



Awake

Chapter 7 *Transcript*

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Illustrations by Angela Sham and © Chromatic Press

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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[Scene opens in the hallway. Rosa and Robbie are running; everyone else can be heard over the monitor in overlapping bursts.]

ROSA: I thought Seb had this under control...!

[A number of overlapping Persephone alerts are ringing, complete with tones.]

PERSEPHONE: Attention, Hina Hwan. Please report to Biological Reclamation Level 9 for breach in heating coils 10024, 10025, 10026, 10027, 10028.

PERSEPHONE: Attention, Janelle Vetrov. Please report to Biological Reclamation Level 9 for medical emergency.

PERSEPHONE: Warning: contamination detected in Bio Reclamation Level 9. Emergency colony extraction initiated.

PERSEPHONE: Warning: temperature levels unstable in Bio Reclamation Level 9. Emergency colony extraction initiated.

ROSA: [panting]

ROBBIE: [panting]

SEB: [watery splashes]

HINA (over monitor): Rosa! I'm with Janelle!

JANELLE (over monitor): We're on our way!

TRAVIS (over monitor): Stupid fucking... [metal clanging noises] This damn ladder's all...slippery!

ROSA: Travis!

TRAVIS (over monitor): I'm at the tank! I'll pull him out!

ROSA: Travis, you're not strong enough! Get a rope and tie it to the ladder!

TRAVIS (over monitor): I don't *have* a fucking rope!

PERSEPHONE: Warning: contamination detected in Bio Reclamation Level 9.
Emergency colony extraction initiated.

PERSEPHONE: Warning: temperature levels unstable in Bio Reclamation Level 9.
Emergency colony extraction initiated.

SEB (over monitor): Persephone, don't extract-- [cut off]

[Rosa and Robbie arrive in bio reclamation.]

TRAVIS: [more curses, distant] Seb! Grab the end of my cane!

ROSA: Travis, be careful up there!

TRAVIS: This fucking tank is--

ROSA: TRAVIS!

[splashing sound]

[There's a loud, metallic CHOOM sound as the top of the tank closes; sound from Travis and Seb is cut off.]

PERSEPHONE: Contamination isolated. Emergency colony extraction in progress.

PERSEPHONE: Warning: temperature levels unstable in Bio Reclamation Level 9.
Emergency colony extraction initiated.

ROSA: Persephone, unseal the tank! Two crew members are in there!

PERSEPHONE: Contamination isolated. Emergency colony extraction in progress.

ROSA: Persephone, Captain's override 362! **Unseal that tank!**

PERSEPHONE: Contamination isolated. Emergency colony extraction in progress.

PERSEPHONE: Warning: temperature levels unstable in Bio Reclamation Level 9.
Emergency colony extraction initiated.

[Hina and Janelle run in.]

HINA: What happened? Where are they?!

ROSA: Dammit! Persephone, open up monitoring audio/video channels inside that tank!

[The sounds of splashing, thuds, etc. can now be heard through a monitor, although with vocalizations from Travis and Seb.]

ROSA: Travis, can you swim?!

TRAVIS (over monitor): My feet are on the floor! I'm...taller than the bog level.

SEB (over monitor): [cries being cut off by water]

TRAVIS (over monitor): Son of a...this fucking fan is sucking him under!

ROSA: Persephone, Captain's override 362! Stop that--

ROBBIE (quickly): Persephone won't stop if the colony's in danger. We need that bacteria to terraform Tau Ceti Prime and she won't accept a Captain's override.

ROSA: That's Colony Q?!

ROBBIE: The broken heating board knocked Seb in. Hina, you have to get the heating coils back online if we want to delay the extraction.

HINA: What? I couldn't get them working *before*!

TRAVIS (over monitor): Seb, your suit's caught on something! Rip it or the fan...! (slightly helpless) I can't...pull you!

JANELLE: He'll die if we don't get him out!

ROBBIE: Everyone could die later if we don't save the colony.

ROSA: They've already contaminated it; that's what the filter's for! (louder)

Persephone, we can filter it later! Unseal the tank!

PERSEPHONE: Warning: temperature levels unstable in Bio Reclamation Level 9.

