

### Chapter 3: Old Names and New

(Sounds of keys clicking, computer beeps)

Computer Voice: Access denied. (Jin swears under his breath)

Jin: How did she get into the system? I can't even figure out how to get in without my biometric clearance. (Libby enters)

Libby: (Quietly) Sir...? (keyboard clacking)

Computer Voice: Access denied.

Jin: (Slams fists) GODDAMN IT! (Sees Libby, collects himself) Libby...I'm sorry, I didn't see you there.

Libby: It's fine...I just wanted to see if there was anything you wanted me to do today.

Jin: (pauses) No, you're fine. Everyone has the next two days off to rest. We'll discuss some plans tomorrow evening.

Libby: Affirmative. Thank you, sir...(pauses) I know you're upset.

Jin: (keyboards clacking) I'm fine.

Libby: I think we should talk about it...

Jin: I'm fine.

Libby: I know they may have gotten a little...out of line..

Jin: (angrily) Out of line? The C level girls beat her bloody and dragged her back to the ship's rear by her ankles. That's not out of line, that's a pack of wild animals.

Libby: I didn't like it either. But we didn't have any authority then. It was their prerogative to do that. It's past now. We're back in control, Jan is at the back of the ship. No harm will come to her.

Jin: Not until next year, you mean...(keyboard clacking. Beat, change of tone) What work consoles in the ship have access to the master archives?

Libby: Yours, mine, Derry's. Our personal consoles in our rooms. That's it.

Jin: All in the bridge of the ship.

Libby: The work consoles throughout the ship that the others use have limited access, but only for the data inputs needed for that sector. Atmosphere control, gravity maintenance, chemical recycling, etc. The ones in the very back of the ship have even less information. Temperature, electrical levels, and hull integrity. That's it.

Jin: And yet a D level, in the very back of the ship, was able to hack into the master archives and make sense of navigational plans that I've been puzzling over for weeks?

Libby: Well...who says she actually made sense of them, sir?

Jin: That's what I'm going to find out. (Takes a breath) I'm going to the back of the ship. I'm going to bring her up to the bridge, to look at the plans.

Libby: (Horrified) Sir...do you think that's a good idea?

Jin: She claims to have found a nearby planet capable of supporting life. I think that's a claim worth investigating.

Libby: But bringing her up could be...disruptive. What would the C levels make of it? Especially after...what happened. And Derry may have had a point earlier, when he said she was just trying to get attention with all this new planet talk.

Jin: I might believe that, if it weren't for the fact that she managed to hack into the master archive from an out of date console on the side of a boiler.

Libby: At least tell Derry first. He may have more insight into this whole matter. (Sighs) I'll admit, I probably didn't pay as much attention to her as I should have. I was always so busy with my own work, I figured Mana and the C Levels were delegating things to the D levels properly. Clearly she's been up to more than we thought. Derry's the oldest person on the ship, I'm sure he knows more about her than I do.

Jin: You're right. I'll ask him if he knows her from when she was younger. See if he can shed light on this. (sighs) I can't believe I never interacted with her before. Well, I have seen and spoken with her, in passing. But never like this. Like you, I always thought...

Libby: She was the responsibility of the lower levels?

Jin: Exactly. Well, if she wanted attention, she's certainly getting her wish. (Keyboard clacking)

Computer Voice: Access denied...(transitions to Derry's voice)

Derry: Absolutely out of the question.

Jin: You haven't given me a good reason yet.

Derry: The social harmony of the ship rests upon a delicate balance. Doing something as unprecedented as bringing a D level to the bridge of the ship, to the highest functions of the Mission, would shatter that balance. Especially only a day after Saturnalia. The C levels would interpret it as punishment.

Jin: Perhaps they should be punished for what they did.

Derry: What they did, was very much within their rights on that day. You need to respect that.

Jin: And they need to respect each other! Everything's become more violent lately. The Saturnalia, the plays...their interactions with each other...

