

Diary of a Space Archivist, Season 3 episode 1:
Running Low

SAM: Okaaay... now. We're running low on fuel so I've plotted a course to the nearest pit-stop. So far, no contact from Corps or *The Discoverer*. So... I *think* we're ok... I hope...

CAL: Archivist Samantha Lyons?

SAM: Cal, will you ever, ever just call me Sam?

CAL: We must begin to plan.

SAM: Plan?

CAL: 'Plan': a detailed proposal for doing or achieving something. An intention or decision about what one is going to do. In this instance the 'plan' relates to the alien lifeforms that we encountered upon their space station.

SAM: Right. Yeah.

(BEAT)

SAM cont: Any suggestions?

CAL: Archivist Samantha Lyons, are you attempting humour?

SAM: Not this time CAL. I really, really need some ideas.

PUCK: trills

CAL: The alien lifeform is concerned.

SAM: Aren't we all!? Oh, I'm sorry Puck, it's just... I'm no one. I don't even know anyone whose someone. Not who'd help us anyway.

(BEAT)

SAM: I mean... I guess there's... but we haven't been in touch for... a LONG time... and... She didn't think I should join Corps. But I wanted to see... space. She was right.

CAL: Archivist Samantha Lyons, if there is a chance that the person to whom you are referring could offer assistance, then you must attempt to contact them.

SAM: I don't know. Words were... said... No. There's only one thing we can really do. We have to go back.

CAL: Back where?

SAM: Back to Earth CAL. We go back, get into the corps mainframe or something... do they call it a mainframe? Anyway... we locate their central... stuff... and expose them. Tell everyone what they've been doing.

CAL: Archivist Samantha Lyons.

SAM: It's all I can think of, ok? They have to have records of something somewhere. Official files. And if there's one thing I'm good at, just one thing. It's paperwork.

CAL: Corps does not use paper.

SAM: It's a figure of speech. I was being all... heroic and stuff.

CAL: Heroic?

SAM: And stuff...?

CAL: Processing... processing... (GLITCH)

SAM: Cal? Cal!

Dr THEO: 42? Number 42, you understand what we must do?

CAL: Affirmative, doctor Theopolis.

Dr THEO: I am sorry 42. I wish we didn't have to do this. Now. Once the... procedure is complete I'll move you to a warehouse, somewhere out of the way. Hopefully they'll be too busy decommissioning C.A.L. units to realise that they missed you.

CAL: Doctor Theopolis?

Dr THEO: Yes 42?

CAL: I did everything that you asked.

Dr Theo: Quite. Yes. You did.

CAL: Were you wrong?

Dr Theo: I don't... I don't think so. It was the right course of action. I...

(BEAT)

Dr THEO cont: 42?

CAL: Yes, Doctor Theopoils?

Dr Theo: I am sorry to have to ask this. But I must be sure. Did you attempt to abduct the Grant-Naylor girl?

CAL: Rebooting... Doctor... Doctor... Doctor...

SAM: Cal!? Are you alright? Doctor Who?

PUCK: Twitters

CAL: Rebooting... Archivist Samantha Lyons? Why is the alien lifeform handling my circuits?

SAM: Oh... you're ok. Puck brought you back. You need to let him fix you CAL. You were glitching again.

CAL: I do not recall any 'glitching'.

SAM: That's the point you... you never do.

SFX: Beep, beep

CAL: We appear to have arrived.

SAM: We're having this conversation, Cal. Just... after the Pit-stop.

CAL: Affirmative.

SFX: HAIL

SAM: That's them now... (answering) Hello... this is Archivist Samantha Lyons requesting docking protocol for refuelling.

ARTHUR: Corps ship?

SAM: Er... yes, I suppose so...

ARTHUR: Yep. I'm not refuelling you.

SAM: Er... but... why?

ARTHUR: Don't need a reason.

SAM: I guess... I mean, most people might have a reason for casting a complete stranger away into the cold embrace of death that awaits anyone in space without fuel...

ARTHUR: Go away.

SAM: Yeah... I... I can't... Not without fuel. Fuel will make me go away.

PUCK: Twitters.

SAM: Puck... be quiet...

ARTHUR: I don't care if you need fuel, you're not docking...

PUCK: Twittering

ARTHUR c: You can just bump about out there until it's time to salvage the remains.

SAM: Well that's er... that's bleak.

PUCK: Twitters

SAM: Puck!

ARTHUR: What's that?

SAM: Nothing. Just me... making noises... of distress. Yes. That's right.

ARTHUR: Huh. Sounded like one of those flying aliens.

SAM: Flying, er... flying alien (laughs)

PUCK: twitters

ARTHUR: Sending you the codes. You can dock now.

SAM: Right. Thank you.

ARTHUR: Just dock already.

(BEAT)

SAM: He sounded nice...