ROSA: Hina, get to work on the coils! Janelle, take that terminal! Persephone, forward Seb's vitals to Janelle!

HINA: Nngh! [runs] I'll do it from the terminal up there! [sounds of her climbing up the ladder]

ROSA: Persephone, how much of the colony has been rerouted?!

PERSEPHONE: 3.4%.

ROSA: Her baseline sustainability is 40%. This could take hours.

JANELLE: Travis, keep Seb's head above the waterline!

TRAVIS (over monitor): I'm...TRYING! His suit...won't...TEAR!

PERSEPHONE: Medical warning: Sebastian Atal oxygen at critical.

JANELLE: He's getting stronger pressure readings on his leg! Robbie, can you get Persephone to turn it off?

ROBBIE: Persephone, reduce extraction fan speed by 90%.

PERSEPHONE: Warning: Emergency colony extraction in progress.

JANELLE: His left fibula just snapped!

ROBBIE: Persephone, reduce extraction fan speed by maximum percentage during an extraction.

PERSEPHONE: Of course, Robbie.

TRAVIS (over monitor): SEB!

ROSA (almost to herself): There are so many broken *parts*. Persephone's working with

what she has, but it's only enough for... [sucks in a breath]

ROSA: Robbie, what's the fan speed?!

ROBBIE: 65%

ROSA: Travis! Jam the fan!

TRAVIS (over monitor): [coughs]

ROSA: DO NOT BREAK IT! Just jam it with something!

[splashing sounds]

[loud clang]

[chugging sounds, creaking metal]

[whirring of fan stops]

TRAVIS (over monitor): [gasps, splutters]

PERSEPHONE: Warning: Fan malfunction. Please repair. Emergency colony extraction in progress.

[CHOOM sound of tank opening again; Travis and Seb sounds are clear again, not through a monitor]

HINA: It's opening!

TRAVIS: HINA!

ROBBIE/JANELLE: Hina!

HINA: I'm coming! [splash]

PERSEPHONE: Warning: temperature levels unstable in Bio Reclamation Level 9. Emergency colony extraction in progress.

ROBBIE: O-one of the hoverdroids is here. I can send it into the tank to pull out Travis's cane.

ROSA: Good. The minute they're out.

ROBBIE: Okay.

[droid noise]

Janelle: Is he breathing? Support his broken leg!

[scene fades out]

[Scene changes to the med bay. Sounds of instruments, latex gloves being stripped off. Robots whirring in the background.]

ROSA: Give me an update, Janelle.

JANELLE: He's stable. The nurses need awhile to repair the bone, but then sewing him up will be easy enough.

ROBBIE: Why did you put him under full anesthesia?

JANELLE: I didn't--I gave him a half-block. He just fell asleep.

TRAVIS: He hasn't been sleeping much.

ROSA: Then let him sleep. [turns] I need to talk to all of you outside. NOW.

JANELLE: Persephone, send me an alert if the nurses need me or Seb wakes up.

PERSEPHONE: Of course.

[sound of many feet stepping outside]

ROSA: Close the door Persephone.

[door sound]

ROSA: [long breath]

ROSA: I'm most disappointed in *you*, Hina.

HINA (defeated): I...know.

ROSA: You didn't follow up after replacing *sensitive equipment*. That's dangerously sloppy.

ROBBIE: Sh-she's never worked in that part of Biological Reclamation before.

ROSA: Robbie, not now. Hina, even without Seb, there are protocols in Persephone. You could've *at least* pulled one up.

HINA: You're right. I'm...really sorry.

ROSA: [sighs] Seb's been pulling double and triple shifts recently. Not only has he gotten *minimal* help from all of you, I've seen your reports. You're barely doing your *own* jobs.

TRAVIS: We're sorry, okay? We didn't realize how bad things had gotten in Reclamation.

ROSA: I don't believe you. Seb had a few bad years on his run, but he learned from it. He *knows* how to ask for help now.

JANELLE (a little defensive): He's *not* as open as you think he is.

HINA: Janelle...

JANELLE (a little shaken): Look, he and I were...fighting a little, and maybe that leaked into everything else. I'm sorry if that had *anything* to do with this!

