

[Podcast intro music.]

Jessica Dahlgren: Thank you and welcome to *20 Sided Stories*.

[Intro fades out.]

Character Introduction

[Galactic intro-music.]

Narrator: You are now entering The Raptor. Starship for the Consortium helmed by the notorious Captain Darcy and currently at its worst. It has been two days of chaos. Members of the crew have been disappearing, and now it seems the whole ship has been taken over by a mysterious psychic entity known only as, *Something Else*.

Most of the crew has either fled through escape pods, killed themselves, or vanished...without a trace. And now it seems too that Captain Darcy is overcome by *Something Else*. As far as we know, there are only three surviving members left.

Greg: Hi, I'm Greg Reasoner, and I play Jer'q Lightfighter, envoy and ambassador for The Consortium on The Raptor. He is savvy, and his goal is to solve space mysteries. He's a pretty straightforward guy and tries to disarm people with emotion, rather than violence. However, he is not afraid to stun somebody from behind.

David: Hello! My name is David McEuen, and I play, Andromeda Riddles, AKA Mr. Riddles. He is an android explorer, 6'9". Captain Darcy saw potential in me as a security bot and reprogrammed me to do so. However, he was off by a one where a zero should have been. [evil tone] And I want to take his spot.

Jessica: Hi, my name is Jessica Dahlgren and I'm playing Cressida Vega. She is half-alien and half-human. She works as a scientist on the ship and was recruited by...Captain Darcy. The rumors of how she was recruited are...there, but she is very decent at her job and vows she has never been involved with Captain Darcy. And, on her own spare time, she is trying to figure out who her father is and her past alien ancestry.

Sage: And I, Sage G.C., will be your game master. Providing the players with obstacles and narrating the story. All the rules for *Lasers and Feelings* fit on one beautifully designed page by John Harper of *One Seven Design*. You can check it out for yourself at onesevendesign.com, but essentially it goes like this...

If a player needs to overcome something through action and bad-assery, they roll for Lasers! If the obstacle is intuitive, or an act of *passion* they roll for Feelings. If they roll their selected number they get *Laser Feelings*! Where they can ask the GM a question, and get more intel towards the situation at hand.

[dramatic] We join our spacefarers now in the Med Bay with Captain Darcy's incapacitated body where they hope to discover the origins of this...*Something Else*.

[Music fades.]

Lasers & Feelings

[Suspenseful music thrums.]

Vega: Put 'im down.

Mr. Riddles: Okay.

[**Mr. Riddles** dumps **Captain Darcy's** body unceremoniously on the floor.]

Lightfighter: No, Mr. Riddles, right on top of the med pod.

Mr. Riddles: Whoops.

Lightfighter: Not- not just on the ground.

Mr. Riddles: Okay!

Lightfighter: Alright, so where is the doctor?

Mr. Riddles: We haven't seen the doctor in days, maybe weeks.

Lightfighter: Seriously?!

Mr. Riddles: Yeah, he's one of the missing.

Lightfighter: [sighs, quiet] Oh gosh. Alright, well, let's, uh, close the med pod on 'im and run a diagnosis scan.

Vega: Okay, I'll close it.

[**Vega** presses a button and the med pod whirs shut.]

Lightfighter: Dr. Vega, I would, uh, trust you over the two of us on this situation.

Mr. Riddles: Thanks, *Jer'q*.

Vega: [disapproving] Okay, now's not the time, Riddles.

Lightfighter: No, he's just calling me by name.

Vega: Oh!

[**David and Jessica** snicker.]

Mr. Riddles: I'm gonna...

Lightfighter: Dr. Riddles...

Vega: The way- the- the tone that you said "jerk" was trying, like, you're playing with the fact his name is *Jer'q*.

Mr. Riddles: Oh I was. I'm still getting new to the human humor.

Lightfighter: 'S alright. Dr. Vega could we run that scan, please?

Vega: Yeah.

Mr. Riddles: I'm going to stand near the door.

Vega: I am running the scan.

[She types on the computer and medical equipment beeps.]

Sage: *Roll for Lasers. You get two.*

[Dice roll on the table.]

Jessica: Ooo!

David: Yeah! 2s.

Sage: *You got it! So you look at the readings and a scan comes up of his head and his brain and there's a couple of levels, and it seems like there's something inside of him. And you're not sure what to make of it. You've never seen levels like this. You're also not a doctor.*

Jessica: Yeah.

[David snickers.]

Sage: *You're only a scientist. So you know you're better with the ship and the technical side. So when it comes to biology, not your strongest suit. It seems like there is something in his brain that is controlling him. And that is what you've all referred to as Something Else.*

David: Oooh.

Sage: *Which has taken over crew members the past couple of weeks.*

Greg: *Do we have any other subjects in any of the other med pods?*

David: *Or is it just Darcy?*

Sage: *It's just Darcy.*

Vega: Well there is something else also on his brain, I can't make out- make out what it is. It looks like a very cold gassy thing surrounding- coating his brain.

Mr. Riddles: Like something's moving around inside his brain?

Vega: Yeah, like I- I- whether it's, uh, liquid, or gas, it's jus—

Mr. Riddles: So, should we poke a hole in brain to see if it—

Vega: No, not right now.

Mr. Riddles: Okay.

Vega: Why- why- we- we are not doctors. We need to find the doctor to figure it out.

Mr. Riddles: Okay.

Greg: *Alright, I'm going to get on the- the, uh, intercom system, and I'm gonna call for the doctor. What's his name?*

Sage: *Fain.*

Greg: *[amused] Fain.*

Lightfighter: [on intercom] Dr. Fain. Dr. Fain. If you're not on your coms I'm gonna patch this over to the- to the loudspeaker throughout the entire ship in case you're hiding.

[He clicks a button on the console and turns on the ship's loudspeaker.]

[on loudspeaker] Dr. Comms.

Mr. Riddles: Wait.

Lightfighter: [on loudspeaker] Er- Dr. Fain.

Mr. Riddles: Jer'q, hold on.

Lightfighter: Hey.

Mr. Riddles: What- [nervous laugh]

Lightfighter: Sorry.

Mr. Riddles: What if his headset's broken?

Lightfighter: That's why I'm putting it on the- the loudspeaker for every—

Vega: That's why- yeah, that's why he—

Mr. Riddles: Oh.

Lightfighter: Yeah.

[**Lightfighter** clicks the intercom again.]

Mr. Riddles: Okay.

Lightfighter: [on loudspeaker] Dr. Fain! Dr. Fain. If you are still on the ship, please respond.

Mr. Riddles: Wait. What if he's in a situation where, like, he's unable to respond? What if he has...*Something Else?*

[Eerie space music.]

Sage: *There is no response.*

Greg: *Do we know of any other cases of somebody coming down with...*

David, Greg: "Something Else".

Greg: *Similar to this in a specific area, a deck, a room.*

Jessica, David: *Do we?*

Sage: *Roll for Feelings, someone.*

Jessica: *Not me.*

Greg: *I got good Feelings.*

David: *Oh, yeah, you got good Feelings.*

Jessica: *You have good Feelings.*

Sage: *[amused] Answer your own question.*

[**David** laughs.]

Why don't you help him?

David: *Let's both an—*

Jessica: *Okay [stifles laughter].*

David: *Let's both roll.*

Sage: *Both you guys get- okay. You get to roll three dice. You all each will run into a pool.*

Jessica: *Okay.*

[Dice roll on the table.]

[disappointed] Oh.

Sage: *Ok, you got a 2.*

Jessica: *Wait.*

Sage: *Mm. Okay.*

Jessica: *That worked, right?*

Sage: *No—*

David: *No we're ba—*

Jessica: *I tho- over?*

Sage: *Oh. No, you're right, you're right. Over.*

Jessica: *It's over.*

David: *Over Feelings?*

Jessica: *Haha!*

David: *Hey! [claps and chuckles]*

Sage: *So that's two successes and you get to ask me a question.*

Jessica: *And he got on the roll.*

David: *Incredible.*

Greg: *Sweet.*

Sage: *So there you go.*

Greg: *I would like to know...if there is a, um, if there is a pattern for this case.*

Sage: *You have the suspicion that it is infectious. That it started about two weeks ago when people started disappearing and you didn't know why. And two days ago, when you found out, you saw your first case of the Something Else. Does not seem to be a pattern except that it increased at an exponential rate of which it infected people.*

David: *[whispers] It's the Super Flu.*

Lightfighter: *Is there any way we can monitor him in this pod if we leave the room?*

Vega: *I mean I would- I was hoping that the pod would make sure that he stays in but I- I have no- I've never handled anything like this before.*

Lightfighter: *Can you sync your communicator up with it?*

Vega: Sync my communicator wi- what?

Lightfighter: With the medical pod.

Mr. Riddles: Like, his, like, heal- vitals and stuff like that?

Lightfighter: Exactly. So that way if we leave the room we know if he disappears or not.

Mr. Riddles: I got it. I, uh, um, does he need to stay in the pod?

Vega: Yes.

Mr. Riddles: Oh ok... I was just going to carry him around.

[David and Jessica stifle laughter.]

Vega: Well—

Mr. Riddles: I'm not gonna do that though if he needs to stay in the pod.

Vega: No, he needs to stay in the pod.

Mr. Riddles: Okay.

Vega: I think- I mean, like, we don't know- I don't- I mean, I personally don't know much about this condition. I don't even know really what it is. I don't—

Mr. Riddles: It's...

Riddles, Vega: *Something Else.*

Vega: I don't even think the doctor would really know exactly what's going on, um, but the best bet is to keep 'im in the medi pod 'cause it'll- I don't know.

