Script one: Digital Media

MUFFLED STEPS

ECHO ONE: Control, this is Echo One, I am approaching space hulk Horizon; Ship Classification Gamma-Lima-Lima-One-Eight-Niner-Zero. Docking procedures initiated.

HEARTY CLUNK

TEX: Confirmed Echo One, monitoring vitals, LiDAR, and heat signatures. Confirm link.

ECHO ONE: Confirmed. So, what do you think it is this time Tex?

TEX: Well, a ship that big, all the way out here? I’m gonna say it’s another expo start-up that fell behind on payments.

ECHO ONE: You think? I’m not so sure. Pressurization matching.

HISS OF AIR

TEX: Pressure match confirmed. What do you think it is?

ECHO ONE: Well, escape pods are still attached, and no one’s attempted contact yet, soooooo—

TEX: It’s not space pirates.

SOUND OF LATCHING

ECHO ONE: Hey, hey, infinite universe man, one day it’s gonna be space pirates. Pressurized, magnetic lock engaged. Boarding.

BEEPS, STEAM HISS, DOOR OPENS

LOW DRONE OF MACHINERY, ELECTRICAL SPARKS, STEAM TICKS: CONSTANT AND SPORADIC

GUN IS UNHOLSTERED

ECHO ONE: Hey, Tex, we got blast marks.

TEX: Alright, don’t do anything rash. This salvage isn’t designated as combat active, so don’t get trigger happy. Remember, conversation before conflagration.

ECHO ONE: Yeah, yeah, we’ll see how talkative these space pirates are.

ECHO ONE BEGINS WALKING,

GUN SHIFT NOISE

ECHO ONE: QUIETLY: I’m making my way to the bridge. I’ll access the ships manifest, and send the files over.

TEX: Confirmed. Use caution.

WALKING NOISES

SPARKS

CLICKS

LOW TONE COMES ON

ECHO ONE: STARTLED: Shit.

TEX: It’s just the ships computer.

ECHO ONE: I know. Look, it’s just… something feels off here man. I can’t explain it.

TEX: Just get to the bridge, and set the coordinates—then you can—

SHIFTING OF METAL

ECHO ONE: STARTLED: What the hell?

TEX: What, what is it?

GUN READY SOUND

ECHO ONE: A crate just fell over in the corridor ahead of me.

SLOW STEPS, FAST MOVEMENT, DISTANT ALIEN WHISPERS

ECHO ONE:

TEX: LiDAR and Heat mapping are negative. It’s nothing.

ECHO ONE: Auhahh

TEX: What, What is it?

ECHO ONE: Tex, there is definitely something in here with me.

TEX: Look, the LiDAR and Heat-

ECHO ONE: I don’t give a shit about the damn heat mapping Tex, I’m getting the hell out of here.

Alien Noises

ECHO ONE: Oh my god, oh my god, what the fu-

Gun shots, clangs, scrambles, hisses

ECHO ONE: TEX! Call command, send!

TEX: Echo One come in, Echo one do you read me, what’s happening in there?!

DEATH NOISES, ALIEN NOISES

SILENCE

TEX: Echo One, are you there? Are, you okay?

SILENCE

ECHO ONE, distorted: Yes, of course I’m here Tex, I’ve never been better.