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 gnonw 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, 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.

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?

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?

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…

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!

#### 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-"

## **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 Woh paces back and forth.]

### **LOWKEY**

Woh, sit down.

# woń

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

#### LOWKEY

You're pacing.

# woń

From another dimension! Another dimension, Lowkey!

## **LOWKEY**

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

# woń

It helps me think.

### **LOWKEY**

No, it's just stressing you out.

## woń

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 swoop 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'.

# woń

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

#### LOWKEY

It's not your fault-

# woń

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!

## woń

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)

# woń

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?

# woń

Right...

## **LOWKEY**

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

# woń

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 roguewalking 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 roque 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.

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 roques 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! 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!

woń

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?

woń

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."]

woń

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.]

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.

# woń

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 meby my NAME!

# woń

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-

## woń

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.

# woń

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

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 Penaloza, Lucas Puranen, Nathaniel Ziv Stern, and Lauren Tucker.

Last but not least, our vibe checker was:

### **BRUCE THE CAT**

Mrow!

#### **EMMA**

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now.

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

## TRANSCRIBER'S NOTE:

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