

[BEEP OF A RECORDER STARTING UP]  
[SHUFFLING AND STATIC GLITCHES]

[PANICKED AND STUTTERING] UH, HELLO? I-IM SADIE HAYES AN  
ENGINEER OF THE STARSHIP CAS-19. THIS IS A DISTRESS CALL FOR  
IMMEDIATE RESCUE. I'VE BEEN, UGH, I'VE BEEN KNOCKED OUT FOR...AN  
UNKNOWN AMOUNT OF TIME. SUSPECTED HEAD INJURY.

[SOFTLY TO THEMSELVES] WHAT ELSE DID THE BRIEFING  
SAY?...UHM..[LOUDLY] OH! MY LOCATION!... I I, UH, SEEM TO BE FLOATING IN  
SPACE SOMEWHERE...I WAS, WELL, WE WERE EN ROUTE FOR GALAXIEN 7  
FROM KEPLER-452B WHEN I GOT, UH, SEPARATED FROM MY SHIP. I WILL BE  
WAITING FOR YOUR RESPONSE.

[SHUFFLING ASSUMED TURN OFF OF THE RECORDER]

[LAUGHS NERVOUSLY] OH MAN, I AM NOT CUT OUT FOR ALL THAT  
FANCY TALK.

[MOCKING HERSELF] 'SUSPECTED HEAD INJURY' WHAT AM I A ROBOT?  
HAH, YEAH RIGHT...

[SILENCE WHILE SHE THINKS TO HERSELF]

[SOFTLY] MAYBE IF I WAS A ROBOT I WOULDN'T HAVE GOT SHOT OUT  
THE FRICKIN GARBAGE AIRLOCK. C'MON SADIE I KNOW YOU'RE BETTER THAN  
THIS. YOU WENT COLLEGE TO BE AN ENGINEER FOR THIS!! YOU NEED TO-

[DEEP ECHOEY GROWL CUTTING HER OFF]

[SCARED] WHAT WAS THAT.

[ANOTHER GROWL WHILE THE MESSAGE GETS GITCHY AND DISTORTED  
WITH CUTS OF A 'PEACE']

[YELLING] GOOD!!! I WANTED THIS TO HAPPEN!!! I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO DIE BY A MYSTERIOUS CREATURE IN S P A C E!!!

[MORE GLITCHES AND THE SOUNDS OF CLANKING METAL]

[MOCKING HER MOM WHILE PANICKING] OH SARAH I REALLY THINK YOU SHOULD JOIN THE CORPS ITS RIGHT UP YOUR ALLEY -WELL MOM I DON'T THINK RUNNING FOR MY LIFE IN A ABSOLUTE SEA OF FLOATING GARBAGE IS MY KIND OF CAREER!!!

[ANOTHER ROAR AND THE MESSAGE CUTS OFF FOR A SECOND WITH A  
DISTURBING BACKGROUND NOISE]

[STRUGGLING] C'MON C'MON LIFT LIFT LIFT

[SQUEAKS OF METAL]

YES YES YES OKAY. GOTTA HIDE GOTTA HIDE, UHHH, OH BINGO!

[LIGHT STRUGGLE AND SADIE BREATHING HEAVILY WHILE A LOW  
GROWL PASSES BY]

[GASP] OH MY GOD!

[AUDIO CUTS TO SADIE BREATHING HEAVY AGAIN]

I LOST IT OH THANK ALL THAT IS HOLY! OH GOD...WHAT WAS THAT  
THING?

[LIGHT BEEPING]

OH GREAT, MY OXYGEN IS ALREADY LOW. HOW COME THE TIAN IN THIS  
SUIT IS BROKEN BUT NOT THE THE ALARM?? OH MY GOD SHUT UP!! MAYBE I  
CAN FIX IT WITH SOMETHING IN THIS SHIP...WAIT-

[FUMBLING]

I'M STILL BROADCASTING?? NO NO NO [FUTILE BEEPING] OKAY THAT'S  
BROKEN TOO. GREAT. SHOULD I LIKE...EXPLAIN MY CURRENT POSITION? WHO  
AM I TALKING TO? GOD, SADIE YOU'RE LEFT IN SPACE FOR AN HOUR AND  
YOU'RE ALREADY LOSING IT. ANYWAY, FOR THOSE WHO CAN ACTUALLY HEAR  
THIS I'M CURRENTLY IN A SPACE JUNKYARD. I'M STANDING IN WHAT USED TO  
BE A SEB-2 8 9. FOR WHATEVER TRASH CAPTAIN THAT DOESN'T KNOW WHAT  
THAT LOOKS LIKE, JUST LOOK FOR THE BEAUTIFULLY DEFINED NEON BLUE  
BODY OF AN OBVIOUSLY CLASSIC LUXURY SHIP. ALSO WATCH OUT FOR THE  
GIGANTIC BLACK SALAMANDER LOOKING THING. I DON'T KNOW WHAT IT IS  
BUT IT'S TERRIFYING AND CAN SCREAM.

[SHE PAUSES HEARING STATIC NOISE THAT'S SLOWLY GROWING  
LOUDER]

O OKAY, WHILE YOU'RE LOOKING FOR ME I'M GOING TO FIGURE OUT  
HOW TO SHUT THIS BROADCAST OFF, FIND OXYGEN, AND GET TIAN  
WORKING...AND MAYBE FOOD

[STATIC GLITCHES AND CUTS OFF THE BROADCAST]