Derry: Because of the stress of all the work they have been doing! You made the plans for the repairs—you know better than anyone the duress such work requires. The Saturnalia allows them a safe discharge for their energies. (Pauses) If I may observe, you seem most concerned with what happened to the girl during the Saturnalia. And while it did make for an unpleasant display, I must caution that, being a young man such as you are, you not let certain passions cloud your judgment.

Jin: You're saying I only care because...

Derry: (interrupting) I was young once too, you know.

Jin: (annoyed) It's not like that. What she said about there being a new planet, that's a claim that needs to be investigated.

Derry: I stand by what I said earlier. A delirious performance by a girl desperate for attention.

Jin: She was able to hack into the computers! A D level, from the back of the ship.

Derry: Curious happenings, but once again, I'm sure there are more reasonable explanations. You insult yourself, Jin. You think a D Level would be able to solve the navigational riddles that have blocked you for weeks? (Paternalistically) I do not mean to be dismissive. But from my vantage point I do believe I see your judgment is clouded. I advise you to not do anything rash, attend to your work, and wait a week or so. I know your perspective on these things will change with some distance.

Jin: (beat) What was she like?

Derry: I'm sorry?

Jin: When she was young. You must have known her when she was younger, before she went to the back of the ship. Who her parents were, anything. I'm...too close to her in age...I don't ever remember meeting her when I was a child. But you must have. At some point.

Derry: (bluntly) Her parents were also D levels. I was informed when she was born, and I have seen her several times over the years. She is of normal stock for her station. There aren't any tantalizing secrets to be unearthed, I'm afraid.

Jin: (tensely) I would like to find that out for myself.

Derry: (tension rising, but restrained) I believe I already explained why that would not be a sound course of action.

Jin: I'm an A level too, if you happened to forget.

Derry: (pauses. Then, with sinister confidence) Careful, young man. I enjoy your company, and I appreciate the work you do for this ship, but you should still be mindful of the wisdom of your elders. (Staring Jin down) I think the others would agree with me on this point.

Jin: (Changing tone, de-escalating) I promise I won't do anything rash.

Derry: Good. (de-escalates as well, softer tone) I sincerely believe that the navigational plans are the root of your troubles. I can't imagine the complexity of the equations you must have to sort through. But I fear these struggles are causing your imagination to cast distressing shadows.

Jin: Possibly. (sighs) You were right when you said it was the Saturnalia that got to me. I don't think anyone should have to go through that.

Derry: For a man with principles such as yourself, the behavior of the lower levels can be disconcerting. You see then why we need these codes and rituals to instruct them. Without guidance they are as wild animals—crude, violent, slothful and vain. Through rites such as the Saturnalia, we show them what awaits them if they can better themselves...and what awaits if they fall too far behind what is expected. The girl has as much a chance to be promoted as the rest of them. Perhaps now she has the motivation to overtake them.

Jin: I think you might be right on that score. (Pauses) Very well then.

Derry: So the matter is settled?

Jin: It is. I'll take my leave now. I need to review the protein and mineral outputs after the Saturnalia. Make sure everything is back to maximum efficiency.

Derry: I'm glad to hear it. Never hesitate to call upon me, Jin. I'm a friend to all aboard the ship. I always offer what advice I can, or at the very least, a sympathetic ear.

(Sci fi door opens. Jin walks out into the corridor of the ship, where he bumps into Bree)

Jin: Bree! Sorry, I didn't see you. Almost walked right over you.

Bree: (flirtatious laugh) Oh, you're fine. I can be pretty clumsy, getting right up to the doors just as they're opening.

Jin: What are you doing here in the bridge?

Bree: I was about to go in for a session with Derry.

Jin: Is there anything wrong?

Bree: No, just routine. I wanted to talk to him, that's all. Just...wanted to ask for some advice on some things. But I can come back if you have some business with him.

Jin: No worries, we're all done. He's all yours (Bree laughs).

Bree: Thank you. (Pause) Hey Jin?

Jin: Yes?

