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Illustration by Angela Sham  
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# Awake

## Chapter 3

### *Transcript*

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Illustrations by Angela Sham

Cast:

Hina: Rielle Braid  
Janelle: Jae Jae Lopez  
Robbie: Jesse Hodson  
Rosa: Annemieke Wade  
Travis: Alex O'Shea  
Seb: Adam Ford

### **Special Thanks**

Leena Soussi  
Sharif E. and his daughter Aya

*Note: Due to last-minute audio changes, transcript may not match final audio script exactly.*



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[Fade to Hina's footsteps in a hall. We hear a soft (new) voice (Jamilah), gabbing in an animated way, behind a door. Hina stops.]

HINA: Huh?

JAMILAH: I never expected this, Janelle. I mean, I never had time to think about that crap back on Earth with all the other shit going on, but now I have all the time in the world so I'm spending all these hours in the *gym*. Can you believe it? And look at me--I'm ripped! I mean, look! Look at my biceps! I could kick your ass now!

HINA: [confused] Who the hell...

HINA: [calls through door] Janelle?

JANELLE [through door]: Huh?

HINA: Is someone...in there with you?

JANELLE: Hina! Persephone, let her in!

[Janelle's door opens. Jamilah's next paragraph keeps going in background; now it's clear that there's a slight video filter over her voice.]

JAMILAH: And I feel totally different. Remember how Helga used to brag about how "biking was her drug"? And then we smoked a niner in her face to made fun of her? She was actually on to something. All those exercise endorphins and shit didn't kick in until I started working out *a lot*, which sucks, but it's worth it to get there. It's kinda like a gentle high once you reach the top, when you're running or biking or dancing or something. But you're also hot and sweaty, and it makes you wanna work out harder. I finally kinda found a replacement for smoking. It's only about as good as a twofer, but still. A REPLACEMENT--

[Door slides open. Janelle immediately sounds frustrated/angry.]

JANELLE: About time you got back. I can't believe you and Robbie walked out on us.

HINA: [a little defensive] Well...I didn't have much to add, and I wanted space from the body to think. [a little dry] Sorry.



JANELLE: Nobody should be alone 'till we sort out what happened to that corpse. What if we're in danger?!

HINA: I wasn't alone. I was with Robbie.

JANELLE: [slight noise of disgust] That's not much better than being alone.

HINA: Hey. [frustrated pause] Who is that? Are you watching a video?

JANELLE: Oh. Yeah. [pauses to turn off the terminal] Just my sister's video diary.

HINA: I thought...I heard her say your name.

JANELLE: You did. She made them for me. [pause] She finished her twenty-five years a little before I woke up. Those are her logs from her time on the ship.

HINA: Oh.

[long pause]

JANELLE: Do...do you wanna come in?

HINA: Thanks.

[footsteps, door closes]

[bed/chair creaks]

JANELLE: Hina...look. If you need some space from something, that's fine, just...don't follow Robbie, okay? He gets like this whenever there's conflict and it always sets us back.

HINA: Persephone can tell you where I am.

JANELLE: Yeah, but...it can be hard to *get* to you, if Robbie's hiding in the ship. He finds these weird little corners to brood in, and we don't always know what to say to get Persephone to let us in. [pause, sigh] A few months after my thaw, I upset him really badly, and he hid in the bowels of the ship for *three days*. Rosa had to plead with him over the intercom to coax him out again.

HINA: What? What the hell did you *do*?

JANELLE: [a little angry sigh] I just...we were really getting along well, and I thought we were having a *moment*, and I...I tried to kiss him. But I didn't even do it--I just *leaned in*. And he freaked out like nothing I've ever seen.

[pause]

HINA: Whoa.

JANELLE: I know he's a grown man, but he doesn't always process stuff well. So I don't want him dragging you into some hole because he's scared of something.

HINA: You didn't kiss him? You just *tried*?

JANELLE: Yeah.

HINA: Maybe...[pause] he's been assaulted before.

JANELLE: [sighs] Yeah, that's kinda what I was thinking. He never talks about Earth, but Rosa's been with him the longest and said he came from a really broken family.

HINA: Honestly...if he was abused as a kid or something, that would explain some stuff.

JANELLE: Yeah. But it's really...not my business, and he's clearly got a problem with me now, so I'm staying the hell away from that. Rosa takes care of him.