ROBBIE (weak protest): It was an accident...

ROSA: Janelle, you know what I've told you about drama.

JANELLE: *My* drama?! How can you say that after everything that happened between Seb and Kyle? *I* got Seb through that!

TRAVIS (almost to himself): Kyle?

ROSA: Exactly, Janelle! I expect *you* to **handle** drama, not add to it! I used to count on you for that and you let me down the second you let Travis get under your skin!

[long silence]

TRAVIS: This is just as much my fault.

ROSA: Travis--

TRAVIS: I don't wanna go into it. So just...I'm sorry. We all are.

[pause]

ROBBIE (weak): We're sorry, Rosa.

[pause]

ROSA: [sighs] Is this about the body?

HINA/JANELLE/TRAVIS (too quickly): No.

ROSA: It's been lingering in my mind, too. I've been thinking... To end this and clear the air, maybe we should move the body into permanent storage early--

HINA/JANELLE/TRAVIS (too quickly): No!

[long pause]

TRAVIS: I'm sleeping with Seb!

ROSA: Excuse me?

TRAVIS: I'm sleeping with Seb, and Robbie caught us, and it made everyone weird and...that's all it is, really! [takes a breath] Don't start **prematurely burying corpses**

because we played a little dick pool! I won't be able to get an erection *ever again!*

JANELLE: Pfft!

ROSA: Travis, watch your mouth. [sighs] Ugh...do we have to run the sexual etiquette workshop again?

HINA/JANELLE/TRAVIS/ROBBIE JOINS THIS TIME (too quickly): No!

ROSA: All right, all right! Keep it down or you'll wake up Seb.

[pause]

ROSA: [sighs] When Seb *is* up, I want all of you to apologize to him. Then I want more active duty at your respective stations. Hina and Janelle, you'll be splitting Seb's duties until he's in working condition. And keep assisting him when he's up, because he'll have to be gentle on that new bone for a while. [pause] All of you--whatever Seb wants, from *any* of you, **you give him**.

HINA: Absolutely.

JANELLE: No problem.

ROSA: Don't forget that Robbie and Seb are your seniors here. Treat them with respect.

[pause]

ROSA: Travis, Hina--good work rescuing Seb from the tank. New team members aren't usually that good in a crisis.

HINA: Okay.

TRAVIS: Nngh.

ROSA: I'll be in my room. Janelle, page me if there are any more problems.

JANELLE: Right.

[Rosa leaves. She can hear voices fading behind her as she walks down the hallway.]

TRAVIS: ...She told me to **give Seb whatever he wants.**

JANELLE: If you re-break his leg, I'll fucking kill you.

[Rosa walks down the hallway, eventually arriving at her room.]

ROSA: Persephone, let me in and close the door behind me.

[door sound; steps; door sound]

[Rosa sits down heavily on her bed.]

ROSA: [sighs]

ROSA: ...Why did this have to happen? When I only have three years left in this nightmare?

PERSEPHONE: Do you have a question?

ROSA (quiet): Why did they have to find him?

PERSEPHONE: Please rephrase the question.

[Rosa lies back on the bed.]

[long pause]

ROSA: Persephone, cancel voice activation until restarted.

[Shifting of body on the bed, knees on the floor.]

ROSA: Forgive me, Lord. I know I'm a sinner.

[pause]

ROSA: I...I know you're testing me. And I know you're still punishing me for...being unfaithful to Fang hua. [deep breath] I was weak. I was so lonely and desperate...I-I was afraid I was losing my *humanity* on this ship.

ROSA: I still love Fang hua, but I can barely remember what it was like to touch her. Even the videos of us are starting to feel like...glimpses of someone *else's* life. (weakly) I'm still having those dreams, where I'm back on earth and I turned down this job. That all of this was just a nightmare, and I'm so relieved I didn't go through with it...

[long pause]

ROSA: I...know you put Janelle here...to remind me of my failures. And I've resisted the urge to be alone with her, because I swear I'll never stray again, but...

ROSA (weakly): But now? She had to find the *body* while I'm still here? I was so fixated on the adultery that I never thought...

