

# Transcript | Black Pulse

Episode 19 - Where blades meet



**NAR:** The VIP lounge exuded exclusivity, with soft lighting and velvet drapes muffling the sounds of the bar outside. Jake leaned back in his booth, perfectly composed, his sharp suit practically glowing against the dim ambiance. Meanwhile, our friends made their way to his booth to discuss the matter of the bounty.

**<Scene 1 - VIP Intrigue>**

**JAKE:** (calmly) Welcome friends. Took your time getting here.

**PLT:** Yeah, yeah. What's this about a bounty?

**PRG:** (sitting down carefully) More importantly, why are you so interested in this bounty?

**JAKE:** Oh, I'm not just "interested." I can make it go away. For a price of course.

**MIL:** Ooh, a trade! What do you want though? Seashells? Info? A ride on our ship?

**JAKE:** Korzan's furious. He has a reputation to uphold. If word gets out people stole from him without consequences, it will make others get the wrong idea. So if you want him off your backs, I'll need something in return.

**PRG:** And what exactly are you asking for?

**JAKE:** A little favor. There's a stash of sensitive data I need you to retrieve, in Korzan's control room. It's located at the back of the arena. Do that for me, and I'll fix this bounty issue. Here is what the data stick looks like.

[Passes paper]

**PLT:** (groaning) Sounds shady. And how would you even make this go away? You would tell him we are innocent?

**JAKE:** Korzan doesn't care about innocence. But if I deliver a couple of convincing lookalikes instead of you? Problem solved.

**MIL:** Lookalikes? Where do you even find those? Do they sign up, like actors?

**PRG:** (cutting in) We're not agreeing to anything yet. Let's hear the rest first.

**NAR:** Before Jake could respond, a shadow slipped into the room. A hooded figure, deliberate and silent, approached the table from the periphery. Shade moved with

calculated precision, staying to the shadows, her hood obscuring her face completely. Her target was clear: Jake.

**SHADE:** Hmm, Thomas and Nero, what a weird coincidence. They seem to be doing fine though. Anyways, I must not get distracted, that part of my life is over, the mission comes first.

**JAKE:** Hold that thought.

**NAR:** In a flash, Rose struck. A blade glinted in the dim light as she lunged for Jake, her movements precise and deadly.

**JAKE:** (panicked) What the—?!

**PRG:** (shouting) Ambush! Get down!

**PLT:** Whoa! This is *not* the kind of excitement I signed up for!

**NAR:** Rose, silent and precise, pivoted like a shadow, her blade cutting through the air as Jake scrambled for cover. But before she could close the distance—

**MIL:** (cheerful but firm) Oh no, you don't!

**PLT:** Aaah careful!

**NAR:** Mili, quick despite the alcohol still swirling in her system, grabbed the nearest object: a heavy drink tray. With a dramatic clang, she intercepted the blade mid-swing.

[Sound: *CLANG!* Metal scraping against metal, followed by the creak of shifting furniture.]

**MIL:** (grinning) Bet you didn't think I was this good after two cosmic cocktails, huh?

**SHADE:** You have no idea who you're messing with.

**MIL:** (laughing) Nope! But I'm pretty sure *you're* messing up this lovely VIP experience.

**NAR:** Rose shifted tactics, aiming a calculated sweep at Mili's legs. But Mili leapt onto a chair with surprising grace, grabbing her stick weapon in mid-air.

[Sound: *WHOOSH! WHACK!* Blade slicing air, tray colliding with furniture.]

**MIL:** (mocking) Whoa-ho! Is this a dance-off now? Because I've got moves for days!

**PLT:** Mili, stop provoking the assassin!

**NAR:** Unfazed, Rose pressed forward, her blade moving decisively. Mili grabbed a nearby bottle and lobbed it toward her assailant.

[Sound: *GLASS SHATTERING!* Liquid splashing across the floor.]

**MIL:** Ooops! Was that an expensive vintage? My bad!

**SHADE:** (hissing) You're insufferable.

**NAR:** As Rose advanced, Nero sprang into action, flipping the table toward her as an impromptu barrier.

[Sound: *THUD!* Table tipping over, glasses clattering.]

