



# Awake

## Chapter 6 *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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**\*\*PERSPECTIVE CHANGE: SEB\*\***

[We open in Seb's workshop again. He's rattling with the pipes/equipment.]

PER: Bacteria Colony Tank 273 rerouting to temporary isolation, under authorization of Sebastian Atal. Is this correct?

SEB: (under Persephone lines above, as he struggles with pipes) Stupid...nngh!

SEB: Yeah.

PER: Warning: rerouting bacterial colonies from assigned tanks can result in contamination or colony death.

SEB: (over her): I know how to do my job, Persephone! Just reroute it!

PER: Warning, Sebastian Atal. Your aggression levels are approaching maximum.

SEB: [frustrated sigh] Okay...okay. [takes long breath] (under his breath) Deep blue ocean, deep blue ocean...

[Persephone beeps as the intercom comes on]

HINA: Did you page me?

[There's the sound of welding/sparks like a car shop. Also some music in the background.]

SEB: Hina! Yeah...are you busy?

HINA: (over the welding sounds, so a little louder) I'm trying to fix one of Travis's rotary tillers. (stop equipment, voice goes lower) It's buying Travis a break so he can go help with *other stuff*.

SEB: Oh. (hesitates) When you're done with that, could you give me a hand down here?

[Weldings stops.]

HINA: (takes a breath) Hm? What's the matter?

SEB: I need you to look at the heating coils in Bio Reclamation Level 9. They're all screwed up and I can't figure out where the problem is.

HINA: Level *nine*? This morning you told me it was Level 4.

SEB: Yeah, there's something wrong with the pipes on 4 and 9, but they're hardly connected so I can't tell if it's the same problem. And 9 is the bigger issue right now.

HINA: Whoa. Is this an emergency?

SEB: (sighs) It's pumping, but I'm gonna have to keep a close eye on it. A lot of these components are organic, but the problem seems to be in the actual suction filters...

HINA: Hm. Give me the rundown of the machinery.

SEB: You know the gradual evolution pools, right? They're like a giant digestive system that keeps some of the more rare and important species of bacteria alive.

HINA: Okay.

SEB: A lot of them wouldn't survive cryogenics, so we need to keep them alive for the whole trip. I need those filters to keep everything from mixing, and I need the temperature controls to keep the colonies alive but not...denaturing! (angry sigh) We can't lose these before we get to Tau Ceti. (grunts) I mean, supplementing the aquatic systems *alone* is gonna take...

[Seb pauses. Hina says nothing.]

SEB: I'm boring you, aren't I?

HINA: (makes a noise with the drill) (gently) I've always been more about tech than bio, sorry.

SEB: (sighs) Whatever. I know this isn't interesting to anybody else.

HINA: Hey, I'm glad you care. (spark noises) Janelle says you're really good at that stuff.

SEB: Well, it's not like I could chase my "boyhood dream of genetic engineering" back

home. Not with the war.

HINA: Mm.

SEB: (sighs) Had to go into space to get the job I wanted. And now I'm stuck here...fighting this 600-year-old equipment half the time.

HINA: You *wanted* to work with shit?

SEB: (chuckles slightly) Well, it can get a little gross, but it's only, like, 20% of what I do. (voice gets a little giddy, like when he talks about movies) I'm helping to *evolve bacteria*. I'm making the life that's going to fuel the new world. Isn't that crazy? It keeps me sane when I'm wading through everyone's shit.

HINA: (stops welding) (sighs) Can I take a look at it tonight? After this, I really need to help Janelle with...y'know.

SEB: Oh. (voice gets quieter) Right. (sighs) But as soon as you can, after that. Please.

HINA: Sure. Is that it?

SEB: Um...about, uh...Travis and Janelle. (long pause) I should probably explain.

HINA: It's your business, Seb. Not mine.

SEB: I appreciate it, but...Janelle isn't talking to me right now, so I assume she's been ranting at *you*.

HINA: A little.

SEB: (sighs) Sorry to drag you into this, Hina. I didn't mean to cause drama when there's so much going on, and...

