

Diary of a Space Archivist

Series Two, Episode Two: Sam Rules, OK

(Background space-ship ambience throughout)

SAM: [00:02](#) Oh(YAWN) kay. I'll just have a glug of this, er (DRINKING).

PUCK: [00:10](#) (Twitter)

SAM: [00:10](#) Wow... Day four, somewhere in space. I should think of a proper name for it or something. Really. I mean I can't just keep calling it somewhere in space. Sam rules. Yes, (LAUGHING. A LOT) I can name it. That's right. Sam rules!

PUCK: [00:29](#) (Twitter).

SAM: [00:29](#) Day four in sector, Sam Rules in Okay Quadrant. Oh yeah,

PUCK: [00:36](#) (Affirmative twitter).

SAM: [00:36](#) (Laughs) There you go mum. I bet. Cassandra doesn't have a whole quadrant of space named after her (BLOWS RASPBERRY).

PUCK: [00:42](#) (Twitters affirmation).

SAM: [00:42](#) I mean seriously, your daughter who's actually in space on a solo mission... Sort of and you just end up talking about Cassandra.

PUCK: [00:58](#) (Conciliatory twitter).

SAM: [00:58](#) Oh I'll play some.

FX: [00:58](#) Beep on

SAM'S MOM: [01:01](#) Casandra's launched some sort of study in your area, actually, so I imagine she may well be in touch. Something to do with erm... What was it now? Dust samples.

PUCK: [01:13](#) (Twittering)

SAM'S MOM: [01:13](#) Yes. Yes. Dust samples.

PUCK: [01:17](#) (Insistent twittering).

SAM'S MOM: [01:17](#) It's all a bit out of my realm. I'm not sure what I did to merit such a scientific daughter, no... Oh, and you of course. Yes. Yes. But there you go. Life's lottery I suppose.

FX: [01:29](#) Beep off

SAM: [01:30](#) See? That's why I, 'just went', mom...

PUCK: [01:35](#) (Twitter affirmation).

SAM: [01:35](#) Even if it is a tatty old ship.

PUCK: [01:38](#) (Empathetic twitter).

SAM: [01:38](#) I'm sorry you're alone though. I didn't think about that. Me too.

PUCK: [01:46](#) (Twitter).

SAM: [01:46](#) Well... I'm not that alone, I mean, you know, Puck's here...

PUCK: [01:50](#) (Gentle twitter).

SAM: [01:50](#) Hey Puck. Want some curly wurly?

FX: [01:53](#) Chocolate being unwrapped.

SAM: [01:53](#) You can have another bite. Rationing it. We don't have much left.

PUCK: [02:00](#) (Twitter of alarm).

SAM: [02:00](#) Oh, erm... Anyway, progress report. Ern... Not much, I'm still working on CAL (SIGH).

PUCK: [02:07](#) (Twitter)

SAM: [02:12](#) (Slurping coffee) It's like, um, (sniff) every time I make some sort of headway... I eventually need to sleep. So, you know, I go to sleep and then I wake up and it's like I made no progress at all. We're back at square one, so (YAWNING) new plan, don't sleep. Just consume lots of coffee until CAL is fixed.

PUCK: [02:39](#) (Alarmed tweet).

SAM: [02:39](#) SLURPING COFFEE) And communications are online. (GLUGGING COFFEE), Uhuh... This is definitely a great plan and I absolutely do not have weird caffeine shakes.

PUCK: [02:51](#) PUCK: (Twitter of alarm).

SAM: [02:51](#) (SIGH) My supplies looking okay. You know it was meant to be a pretty long-term...ish sort of mission so... All except the curly wurlys, uh, which are, um, going down. So Puck and I are rationing and I'm trying to pull back on my stress-eating. (OPENS WRAPPER AND BEGINS CHEWING) Which is going really well... as you can tell. So I've been prioritizing communications as well as CAL, to try and fix.

PUCK: [03:27](#) (Concerned twiiter)

SAM: [03:30](#) Oh, I'm really tired. (YAWNING) And, I think... I think I might be able to send a distress call soon so I can just do a little bit more (SNIFF) there.

FX: [03:42](#) Clonking metal things

SAM: [03:48](#) Ah hah! Huh.

FX: [03:48](#) More metal sounds, banging etc.

PUCK: [03:48](#) (Twittering a lot)

SAM: [03:54](#) There... Ah ha! Great. (LAUGHS) Something seems to be working. Um, so I guess...

PUCK: [04:03](#) PUCK: (Highly alarmed twitter)

SAM: [04:05](#) Here goes, um... (CLEARING THROAT) press this button...

FX: [04:11](#) Button click.

SAM: [04:11](#) Err... Distress call, distress call. Um, this is, uh, Archivist Samantha Lyons and I am somewhere in space. No, I am in some rules quadrant. Um, okay... sector, no er... Sector Sam Rules in Okay Quadrant, that's right, my point is if you can hear this, please lock into, um, that, um, signal? And (LAUGHING) find me... Because I'm off course and um, the ship is not drifting. We have power, but I cannot control, um, destination and er... CAL is, um, not working. So yeah, I guess that ends my distress call. Thanks. Where's that button again? Ah...

FX: [05:13](#) Button click.

SAM: [05:13](#) Okay. Well... I suppose that.

PUCK: [05:16](#) Twitter.

SAM: [05:16](#) I guess that was sort of successful and I need, uh, I need to go get some more coffee. Um, right. I'll, I'll just, um, I'll just start CAL's general reboot process again and see if that works. Um, warms up at least while I'm getting the coffee (WALKS AWAY)

FX: Door opens

CAL: Rebooting...

PUCK: Twitter of alarm

FX: Button pressing

CAL: Re...booting (fading out)

FX: Sound of something fizzling like broken wires...

PUCK: Twitter