Lightfighter: What about the fruit? None of this happened before we brought the fruit on board.

Mr. Riddles: The mang- uh, the—

[David stifles laughter.]

Riddles, Vega: The mangoes?

Mr. Riddles: The mangoes and the mongoes.

Lightfighter: The fruit that we—

Vega: Hopefully not the mangoes, because I ate the mangoes.

Mr. Riddles: And the bananoos, and—

Vega: I ate some of the mangoes.

Mr. Riddles: —and the pu-pohs. Papas.

Lightfighter: Okay, well then let's, uh, keep an eye on you.

Mr. Riddles: Let's- let's go back—

Lightfighter: Let's get to the upper deck.

Mr. Riddles: Yeah.

Vega: So we're going up to the cargo loads? Why?

Mr. Riddles: Should someone stay with the Captain?

Lightfighter: To investigate the fruit.

Vega: I'll stay with the Captain.

Lightfighter: Okay.

Sage: *We're going to split the party?*

Lightfighter: You know what, no.

[Laughter.]

Vega: No?

Lightfighter: Continue to monitor—

Vega: Okay.

Lightfighter: —him on your comm, and you come with us.

Mr. Riddles: Yes.

Lightfighter: Because we gotta stick together.

Mr. Riddles: Oooo! I got it...

Lightfighter: In case anything happens.

Mr. Riddles: Lean the comm, like, against, like, a wall or something so that the microphone is constantly, like, you can hear his vitals and stuff like that.

Lightfighter: No, it's a computer thing. We should be able to just sync it up.

Vega: Sync the computer to my comm?

Lightfighter: Yeah.

Mr. Riddles: Can we do it?

Jessica: *Ok, I do that.*

Sage: *Ok, roll for Lasers.*

[Vega types on the computer.]

Two. Actually, we'll roll three.

[Dice roll on the table.]

David: *Which is easy for both—*

Jessica: *Oooo!*

David: *[laughs] That's a 4, 5, and 6.*

Sage: *Oh no.*

Jessica: *God dammit.*

Greg: *[amused] Stop crying.*

Sage: *Because Captain Darcy is incapacitated and so many of the crew left, a lot of the electronics on the ship are a little bit haywire right now.*

Vega: *[annoyed] Ah...*

Sage: *And it's hard to get a, uh, consistent connection it seems like power isn't routed correctly. So, you're not getting a clear connection on the comm, and if you leave him he's gonna be unmonitored.*

Jessica: *Where's the doctor?*

Sage: *You're pretty sure, the doctor left in an escape pod. You think you saw him during all the hysteria.*

Jessica: *So it's in my memory?*

Sage: *Yes.*

Jessica: *I would like to quote the game. Take the captain's super sweet space phone camera communicator scanner thing.*

Sage: *Mm-hmm. Canonical term.*

Jessica: *Open up the application where there's the camera.*

Sage: *Sure.*

Jessica: *And just start recording...*

Sage: *So you wanna set up a live feed so that you can watch? At least making sure nothing happens to the room?*

Jessica: *Yeah.*

Sage: *Okay. Ugh, you do that. You open the pod.*

[Vega clicks a button and the pod whirs open.]

You set up your camera. And you guys are ready to leave?

Greg: *Mm-hmm.*

Sage: *And you're going upstairs?*

Greg: *Yeah, we're gonna go to the cargo bay.*

Sage: *Okay.*

Greg: *The upper deck.*

Mr. Riddles: *Mango! That's what we're lookin' for. Clues in the fruit.*

Lightfighter: *The Omeron fruit.*

Mr. Riddles: *The Omeron...fruit.*

Lightfighter: *Right. This way, guys.*

[He clicks a button to open the door.]

[David stifles laughter.]

Sage: *Can someone roll me Feelings?*

David: *I'll roll Feelings.*

[Dice roll on the table.]

Jessica: *Hoo.*

David: Ooo!

Sage: *So as you guys leave the med pod- med bay. Sickbay, whatever. You're going into the elevator. Shit feels very different. There is definitely this energy of anxiety and something else among the entire Raptor.*

Lightfighter: We should go back to the sickbay.

Mr. Riddles: We're...right outside the sickbay.

Lightfighter: Yeah. We should, uh, we should check ourselves.

Mr. Riddles: Oh?

Lightfighter: To see if we've got any developments similar to what the captain's going through.

Vega: Oh.

Mr. Riddles: Okay. That sounds like a good idea.

Vega: Yeah, that sounds like...

Lightfighter: I don't know if this could affect you or not.

Mr. Riddles: I, yeah, I think I'm the safest out of all of you.

Vega: But we don't even know though, to be honest. This could take all species, all races, all—

Mr. Riddles: Well, I mean... Actually, would we even be able to do it because no one here's a doctor.

[The med pod chirps quietly as **Lightfighter** presses a button to open it.]

Greg: I'm gonna open up the med pod.

Lightfighter: Dr. Vega. If you wouldn't mind?

Vega: Of course.

Sage: *Then...the power goes out.*

[A loud clang and electronics hum as they power down. **Vega** groans.]

Mr. Riddles: It's those yellow lights again.

David: I turn on my eye-flashlights.

[Click, click!]

Sage: *And you're looking around. There's a couple of, you know, walkway lights are still visible, so you guys can still get around the ship if you need to. But it looks like you can no longer monitor his vitals in the med pod, and putting you guys in the med pod would be futile.*

Greg: Okay, but we still have the live video feed of his body.

Jessica: Hmm?

David: Yeah, but can we see it?

Sage: *I'll see there's a night view.*

David: *Night vision goggles?*

Sage: *[amused] Yeah, the green.*

David: *Infrared of whatever.*

Jessica: *Cool. Cool, cool.*

Mr. Riddles: So back to the mangos?

Lightfighter: Well, I mean, I don't know what the point would even be. I was gonna have us use some sort of technology to analyze the fruit. But if everything's shut down—

[Mr. Riddles grabs Lightfighter by the scruff.]

Mr. Riddles: Listen, man! First thought best thought. It was your idea. We have to find out what's causin' this ruckus all amock on this ship, or else we're gonna end up like Darcy.

Vega: Yeah, but why did the power go out just now? Shouldn't we check out—

Mr. Riddles: That's what we should be thinking!

[Stifled laughter.]

One clue at a time!

Lightfighter: Let's go see- to the engineering.

Mr. Riddles: Ah. That's *your* thing.

Vega: Yes.

Lightfighter: And see if we can turn the power back on.

Mr. Riddles: Okay.

Vega: Yes.

David: *[chuckles] I let go of his scruff.*

Lightfighter: Thank you.

Sage: *Okay. You guys walk over to engineering. You're already in the lowest floor, so you're gonna get there.*

David: *[whispers] Yes.*

Sage: *It is very creepy, you know. It's been a while since you guys have been on the ship with all power out. It's only happened twice now. This is the third time it's happened.*

David: *[stifles laughter] I'm alright with it.*

[Chuckling.]

Sage: *Yo're passing by the cargo hold.*

Mr. Riddles: So I said, why don't you let *her* go then? [chuckles]

[Beat.]

Lightfighter: You know I'm not gonna lie. I don't think any of us are in the mood for...those types of...yarns.

Mr. Riddles: Sorry. I'm still getting used to human humor.

Lightfighter: That's alright. Appreciate it.

Vega: It's- it's okay.

Lightfighter: You know, since we're passing by the cargo hold, why don't we take a peek inside?

Mr. Riddles: A peek inside.

[Suspenseful music.]

Sage: *It's dark.*

Mr. Riddles: It's pretty dark in there.

Vega: Well turn your—

Lightfighter: Use- turn your lights back on.

Vega: Turn your light-eyes on.

[Click, click!]

Sage: *Okay. It's a little brighter.*

Mr. Riddles: Eh, it's kinda fuzzy, but it's, you know, lights.

Sage: *Crates and—*

Greg: *[amused] How does the fruit look?*

Sage: *Roll me a Feelings to see if you can Feel out the room.*

David: *My Feel is four.*

Sage: *You get two.*

[Dice roll on the table.]

David: *I got a 2 and a 1.*

Jessica: *Ooo.*

David: *That's right.*

Sage: *You have no idea what's in this room.*

[**Jessica** stifles laughter.]

Mr. Riddles: I don't know, man! There's just crates.

Lightfighter: Okay, I'm gonna—

David: *Is this like a tiny little square window on the door that I'm looking through?*

Sage: Yes.

David: *Or is it like a big glass door?*

Sage: Yes. Yes.

David: Okay.

Sage: *As a matter of fact, you break the glass as you're leaning against it with your forehead.*

[Glass cracks and spiders.]

Vega: Oh!

Mr. Riddles: Ow. I mean, what? What? What's "ow"? I don't feel pain.

David: *I have like the milk blood draining [chuckles] on my face right now.*

Lightfighter: Alright. Can you move your head and just get one eye in there?

[David stifles laughter.]

Greg: *And I'm gonna look over his shoulder with one of his eyes shining a light in there.*

Sage: *I'll have you roll Feelings. You only get one, though, because he broke the window.*

[Dice roll on the table.]

[Everyone groans.]

Yup. You have Lasers Feelings.

Greg: *M'kay. Um, I there something amiss in the cargo hold?*

Sage: Yes.

[Mysterious music.]

Lightfighter: It doesn't look right in there.

Sage: *Matter of fact, you cut your forehead.*

Lightfighter: [quiet] Ah, fuck.

Sage: *Trying to peek in on the broken glass.*

Mr. Riddles: His blood's dripping in my milk.

Vega: Yo, I need to figure out what's going on with the lights.

Lightfighter: Alright. Back on track. Let's go to engineering.