[long pause]

[Janelle sighs and turns video back on. Jamilah's slightly fuzzy voice plays in the background.]

JAMILAH: --FOR SMOKING, JANELLE. YOU CAN RUN TO REPLACE SMOKING. [laughs]

HINA: That's your sister, huh?

JANELLE: Yeah. Jamilah.

JAMILAH [in background video]: Seriously, though, I hope you're finding a hobby or something. This place will kill your brain if you let it! There's nothing worse than just staring

at these boring metal walls, and it's not like there's much productive stuff you can do here.

HINA: I thought you guys were identical twins.

JANELLE: [awkward laugh] We are. Can't you tell?

HINA: You look alike, but...oh. I guess it's the age difference. [pause] How old is she in this?

JANELLE: [weirdly quiet] This was about fifteen years in. So forty.

HINA: Oh. [long pause] [polite] She looks good.

JAMILAH [video]: I tried taking some of the college courses on the ship's hard drive, but it's like, I didn't do college for a reason! I'm trying to find a way to be LESS bored! About five minutes in I realized I could do four undergrad degrees before I hit the other side, and that I'm trying to go to--

JANELLE: Nngh. Persephone, I'm done watching this one.

[Video stops.]

PERSEPHONE: Would you like to watch another video?

JANELLE: No--

HINA: Wait. I'd...like to see one. If that's okay.

JANELLE: Why?

HINA: Well...if she was on the ship for that long, maybe she's some got good coping tips.

JANELLE: That's what I thought at first, but honestly, Hina...it doesn't look good. [pause] She dips into some pretty dark stuff.

HINA: I'm not surprised.

JANELLE: It's pretty depressing.

HINA: [dryly] More depressing than finding a dead body today?

JANELLE: Good point.

HINA: Besides, she's your twin sister. I'd...like to meet her.

[Janelle makes small chuckle.]

JANELLE: [a little exaggerated, but still sincere] Aw, that's really sweet. Persephone, can you roll the next one?

JAMILAH [video]: (peppy) Morning, Janeeeeeelle! I'm about to go the gym again, but I thought I'd record a quick one of these before I leave. Look at me! (laughs) It's super early in the morning and I haven't even had coffee. But I'm up! I'm ready to go! And look--my eyes aren't even bloodshot! (laughs) I've got such crazy energy these days. Well, and I got sex last night, which didn't hurt. (pause) Yeah, I whammed Naveen again.

[Someone knocks on the door. Video continues to play in the background.]

ROSA [through door]: Hina? I know you're in there.

HINA: Oh. Uh...hn. [bed creaks] [a little wry] Sounds like *that* was about to get interesting.

[JANELLE giggles.]

JANELLE: Persephone, open the door.

JAMILAH (under Rosa-Hina conversation): He decided to stop being an asshole for five minutes, so that was enough for me! Sometimes I think I shouldn't have sex with someone I pretty much hate, but...eh. It's not like he's got a lot of competition around here. And if I only sleep with him if he's being not-terrible, it's incentive for him to be not-terrible. It's kinda working, too. I mean, that's not *really* the reason I donk him, but it's a bonus. A bonus we could all really use, apparently. (gets slightly devlish) And Janelle, it's **really** good. You'd never think this from looking at the guy, but he totally knows what he's doing. There's this thing he does...

ROSA: Everything okay? You disappeared with Robbie earlier.

HINA: (sighs, but not unkindly) Yeah. I'm fine.



ROSA: Good. I know that body was...upsetting.

HINA: Yeah.

[long pause]

ROSA: I was about to eat something, if you wanted to join me?

Hina: Actually, I *am* pretty hungry. (directs to the room) See you later, Janelle.

JANELLE: Sure. Close the door behind them, Persephone...(chuckles) This might get graphic.

[The door closes, and Jamilah's video voice is cut off. Hina and Rosa walk down the hall.]

ROSA (talking over each other): I'm sorry about--

HINA (talking over line before): What did you decide with--

ROSA: What were you going to say?

HINA: Uh, you go first.

ROSA: I wanted to...apologize. For not spending more time with you since you woke up. When conflicts arise, I can't mediate if I don't know how the crew members react to stress. And I don't feel like I know you as well as I know the others.

HINA: Oh. [pause] It's okay. It's not like I've chased *you* down.

