

[LOW HISS AND DISTANT CLANGING]

[SUDDEN SUCTION NOISE AND LOUD BANGING]

[AIR IS SEALED AS AN ALARM GOES OFF. STRUGGLED BREATHING OR

WHEEZING THROUGHOUT THE NEXT FEW SECONDS]

[DISTORTED AND MUFFLED AUTOMATED VOICE] *RESTORING OXYGEN.

PLEASE WAIT UNTIL THE GREEN LIGHT TO TAKE OFF YOUR HELMET*

[SLOW AND SOFT AIR FLOW FILLS THE ROOM]

[SOFT BEEP PRECEDED BY CLICKING OF PLASTIC]

[UNSEAL SOUND AND LOUD GASPING BREATHS FOR A FEW SECONDS]

[SOUND OF PLASTIC HITTING THE FLOOR]

S: I'M ALIVE!! SCREW YOU SPACE!!

[MORE BREATHING]

S: OXYGEN IS MY ONLY LOVE IN THIS CRUEL VACUUM.

[SAME DISTORTED AUTOMATED VOICE] PLEASE EXIT THE AIRLOCK. PLEASE

EXIT THE AIRLOCK [SLOWLY GLITCHES AND FADES OUT]

S: AWE MAN, I WAS EXCITED TO MEET THIS A.I. MAYBE TINKER WITH ITS

GEARS...WHATEVER, LET'S SEE WHAT'S ON THIS BAD BOY.

[MANUAL DOOR PUSH AND GRUNTING INTO ECHOEY NOTHING]

S: OH GROSS. THIS PLACE IS DISGUSTING.

[SHE WALKS IN STEPPING ON GLASS AND PAPERS]

S: I SWEAR IF THIS IS SOME KIND OF SPACE DISEASE RIDDEN SHIP CLICHE I'M GOING TO SUE SOMEBODY. CAN'T WAIT TO GET INFECTED AND SPEND THE REST OF MY DAYS IN A SWEATY SPACE SUIT.

[RECORDER BEEP]

S: OH! UH THIS IS ANOTHER REPORT- CHECK IN...THING. I LEFT THE SEB 2 8 9. TURNS OUT LIVING IN JUNKEY LUXURY IS ONLY FUN WHEN YOU'RE NOT SUFFOCATING.

[SHE STARTS WANDERING AROUND THE HALL WITH SLOW STEPS]

S: I'M IN A...MAN, WHAT KIND OF SHIP IS THIS?? IT'S DEFINITELY NOT ALIEN...BUT IT DOESN'T FEEL FAMILIAR...THERE'S LIKE A HUGE DINING HALL DIRECTLY OUT OF THE WALKWAY?? IT DOESN'T MAKE ANY SENSE, BUT THERE'S OXYGEN SO I CAN'T COMPLAIN...

[GLITCHES AND CUTS OUT]

[CUTS IN]

[SADIE WALKS INTO A CARPETED HALLWAY]

S: WAIT... ITS... WHAT?? OKAY, SO... ANOTHER UPDATE. IT'S A HOTEL. IT LOOKS LIKE AN AMERICAN HOTEL. IT HAS THE GROSS RED CARPETING AND EVERYTHING!! SO... MAYBE THIS IS ALIEN? LIKE AN ALIEN THAT WAS OBSESSED WITH HUMAN CULTURE THAT ALSO RAN A DOCKING SHIP?

[SHE CONTINUES DOWN THE HALL]

S: I'M ONLY SAYING THAT BECAUSE I REFUSE TO BELIEVE A HUMAN BUILT THIS WITH A SANE MIND. IT'S CREEPY HOW ACCURATE THIS IS

[GASP]

...OH GOD! WHAT IF THIS IS LIKE ONE OF THOSE MIND CONTROL CLICHES??
THE ONES WHERE AN ALIEN REACHES INTO YOUR SUBCONSCIOUS, AND
PULLS OUT YOUR MEMORIES TO LURE YOU INTO FALSE-

[SHE'S CUT OFF BY LOUD BANGING AND METAL CRASHING]

S:...COMFORT

[LOUD GLITCHY SCREECH AND RUNNING STEPS]

[GLITCH. CUT OFF]