

FADE IN:

ACT 2: "ENTERING THE REC REGION" CANNED DIALOGUE

INT. SPACECRAFT HUB - LATER

Red emergency lighting flashes throughout the Hub.

S.T.E.L.A. projects in the middle of the Hub, looking down at a terminal.

A grate in the corner of the Hub POPS open, floating up into the Hub, and Crewmate #42 peeks out from below.

On the other end of the Hub, a HISS comes from one of the doors. Purple lighting fills the bulbs above the middle door and it slowly opens.

The sound of SHUFFLING as Crewmate #42 lifts themselves out of the maintenance shaft and S.T.E.L.A. turns toward them.

S.T.E.L.A.

42? You made it back! Oh, thank our lucky stars. I was so worried your body got torn to shreds down there! Well, come on, we're not done yet.

Crewmate #42 floats by S.T.E.L.A who looks down at the terminal again.

S.T.E.L.A. (CONT'D)

The flight deck is still sealed shut and my access is still revoked. Ugh, if only O.R.E. had more faith in their travel assistants, then I wouldn't be locked out of my own ship during times like these!

S.T.E.L.A. projects by the door that previously opened.

S.T.E.L.A. (CONT'D)

Nevertheless, 42, we have to venture into the Recreational Wing. The last major power generator lies in there, and once reset, we'll be able to access the flight deck. Whenever you're ready—Actually, we should probably go now. It's no time to die, 42!

Crewmate #42 floats up to S.T.E.L.A. and walks through the door of the recreational ward.

LEVEL 6: "STAR LOUNGE" CANNED DIALOGUE

INT. REC LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

The lobby of the recreational room is brightly lit with a variety of rainbow colors.

Crewmate #42 enters the lobby to the recreational room from the upstairs airlock. They stand on a catwalk, peering over a space.

In the center of the room, a black hole hovers between the first and second level, pulling furniture up from the lower level. Chairs, tables, couches, and other furniture orbit around the void.

On the catwalk, directly in front of Crewmate #42, the O.R.E. Energy Core hovers.

S.T.E.L.A. projects by the O.R.E. Energy Core, on the edge of the catwalk, looking out into the space.

S.T.E.L.A.

Ooh, the Star Lounge still has its party lights on, it feels just like a Crewmate Gathering-Though, they should be on the emergency setting like the rest of the ship. And that...

S.T.E.L.A. pauses and points at the black hole, then disappears. She projects to the lower level, standing by it.

S.T.E.L.A. (CONT'D)

This ORE-tex should not be out and about, especially without its safety capsule. No malfunction on the ship could cause this...

(looks up at #42)

I'm going to do some digging, but I'll meet back up with you soon. Stay away from that ORE-tex, 42.

S.T.E.L.A. vanishes and Crewmate #42 proceeds to hit the O.R.E. Energy Core around the black hole, towards to exit airlock door.

After making their shot and restoring power back to the Rec lobby, Crewmate #42 exits.

INT. REC LOBBY BACKROOM - CONTINUOUS

Crewmate #42 floats down to the lower level where another airlock remains sealed.

CRACKLING comes from a speaker above.

S.T.E.L.A. (O.S.)

Nice job restoring the Star Lounge to its full power, 42, I should be able to open that next airlock for you now. But first, I've come to share some discoveries I've found.

(beat, crackle in and out)

Sooo, you remember how I said the ship was merely malfunctioning due to a power issue? I don't think that is the case. Well, I never really thought that was the case, but my suspicions started to amp up when all the machinery in the Maintenance Shafts not only had power but were unusually active. Then the ORE-tex too...I'm almost certain there is something trying to keep us from restoring access to the flight deck.

There is a HISS and the airlock door in front of Crewmate #42 opens.

The speaker CRACKLES on again.

S.T.E.L.A. (CONT'D)

This wing's generator room is near, 42. Keep on, but be cautious.

The speaker crackles out and Crewmate #42 exits through the opened airlock door.

LEVEL 7: "REC ARCADE" CANNED DIALOGUE

Crewmate #42 enters a multi-leveled spherical room with a middle shaft leading down. Lights from arcade cabinets fill the darkness inside. Blown-out walls suck furniture outside the spacecraft. Pneumatic tubes protrude from walls around the room.

Crewmate #42 quickly floats onto the O.R.E. Energy Core and bounces it around a small square—an energy gate blocking its path. They hit the core into the tube and it comes out of the other end of the gate.

Crewmate #42 goes through the energy gate and catches the ball, then hits it down the middle shaft and chases after, descending into the next level.

S.T.E.L.A.

Oh geez, 42. Sorry you've been working in these conditions. Those blown-out walls all but confirm this is not a system malfunction. Someone is trying to take down this spacecraft.

Crewmate #42 continues with hitting the energy core down the shaft.

S.T.E.L.A. (CONT'D)

Hmm, I double-checked the cryo-chamber, but no one is unaccounted for. Sorry for my rambling, keep going 42.

(beat)

Maybe you could pick up the pace, though. I get being human is holding you back, I'm just worried we don't have much time left.

Crewmate #42 hits the ball from pneumatic tube to pneumatic tube, getting it into places obstructed by ORE-Texas and blown-out holes in the spacecraft's structure.

They restore power and open an airlock, revealing the generator room behind it.

LEVEL 7A: "RECREATIONAL WING GENERATOR ROOM" CANNED DIALOGUE

Crewmate #42 approaches the power generator and places their hands on the dial, turning and resetting it. The dials light up and the emergency alarm sirens off again. The door behind Crewmate #42 closes.

S.T.E.L.A.

Are you kidding me? Not again. I guess I should have expected this to happen. 42, you'll have to head into the maintenance shafts again.

Crewmate #42 floats over to a powered-down fan.

S.T.E.L.A. (CONT'D)

Wait, wait, 42. I can't lie to you, most of the wing's power is being routed to the shafts below.

(MORE)

S.T.E.L.A. (CONT'D)

I expect whatever is behind this knows we're close. Expect them to stop at nothing to trap you down there. We should have access to the flight deck now, but I suspect I'll need you more when I get inside, so make it back to me.

Crewmate #42 descends into the maintenance shaft.