Mr. Riddles: First thought best though.

Sage: *You walk over to the /eng area where there's power consoles and whatnot. They're all on standby mode 'cause it's dark. Presida, would you like to make a Laser check?*

Jessica: Yes.

Sage: *Go for it. Two. Three! You're an expert.*

[Dice roll on the table.]

Jessica: *One fail and one success, but I get a question.*

Sage: *Alright. You're not sure where this outage has come from. You do know it has happened.*

Jessica: *[chuckles] That took a lot to figure out.*

[Stifled laughter.]

Sage: *Most likely somebody did it upstairs. Clearly, this was not the area that the problem is gonna be found.*

Jessica: *What floor are we on right now?*

David: *I don't—*

Sage: *Middle.*

Jessica: *Middle?*

David: *Oh, middle.*

Sage: *And you get one Laser Feeling question.*

Jessica: *Which room exactly is this going on? Like, did the power- was it like a, uh, technical electronic error or was it someone sabotaging?*

Sage: *Seems like it was manual.*

Jessica: *Ooo.*

[Mysterious music intensifies.]

Lightfighter: Dr. Vega. What is your diagnosis?

Vega: [sighs] Um, nothing in this room, uh, seems to be abnormal. Which makes me think that something upstairs was triggered. But I have a weird feeling that this is, um, not an accident.

Lightfighter: This was done on purpose?

Mr. Riddles: Manually?

Vega: Yeah- yes.

Lightfighter: Right. Then let's get ourselves to the Command deck and work our way down.

Mr. Riddles: So not only are the bodies infected, but our *ship* is infected!

Vega: Yes.

Mr. Riddles: By an outtruder.

Vega: Or an intr- er, intrud- or a person inside could be doing this as well.

Mr. Riddles: I'm still getting used to prefixes. I'm sorry.

Lightfighter: To the lift!

[Mysterious music intensifies and fades out.]



[Elevator music.]

Mr. Riddles: So, um, Jer'q, uh, if you're infected... Like, I don't know if you are or not, but, uh—

Lightfighter: Neither do I.

Mr. Riddles: Um, and your blood mingled with my milk, um...

[**Jessica stifles laughter.**]

Does that mean I'm gonna get infected too?

Lightfighter: I don't know. Uh, I don't know if this would affect your—

Mr. Riddles: Psychosomatic disease?

Vega: We- like I said, we don't know what this could do. I don't even know if this a blood thing. It could be airborne. We could all already been infected. Or could be- been something that we could eat. Maybe it's not even passing—

Mr. Riddles: It's not in the sugar, is it?

Vega: I *could* be. I don't know. I really actually doubt it's in the sugar.

Mr. Riddles: Oh, good.

Lightfighter: You know, the doctor *left*.

[Beat.]

Vega: Yeah, I- for—

[**David** chuckles.]

Lightfighter: Which makes me think that—

Vega: I forgot to mention that. Guys, I'm pretty sure I saw the doctor leave when everybody was leaving.

Lightfighter: Okay.

Vega: So...

Lightfighter: [shocked] The doctor *left*?

[**Sage** laughs. **Jessica** stifles laughter.]

Vega: Yes.

Mr. Riddles: I mean, Yeah. I—

Lightfighter: If the doctor left, then he would know that the ship was screwed.

[**Vega** sighs.]

And there was nothing that he could do about it.

Mr. Riddles: Or he just panicked.

Vega: Whats's his name? Dr. F...F—

Sage: *Fain.*

Mr. Riddles: Fain.

Vega: Fain? He always seemed very, uh, wh—

Lightfighter: *Did* he seem always?

Mr. Riddles: Er, was that a—

Greg: *Dungeon Space Master?*

Mr. Riddles: Oh, okay.

Sage: *Who would like to roll me Fe—*

Jessica: *I would li—*

Sage: *You have- Vega's gonna roll me Feelings.*

Jessica: *Should I?*

Sage: *Yeah.*

Jessica: *And it has to be over my number?*

Greg: *Yeah.*

[Dice roll on the table.]

David: *Over Feel.*

Jessica: *Well I got under and my number. [stifles laughter] So I get a Laser Feelings.*

David: *Another question.*

Greg: *Can I recall anything about the doctor? I'm prty chummy with the higher ups.*

Sage: *Yes. You know, why don't you help her? Throw a one down.*

[Dice roll on the table.]

Greg: *Damn it.*

[Chuckling.]

Sage: *Okay. So you have Laser Feelings, but you don't get to ask me anything about the doctor.*

Jessica: *Okay. Debrief. Should I ask about the doctor or should I ask what—*

Sage: *You don't get to ask them either.*

[Stifled laughter.]

Jessica: *I'm gonna ask what...room specifically did the power get turned off?*

Sage: *It looks like—you're guessing, Cressida Vega—that it came from either the captain's quarters or the first mate's quarters.*

Jessica: *Okay...*

Sage: *Because they are the only people who would have external control to power.*

Vega: *I do believe that the power was tripped specifically in either the captain's quarters or the first mate's quarters.*

[Mr. Riddles gasps.]

Sage: *The elevator door opens.*

[Ding! The doors slide open.]

You're upstairs.

Lightfighter: *Right...*

Vega: *So let's...try to...go to...*

Lightfighter: *Check the first mate's cabin?*

Vega: *Yeah.*

Mr. Riddles: *Eggs!*

Vega: *Yeah.*

Lightfighter: *Right. I'm gonna open the door.*

Sage: *Quick question. How does the party feel about Attics, the first mate of Captain Darcy.*

Lightfighter: I think he's a square dude.

Sage: *[stifles laughter] Square as in, like, a nerd?*

Lightfighter: Well, square as in like he is nothing special.

Mr. Riddles: He's a straight shooter?

Lightfighter: He just does his job.

Mr. Riddles: I don't like him but only because I'm tryin'a become captain.

Vega: I- he treated me with respect rather than the captain. So I dis- I don't not trust him, but—

Lightfighter: He just has no charisma.

Vega: Well, he's just a guy.

Mr. Riddles: Just sits in his chair all day.

Lightfighter: He just—

Vega: He does- he does his- he does his job well.

Lightfighter: Zero personality.

Vega: But he does his job well.

Mr. Riddles: [mumbles] It's that mustache. I don't like it.

Lightfighter: Like, if I—

Vega: I personally, Cressida Vega, I respect the first mate.

Mr. Riddles: Yeah.

Vega: Because, you know, looking past what you guys think is bad Charisma, I think he does a good job.

Lightfighter: Well, no. I don't think you need to have Charisma to be the first mate. As a captain you do need some Charisma, though.

Mr. Riddles: [mumbles] Does have that big scar, though. I don't like that.

[Jessica stifles laughter.]

Lightfighter: Yeah, the scar is, like, the only bit of personality I ever see on him.

[Stifled laughter.]

And I deal with a *lot* of people.

Sage: *You go up to the door of the first mate's quarters.*

[Suspenseful music.]

Would you like to open it?

Greg: *I do.*

Sage: *Somebody roll me a Lasers.*

David: *I got the- can I roll Lasers?*

Sage: *You can give her a support.*

David: *Okay.*

[Dice roll on the table.]

Jessica: *It has to be under.*

David: *Pew pew.*

Sage: *Alright. Laser Feelings!*

Jessica: *Laser Feelings.*

David: *[sings] Laser Feelings!*

Jessica: *Um, oh my goodness. How do you catch Something Else?*

Sage: *It does seem to be an infection of some kind of alien disease.*

Jessica: *So airborne?*

Sage: *Yes. But likely related to stress. The more people that have it, the stronger it gets.*

Jessica: *Oh. Does it have to do with stress? Like, the more stressed you get, though?*

Sage: *Yeah.*

Jessica: *Okay.*

[The door chirps quietly and slides open.]

Lightfighter: *Hey, Doc, what's goin' on?*

Vega: *Uh, I'm sorry. I just- I'm actually remembering a few things when I was going through school.*

[David stifles laughter.]

I'm just—

[Jessica stifles laughter.]

Mr. Riddles: *School is always a fun time to remember. Look back on the—*

Vega: *Ugh, there's just so much I studied. I'm sorry. But you know, I just have this feeling that this infection...is through, like you can catch it airborne. Like, just through breathing around. And that you're more susceptible in getting it when it spreads, the more it spreads and the more hysteria and the more stress that's going on, you're probably- you might get it.*

Lightfighter: *So we should relax?*

Mr. Riddles: *Chill out?*

Vega: *Um...*

Sage: *Andromeda Riddles, can you roll me a Feelings?*

David: *Oh, great.*

[Sage stifles laughter.]

[Dice roll on the table.]

2

Jessica: *Ooo. That's good, yeah.*

Sage: *Alright. You notice, in the room, as you guys are listening to Cressida talk about her scholarly past.*

[Chuckling.]

You notice Attics in the corner, pointing his gun at you guys.

Vega: *[whispers] Oh my god.*

Greg: *In his room?*

Sage: *Yes. [amused] 'Cause you opened the door, remember? Like [chuckles]*

Greg: *I wasn't sure- yeah. We—*

David: *[chuckling] Yeah. I know.*

Greg: *We opened the door and then we went on a tangent.*

Jessica: *As- as I was opening the door I was like, you guys, you know what I was thinking about?*

[Sage laughs.]

Greg: *Roger.*

Mr. Riddles: *Hey- hey, you guys. Uh, you know, I [chuckles] I, um...[tsks] I think we got a little friend in the corner over there.*

Attics: *[surprised] What the—*

Mr. Riddles: *He's got a cool scar.*

Attics: *[frantic] Keep it down!*

Lightfighter: *First Mate Attics—*

Attics: *[quiet, frantic] Keep it down—*

Vega: *Attics?*

Attics: *—keep it down! Get in here, get in here! Right now.*

Mr. Riddles: *Chill out, bro.*

Attics: *Get in here or I'll shoot ya!*

[Everyone shuffles inside.]

