



Awake

Chapter 4 *Transcript*

Listen to audio at
http://www.sparklermonthly.com/audio_episode/awake-chapter-4

Awake © Tory Woolcott, Barabara, and Rebecca Scoble, 2013

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.



Awake © Tory Woollcott,
Barabara, and Rebecca Scoble, 2013
Illustration by Angela Sham
www.sparklermonthly.com

[Scene opens in the med bay. Janelle has perspective; she's speaking to Seb over a monitor. Slight filter over his voice and the terrible noises in his workroom (waste bay).]

[Janelle sighs, exasperated.]

JANELLE: I still can't believe Hina took his time.

[sound of tools]

SEB (clearly distracted): I know. It's depressing.

JANELLE: And after everything we told her! We were *willing* to support her. We just wanted her to think about it longer!

SEB: (clearly distracted) Uh-huh.

JANELLE: How could Rosa let her do that? Ugh!

SEB (to himself): Crap, this isn't it. Where's the *big* wrench?

JANELLE: You said she and Rosa had a long talk before they finally went through with it, right? So Hina *was* willing to talk about it.

SEB: Janelle...

JANELLE: (a little dejected) She just...didn't talk to *me*. And we've been spending so much time together lately.

SEB: Janelle--

JANELLE: I'm gonna spend the next nineteen years with her and she didn't even *come* to me--

SEB: Janelle! Listen, I love you, and I understand why you're mad at her--

JANELLE: I'm not *mad*! I'm just...disappointed! I don't think Hina's comfortable talking to me!

SEB: Right, but--

JANELLE (a little indignant): What's her fiancée's name, anyway? Todd? Muhammad? Ugh, he'd better be a saint with a solid gold dick.

SEB: Janelle!

[Janelle stops talking. Seb sighs.]

SEB: I know ranting helps you get process this sort of thing, but I'm *literally* up to my elbows in shit right now.

JANELLE: I can see that. I'm not asking you to stop working.

SEB: I can't concentrate on this *and* you. I'm only catching, like, every third word.

JANELLE: [sighs] Seb, I'm sorry, but...please just let me get this off my chest! You don't even have to pay attention, really! (a little nervous) I got this cryptic message in my sister's videos, and I stayed up all night trying to--

SEB: Janelle, baby, *later*. I promise. [fiddles with tool, grunts] I'm trying to *fix* this *breach* so we can preserve all the working bacteria.

JANELLE: (suddenly interested, grave) Wait. You haven't had bacteria leak out the waste bay, have you?

SEB: No! That's not the problem. I don't want cross-contamination to compromise the isolated colonies.

JANELLE: *Please* tell me the shit hasn't spread that far.

SEB: Well, it's spread all over *this* damn room. Why not deeper into the pipes?!

[Seb grunts and works loudly with the equipment for a minute. He finally stops.]

SEB: That might do it. For now, anyway.

JANELLE: You need Hina down there.

SEB: [sighs] Yeah, probably.

[pause]

JANELLE: (depressed) God, Hina... I still can't believe she did that transfer.

SEB: *I've* done transfers.

JANELLE: Yeah, but that's only because you were stupid enough to start gambling on the ship when you're the worst card player in the history of the universe.

SEB: (testy) My point is, people do it all the time, Janelle. I took six months from my friend as a surprise birthday present.

JANELLE: Oh my God, *what*? You didn't.

SEB: Of course I didn't! [equipment clatters, sound of wrench] But Hina was *really* clear about why she wanted to do this. And she had good reasons. [big gross noise] Ha! Got you, you sticky bastard!

JENELLE: Ew.

SEB: Janelle, she made her decision. All we can do now is support her.

JANELLE: [sighs] I just wish she'd come to me before going through with it.

SEB: Yeah, and then you'd be blaming *yourself* instead of Rosa for helping her make the final call. You wouldn't feel better. [more sound of clattering equipment and tools] We don't know what she and Rosa talked about. It's probably better we *don't* know.

JANELLE: (darkly) I bet Robbie could find out.