**PRG:** (calmly) You're outnumbered, and clearly out of patience. Retreat while you can.

**SHADE:** Hmmm, you got lucky this time Jake.

**NAR:** For a moment, Rose hesitated. Her sharp eyes darted between the determined Nero, the surprisingly agile Mili, and the half-sheltered Jake. She snarled, then dashed toward the shadows, but not before throwing something sticky near Jake's shoes.

**MIL:** Come back anytime for a rematch! I'll bring a *bigger tray!*

[Sound: *Rapid footsteps fading into the distance.*]

**NAR:** The room fell silent save for the faint sound of glass shards crunching under Jake's shoes as he stepped out from behind the overturned table.

**JAKE:** (exhaling) That... was entirely too close.

**PLT:** Close?! That was a full-on *assassination attempt!*

**MIL:** She was good, but not tray-good, hihi. You're safe now, I think

**PRG:** (stoic) Jake, care to explain why someone wants your tongue so badly they'd risk this?

**JAKE:** Plenty of ideas. But nothing I can share I'm afraid. Thank you for your swift action, I might not have made it out alive. Consider this... a favor owed. I'll handle your bounty free... of charge.

**PRG:** We'll keep that in mind.

**JAKE:** I'll get that data another way.

**MIL:** You're actually not such a bad guy afterall!

**NAR:** As the group settled back down, Rose retreated into the shadows, her mission temporarily thwarted. But her resolve remained as sharp as her blade.

[Scene fades to black.]

**NAR:** The soft hum of the ship's systems filled the cabin as Eve stirred in her bunk, worrying about the condition of her sister, groaning as the commline buzzed insistently. The sudden noise jarred her awake, and she fumbled for the console, blinking groggily.

**<Scene 2 - A call of distress>**

*\*[Sound: Comm activation with urgent beeping.]*

**EVE:** Ugh.. Who in the void is calling at—what time even is it?

**HST:** Eve. It's me.

**EVE:** Gale? What? What's going on? Are the trials over? And why didn't Telneck pick up instead?

**HST:** No, Draven's down. Badly. The medics here are barely keeping him together. We're between fights, but the next one could drop any moment. We need help—now.

**EVE:** Great. Just great. Can't a girl get one decent nap without someone almost dying?

**HST:** Eve! Focus! It's our lives on the line here.

**EVE:** Sorry, I have a lot on my mind as well. How bad is it?

**HST:** How bad? BAD! On a scale of "stubbing your toe" to "dying horribly," we're at "oh no, the universe hates us" levels of bad!

**EVE:** All right. What do you need?

**HST:** Ideally? A miracle, a spaceship full of weapons, and maybe some cheese crackers because I'm stress-starving over here!

**EVE:** A miracle's out. And it would mean a direct disqualification of the trials. What's Plan B?

**NAR:** Just at this moment, the other crew members return from their evening of drinks.

**EVE:** Ah, one moment Gale, I just hear the others returning, I can perhaps put on Nero for you, he always has smart ideas.

**PRG:** Did I hear someone say "smart ideas"?

**HST:** Nero! Oh, thank every star in the galaxy! Please, tell me you've got a magic solution for "giant metal-eating monster with jaws bigger than my entire artifact collection"!

**MIL:** (bg) I'm going straight to bed, I'm knackered.

**PRG:** Tell me more, what are you up against?

**HST:** Some kind of big-jawed goliath monster that reminds me of my ex-mother in law. Looks like a big skeletal creature that eats metal. And it uses magnetic pulses to suck up everything shiny like it's on a scrapyard buffet!

**PRG:** Go it, nothing metallic then.

**HST:** So, anything specific you'd recommend? What are we looking at?

**PRG:** Hmm, there's a shock net launcher in the backpack. Good for stunning something big, especially if it's fast. And a pheromone lure—Korzan loves using predatory beasts. That might buy you time and distract the creature.

**HST:** Ah yeah, I remember seeing that in the stash. Anything else?

**PRG:** A plasma charge, in case subtlety doesn't work. It'll pack a punch, but use it wisely—it's a one-shot deal and there is a big recoil when shooting it So you better not miss your mark..