ROSA: It's really my responsibility, not yours. And I'm afraid that someone like you, who strikes me as pretty stable, can get drowned out by people like Janelle and Travis.

HINA: Heh. Yeah, not gonna deny that.

ROSA: I don't mean to let them dominate my attention. [pause] I don't have much left in my run and I've found myself...scattered. (a little, sarcastic chuckle) I guess I'm feeling my age. And my training never took that into account.

HINA: Really? I remember part of our training...touching on that. Aging on the ship and stuff.

ROSA: I was exempt from most of the traditional training, actually. I was a Zero-G engineer back home. I helped build Persephone.

HINA: You were a *space* welder? Wow. If you built the ship, it's no wonder they wanted you on it.

ROSA: Yeah. The money was good, but the schedule was demanding. They couldn't spare me from the build, so most of my crew training was long-distance.

[pause]

HINA: Not to be rude, but if you had money...why are you awake and working?

ROSA: My wife and I have six kids. I didn't have *that* much money. (sighs) I miss them. (pause) You have a daughter, don't you?

HINA: Stepdaughter. Aya.

[long pause]

HINA: Rosa...do you think we'll need to unthaw the back-up lead crew to deal with the dead body? We're allowed to do that in an emergency, right?

ROSA: Only if we think there's an immediate threat. And I don't, at the moment. If things change...well, it's something to consider.

HINA: [dry] Damn. I almost don't wanna know what counts as an "emergency" in this place.

ROSA: It's actually changed since Persephone left earth. The main crew used to be thawed for a few weeks every fifty years or so. But they stopped doing it about three hundred years in.

HINA: (a little bitter) Because the thaws are so dangerous.

ROSA: *Repeated* thaw is especially dangerous, yes. And the skeleton crew members were running the ship well enough on their own. This program has worked out better than expected.

HINA: Hngh.

[pause]

ROSA: Hina...I know we've already talked about this, but I think it bears repeating. One or two thaws *is* safe for most people. Like it was safe for you.

HINA: I'm not Bassel. What's safe for me doesn't make a difference.

ROSA: I understand, but... (sighs) I just want you to give it some more thought. Before you give your life away.

[pause]

ROSA: You're so young, Hina. What's right for you now isn't necessarily going to be right for you later. I've had years on this ship to work through the reality of being here. The way I think and feel about things has changed so dramatically. If I'd known back then what I know now...

HINA: You wouldn't have taken twenty-five years?

ROSA: (sighs) My kids won't even recognize me at the end of this.

HINA: But what other choice did you have?

ROSA: Hina, I had plenty of choices. I used to be like you, thinking there was only one answer to some questions. But now I can see that's not true. There's *never* just one answer.

[pause]

ROSA: You need to decide if your boyfriend is worth that much of your life. This decision could end your marriage before it even begins.

HINA: His safety is more important than us being together.

ROSA: Hina...

HINA: Did it even occur to you that it's more complicated than my feelings for him? I'm not some lovestruck teenager. I'm thinking about Aya! And what *she* needs for *her* future!

ROSA: That's...admirable. But she--

HINA: She's part of me. She put flowers in my hair and scribbled pictures for me and threw up all over me when she was sick. (a little shakier) I'd do anything to give her the future she deserves. [pause] She loves her father more than anything. Her relationship with him is more important than years of my life.

[pause]

ROSA: [strict] Your life is just as valuable as anyone else's, Hina.

HINA: Then let me do what I want with it.

[Rosa sighs heavily. A long pause passes.]

ROSA: I stand behind what I said. Give it time.

HINA: (bitter) I'm starting to think you want me put me it off until your run is up. So it'll become the *next* captain's problem.

ROSA: (defensive) Fine, maybe I don't want the guilt of watching a young woman throw her life away! But it's *more* than that!

[pause]

ROSA: People change, Hina. Especially on this ship. Once you've spent fourteen years in here and know exactly what it's like here, exactly *what* you'd be taking on if you took your boyfriend's years, *then* you can make your decision.

[pause]

HINA: You think I'll change what I wanna do?

ROSA: *You'll* change. As a person. And you owe it to yourself to find out what you'll value at that point.

[long pause]

HINA: So...in fourteen years, this ship will make me crazy? And I'll be willing to give up anyone and anything just to get out? (voice cracks) Can you see that's why I *can't* wait?!

