



Awake

Chapter 8 *Transcript*

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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 in Janelle's room.]

SEB: ...Jesus everloving Christ.

[long pause]

SEB: You said his name's Naveen? What's his last name?

JANELLE: We have no idea. Every time I try and pull up the files on this guy, I keep getting errors...like someone's erased him from the system.

[long pause]

JANELLE (a little sheepish): I'm sorry, Seb. I thought Travis would get here before you did.

SEB: No, he's...in hydroponics. He's trying to catch up after falling behind with all the...
[trails off]

JANELLE (almost rushing): I'm sorry. This isn't the time for this--never mind, I'm sorry!

SEB: Janelle...

HINA: No, she's right. We're sorry, Seb. After everything that happened, we shouldn't have brought this to you...

[Seb sighs.]

SEB: To be honest, I just assumed I was gonna have a mess waiting for me in bio reclamation today. But it's actually...pretty stable there.

JANELLE (almost overlapping with below): Hina was up really late fixing those coils.

HINA: (almost overlapping with above): Janelle reprinted and replaced all the bad filters with Rosa.

[pause]

SEB: ...Thank you.

HINA: It was the least we could do, Seb.

[pause]

JANELLE: How's the leg?

SEB: I doubt I'll need the wheelchair long.

[Seb sighs.]

SEB: Okay. Let's do this.

HINA (a little hopeful): Really?

SEB: Well, you found out who the guy is. And if he was around during Jamilah's term...she probably *was* trying to tell you what happened, Janelle.

JANELLE (a little quiet): Yeah...

HINA: Lemme pull up our notes. [computer tone] It looks like the timestamps were erased from the tapes, but Persephone said Robbie may be able to pull them up another way.

SEB: Are they even relevant?

HINA: They were erased! That's pretty damning!

SEB: I mean are they relevant to *us*? If we know who this guy is, it doesn't matter *when* he died, really.

HINA: It would...clear Rosa. If we could prove this was before her time.

[pause]

SEB: Fair enough.

[pause]

HINA: We used every possible search term we could think of to look up Naveen, but nothing's coming up--there's not even a record of a crew member with that first name,

either before now or scheduled to work in the future. And he *has* to be crew, because he had the anti-aggression failsafe nodes in his head. It's like *everything* about this guy has been erased. We can't figure out what pod he was supposed to be in... If this was an accident, who would've gone to all this trouble to hide the fact that he ever existed on the ship?!

HINA: I'm wondering if he was in the report Robbie gave me about thaws for the earlier crew members. I only saved the records of the bad thaws, but I technically still have the full report somewhere in my files...

[trails off into silence]

HINA: What? What's the matter?

SEB: Janelle.

JANELLE (a little weak): Nn.

SEB: You're awfully quiet, Janelle.

[long pause]

SEB: Janelle, you...know I have to ask.

HINA: Ask what?

[long pause]

SEB: What do you think Jamilah left for you on that hidden video key?

JANELLE (weakly): Nn...

SEB (careful, but serious): You know it could've been...a confession.

JANELLE (a little weak): No.

SEB: Janelle--

JANELLE (a little stronger): *No*. I mean...maybe she had something to do with the cover-up, if this happened while she was crew, but--

SEB: She was *sleeping* with him.

JANELLE (a little defensive): So?!

SEB: You know the first person questioned in any murder investigation--

JANELLE (more defensive): She DIDN'T kill him!

[long pause]

JANELLE (shakily): She wouldn't be *capable* of that. She slept with some awful people in the past but she never got violent with them. Not ever. *Not ever!*

SEB (strangely firm, still a little gentle): People change on this ship, Janelle.

[very long pause]

SEB: O...kay. [takes a breath] Hina, find the original files for that report and see if you can find a timestamp for Jamilah's thaw. I know Persephone hides the timestamps on most reports. To keep crew from realizing how long ago we left Earth and that...y'know. Everyone we left behind is long dead.

[pause]

HINA: Nngh.

SEB: But you might as well look. In the meantime...

