

Episode 1 - Transferred

Jordan - Anna Morreale

Decker - Patrick Jeffrey

Fiona - Espoir Segbeaya

Foreman - Paul Warren

Ms. Casella - Sohng-ee Hahn

Turnstile Voice - Laura Elaine Couch

Scene One: Int. Somnotech Lobby

SOUND: LOBBY OF A BUSY BUSINESS, PEOPLE WALKING TO AND FROM, A BLUR OF VOICES CHATTING. INTERMITTENT BEEPING FOLLOWED BY THE VOICE FROM THE ENTRANCE TURNSTILE.

TURNSTILE VOICE: Welcome! Lee Haynes, you have arrived... on time. Proceed to the marketing department on the 5th floor. Welcome! Ellie Roberts, you have arrived... on time. Proceed to the human resources department on the 2nd floor. Welcome! Miles Owen, you have arrived... on time. Proceed to R&D on Sub-Level 3. Welcome! Yusuf Amar, you have arrived... on time. Proceed to R&D on Sub-Level 3. Welcome! Simon Zhang, you have arrived... on time. Proceed to the marketing department on the 5th floor.

SOUND: THE BEEPING AND AUTOMATED VOICE DECREASES IN FREQUENCY, VOICES FADE AS PEOPLE ENTER ELEVATORS. A BEAT. JORDAN'S RUNNING FEET TOWARDS THE ENTRANCE GATE

JORDAN: (under breath, distant) No, no, no, no, not again.

SOUND: BEEPING OF THE ENTRANCE GATE

TURNSTILE VOICE: Welcome! Jordan Mede! You have arrived... late. Proceed to the manufacturing department on the ground floor.

JORDAN: Manufacturing? Sorry, no there must be a mistake.

SOUND: BEEPING OF THE ENTRANCE GATE

TURNSTILE VOICE: Welcome! Jordan Mede! You have already clocked in. Proceed to the manufacturing department on the ground floor.

JORDAN: I'm sorry, that's not right. I work in marketing, I'm supposed to be on the 5th floor.

TURNSTILE VOICE: Well it's telling me to direct you to the manufacturing department Jordan, so I don't know what else you want from me. I don't make the schedule.

JORDAN: Of course... sorry. Sorry Susan. I'll check with the foreman.

TURNSTILE VOICE: (exasperated) You don't have to apologize Jordan. Just get going, you're already late.

SOUND: JORDAN RUNS DOWN THE HALLWAY, TRANSITIONAL MUSIC PLAYS.

VOICE: The Rest is Electric. Episode one, Transferred.

SOUND: PANTING FOR BREATH JORDAN ARRIVES AT THEIR DESTINATION THEY KNOCK ON A DOOR.

JORDAN: Hello?

SOUND: JORDAN OPENS THE DOOR.

Scene Two: Int. Manufacturing Department

SOUND: THE MANUFACTURING DEPARTMENT IS LOUD, MACHINERY RUNNING, JORDAN ENTERS AND THE DOOR CLOSES BEHIND THEM. THE FOREMAN APPROACHES THEM.

FOREMAN: Hello! You don't have the correct human PPE to be in here!

JORDAN: Oh, hello um, I didn't see a sign on the door, sorry. I'm just looking for the Foreman?

FOREMAN: You're looking at him! How can I help you!

JORDAN: Right, the daily schedule sent me here for some reason? I normally work in marketing but...

FOREMAN: You must be Jordan Mede!

JORDAN: Yes...?

FOREMAN: I just got the memo last night that you were transferring to us! I should have been more prepared for your arrival! Apologies!

JORDAN: Oh... uh, transferring?

FOREMAN: Welcome to the team!

JORDAN: Thank... you?

FOREMAN: Your extremely flesh-like appearance has me apprehensive about your effectiveness at this job! But I am happy to meet you officially all the same!

JORDAN: Uh.

FOREMAN: But there are perks to you being the first human to work here!

JORDAN: Sorry, the first?

FOREMAN: For example, your uniform is unstained! No oil, grease, or blood! Yet!

JORDAN: I-

FOREMAN: Just a little joke! Ha ha! I am sure there will be no bleeding!

JORDAN: I really hate to interrupt, but I think there might have been a mistake.

FOREMAN: A mistake?!

JORDAN: I'm not supposed to be here, I work up in marketing.

FOREMAN: Yes! You *worked* up in marketing! Before your transfer!

JORDAN: That's um... No one told me anything about a transfer.