SEB: Oh no, Janelle. Don't go down that road. You start asking Robbie to spy on someone through Persephone and someone *else* could ask him to spy on *you*. Don't be the one to start *that* vicious cycle. [pause, sound of equipment] (mutters) I know *I* don't want Robbie watching me through every damn monitor.

JANELLE: (dismissive) He probably already does.

[long pause]

SEB: (serious) No, he doesn't. [pause] He doesn't Janelle.

JANELLE: (a little sheepish) I mean, I talked to him about boundaries, too. But that doesn't mean he listened to me.

SEB: He did. Believe me. [clattering equipment] It...came up, with some of the recent changes around here. I talked to him about it again. He's not watching anyone, trust me.

[long pause]

JANELLE: You're sure?

SEB: Positive.

[long pause]

[The sound of tools and equipment continues; Seb drops something on the floor. He sighs.]

SEB: Janelle, is there someone else you could go talk to? There's something stuck in the filter and I really need to give it all my attention.

JANELLE: (sarcastic) The thing stuck in the filter is shit!

SEB: Then if you'd eaten a little bit more fiber, maybe I wouldn't be stuck in this position! Would you let me deal with this?

JANELLE: Ew, Seb!

SEB: We'll talk later. Close the feed, Persephone.

JANELLE: Wait!

[monitor beeps; all sound from Seb is cut off]

JANELLE: (a little softer) Dammit.

[pause]

TRAVIS: Not good at taking the hint, are you?

JANELLE: (overlapping with above) Jesus! How long were you standing there?!

TRAVIS: Long enough to hear Seb tell you to fuck off. He picked *actual shit* over the kind that's been running out of your mouth.

JANELLE: (angry) Don't eavesdrop on me, Travis.

TRAVIS: Hey, it's not my fault you left the med bay door open.

JANELLE: Ugh! What do you want, anyway?

[sound of Travis walking over, his cane thumping on the floor.]

[pause]

TRAVIS: I need...more of that stuff.

JANELLE: I just gave you an entire tub.

TRAVIS: And I *used* it. So give me another one.

JANELLE: I haven't grown enough of your skin cells to make an entire new tub.

[pause]

TRAVIS: Then just...give me what you've got.

JANELLE: Fine.

[Janelle fetches the cream from a nearby drawer.]

TRAVIS: If I give you more scrapings, can you grow the cells faster?

JANELLE: That's not the issue. I can't tie up all my little nurses on a non-emergency job.

[The sound of Janelle walking over and handing Travis the cream can be heard under her lines above.]

TRAVIS: Little nurses?

JANELLE: My support bots.

[pause]

TRAVIS: (skeptical) You really call them that?

JANELLE: Yes. Because they're cute and I love them. Is that all you wanted?

TRAVIS: Yeah. [pause] Um...thank you.

JANELLE: (sighs) You're welcome, I guess. [pause] Is it even working?

TRAVIS: A little. I did what you said--I'm just putting it on a small area first.

JANELLE: And?

TRAVIS: The scars look...a little lighter. But that's only after slathering on the stuff five times a day.

JANELLE: It's a slow process. If you're trying to get rid of *all* the scars, it could take years. How long are you signed up for again?

TRAVIS: (bitter) Long enough. And I'm *not* stepping onto Tau Ceti Prime looking like a fucking hobgoblin. [pause] (slightly quieter) Being crippled is bad enough.

JANELLE: (sarcastic) If you're worried it'll hurt your sex life, your mouth already takes care of that.

TRAVIS: Ask anyone in my sex life if they don't like *how I use my mouth*.

JANELLE: (stifling a laugh) Pfft!

[pause]

JANELLE: (a little lighter) If that's it, get out of my med bay. I've got work to do.

TRAVIS: Fine.

[Travis limps out.]

JANELLE: Persephone, close the door.

[Door slides shut behind Travis.]

JANELLE: Persephone, bring up Jamilah's diaries again. Start wherever I left off, double speed.

[Monitor beeps on.]

JAMILAH: (high-pitched, double speed, slight filter over her voice in the monitor): I hope you've been down to see our pods at least once, to marvel at my incredible artistic talent. I even covered over the window of my pod so you don't need to see my wrinkly old lady face, at least until yours matches! How thoughtful is that?