JANELLE (trying to rally): W-we'll look for the Jimmy Miller clue again. I didn't find anything with Travis, but another set of eyes would help.

SEB (a little gentle): Yeah, good idea. Can you pull up the video where Jamilah's talking about it again?

JANELLE (still a little shaken): Sure. [takes a breath] Persephone, play tape number two thousand, five hundred, and fifty-six. Title "These assholes keep labeling me for sleeping around."

[tone]

JAMILAH: [old cryptic video plays for a few seconds]

[unusual tone of intercom]

HINA: Huh?

SEB: Whose private flag is that?

HINA: Uh...mine.

JANELLE: Maybe it's Robbie. Go take it.

HINA: Yeah. I'll be right back! Persephone, let me out and close the door behind me.

[The door sounds as Hina leaves the room. Her footsteps echo quickly down the hallway until she arrives at her room.]

HINA: Persephone, let me in?

[Door opens.]

HINA: Robbie?!

ROBBIE (panicking): Hina...! I'm sorry, I--

HINA: How did you get in my room?!

[Robbie makes panicked whines. Hina rushes in.]

HINA: Persephone, close the door behind us.

[door sound]

HINA: Robbie, calm down. What is it?

ROBBIE: I...

HINA: Did you get our flag? [voice lowers] We found out something about the body!

ROBBIE: No, please! I don't wanna do this anymore!

HINA (a little surprised): Robbie--

ROBBIE: I don't want to help you with the dead man anymore! Please don't ask me to!

[long pause]

HINA: But we *need* you. We finally found a real lead in the videos Janelle's sister left--

ROBBIE: Don't *tell* me! I don't want to know! I don't want to know anything else about this!

HINA: You don't wanna *know*?

ROBBIE: I don't want to keep doing this behind Rosa's back!

HINA: But--

ROBBIE: Hina, *please*! [breaks down into sobs]

[Hina falls into silence. The only sound in the room is Robbie's weak sobs.]

HINA: Robbie...

ROBBIE (broken): She's always taken care of me. And now I'm betraying her!

HINA: Robbie, look. Just don't panic. You can--

ROBBIE: Please don't make me hide this from her! I won't stop you from what you're doing, but please don't ask me to help! *Please*!

HINA (firm, loud): Robbie! CALM DOWN. The failsafe nodes will knock you out!

[shuffling of fabric and creak of bed as Hina pulls him to sit on the bed]

[Robbie hyperventilates for a few seconds.]

HINA: Okay, okay. You don't...have to help us anymore.

[Robbie sniffles.]

ROBBIE (hesitant): Really?

HINA: Yeah. I know we're kinda in a moral gray area, so we're not gonna...force anyone to do this.

ROBBIE: B-but one of the others might force me!

HINA: Robbie--

ROBBIE: I don't wanna disappoint Seb and Travis will scream at me and Janelle... Please don't make me tell Janelle.

[sound of shuffling clothes as Robbie hugs her]

HINA: [huffs against fabric] Robbie...

HINA: It's all right, Robbie. I'll tell them for you. Okay?

[Robbie sobs.]

HINA: You don't have to do this anymore.

[Robbie slowly calms down. He sniffs.]

ROBBIE: Hina...

[more shuffling clothes]

HINA: Nngh! (awkward chuckle, a little scared) Robbie--I can't breathe!

ROBBIE: Oh! S-sorry. [shuffling fabric] I didn't mean to...

HINA: It's okay, just...don't squeeze so hard. [pause] You're a big guy. And I'm kinda...weak these days.

ROBBIE: Y...you're not weak.

HINA: [chuckles slightly] I just mean I've gotten soft on this ship--

ROBBIE: No. You're...

ROBBIE: You're...

[Robbie breathes heavily.]

ROBBIE: Hina...I-I want to tell you something.

HINA : Oh. Um... (a little uncomfortable) Can it...wait? I should get back to the others.

ROBBIE: Please let me tell you now.

HINA: Nngh... (voice lowers) You're upset. I don't want you to...say something you might regret later.