FOREMAN: Huh! Well! These things slip through the cracks I suppose! I am able to give one of your old superiors a call if you need! The transfer papers were signed by Ms. Casella herself though!

JORDAN: Ok.. No I... It's fine. (trying to psyche themself up) I can do this. Marketing was... draining anyways.

FOREMAN: I'm glad to hear! We can get you suited up immediately! Follow me!

SOUND: THE FOREMAN AND JORDAN WALK OVER TO A METAL LOCKER AND OPEN IT UP

FOREMAN: This is your locker! And here's all your safety equipment! Goggles, work gloves, jumpsuit, metal apron, steel toed boots! It is very important you wear all of these things! All the other robots who work here are fully fire proofed and puncture proof, and your human flesh is not! I realize I say everything in a very cheery voice, but please understand this is gravely important!

JORDAN: Right. The cheery voice... is that, permanent?

FOREMAN: Yes! It was a tragic accident really! The last foreman who worked in the manufacturing department was a nightmare and terrorized me and my fellow workers day and night! When he was finally fired and I received the promotion, upper management hoped I could be a better influence on the employees! Set a better example

by having a more upbeat attitude! After a series of meetings it was agreed that a Better Management Foreman Upgrade Chip™ would be developed for my software and remain active purely for my work days! Unfortunately the programmer of the chip handed the majority of his work off to an intern! The intern, while highly skilled in other areas and an asset to the company of course, was not properly trained for chip coding! So the chips efficacy is... a touch overstated! It also melted directly into my circuit board! So it's a danger to my very life if removed!

JORDAN: That's... awful.

FOREMAN: Ah well, nobody's job is perfect! Let me show you to your work station!

SOUND: JORDAN AND THE FOREMAN MOVE OVER TO THE ASSEMBLY LINE

FOREMAN: I tried to set you up with the safest job I could! You'll be welding the hinges of the pods!

JORDAN: Uh... I don't have any welding experience.

FOREMAN: Don't let that concern you! Usually I'd get you to download the safety manual and instructions straight into your hard drive! That's not exactly an option for you, so I will be giving you some hands on, on the job training! How does that sound!

JORDAN: (nervous) Great!

SOUND: A WELDING TORCH FIRES UP. WE HEAR THE FOREMAN BEGINNING TO WELD SOMETHING, TRANSITIONAL MUSIC PLAYS.

Scene Three: Int. IT Department

SOUND: DECKER TYPES ON HIS KEYBOARD, METAL ON PLASTIC. FOOTSTEPS APPROACH DECKER, FIONA WALKS INTO DECKERS CUBICLE AND LETS OUT A LONG SUFFERING SIGH

FIONA: Deckerrrr.

DECKER: Heya Fiona

FIONA: Decker, I'm still losing. You promised to fix it.

DECKER: What?

FIONA: The standings!

DECKER: Shit! Right, sorry Fi, I'll do it. I swear. Today.

FIONA: We're doing a check in on Friday, I can't be bottom five.

DECKER: You really think no one's going to notice you changed the standings?

FIONA: Well *I* won't have changed the standings! I really want to win the pot!

DECKER: I don't know, seems like there could be legal ramifications to me using my incredible hacking skills to help you win thirty bucks.

FIONA: Well I'm sure there's legal ramifications for me sharing Ms. Casella's private schedule.

SOUND: DECKER STOPS TYPING ABRUPTLY

DECKER: Shh! Not so loud Fiona, come on. Look, it's not like you're telling me her social insurance number.

FIONA: Well it's not like I'm asking you to completely trash everyone else's standings. Just make my team a little beefier Decker.

DECKER: Maybe try being better at fantasy football!

SOUND: FIONA'S PHONE DINGS SHE UNLOCKS IT AND TAPS AT THE SCREEN.

FIONA: Oh! Decker. Decker!!

DECKER: What?

FIONA: Ms. Casella just called another meeting. In conference room B.

DECKER: Oh, shit.

SOUND: DECKER RESUMES TYPING

DECKER: Ok, let me...finish...that... thought. One sec.

SOUND: DECKER FRANTICALLY CLICKING AND TYPING

DECKER: Ok, there! You're amazing! I'll look into the security on that football page tonight, I swear.

FIONA: You'd better! You owe me for the last three meetings still.

DECKER: Come on, none of those are on the house? Does our friendship mean nothing to you?

FIONA: Nope.

SOUND: DECKER TRIES TO STAND FROM HIS DESK BUT GETS TANGLED IN CABLE AND FALLS TO THE GROUND.

