

## DREAMNASIUM, episode 8: "Antiope in Black," part 2

[Synthy Dreamnasium theme]

THE MUSE: Dreamnasium. Function: noun. A vast, extra-dimensional space described by benign chaos and the germination of visions, revelations, and tales. "Antiope in Black," part two.

[Dreamnasium theme continues, then fades out]

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[The interior of a spaceship bridge.]

MATTOCK: (sigh) These are the most *boring* assignments.

THETA: Explain.

MATTOCK: It's just scanning the atmosphere. On our way out, we stop and scan. On our way back home, we stop and scan. Scanning, scanning, scanning. It never changes.

THETA: It yet may. That is why we continue performing the scans at routine intervals.

MATTOCK: Look, Broken colonies are awful, I- I get it. We can't get through the planet's magnetic barrier. No supplies, no reinforcements, no communication of any kind. And this one's been Broken for... how long?

THETA: By Terra Primus time, forty years, three months, two days, fifteen hours... thirty-seven seconds.

MATTOCK: You Constructs always have to be so precise?

THETA: No reason *not* to be. Would you rather we were more imprecise, like humans?

MATTOCK: You COME from humans. I mean, cloned, okay, but still.

THETA: My original was Dr. Lupe Garcia, a geneticist.

MATTOCK: Aside from the artificial smoothness of all Construct skin, and your lack of excess body fat, you could be her twin. And yet...

THETA: Yes?

MATTOCK: Eh, it's just funny how two people with 99.5% of the same DNA can be so different.

THETA: I'm not sure I see the humor in-

[A quiet beep on a console, some button pressing.]

MATTOCK: What? What is it? Did you find something?

THETA: (almost excited) Possibly.

[Communications device turned on.]

THETA: Commander Hewdon to the bridge.

HEWDON: (OVER COMM) On my way.

MATTOCK: This is so exciting! Aren't you excited?

THETA: It is a very promising development.

MATTOCK: (sarcastic) Careful now, wouldn't want to oversell it.

[Mechanical door opens across the bridge.]

[Footsteps over on a metal deck.]

HEWDON: Morning, Theta.

THETA: Commander Hewdon.

HEWDON: Report.

[A few button presses, sounds of a display showing some info.]

THETA: Yes, sir. I've found what appear to be, for lack of a better word, "ripples" in the magnetic barrier surrounding the planet.

HEWDON: /hm. Is it permanent?

THETA: Negative. There's no way to know how long they'll last.

MATTOCK: Can we get through?

THETA: The Gilgamesh is much too large and unwieldy. But I could likely pilot a smaller, more nimble craft through the ripples and land on the surface.

HEWDON: All right. You'll launch in drop-skiff Utnapishtim in ten minutes. But at the first sign of those "ripples" dissipating, I want your ass on the way back, understand?

THETA: Aye, Commander.

HEWDON: And take Adjunct Mattock with you. He's been itching for a chance to stretch his legs.

MATTOCK: Yes! (beat) Uh, I mean, uh, *thank you*, sir.

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[The alien rainforest exterior as the Utnapishtim whooshes overhead.]

[Inside the Utnapishtim, engines straining, hull shaking, alarms going off all over, the ship is being beaten all to hell and careening through the atmosphere.]

MATTOCK: (loudly, to be heard over all the noise) Gilgamesh! This is the Utnapishtim, do you copy? This is the Utnapishtim calling the Gilgamesh! Please respond! Engines are failing and we-

THETA: (perfectly calm) It seems the magnetic barrier is still strong enough to block communication signals.

MATTOCK: (loudly, exasperated) Oh you don't say!

THETA: I outrank you, Adjunct.

MATTOCK: (loudly) Oh you don't say, *sir*.

[The noise quiets a bit as the ship comes under control.]

THETA: Engines are back at optimum efficiency. I've steadied our descent. There's a small clearing ahead.

[Whooshing as the engines slow.]

MATTOCK: Our exhaust is burning up bits of that forest.

THETA: Unfortunately, due to the unforeseen difficulty in executing a precise landing, that was unavoidable.

[The ship lands, everything shuts off except for the low idling hum of the engines.]

THETA: I will attempt to make contact with the colonists. You will stay here with the skiff and monitor the fluctuations in the planet's magnetosphere.