Mr. Riddles: *Okay, okay.*

Lightfighter: *Okay, everyone.*

Attics: *[quiet] Okay. Shut the door.*

Mr. Riddles: *Uh...*

[The door slides shut.]

Lightfighter: *Sir, what is the situation?*

Attics: *Thank you for addressing me by that title.*

Lightfighter: Of course.

Attics: I feel like a lot o' people don't respect me.

David: *I turn on my lights.*

[Click, click!]

Attics: Ow!

Mr. Riddles: Sorry.

Attics: Uck. Jeez.

[David chuckles.]

Lightfighter: You- you always do your job.

Attics: Thank you. Would you say you respect me?

Lightfighter: Yeah.

Attics: What about you?

Vega: Yeah, of course I respect you, Attics.

Attics: Okay good. Great. Uh, 'cause I feel like my life's about to end, so I'm freakin' out a little bit.

Vega: What- okay. Okay.

Attics: What?

Jessica: *I put my arm on Attics.*

Attics: Mm-hmm?

Greg: *And I put my arm on him.*

David: *I start petting his head.*

Vega: Guys, less ha- just let—

Sage: *[amused] Let's all three of you roll for Feelings.*

[David and Greg chuckle.]

Jessica: *How many dice should I do?*

Sage: *You all get one.*

[Dice roll on the table.]

Jessica: *[whispers] Yes!*

David: *[whispers] Yes!*

Sage: Got it.

David: Yeah, we all did it.

Greg: Yup.

Sage: Yeah.

Attics: Oaky.

Mr. Riddles: Chill.

Attics: Thank you.

Mr. Riddles: Chill.

[Jessica stifles laughter.]

Attics: The three of you are very, very calming souls.

Lightfighter: Sir, I have reason to believe that stress is one of the ways that this disease is...

Mr. Riddles: This...

Lightfighter: Uh, it takes infection.

Mr. Riddles: [quiet] Something Else.

Attics: Yeah, I figured that out.

Mr. Riddles: What?

Vega: You figured it out?

Lightfighter: So it's important that we all relax.

Attics: You're right. Captain Darcy knew about all this.

Vega: What are you talking about?

Attics: He hid this from you guys. And me.

[Mysterious music picks up.]

Vega: How d'you know that?

Mr. Riddles: How do you- yeah.

Attics: Keep your voice down.

Mr. Riddles: Op.

Vega: [whispers] How d'you know that?

Attics: No [stifles laughter]. We're gonna leave the room. I'm gonna show you his—

Mr. Riddles: Oh! [chuckles]

Attics: —private- o-okay?

Vega: Gotcha.

Mr. Riddles: Oh, y- uh—

Attics: This will make things a little more clear.

Mr. Riddles: I, um...

Attics: Yes, you have a question?

Mr. Riddles: Well, yeah, I'm just a little, um... You know, we're all supposed to be chill right now.

Attics: Yes. That's right, calm down.

Mr. Riddles: Um, uh, the fact that a gun is drawn right now is kinda makin' me unchill. Um, I would not like to have Something Else. If you please, kindly holster your laser.

Sage: *Roll 2d for Feelings.*
[Dice roll on the table.]
Yeah. It works. So he's gonna slowly put his laser gun back in his holster.

Attics: *[whispers] Okay. [quiet] This way.*

Sage: *You guys leave the room and you go to the room next to it.*
[Door chirps and slides open.]
And you go inside. Very, very nice room.
[The group shuffles inside. Disco music plays.]
Nobody's ever been in here before.

Mr. Riddles: *Uh...*

Vega: *There's a lava lamp in the corner.*

Sage: *He's got this really- [stifles laughter] There's a what?*
[David stifles laughter.]

Mr. Riddles: *He's got-*

Vega: *A lava lamp.*
[Sage chuckles.]

David: *It's got one o' those cool, electric balls.*

Jessica: *It's really big [stifles laughter].*

Sage: *He has a disco?*

David: *Yeah [chuckles].*

Lightfighter: *Why would the captain need a bed that could fit two people on it?*

Vega: *[confused] Why is it- [disgust] Oh god, it's a waterbed.*

Mr. Riddles: *It's in the shape of a heart.*

Vega: *Is that a mirror over his bed?*

David: *Like a cartoon of- [chuckles]*

Sage: *[chuckling] Like a mirror on the ceiling.*

Jessica: *Yes.*

Sage: *[amused] Looking down on the bed.*

Jessica: *[amused] Yeah, that's right.*

David: *[amused] With a mirror ball hanging below it, too.*

Sage: *The mirror ball's also a cube. And it's pink.*

David: *Ooo.*
[Stifled laughter.]

Sage: *And he's got this really nice console computer.*

Vega: [whispers] Oh my god.

Sage: *With three screens.*

Mr. Riddles: It's a Dell.

[Stifled laughter.]

Sage: *A Dell brand?*

David: *Yeah.*

Attics: Alright.

[He flicks a switch and the disco music stops.]

So. I'm gonna play you this log that I found from two days ago.

Vega: [quiet] Oh god.

Lightfighter: This is *my* jacket.

[Clothes rustle.]

Attics: Wha- what?

Lightfighter: This is *my* jacket!

Mr. Riddles: What's he doin' with a jacket in his room?

[Beat.]

Lightfighter: I'm takin' it back.

[Clothes rustle as he puts it on.]

Attics: No matter what you hear, you need to stay calm, alright?

Mr. Riddles: Okay...

[Attics begins typing.]

Lightfighter: Yeah.

Vega: [whispers] Oh god.

[Attics hits the Enter button and the computer chimes.]

Video Darcy: Captain's log, day 362 of this diary. Shit. Everything's fucked. Oh my god! I screwed up. Screwed up big time. I don't know what to do. Something Else has infected us. I've tried to keep it under wraps. I threw a couple of men out the airlock. Nobody's seemed to notice. I started with John, since he was the most boring member. And luckily, nobody knew. But then! As I moved on up the ladder and I noticed one person getting infected after the other, I started to notice. Over the course of the weeks, they started lookin' at me.

I don't know why I'm repeating myself like this and giving a summary. I feel like I've already kind of gone over this the last two weeks, as I do a captain's logs every single day before I go to bed. But just to sum it up for the convenience of this situation, it seems that everybody has noticed my plan. Or they're going to soon, and that the brain worms have infected us.

I don't know what they're after, but there's something amongst the ship that they're looking for. I'm gonna try to—

[Eerie chiming fades in, growing louder.]

—perhaps go out...uh.

[Static flicks across the screen.]

Oh my god. Oh no. Oh no. No, no, no. No! No. No, not yet. Please! Uh [gasps for breath]. Please no. Ah, uh, I... Attics. Attics! Attics!

["Attics!" and "No!" repeat themselves, overlapping. The computer chimes as the video cuts off.]

[Beat.]

Vega: Wait, so his plan was to infect us?

Lightfighter: No, it seems like he *knew* about the infection, he just didn't tell anyone about it.

Mr. Riddles: It's- yeah. It sounded like he was actually...releasing people out into the airlock.

Lightfighter: That's why they've been disappearing.

Mr. Riddles: That was *his* plan.

Lightfighter: So we really don't have to worry about the captain's body goin' anywhere.

Mr. Riddles: He was the one behind it?

Attics: Well, about that...

Mr. Riddles: [disapproving] Attics...

[**Attics** sighs.]

Lightfighter: [incredulous] Were you helping him?

Attics: I think I know what the brain worms are after.

Lightfighter: Okay, we're moving on.

[*Chuckling.*]

Attics: Moving on from what?

Lightfighter: From the thing that you just deflected away from.

Attics: No. No, no. I'm trying to explain.

Lightfighter: Okay.

Attics: D'you remember—

Lightfighter: We're all cool.

[A cabinet squeaks open.]

David: *I take out some pot.*

[Rustling.]

[*Laughter.*]

Chill the fuck out.

Jessica: *[chuckling] Oh my god.*

[A lighter flicks on and flames crackle quietly.]

[amused] Do we have pot on this ship?

Sage: *[amused] Is Mr. Riddles smoking?*

Mr. Riddles: Oh, I found it in his shelf. His drawer.

Sage: Oh, okay.

Jessica: *The captain's?*

David: Yeah.

Sage: *He's got, like, a nightstand with some, like, chill pills and reefer.*

David: Yeah, yeah *[chuckles]*.

Vega: This guys pisses me off.

Mr. Riddles: This Earth weed is awesome, guys.

[Sage laughs.]

Lightfighter: How did you find that under all those panties?

[David stifles laughter.]

Vega: *[horrified] Is that mine?!*

Mr. Riddles: Uh, here you go.

[He tosses a pair at her. She catches it easily.]

Vega: Oh my god!

Lightfighter: Hey, it matches your hair.

David: *I lay down on the bed.*

[Mr. Riddles flicks the switch and lays on the waterbed. It sloshes around.]

Just lookin' at myself in the mirror.

Vega: *[fed up] Attics, what's going on?*

Attics: Okay, I can't explain *that*.

Vega: No, I'm- just- *[irked]* Forget that! That doesn't mean anything. That's- I...

[She buries her face in her hands.]

[muffled, embarrassed] Oh my god.

Lightfighter: Op. *[soothing]* Calm down. Calm down.

Attics: You're getting stressed. You need to calm down.

Vega: *[quiet]* I'm so sorry. I'm so sorry.