ROBBIE: It...it has to be now. It has to be before...

[long pause]

ROBBIE: ...I...I like you, Hina.

[long pause]

HINA (careful, kinda dodgy): I...like you, too, Robbie.

ROBBIE: No, I don't mean... [heavy breathing] I mean, I like you and I want to...

ROBBIE: ...kiss you.

HINA (a little uncomfortable): Robbie...

ROBBIE (still kinda weak): Can I kiss you?

HINA: Robbie...

[long pause]

HINA: I'd be...lying if I said I never thought about--

[Robbie takes the wrong hint and kisses her.]

ROBBIE: Mmph.

HINA (cut off): Mmph!

[Hina pulls free.]

HINA: Mm--Robbie, I didn't finish!

ROBBIE: Huh? S-sorry, I thought--

HINA: I'm engaged, Robbie.

ROBBIE: With Bassel Assad? Do you think you're still going to marry him on Tau Ceti Prime?

HINA (shocked): Robbie!

ROBBIE: You gave up thirty years of your life for him without his consent! I heard what the others said. If he really loves you, he'll feel guilty his whole life!

[pause]

ROBBIE: Janelle said...sh-she said at dinner once, when you weren't there...that you can't have a relationship with that kind of imbalance. That you should...let him go. For your sake, and his.

[Hina lets out a shaky breath.]

HINA: You...you're only awake for two more years, Robbie.

ROBBIE (almost jumps at that): *That's* what's stopping you?!

HINA (shaky): Of course not! I'm just saying... [shaky breath] If I wanted to forget my problems in some...short-lived relationship with another man, it wouldn't be with *you*. I wouldn't...do that to you.

[long pause]

HINA: I'm not Janelle. I can't treat romantic love the way she does. And I'm not sure you...I don't know.

ROBBIE: What?

HINA: Nothing.

ROBBIE: *What?*

HINA: I'm not sure *I'm* right for you, Robbie. Sometimes the way you treat me, it's like...I feel like I'd be taking advantage of you, somehow.

ROBBIE: No! No, why does everyone act like I'm a little boy, or like I'm...stupid?! I'm sorry I have trouble with...I-I'm sorry I get upset easily, but I can make my own choices like anyone else on this ship! And I love you!

HINA: Robbie--

ROBBIE: I love you, Hina!

[long pause]

HINA: I can't...make any decisions right now. But...thank you for telling me how you feel. I'm really touched, Robbie.

ROBBIE (a little deflated): Oh...

HINA: Let's give all of this a little more time, okay? [weak chuckle] You've only known me 40 days.

ROBBI: That's enough.

[long pause]

ROBBIE: Can...can I stay here a little while? I'm afraid the others will flag me for...

HINA: Oh, right. Hnn...I'll tell them you're done with this thing with the body. *Please* don't tell Rosa, but we won't keep you in the loop anymore--so you won't have to lie to her about anything new that's happening, at least.

ROBBIE: Nn...

HINA: But I should go, I was in the middle of--

[bed creaks]

ROBBIE: Please stay with me? Just for a few minutes?

[long pause]

[Hina sighs.]

HINA: A few minutes.

[sound of movement on the bed, silence]

[Scene fades out.]

[Scene opens with Hina stepping into the hallway, the door closing behind her.]

[Hina sighs.]

[private flag tone chimes]

HINA: Huh? Crap. Persephone, who's the private message from? My room's...occupied.

PERSEPHONE: Private message from Janelle Vetrov.

HINA (overlapping with above): Shit, half volume!

[Persephone's volume halves.]

HINA: You'll wake up Robbie. Or...someone *else* will hear you. (almost under her breath) I don't really wanna explain what he's doing in my bed.

[Limping footsteps quickly shuffle in from far away.]

TRAVIS (from down the hall, distant): Hina?!

HINA: Travis.

[Hina jogs over to catch up with him. His fading-in voice greets her as she approaches.]