HINA: (almost chuckle) It's okay.

SEB: This thing with Travis hasn't been going very long. I *know* I should've been upfront with Janelle, but I wasn't sure how to tell her--

HINA: Seb? It's okay.

SEB: (sighs) Thanks, Hina.

HINA: (welding again) I'll see you on Level 9 tonight.

SEB: (a little sad) Right.

[Feed cuts out.]

SEB: (long breath, long pause) Persephone, put me through to Robbie. Private line.

[beep of new feed opening]

ROB: (Robbie sounds a little down/distracted throughout this conversation) Hi, Seb.

SEB: Just an update. I rerouted Tank 273 until I can fix the filters. Hina's gonna help me tonight, and we'll re-evaluate then.

ROB: Okay. Tank 273 is stable until then?

SEB: Yeah.

(pause)

SEB: Um...is anyone working on the body right now?

ROB: Yeah. Janelle and Travis are in the long-term organic storage area.

SEB: Janelle and Travis? They're together?

ROB: Yes.

(long pause)

SEB: Um...can you patch me through?

ROB: (a little uncomfortable) Janelle asked me to...not let anyone in for a few hours. She said she needed some privacy.

SEB: With *Travis*? (a little sick) Oh, God.

ROB: (uncomfortable) The...medical robots have almost finished reconstructing the face. She said she'll flag everyone when it's time to go look at it.

SEB: Oh. Okay.

(long pause)

SEB: Are you okay, Robbie? You sound a little...sick.

ROB: I'm not sick.

(long pause)

SEB: You haven't...talked to Rosa about this, have you?

ROB: No.

SEB: I know this is hard, Robbie...but it's important that we just keep this among us right now, okay? We have to be careful. We'll tell Rosa about as soon as we've cleared her.

ROB: (shaky) I-I know that.

SEB: I'm...not really comfortable with this, either. *I* trust Rosa. But...we got overruled, and we're in pretty deep now...it's too late to stop. You get that, right?

ROB: (weakly) Yes.

(long pause)

SEB: Hang in there, Robbie.

ROB: (swallows) Thank you, Seb.

[feed goes out]

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[We're in Travis's room. Sound fades in.]

TRAVIS: ...said the bots should be done with the face tomorrow morning. I hope that's useful, since we didn't get much from the rest of the autopsy.

SEB: (sleepy) Mm-hm.

TRAVIS: And we should all be there. Robbie agreed to distract Rosa, so when you get the flag, come to orgo storage as fast as you can. You're good with Persephone, so maybe you can help us figure out how to get her to recognize faces...

SEB: (yawns)

TRAVIS: Are you listening to me?

SEB: Huh? Uh, yeah. (sighs) I'm just tired.

TRAVIS: This is important, Seb.

SEB: I know that. I just...haven't slept much lately.

(long pause)

TRAVIS: Is that my fault?

SEB: (chuckles weakly) No. Just problems in the waste bay and bio reclamation...the equipment's in really bad shape. Maybe it just wasn't built to last this long...

TRAVIS: Was Hina helping you? She was barely in to see the body today.

SEB: Yeah, she was trying.

TRAVIS: Janelle needed her to fix one of the reconstruction bots. We ended up taking it off. (slightly annoyed) Nngh...that's why the face is taking so long.

SEB: (frustrated sigh) I'm sorry I'm interfering with your "investigation," but we can't just ignore our jobs to find out what happened to that body. You know all this could still lead to a dead end, Travis.

TRAVIS: I'm not ignoring my job. Hina bought me some time, but I still still prepped

the bulbs that I'm planting this week.

SEB: Yes, and my job's *harder* than yours right now. And...sometimes I need help.  
(throws up hands) *Sorry*.

(long pause)

TRAVIS: You're mad at me.

SEB: (sighs) I'm really not.

TRAVIS: Look, *I'm* not the one who outed us. And I told you it was stupid to hide it.

SEB: (angry sigh) Travis, I've been through this kinda thing before. There's almost *no* privacy in this place. Once everyone finds out who you're sleeping with, they start treating you differently, and the team dynamic gets weird--

TRAVIS: You're embarrassed about us.

