

Awake

Chapter 5 *Transcript*

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Illustrations by Angela Sham

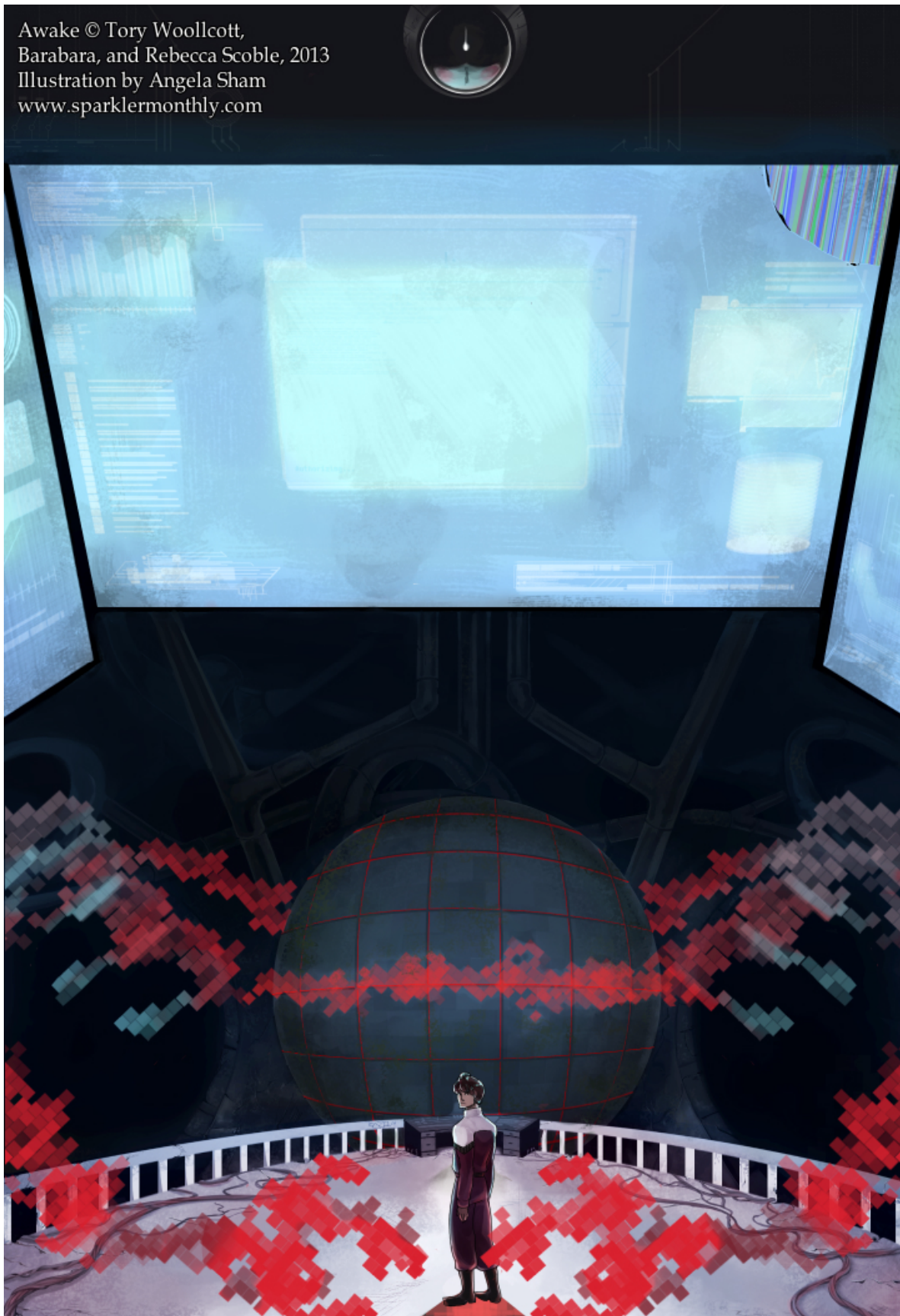
Cast:

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.