MATTOCK: Keep your communicator handy, I'll contact you the moment something changes.

THETA: I'll have the communicator on my person, as per regulations, but it's unlikely they will function with the magnetic interference.

MATTOCK: So I just *wait* here? What if the magnetosphere changes and I can't get hold of you?

THETA: If our exit window is closing and I have not returned, your orders are to return to the Gilgamesh without me. Do you understand?

MATTOCK: (reluctantly) Aye, sir.

THETA: Skiff control, open rear portal.

SKIFF CONTROL: Opening rear portal, confirmed.

[The rear door slowly opens, alien rainforest sounds filters in as it opens.]

MATTOCK: Watch yourself, okay? These people have been cut off for a long time.

THETA: I shall.

[Theta steps out and walks off into the alien jungle.]

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[Just the low hum of the engines inside the drop-ship.]

MATTOCK: Skiff control, how long has it been now?

SKIFF CONTROL: Please restate the question.

MATTOCK: It's the same question I've been asking for days!

SKIFF CONTROL: Please restate the question.

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MATTOCK: How long as it been since Theta left?

SKIFF CONTROL: Theta disembarked the Utnapishtim three days, four hours, sixteen minutes ago.

MATTOCK: And the ripples in the interferences are still closing.

SKIFF CONTROL: Please restate the question.

MATTOCK: (frustrated) Aaaagh. How long until our window through the magnetosphere closes and we're trapped on the planet?

SKIFF CONTROL: Ten minutes, forty-nine seconds.

MATTOCK: (defeated sigh) She's not coming back, is she?

SKIFF CONTROL: Please restate the question.

MATTOCK: DAMN IT.

[A commotion from outside... it's Flint fighting the monsters from the previous episode.]

[Mattock takes a few steps.]

MATTOCK: Skiff control, open weapons locker.

SKIFF CONTROL: Opening weapons locker, confirmed.

[The locker opens, a weapon is taken out, powered up.]

[Outside, we hear Flint shouting.]

FLINT: I am FLINT! FLINT! FLINT!

MATTOCK: Open rear portal!

SKIFF CONTROL: Opening rear portal, confirmed.

[The rear door opens, and all the sounds from Flint's battle come up to full volume.]

MATTOCK: What in the hell- hey. Hey you! Duck!

[Mattock fires his weapon multiple times, the beasts wail in agony as they dissolve and disintegrate.]

[A few seconds of just the jungle.]

MATTOCK: (shakily) Are... are you okay? I- I'm Charlie Mattock, are you-

FLINT: (confused, tired and weak) Charlie? I'm... Flint. The... the metallic brooch you wear... I have one...

[Cloth moving, Flint pulls the metallic item out.]

MATTOCK: Where did you get that? (beat, then he notices) You're bleeding! Everywhere!

FLINT: (so very weak) Baba said...you-

[She collapses, all the world fades out.]

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[A futuristic medical bay.]

HEWDON: Adjunct. That sounds like a fairy tale.

MATTOCK: It's what happened, sir.

FLINT: (waking up, very confused) Wha...

BROGRYM: She's coming around.

[Mattock and Hewdon walk over to Flint.]

MATTOCK: Hey, glad to see you pulled through.

FLINT: Charlie? What-

BROGRYM: You're a very lucky young woman. Blood loss can be quite fatal, you know.

FLINT: Who's this xeno that looks like a walking pile of rocks?

BROGRYM: (laughs)

MATTOCK: That's Dr. Brogrym. She saved you.

HEWDON: And I'm Commander Hewdon. And I've got a lot of questions for *you*...

BROGRYM: (chastising) Commander.

HEWDON: *But* I suppose they can wait until you're feeling better, Ms. Flint.

[Hewdon walks off.]

HEWDON: I'll want you in my tac room in ten, Mr. Mattock.

MATTOCK: Aye, sir.

FLINT: (coming around more) Where am I?

BROGRYM: You are in the medical creche of the slideship Gilgamesh, young lady. You've had an ordeal but your wounds are mostly healed. You'll be right as cake in no time.

MATTOCK: "Rain," Doc. Right as rain.