Bree: Just wanted to make sure....you and I are good? After what happened at...

Jin: Saturnalia?

Bree: Yeah...

Jin: Nothing to worry about at all. You had your rights that night. Nothing was out of line.

Bree: Ok...I did. But even if it weren't for that....you wouldn't be mad?

Jin: (chuckles. In a sympathetic, benevolent tone) I wouldn't be mad. Everything's fine.

Bree: Ok. Just wanted to make sure.

Jin: I understand. Nothing to worry about. (pause) I have some work to get done. Have a good session with Derry. Let me know if there's any way I can help.

Bree: I will. Goodnight, Jin.

Jin: Goodnight, Bree.

(The roaring of a fan)

Mech: (massively hungover) Ohhh, my god. I have such a headache. I feel like I was trying to hammer in U-joints with my forehead. Hand me some of that water...

Nut: (equally hungover) Get it yourself, I can't get out of bed.

Hun: (walking in, laughing under his breath) You two are a lovely sight.

Mech: I don't remember the end of the night. Anything good happen?

Hun: You didn't end up with Mo, I'm afraid. If that's what you were getting at.

Nut: The girls were vicious to that D level. Downright brutal.

Mech: I know. Bree especially. Didn't know they had it in em (coughs, and spits) Oh god, think I about threw up. (Hun laughs)

Hun: I really want to take a picture of you right now.

Mech: Go for it. See if I care...

Nut: What are you up to, Hun?

Hun: Oh, just...taking the air. Gonna see if Mo's up to anything.

Mech: There you go.

Nut: Go get her, tiger.

Hun: (confidently) Oh, I will. (sarcastically, condescendingly) Rest up and get better, you two. Enjoy your day off. (walks away)

Mech: Smarmy...piece of.... (coughs)

Nut: You wanna play some racquetball later?

Mech: You want to lose again? If I can lift my head off the pillow by mid afternoon then yeah I'll play. (groans. There is a brisk, polite knocking on a metal door) Is that the D level? Oh what the hell do you want now? Piss off, we're trying to nap. (The door swings open)

Jin: Good morning, gentlemen.

Mech: (terrified) Sir! (Scrambles out of bed)

Nut: Sir!

Jin: At ease.

Mech: Apologies, sir. I thought you were...

Jin: A D level? So I heard. (chuckles) It's fine. Nothing to worry about.

Nut: Is there anything we can help you with, sir?

Jin: There is, actually. I'm looking to get to the back of the ship.

Nut: The...back?

Jin: The very back. Where the boilers and protein pools are. I can never remember which sector leads back with the shortest route. Can you show me which tunnel to take?

Mech: Um....

Nut: Afraid we can't help you with that, sir.

Jin: What do you mean?

Mech: We can't get back there, sir. Mana is the only one with the key clearance.

Jin: The back of the ship is locked?

Mech: It is, sir. Three feet of solid titanium. Mana says that in case the ship ever gets damaged by something in space, it can seal off into compartments, keep the whole ship from breaking apart.

Jin: There's no damage, and yet the back is still sealed away? (To himself) How have I been sleeping on all of this...(To the C levels) Where's Mana at?

Mech: He was in his office, last I saw. That little corner office in the main hangar. His favorite place in the whole ship.

Jin: All right, I'll go see him. Thank you. (pause) Let me know if we can get you any medicine or tonics. Libby can make just about anything you need. (Walks off)

Nut: What do you think that was about? Him going to the back of the ship.

Mech: Probably something to do with the D level. The girls are in trouble, I'm telling ya. Beating her up like that.

Nut: It was in their rights! It was Saturnalia! (pause) Oh god, are we in trouble?

(Mana's corner office)

Mana: Sir, with all due respect, if Derry said not to go back there...

Jin: He didn't...*explicitly* say no. He's very preoccupied with other matters right now. I'm exercising some initiative of my own to address some things.

Mana: That's one big leap, if you don't my saying! I haven't heard anything from you before on wanting to go down there! Those big old titanium doors are sealed tight!