[Scene opens with Travis and Hina outside the waste management sterile workshop. Janelle and Seb are talking quietly; Travis catches the end of their conversation, as Janelle and Seb don't seem to notice them.]

JANELLE: (sighs) All this shit with my sister is making it worse, y'know?

SEB: (gentle) I know.

JANELLE: I was so happy I was *finally* getting another girl to talk to on the ship. And now things are gonna be weird with Hina. I-I can't even just go back to Jamilah's videos to relax anymore! I have to *scour* them for some weird message...

SEB: I can help you with that.

JANELLE: (sighs) No...it might be personal, Seb.

SEB: Janelle, look. Maybe you should take a break from the videos. Just 'til things have died down and you can handle them, y'know? Don't torture yourself with all this other stuff going on.

JANELLE: Nngh.

SEB: And don't worry about Hina--things are only gonna be awkward if you *make* them awkward. Just don't...interrogate her or judge her about the transfer because it doesn't matter anymore. I'm sure all she needs right now is your support--and if you give it to her, you guys'll be fine.

JANELLE: Hn.

SEB: I promise.

JANELLE: Seb...

[Travis and Hina finally step up behind them.]

TRAVIS: Hmph.

[Janelle and Seb cry out in unison in response.]

JANELLE/SEB: Agh!

HINA: Hi.

SEB: We weren't...uh...

JANELLE: Travis, stop *slithering* up to spy on me!

TRAVIS: You keep leaving the goddamn door open! If you've got something to hide, close it!

SEB: She doesn't. W-we don't.

TRAVIS: (snorts) Besides, it's not like I can slither with this cane. You just don't hear me 'cause your head's jammed up your ass.

JANELLE: Maybe I should jam my *fist* up your ass! Although I don't wanna risk doing something you might *like*.

TRAVIS: Or *you'd* like.

SEB: Jesus, guys!

HINA: Yikes.

JANELLE: (angry sigh) Hina, can we talk?

HINA: Yeah, but we came to... [Janelle pulls her into a corner; sound of shuffling fabric and footsteps] Whoa, okay. Coming.

[dialogue in background]

J: *You know I'm here for you, right?*

H: *Yeah.*

J: *This thing with your fiancée...*

TRAVIS: Hmph.

SEB (quietly): Travis, look. I wasn't trying to make a move on her.

TRAVIS (quietly back): Sure looked like it from here.

SEB: I told you, I stopped sleeping with her years ago! And Janelle doesn't get attached. I'm sure she doesn't even *want* me anymore.

TRAVIS (frustrated) Forget it. I don't care.

SEB: Travis--

TRAVIS: Look, now she's got her hands on Hina. Maybe she's done with dick entirely.

SEB: Travis, would you stop acting like a fraternity asshole for a minute? God, sometimes I forget how young you are.

TRAVIS (defensive): Hey, I'm twenty!

SEB (frustrated): My point exactly! This is a ship of *adults*, Travis. We can have meaningful relationships that have nothing to do with sex. We don't just...let our hormones control our lives.

TRAVIS: I'm not a slave to my hormones, asshole.

SEB: You could've fooled me!

TRAVIS: What, just because I... (trails off)

TRAVIS (frustrated): What, Seb? What are you trying to tell me?

[long pause]

TRAVIS (a little quieter): What are you trying to tell me?

SEB: (sighs)

JANELLE: Seb. Do you mind, um...stepping out for an hour?

SEB: Guys, this is *my* workshop.

JANELLE: I know, but we need it. Please?

[pause]

SEB: I could use a shower, I guess.

JANELLE: Thank you. And leave Travis.

[pause]

SEB: Behave yourselves.

[Seb's footsteps fade out.]