SEB: What? No!

TRAVIS: Then why the hell were you hiding it?

SEB: I just...wanted a tiny shred of my life here to be private! So you and I could, y'know, feel this thing out before everyone gives us their unsolicited opinion.

TRAVIS: Like *Janelle*.

SEB: (sighs)

(long pause)

TRAVIS: I don't care what she thinks. She told me what *you* told me--she doesn't want you anymore.

(long pause)

SEB: Uh...what else did she tell you?

TRAVIS: She mentioned the videos.

SEB: (weakly) Oh, God...look, we were really drunk, and--

TRAVIS: The ones her sister left her! (long pause) Tell me you didn't make *sex tapes* with Janelle!

SEB: It wasn't on purpose! At least, not the first one... (pause) Wait, you mean Jamilah's video diaries.

TRAVIS: *Yes.* (grunts) It might have something to do with the body.

SEB: I thought she was keeping those private, in case it didn't.

TRAVIS: Well, I guess *she's* taking the murder investigation seriously and thought she should tell me.

SEB: Oh...

TRAVIS: (all business) We need to find that secret video key. Her sister said she put a clue about where to find it in the earlier tapes, but that doesn't make sense. How could she retroactively add a hint into video she already recorded?

SEB: Maybe she edited a clip in. She dropped that future video into the earlier diaries, after all.

TRAVIS: Yeah, but she just did that by giving the video title a low number so it'd play earlier in the sequence. She even named it something random so it wouldn't attract attention; uh, "These assholes keep labeling me for sleeping around" or something.

SEB: And that didn't mean anything to Janelle? She said there was a password, some password that she and her sister shared from middle school...

TRAVIS: Jimmy Miller.

SEB: Huh?

TRAVIS: That's the password. Jimmy Miller.

SEB: Oh. She didn't tell me that part...

TRAVIS: (brush-off) It was some boy they had a crush on at the same time. Nothing to do with labels or sleeping around, and Janelle's pretty sure Jamilah never brought him up in the earlier videos. Anyway, we did a quick check to see if any of the earlier videos had been tampered with, but they were all originals. And it's *hundreds* of hours of stuff to go over. I just...I think she should go *forward*, not backwards.

SEB: You wanna *ignore* what Jamilah specifically said to do?

TRAVIS: Janelle's sister was old when she made that confession video--so later tapes will be closer to the actual time of...whatever happened. Maybe we'll get a clue about what happened *without* finding the Jimmy Miller thing. (beat) I've been hunting around Jamilah's pod, too. She did this elaborate painting over her pod so Janelle wouldn't have to see her looking old. I thought maybe the painting had clues, but it was mostly, like, bad jokes and pictures of dicks. (sigh) I even chipped away a little bit of the paint, in case there was another layer hidden underneath. But she painted that shit directly on her pod glass.

(long pause)

SEB: So...that's what you and Janelle were talking about today.

(long pause)

TRAVIS: I need her. She's the key to a lot of these leads about the body.

(long pause)

SEB: (weak sigh) (quietly) Right.

TRAVIS: I know you think I'm too *immature* to work with her. Because I let "hormones control my life."

SEB: Travis...I'm sorry I said that, okay? I didn't mean it.

(pause)

TRAVIS: It's not like you ever need much *convincing* to fuck around with me.

SEB: I know. That wasn't fair of me.

(pause)

TRAVIS: Hn.

(pause)

(creak of feet, cane)

TRAVIS: Do you need convincing now?

SEB: I...

(shuffle of fabric, sound of hand over skin (face, arm))

[Persephone tone]

PER: Equipment alert for ~Sebastian Atal~. Please see ~suction filters~ in ~Biological Reclamation, Level 4.~

SEB: (quietly, tired, a little regret) Dammit. (sound of getting off of bed) I've gotta check that out.

TRAVIS: I'll wait up.

SEB: No, it's already late. Go to bed; I wanna sleep after this.

