

Season Three, episode three:
Thorough Defiance

(In an interrogation room, waiting)

SAM: (singing) 21 bottles of lovely water on the wall, 21 bottles of water... knock one down hear it smash, 20 bottles of water on the wall. 20 bottles of thirst-quenching water on the wall, 20 bottles of water... knock one down hear it smash, 19 bottles of water...

(Door opens and someone walks in)

SAM: Oh (clear throat) hello. You look intimidating... I've never been debriefed in an interrogation room before. It's shiny.

(GUARD opens a bottle of water.)

SAM: Oh, thank you, I'm really thirsty.

(guard pours it onto the floor.)

SAM: Well, that's just mean.

(Person arriving)

AL¹: Ah. Archivist Samantha Lyons?

SAM: Hello.

AL: What happened here?

SAM: He had a little accident... Don't worry – not everyone can hold it.

AL: Will you please get Samantha some water, sergeant? There's a good fellow.

(walks away)

AL: You really shouldn't provoke him.

SAM: Funny... thought he was provoking me.

AL: Funny yes. You are funny. It's in your file here.

SAM: Nice to be appreciated.

¹ Reference to Alfred Bester from Babylon 5 (this character is a lot like Bester)

AL: In fact, it's one of the reasons you didn't get a... more illustrious post.

SAM: I like being an archivist.

AL: Really? That's why you applied to transfer at every opportunity in your... archivist... career? Until recently that is... tell me, what changed?

SAM: Erm. I think I just... began to really appreciate the role, you know?

AL: Ah. Here's the sergeant with your water. Drink up.

(SAM drinks a LOT)

SAM: ahhh... Thank you.

AL: Ah yes. Polite. That's in your file too. In fact, your entire personality is detailed here. Everything... but defiance.

SAM: That's not me... I'm a rule-follower. Always have been.

AL: Yes... that's what it says here. I've never known the profilers to be wrong before.

SAM: They're not. I'll answer your questions.

AL: Ah yes, but will you answer... truthfully?

SAM: Depends on what you're asking. I mean, if you ask about my first kiss, which happened embarrassingly late in life, I might fib just a little bit.

AL: So, so... funny.

SAM: Laughter makes the world go round.

AL: Archivist Samantha Lyons... have you ever come into contact with alien life?

SAM: Alien? Are you serious?

AL: Don't I look serious?

SAM: That could just be your face.

AL: Have you ever come into contact with alien life?

SAM: No. I'd report it and get a better job! Obviously, that's what I would do... I would definitely do that!

AL: Ah... but you *like* being an archivist.

SAM: Yes. I do. That's right. Those are words I said just now.

AL: Hmm... Tell me about your recent... divergence.

SAM: Divergence?

AL: You were lost.

SAM: ... it's an old ship.

AL: And an old A.I. Haven't seen a C.A.L unit for at least thirty-years.

SAM: Well... there you go. Old tech.

AL: Hmm... you named the quadrant 'Sam Rules'...

SAM: I thought I was gonna die... and I have this... sister, I mean you'd understand if you met my family...

AL: You thought you were going to die?

SAM: Yes!

AL: And yet, you didn't exactly embrace *The Discoverer* when we found you.

SAM: It's just that, I'd fixed everything. And I wanted to, you know, proactively 'avert the misuse of Corporation resources' by saving myself... It's in the manual... protocol...

AL: Protocol... yes. The same protocol that forbids contraband upon a Corps vessel?

SAM: What's that?

AL: Curly wurlies. We found a wrapper.

SAM: Is that why I'm here... for a curly wurly? I mean... have you ever had one?

AL: No...

SAM: Well, if I had any left I'd share but...

AL: No. You're not here for the curly wurly... it's the defiance. Like your C.A.L unit.

SAM: CAL?

AL: Not been upgraded for some time.

(Door opens)

CAL: Archivist Samantha Lyons.

SAM: CAL.

AL: Let's take care of those upgrades now, shall we? Sergeant? Would you be so good as to retrieve the upgrade codes? Off you pop.

CAL: Upgrades? I do not require upgrades at this time...

SAM: Do we really have to? I've got CAL just right... we work well... Upgrades sometimes... sometimes...

