

ROGUEMAKER Episode 7: Only Dark Listening to Dark

[A begrudging piano duet with one (1) unwilling party plays under the following scene.]

ALYSS

(yelling, muffled)

WE NEED TO TALK, TARSUL. YOU CAN'T
IGNORE ME FOREVER.

TARSUL

Argh, stop yelling.

ALYSS

(muffled)

WHAT?

TARSUL

Ack- I said stop yelling.

ALYSS

(still muffled)

I'M GOING TO KEEP YELLING UNTIL YOU
GET OVER YOURSELF AND OPEN YOUR DAMN
COMMS

TARSUL

Ugh, Ship, open up comms with Alyss.

SHIP

(up-chime)

[H] Understood. A communication
channel is open.

TARSUL

Hello.

ALYSS

(no longer muffled, over comms)

Finally.

TARSUL

You know I could hear you just fine without the yelling, right? The pods being next to each other was enough. Unfortunately.

ALYSS

It's a two way street... *Captain*.

TARSUL

Just Tarsul. No need to pretend anyone considers me at all in charge anymore.

ALYSS

Tarsul, then.

[A beat. Something in the pod creaks as Tarsul shifts positions.]

TARSUL

I see you've decided to join me in the brig. Er, airlock.

ALYSS

Airlocks have a long history of being used as brigs...

TARSUL

It's not enough that you sabotage my flight and get us emergency-landed in the middle of nowhere, now you can't even give me peace and quiet in the brig?

ALYSS

I didn't- You... like being alone?

TARSUL

You've never met a Groupless gnonw before, have you.

ALYSS

I have.

TARSUL

Come on, out with it. What did you want so desperately to discuss that you rolled over and crashed into my pod.

ALYSS

Tarsul, I think you and I have some things in common. We both knew that this place was the Tracer homeworld. We both want to make sure no one else ever finds it... And I'm pretty sure we're both willing to die for that.

(beat)

Tarsul?

TARSUL

Have you been listening to it?

ALYSS

Excuse me?

TARSUL

The rogue. It's been speaking to us.
Have you been listening to it?

[The music playing under the scene fades out; ROGUEMAKER Theme Song by Emily Branam plays.]

EMILY

(sung)

*Ground control, send me down
I'm lost up here and I can't be
found.*

*Ground control, are you there?
The voice in my head, it fills the
dead air, says*

*"You've got time,
You've got time."*

*"You've got time,
You've got time."*

EMMA

ROGUEMAKER: A science fiction podcast.
Episode 7: Only Dark Listening to
Dark.

*[Slow, atmospheric music plays, lending an eerie tone. We hear Trip's
footsteps as he walks around the rogue planet.]*

TRIP

Kuzha, come in?

[A beep from the suit's comms.]

KUZHA

(over comms)

I read you, Trip.

[Another beep.]

TRIP

Just... doing my check in. Nothing yet.
How's it going on your-

KUZHA

Copy. Talk again next check in. Kuzha
out.

TRIP

-end. Oh. Rude.
(sighs) It's so cold, even with this
suit. I need to keep moving. Moving
and talking. To stay on task and... oh,
yeah, Computer, record.

[Beep.]

TRIP

Like Pascal said, this place is an
unprecedented scientific discovery.
I'm sure we'll want it on record.
Productivity. Always makes me feel
better. I never thought the first
planet I'd walk on while... old enough
to remember doing so would be a dead
one. It's actually not so different
than a spacewalk at EE. The dark and
icy ground is new, and the buried...
infrastructure, but... the stars are
similar.
Hell, I'm even used to a huge gas
giant taking up half the view – Pascal
studies the one orbiting Epsilon
Eridani. On the other hand, if I were
to look up at an endless bright blue
sky with absolutely nothing between my
face and it? Now that might make me
dizzy.

[The music picks up a bit as a roar of static bursts over Trip's comm.]

TRIP

OW – ugh, hello? Pascal? K-Kuzha,
excuse me, who is this?

[The transmission "speaks" in an audio patchwork, each word being spoken by a different voice with short hits of static in between.]