Mr. Riddles: Smell the weed.

Attics: Something Else is gonna come for you.

Vega: Okay I'm ca—

Attics: How d'we know it doesn't already get into us yet?

Vega: I'm calm. I'm calm.

Lightfighter: I think it's already in everybody.

Mr. Riddles: [chill] I'm fine, baby.

[Jessica stifles laughter.]

Lightfighter: Except for maybe Mr. Riddles over here.

Attics: Yeah, he's an android, so he's probably fine. Okay—

Mr. Riddles: Sugar is all I need.

[Jessica stifles laughter.]

Attics: D'you remember when we- when we were on Asiria?

Lightfighter: Yeah.

Vega: Yes.

Mr. Riddles: Yes?

Attics: I pronounced that wrong. D'you remember when we were on Asiria?

Mr. Riddles: Oh.

Vega: Tomato, tomahto. I- yes.

Mr. Riddles: Intrepid, intripid. Invoy, envoy.

Vega: Exactly.

Lightfighter: Yeah. It was a- it was a milk run.

Attics: Right.

Mr. Riddles: Mmm.

Attics: Well, me and Captain Darcy, when we were in the temple, we found—

Mr. Riddles: Praise Givan?

Vega: Shh!

Attics: We found an artifact...hidden in the basement. In a chest. I told Darcy we shouldn't take it, but he really wanted it, so we did. And it's been hiding...in the ship for the past month.

Lightfighter: The artifact?

Attics: Yes. And I have reason to believe that these brain worms want the artifact.

[Mr. Riddles flips the switch off and the disco music stops.]

Mr. Riddles: [disappointed] Man.

Lightfighter: Did the brain worms come from that mission?

Attics: I don't think so. I think they're intergalactic.

Vega: Yeah, this is like an alien infection. This is—

Lightfighter: How did it get through our shield?

Mr. Riddles: It's like bringing frogs to Australia, bro. You released an alien—quite literally, alien—lifeform into an already balanced ecosystem, man.

Lightfighter: Wha- are you saying that these brain worms were able to get through our shields and then through the hull of our ship.

[**Attics** begins typing.]

Attics: Just listen to this captain's log really quick.

Vega: Oh god.

Mr. Riddles: Oh. J—

[The computer chimes as the log pulls up.]

Video Darcy: So last night, me and Cressida got down and dirty.

Vega: No. No, no, no, no!

Video Darcy: Now, I'm gonna keep—

[She shuts it off quickly.]

Mr. Riddles: Whoa...

Attics: [embarrassed] Oh, uh, sorry. That's the wrong one.

[He types again.]

Mr. Riddles: Whoa.

Video Darcy: Captain—

Vega: N-no! No!

[She shuts it off again.]

[**Sage stifles laughter.**]

Mr. Riddles: Hold up guys.

Lightfighter: Really?

Mr. Riddles: Is that why your underwear's in this room?

Vega: [frantic] No. No, I swear. I swear! I never, ever, never w—

Attics: Guys, we don't have time. And you're gonna understand.

Vega: He's lying!

Lightfighter: Alright. Alright.

[**Attics** pulls another video up.]

Video Darcy: Captain's log 350.

Lightfighter: [quiet, disappointed] Cressida...

Mr. Riddles: Okay.

Vega: [whispers] I wouldn't do it. I would never do it.

Video Darcy: Now...

Mr. Riddles: [quiet] I won't judge you.

Video Darcy: We just got back from Asriria. I think it's how you pronounce it. I'm not quite sure. But what I do know is we found a secret artifact. Me and Attics. Oh man. The shimmer on this baby. I could stare at it for days. It's got this green but yet purple tint to it. Can't quite make it out. It's almost like it exists in a cone of color that I can't see. It's fantastic and very seductive. One thing's for certain, though. It has an aura that I've never felt before in my life.

[Mysterious music.]

Maybe that's why I'm so drawn to it. I did some research. Tlkd to a couple of contacts in my off time in the evenings. I found one thing out for sure. The origin is unknown, but it is directly related to some ancient brain worm race.

Apparently, this was locked away because if the brain worms and Something Else get a hold of it, we're all fucked in the head. The brain, I should say. I guess they merge and they bond together and then the being is born. And The Being, I don't know [scoffs] apparently you wanna be afraid o' that. But I'm not really worried about it, 'cause uh, we got it down below in the cargo. Hidden in a crate, tucked underneath in the corner. Very Tetris-style. No one's gonna find it.

And I figured there's no way any brain worms are gonna get to us, 'cause they exist in fruit or something. That's where they fester.

So that's it! Captain log out. Time to—

Lightfighter: I'm b—

[He presses a button to shut the monitor off.]

Stopping him.

Mr. Riddles: Uh, look, if you did the—

Vega: I did *not* do that.

Mr. Riddles: If you made the bees with two bags with the captain, I'm not gonna—

Vega: I would never do that!

Mr. Riddles: —judge you.

Lightfighter: So the brain worms *did* come from the Omeranian fruit.

Sage: *But the artifact—*

Mr. Riddles: Artifact—

Sage: *—was kept secret and hidden from them. And we mistakenly brought those two things together.*

Lightfighter: Now, if we bring the artifact to the captain's body, which is infected—

Attics: No. We already picked the thing up. We've already had it. he was caressing it very sexually.

Mr. Riddles: Ooo.

Attics: It was kind of uncomfortable. It doesn't have any interaction with us humans. Or aliens. But—

Lightfighter: But what about the worms?

Attics: Those. That is different. I think they're seeking it out.

Vega: The worms itself?

Mr. Riddles: The worms are seeking out the artifact?

Vega: And that's it's own race, these worms?

Attics: Yeah. Some kinda brain species.

Mr. Riddles: Brain [hisses in a breath].

Attics: And I guess the artifact will bring 'em to some former state. Where they become The Being.

Lightfighter: Right. So if we bring the artifact to the captain's body, which has a worm in it for sure—

Mr. Riddles: Uh—

Attics: No, there's a lotta brain worms.

Mr. Riddles: Yeah.

Attics: They're a hivemind. Not like the Hive Armada, but very similar.

Mr. Riddles: Oh, I thought, like, you know how bees have hives. Like... Wait what kinda artifact is this?

Vega: Should we just get this artifact off the ship?

Sage: *Then...*

[A dull thud and a squeal wash over the ship.]

There's an EMP blast.

Mr. Riddles: Oh!

Sage: *Throughout the entire ship.*

[Mr. Riddles warbles as he powers down momentarily.]

You feel it. And everybody's gonna roll me Lasers.

Jessica: *How many?*

David: *How many? One?*

[Dice roll on the table.]

Sage: *You each only get one.*

Jessica: *Oh, 'cause we're not...*

David: *Yeah. We weren't prepared for that.*

Greg: *On the line.*

[Jessica groans.]

David: *On the 4.*

Jessica: *I'm under.*

Sage: *Okay. You guys are great.*

Jessica: *You get a question.*

David: *Do I get a question?*

Sage: *You each get to ask me a question.*

David: *Oh, okay.*

Jessica: *Oh.*

Sage: *But!*

[David gasps.]

You all are weak. You fell to the floor. It still shocked you.

David: *My question is going to be, would it be the best thing to get the artifact off o' the ship?*

Sage: *Yes.*

David: *Okay.*

Greg: *My question is, would I believe that this entity, this Being, that could be- if the worms are allowed to return to their former selves, would be immediately hostile towards us.*

Sage: *Yes.*

Mr. Riddles: *[garbled] What was that sound?*

Lightfighter: *I think that was The Being.*

Mr. Riddles: *[garbled] Guys...*

Attics: *Does anybody know what that was?*

Vega: *Um—*

Lightfighter: *I believe that was The Being.*

Sage: *Roll Feelings.*

[Dice roll on the table.]

You are pretty positive the brain worms have made contact with the artifact.

[Greg sighs.]

Mr. Riddles: *Guys—*

Lightfighter: *There's a new form of life on our ship.*

Mr. Riddles: *Guys...*

Lightfighter: *I'm a little excited.*

Mr. Riddles: I got a bad feeling about that- that, uh, artifact. We gotta get rid fo it. We gotta toss it out the window. Um, uh... I'm goin'.

[He turns and hurries through the ship.]

David: *I start running out like Robert Patrick in Terminator 2: Judgement Day.*

[Stifled laughter.]

Greg: *Can I get on my- does my com work?*

Sage: *Sure.*

Greg: *Okay.*

[Communicator beeps.]

Lightfighter: [Over radio] Hey. Stay calm, buddy.

Mr. Riddles: I am. I'm just running.

Lightfighter: [over radio] Okay. Just want to make sure you stay calm.

Mr. Riddles: Oh. I gotta wait for the elevator...

[Beat.]

Greg: *And we walk out. We come right behind you.*

[Laughter.]

Sage: *You all meet up—*

David: *Just like, op. It looks like I'm frozen running, but waiting for the elevator to, you know.*

Sage: *Right. Like, you were in full sprint.*

David: *Yeah.*

Sage: *And then just stopped completely.*

David: *Yeah.*

Lightfighter: Sir, what is your move?

Attics: Well, I think we need to be absolutely quiet or the being might hunt us.

Mr. Riddles: [whispers] Okay.

Lightfighter: [quiet] Roger that.

Sage: *You hear steps.*

[Gentle thuds from above.]

Vega: [whispers] Oh god.

Sage: *In the air vents.*

David: *I pull my laser.*

[Clothes rustle as **Mr. Riddles** lifts his gun.]

Jessica: *I pull mine.*

Attics: [whispers] That must be it.

[Beat.]

Lightfighter: [quiet] Okay.