[Janelle sighs. The sound of Jamilah's sped-up voices fades out as scene ends.]

****PERSPECTIVE SWITCH: TRAVIS****

PERSEPHONE: Please review your message.

TRAVIS: (slight filter, since this is a playback recording) I wanna talk. I'm in the kitchen.

TRAVIS: (slight overlap with recording) Ugh, does my voice really sound like that?

PERSEPHONE: Would you like to send your message to Captain Rosa Medina?

TRAVIS: (cutting off Persephone) Yeah, send it.

[musical tone]

[Travis limps down the hall. The soft sound of random, musical tones from someone using a terminal drifts down the hallway. It grows clearer as Travis opens the door to the kitchen and walks in.]

[Travis shuffles around the kitchen, pours water into a glass, and drinks from it. He eventually sits heavily in a chair.]

Travis: Ngh.

[long pause]

ROBBIE: (over the sound of the tones as he works on the terminal) You...you don't have to send her a message. You can just talk into her room directly.

TRAVIS: She said she was taking some exam for another hour. In a...preloaded graduate program in Persephone or something.

ROBBIE: She's allowed to stop if the crew needs her.

TRAVIS: I don't care--she can finish. I wanted some time to think first, anyway.

ROBBIE: Your message didn't say that. She might think it's an emergency.

TRAVIS: (a little testy) I didn't *say* it was an emergency.

[Tones pause briefly, then start again.]

ROBBIE: You didn't give her enough details.

TRAVIS (getting mad): Fine, then--I'll send her another message and I'll tell her it's not an emergency.

ROBBIE: You don't have to send her a message. You can just talk to her in room direct--

TRAVIS: I *get* it, Robbie! I'm shit at using the com!

[Robbie's working tones stop abruptly. Alert noise from Persephone.]

PERSEPHONE: Warning, Travis Williams. Your aggression levels are approaching maximum.

ROBBIE: A-are you mad at me?

TRAVIS: No--I'm just annoyed! That *stupid* alarm; why does it go off so much faster for me?! Janelle yells just as much as I do.

ROBBIE: Um...it's not really about yelling. It's about...aggression. And...

TRAVIS: Janelle's aggressive as hell.

ROBBIE: Aggression and, um...a propensity for v-violence.

[pause]

TRAVIS: Don't tell me it's linked to *testosterone*.

ROBBIE: Well...yes.

TRAVIS: I can't help it if I've got a dick. Persephone's algorithm is sexist!

ROBBIE: (nervously defensive) I-it's influenced by a lot of things; testosterone is just one of them. [pause] But in prosecuted cases of violent crime in the United States, 85% of the defendants have levels of testosterone within the range of biological male sex--

TRAVIS: (snaps) Are you defending the *ship*?

[pause]

ROBBIE: Um...

TRAVIS: Hnngh. The A.I. doesn't have *feelings*, Robbie.

ROBBIE: I'm, uh... I'm defending the software. I'm the technician.

TRAVIS: Whatever you say.

[pause]

[A few tones drift through the air as Robbie slowly begins to work at his terminal again. The door opens.]

ROSA: Is everything okay in here?

[Door closes behind Rosa.]

TRAVIS: Ugh, I didn't mean to interrupt your...

ROSA: (casual) It's all right, just calm down. I don't want to have to drag your body to the med bay because the anti-aggression failsafe knocked you out.

ROBBIE: I was, uh, annoying him...

TRAVIS: (frustrated, tired) Robbie, I didn't mean to yell at--

ROSA: Enough. It's okay. (calls a little louder to Robbie, gentle) Robbie, would you mind checking on that terminal in the hallway I mentioned? I'd like it fixed today, if possible.

ROBBIE: O-okay.

[Robbie plays with beeps/tones a few more times before shuffling out of the room. Door closes behind him.]

ROSA: What did you want to talk about, Travis?

TRAVIS: The corpse. It's been two days and we haven't dealt with it at all.

ROSA: [sighs tiredly] We *are* dealing with it. Robbie's begun reviewing the old ship logs.

TRAVIS: You put the body in temp storage, right? If it's just sitting around, why not let the medic make herself useful?