TRANSMISSION

Look - to - your - left - down - the -
slope.

TRIP

I repeat, who is this?

TRANSMISSION

Look - down here.

[The "down here" appears to be in Pascal's voice.]

TRIP

Pascal? Come in, Pascal!

TRANSMISSION

Look - down.

TRIP

No, I'm trying to reach my spouse!

TRANSMISSION

LOOK - DOWN.

TRIP

Okay, okay, fine. I'm looking down.
The ice slopes downhill to the left.
It looks steep.

TRANSMISSION

Go. - Go! - Go.

TRIP

I don't see any grips. And I'm not stupid enough to follow the instructions of some sort of- WHAT is THAT? It looks like there's no ice down there.

TRANSMISSION

Go!

TRIP

Ok, mysterious voices, if you make me the cat that curiosity killed - oh. Stars.

(footsteps and exertion noises)

Oh, the record. Right. Um, well... I don't know what Jawn and the other skippers get up to on this rogue, but... I don't see why a drug ring would involve advanced mining equipment. I'm in... sort of an open area between a few structures, and the ice is precisely cut - machine cut - down to the regolith. There's an open shaft that's... deep enough to swallow my headlamp beam entirely. It looks like a standard mining co core sample. A familiar, human or gñonw mining co CORE SAMPLE. And... there, yeah, the magnetic rake and the... I don't know what that piece of equipment is called. But... all the equipment has the Eccentric logo on the side.

[The strange transmission returns over Trip's comms, this time with each section in quotes below a coherent snippet spoken by one person.]

TRANSMISSION

"Do we really need to take a core sample? This rogue is covered in Tracer tech, surely that's where the real money is, not in its rocks-"
"Still gotta catalogue the inferred reserves, same as always. Honestly? It's the only thing here low-tech enough for me to have a hope of understanding, I dunno about you." "I can't wait to tell my daughter all about this-" "- buy you a drink tonight when we get back up to the Phalanx-" "(*whistle*), retirement right after this, huh?-" "-imagine what we can do with all of this -imagine what we can-" "Phalanx" "imagine-" "(*whistle*)" "imagine-" "Phalanx"

TRIP

The others need to know about this.
Pascal! Come in, Pascal!

[He starts to run back up the hill. A few seconds of footsteps, then a rumbling noise is heard.]

TRIP

Oh... oh no, why is the ground glowing again?

[Scene shift. A door opens up on the Titan.]

CHASMA

Hey No Go... are you, like, cleaning Jawn's ship for them?

NO

No, I'm on a rescue mission... Jawn said they thought they remembered buying some Earth succulents a while back. I figured I may as well look for them, while we wait for the fuel. If there's a snowflake's chance in Day they're not dead...

[Rustling noises as No looks around.]

CHASMA

Yeesh... does Jawn, like, really want us looking around in here?

NO

When has that ever stopped you, kid?

CHASMA

(laughs) I'll help.

[They do, beginning to rummage with No Go.]

CHASMA

You know, I wasn't, like, lying to be nice, that About Gardens music actually wasn't surfaced garbage.

NO

Well I was bending the truth. They've got talent, sure, but those lyrics were very melodramatic.

CHASMA

I liked them.

NO

Of course you did, kid. To each their own.

CHASMA

I had my doubts. but I really might actually ask Woh and Lowkey if I can, like, use some of their stuff in my vids.

NO

Look at you, networking in a crisis!

CHASMA

You're looking for plants in a crisis.

NO

Bao always used to say 'just because the world's on fire, we don't stop needing to pee.'

CHASMA

...What?

NO

It was very helpful advice when I was working on my thesis.

CHASMA

You talk about this Bao, like, a lot.

NO

He's been on my mind.

CHASMA

Do you want to tell me about him?

NO

Hm... You know what? Yeah, I think it would be good for you to hear this. Professor Baobab Mizar was my thesis adviser in graduate school, at Barnard's Star University. About... twenty Earth years ago?

CHASMA

But... but you're, you're like, really-

NO

Sometimes people do PhDs later in life, kid. Anyway. Bao was brilliant. In grad school, your relationship with your adviser is make or break, and he was supportive and funny and let me do my own thing when I needed to – but he always knew when to step in when I'd gotten stuck in a dead-end tunnel with my research.