[We fade into the workshop a few minutes later. Someone clicks on some machinery; the noise in the background hides their voices like the running water in the kitchen.]

TRAVIS: I don't think Rosa's even keeping an eye on the body now. It's in temporary storage, but not the deep freeze...

JANELLE: Temp storage is good for up to six months. I think that includes forensics.

TRAVIS: Well, she kept insisting it would take forever for Robbie to go through the logs.

[pause]

HINA: So...you're really willing to do this.

JANELLE: Of course I am. Travis has a point--

TRAVIS: Thank you.

JANELLE: --but *not* about Rosa being suspicious. She's just a stickler for protocol and I'm *sure* she's downplaying everything to keep us from panicking.

HINA: Yeah, I'm not...sure she's directly involved either.

TRAVIS (somewhat snarl): Then consider me Devil's Advocate. I just want answers.

HINA: Yeah.

JANELLE: Exactly. Hmm... [pause] We'll have to work in the long-term organic storage area. I'll need a few of my little nurses, but Rosa might notice if I take too many. I'll see if I can do it with just one or two.

TRAVIS: Do you need us to deflect her or something?

JANELLE: Only if it comes up. I might blame it on *you*, Travis--that I'm keeping one or two nurses working on your scar cream.

[pause]

TRAVIS: So no more of that stuff for a while.

JANELLE: No. Not if you want this done now.

[pause]

JANELLE (sarcastic): You'll live without it, Travis!

TRAVIS: I know that, just... (trails off) [weak grunt] Fine, I don't care. Take them off the cream.

JANELLE: Good.

HINA: So we have to get the body, your tools, and a few small bots down to storage. *Without* Rosa noticing.

JANELLE: It could be tricky. Travis, I'm putting you and Seb on the body.

HINA: You're sure Seb will agree to this?

JANELLE/TRAVIS: Yeah.

JANELLE: He's a sissy about going behind people's backs. But if we have a real plan and he knows he can't change our minds, he'll go along with it.

TRAVIS (a little defensive): I'll tell him.

JANELLE: Be my guest. Just get me that body.

HINA: How big are your, uh, nurse bots? Would they fit in a bag or something?

JANELLE: I've got a good case on wheels that should fit everything I need.

HINA: I can take that down. I'm always dragging big toolkits around the ship.

JANELLE: Great!

TRAVIS: But before we get too far, you need to gauge Robbie, Hina. He can technically spy on any room through Persephone, right?

[awkward pause]

HINA: He can?

JANELLE: Yeah. He might not *know* to, if he doesn't think anything's wrong...

TRAVIS: But he probably *will* think something's wrong. Especially if he notices all the conversations we're having under blenders today.

HINA: Um...what do I say to him?

TRAVIS: He already told you he has suspicions about the body. He doesn't have to help us, but he *can't* tell Rosa what we're doing. Just get him to keep his mouth shut.

HINA: I don't know if he'll listen to me--

JANELLE: [slight chuckle] He'll listen to you.

[pause]

HINA: Okay. I'll...try.

JANELLE: Great. This sounds like a plan.

PERSPECTIVE SWITCH: TRAVIS

PERSEPHONE: Do you have a question, Robbie?

ROBBIE: Oh. Um...I did.

PERSEPHONE: Please rephrase the question.

ROBBIE: But I'm not...sure you can help me.

PERSEPHONE: Please rephrase the question.

[pause]

ROBBIE: Persephone, I was just...wondering about the status of someone. Crew Passenger 23879 had all of his work years removed, but he's still in his original pod. Will he need to be transferred from the crew storage area to *general* passenger storage in the lower decks?

PERSEPHONE: No, Robbie.

ROBBIE: It's just, there's no precedent...

PERSEPHONE: Crew Passenger 23879, Bassel Assad, will remain in the Crew Storage Area. Crew Passenger 23879 will be woken from cryogenic sleep at location: Tau Ceti Prime.

