

Olorem: The Stream  
A Science Fiction Podcast

written by

Dume Forwan

**INT. AUGMENTATION CENTER RECEPTION - AFTERNOON**

The cold sound of machinery hums.

EDEN, male 24, walks deliberately across a metallic floor.

A woman, RECEPTIONIST, 50s is typing on a computer.

RECEPTIONIST

Yes. We have one for you in--

EDEN

Excuse me.

RECEPTIONIST

(whispering)

Just a moment, sir.

(continuing)

Ten days. How does that work for you?

EDEN

(mumbling)

They set an appointment and then make you wait.

RECEPTIONIST

Thank you. We'll see you then.

She hangs up the phone with a digital bloop.

RECEPTIONIST

Good afternoon. How may I help you?

EDEN

I'd love it if I could get into my appointment.

RECEPTIONIST

Of course. And you are?

EDEN

You haven't scanned me yet?

RECEPTIONIST

We don't pull data without permission here. Privacy. Pulling you up now... Mr. Eden?

EDEN  
(annoyed)  
Yes.

RECEPTIONIST  
Your Augmentation Engineer will  
see you now. Straight through the  
second doorway.

EDEN  
Mm.

Eden taps across the metallic floor just as deliberately as  
before.

Receptionist huffs with indignation.

Eden reaches the doorway and the doors slide open with swish.  
He steps into the room. The doors swish closed.

COMPUTER  
(clear bright voice)  
Please remain in the transfer  
chamber during decontamination.

A beam sweeps the room, occasionally crackling.

COMPUTER  
Decontamination is complete.  
Please enter the Procedures  
Station.

#### **INT. AUGMENTATION CENTER PROCEDURES STATION**

Doors open. Eden steps into the Room.

EDEN  
Ms. Boulos are we ready?

SAM  
We got an appointment, right?  
Yeah, I'm ready. Take your pants  
off.

EDEN  
Excuse me?

SAM  
You want me to put an aug chip in  
your cybernetic leg without being  
able to see it?

EDEN

It just didn't occur to me that you'd need to see... everything.

Eden unzips his pants and pulls them down.

EDEN

It's a little frosty in here.

SAM

Sit on the table and let's get this done.

EDEN

Are you sure you're....

SAM

What? My accent puttin' you off? You rich people don't get your hands dirty. Who do you think the Cybernetics and Augmentation Engineer's Corps is composed of?

EDEN

You're right, of course.

SAM

One "stamina" enhancer coming right up, Mr. Eden.

Sam pushes a button. Her toolbox hisses open and the toolbox lid swivels to the side with a click.

She picks up a tool and slides it into a metal receptor on Eden's leg.

SAM

You're going to feel as if your leg is disappearing. Touch transmission slowing to zero. This won't hurt at all, But don't try to stand up.

With a high pitched whine, Sam turns on a laser torch.

Sound of sparks.

SAM

The hot solder is just for the outside. The data ports are self sealing. Now I'm gonna transfer the new code to your OS.

Sam walks to a station and types on the computer.

SAM

Almost done. Reinitiating touch  
transmission in your leg. Alright.

(beat)

You can get dressed.

Eden pulls his pants back on.

EDEN

(indignant)

Thank you.

SAM

Yeah.

Eden zips his pants.

EDEN

May I ask you a question?

SAM

Shoot.

EDEN

Why are you using these antiquated  
tactical keyboards and monitor  
screens?

SAM

You want fancier shit, buy your  
aug's in your own Metro. And face  
the scrutiny of your peers. No  
more questions. I gotta clean up  
for the next appointment.

EDEN

Very well.

SAM

Have a great day.

FADE OUT

**INT. AUGMENTATION CENTER CONSULTATION ROOM - AFTERNOON**

GRACE

Hi! Is this the consultation room?  
You're the engineer?