CHASMA

And he was apparently, like, ridiculously quotable.

NO

He wasn't shy about sharing his wisdom. But... something happened. Once, when I was nearly done with my work – just about to finish my degree and leave Barnard's star into the big wide galaxy, I- I stepped into his office and... and I...

I thought he was sleeping. He looked so peaceful. In his chair, slumped over the desk. Then I saw the pool of blood, slowly leaking out over the desk. And I realised what I was looking at.

CHASMA

Oh, stars, No Go...

NO

Before the emergency team got there, I noticed his computer was still up. As if he'd just been working. Everything was the same, it was all there, um, except... his current project folder was deleted.

CHASMA

Shit, like... what had he been working on?

NO

I didn't know the details. If I did, I'm not sure I'd still be alive. But I know he'd been... arguing with some co representatives about making his work more publicly accessible. They really wanted it under wraps for some reason.

CHASMA

So he got in trouble with the cos?

NO

Yes.

CHASMA

And you think they killed him?

NO

I can't think of anyone else with anything against Bao. He wasn't the type to antagonise anyone – even the faculty who got passed over for tenure in favour of him didn't hold a grudge.

CHASMA

Did you ever positively ID his killer?
Take them to court?

NO

If you think I'd go up against them after that-

(a brief laugh, then a sigh)

No. But the experience sure taught me to be careful. To not get tangled up with cos. To stay far far away, for my own health.

CHASMA

But... dude... you're like, an illegal plant smuggler...

NO

Kid, there's the sort of illegal that gets you noticed by the cos, and the sort that they don't care about. You always gotta ask yourself what's what. Being a botanist doesn't pay much if you don't take co contracts. So, I sell to... other customers.

CHASMA

Right... I still can't believe my *mom* is one of your customers...

NO

And I still can't believe some bratty kid stowed away and made me take them to Tand and tricked me into some free babysitting.

CHASMA

You know you love me, No Go.
I'm, like, really sorry about your adviser. I can see how you carry that with you.

NO

(sigh) The last thing I want to do is meet his end. We've got to be very, very careful. We're already deep in something here. Something dangerous.

CHASMA

Yeah. I feel it, too.

[More rummaging.]

CHASMA

Hey, are these the succulents?

NO

(sharp inhale) They were.

[Scene shift. Similar spooky music to earlier is playing.]

PASCAL

Nearly there... nearly there, 50 metres to what the scanner's picked up, don't panic... we learned our best method of lightflight propulsion from the Tracers, of *course* there'll be a compatible iridium core *somewhere* here

[More mysterious rumbling, like with Trip.]

PASCAL

OH, ah, huhh! The ice just glowed. Why is the ice glowing? Could we have... set something off? No, no, that doesn't make any sense, if Jawn didn't set anything off by landing here, I wouldn't set anything off just by walking around...
(trying comms)
Trip! Trip! Come in!

[Just as with Trip, a loud burst of static is heard from Pascal's comms, followed by another patchwork transmission.]

TRANSMISSION

It's - hopeless - It's - hopeless -
look - up.

PASCAL

No no I want TRIP, COME IN TRIP - shut
up -

TRANSMISSION

UP - UP - UP - UP

[Repetitions of the word "up" in various voices continue under Pascal's line.]

PASCAL

NO! I can't DO THIS AGAIN! I can't have nothing but the radio again! At least last time what it played was mildly entertaining rather than
THREATENING ME!

TRANSMISSION

UP

PASCAL

What, WHAT?! I AM looking up! There's stars and the gas giant exactly as there should be and what I'm SUPPOSED to be looking for is ON THE GROUND-

[Once again, the transmission switches to more coherent individual snippets.]

TRANSMISSION

"Why are you showing me the gas giant report, the interesting stuff's on the Tracer world! I couldn't care le-"
"We're getting gravitational and temperature anomalies that don't check out for a world of its mass and-"
"-that's the density reading, and yet instruments are saying it's hollow inside-" "-that's no gas giant. It's a machine-" "- machine-" "-machine-"
"-machine-" "-machine-"

PASCAL

Machine? But it's li- it's like a Jupiter-mass gas giant! It, wha- But... I knew it's storms were too active for a rogue... the temperature's too high... who could build something...