[Rosa is silent.]

[scene fades out]

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[Hina is walking down the hall. She's breathing heavily.]

[The sound of talking and sad piano music, like a looped dramatic movie score, drift from an open room at the end. The sounds grow louder as she nears.]

SEB: No, this one's the prequel. I mean, it was released after the second movie, but the *story* takes place before the story of the first one.

TRAVIS: Wait, when did the third movie come out?

SEB: Uh...fifth. It went first movie, second movie, first prequel, second prequel.

TRAVIS: Two prequels? How many of these *are* there?

SEB: Nine. Not including the spin-off.

TRAVIS: Dammit, what kind of pretentious nightmare are you dragging me into?

[Hina enters the room. Seb and Travis stop talking to address her.]

SEB: (friendly) Hey, Hina. [pause] (a little concerned) Are you okay?

TRAVIS: Your eyes are red.

HINA: (labored, shaky) A-are you...watching something?

[pause]

SEB: Uh...yeah. We were about to. Do you need the room?

HINA: No, I...

[pause]

HINA: C-can I...join you? I just...don't wanna be alone right now.

SEB: (gentler) Of course you can. Travis, make some room on the couch.

[Sound of shuffling, cane creak on the floor. Travis grunts as he moves. Hina sits beside him.]

HINA: Th-thanks.

TRAVIS: Sure.

[long pause]

SEB: Hina...do you wanna talk about anything?

HINA: No. Thank you.

[long pause]

HINA: [deep breath] Wh-what were you planning to watch?

SEB: We were just gonna watch a movie.

TRAVIS: Or *eight*. Get out while you can.

SEB: We're *not* gonna watch all of them now. Would you relax?

TRAVIS: It's some kind of "art" epic. About a sad alcoholic who gets reincarnated as different sad alcoholics throughout history.

SEB: It's really good.

TRAVIS: I'm sure it's terrible.

SEB: Give it a chance, will you? (a little excited) We're gonna start with the best one. He's basically an incarnation of James Joyce trying to get through Ulysses.

TRAVIS: Seb, how could that *possibly* be the best one?



HINA: (chuckles weakly)

[Hina says nothing more. Sad movie music continues to play.]

[scene fades out]

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[Scene fades back in.]

SEB: Hina? Hina, can you hear me?

[sound of shuffling clothing]

SEB: Maybe I shouldn't have let you sleep out here.

[Clothing shuffles as Hina wakes up and grunts.]

HINA: Hnng...huh?

SEB: Hina? You okay?

HINA: Nngh...

TRAVIS: Did you spend the night here? We figured you would've gotten up and gone to bed at some point.

SEB: (chuckles) Movie that boring, huh?

PERSEPHONE: Good morning, Hina Hwan. This is Day 27 of your shift on Persephone. You have 29 years, 338 days remaining. Have a nice day.

SEB: (alarmed) What did she say?!

HINA: (sighs)

[very long pause]

TRAVIS: Goddammit.

[scene fades out]

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**\*\*PERSPECTIVE SWITCH: JANELLE\*\***

[Fades into Janelle waking up in the morning, in her room.]

PERSEPHONE: Good morning, Janelle Vetrov. This is Day 2,410 of your shift on Persephone. You have 18 years, 145 days remaining. Have a nice day.

JANELLE: (yawns) [shifts on bed]

PERSEPHONE: Your video was paused when you fell asleep. Would you like to continue from that point?

JANELLE: Hm? Oh...sure.

[Sound of monitor beep. Jamilah's video plays while Janelle starts her day--creaking bedsprings, shuffling clothes, humming to herself a little.]

JAMILAH [video]: ...made me vomit for days! And not normal vomit, either--speckled vomit! It was colorful. In a bad way. Janelle, if you only take one lesson from me for the rest of your life, learn from my terrible mistake: never use the Synthetics Printer to make coffee creamer!

JANELLE: (chuckles) Right.

JAMILAH: Anyway, I'm off to the gym again. Gotta keep these shiny, beautiful muscles in working order. I'll record another one of these tomorrow so you can see if I got even bigger. (giggles) Night!

[video ends]

PERSEPHONE: Would you like to watch the next video?

JANELLE: Yeah, one more.

[monitor beeps]

JAMILAH [video]: (suddenly serious): Janelle...Janelle...