Jin: (firmly) Mana...I don't understand your misgivings about this. I don't want to throw my weight around, but I would like to remind you that I am an A level. This is well within my purview to do this.

Mana: (pauses) Sorry sir...I'm not trying to be a rat. It's just that, Derry is always the one who asks me to open those doors. You and Derry have always approached me together if you have an important matter to deal with. I just don't want to come between you and Derry is all, go over his head and end up making a mess!

Jin: Don't worry about that. You opened the back of the ship on my direct request. If there are any miscommunications with Derry, it will fall on me, not you.

Mana: As long as he doesn't blame me, I'm happy! Now, if you don't mind coming in here, I'll give you the straight business on the layout of the area. (Sound of documents and electronic devices being cleared from the table) Where in the seven Aminos is that thing, could have sworn I had it hanging from my hair just a minute ago....

Jin: (humorously) You have an impressive collection here.

Mana: Sorry for the clutter, sir. A lot of the equipment is older than you are. This stuff has a lot of sentimental value for me. Although I am trying to fix it up and running again. Those B levels who taught me the rodeo always said, fancy new toys will come and go, but if you can fix something old and make it work, that's better than something new!

Jin: What's a rodeo?

Mana: No clue. Just a phrase those older than me said. I think it might be a type of bug that lives in the protein pools. Ah, here it is! (electronic equipment firing up) This tablet is my handy handheld for mapping out the back of the ship. It's got all the sectors and their data outputs at your fingertips. So which sector are we going to, sir?

Jin: Well...I actually intend on going back there alone.

Mana: By yourself? Have you ever gone back there before?

Jin: No, I haven't. I've never been this deep into the ship. But with your help I'm sure I'll find my way. I have my reasons, Mana. You won't get in any trouble, I promise. I'm doing this alone.

Mana: Fine by me. Keep me out of it! If you have this tablet, you'll be able to find your way around. Now what sector do you want to go to?

Jin: Wherever the D levels live.

Mana: (pauses) All right...you said you have your reasons, so I won't ask. It's a little far back, past the protein pools, the boilers, and the gravity engines.

Jin: Can they leave when they desire?

Mana: Well, I'm not sure I follow.

Jin: The back compartments of the ship are sealed off, correct?

Mana: Yes.

Jin: So the D levels are locked back there?

Mana: Well, we need to keep those compartments sealed, to keep the heat flows and chemical vapors from spilling all over the ship. But they're not locked back there, this sector is very livable. And they can communicate with us if they need anything. They have important work to do back there! Someone's gotta do it.

Jin: And who do they communicate with?

Mana: Well, um...the C levels.

Jin: (angrily) Whenever I ask who knows about the D levels or who's responsible for them, the answer is always someone else. This is why I need to go back there and see them myself. (Takes a deep breath, and regains his composure) Is there anything I need to know about getting to this sector? Any potential hazards?

Mana: There are a few. That's why we keep the back sealed off, you know! The only way over the protein pools to get to that sector is a narrow, rickety catwalk. That leads you under the gravity engines, and to an area overlooking the boilers. Be careful of the gravity engines, if they need to correct the ship's equilibrium they start spinning like crazy!

Jin: Thank you, Mana. If I could have that tablet...

Mana: Oh, of course sir.

Jin: Thanks. Like I said, don't worry about getting in trouble for any of this. I just...want to see a few things. With my own eyes...

(Sound of heavy metal bolts turning)

Mana: All right, the steel bolts are de-magnetized. The doors will open when you're ready.

Jin: Thank you. All right, tablet, flashlight, flares, carbon tube cables...medical gels. I'm all set. (pauses) Where can I get com signals at?

Mana: There's a console in the boiler but that's only one way. If you can make it back to this door, your personal unit should be able to reach my office.

Jin: All right then. If I'm not back here in three hours, radioing to you, be prepared to come search for me.