Ugh, no, nononono. Snap out of it!
Kuzha was right, eyes on the ground.
No time for Tracer tech, no time for
great big machines in the sky, and...
and... you're smarter than to trust
voices that may be... hallucinations...
It's not important. It's not
important! What IS important is
getting the iridium so we can get out
of here and I can ask Trip... and I can
ask Trip if he'll move to Earth with
me. Phew. I've. Never said that out
loud before.
Iridium. Trip. Earth. That's all
that's important... It should be just
over this...

(a grunt of effort)

Yes! There it is! WOO! OH, WE'RE GONNA
BE- no, I shouldn't say that, I can't
jinx it... But I can say that, oh,
iridium has never looked so good!

[Back on the Titan. We hear footsteps as Woħ paces back and forth.]

LOWKEY

Woħ, sit down.

WOħ

I don't want to sit down. The Tracers
just spoke to us with our own song!

LOWKEY

You're pacing.

WOħ

From another dimension! Another
dimension, Lowkey!

LOWKEY

There's not even, like, room to pace,
here. You never cease to amaze me.

WOH'

It helps me think.

LOWKEY

No, it's just stressing you out.

WOH'

I'm NOT stressed! Do you think they
understand our languages? They have
to, right? They have to have known
what they sent us, right?

LOWKEY

Your aura's gone all sharp, my friend.
You're stressed, and I don't think
it's just the Tracers.

WOH'

But-

LOWKEY

Come sit down, and breathe, and
remember there's a whole universe out
there for you, beyond all this.

[Woh' sighs and stops pacing, but doesn't sit.]

WOH'

We'd be onstage so soon, Lowkey. So
soon! But we're never gonna make it to
Sirius in time now. I keep thinking
about what's happening right now over
there.

The stage will be all set up – bigger than anything we've ever performed on – the crowd is streaming in right about now, and Sirius is burning bright through the ceiling dome. If we were there, we'd be backstage, and you would be putting the final touches on your hair sloop and telling me about -

LOWKEY

And you'd be finally realising just a minute before our performance that I was *right* and we should open with 'Super-casa-nova'.

WOH

Stars, I'd like to be opening with ANYTHING right now!

LOWKEY

It's not your fault-

WOH

It is my fault! I could've bought any other tickets... and now I feel guilty for even feeling upset about this because – clearly we've gotten ourselves involved in something so much more important here on this dumb rogue than playing at a dumb concert!

LOWKEY

You take that back! Sirius Revel Six isn't dumb! It's... well... serious!

WOH'

Not as serious as whatever's going on here. Ugh, and we're so close to the Tracers, too! If only I'd brought my crystals, then I could reach out to them in their dimension too, since we're near a physical place they're tethered to...

[The scrape of a chair as Lowkey stands up.]

LOWKEY

Woh'... Woh'... come on, bring it in, you need a hug.

[They hug. It's a long one.]

LOWKEY

(quietly)

It's okay, take some deep breaths.

(They breathe together)

You're- You're doing- You're doing your zoning out thing. You're focusing on everything but the here and now, and you're looking for people and things to blame. Yelling at past Woh' isn't going to do us any good. We need present Woh' and their big brain thinking of what we can do now, to help each other and the people around us. Not a few light years away at Sirius. I need you.

WOH'

But...

LOWKEY

I don't see what your butt has to do with this. (*giggles*)

WOH

Lowkey! You realise whenever you make a pun in your language it just comes through my ling-chip as a nonsequitur-

LOWKEY

Look, your- your focus is a strength. It lets you combine disparate elements to compose the most incredible music. But right now, we gotta exist in the present, right?

WOH

Right...

LOWKEY

I mean, there's so much opportunity for inspiration around us right now! I mean, (*stammers*), there's spies? Fights? Mysteries? Roguwalking? Skippers? The *Tracers*? We're gonna find our next song here, I know it.