**HST:** Oh great, a single-use save-your-life button. No pressure! I'll just... try to keep my eyes open. Thanks, Nero. You're a real lifesaver.

**EVE:** Without him, you adapt. You're Gale. You already saved his life. If anyone can do it, it's you.

**PLT:** And if not, at least make it entertaining for the rest of us.

**EVE:** Ignore him. We're prepping the ship now to fly closer to the trials. Hold tight.

**NAR:** The line went dead, leaving Eve and Nero in the ship's quiet tension. Eve stretched, shaking off the last remnants of sleep, before turning to the controls with renewed focus.

**EVE:** Let's hope those tools will be enough for them to win, or at least buy some time.

**PRG:** You sound like you are doubting my carefully crafted tools.

**EVE:** I wouldn't dare.

**PLT:** Telneck, you'll have to fly the ship, I've had too much to drink. \* hips \*

**PRG:** But are you sure about this? We left to investigate Rose's disappearance and we do have a lead that she is in Voidreach now.

**EVE:** I know, but the crew's safety comes first. Rose made her choice, and now Gale and Draven need us. We can go to Voidreach afterwards.

**PRG:** Fair enough, I'll pull Telneck out of his standby mode. Get ready for liftoff soon. I will also construct something that could neutralize that magnetic monster.

**NAR:** As the engines hummed to life, the ship prepared to make its way closer toward the deadly trials of Korzan so they could provide additional support for the final battle.



**NAR:** Meanwhile, Shade contacts Zyra to let her know the situation of the failed silencing attempt of Jake. Zyra, in motion, pacing through a corridor lined with monitors displaying various operations in progress. A headset clings to her ear as she gives orders to her subordinates.

### <Scene 3 - Sibling Sparks>

[Call noise]

**ZYRA:** What now, Shade? I'm in the middle of coordinating three data gathering operations and a weapons trade. You better not have bad news.

**SHADE:** It didn't go as planned. Jake's still... talking.

**ZYRA:** You are joking, right?

**SHADE:** Do I *sound* like I'm joking? The Black Pulse crew somehow was there and interfered. I was seconds away from silencing him when a feline-like girl—drunk, no less—decided to pick a fight.

**ZYRA:** Feline looking? Sounds like a nymphraati. They normally don't go to bars. Strange. Anyways, you, the legendary Shade, somehow lost to a drunk?

**SHADE:** She was oddly skilled for someone who could barely stand straight. You try fending off a tipsy, tiger martial artist while maintaining your cover!

**ZYRA:** Oh, *I'm sorry*, was this mission too hard for my little sister? Maybe next time I'll send in the cleaning droids.

**SHADE:** Oh, like that time you sent me to clean up your mess on Zarkon-4? How did that turn out, Zyra? Oh, right—you almost got me killed!

**ZYRA:** *Almost*. Which, by the way, you're still alive to complain about, so, you're welcome. But nevermind all that, their tribe are excellent fighters, it's what they train for all the time. More importantly, where is Jake at the moment?

**SHADE:** He's on high alert now. It'll be harder to get close again.

**ZYRA:** Great. Just what I need—an informant who knows too much and a sister who's ... never mind. Ok, look, just fix it. I don't care how. Jake can't talk, Shade. Not if we're going to

stay ahead of the federation, Korzan and the other outlaws. This is a cut-throat world we live in.

**SHADE:** I'll just waltz into his VIP booth for tea and persuasion.

**ZYRA:** Don't forget the biscuits. Jokes aside, you'd better figure it out, this should be easy for you.

**NAR:** With a final glare, Zyra cuts the call, leaving Shade staring at the blank screen.

**SHADE:** You always did love playing the hero, didn't you, Zyra?

**NAR:** She exhales sharply, glancing at her blade as if seeking answers. The shadows around her seem to echo her turmoil as she begins thinking of ways to get back on top of the situation.

**NAR:** Back at the arena, 2 of Korzan's hardworking cronies, Slag and Bork, shuffle through the rows of spectators, their second-row seats just steps away from the chaos of the arena. The faint smell of charred meat wafts through the air, mingling with the sounds of clinking glasses and the murmurs of an excited crowd.