[long pause]

ROBBIE (hesitant): Persephone, change the status of Crew Passenger 23879 to Emergency Crew. Assign his cryogenic thaw to Tau Ceti Prime *unless* thawed early on Persephone for an emergency. Only allow emergency thaw if authorized by Crew Passenger 23880, Hina Hwan.

PERSEPHONE: This requires authorization from Captain Rosa Medina.

ROBBIE (slight overlap with Persephone response) (sighs): Ugh, of course it would.

PERSEPHONE: Would you like to contact the captain?

[long pause]

ROBBIE: No, Persephone. Never mind. (quieter) I probably shouldn't do that.

[long pause]

ROBBIE: Persephone...please access the personnel files on Crew Passenger 23879, Bassel Assad. Send personal history and psychological profile reports to my terminal. And...bring up a picture, please.

PERSEPHONE: Of course, Robbie.

[tone as information is sent to monitor]

[pause]

ROBBIE: Do...do you think he's handsome, Persephone?

PERSEPHONE: Please rephrase the question.

[knocking on door]

HINA (muffled through door): Robbie?

ROBBIE (urgent): Persephone, blank screen.

[tone from screen]

[Robbie breathed heavily, clears his throat, shifts his clothes.]

ROBBIE: Open the door, Persephone.

[door opens]

HINA: Hi. I hope I'm not...interrupting anything.

ROBBIE: No! I-I was just, um... [pause] Would you like to come in?

HINA: Thanks.

[Hina steps inside.]

HINA: Uh, can we close the door?

ROBBIE: Huh? [beat] Sure... Persephone, close the door.

[silence]

ROBBIE (a little firmer, confused): Persephone, close the door.

[door closes]

HINA: Robbie...I...need a favor. And I'm sorry if it makes you uncomfortable.

[Robbie makes vague sounds, no real words.]

[Hina sighs.]

HINA: Janelle and Travis want to autopsy the body. Rosa told us not to, so we're doing it without her permission.

[long pause]

ROBBIE: Wh...why? Why would you do that?

HINA: Well, we don't think it's right to put this guy aside when he's already been abandoned for so long.

ROBBIE: But...I'm going through the logs. Rosa told me to, um...

HINA: And that's good--we want you to do that. We just...wanna do this, too. We're afraid Rosa's going to put his body in long-term storage before we can look for physical

clues. And that hurts our chances of figuring out what happened to him...we don't *want* this to wait for Tau Ceti Prime.

[Robbie starts breathing heavily.]

ROBBIE: (weakly) But Rosa's...following protocol.

HINA: I know. We just don't agree with how she's handling this.

[pause]

HINA (a little awkward): And...we have to assume the worst. There's a chance Rosa is hiding something.

ROBBIE (alarmed): You don't think she killed him, do you?

HINA: (a little shocked) Well, I don't know, but--

ROBBIE: (intense) She didn't. She...she *wouldn't*. (pause) Rosa's a good person. She takes care of everyone and she'd never...she'd never *hurt* anyone.

HINA: Robbie, we're not saying she did. But she was awake fourteen years before you and Seb. I know you've gone through a lot of those logs--

ROBBIE (sudden): I have. And I-I'll go through them again. Really carefully.

HINA: Oh. [pause] Good. That's something, I guess.

[long pause]

ROBBIE: Are you...still gonna autopsy the body?

[long pause]

HINA: Yeah.

[Robbie makes weak noises/protests.]

HINA: You don't have to do it with us, Robbie, but you just...can't tell Rosa. Please.

[Robbie makes weak noise.]

HINA: You can watch us through the monitor to make sure we're not doing anything crazy. Janelle will be careful. But...we're doing this.

ROBBIE: I...

[long pause]

HINA: Please, Robbie. [pause] *Please.*

[long pause]

ROBBIE (shaken): You... (sighs) You said...it isn't right to leave him like this.

HINA: Yeah. [pause] At least, *I* don't think it's right.

