
Tom Wreke slips into the control room for U.R.S.A, wincing. He shuts the door behind himself, left hand lightly curled over his opposite forearm.

U.R.S.A

Hello, Engineer Wreke!

U.R.S.A buzzes to life, the previously slumbering screens sparking awake with pixels and charts that Tom doesn't have it within himself to try to decode. He sighs.

TOM WREKE

No one actually addresses us like that- just Tom will do nicely, U.R.S.A.

TOM WREKE

I ain't a doctor- no need for any formal means of address.

A small assenting hum from a pair of speakers- and the phantom sound of someone typing.

U.R.S.A

Tom it is, then.

TOM WREKE

My apologies- I don't mean to be short with you. Just needed a quiet place to catch my breath.

U.R.S.A

Ah? I can assist with displaying a reading of your vitals, if that's the case- so you know when your oxygen levels have returned to their baseline-

Tom breathes in sharply.

TOM WREKE

No, no- that's okay, you don't need to go to the bother-

U.R.S.A

Hardly a bother, Tom! It's part of my job, to ensure that all on board personnel are at their peak health. Healthy workers make for a productive labour force, after all! As Rachael Running might say.

Tom grimaces.

TOM WREKE

Alright. Well, I suppose if I haven't much of a choice in the matter..

A thin ray of light sluices over his body- in a soft blue. Tom stands very still, breathing kept to a minimum, as it sweeps up and down, before the light stutters out of existence, new numbers and a chart of his heartbeat pouncing up on the screens in front of him.

U.R.S.A

Hmm. It seems that you've sustained superficial lacerations on your right forearm. They seem consistent with the depth and texture achieved through the use of scalpels within the Anatomy and Physiology labs.

The injuries are highlighted on the simplified model of his body on screen in bright horizontal stripes of white. Tom winces.

U.R.S.A

Why were you using scalpels, Tom? Those aren't a part of your typical load out.

The coffee machine next to the microwave chugs, making an odd grinding noise, as something clatters to the tray below it.

U.R.S.A

You should be more careful. I have dispensed some bandaids from the former coffee machine- over in the corner, Dave modified it awhile ago, as the chute size was amenable to a variety of small objects. Don't ask questions.

Tom picks up the item that fell out- a box of generic bandaids.

TOM WREKE

Ah. Thank you, U.R.S.A. I... won't ask.

The tiny figure of himself disappears from the screen, as U.R.S.A brings up Tom's medical files, skimming through the lines that blur up on the screen.

U.R.S.A

Dr. Simmons' latest health records indicate that you haven't been going to the group therapy sessions offered for staff personally affected by the recent incident in Research and Development's A.I Development sector. Have you overcome the need for therapeutic intervention?

Tom sucks a breath in through his teeth- it whistles slightly.

TOM WREKE

You could say something like that, I suppose. I've been holding up alright, given circumstances...

U.R.S.A

Ah, very well then! I will make a correction in the courses of suggested treatment for you, then.

More of that phantom clicking and tapping against a keyboard with no one manning it.

U.R.S.A

There, that's all done now!

U.R.S.A

Have a lovely day, Tom!

Tom nods curtly, before he's heading for the door- having plastered a few bandaids neatly up the column of his inner arm.

TOM WREKE

You too, U.R.S.A.