WOH

If we ever make it out of here to write our next song.

LOWKEY

We will. We will! It's gonna be okay. And... Sirius Revel *Seven* isn't gonna know what hit 'em!

[Scene shift, once again we hear the spooky roguwalking music.]

KUZHA

Copy. Talk again next check in. Kuzha out.

[A beep as the comms disconnect. Kuzha sighs.]

KUZHA

Was that too much? That was too much, certainly. A lot of what I have done has been too much. But this bunch of... surfaced idiots is also too much! I mean, seriously, from the Captain blocking our distress signal to 'Alyss' smashing the tight-beam comms to the pretentious stowaway the crew failed to even notice was on board until an emergency happened to the- the ridiculous bandmates to... jAwN... you would think we would all have managed to off ourselves somehow by now. It's almost like they are TRYING to get us all killed! Stupid... they won't be able to stop us, anyway. The Joint-Government knows about this place, and these idiot actors must know the Joint-Government is more than just me. (sigh) Alyss and Jawn are just desperate people, clawing at whatever is available to hang on to their precious illegal monopoly on this place... hmmh, smugglers like them are better than cos, I will give them that, but only by a little... I cannot wait to be back with my Groupmates, where people are sane and reasonable... At least Trip and Pascal here seem to know which way the winds blow.

[A few seconds of walking, then some exertion noises as Kuzha climbs a ridge.]

KUZHA

(sigh) Okay. Good... I can see the lay of the land from up here. That structure might have what I need. It looks visually similar to the command structures I've seen before at Traces, and I am seeing lots of heavy metals on the scanner...

[They jump down.]

KUZHA

What a mess... 'observe and report', space me, I should have arrested Alyss on the spot before Plutonic 999 even took off. Lamth knows we had enough on her already. But I waited because she was not talking to Tarsul during the flight, and I needed more information, and a million other excuses, and now we are all in this mess because I was too uncertain to make my move. The cos never wait for more information. They ACT FAST. And that is why they keep winning.

Well, not anymore. I will have no hesitation. Whatever needs doing, I will do it myself... even though no one will thank me later. No, when my job is done well, no one even knows I've done anything. That is what I signed up for. I do not need praise. No more waiting.

I just hope I haven't waited too long
already...

[Kuzha walks up to something. They knock on it, testing.]

KUZHA

Hmm, this ice is too thick to saw... a
few timed charges should get me
inside.

[Muffled noises as Kuzha lays down the charges and sets them off.]

KUZHA

(sigh) Space explosions are so boring.
Where's a good atmosphere to conduct
sound when you need one...

[Kuzha walks around the space.]

KUZHA

Ha... Hoo, this is perfect. It looks
just like a Tracer command centre. Of
course, I do not want to sound like
that person who pretends to understand
how micro-black-hole-technology works
just from having held a ZhuggPlug. A
lot of these consoles are unfamiliar...
and top scientists don't even
understand half of what the familiar
ones do.
But I can certainly build a
transmitter here. I just have to be
careful.

Okay, um... Alright. Capacitors,
resistors, and then, um... Ah!
Conductive material... This will do as a
battery... then connect it to my
ZhuggPlug. This will be stronger than
the one Trip was trying to instruct me
towards back in the pod... Oh, is the
ZhuggPlug still working? Yes, that is
evaporation coming off the
micro-black-hole...
Oh, stars, what do I tell my
superiors, exactly? How do I even
begin to explain this?

[The static of the Transmission starts up.]

KUZHA

Lamth, it's not time for the next
check-in yet-

[The music picks up a bit.]

TRANSMISSION

Hello.

KUZHA

Hello?

TRANSMISSION

You - need - to - hear - this.

KUZHA

You... are not Trip or Pascal...

TRANSMISSION

You - need - to - know.

KUZHA

Who are you and how are you on this frequency? The transmitter is not even switched on yet...

TRANSMISSION

You - need - to - know.

KUZHA

WHAT do I need to know?

[The transmission switches to another coherent message, this time in only one voice. The music starts to get more dramatic]

VOICE ON TRANSMISSION

There we go!