Mana: Yes sir. (Sound of heavy doors swinging open. Rustling of gear, as Jin heads out into the depths of the ship)

(The sound of water dripping, machines whirring and growling. The soundscape of a harsh, hostile industrial environment. Jin gags)

Jin: Oh, my god...those protein pools (coughs, and spits) Disgusting. (He keeps moving. Sound of him making his way over a metal catwalk) That's a long way down, all right. Remember...when the gravity engines correct (rumbling sounds of turbulence. Jin cries out and falls down) Like that! (The metal of the catwalk shakes dramatically for a moment. Then, it calms. Jin, panting, slowly gets back up and resumes progress)

Jin: There are the boilers. That catwalk doesn't look too safe...(the catwalk breaks with a sound of whining metal, and collapses to the ground far below. Jin laughs. To himself, sarcastically) The sum of all the technology and progress of the human race, and I still need climbing cables and pitons to get around it. At least I came prepared. Those look like the boilers to me. (Sound of cables being fastened) Let's drill these into the metal (whirring sound as the pitons dig into the steel. Jin grunts, and slowly clambers down the immense wall of the boilers. When he gets to the ground, he retracts the cables. A rustling sound, like an enormous rodent scurrying in the dark) Hello? (A flare cracking open) Jan? Is that you? (Jin walks down the empty aisles between the boilers. His voice echoing) Jan? (quieter) Jan...(a crashing sound, as if something trips over metal debris) Jan! Wait, don't hide...

Jan: (running) Get away from me!

Jin: Jan, please, let me explain....(the sound of the flare whooshing, as Jin turns left and right)  
Where did she go...(Louder) I suppose you can still see me. I'm sorry about what happened to you. I tried to stop it, but I wasn't able to.

Jan: You couldn't care less about me! Get out, or I swear you'll feel a piece of rusty metal sticking through your belly!

Jin: (changing tactics) I have medical gels, if you want. For your...face...

(Silence for a moment)

Jan: Show me.

Jin: (digging through equipment) Here...I'll give myself a little cut on my hand with my knife...(metal being drawn) And then (opening up a small packet. A gentle sizzling sound) And the gel heals it immediately. Good as new, no bleeding or swelling or anything. I know they beat you pretty badly...

Jan: Throw the gels into the dark, beyond the light of the flare. (Jin does so). Lower your flare, and close your eyes. Count to ten. Out loud. (Jin begins to count. Sound of rapid movement, as Jan swoops out from the dark, grabs the gels, and then disappears) You may open your eyes now.

Jin: I still can't see you. Jan...if I may. I mean you no harm...

Jan: Am I a dog to be won over, with gentle coos and reassurances? You will tell me why you are here. Then you will have thirty seconds to walk away, or a bolt of metal will grow out of your stomach.

Jin: You claimed to have found a new planet.

Jan: I did find a new planet. For the first time someone from the bridge of the ships cares?

Jin: No one up there believes you, except for me. You don't know me, but I'm the chief engineer and commanding officer of the ship. I'm the one who looks through the archives, the navigational plans. For weeks, I've pored over the designs created by the ship's builders. And I haven't been able to make sense of them. Not even a little.

Jan: First I'm a doll to be dressed up and thrown around, now I'm your technical advisor?

Jin: You said you would help us...

Jan: (furiously) That was before you beat me like an animal and left me to die! For so long I dreamed of what might be on the other side of those doors, of what the people would be like. They're mistaken, I told myself. They're misunderstood. (tearing up slightly) If they see me for who I really am, then all will be forgiven and made well. But now I see you for who you are, and I don't care anymore! The ship can be pulled through a black hole and you all ripped apart down to atoms, and it would be a fate well deserved! I'm looking for my own way out now. The rest of you can die.

Jin: There's a lot to atone for, I know....I don't know what I can say...

Jan: There is nothing to be said! Get out, and die with the rest of them.