ROSA (pained): Please, Lord, I can't face him again. I can't face what I did to *hide* him from... (shaky) I don't want to ruin any more lives! If Robbie tells Janelle, I don't know what I'll do!

[long pause]

ROSA: [some heavy breathing first] D-did I do the right thing? Am I *still* doing the right thing?

[long pause]

ROSA (voice breaking): Lord...please give me a sign. I can't take this anymore!

[long pause]

ROSA (whisper): I'm sorry, Robbie.

PERSPECTIVE SWITCH: HINA

[Fade into Janelle's room.]

JAMILAH (on the monitor, in the background): (a little tired) Anyway, now that she's stitched up, she should be okay. Don't forget that, Janelle--the organ glue can work on

bones in a pinch. Well, the small stress fractures, anyway. If Yuuki had really snapped something... [trails off, yawning] God, I'm so tired. I don't know why I've been so tired lately.

HINA: [sounds of yawning, waking up]

HINA: Hnn?

PERSEPHONE: Good morning, Hina Hwan. This is Day 40 of your shift on Persephone. You have 29 years, 325 days remaining. Have a nice day.

JANELLE: Morning.

HINA: Hm? Mm... [stretches, movement on the bed] Oh, crap. I'm sorry--I fell asleep in your bed.

JANELLE: I don't know how you can just plop down anywhere and fall asleep. I need total quiet, tons of space, *all* the blankets...

HINA: Heh.

[Sounds of movement. Jamilah's voice continues on the video in the background.]

JAMILAH (on the monitor, in the background): Ngh...ugh, I'm nauseous again. I guess that answers the question of the artificial sweetener. (groans) I don't know why I keep trying it--it's not even good. I just want a candy bar so badly. I've had this horrible, life-sucking craving for caramel for days now. It's like poison in my brain, Janelle. I think about caramel, I *dream* about caramel. (pauses, gets wistful) What was that name of the gooey bar we used to get as kids? It had some kind of pink hippo on the package...do you remember that? The one at the corner store. It had those grooves cut into it so we could split it really easily. Ugh, that thing was so *good*.

HINA: Jamilah's diaries again, huh?

JANELLE: Yeah.

HINA: Are these old or new?

JANELLE: New, actually. I'm trying what Travis said, since I don't know if I'll *ever* find

that clue she left in the old tapes.

HINA: I dunno...it sounded like she had faith in you.

JAMILAH (on the monitor, in the background): (pauses, sounds nauseous again) Nn...I kinda want to throw up. Hang on--I'll be back. Stupid synthetics printer!

JANELLE (a little frustrated): I don't know why. I'm terrible at playing her little...secret games! [sighs] Jamilah was always like this. Dragging me along on her stunts, playing weird tricks on me...she used to do this thing where she'd wait for me to finish her sentences, and I could never do it. She always looked so *surprised*.

[pause]

HINA (quietly): You weren't the twin cliché, huh?

JANELLE: We didn't actually have that much in common. We worked together and hung out all the time, but...whenever I didn't agree with her, she thought I was joking. She assumed I was just like her. (a little ruefully) But we were always together, and she was just *louder*.

[long pause]

HINA: I think I can understand that.

JAMILAH (on the monitor, in the background): (after pause) Sorry about that. I need to stop putting shit in my body. Is this what it's like to get old? [chuckles weakly] I'm tired all the time? I can't even stomach fake sugar anymore? [grunts] I guess that's something you can look forward to, Janelle.

JANELLE: You should've seen the guys and girls she brought home, Hina. They were *awful*. [sighs] But she always thought I'd be SO into them. Because they were *her* type, so of course they were *my* type. "Don't touch my gorgeous girlfriend, Janelle!" [snort] Never. Ew.

[pause]

HINA: Except for Jimmy Miller?

[pause]

JANELLE (a little sad): Yeah. Except for Jimmy Miller.

[pause]

HINA: You obviously miss her.

JANELLE: Of course I do. She's my *sister*. She always had my back and she was this...constant, comforting part of my life. [pause] But I don't think she ever really understood *me*.