[Robbie takes breath.]

ROBBIE: Okay.

HINA (relieved): Thank you.

ROBBIE: But please, don't think that way about Rosa. She's a good person. She just wants to protect everyone on the ship.

HINA: I...believe you. I really hope we find something that *proves* she's not involved, actually.

[long pause]

ROBBIE: Are you okay? I mean...after the year transfer with Bassel Assad?

[Hina lets out a breath.]

HINA: You sounds like Janelle. Not that I don't appreciate the thought, I do, but...you don't have to worry about me.

[pause]

ROBBIE: *Are* you okay?

HINA (a little dry): As okay as I'll be with thirty years on this ship ahead of me.

ROBBIE: I...like being on the ship.

HINA (slight chuckle): You don't miss earth?

ROBBIE: I've been on Persephone for a long time. I'm comfortable here.

HINA (a little sweet): Good. If someone's happy here, that makes *me* more comfortable.

[Pause. Robbie stutters to speak again.]

ROBBIE: I-I only have two more years on my term, but I'll help you while I'm here.
(anxious) Just tell me how to help you while I'm here!

HINA (laughing a little): Relax, Robbie! I'll tell you, I promise. [pause] We're all crew.
We'll help *you* the next time you need *us*, okay?

ROBBIE: O-okay.

[pause]

ROBBIE: Is...Seb doing the autopsy with you?

HINA: Oh. Um, Travis and Janelle are asking him now. But they said he'll--

ROBBIE: He'll do it. He'll do it if they are.

[pause]

HINA: O...kay. Well. [pause] Thanks. We'll keep you posted, but you can keep a monitor camera open. We'll be in the long-term organic storage area.

ROBBIE: It's okay for me to watch?

HINA: Yeah. Like I told you.

ROBBIE: Okay.

HINA: Persephone, let me out.

[Door opens. Hina walks away.]

[long pause]

ROBBIE: Close the door, Persephone.

[Scene fades into Robbie's room. He takes a breath and turns on the monitor, releasing a musical tone; the monitor feeds in sounds of Janelle, Hina, and the shifting of organic and metal material through a slight filter.]

JANELLE: I really wanna do a facial reconstruction on this guy--if we can figure out what he looked like, maybe we can identify him. [pause] Hrm. His head is pretty crushed... (cracking noise)

HINA (a little sick): Oh God.

JANELLE (a little false gentle): Hina, just stand over there. You don't have to touch him.

JANELLE: This guy's head is a mess. (louder, to Hina) Where are my nurses?

HINA: O-over there.

[Janelle steps away, clatters with something mechanical. Moves back to body.]

JANELLE (clicking noises of setting up machine): It's going to take *forever* for them to do this. I might as well have that running when I'm doing everything else.

[Beeps, boops, and whirrs of little robots being set up.]

HINA (curious): They're so tiny. My maintenance bots are huge.

JANELLE: Well, yeah. I need them to do detail work.

HINA: They're kinda...cute.

JANELLE: Aren't they?

HINA: They remind me of a tarantula I had growing up. His name was Butters.

[Several music tones. Robots gets to work, whirring and buzzing.]

JANELLE: There. That could take a few hours or a few *days*. I've never had them rebuild that much bone. [pause] And the face has cartilage and skin and fat, which will take even longer...

ROBBIE: They're rebuilding his face...

PERSEPHONE: Do you have a question, Robbie?

ROBBE: Oh. N-no.

[Sounds of Janelle walking around, fiddling with equipment.]

JANELLE: Okay! While that's running, I wonder if I can figure out if his head was smashed before or after he died...

HINA: Um, I'm pretty sure that was the cause of death.

JANELLE: Not necessarily. He could've suffocated or something and his head was crushed while someone moved him. [pause] I could really use an extra set of hands...Hina?

HINA: U-uh...

