

RADIO DRAMA MINISERIES, provisional title HOLOFUTURIST OUTLOOKS,
first author: seeley quest Episode: Toronto

Sarita: early 30s, disabled - e.g. potentially uses a cane for mobility, co-parent of Touli
Brigit: 30s, co-parent of Touli, is doing a bit less child care and more committee meetings
Touli: 13 years old, gender non-conforming, into creative arts
Keven: late 20s to 40s, partner of Georg, also openly dating Sarita
Georg: late 20s to 40s, partner of Keven, has chronic illness or an impairment

All live in apartments in Complex Wonscotonach, one of 30+ residential/industrial complexes in Toronto

SCENE: Trouble at the Greenhouse

GEORG

(direct audience address / internal monologue)

Keven is sleeping well enough, and while hurrying in to get my patching gloves and backup first aid supplies I try not to wake him, but he rouses.

KEVEN

Something happened?

GEORG

Nelly's hurt, greenhouse had a break—

KEVEN

--Whoh, I'll get dressed and join you there. Anyone else alerted yet?

GEORG

(grabbing kit, says before exiting)

Dunno; could send for Greenhouse team once we find who's there?

(shift from bedroom to corner of big two-story greenhouse: sound of high winds as if through an open window, and faintly of a few goat bleats; an array of edible crops fill the space. GEORG is occupied on the floor as KEVEN enters and quickly comes to stand by where GEORG is focused.)

GEORG

She's stunned I think, unconscious but breathing. I'm dealing with her, see if you can get the breakage blocked.

KEVEN

(rummaging, sounds of sheeting panels knocking together)

I had no idea the leak had gone so far; after the blizzard we'll have to check all the seams in that area. You didn't hear a difference, any more sound suggesting a gap at this seam? Or notice more moisture?

GEORG

You know my main responsibility this month is supporting the dwarf goats; they haven't usually been in that corner. Ask me later, ok?

(applying antiseptic to goat wound from glass slice)

Nelly, I'm sorry this will sting.

KEVEN

(sounds of extending a noisy ladder, climbing it)

I can hardly see; hope this panel filler will fit in.

(sounds of storm become more muffled)

GEORG

That's a relief; thanks for getting that. When you come down, bring a scoop of snow and a rag over to put the cold on her bruising. Be careful for any glass shards with the ice!

KEVEN

Here. The other goats are freaked out, lemme check on them. Actually, I'll call now for the other Greenhouse team; everyone can help on cleanup.

GEORG

Ok, thanks for the compress, and calling. First, give me a hug.

KEVEN

(direct address to audience)

The fall's building crew put off repairing the slow leak by this side. We'd built for heavier snow drops than we've been getting, but not for the extreme wind gusts at the building's exposed

end, picking up ice chunks. The windbreak of trees there hasn't been as effective yet as projected, a parasite compromised the spruces. Hoping the perma-lab comes out with the next tree inoculation proposal soon; we need to bring in all wind blocks possible. For now, glass repair is urgent, and we're worried about Nelly.

SCENE: Before the Festival

SARITA

(sits with a pillowcase of material and a rolling pin, lays them on top of a flat tray over her lap, begins rolling pin over the cloth multiple times, making light crackling sounds; while finishing TOULI enters)

Bowls are around the corner—grab them and join me!

TOULI

(reluctantly, goes to pick up two large bowls; sets one on chair next to SARITA, gives one to her, and stands next to their neighbouring chairs)

Is Brigit here? I thought you were doing this together.

SARITA

She had to finish a meeting with the cook-off organizing team. Sit down, let's thresh!

TOULI

(slowly sits, SARITA pours half each of bag's materials atop sieves sitting in each bowl)

You already did the fun part; I like smashing the pods better. Aren't the auto-threshers almost back to working?

SARITA

(carefully shakes to sift seeds through to bottom, gathers aside fibre to discard)

We have a bunch of seed to extract from our already smashed supplies; if we need to prepare more for threshing, the Festival committee will tell us tomorrow. Even when the processors are operating, you know human work is part of the annual ritual. Don't pout --you liked this last year.

TOULI

(puts down bowl and jumps up, steps back from chair)

I want to go draw; look, Brigit's here now.

BRIGIT

(arriving briskly)

Nice, you two are chafing away, right on track!

SARITA

What happened; your meeting ran long?

BRIGIT

The light rail system went offline after a lightning strike up at the other end; I guess you didn't see the flash, but you heard the thunder pass close, yeah?

TOULI

Again? That's the second time this month!

SARITA

I thought the Energy Council already sent the team to extend the lightning rod installation by that end of the line? And authorized reconnecting the backup power for surge overrides?

BRIGIT

(shedding wet raincoat and boots, shrugs)

The team's still tweaking how to configure that; members from the next complex didn't all agree and didn't report that the team isn't at consensus. Thankfully it didn't come at the highest demand time for the rail today, and I'm only a bit later getting back.

SARITA

Ok, glad the strike at least won't take the line down long. You want some tea, and then let's play the "who cleans the most flaxseed" countdown challenge? At this rate we may not reach the goal of preparing enough of our heritage variety for the ceremonial mandala performance tomorrow...

- fini for now -