BROGRYM: It doesn't rain on El Ohmbar, Charlie.

MATTOCK: But you have plenty of cake, apparently.

BROGRYM: Oh yes! Lovely sulfur and malachite confections which take *weeks* to congeal. I've been trying to get the cooks to bake one but they're classified as hazmat.

FLINT: Look. What the hell's going on here?

MATTOCK: The commander wants me for debriefing soon, Doc. You mind?

BROGRYM: Ah yes. Of course. Speak with your friend.

[Brogrym walks off with booming, rocky footsteps.]

FLINT: Thank you for saving me.

MATTOCK: Ah, you were doing fine on your own. I've never seen a weapon like that whip *thing* you were using? Anyway, you may have saved a whole colony so I'm not sure keeping score is a good idea.

FLINT: I don't understand.

MATTOCK: You don't know, do you? You don't know what you were carrying.

FLINT: The brooch?

MATTOCK: There's a woman down there? A really, really smart woman. Barbara Yasbeck.

FLINT: You mean... Baba? Baba Yaga?

MATTOCK: (small laugh) Whatever she's calling herself these days, I'm glad *she* ended up with the brooch. She's been tracking the shifts in Terra Nova III's magnetosphere almost since the colony broke contact.

FLINT: Magnetosphere?

MATTOCK: We've been trying to get through for years. But, with all that atmospheric flux, navigation was too risky. The point is, we've been monitoring Terra Nova III for a long time, trying to find a break in all that interference. No luck.

FLINT: But *you* got down.

MATTOCK: My... friend... my partner, Theta, found a window. It's gone now. And so is she.

FLINT: So you can't get back?

MATTOCK: Not today, no. But, thanks to you, we will soon. Well, you and the brooch... we call them communicators. The one you had belonged to Theta. Ms. Yasbeck uploaded her calculations into it, they're predicting that Terra Nova III's magnetic field is shifting again, but back to normal this time. So, five years, ten tops, we'll be able to go back down and help.

FLINT: (outraged) Five or ten *years*? Ten more years of battle, death and anguish? Ten more years of the Clans? Ten more years of *Baba Yaga*?

FLINT: Ten more years until I can... see...Cadmus? (tears welling) No! NO that wasn't the deal. I need to see him again! I- he's my brother! (teary and quiet) That wasn't the deal.

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[Small fire in fireplace, same slight echo one everyone in Baba's bunker.]

MELDRICK: I can't see the ship anymore. Anymore.

BABA YAGA: It's up there. But not for long. (beat) Goodbye, Antiope.

MELDRICK: You lied to her. Her.

BABA YAGA: Heh. yeah. I lie to *everyone*, about everything. The only person Baba Yaga does not lie to... is Baba Yaga.

MELDRICK: Self interest, again? Again?

BABA YAGA: That's the biggest lie of all. It's never been *myself* that kept my interest. It was my duty. Stay alive. Stay strong. Keep *going* on the off chance someday someone would find a way down here and put what I've found to use. (sigh) Duty made me forge that girl, that *child* into a perfect instrument to deliver those findings to the appropriate hands.

MELDRICK: Poor little Flint. Flint.

BABA YAGA: She'll survive. As soon as her tears are done she'll learn the other thing that drives the world, which drives *all* worlds when you get right down to it.

MELDRICK: And what is that? That?

BABA YAGA: Hope, you silly bug. Hope.

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[Dreamnasium theme plays.]

THE MUSE: Geoffrey Thorne's "Dreamnasium", episode eight. "Antiope in Black," part two.

Featuring the voice talents of:

Barbra Dillon as Flint

Jack Calk as Mattock

Channe Nolen as Theta

Pete Milan as Hewdon

Jessie Moore as Brogrym

Joe J. Thomas as Skiff Control

Marte Brengle as Baba Yaga

Philip Weber as Meldrick

and Melissa Autumn Hearne as The Muse

Written by Jeffrey and Susan Bridges, based on the original short story "Antiope in Black" by Geoffrey Thorne

Dreamnasium theme by Vincent Morrison

Music by Josh Molen at [TheTunePeddler.com](http://TheTunePeddler.com)

Directed by Paul Brueggemann

Produced by Pendant Productions

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[Dreamnasium theme fades out.]