

## Moon base

### Scene 1 setup:

- Inside moon base, all tranquil.
- Scene in the observation room.
- Silent, serene, normal station sounds
- MC sits alone scrolling through data
- Barren lunar surface can be seen through windows

### Meteor impact:

- Ground shakes, MC hurled sideways
- Room rattles
- loud Boom as though shockwave
- Sound of rock against metal
- Alarms blaring
- lights flash red
- MC gets up - takes in surroundings
- Voice over comms checking in
- Screens showing errors + low readings
- Computer voice = lockdown engaged
- kicked up dust in window?

- CUT

### Chaos:

- Observation room lit by low glowing lights
  - emergency lights
- Broken consoles, cracked windows
- Comms updates from crew
  - MC checks glass and rights some toppled equipment.

- MC gives radio update. turns from window.
  - Silhouette appears in cloud outside
    - goes unseen by MC
  - Comms static + chatter
  - MC feels like being watched
  - MC checks window again but silhouette covered in dust again
- CUT

Intruder?

- Lights flicker on and off red glow when lights are off.
- things are slowly being fixed.
- Cracks on window grow larger
- Comms not as chaotic
- Silhouette of person draws near
- Cloud Settles
- looks like a person in space suit
- MC fixing things finally notices person slowly walking towards the window
- MC calls it in over radio
- Short discussion
- Figure outside steps closer into view
  - ↳ Not human but similar = no mouth
- MC over comms
- Computer = Airlock opening
- figure moves out of view

## Written out

MC = main character

### Impact

MC sits alone in the observation room, scrolling through atmospheric data. Silence of the moonbase almost meditative, only the usual beeps of monitors breaking the silence. Outside the window, the barren lunar surface stretching endlessly under the stars. MC watches as the grey landscape slowly gives way to the far-off curve of the Earth.

The tranquility is shattered in an instant.

The ground shakes violently, hurling MC sideways. The room rattles as a large booming sound reverberates through the walls. The base must have taken a direct impact from a meteor.

An alarm starts blaring filling the room with flashing red lights. MC pulls himself up and looks over at glitching consoles. Over the radio, other crew members start calling in.

"Control, this is Engineering. What just hit us?"

"Meteor, struck near sector B. Multiple hull breaches reported" - computer voice.

MC grips console as he scans damage logs, reading out reports:

- pressure reading in sector B plummeted
- oxygen levels fluctuating etc.

Behind MC through the window we can see a silhouette of a being (humanoid) in the distance slowly walking towards the base.

There is debris and dust from the meteor blowing through making the silhouette disappear just as MC turns to look out the window.

MC doesn't see it but feels something is off. MC turns back to continue working and putting things back in order. the figure appears again closer but still unable to determine what it is.

Computer announces - Lockdown procedure engaged. All personnel prepare for immediate containment.

-Cut

## Chaos

Observation room lit by emergency light casting shadows. Consoles look shattered. Window begun to crack.

The comms were alive with voices, all in overlapping bursts, each one laced with the tension of barely-contained panic.

"Meyer here. Hull's stabilized for now, but we've lost half the oxygen reserves," her voice came in short gasps, as if she were moving quickly, securing lines and patches as she spoke. "What's the status on Observation?"

Klein leaned in close to his mic. "Cracks in the glass, but it's intact. I'll keep you posted." He felt his heartbeat in his throat, every nerve on edge as he waited for the next alarm, the next emergency announcement.

"Captain here. Engineering, get ready to seal sector C. MC, are you sure Observation's secure?" The captain's voice was calm but steely. She was somewhere down the corridor, her words quick and sharp.

MC looks again at the splintered window. "Holding. But if anything shifts, this glass won't last."

Another wave of static crackled over the comms, followed by a strained voice. "Control, this is MedBay. Life support is fluctuating."

"We're patching the main oxygen lines," Captain replied, her voice breathless but determined. "Stay put until we give the all-clear."

MC tried to refocus, but something tugged at the back of his mind. In the corner of his vision, past the window, something felt... wrong. But every glance confirmed only the empty surface of the moon, and the debris from the meteor. He shook his head, forcing himself to concentrate on the readouts.

But something gnawed at him, an uncomfortable sense of being watched.

## — CUT The Intruder

The lights in the observation room flickered, red emergency glows when lights are off. The fractures in the glass are growing.

The base had quieted, most of the crew occupied with stabilizing critical areas, the once-chaotic comms reduced to occasional updates. MC exhaled, his gaze drifting to the window.

A figure stood just beyond the shattered glass, motionless.

It was tall and thin, wearing what appeared to be an old space suit, but something about it was all wrong. The joints bent at odd angles, and the suit was stained, torn in places, as if it had been dragged across the moon's rough surface. MC blinks, his stomach twisting as the figure took a slow, deliberate step forward, closer to the window.

"Control," MC whispers into his mic, his voice trembling. "There's... there's someone outside. At Observation."

There was a pause, then a harsh static crackle. "Say again, MC? You're... there's... impossible." Control's voice was fractured by interference.

The figure took another step forward, close enough now that MC can make out more detail. Its faceplate was dark, almost opaque, hiding any features within. One gloved hand raised in an unsettlingly slow wave, the motion jarring and uneven, like a puppet on strings.

There was no mouth on its faceplate. Just smooth, empty metal where a face should be.

MC stumbles back, his throat tight. "Control, it's here. It's... it's looking right at me." The silence over the comms was broken only by faint static. And then the computer spoke, its voice soft but clear, filling the room with a sense of finality.

"Airlock opening."

MCs eyes widened as he watched the figure shift, one hand sliding away from the glass. He felt the cold sweat on his skin as he backed away, the finality of the computer's voice echoing in his mind. The shadowy, inhuman shape lingered outside for a moment longer, almost as if savoring the distance between them.

Then, slowly, it turned and moved toward the airlock.