ROSA: Janelle? What do you propose she do, exactly?

TRAVIS: An autopsy!

ROSA: She wasn't trained for that.

TRAVIS: She's a medic and she can't do a basic autopsy?

ROSA: (sharply) Travis, *don't* start with this again. Janelle is good at her job. She barely slept for *weeks* taking care of you when your thaw went badly.

TRAVIS: [snorts]

ROSA: That said, this isn't just a medical issue--this is *forensics*. An untrained autopsy could compromise evidence. We're better off freezing the body so it can get a full forensic work-up by the proper authorities on Tau Ceti Prime.

TRAVIS: We can't let this guy rot for five centuries without anyone knowing who he is.

ROSA: (tired) He won't rot. Not in frozen storage.

TRAVIS: I just mean... [lets out frustrated breath] We owe it to this guy to find out who he was before we land. He might have kids waiting for him on the other side.

ROSA: Travis, I agree with the sentiment, but be realistic. We need to do things *right* or not at all.

[pause]

TRAVIS: You really think the evidence is gonna last another five hundred years?

ROSA: I don't know, Travis! He's already been dead for more than two decades with no preservation whatsoever--maybe any *useful* evidence is already long gone! But I refuse to let sloppy work by zealous crew members steal this poor man's chance for a proper investigation. When in doubt, the protocol for emergencies is *freeze and forward to Tau Ceti Prime*. If I don't see a better option, that's exactly what I'm gonna do.

TRAVIS: [angry sigh]

[pause]

ROSA: (a little gentler) Why are you so anxious about this? Do you think there's a murderer hiding on the ship?

TRAVIS: There *might* be!

ROSA: If there is, she or he is already back in cryogenic sleep. And when Robbie has a free moment, he'll scour the logs. We may solve this entire mystery through that.

TRAVIS: But--

ROSA: We have *plenty* of time. Robbie has almost two years left of his term and if *anyone* on this ship can tease information out of the logs, it's him. [pause] We're working on this, just be *patient*. Robbie's too busy to drop everything to look into this.

TRAVIS: Rrgh! [slams glass on table] This is so frustrating.

ROSA: (gentle) I know.

[long pause]

ROSA: I understand what you're going through, Travis. The first year on Persephone is always the hardest...especially considering what you've already gone through.

TRAVIS: That doesn't have anything to do with this.

ROSA: It *absolutely* does. Just not directly. [sound of glass being filled with liquid] Most of our work is menial labor. It's *boring*. You want to get passionate about something. You want to do something that makes you feel...more productive, more *powerful*.

TRAVIS: I don't know what you're getting at.

[pause]

ROSA: (carefully) I think there's a dangerous appeal in rushing into this. It would be so *exciting* for there to be some murder conspiracy for you to unravel.

TRAVIS: (defensive) That's fucked up. I'm not *hoping* this guy was murdered just to give me something to do!

ROSA: Maybe not consciously.

TRAVIS: I guess it would be better for *you* if it *wasn't* a conspiracy. Because if something happened on your watch, *you'd* be responsible.

ROSA: (terse) This man died *before* my watch. The only thing that's my responsibility is handling it now. I'm trying to be proactive but *cautious*, so authorities will still have the chance for a later investigation. This is the right course of action. [pause] You just can't see it right now.

TRAVIS: Nngh.

ROSA: It's my job to handle these things, Travis. So focus on *your* job and let me do mine. [pause] If I uncover even a *hint* that this crew or anyone thawed on Tau Ceti Prime could be in danger, all bets are off. The only thing more important than finding justice for this man is preserving the safety of everyone on board.

[long pause, glass moves on table]

ROSA: I raised six children in a war zone. [long pause] I know how to protect people.

[Door opens. Hina walks in.]

HINA: (a little surprised) Rosa. I...thought you had an exam.

ROSA: [sighs] I'm taking a break.

HINA: Oh. [pause] Uh...I fixed that malfunctioning door on Dock 34.

ROSA: Thank you.

[pause]

HINA: Did you...wanna see my report?

