting as it navigates through the air as if it's water. Low hanging clouds burst as the space whale flies through them. Whale song reverberates through their suits.

The camera pans across the wild untamed landscape of colorful jungles and creatures big and small. Music swells and roll to opening credits.

END OF SCRIPT