FIONA: Wow Decker, you're endlessly coordinated.

DECKER: Yeah, thanks Fiona. Come unplug me!

FIONA: Mmm, I got emails I should be sending. Seeya!

DECKER: Fiona!

FIONA: Fine.

SOUND: FIONA AND DECKER UNTANGLE HIM AND UNPLUG HIM FROM THE COMPUTER.

FIONA: You really need to get rewired. When was the last time you went into a technician?

DECKER: Hey piss off, I just haven't gotten around to it. And it's expensive.

FIONA: It's covered under our medical, Decker.

DECKER: Whatever! I'm a very busy A.I.! I have more important things to do than getting rewired!

FIONA: If you say so.

SOUND: FIONA CHECKS HER PHONE AGAIN.

FIONA: You really should get going, the meeting starts in five. You still gotta squeeze into those air ducts.

DECKER: Wanna come give me a boost?

FIONA: I actually have to go do my job Decker, have fun committing treasonous espionage without me!

DECKER: If you're so against it don't help me!

SOUND: FIONA STARTS TO WALK AWAY

FIONA: Not against it! Just don't have time for it!

SOUND: TRANSITIONAL MUSIC PLAYS.

Scene Four: Int. Manufacturing Department

SOUND JORDAN TURNS THE WELDING TORCH ON AND OFF A NERVOUSLY

JORDAN: I'm going to die. This is going to kill me. What did I do to deserve this, I know I'm not the worst employee. I'm only late on Wednesdays, and I let my pasta salad grow mould in the break room fridge one time. But it was an honest mistake. Sarah was the one who set the microwave on fire and they never transferred her to manufacturing! I-

FOREMAN: Jordan?!

JORDAN: Mr. Foreman.

FOREMAN: Are you ok?! You seem upset! You haven't welded a hinge in 5 minutes and 48 seconds!

JORDAN: I'm fine, just distracted. Sorry.

FOREMAN: Jordan! I need my employees to be open with me!

JORDAN: I know, I promise there's nothing that will affect my work. Just ... thinking about heading to the washroom.

FOREMAN: No! It's part of my Better Management Foreman Upgrade Chip! I *need* you to be open with me or else my programming automatically reports me to upper management for ignoring your needs!

JORDAN: Oh my god, that's horrible.

FOREMAN: It is not ideal! So, what's bothering you Jordan!

JORDAN: Well... honestly I think my transfer here might have been a mistake. It just doesn't make any sense.

FOREMAN: How do you mean?!

JORDAN: Everyone else down here is an A.I., no one told me I was transferring, and honestly... I'm really not cut out for this work. I have soft hands.

FOREMAN: It was odd to me that Ms. Casella hadn't discussed your transfer with you! We can look into it of course!

JORDAN: Thank you. I really appreciate you hearing me out.

FOREMAN: I'm happy to Jordan! Also, it's in my programming to be on your side!

JORDAN: Right... Thanks all the same. I really am going to go find the washroom now.

FOREMAN: See you soon valued employee!

SOUND: JORDAN'S FOOTSTEPS FADE AWAY AS THEY WALK AWAY. TRANSITIONAL MUSIC PLAYS.

Scene Five: Int. Air vent above Conference Room B

SOUND: DECKER PULLING HIMSELF THROUGH THE AIR VENT.

DECKER: (whispering) come on, shhh, shh. Come on.

SOUND: THERE IS ONE LAST HIGH PITCHED SQUEAL, AND THEN SILENCE AS DECKER SETTLES IN

DECKER: (whispering) Alright, in place. No sign of the target.

SOUND: SOUND OF A FAN WHIRRING FOR A FEW SECONDS, A FOOTSTEPS MOVE DISTANTLY OUTSIDE THE AIRVENT.

DECKER: (whispering) Yes!

MS. CASELLA: (filter: distant, through an air vent for the entire scene. She sounds bored) I appreciate you all making time in your obviously busy schedules for this meeting. If you could take your seats we can begin.

DECKER: (whispering) yes, yes, yes.

SOUND: MS. CASELLA BEGINS TO TYPE ON A COMPUTER.

DECKER: (whispering) tell me what you're up to.

MS. CASELLA: So far everything has been on track for the April deadline. The Lahey setback has been dealt with thanks to Janine. We should now be at the second phase- (beat) Excuse me. One second.

DECKER: (whispering) What? What's happening, come on. Keep going.

MS. CASELLA: Something's gone wrong with the program. Who's in IT right now?