Jin: Then just run me through right now! If we're all going to die anyway, better to just get it over with. I did see you, for you who are. I know the others didn't, but if you accompany me to the front of the ship and show them what you know, they will see how wrong they were. I come

here to meet you, not as a dog or a plaything, but as an equal. (pauses) Because I need your help. We all do.

(Pause. Jan steps out of the darkness into view)

Jan: Here. Look at me. What do you see?

Jin: I see you're hurt.

Jan: (quietly) What else?

Jin: I don't know...

Jan: I'm not trying to trick you. Look me in the eye. What do you see? A savior? A plaything....a dog...

Jin: (Warmly, directly) I see a person. A real person.

Jan: And I see a real person too. (Pauses) Come with me. I'll show you my home.

(Water dripping, boilers groaning. The sound of boilers gets louder, and then quieter)

Jan: Here we are. My humble abode.

Jin: Why here?

Jan: The quietest area in this part of the ship. Far enough away from the boilers to not be roasted, but still close enough to get a little warm draft. It can get pretty cold back here during the down cycles.

Jin: It's just a dirty mattress and some console screens. Surely they've provided you with more than just this...

Jan: I take it you haven't been back here much.

Jin: No...I guess I haven't. What are those tubes running from the wall?

Jan: How I get my food. They send down food and water, but only if I complete the tasks they give me over the intercom. If I don't do what they tell me, the tubes won't open. No food or water for me. I was a good girl when I went up to get beaten, so let's see what they gave me (opens a metal tube) Ah, protein paste and hardtack.

Jin: That's terrible, I'm sorry.

Jan: I suppose there's a reason for it all, isn't there? Someone needs to be down here to crawl into the boiler shafts, to scrub the jets at the bottom of the protein pools, to replace the flanges and rotors on the inside of the gravity turbines at risk of dismemberment. Probably can't pay or convince someone to do it. Better to just force someone, and keep them hidden so no one can see it being done. (Pauses) Well, I don't want to be a bad host, complaining the ear off my guest.

Jin: It's fine. You have reason to be angry. (Pauses) Do these consoles work?

Jan: Of course (electronic beeping, as the consoles fire up) The one nice thing, about being down here...is how much time I have on my hands. And no one paying attention.

Computer Voice: Access granted.

Jin: You got right into the Master Archives. How did you do that?

Jan: (with a giggle) My little secret.

Jin: Please, tell me.

Jan: There are a number of consoles down here. Simple systems, just basic data inputs for temperature and hull integrity, things like that. But all those inputs feed into the overall network, just blocked off at certain points. I figured out that all the routines for the network are written in the same language. So, with plenty of time and practice...(imitating computer voice) 'Access Granted'.

Jin: You're able to get into everything?

Jan: The Master Archives, yes. (reverently) The sum of the knowledge of the human race. Certainly makes it easier getting through the days, knowing I have that to look forward to at night. There are some systems I'm not allowed to get into. Strict biometric access only. Do you know what those might be?

Jin: I do. Systems and files only Derry has access to.

Jan: Who?

Jin: Derry, the Director. The...older man...

Jan: (venomously) Who had the other girls beat me.

Jin: Yes...

Jan: Why am I helping you again?

Jin: The navigational plans. You pulled them from the archive.

Jan: I did.

Jin: I've been studying them for weeks. From the initial trajectory, the speed of the ship, the factor of space being folded by 2000x through the warp drive...gravity, the speed and rotation of galaxies and stars. My best calculated answers show the ship just floating in darkness. How were you able to find a planet?

Jan: You calculated gravity, the speed and rotation of galaxies? The speed of gravity changes, the gravity of the celestial bodies changes. The expansion of the universe changes, the rate at which it changes, changes. 'There are more things in Heaven and Earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy.' The whole cosmos is a dream, from which we are only ever partially awake.

Jin: ...Horatio?

Jan: Nevermind. All of this can be found in the Archives. You haven't been able to figure these things out?

Jin: That's why I'm here. I'm not...I don't know how you can do all this.

Jan: I suppose I don't either. Technical problems, repairs, computers, advanced math...Things just...make sense to me. They always have.