Mr. Riddles: [quiet] Let's...

Lightfighter: [quiet] Is the elevator gonna work?

Mr. Riddles: [whispers] Let's go. I say stay or wait.

Attics: [hesitant] It should work.

Mr. Riddles: It's an EMP blast.

Attics: Oh, you're right.

Mr. Riddles: Stairwell.

Lightfighter: [quiet] Alright.

Mr. Riddles: Quietly, though. Tiptoes.

[The crew step lightly down the stairs.]

Sage: *You cross down the stairwell. Everyone's gonna roll Lasers.*

[Dice roll on the table.]

David: *Oho. I don't like that.*

Jessica: *Higher. Oh, that's my number.*

Greg: *I'm too high.*

Sage: *Ask me a question.*

Jessica: *Due to the description of the artifact, is it possible that it's from the unknown origins of where my father's side?*

Sage: *Very possible.*

Jessica: [worried] *Oh. 'Kay. [stifles laughter]*

[A loud chime goes off.]

Lightfighter: Oh! Sorry, guys. I was tryin'a close the door behind us.

Sage: *You hear a banshee scream.*

[Ear-splitting shriek!]

Vega: Oh my god!

Sage: *You look to the top of the stairwell.*

Vega: [pained] Ugh.

Sage: *And there is this—*

Greg: *Oye, I closed the door for the top of the stairwell.*

Sage: [stifles laughter] *Kicked it down.*

[Bang!]

Vega: Ah!

[Suspenseful music.]

Oh my god!

David: *I'm running like Robert Patrick—*

Vega: *Calm, calm, calm, calm, calm.*

Sage: *You don't have time to- you don't even have a second to see what it looks like. But you all feel stress. Mr. Riddles is fine.*

David: *Yeah.*

Sage: *And so is Attics. He's feeling good. But you run and don't get a chance to see what it looks like, but it looked very tall, and it had a glowy thing in its forehead. And that's all you see. But it was terrifying.*

David: *Was it 6'9"? [amused] Or taller?*

Sage: *I'm gonna say it was slightly taller.*

David: *[irked] Oh!*

[Jessica gasps and chuckles.]

Sage: *[chuckles] Like, two inches taller.*

[David growls.]

Let's consult the map. Where are you running to?

David: *We're in this, uh, I wanna get to the cargo thing.*

Jessica: *Cargo. Yeah.*

David: *To get the artifact.*

Sage: *Okay. Somebody roll me a Feelings.*

David: *I will*

[Dice roll on the table.]

Sage: *One success?*

David: *Yeah.*

Sage: *Before you all ran, you got a sec to see The Being.*

[David gasps.]

And you have reason to believe that that glowy thing in his forehead was the artifact itself.

Jessica: *Oh, shit.*

David: *[groaning] Oh.*

Greg: *Ow.*

Sage: *But, as you were looking, you trip and fall, and the rest of the party gets ahead of you.*

Lightfighter: *Hey, up, buddy. Up.*

[Lightfighter helps pick him up.]

Vega: [frantic] What did you see, what did you see?

Mr. Riddles: Oh, it's a brain! It's the artifact.

Sage: *It's coming closer.*

Vega: Oh my god.

Greg: *Lasers.*

David: *Laser.*

Sage: *[amused] You're all gonna shoot at it?*

Jessica: Yes.

Sage: Okay, uh—

Lightfighter: You too, first mate.

[Jessica chuckles.]

Sage: *Jer'q, you noticed first, so you roll me one Laser.*

David: *Oh, it's on. Okay, I was like...*

[The Being shrieks.]

Sage: *You two don't help him.*

David: *Oh, just one?*

Sage: *Yeah.*

[Dice roll on the table.]

Greg: *Boom, on the line. That's the best I can do.*

Sage: *Nice.*

[Dice roll on the table.]

Jessica: *That's my number.*

[Dice roll on the table.]

Sage: *No, you guys do it. You all shoot at the- at The Being in the stairwell.*

[Laser fire rings out.]

David: *I shooting specifically at the laser- er, I mean, at the—*

Greg: *The artifact?*

David: *At the artifact, yeah.*

Sage: *Okay. You also get to ask me a question.*

Greg: *I would like to know, uh, what's its weakness?*

Sage: *The artifact.*

Jessica: *Uh, was I drugged or is the captain lying in his diary log?*

[Greg laughs.]

I could—

[The Being falls to the floor with a thud and cries out.]

Either was really intoxicated, drugged, or he's lying.

Sage: *He's lying. If you were to have finished that—*

[Jessica sighs.]

—diary entry, he goes on to talk about...



[Computer beeps.]

Video Darcy: It was a very, very sensual night. I flipped her upside down and we watched ourselves in the ceiling.

Jessica: *[amused] It's like fanfiction.*

[Stifled laughter.]

Video Darcy: And there was fluids exchanged, since she's half alien. It felt delectable. [chuckles] At least, I wish. That was my dream.

Jessica: *[disappointed] It just sucks that we didn't play the whole thing. So now there's just more rumors of me being...*

David: *We- it'll be the epilogue.*

Video Darcy: Secret I have to confess. I feel like I have a thing for Cressida Vega. Ever since she came on the ship months ago, she's such a strong woman. So intelligent. So much better than my ex-wife, that's for sure. If only I could get her to trust me. I'll just have to keep flirting, and maybe one day we'll bang. This is Captain Darcy signing off.



[Beat.]

Jessica: *But we didn't hear this?*

Sage: *[amused] You did not hear this [chuckles].*

Greg: *Pew, pew, pew, pew!*

Sage: *Okay!*

Jessica: *Okay, I shot—*

David: *Pew, pew, pew!*

[Laser fire rings out.]

[Laughter.]

Jessica: *You know there's gonna be sound effects.*

Sage: *You hit the artifact, boom!*

[Blood splatters.]

And some- some green blood flies out.

Mr. Riddles: Ugh.

Vega: Oh god.

Mr. Riddles: That's not milk.

Sage: *And it hits- it hits you guys and some of it might hit Attics. Let's find out. Ooo, it does.*

Attics: [pained] Ahhh!

Sage: *His face starts melting on one side.*

Vega: [quiet, horrified] Oh.

Sage: *And the creature is falling everywhere. But it's still standing and it's coming for you guys.*

[The creature cries out.]

And it's got six arms and eyes all over its head. And other weird looking, xeno things and- and exoskeleton limbs.

Greg: *Right. I'm gonna—*

Sage: *And huge teeth.*

Greg: *I'm gonna rock some stun on this guy.*

Sage: [amused] *Ooo! Okay. Go for one Lasers.*

Greg: *I'm tryin'a put him to sleep.*

[**Jessica** chuckles.]

[Dice roll on the table.]

Good night, baby.

Jessica: Oh!

Sage: 2.

David: *And a question.*

Jessica: *That's- and question.*

Sage: *Alright.*

Greg: *Could I recognize, as an ambassador who was very knowledgeable of many different races and cultures—*

[**Jessica** stifles laughter.]

—would I recognize any sort of similarity, uh, with the artifact and the potential race that Cressida shares?

Sage: *Yes. You think that perhaps there is an ancient backline of DNA that are linked. And that her species is probably from the same origin of this species. They're not the same species, but they're from the same planet. Somewhere far in a different galaxy in deep space.*

[The creature falls with a thud.]

It falls over everywhere, but it's not passed out. And you have a second to get away before it gets up.

[The creature shrieks.]

David: *Does this thing have a mouth?*

Sage: *Yes. Three.*

David: *I—*

[Jessica and David chuckle.]

I wanna jump into one o' the mouths and destroy it from the inside.

[Stifled laughter.]

Jessica: *[amused] What?*

Greg: *It's blood is acidic.*

David: *Oh, okay. Never mind. I don't wanna do that.*

[Sage laughs.]

I'm like, I'm an android. I don't feel pain.

[Chuckling.]

Sage: *What would you like to do?*

Greg: *I'm running away.*

Sage: *Okay. Running away?*

Jessica: *Yeah. Running away.*

Sage: *Running away?*

David: *Uh, yeah.*

Lightfighter: *Pick up Attics! Let's go!*

Vega: *Pick it up. Pick him up.*

David: *And then this is my internal dialogue. I'm like...*

Mr. Riddles: *[thinking] If I don't help him right now, they'll be suspicious of my actions further on down the line. I better keep him alive for the time being. [evil chuckle]*

[Dice roll on the table.]

Jessica: *Ooo.*

David: *One succeeds.*

Sage: *Fail, success. Okay.*

David: *Him and his melting face.*

Sage: *You- yeah, you grab him and he drops his gun. And he—*

Mr. Riddles: *It's too late for that, bro!*

Attics: *[pained] Ah, ah, my face! [sobs]*

David: *I've also grabed him by the face too.*

[Sage laughs.]

[chuckling] So...

Lightfighter: Guys, escape pods.

Mr. Riddles: I got an idea. Let's make that thing escape.

Vega: Lure it into an escape pod?

Mr. Riddles: Yeah.

Sage: *You hear it coming closer.*

David: *I look at Attics, I'm like...*

Mr. Riddles: Hey, buddy...

Attics: [gasps in pain] What?

Mr. Riddles: You wanna be a hero?

[Jessica stifles laughter.]

Attics: [hesitant] Mmm. I don't know.

[David chuckles.]

Lightfighter: Put Attics in an escape pod.

Sage: *Somebody roll me Lasers.*

[Dice roll on the table.]

Jessica: *Ooo!*

Sage: *2 and 2? Alright. You look. There are only two escape pods left.*

Vega: Oh my gosh.