DECKER: (whispering) Shit.

WORKER: I believe it's just Decker, Ms. Casella.

DECKER: Shit.

MS. CASELLA: (under her breath) Great, that lunatic. (normal volume) Someone call him in.

DECKER: (whispering) Shit!

SOUND: DECKER STARTS SLIDING HIMSELF IN THE AIR VENT.

MS. CASELLA: What's that sound?

DECKER: (whispering) Nooo

SOUND: DECKER SLIDES HIMSELF A LITTLE MORE IN THE VENT, METAL AGAINST METAL SCRAPING.

DECKER: (whispering) I guess its plan b now.

SOUND: DECKER SLIDES HIMSELF A LITTLE FURTHER, THE SCRAPING LETTING UP AS HE GETS INTO A LARGER PART OF THE AIR DUCT, WHICH HE THROWS HIMSELF DOWN. HE QUIETLY YELLS AS HE FALLS.

DECKER: How far does this go?!

SOUND: DECKER HITS THE BOTTOM VERY HARD.

DECKER: Ouch.

SOUND: DECKER STARTS PULLING HIMSELF THROUGH THE AIR VENT AGAIN. IT BECOMES HARDER THE LONGER HE PULLS HIMSELF ALONG AS THE VENT STARTS TO NARROW

DECKER: (breathing heavily, whispered) Who the hell makes air vents this small. Who in their right goddamn minds decided to...

SOUND: LOUD METALLIC THUNK

DECKER: Shit. Shit shit shit.

SOUND: METAL DROPPING DOWN AND SLAMMING ON FLOOR IN AN ECHOE-Y ROOM

DECKER: Fuck!

SOUND: THE AIR VENT DECKER IS IN CRASHES TO THE GROUND WITH HIM IN IT.

Scene Six: Int. Ground Floor Washroom

SOUND: METAL GRINDING AGAINST METAL AS DECKER PULLS HIMSELF OUT OF THE VENT.

DECKER: Two more minutes! You couldn't have held for two more minutes?!

SOUND: DECKER KICKS THE VENT

DECKER: Piece of shit vent. Where did... crap.

JORDAN: Uhhh...

DECKER: Hi. I can explain.

JORDAN: Uh huh.

DECKER: I was... doing maintenance. On the air vents... You know, I'm just a regular old maintenance A.I. haha... ha... and it broke... Very normal, very everyday.

JORDAN: Ok... You... don't have the same design as most of the maintenance A.I.'s?

DECKER: Hey. Rude. Maybe I was built for something else but maintenance is my passion, you don't know. Who the hell are you to tell me what job I am or am not designed for?

JORDAN: Sorry, you're right.

DECKER: You're the one wearing a manufacturing jumpsuit, since when do humans work in the manufacturing department! And you're questioning me!

JORDAN: You're right, I'm so sorry. Seriously. I'm just gonna go. Let me just. Sorry I interrupted your... Air vent repair.

SOUND: JORDAN WALKS AND WASHES THEIR HANDS IN A SINK AND THEN DRIES THEM UNDER A HAND DRYER JORDAN EXITS THE WASHROOM. DECKER SIGHS IN RELIEF.

DECKER: Thank god. (beat) Ah shit... I have no idea how to fix this.

MUSIC: OUTRO MUSIC FADES IN AND PLAYS THE EPISODE OUT

VOICE:

Hi everyone, thank you so much for listening to the first episode of The Rest is Electric. It was written by Nicola Wanless, production managed by Wei Qing Tan, and directed, sound designed, and sound engineered by Michael Wanless. Jordan was played by Anna Morreale, Decker was played by Patrick Jeffrey, Fiona was played by Espoir Segbeaya, Ms. Casella was played by Sohng-ee Hahn, and The Foreman was played by Paul Warren. As well this episode we had Laura Elaine Couch as Susan. Our logo design was done by the immensely talented Julia Gascoine. A special thanks to the National Theatre School of Canada for providing us with the grant that funded this project, as well as a huge thank you to all of our Patreon donors, including Leslie Hernandez, Chimedum Ohaegbu, and James Arcade. If you would also like to donate to us, you can find our Patreon at patreon.com/therestiselectric. Episode 2 will be coming out June 9th and you can find us on twitter, instagram, and facebook, at [restiselectric](https://www.facebook.com/restiselectric), or email us at restiselectricpodcast@gmail.com. We have more information, including transcripts of episodes, available on our website, [restiselectric.com](https://www.restiselectric.com).

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