Jin: How did you do that trick earlier?

Jan: What trick?

Jin: During Saturnalia. Your voice...it grew in power...there was distortion all around it.

Jan: I don't know. It wasn't anything I intended. Maybe the Archives and the consoles recognized my voice, and acted up. Maybe the ship itself came to my aid.

Jin: You're practically part of them, then! The Archives. (Beat) What else have you been looking at?

Jan: You mean navigational plans?

Jin: No, just for fun. Do you ever go in there? Just for fun?

Jan: I do, yes.

Jin: I go in there when I can, but I rarely have enough time, and when I do...well, I never feel relaxed enough to just look around.

Jan: I suppose that is one nice thing about being back here. Lots of free time, whenever there aren't any jobs to do. All right...I'll show you what I've been reading recently. (keyboard clicks, electronic beeping)

Jin: 'Faust...' Published in Weimar, 1808...

Jan: You pronounce it with a V?

Jin: I think so, yes.

Jan: You have spent some time in here, haven't you?

Jin: A little. I tried to at least know the countries of ancient Earth, and a little of the languages. 'The Sun intones, in ancient tourney, with brother spheres, a rival song..'

Jan: 'Fulfilling its predestined journey, with march of thunder moves along...'

Jin: 'Its aspect gives the angels power...'

Jan: 'Though none can ever solve its ways...'

Jin: 'The lofty works beyond us tower...'

Jan: 'Sublime as on the first of days..'

Jin: I like that. It's very poet...

Jan: (interrupting) And swift beyond where knowledge ranges,

Earth's splendor whirls in circling flight;

A paradise of brightness changes

To awful shuddering depths of night.

The sea foams up, widespread and surging

Against the rocks' deep-sunken base,

And rock and sea sweep onward, merging

In rushing spheres' eternal race.

Jin: That's quite the monologue...

Jan: (Ignoring Jin, with thunderous crescendo) And rival tempests roar and shatter,

From sea to land, from land to sea,

And, raging, form a circling fetter

Of deep, effective energy.

There flames destruction, flashing, searing,

Before the thunder's crashing way;

(suddenly gentle) Yet, Lord, Thy angels are revering

The gentle progress of Thy day. (pants a little after exertion. Jin chuckles. Jan, embarrassed)

What?

Jin: Nothing. I...I like your enthusiasm.

Jan: (playful) Laugh all you want. I read that and I wish I could see the outside of the ship. I've seen images in the Archives...but to actually see the heavens?

Jin: There's not too much to see. Without atmosphere...

Jan: That's true. Just a lot of darkness. (Pause) Do you want to see something else?

Jin: I'd love to.

(Cut to Jin and Jan watching old movies on the console screen, laughing)

Jin: I can't believe I haven't seen these before. What is it called...The Three Stooges?

Jan: You've been missing out! The movies from around the beginning of cinema are the best. The farther out you go, you need more and more cultural context to understand what's going on. Also they get too negative and depressing past a certain point.

Jin: I'll say! The last films made in the 50th century are only about the war in the Solar System.

Jan: (through laughter) I prefer the simple joy of someone falling out of a chair. (The two continue to watch the old film strips, occasionally laughing)

(A sound of metal banging. Jin reacts fearfully, standing upright in a hurry)

Jan: Relax, it's not a threat. (calling out) Cus? Is that you? Don't worry, Cus. You're not in trouble. He's here on...business...well, don't worry, he's not a threat. (Cus nervously walks into their presence)

Cus: Pardons, sir. I didn't mean to interrupt any business you might have.

Jin: It's fine. We were just having a friendly chat.

Jan: Where were you, Cus? I was looking for you earlier.

Cus: Got a whole bunch of sweet blue, for you, Jannie.

Jan: Awww, Cus cus! Thank you, you didn't need to do that.

Cus: Aw, my treat, Jannie. I know you had a hard time of it yesterday, wanted to do something a little extra. Are we playing checkers again tonight? Or watching something?