[long pause]

HINA: Janelle...can I ask you a personal question?

JANELLE: [chuckles slightly] Uh-oh.

HINA: Um...are things gonna be okay with you and Seb?

JANELLE: (sighs, almost a little dismissive) Yeah, we'll be fine. We just needed a little space and a mini disaster to put things in perspective. (voice goes quieter) We've actually been through a lot worse than this. It'll be fine.

HINA: Well...that's good.

JANELLE (a little sarcastic, not unkind): I'm not *touching* his thing with Travis, though. That's his fucking mess and he can deal with it without me.

HINA: (chuckles softly)

JAMILAH (on the monitor, in the background): ...She's *so bad* at it, but whatever. We'll get a new engineer one of these days and I won't have to deal with her stupid ass.

[pause]

HINA: Huh?

[pause; we hear more of Jamilah's tape]

JAMILAH (on the monitor, in the background): It's not like it's boring around here-- we've had three serious injuries in the last week. I have tons to do! [chuckles slightly] But that might slow down--the captain dragged us through another safety lecture today. No one's following their protocol anymore and their injuries are so *dumb*. Who climbs a ladder in bare feet? Who tries to repair broken machinery after drinking? It's common sense, Janelle! Which is too much for these idiots, apparently.

HINA: Janelle! Look at that!

JANELLE: Huh?

HINA: Behind Jamilah! LOOK! Persephone, pause the tape!

[video continues]

HINA: Crap, we just passed it. Persephone, rewind the tape!

[video continues as Hina gets out of bed]

HINA: Hang on, I'll do it myself! [tones of touching screen; video rewinds]

HINA: There! Behind Jamilah!

JANELLE: Huh?!

[tone of touching screen; tape pauses]

HINA: That's him, isn't it?! Why is he in her bedroom? Do you know who he is?!

JANELLE: I think...that has to be Naveen! The software tech--she was sleeping with him on and off, remember?!

HINA: Naveen...

[long pause]

JANELLE: Persephone, run the facial scan you did of the dead body and cross-reference it with the man in the video!

[pause]

PERSEPHONE: Inappropriate angle for facial scan.

JANELLE: Then get more *creative*, Persephone!

HINA: Here! [button tones] Scan his face now.

[pause]

PERSEPHONE: Inappropriate angle for facial scan.

HINA: God, I need Robbie or Seb... [button tones] Try it now.

[pause]

JANELLE: Is it a match?

[long pause]

PERSEPHONE: Match confirmed.

[long pause]

JANELLE: Naveen...

[long pause]

HINA: How long ago was this?

JANELLE: I don't know! [frustrated noise] Persephone, bring up the timestamps of these videos!

PERSEPHONE: Timestamps unavailable.

JANELLE: What?

HINA: Persephone, you don't know when these were made?

PERSEPHONE: Timestamps unavailable.

JANELLE: Someone must've erased them!

HINA: Persephone, could Robbie retrieve the timestamps, even if they've been erased?

PERSEPHONE: Timestamps unavailable.

JANELLE: Persephone, is there *any other way* Robbie could find out when these videos were made?

[long pause]

PERSEPHONE: Of course.

HINA: Persephone, where's Robbie now?

PERSEPHONE: Robbie is in the personal suite of Captain Rosa Medina.

HINA: Crap. Are they alone?

PERSEPHONE: Yes.

HINA: Persephone, send him a private flag that there's a fire in the hole and he should contact me *as soon as he can*.

PERSEPHONE: Of course.

JANELLE: Persephone, send private flags to Travis and Seb. Tell them to come to my room alone!

PERSEPHONE: Of course.

[long pause]

HINA (nervous): Okay...

JANELLE (nervous): Okay. [long pause] Persephone...play the video again.

[video opens back on Jamilah]

JAMILAH (on the monitor): Anyway, now I'm stuck with--huh? [turns head] Naveen didn't even make the bed?! [frustrated noise] And his room is *super* neat! So he's not lazy, he just feels like being a dick!

JAMILAH (on the monitor): I don't know why I sleep with him, Janelle. Ugh! [sighs] Sometimes I wish he'd just die.

End of Chapter 7