Sage: *And one person can fit in these. These are single person escape pods.*

Lightfighter: Look, Attics isn't gonna be any good to us right now. So we need to put him into an escape pod.

Sage: *You hear The Being getting closer.*

Vega: Attics, is it okay if we put you in an escape pod. I mean, really think about it.

[David stifles laughter.]

Attics: Why? What'd you need to send me on a thing for?

Vega: To save every- everybody. Just—

Attics: How's that gonna save us?

Mr. Riddles: We got this super cool plan, bro. You're gonna stay in an escape pod and shoot him when he crosses your path. And- and when he comes you're gonna blast him to smithereens.

[Dice roll on the table.]

Sage: *Okay, he has no idea his gun is gone.*

[David stifles laughter.]

And he's willing to do whatever you tell him to do.

David: *Okay. [soothing] I gently place him in an escape pod, buckle him up.*

[Attics sobs in pain.]

Vega: *Attics, you've done a really great job on this ship.*

[Attics cries.]

I want you to know.

David: *I give him the last of my toke to try and calm his nerves a bit.*

Attics: *I can't close my mouth 'cause I only have half of it.*

[David chuckles.]

Mr. Riddles: *I'll put it in your little nose hole. It's okay.*

[Guns clatter as the crew lift them.]

Lightfighter: *Guns pointed down the halls, guys.*

Sage: *You need to roll me—*

Vega: *Oh my goodness.*

Sage: *You get two because you're prepared.*

[Dice roll on the table.]

Jessica: *Mm.*

Sage: *Mm. One failure. Okay you get to ask me a question before I tell you what happens.*

Greg: *Is there anything that I can shoot at to physically stop it from coming towards us, if it comes towards us?*

Sage: *No.*

Greg: *No? We're gonna be fucked?*

Sage: *You know that the only thing is aim for its forehead or hide. And that the best plan of action is to get it off the ship somehow.*

[The creature shrieks.]

So it's right by you guys. What d'you do?

Lightfighter: *Run! Follow me!*

David: *We look to our right and we see him just starting—*

Greg: *I'm running to the other staircase.*

[Vega pants as she runs.]

David: *There's another staircase?*

Sage: *Can I have Mr. Riddles roll me a Feelings check?*

[Dice roll on the table.]

So, 1?

David: Yeah.

Sage: *The beast sees you and Attics right before you run away, when you were talkin' tp him. And it goes for the both of you. As its running, some of the acidic blood bursts from it's limbs. And since it's been shot a couple times, and some of it gets on your arm.*

David: *I'd like to think that my arm falls off.*

Sage: Yes.

David: *[amused] Okay.*

[Mr. Riddles's arm falls off and clatters to the ground as he runs.]

Sage: *It just- like it just melts off the limb.*

David: *And I just look at it, 'cause I don't—*

Sage: *And you're able to get out of the escape pod and it goes in for Attics.*

[The creature shrieks.]

David: *Can I push the button—*

Jessica: *In the escape pod?*

David: *—to release the escape pod?*

Sage: *You're gonna have to roll me Lasers.*

Jessica: *Can I help him?*

Sage: Yes.

[Dice roll on the table.]

Jessica: *Oye. No, oh noy. [groans]*

Sage: *Okay. You press the button.*

David: *Dink!*

[The button clicks and the doors hiss shut.]

Sage: *And the door closes, but the escape pod is not going anywhere, 'cause there's no power routed to it.*

David: *Oh—*

Sage: *So it's in there freakin' out and eating Attics.*

[Jessica stifles shocked laughter.]

There's blood going all over the escape pod and it starts melting the insides.

David: *[gasps] Oh.*

Greg: *Is it melting the outer pod part?*

Sage: No.

David: *Um...*

Jessica: *Got Laser Feelings?*

David: *Yeah. How do we get this thing off our ship?*

Sage: *You're gonna have to route power to the escape pod quick enough.*

David: *[realization] Oh! Okay.*

Sage: *Before it manages to melt through the glass and get back in.*

Mr. Riddles: *We gotta get the power up and running before that thing gets- gets to us.*

Vega: *I'm on it!*

Jessica: *I'm running to the captain's room.*

Sage: *Okay.*

David: *Uh, I pick up my arm.*

[Sage chuckles.]

Sage: *Cressida Vega runs up the stairs and she goes back in. Can you roll me a Lasers? You get two.*

Greg: *I'm with her. I'm sticking with her.*

Sage: *And you get to help her with one.*

Greg: *Okay.*

[Dice roll on the table.]

David: *I just- I'm watching the whole thing unfold.*

Jessica: *[horrified] Ooo. Ooo. 'Kay.*

Sage: *One success, one failure?*

Jessica: *Yeah.*

Greg: *Sorry to distract you.*

Sage: *Yeah. You trip up the stairs and you hurt yourself.*

[Vega trips and groans.]

Vega: *Fuck.*

Sage: *And you get some scabs on your shin.*

[Vega sighs in irritation.]

Lightfighter: *[calming] Come on, come on.*

Vega: *I'm going, I'm going.*

Sage: *Okay. And you get into the room and you're feeling very stressed out.*

[Vega breathes hard.]

Lightfighter: *[calming] Hey.*

Sage: *But you make it.*

Lightfighter: Cressida?

Greg: *I turn her, look her...*

Lightfighter: [supportive] You got this.

Sage: *And you hear, from over your comm.*

[The communicator beeps.]

Mr. Riddles: [over radio] How's it gon' in there, guys? This thing is really upset.

Vega: [irked] I'm getting to it! Don't stress me out more.

Mr. Riddles: [over radio] Hey, hey. If you get stressed, there's some edibles in that drawer. remember that.

Vega: I'll eat one.

Jessica: *I eat another.*

Sage: [amused] *You're gonna eat one?*

Jessica: *I eat an edible.*

Sage: *It helps.*

Jessica: *Ha- Yeah. Just half of one.*

Sage: [amused] *Okay. Great.*

Greg: *Not the whole cookie.*

Sage: *But! When you go to grab the edibles, you find a note.*

[Paper crinkles as **Vega** picks it up.]

Voice Over Darcy: Dear Cressida Vega,

I recently talked with an alien ambassador. It was a one-on-one private conversation. I was going to talk with our envoy, Jer'q Lightfighter, but I wanted to make sure I knew this man before we had it public throughout the group.

I talked to your father and before I address Jer'q, I wanted to talk to you first and make sure that we get on better terms. I wanna make sure that we see this whole thing through. And that you feel okay. And that you feel safe. And I care about you, and you've helped The Raptor in so many ways that I can't even understand. Because I'm not very smart.

I might love you. I haven't decided yet. 😊

- Captain Darcy

Vega: [irked] What do you want?

Lightfighter: [hesitant] To solve the current problem...

Vega: Right. To the power. [deep breath] Okay. Is it...

Jessica: *It's his computer, Yeah?*

Sage: *Mm-hmm.*

Jessica: *Okay. And I use my lasers to...*

Sage: *There's a password. You can't get in without the password.*

Vega: Do you know the password?

Lightfighter: That's the captain's stuff. I know *my* passwords.

Mr. Riddles: [over radio] Hello?

[David and Jessica stifle laughter.]

I couldn't help but overhearing through the—

Vega: Okay! Atti- is Atti- wait, is Attics—

Mr. Riddles: Attics is dead.

[Sage and David chuckle.]

Vega: [heartbroken] No!

Mr. Riddles: Attics is a toupee right now.

Vega: I'm getting more stressed out!

Sage: *Roll me a Feelings. One die. You can help her with one.*

[Dice roll on the table.]

David: *Can I also?*

[Jessica cries pitifully.]

Jessica: *One success from me.*

Sage: *So nobody knows what the password could be. But...*

David: *You have a hunkering.*

Sage: *And you feel very stressed, 'cause you think you're about to fail.*

Jessica: *Mm-hmm.*

Sage: *However...*

Lightfighter: Let me try something.

Sage: *Jer'q gives it a shot.*

Greg: *I type in "Cressida".*

[Lightfighter types and the computer beeps.]

Sage: *And it works.*

Vega: Oh, god! I—

Lightfighter: Oh, gross.

Sage: *But Cressida doesn't see, and she asks.*

Jessica: Oh.

Lightfighter: It's all stars.

[Greg chuckles.]

Jessica: Oh, I would've known. I did not see.

Vega: What was the password?

Lightfighter: Uh...Sex Raptor.

[Stifled laughter.]

Vega: [disgusted] He is...infuriating!

[Lightfighter types. The computer beeps.]

Sage: *It signs on. You see a couple of interfaces with power. There's not enough power to turn the ship all back on, but you can route it to certain things.*

Lightfighter: Cressida, what am I lookin' at here?

Vega: Oh my god. I can barely even... Okay, um... We're looking at..

David: *I feel like this is the moment in Jurassic Park when—*

[Jessica chuckles.]

—like, the kids are on the computer right now. And I'm that little dinky kid and he's just watching the raptor clawing at the window with Dr. Grant and Laura Durn holding it.

Jessica: Okay! I'm gonna override—

Greg: *Navigating through this little city.*

David: *[chuckles] Yeah.*

Jessica: *I'm going to...*

Vega: Here, move over.

Lightfighter: Okay.

Sage: *Roll me three Lasers. 'Cause you're prepared, since you have time to think about this and you're an expert.*

[Dice roll on the table.]

You got two! So you do it.

[The computer beeps in affirmation.]

Vega: Oh. Okay! The- the- okay! Okay!

Mr. Riddles: [over radio] Hey, lights came on in the pod. What's goin' on up there?

Vega: Yes, yes, it's working. It's working, it's working!

Lightfighter: Launch.

Vega: Do it! Launch 'im!