(pause)

TRAVIS: (a little frustrated) Fine. (louder) Open the door and close it behind him, Persephone.

[Door opens. Seb leaves, door closes.]

SEB: (sighs) (whispers angrily) Level 4 again...

TRAVIS: (muffled from other side of the door) Persephone, bring up some porn. Something with...male cheerleaders in it.

PER: Who would you like to be partnered with ~male cheerleaders~?

TRAVIS: *Other* male cheerleaders.

SEB: (chuckles a little as he walks off)

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[Open in bio reclamation again; humming, sound of equipment]

SEB: Why the hell doesn't...this doesn't even fit! (angry sigh) What idiot tried to fix this with a part that *doesn't fit*?

HINA: (through monitor) Seb? I'm here. I suited up.

SEB: Persephone, let her in!

HINA: Sorry, I got up a little late today. What do you need?

SEB: (frustrated) I don't even know anymore. The ambient heat keeps fluctuating...I think the ultraviolet light may be too strong? It wouldn't surprise me if some genius put in the wrong kind of bulb--

HINA: (calming voice) I'll take a look. (sound of work boots, maybe in something squishy)

SEB: See that unevenness in the light?

HINA: Yeah, I see it. But I don't think it's the bulb, with a pattern like that--maybe something with the relays that are refocusing the light. If I can't figure out where it's coming from, I can just replace the whole board.

SEB: (tired) Do you think you can do that now?

HINA: Yeah. May take a while, though. (pause) Are you okay? You look exhausted.

SEB: It never ends. I keep thinking I fixed the problem, then I go off to sleep and Persephone wakes me up again because the alerts are going off. I haven't had a full night's sleep in a week.

HINA: I'm sorry. How much did you sleep last night?



SEB: I still haven't actually gone to bed.

HINA: Whoa. Well, why don't you sleep now while I try to deal with this. Are the levels stable?

SEB: For now...

HINA: Then go to bed. I've got it, Seb.

SEB: (relieved) Thanks. I owe you one.

HINA: Don't worry about it.

[Persephone beeps over intercom]

ROBBIE: Seb? Hina?

HINA: What is it, Robbie?

ROBBIE: Janelle's sending the flag. Uh...

(long pause)

HINA (perking up): Is the face finished?

ROBBIE: Y...yes. (quietly) Rosa's getting up soon, so I'm going...I'm gonna have breakfast with her while you all...um...

HINA: Seb, you said the levels are stable here?

SEB: Yeah, but not for that long--

HINA: An hour?

SEB: (sighs) Yeah, I think so.

HINA: That's all we'll take. Then I'll come back here and you can go to sleep, I swear.

SEB: (sad sigh) Yeah, okay.

[Sounds of leaving the room, unzipping clothes/suits and taking off boots.]

(long pause)

HINA: I hope the head's...actually done, and not *mostly* done.

SEB: (quietly) Yeah.

HINA: Because that might be...really disturbing.

[door opens as she finishes that line]

ROSA: What's disturbing?

SEB: Erk!

HINA: R-Rosa! Uh...I just meant the, uh...poop?

ROSA: Hm. I appreciate you coming down here, then. (turns to Seb) Seb, I was going through your logs this morning. These issues on Level 4 are really persistent.

SEB: Yeah, uh...but Hina's helping me. I found a new issue last night and she thinks she can fix it...maybe that'll solve *some* of the problems, at least.

ROSA: Good. (perks up) I was about to have breakfast with Robbie, if you wanted to join us?

HINA: (a little too fast) I *really* need a shower before I get near food.

SEB: (overlapping with above) I wanna catch some sleep.

ROSA: All right. Thank you for being so diligent, Seb.

SEB: (awkward) That's the job.

[Rosa walks away. Hina and Seb wait a few minutes, then run down the hall.]

HINA: (panting) Persephone, let us in. Password Fire in the Hole.

SEB: (panting)

[Door opens. The two run in.]

HINA: Janelle...

SEB: Travis!

HINA: Rosa came down to see us in bio reclamation. We'd better do this fast.

JANELLE: Robbie's gonna distract her.