JANELLE: (surprised) Huh? Persephone, did you skip to the end?

PERSEPHONE: This is the next video in the list.

JANELLE: (upset) No, no this is at least a *decade* later. Look at her!

PERSEPHONE: This is the next video in the list.

JANELLE: (shaky, upset) Dammit, Persephone, I don't want to see her like this yet!

JAMILAH: (some of this is over the lines before) Oh, God, Janelle. (takes a shaky breath) Okay. I can do this, sorry. I'm just...nngh.

JAMILAH: Janelle, listen. I threw this video into some of the early tracks to hide it, okay?

JANELLE: (shaky) What?

JAMILAH: (dry laugh) Yeah, I know. I'm an old lady now. And let me guess--you don't wanna see me like this, huh? Well, tough shit. [pause] I need your help.

JANELLE: With what? (gets frustrated) Dammit, Jamilah, I can't help you from the future!

JAMILAH: I can't talk about it here...these diaries aren't secure enough. This is for *your ears only*, so I made a secret offline note for you. On a video key. You've been watching all my diaries, right? I left you clues about where to find the key on the ship.

JANELLE (bewildered): What...?

JAMILAH: Hell, maybe you already figured it out. I dunno.

JANELLE: What clues? What *note*?!

JAMILAH: I used the old password we always used to share stuff. You know the one. From middle school. *Please*, Janelle--I really need you for this. So whenever you're watching this, just get off your ass and find the note. You've got nothing but time on your hands and I need to know you'll cover for me in the future, okay? (weaker) Please?

JANELLE: (whispered) What the hell is this?

JAMILAH: I love you. And...sorry.

[The monitor beeps as the video ends. Janelle sits in silence for a moment.]

PERSEPHONE: Would you like to watch the next video?

[long pause]

JANELLE: P-play it.

[pause]

JANELLE: (shaky, snapping) Play the next diary, Persephone!

[Monitor beeps. Next video begins.]

JAMILAH (voice is animated again): Hey, Janelle. Remember all that shit I said about how exercising is awesome? Well, forget it. (grumbles) I fell off the runner and twisted my ankle AND both wrists.

JANELLE [over the above video]: She looks...forty again.

JAMILAH [under Janelle's other dialogue]: I have to stay off it for weeks. You know the only thing that could make this ship more boring? HAVING TO SIT ON YOUR ASS IN IT.

JANELLE: (shaky) There were clues in the videos *before* this? I didn't hear any damn clues! And I've been watching these for *years*! Jamilah, what the hell do you want from me?!

JAMILAH [under Janelle's other dialogue]: I'm stuck in this rusty piece-of-shit wheelchair, and people have to *push me around in it*. It's like the Middle Ages! And I have these beautiful biceps--

JANELLE: Stop the fucking video, Persephone!

[Monitor beeps. Video stops.]

[long pause in the resulting silence]

JANELLE: Shit. Shit! [wipes eyes] This is all I need right now. [upset] Persephone, what the hell can I do for her? She's already back in her pod!

PERSEPHONE: Please rephrase the question.

JANELLE: (goes on, like to herself) Is it something for Tau Ceti Prime? She could just tell me when we get there! Unless...it's something on the...

[pause]

JANELLE: On the ship.

[long pause]

JANELLE: Something...left on the ship?

PERSEPHONE: Please rephrase the question.

JANELLE: (firmly) Persephone, start over with the first video. And put it at twice speed so I can go through it faster.

[Monitor beeps. Video begins to play.]

JAMILAH (voice sped up to twice speed): Hey, Janelle! I'm about a week into my term and I'm bored out of my mind, so I thought I'd leave you some diaries to go through when *you're* bored out of your mind. Plus you can see how hot I manage to stay on this ship with no hair product and no sun. (laughs, then gets quieter) It's weird to think that I have to talk to you like this, through a video recorder. It's not the same without you here. I'm going to sound like a selfish bitch, but I wish you woke up first and I was listening to *your* diaries. I...I miss you already, Janelle. Bad.

JANELLE: (murmurs) Jamilah, please. *Please* have nothing to do with that dead body.

JAMILAH x2 SPEED: So when you're listening to this, try and appreciate the fact that I can be with you from the past, okay? (sighs) This is gonna be a long fucking trip.

End of Chapter 3