Jan: Let's watch something with our guest! We were already watching the Three Stooges before you got here. (To Jin) We both love the Three Stooges, we're working our way through all their shorts. The ones made before Curly died, that is.

Jin: Wait, what's sweet blue?

Jan: It's an edible paste that you can find in the protein pools. There are mineral filters that keep the compounds separate. Sugar gets trapped in the filters and mixes with the protein. It creates this sweet savory paste, which we enjoy with our humble provisions.

Cus: Blue is good, purple's bad.

Jan: Yes. Sweet blue needs to be blue, otherwise it has sulfur and nitrogen in it. You'll be able to taste the difference.

Jin: (chuckles) Good to know. Can I try some?

Jan: Of course. Right on the hardtack here. (Jin bites into the hardtack)

Jin: Wow! That's...delicious actually.

Cus: It is! Ah, we're having a little party! Jan, do you want to play checkers later? (To Jin) I think she lets me win from time to time.

Jan: (coyly) No I don't.

Jin: I'm sure. (alarm beeps. Jin groans) I need to get back. They're gonna come looking for me if I'm not back in 20 minutes.

Cus: Ah, well, nice to see you sir! Come down and visit anytime.

Jin: Jan...are you coming with me?

Jan: Well, I...

Cus: You're leaving? Going to the front of the ship with him?

Jan: I'm not sure yet.

Cus: Ah, Jan! Go for it! You should go and see it. Jin here's a good fella, he'll take care of you.

Jan: I don't need taking care of.

Cus: Ah, all right. Just a good opportunity's, is all. Let em up there know about us, if you can.

Jin: It's a temporary arrangement. I just want Jan to review some plans with me.

Jan: (sighs) All right, I'll go with you. But I'll be back. I'm not leaving you behind, Cus. (Jin and Jan get up and leave)

Cus: No worries, Jan! I'll have plenty of sweet blue ready for you when you get back!

(Jin and Jan walk off. They make their way through the bowels of the ship to the broken catwalk)

Jan: The construction around here is incredible.

Jin: Yes, that was unfortunate. I'll have the C levels fix that. For now, we'll have to use the climbing cable to get back up. (pause) Well? Are you coming with me?

Jan: (pauses. Thoughtfully, with concern) You seem like a good person. But you understand why I'm having a hard time fully trusting you?

Jin: I do.

Jan: And you'll honor that? You'll listen to what I say and give me whatever berth I require?

Jin: I will.

Jan: And when I told Cus that I wasn't going to leave him behind, you realize that I was telling the truth? Things are going to be different around here if I'm to work with you.

Jin: (under his breath) The others may have issue with him coming up too... We'll figure something out with them. If you show them what you know, things will be different.

Jan: Good. Cus is like my older brother. My mother lived down here with me my first ten years. Taught me what she could, gave me what she could. Then she died, and I was all alone. If it

wasn't for Cus, I wouldn't be here today. He took care of me, showed me how to do the jobs needed for food, how to survive. I can't repay him for that by just leaving him.

Jin: I understand.

Jan: You do, don't you?

Jin: I do. I always knew this way of living couldn't last forever. Eventually something would break through and change things for good. I think that's you, Jan. So know that you have my support in this, whatever challenges may come. (Pauses) Jan the Janitor. I don't think that's what you are anymore.

Jan: Oh, you think? What do you suppose I am now?

Jin: Navi. Navi the Navigator.

Jan: (giggles) Well, that certainly has a loftier tone to it. But why should I take a name that you give me?

Jin: It's not my creation. You said it yourself. You would gladly be our navigator. I hope to help you in that, anyway I can. Does that suit you?

Navi: (warmly) It does.

Jin: Then it's settled. (Tugs at the climbing cable) You'll have to hold on to me as the cable retracts. Take my hand. To the top of the ship, Navi?

Navi: Gladly. (The cable retracts with a mechanical whir, bringing the two out of the bowels of the ship)