ROSA: Thanks, but not now. I should finish my exam, or...I might sleep. [voice grows husky] I'm exhausted.

HINA: You look it.

ROSA: Ouch. [weak laugh]

[Rosa exits; door opens for her and closes behind her. Short silence in the kitchen.]

HINA: I *obviously* walked in on something.

TRAVIS: We were talking about the body.

HINA: Oh. (perks a little) Any news?

TRAVIS: She won't let us do anything until Robbie finishes going through the logs. And even *she* admitted that could take over a year.

HINA: (deflates a little) Oh.

[long silence]

TRAVIS: How do *you* feel about all this, Hina?

HINA: Honestly?

TRAVIS: Honestly.

[pause]

HINA: (uncomfortable) I've got this bad feeling. I think he was murdered.

[long pause]

TRAVIS: (quieter, slightly urgent) Is Rosa gone? Can you check?

[Hina's footsteps shuffle one or two steps. Door opens.]

HINA: ...Yeah. She's gone.

[Door closes. Hina steps back toward Travis.]

TRAVIS: (quieter) Cover your mouth with your hand.

HINA: (quieter) Why?

TRAVIS: Because you never know when you're being watched in this damn place.

[Travis limps across the room. He turns on a sink to cause a distracting overlay of rushing water to cover their voices. His next words are a hushed whisper.]

TRAVIS: (whisper) I don't trust Rosa.

HINA: (whisper) Why not?

TRAVIS: She keeps trying to downplay what happened. Telling us to step back and let her handle things because this guy had to have died over twenty years ago, so no one's in danger now.

HINA: Yeah...

TRAVIS: But all her arguments hinge on one thing--that this guy died before she started her shift on Persephone. Maybe she's lying! Maybe this guy *did* die on her watch and she's trying to cover it up!

HINA: (shocked) You think...Rosa *killed* him?

TRAVIS: I don't know! Maybe! [pause] She was awake for *fourteen years* before anyone else on this crew was. That's a long time we know nothing about.

[pause]

HINA: But wait. She mentioned that a while ago--that Robbie had gone through her logs from her early years and could *prove* she had nothing to do with this.

TRAVIS: That just means there's no *record* of it. Of course she'd give us that if she already doctored the logs.

HINA: *Can* she doctor logs? Seb told me there are a million checks on captain's powers...most stuff has to go through Persephone.

TRAVIS: But Persephone--

HINA --had an error! A-about the body! (rallying) So there's already a hole in her programming.

TRAVIS: Rosa's having Robbie go through all the logs in the years *before* her term, right? So the one period she's keeping him *off* of are those years she could've been involved herself. [snorts] No wonder she's so calm about this.

[pause]

HINA: Robbie...said something. Before.

TRAVIS: What?

HINA: He thinks...this might've been foul play.

TRAVIS: He didn't make it sound that way when we were talking about the body in front of Rosa. [pause] (getting worked up) Do you think he already suspects her?!

HINA: W-wait, Travis. I have no idea. And Robbie's...not exactly easy to read.

TRAVIS: Maybe, but he seems to like you. Do you think you can press him a little?

HINA: What do you mean?

TRAVIS: Just try to see where he stands. We really need him to go over those Rosa years again and look for anything suspicious.

HINA: I guess Robbie has the best chance of catching it if there's something wrong with Persephone.

TRAVIS: Whatever you do, *don't* let him bring it back to Rosa.

HINA: Yeah. Um...yeah. (hesitant) I have a bad feeling he'd do that. Since she's the captain and he might be too scared to go behind her back.

TRAVIS: Ugh. [calmer, like this is a totally reasonable idea] What if you threatened him?

HINA: (a little shocked) Travis!

TRAVIS: Never mind--that can wait. We've got something else to do before we bother with the logs.

TRAVIS: (voice jumps to normal volume as he calls above him) Persephone, where's Janelle?

PERSEPHONE: Janelle Vetrov is in the waste management sterile workshop.

TRAVIS: Good. (to Hina, quieter) Let's go. And keep it down.

HINA: (whispering) Uh, what the hell are we doing now?

TRAVIS: (conspiratorial) We're gonna autopsy that body.

End of Chapter 4