KUZHA

Ah!

VOICE ON TRANSMISSION

This is Captain Amancio Carpenter of the Eccentric Phalanx. Today is October 12, 2592.

KUZHA

What-

CARPENTER (TRANSMISSION)

HOLY FUCKING HELL! We did it! You'll forgive my profanity, Mr. Matthew, sir, it comes from a place of joy that I think you'll be joining me in real soon... I'll be thrilled to present the data to you in person, but for now, I'm recording this quick note to send your way just as soon as we can figure out how to circumvent the starforsaken interference here.

Where is here, you ask? Well, hold on to your seat, Mr. Matthew, because right now we are in orbit of a rogue planet that appears to be the homeworld of the Tracers. I'm saying 'appears' the same way people say 'allegedly' until the trial's done even when they know the bastard did it – but it's the Tracer homeworld, sir, clear as day. I have survey teams on the surface as I speak, and the cities are intact, and full of tech I'm sure our scientists can't wait to get their hands on. Given the entire industries that were sparked by the discovery from Traces of the iridium-based lightflight fuel, I'm sure you don't need me to do the math for you on the kind of profits this will bring in for Eccentric, sir.

As if that wasn't already the news of the century, the universe is really in our corner, today. The Tracer world is orbiting another rogue, a gas giant. At first we thought it was perfectly ordinary, but the survey team quickly reported anomalous readings.

KUZHA

What?

CARPENTER (TRANSMISSION)

It's become clear that this gas giant isn't a... natural planet. It's artificially constructed, by the Tracers, from the looks of things.

KUZHA

No...

CARPENTER (TRANSMISSION)

It's a machine with the capability of moving entire planets. Ejecting whole worlds from their systems... systemforming. This thing can make planets into rogues. We're calling it the roguemaker. Whether it was meant as a tool, or a weapon, or what... I don't know and I don't care. That's one for the eggheads to debate. The working theory is that the roguemaker was used on their homeworld, and that the Traced worlds we've found before might have been test runs. And no, nobody's home on either world. No signs of life. Not that it would matter, because where rogues are concerned, there are no pesky J-Gov laws to worry about. It's finders-keepers, and I think there are about to be a whole lot of weepers as this free mega machine launches us right to the top of the galactic food chain-

[A short musical chime from the transmission.]

CARPENTER (TRANSMISSION)

Why are you interrupting me? Ollie, the engineer has flagged 'anomalies' in the engine room five times this week, I swear if I have to rerecord all this for nothing, I'm going to have you EJECTED INTO SPACE-

[The transmission cuts to static. There's a pause.]

KUZHA

Ohhh... Of course. Tarsul Dlon... the sole survivor of the Phalanx, the so-called miracle... Of course they were here before! They are all a step ahead, they were always a step ahead! If that gas giant really is a... a... planet-killing machine, and Eccentric Heavy Industries came that close to having it... we cannot risk that. The Joint-Government has to have it. We have to have it now.

[The transmission is back to its patchwork voices.]

TRANSMISSION

Use - it.

KUZHA

Is that a question or a demand? Yes, I want to use it, to keep it safe! Can you tell me how, since you know so much?

TRANSMISSION

Use it.

KUZHA

A button just lit up. Did you just light up that button?

TRANSMISSION

Use - it.

KUZHA

By p... pressing that button, you mean?
Isn't there a manual that I can read?
Who even are you? Can I trust you? How
do you know this, how do you have old
recordings from the Phalanx?

TRANSMISSION

Use - it.

KUZHA

Surfaced hell, Kuzha. This is why you
always lose. Not this time!

[A noise of exertion as they dramatically press the button.]

KUZHA

There. I pressed the button. Did that
grant me- Ngk!

[The ground begins to rumble and shake.]

KUZHA

Woah.

[The music fades and we are back on the Titan. Small noises as Lowkey flicks through Jawn's music collection.]

LOWKEY

Nalska... basic... the Fart Files...
Adoption Papers... Ulzh... Martin the
Vampire?!? Stars, Jawn's music library
has the worst vibes. (sigh) And I
still can't pick anything up on the
radio except-

[He tunes the radio, and mimics the three rowers' lines.]