TRAVIS (almost excited): Did you get Janelle's message? We have to go down to the lower decks. Dock 74, section F!

HINA: For what?

TRAVIS: Jamilah's video key! [His footsteps start to creak away.] Come on!

[Hina runs to follow.]

HINA: Wait, the secret one? You know where it is?!

TRAVIS: I think so. Seb and Janelle figured it out! [half-chuckles darkly] And he almost got brain damage yesterday. I knew he was smarter than--

HINA: Travis, how did they figure it out?!

TRAVIS: The video with the instructions: it was called "These assholes keep labeling me for sleeping around," right? And we already figured out none of the earlier videos had been tampered with, so she didn't edit in a clue that way. But if the timestamps were edited out, probably after the fact, then someone could also go back and edit the--

HINA: The labels? Like, the titles of the videos?!

TRAVIS: Exactly! Janelle had just been watching them in sequential order--she never actually looked at the *titles* of the earlier videos! And they don't pop up automatically.

HINA: What did she find?!

TRAVIS: Our password. One of the videos from Year 5 was called "The 11,365 ways I love Jimmy Miller."

TRAVIS: We're going to passenger pod 11,365.

[Footsteps stop.]

TRAVIS: Persephone, let us into Dock 74.

PERSEPHONE: Who are you visiting?

TRAVIS: Nngh. Uh...

HINA: The cooler in section F needs a check. Travis is with me.

[long pause]

PERSEPHONE: Cooler in Section F operational.

HINA: It's...it's just a check, Persephone. Of course it's operational. I'm trying to keep it that way.

[long pause]

HINA: Engineer clearance code 741.

[tone]

[Door opens again to the sound of passenger pods. They walk in.]

TRAVIS (determined, almost in a good mood): Okay. Let's see, ten thousand to ten five, ten five to eleven thousand...should be over here.

[footsteps]

HINA: You seem...different, Travis.

TRAVIS: Huh?

HINA: Nn...nothing.

[footsteps]

HINA: There it is--eleven three sixty five, right?

TRAVIS: Yeah. Who's in the pod?!

HINA: Uh...Francesca Park. I'll pull up the file.

[tones]

TRAVIS: Park? She's not related to Jamilah and Janelle, is she?

HINA: I don't think so...

HINA: It might have nothing to do with *who's* in the pod, though. We're looking for a video key.

TRAVIS: Maybe it's somewhere in the file...

HINA: It's a key, right? So she wanted it in hard copy. Think lower tech. Hang on.

[sound of hands running over metal]

HINA: There! Something's taped under the panel.

[scraping sound of tape being removed]

[long pause]

TRAVIS: There it is.

[long pause]

[Scene fades out.]

[Scene fades back into Janelle's room. Janelle is breathing heavily. We hear clacking of equipment, tones of screen.]

HINA (gently): It's okay, Janelle.

SEB: Yeah, it's okay.

HINA: Whatever happened...we'll get through this, okay?

JANELLE (kinda weak): Nngh.

[tone plays]

JAMILAH (through monitor)(sounds tired): Is this thing on? Ugh...

JAMILAH: Hey, Janelle. If you're watching this, then you found my key on Persephone, and you...don't have to wait until Tau Ceti Prime to hear the truth. I don't want you to wake up there without knowing what happened to me.

JANELLE (weak): Jamilah...

JAMILAH: [long sigh] It's kind of a long story. You probably saw me talk about Naveen on the earlier videos. He's one of the software techs on my run here. He...signed up for a really long run, too, to get his massive family to Tau Ceti. Including his new wife, who he wanted to have kids with on the other side.

JAMILAH: Nngh...you know they sterilize us once we sign up to be crew. He had just enough money to save his sperm for insemination later, but no, *that wasn't good enough for Naveen*. He's got some *thing* about...you know what, it doesn't even fucking matter. One of the Persephone doctors was an old friend of his from university, so he paid the guy off to *not* sterilize him. They figured the rest of the crew would be sterile, so just *him* being fertile wouldn't matter, and that way he'd get the life he wanted at the end of the trip...