TRAVIS: (excited) Get over here!

[Seb and Hina walk up. They stop dead.]

[long pause, BGM]

HINA: That's...

SEB: That's him?

HINA: He looks...fine. Like he's *sleeping*.

JANELLE: (a little quiet) Kinda surreal, huh? It's not just a body anymore.

SEB: It's a...man.

[long pause]

HINA (a little pained): You...your bots built him a new *head*. Could he have *survived* if he was brought to sick bay right after this happened?

JANELLE (quietly): If this was actually an accident?

HINA: Yeah.

[long pause]

JANELLE: Probably not. I only rebuilt from the skull outward. I can't rebuild his brain. And...neither could've any *other* doctor on this ship. (sighs) By the way, I found the rest of the anti-aggression failsafe nodes\* in his brain, so he *was* definitely crew. I'm really scrambling in the dark with this autopsy...but I'm pretty sure his head was crushed right before or during his death.

TRAVIS: The head wound killed him.

JANELLE: I *think*.

TRAVIS: Janelle found damage in his lower back and shoulders, which probably happened while he was alive, but not long enough to bruise.\*\* So he may have fallen first, then gotten the head injury. [pause] There would've been blood everywhere from that kind of head wound. I went over every little crack in the floor in that closet, but there was nothing. He died somewhere else.

JANELLE: There wasn't much blood *on* him, either. So someone moved him, cleaned him up, and...wrapped him.

[long pause]

HINA: Maybe...someone should say a prayer. Is anyone religious?

TRAVIS: No.

SEB (overlapped with above): Not anymore.

[long pause]

SEB: Rosa's usually good at a time like this.

[long pause]

HINA: Rosa...

SEB (a little testy): Well, now what? Doing this was practically *mutiny*. Can Persephone do a face scan or something?

JANELLE: We tried right before you got here. She can't make a match; she doesn't have

the right database for it.

SEB (frustrated): So we still don't know anything!

TRAVIS: Janelle's gonna keep going through her sister's diaries. The rest of us...I dunno, we can--

HINA: He looks...

TRAVIS: Huh?

HINA: He looks...familiar. I feel like I've seen this guy before.

SEB: What?!

JANELLE: You, too? I feel like I've seen him, too!

TRAVIS: You didn't mention that!

JANELLE: I thought maybe I'd just been staring at him too long while his face was being rebuilt.

TRAVIS: Where have you seen him before? *THINK!*

HINA: Uh...

TRAVIS: He was *crew!* Did you train with him back on earth?

JANELLE: Crap, I can't place him!

SEB: Do you look at a lot of crew profiles, for any reason?

JANELLE: Yeah, over the years.

TRAVIS: If both you *and* Hina recognize him, he had to be somewhere you both would've seen him. Hina, have *you* gone through crew profiles?

HINA: Actually...yeah. When I first got here and was researching the thaw...

TRAVIS: We'll start there. Go through everything you've both accessed before, then

we'll go to Robbie for help.

HINA: Okay.

JANELLE: Right.

SEB: Mm...Persephone.

PER: Yes?

SEB: You can't match this man's face with the faces in your database, right?

PER: I cannot identify a passenger without an identification chip.

SEB: Yeah, I know, but what if we cross-referenced it with an actual picture?

[long pause]

PER: A match is possible.

SEB: Good. Do a *full* scan of this face--full resolution, every angle. Then store it in your memory. Password Jimmy Miller.

PER: Of course.

JANELLE: Good thinking, Seb.

[pause]

SEB: (sighs)

HINA: Seb, you can go to bed. I'll go deal with the UV lamp now.

SEB: Thanks.

TRAVIS: Do you need--

SEB: Please, let me *sleep*. I can't keep those rerouted colonies in isolation for more than a few hours.



JANELLE: Hina's helping you?

SEB (a little quiet): Yeah.

[pause]

JANELLE: I won't keep her long.

SEB: Right.

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[Back in Seb's room. He's sleeping.]

[alert noise]

PER: Colony level alert for ~Sebastian Atal~. Please see ~Colony Q~ levels.