ROW 12 ANNOUNCER

-All your favorite rowers, like Beckett ("Roflcopter lmao"), Ashton ("Do you even lift??"), and Trent ("My dad's gonna hear about this!") are back and ready to get on the water-

[Lowkey sighs and turns off the radio.]

LOWKEY

(laughs, it turns slowly into coughing)

What is that horrific smell?

(wheeling his chair over)

Hey, are y'all trying to cook something nasty in the galley?

[He gets up and walks to the galley. We hear what sounds like a spray bottle.]

LOWKEY

Oh my stars. No Go. What is that plant? That huge, weird, hairy plant?

NO

It's my starfish flower. I'm watering it.

LOWKEY

You brought that thing with you?

NO

Of course.

LOWKEY

It smells like death.

WOH

It smells good to me.

LOWKEY

It smells SO BAD CAN WE COVER IT WITH
A BAG OR SOMETHING Chasma why are you
slicing your hand across your throat
like that-

NO

(*sniffs*) It's one of my most prized
possessions, and I will not put a bag
over-

LOWKEY

Seriously let's throw it out the
airlock-

NO

I don't understand your problem, it's
from Earth.

LOWKEY

Are you saying all things from Earth
smell bad?

NO

Hah, well...

LOWKEY

I don't smell bad! My cologne smells
like laundry detergent! Fresh linen,
dude!

NO

I'm just saying you ought to be more appreciative of the bounty of your planet's nature. I would have thought you of all people, touting your band name of About Gardens, would appreciate-

LOWKEY

Gardens are supposed to be calming centres of rejuvenation, not gag-inducing nightmares-

[No shoves the plant in Lowkey's face.]

NO

Look at this marvellous star-shaped flower.

LOWKEY

Don't-

NO

Look at the bristles.

LOWKEY

G- get that thing- Get that thing out of my face - it'll prick me!

NO

Starfish flowers don't have spines that can hurt you.

LOWKEY

Why didn't it smell this bad on the lightflight?

CHASMA

(nose pinched)

It hadn't bloomed yet.

LOWKEY

Chasma, don't you think it smells horrible?

CHASMA

(still pinching nose)

I'm staying out of this.

LOWKEY

It REEKS!

NO

It's MINE!

WOH

It smells wonderful!

LOWKEY

We *have* to cut the flower

NO

YOU WILL NOT TOUCH MY PLANT.

LOWKEY

It won't kill it, it'll just-

NO

YOU WILL NOT TOUCH MY PLANT.

[During this exchange, static has started up from the radio.]

WOH

Wait, shut up you two, I hear something-

TRANSMISSION

"Cryovolcanoes are found on icy moons,
and erupt volatiles instead of lava-"
"-These chemical compounds turns to
solids immediately in the low
temperature-" "Dr Sang, the eidolons
have trapped them, and we're the only
ones with a ship to rescue them!"

[The transmission lines repeat over the following conversation.]

CHASMA

Holy shit!

WOH

It's the Tracers again!

NO

To the cockpit.

LOWKEY

Anything to get away from that plant...

[Everyone gets up and runs to the cockpit.]

CHASMA

Who is that?

WOH

Clearly they're communicating via
several people, but I don't recognise
the voices.

NO

I thought the radio wasn't working.

LOWKEY

It wasn't! It was only playing that
Row 12 ad earlier!

[Music starts up like, "uh oh, we may be in danger here."]

WOH

Does anyone else... feel like the Titan
is shaking?

[There is a rumble. Objects that aren't tied down clatter lightly, and the ship creaks and shakes with the ground beneath it. An alarm goes off.]

LOWKEY

Yup.

CHASMA

Yeah we are, like, definitely shaking.

NO

Do abandoned rogues have geological
activity?

CHASMA

Or... 'cryovolcanoes'?! Does... does the
radio, like, know what's happening?

[A door opens and Jawn walks in.]

JAWN

Titan baby, who hurt you?

[The clacking of Jawn pressing various buttons and keys.]