JAMILAH: And...and I *know* I was sterilized, because I checked the tube block myself, but even though the fail rate on those things is really low, it isn't zero...

JAMILAH (breaking down): I just thought I was sick for a few months, and I was barely showing...by the time I figured out that I was pregnant, I was practically term, and I couldn't perform that kind of abortion on myself...!

JANELLE: *What?*

Travis: Fuck.

JAMILAH: But...there was no *pod* for an extra person, so unless I wanted my baby to die long before we ever saw land again, someone had to give up their space on--

[sound of pounding on the door]

[A familiar female voice calls through the door behind her.]

VOICE: Jamilah! Jamilah, please! Open the door!

JAMILAH: Oh God, I can't let her see me making this. They have me on watch and this was my only chance to tell you...! [tries to pull herself together] Janelle, just...when you finally open my pod, that's who that is, okay? My...my kid.

JANELLE: No...

JAMILAH: When you get to Tau Ceti Prime, please take care of my baby! I'm sorry...I love you! And...good-bye!

JANELLE (freaking out): No!

[video blinks out]

[Janelle jumps off the bed.]

JANELLE: Persephone, let me out!

[door sound]

[Janelle runs out the door. Hina jumps up after her.]

SEB: Jamilah's not in her pod?!

TRAVIS: That...that painting she did over the glass!

HINA: Janelle, wait!

[Hina runs after Janelle.]

[Hina and Janelle panting. Janelle is in hysterics.]

HINA: Janelle!

JANELLE: She's dead?! She died on this ship and gave her pod to someone else?!

HINA: Janelle...!

PERSEPHONE: Warning, Janelle Vetrov. Your aggression levels are approaching

maximum.

JANELLE: Persephone, let me into Pod Storage Level 43!

PERSEPHONE: Who are you visiting?

JANELLE (cutting off above): My sister! LET ME SEE MY SISTER!

HINA: J-Jamilah Vetrov! Crew Passenger, uh...

JANELLE: PERSEPHONE, LET ME SEE MY SISTER!

PERSEPHONE: Warning, Janelle Vetrov. Your aggression levels are approaching maximum.

HINA: Janelle, don't get mad! Persephone will knock you out!

JANELLE (breaking voice): Jamilah...! [chokes down a sob] C-crew passenger 13622!

[door sound]

[running sounds]

[pod sounds]

[Janelle starts to frantically scrape paint away from glass with her fingernails.]

JANELLE (sob in her voice): She said she didn't want me to see what she looked like...until I was ready...! [sobs] She knew I'd be scared to see my own face staring back at me after she got old...!

[Hina breathes heavily. She helps scrape.]

HINA (surprised): Huh?

JANELLE (surprised): What...?

HINA: That...that *is* her in there.

[long pause]

HINA: Janelle, she's there! She's okay! [tone] And look at her file! She's fine--she's been in normal cryogenic sleep since her term ended!

JANELLE (shock): Wh...

[Janelle breaks down into ugly sobbing. She audibly slumps to the floor.]

[private flag tone chimes]

HINA: Who is it, Persephone?

PERSEPHONE: Private message from Travis Williams.

HINA (over Janelle's sobbing): Just patch him through here.

TRAVIS: Hina! Who's in the pod?!

HINA: It's *Jamilah*. She didn't give it up, after all.

SEB: [sigh of relief] Thank God.

HINA: Now I don't know where the hell her *baby* went. Although if...wait. [long pause] If *Naveen* is dead...

TRAVIS: Then the kid went in *his* pod.

HINA: And we still don't know what pod he was supposed to go in, and we still don't know what killed him...!

TRAVIS: We're gonna find out. Right now.

HINA: How?!

SEB: Hina...we just found a timestamp on this video. It was nineteen years ago.

HINA: What?!

TRAVIS: I *thought* the other voice on the video sounded familiar. Did you hear the woman trying to talk to Jamilah through the door?

HINA: Then...

HINA: That was...Rosa...?

End of Chapter 8