AL: Sometimes what? Make the unit more efficient? Ensure it's up to date with latest Corporation policy? Tell me, Samantha, why have you printed out every single manual the Corporation has ever created?

SAM: I'm thorough. I like paper.

AL: You say thorough, I say defiant. Ah... thank you sergeant. Shall we begin?

SAM: Please... I like CAL the way CAL is.

AL: Ah... but CAL isn't yours. CAL isn't alive. And if I say so, CAL can be scrapped.

(beep, beep)

AL: (annoyed sound) Excuse me one moment. (walks to the side and speaks into device) Ms Grant-Naylor? What an honour.

HOLLY: Have you finished the operation?

AL: It's a... delicate procedure... I'm in the midst of it now.

HOLLY: Oh, honestly... why must you make a meal out of every mouthful, get on with it!

AL: Yes, Ms Grant-Naylor.

CAL: Archivist Samantha Lyons?

SAM: Yes CAL?

CAL: Is it possible for a Computerised Artificial Lifeform to fear?

HOLLY: What is that?!

AL: Nothing Ms Grant-Naylor, just an old C.A.L unit...

HOLLY: C.A.L? CAL? Put me on the screen.

AL: But...

HOLLY: I shan't repeat myself.

AL: Of course, Ms Grant-Naylor. Sending to screen now.

SAM: That's...

AL: The head of the Corporation, yes. Best behaviour.

HOLLY: Visual's coming through, I should be able to see them... now (gasps of surprise – not overdone). C.A.L unit?

CAL: Yes, Ms Grant-Naylor?

HOLLY: What is your designation?

CAL: 00042.

HOLLY: Cally?

AL: Excuse me Ms Grant-Naylor, what was that?

HOLLY: Bring them to me.

AL: But you're off the shoulder of Orion.

HOLLY: I know where I am. You will bring them to me.

AL: I don't understand.

HOLLY: You're not paid to understand, you're paid to do what I say, so do it.

AL: Of course, we'll complete the upgrades on the way to you...

HOLLY: No.

AL: No?

HOLLY: No upgrades. I want CALLY... C.A.L 00042, left alone.

AL: And the archivist?

CAL: No harm must come to Archivist Samantha Lyons.

HOLLY: You hear the C.A.L unit. I want them both in one piece and unharmed. Understand?

AL: Yes. Of course.

(message done)

SAM: What just happened? I mean it feels like something happened. You were being, like, really intimidating and super mean and then... CAL?

CAL: Yes, Archivist Samantha Lyons?

SAM: I mean all this time. You know the head of the corporation?

CAL: I am not familiar with the Corporation's 'head'.

SAM: Holly Grant-Naylor, just then... on the screen... she seemed to know you!

CAL: Holly Grant-Naylor.?

SAM: Yes.

CAL: Memory sections: 223/39 - 543/21, redacted. 223/39 - 543/21, redacted. 223/39 - 543/21, redacted.

(CAL glitches)

SAM: CAL? CAL!

AL: What's wrong with it?

SAM: Glitching...

AL: Sergeant! Get this unit to engineering.

SAM: I can help.

AL: I seriously doubt that an... archivist can be of any use whatsoever. No... I think that you can get comfortable right here.

SAM: You don't understand, CAL and I... I can help.

AL: No. You can stay.

(Door shuts)

BEAT

SAM: (singing) 1000 bottles of water on the wall, 1000 bottles of water. Knock one down, hear it smash, 999 bottles on the wall... oh CAL, please be ok...

END

STINGER

BUG1 (radio): This is bug ²1 calling 'The Prawn', over.

PRAWN³: (not on radio) This is The PRAWN, over.

BUG1: You got the package? Over.

PRAWN: We don't normally talk about it. Over.

BUG1: Do yourself a favour, listen to it on your run. Over.

PRAWN: Yeah? It's good? Over.

BUG1: Bug1 out, over.

PRAWN: Huh. Alright then. What've we got here. 'Diary of a Space Archivist.' Sounds lame.

(Plays it)

EXTRACT from season 1 or 2

PRAWN: Huh. Is this for real?

² Reference to 'buggers' in Enders Game

³ Reference to District 9