JANELLE (sighs): Never mind. [pause, frustration] Where are Travis and Seb? We agreed to meet up an hour ago.

HINA: I haven't seen them yet this morning.

JANELLE: Considering this was *Travis's* idea, he'd better get his ass down here.
(louder) Robbie, are you keeping watch?

ROBBIE (surprised): Huh? Uh... [monitor beeps] D-do I have to?

JANELLE: It would be nice.

ROBBIE: Oh. Um... [monitor beeps] Rosa's privacy flag is still up. I think she's asleep...she had an exam that went late last night.

JANELLE: Good. Can you knock on Seb's door? He can wrangle Travis for us--he's a *monster* in the mornings.

ROBBIE: Can't I just page him?

JANELLE: I'd rather keep this quiet.

ROBBIE: O-okay. [monitor beeps] Persephone, let me out.

[Door opens. Robbie shuffles down the hall for a few seconds. Stops in front of a door and knocks.]

ROBBIE: Um...Seb? Are you awake?

SEB (muffled through door) (blearily): Huh? Uh... (suddenly alarmed) Shit, what time is it?!

PERSEPHONE (muffled through door): Good morning, Sebastian Atal. This is Day 3020 of your shift on Persephone. You have 4 years, 265 days remaining. Have a nice day.

ROBBIE: Seb?

SEB (flustered): Robbie? (whispered) Keep it down!

ROBBIE: Huh?

SEB (whispered): No, just...I'm coming.

[Sound of moving, shuffling fabric from inside the room.]

[Seb curses more.]

SEB (whispers) :Persephone, open the door 20%.

[door sound, very shortened]

SEB (somewhat quietly): Sorry, I'm not dressed.

ROBBIE: No, that's okay...I-I'm sorry. Janelle sent me--

SEB: Yeah, I know. I'm really late. Tell her I'm sorry and I'll be down as soon as I can.

ROBBIE: Janelle wants you to bring Travis. Do you want me to knock on his door first?

SEB: No! I mean, I'll do it, just...

[Travis grunts from inside the room, behind Seb.]

TRAVIS: Nngh...what time is it?

PERSEPHONE: Good morning, Travis Williams. This is Day 135 of your shift on Persephone. You have 4 years, 230 days remaining. Have a nice day.

[Seb and Robbie stand in silence for a second.]

TRAVIS: Where the fuck are my pants?

SEB (laughing/crying): Just tell them we're coming. Persephone, close the door.

[door closes, short sound]

[Robbie stands there for a minute.]

[Robbie shuffles down hall, back to his room.]

ROBBIE: Persephone, open the door and close it behind me.

[door sound]

[Robbie goes back in room, turns on monitor. Girls are still talking in storage bay.]

JANELLE: ...Oom lost the tip of a finger once to the botany equipment. I think he was trying to fix a blade.

HINA: Ew.

JANELLE: The nurses rebuilt *that*. He said he didn't get all the nerve endings back, but it was still pretty--

[tone as Robbie pushes button]

ROBBIE: Excuse me.

HINA: Oh. Was Seb awake?

ROBBIE: I think I woke him and Travis up. Seb said they'll be here soon.

JANELLE (sighs, frustrated): How soon is soon?

ROBBIE: I don't know. Seb wanted me to leave...I think he was embarrassed because they were naked.

[long pause]

JANELLE: Wait. Were they in the same *room*?

ROBBIE: Yeah.

[pause]

HINA: They were...naked?

ROBBIE: Yeah.

[long pause]

ROBBIE: I think they had sex.

JANELLE (frustrated): THANK YOU, Robbie!

HINA (overlapped with Janelle above): We get it, Robbie.

[Scene fades back in. Robbie is still watching over the monitor, so all sounds in storage bay are through a filter. Robots are working, moving.]

JANELLE: I *can't* believe you.

SEB (pathetic): Janelle...

JANELLE: What were *thinking*?! How long has this been going on?