[Mr. Riddles presses the button. The door beeps and the airlock hisses.]

Sage: *You see a bunch of mist spraying on the outside space, and the pod sinks down, and then you see it boof! Launch all the way into deep space.*

Vega: [over radio] Did it work?

Sage: *You see the glass break right as it goes on. And there's all this blood squirting out into space.*

Mr. Riddles: Guys...

David: *I take a picture with my super fancy—*
[Laughter.]
—thingamajig.

Greg: *[amused] God.*

David: *And I send it to both of them.*

[Message pings come from **Lightfighter** and **Vega's** communicators.]

Vega: Hold on, let me check my phone.

Lightfighter: Oh, it's a GIF.

[The video loads and plays.]

Oh! Gross!

Vega: [irked] It's a GIF! It's called a GIF!

Lightfighter: Uh, sorry. Different races.

Vega: God, you're stressing me out more.

Lightfighter: [soothing] Cres, hey. It's cool.

[The door chimes and slides open. **Mr. Riddles** walks in.]

Vega: [calmer] Yeah.

Mr. Riddles: So- so what- what happened p there, guys?

Lightfighter: Nothin'.

Vega: We just—

Lightfighter: We got it done/

Vega: Yeah.

Lightfighter: We're a good team.

Vega: We are a good team.

[Calm music plays to an end.]

Wh- so it exploded. Did you see what happened to the artifact?

Mr. Riddles: It's in deep space. Here, let's listen to more of the diary logs from Captain—

Vega: [stressed] I would rather not like to lis—

Lightfighter: I think- I think it's best we don't.

Greg: *And I then I- I scroll over and, uh, drop the- that specific file into the recycling bin. Or garbage bin or whatever.*

Sage: *[amused] Roll me Lasers. You only get one.*

Greg: *[amused] Okay.*

Lightfighter: Let me see if I can figure out how these computers work.

[Laughter.]

Jessica: *Epic fail.*

Sage: *No, it's—*

Greg: *No that's-*

Jessica: *Oh, wait!*

Greg: *That's a success.*

Sage: *Yeah.*

Jessica: *Epic success! I'm sorry.*

Sage: *Yeah. You do it. No one notices.*

[The computer beeps as **Lightfighter** deletes the diary log.]

Lightfighter: Guys, uh, [stifles laughter] Something with that EMP must'a messed up the, uh, the file there.

David: *I take an edible. A whole edible.*

Jessica: *[chuckles] Oh my god.*

David: *And then- I'm 6'9".*

Greg: *I take a little bit of the one I pocketed [chuckles].*

Sage: *Y'all feel pretty okay. Except for Cressida.*

Mr. Riddles: Man, wouldn't it be cool if like, we got Darcy back awake and you could just get, you know—

Lightfighter: Oh! Darcy. We should, uh, go check on him.

Vega: We should go check on him.

Mr. Riddles: Man, there's a lot o' time to check on Darcy. Let's- let's just look at our hands for a second.

Vega: I would—

Mr. Riddles: Oh! Mine' off.

Vega: Okay. That's—

Mr. Riddles: Can you fix my arm?

[David and Jessica stifles laughter.]

Vega: No. I want to go see Darcy.

Mr. Riddles: Okay. Let's do that.

Lightfighter: Cool.

[Calm music plays while the group travels.]

[The sickbay doors chime and slide open, and the trio walk inside.]

Lightfighter: Dr. Vega? How we doin' on power?

Vega: We're really low. We can't light the whole- we can't, um, set power for the whole ship. So...

Lightfighter: How long do you think the ship, uh, the life-support will last?

Sage: *You suspect you can make it to your next destination. But it's either you can make it to your next destination or Captain Darcy can be revived.*

Mr. Riddles: Hmmmmm.

Lightfighter: As the highest ranking officer on board, which I think that makes me captain...

[Stifled laughter.]

Mr. Riddles: You're an envoy. You can't be captain.

Lightfighter: I'm going to make the decision to sacrifice Darcy.

Mr. Riddles: Hold on a second, Captain.

Vega: Um, what d'you mean by that?

Lightfighter: I mean he did not tell the crew what was going on. And he willingly killed members that could have been revived.

Vega: Yes, but he has a lot of information that we need to know.

Mr. Riddles: Yeah. We deleted all those diary entries. I mean, I didn't notice that, but...

[Laughter.]

Vega: What—

David: *Super meta gaming [chuckles].*

Vega: What good is it for us to kill him?

Mr. Riddles: Can I- can I purpose something?

Lightfighter: Sure.

Mr. Riddles: I will be the hamster to keep the captain alive. Can we do that?

Sage: *Cressida Vega will role Lasers and you will give her one assist.*

[Dice roll on the table.]

So you get it. So you hook up Mr. Riddles.

[Electronic beeping as **Vega** works.]

And he powers down as the room powers up. And you see Darcy is still alive. His heart's still beating. The machine turns back on.

[Heart monitor beeps steadily.]

Lightfighter: Hey, Cres. What's goin' on?

Vega: Um. It's just a lot of things going on that I don't feel comfortable...sharing.

Lightfighter: Well, I mean, there's literally no one else to talk to.

[David stifles laughter.]

David: *Meanwhile I'm dreaming that I've become captain of the ship.*

[Chuckling.]

[Action music.]

Mr. Riddles: Yes, that's right. It was a very tough battle against the giant something or other from the planet, uh, Chrysanthemum. Um, but I did indeed, single-handley, eject the beast into space.

Vega: Okay.

[Music cuts off.]

I'll talk to you.

Lightfighter: Okay.

[David stifles laughter.]

Vega: Um...I feel very different and weird right now and I don't know what's going on. But um, I think that the artifact had something to do with me. And I think that...

Lightfighter: I was thinking that too. Are you guys have a- fromteh culture that you've described from the little that you know, and what I could, uh, pick up from the artifact. Uh, it seemed like there was some similar origins.

[Beat.]

I feel like you might be related.

Vega: Yeah. No, I think that too. And...I feel like... The thing I found in, um, that I was reading... I don't really understand it. Um, but I f- I think that Darcy knows about who my dad is.

[Gentle music.]

Lightfighter: He withheld that? From me?

Vega: I guess so.

[Beat.]

[Lightfighter sighs in irritation.]

So I don't really know what else they found on that planet. If the artifact has to do with me or- I don't even- I've never- I don't even know the existence, or the name, of who my dad is, so I don't...

Lightfighter: Well perhaps that, um, there's a silver lining to this. Might be within your body an antidote to this. Since you share an origin. With the infection.

Vega: You think

Lightfighter: I'm no doctor.

Vega: Yeah. that's right. [stifles laughter]

Lightfighter: Don't worry. I remind us every day that I'm not a doctor.

[**Vega** laughs.]

Vega: Thanks.

Lightfighter: But, when we get where we're goin', there will be doctors. We get ourselves all checked out and see if there's any way that we can reverse this.

Sage: *Cressida's gonna roll me a Feelings check.*

Jessica: *How many dice?*

Sage: *One.*

[*Dice roll on the table.*]

She and the group have no idea that Cressida Vega has been infected with Something Else.

[*Beat.*]

And you sit in deep space like a ticking timebomb. Any moment now, it'll hit.

[The heart monitor beeps within a suspenseful silence.]

[Computer chimes and beeps as a video file pops up.]

Video Darcy: Captain's log day 355 of this diary. Now, in my spare time, I've been contacting as many scientists as I possibly can. To get them to look at whatever they can find about this artifact we picked up on Aseria Pizzaria or however you pronounce it.

Something peculiar came up earlier today. Apparently this is not an artifact of any kind. It's rather an ancient fossil. Now what they've gone on to explain to me is that if it's a fossil, the brain worms aren't after anything that has been man- or alien-made. But instead ancestral DNA. And *that* is what could create the ancient Being. Or a Being.

Turns out there could be multiple of these bad boys across the universe. Maybe an ancient civilization was able to wipe them all out. Who knows? All I know is I'm not worried. No brain worms on my ship.

Maybe I can sell the artifact for a pretty penny. Get a nice upgrade for the Raptor. Maybe a new lava lamp. Or! Maybe something nice for Cressida. She might get kinda stressed out by, uh, all the news about her father and whatnot.

Hmm. Still don't know when to give her that note. Wonder if she has a birthday.

[Episode End music slowly builds.]

Is it good to give her that on her birthday or bad to give her that on her birthday? I don't know. Wait a minute, if...if Cressida's father's ancestry dates back...to the artifact...and Cressida's his daughter...that means Cressida...is related- or has the

DNA of...this ancient race. Meaning that she could have whatever the brain worms are...wanting...to merge...

Hmm. [nonchalant] Well that would suck.

This is Captain Darcy signing off.

[The log beeps as it reaches the end.]

Credits

[Lasers & Feelings theme plays throughout]

Sage:

Thanks for tuning in. This has been a *20 Sided Stories* production.

Once again, the system *Lasers & Feelings* was created by John Harper and can be found at onesevendesign.com. And no, he had nothing to do with this podcast. But you should go give him and his RPGs some love. The guy is kind of a genius.

Jer'q Lightfighter was played by Greg Reasoner.

Mr. Andromeda Riddles was played by David McEuen.

Cressida Vega was played by Jessica Dahlgren.

And all the editing and music was done by myself, Sage G.C.

You can get the original soundtrack at sagegc.bandcamp.com

And please don't hesitate to connect. We're on the big three, Twitter, Facebook, Instagram. Or you can visit our website at 20sidedstories.com

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Only you can help bring new explorers into this nerdy, self-indulgent art form. For now, we'll see you next time in the future. 20 Sided Stories signing off!

[Music plays to the end.]