SEB: (snaps awake, disoriented) Wha? Huh?

[alert noise]

PER: Critical equipment alert for ~Sebastian Atal~. Please see ~heating coils~ in ~Biological Reclamation, Level 9.~

SEB: What?!

SEB: Persephone, I heard the alert! What's going on?

PER: Cooling levels insufficient in ~Biological Reclamation, Level 9~, Subsections ~a~ ~b~ ~e~

SEB: *What?!* (rushing out of bed sound) Did Hina do that?!

PER: Ultraviolet board was replaced ~33 minutes~ ago by ~Hina Hwan.~ Effective heat settings reset automatically.

SEB: SHIT! Were the colonies affected?!

PER: ~Colony Q~ death reported. Colony Q levels at ~68.2%~

SEB (over above, while scrambling to put on clothes): Oh shit, we need that for terraforming!

PER: Critical equipment alert for ~Sebastian Atal~. Please see ~heating coils~ in ~Biological Reclamation, Level 9.~

SEB: Persephone, let me out!

[door opens]

PER: [repeats some alert inside the room (NOT throughout ship)]

SEB: [running footsteps, panting]

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PERSPECTIVE SWITCH: ROSA

[We're in the kitchen. Sound of clattering on plates (one person).]

PER: Tea complete for ~Captain Rosa Medina.~

ROSA: [scrape of chair, sound of footsteps] Whoops! Almost forgot about that.

[Rosa sits down in chair, clatters with utensils]

ROBBIE: [breathes heavily]

ROSA: Robbie? Are you all right? [pause] You haven't touched your breakfast.

ROBBIE: [breathes heavily]

ROSA: I didn't put onions in yours, did I?

ROBBIE: I...no, I...I-I'm not hungry.

ROSA (a little serious): You barely ate yesterday. You'll make yourself sick.

ROBBIE: I... (starts to make weak noises)

ROSA (concerned): Robbie?

[fork clatters on plate, shifting bodies]

ROSA (a little quieter/gentler): What is it, sweetheart? What happened?

ROBBIE: I...I... (long pause, weak noises) I can't tell you.

ROSA (a little firm): Yes, you can.

ROBBIE: I...

ROSA: You can *tell* me, Robbie.

ROBBIE: [stutters, heavy breathing]

ROSA: ...This is about the body, isn't it?

[Robbie starts to sob. Sound of shifting bodies, ruffling clothes.]

ROSA: I know. This must be so hard for you. (pause) (gentler) Poor thing.

ROSA: But it's going to be all right. I'm handling it.

ROBBIE: But...

ROSA: Don't be scared, Robbie. It's okay.

ROBBIE: But...

ROSA (more firm): Robbie. What did we talk about?

ROBBIE: (half-sobbing) I should...I should do what you said...

ROSA: Right--I need you to do that for me, okay? Please?

ROBBIE: (noises)

ROSA: I can't do this without you. Be strong for me, Robbie.

[long pause while Robbie breathes/sobs]

ROSA: ...Jamilah would've wanted it this way.

[loud alert noise]

PER: Emergency transmission (beep)

SEB: (panicked--through monitor) Guys? Anyone?! I need help down here, now!

ROBBIE: (shocked out of crying) Huh?

ROSA: (urgent, businesslike) Seb, what are you doing on that tank?!

SEB: I...climbed up here to reach the heating coils, and the whole panel's about to come down on top of me! I can't hold it up much longer--

ROBBIE: Seb...!

ROSA: We're coming. Robbie, follow me!

[sound of running footsteps]

ROSA: Persephone, emergency page--all crew to Bio Reclamation. Send all available maintenance droids. Seb, where exactly are you?

SEB: Oh God, my feet are slipping... Tank 274, level 9. Somebody help, please!

TRAVIS: (over intercom--somewhere else) I'm almost there! Just hang on--fuck!

[Horrible splashing and crashing sound as Seb falls in]

SEB: [sound of screaming, choking on water]

ROBBIE: Seb!

ROSA: SEB!

[End chapter 6]