**[pause as Cautionne’s screen shuts off, and walking sounds are heard – showing the player move to the next corridor]**

Player: …

Player: (This self-styled supervillain has got world-class bad manners. Where could he have picked up such a nasty personality, anyway?)

Player: (You know it's pointless to speculate, but you can’t help it. Your current surroundings are... unusually ordinary.)

**[pause]**

Player: (The last corridor looked straight out of a sci-fi movie. This one’s practically mundane. It’s got more in common with a basic STOP research building.)

Player: (It brings back memories of your days as low-level agent, trudging through monochromatic halls, delivering low-level intel to low-level research assistants.)

Player: (Your supervisor loved emphasizing the “low-level” part.)

Player: (Pressing your keycard to the reader, hearing that little “beep” of approval, seeing the doors click open…)

Player: (...Waking up in a mad scientist’s research facility has a way of making you long for the simple life.)

**[pause – maybe a camera movement panning across the doors?]**

Player: (Speaking of doors… this corridor’s got five to choose from.)

Player: (You pause. Once again, your fate is in your own hands.)

Player: (Is this *another* one of his puzzles?)

???: Good. You made it through the experiment room.

Player: (?!)

Player: (Dr Danger’s on again! What did you-)

Player: (No, no - calm down. It’s probably motion-activated.)

Player: (You should’ve listened to the last recording, since it seemed pretty helpful. This time, you’ll stay still and pay attention!)

Dr. Danger: I apologize for any distress that the previous room may have caused you.

Dr. Danger: For whatever it’s worth, please know that I do not take pleasure in hurting others. The sight of blood makes me quite ill.

Dr. Danger: It always has.

Dr. Danger: No, that room belongs to my apprentice.

Dr. Danger: Currently, he is running an experiment - even if he seems more interested in the process than the results.

Dr. Danger: Honestly, I’m in no position to lecture him. He’s not cruel, he’s just...

**[pause]**

Dr. Danger: ...I suppose I can say this.

Dr. Danger: All his test subjects have a certain unfortunate commonality. A *terminal* condition, as he sees it, that makes it very difficult for him to... remain impartial.

Dr. Danger: I apologize for being vague here, but this is a subject that has, and will continue to, remain between me and him.

Dr. Danger: It’s not your responsibility. It’s mine.

Player: (What’s that supposed to mean?)

Dr. Danger: If you’re looking for where to go next, please take the door directly in front of you. The other doors are very much best left shut.

Dr. Danger: Take care, now. I’ll see you in a week.

**[dr. danger shuts off her recording]**

**[pause]**

Player: (That recording *definitely* wasn’t for you.)

Player: (Whoever the intended recipient was, Dr Danger clearly trusted them.)

Player: (Better take the door she recommended.)

**[the door in front has an opening sound, and the bg changes to room 2]**