NO

Good, you're awake! We haven't done anything to your ship, Jawn, the alarms started going off and this message is repeating-

JAWN

Space me, there's like, an earthquake or something, this site's not safe anymore.

WOH

Can we take off?

JAWN

That's not an option, remember? Kuzha took the ignition key!

CHASMA

Kuzha! And Trip and Pascal! They're all out there in this... cryovolcano eruption?

NO

I don't know if it is that. Chasma, you shouldn't just take everything you hear on the radio for truth.

CHASMA

No Go... you called me by my NAME!

WOH

Ugh, this is not the time for that! Chasma, focus, what does the surfaced Dr Sang line mean??

CHASMA

Oh, I thought that was obvious, that's from the episode where the eidolons flood Houston and Dr Sang and Hieronymous save people from the tops of buildings and Quentin's there too which really adds to the tension because Dr Sang is planning on asking if-

WOH

So the Tracers are telling us to go rescue the three who are out rogue walking.

CHASMA

We don't know it's the Tracers.

WOH

Okay okay, so the *mysterious prescient radio* is telling us to go rescue the three who are out rogue walking.

CHASMA

Obviously.

WOH

You could have just said that.

JAWN

Yeah yeah yeah I got all that but like I said we CAN'T rescue anybody without my KEYS, y'know? Thanks to Kuzha we might need rescue OURSELVES from the-

MALACHI

We need rescue, you say?

CHASMA

Malachi! Got sick of talking to Ship?

MALACHI

A flight attendant can't ignore those alarms, Chasma. And I've brought someone who can help...

[He steps aside to reveal Alyss.]

JAWN

Alyss...

ALYSS

Everyone get out of my way. Someone give me a screwdriver and a wirestripper. Jawn, get ready to rev the engine. We're gonna hotwire this baby.

(beat)

MOVE!!!

[A corrupted version of the theme song plays, repeating the line "Are you there?"]

EMMA

Thank you for listening to ROGUEMAKER. This episode, "Only Dark Listening To Dark", was written by Emma Johanna Puranen and directed by Rook Mogavero and Emma Johanna Puranen. The script was edited by Rook Mogavero and Shaoni C. White. Sound editing was by Emma Johanna Puranen. Original music was composed by Emily Branam, who also sings our theme song. Our cover art is by Tatyana Archtander.

In order of appearance, this episode
featured the voices of:

NHEA

Nhea Durousseau as Alyss Obelus

STEPHEN

Stephen Indrisano as Tarsul

EMMA

Emma Johanna Puranen as Ship

AXANDRE

Axandre Oge as Valencio "Trip"
Triptych

LIZ

Liz Morey as Kuzha Tvask

ROOK

Rook Mogavero as Chasma Jump Cannon

SAM Y

Sam Yeow as No Go

BONNIE

Bonnie Calderwood Aspinwall as Pascal
Almagest

OMAR

Omar Camps-Kamrin as Lowkey Madigan

ALEX

Alexandra Rose DeAngelis as Woh' Ollum

SAM L

Sam LaPorte as Jawn Batalha

EMMA

And:

ALASDAIR

Alasdair Stuart as Malachi Tessera

EMMA

This episode also featured:

PAUL

Paul Hikari as Amancio Carpenter

EMMA

And:

JUPITER

Jupiter Simpson as Hieronymous

EMMA

Additional transmissions were lent by
Anonymous Backer, Elena Asencio,
Rebekah B, Clara Brasseur, Olivia
Cottle, Hana Davisson, Haden Ezekiel
Felix, Gemma, Sean Gettys, Evan
Greene, Jerry Harris, James Hart,
Katerina Klos, Rebecca Krause, Rhys
Lawton, Jacob Malin, Giacomo Mantovan,
Austin Nakamura, Nikko, Alexsis Page,
Camilo Penalozza, Lucas Puranen,
Nathaniel Ziv Stern, and Lauren
Tucker.

Last but not least, our vibe checker
was:

BRUCE THE CAT

Mrow!

EMMA

For transcripts and more, check out our website, roguemaker.space.

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Until next episode, take care of each other, and stay safe out there.

TRANSCRIBER'S NOTE:

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