SEB (quieter): Janelle, keep it down. Robbie's watching.

JANELLE: Fine. (louder) Robbie, are Travis and Hina still at their workstations?

[beeps]

ROBBIE: Yeah.

JANELLE: Don't tell them about this conversation.

ROBBIE: I won't.

JANELLE: There. Fixed!

SEB (quiet, dry): Great.

JANELLE: Seb, you're 33 years old. You've spent a *quarter* of your life on this ship. Travis just got here and he's barely more than a teenager!

SEB: I know...

JANELLE: And he's not just an asshole--he's *drowning* in issues right now! He blames *everyone* for his bad luck and is dragging us all down with him.

SEB (firmer): Janelle, stop it. You're not being fair.

JANELLE: He's never been fair to *me*!

SEB: Yeah, but--

JANELLE: No! Fuck you, Seb!

[pause]

JANELLE: How could you hide this from me? I tell you about *everything* in my life, and you...bury the fact that you're fucking the guy who's treated me like shit from day one?

[pause]

SEB: I'm sorry.

JANELLE: You'd better be!

[long pause]

SEB (quiet): I know Travis has been awful you. And I'm...trying to push him to make things right.

JANELLE: Well, you're doing a shitty job!

SEB (frustrated): It's complicated, okay? He *hates* that I used to sleep with you. And it's not just because you two don't get along, it's...more than that.

JANELLE: He doesn't think I *still* want to sleep with you.

SEB: No. I...told him we're over.

JANELLE (sarcastic): What, is he jealous of me?

SEB: Yes!

[pause]

JANELLE: Well, he should be! I'm not an immature dick.

SEB: And you're not disabled!

[pause]

JANELLE (through her teeth): *Don't you dare.*

SEB: I--

JANELLE: Don't you dare, Seb! One bad thing happening to him doesn't erase how he treats people.

SEB: I'm not saying that excuses him, but give him time! He has to work through it!

JANELLE: You *can't* fix him!

[long pause]

JANELLE: Fine. Support *him*! He earned it, having known you for all of four months and giving you fancy new sex. Screw *our* friendship, you've got someone new to fuck!

SEB: Janelle, I'm sorry I hid this from you! I didn't think--

JANELLE: You never think with *anything* but your dick!

[Janelle storms out.]

SEB: Janelle, wait!

[pause]

SEB (through hands): Oh, God.

[pause]

[robot beeps two tones, over and over]

SEB: Is it finished? Does she need reset that thing?

[robot beeps two tones, over and over]

SEB: Shit. (louder) Robbie, where's Rosa?

ROBBIE: Um... (monitor beeps) She's awake, but in her room. I'll get a flag if she leaves.

SEB: Keep watch over here, all right?

ROBBIE: Uh...

SEB (while running out of the room): Janelle! This thing needs you! Janelle, I'm sorry!

[robot beeps two tones, over and over]

[Robbie turns off monitor, cutting off sounds.]

[long pause]

ROBBIE: Persephone?

PERSEPHONE: Yes, Robbie?

ROBBIE: If they...really reconstruct his face, can you identify him?

PERSEPHONE: Primary identification is through ID chip. I do not have the proper database for facial recognition. But if data is manually cross-referenced with crew profiles or video, a match is possible.

[pause]

PERSEPHONE: Would you like to contact the captain?

[pause]

ROBBIE: No.

[long pause]

PERSEPHONE: Would you like to contact the captain?

ROBBIE: *No.*

[long pause]

PERSEPHONE: Contacting the captain. Please standby.

ROBBIE (solemn): Stop it, Persephone.

[quick sounds of monitor beeps as Robbie types on the screen]

PERSEPHONE: Technician override in process. Please standby...

[Persephone's voice warps and disappears. Room is left in silence.]

[Robbie breathes heavily. He buries his head in his hands.]

ROBBIE (weakly): I won't let you stop them.

End of Chapter 5