< **Scene 4 Bork and slag at the trials** >

**SLAG:** Hurry Bork, we already missed the majority of the trials, I really don't want to miss the final fight!

**BORK:** Oy! Calm down Slag, we are here now and... \*sniff sniff\* smells like somebody overcooked their dinner.

**SLAG:** BBQ! Maybe they've got brisket! Or ribs! You think we can snag some before the fight starts?

**BORK:** Ah suddenly Ya're not in a hurry anymore? That smell is probably what's left of the rampager. Ya know, the giant beast that got zapp'd earlier?

**SLAG:** Oh... uh, yeah. I knew that.

**NAR:** Slag plops into his seat, rubbing his hands together with giddy anticipation as Bork sits down calmly beside him.

**SLAG:** Man, can you believe it? Second row! Practically VIP! The action's gonna be so close we might even get splashed with blood!

**BORK:** Let's hope not. Do ya even know how hard it is to wash monster guts out of fabric, mate?

**SLAG:** Worth it! This is gonna be wild! Think they'll send in another rampager? Or maybe one of those four-armed shredders?

**BORK:** Whatever it is, I hope it's not as overhyped as that last fight.

**SLAG:** Overhyped? It took like 100 shocks to bring it down! That's legendary!

**BORK:** Meh. It just flailed around a lot.

**NAR:** Just as the crowd's cheers swell in anticipation, a towering, broad-shouldered figure ganders down the aisle and plops into the seat directly in front of Slag.

**SLAG:** Hey, hey, hey! Come on! I can't see anything now!

**BORK:** Guess yar "second-row VIP" fantasy just hit a snag, Slag. Hehehe

**SLAG:** This is sabotage! How am I supposed to see the carnage?

**BORK:** Stop yer yammering, here, have this gargan drumstick. I'll give ya the play-by-play.

**SLAG:** Mhmhmm hhmhmm brrrbrlll ! Amnomnomonomnom

**NAR:** The loud blare of the starting horn cuts him off, and the gates of the arena creak open. A monstrous figure steps into view, illuminated by flickering spotlights.

**SLAG:** (mouthfull) Okay glp, forget mhmmm switching chap chap—I need to, nom, see this!

**BORK:** Sit Down, big doofus. Before you fall and embarrass us both.

**NAR:** As the fight begins, the sound of roaring beasts and crackling energy drowns out the bickering pair, their antics lost amid the chaos of the trial.

**NAR:** After some rough patching up, both Gale and Draven are back inside the titanium cage with the remaining contestants, with the Goliath moments away from being released. However Draven is not his former self and seems to be suffering from a severe concussion. The gate mechanism clanged, and the floor shook as the Goliath, a skeletal monstrosity with glowing joints and jagged metal shards embedded in its frame, lumbered into view.

### <Scene 5 - Fighting the Goliath>

**LDR:** Ugh my head hurts...

**HST:** Hey! Stay close. This thing is going to try to kill us with every piece of metal it can find.

**LDR:** Kill us? Wait—who and why?

**HST:** *Us*, Draven! And because it's a big scary monster! That's what they do for fun.

**LDR:** I don't remember signing up for this. Can we... I don't know, leave?

**HST:** Sure. Let me just *ask* the monster to nicely open the gate for us.

**NAR:** The Goliath raised a claw-like limb, and the air vibrated with an ominous hum. Nearby metal debris rattled and lifted into the air, drawn to the creature by its magnetic pull.

**HST:** Move, move! It's charging up!

**LDR:** Charging? Charging what?

**HST:** Its galactic cellphone... Its magnetic beam of course!

**LDR:** Should I run? Which way do I—?

**HST:** Just *duck*!

**NAR:** A chunk of sharp steel tore through the air toward them. Gale tackled Draven to the ground, the shrapnel narrowly missing their heads and embedding in the cage wall with a deafening clang.

**HST:** Now stay down and *stop moving*!

**LDR:** I don't like this plan at all. Can we switch plans? Maybe one where we don't get impaled?

**HST:** Hang on, I have a plan, in the meantime, don't get impaled!

**NAR:** The Goliath turned its glowing eyes toward the pair, sensing their movement. With a metallic roar, it slammed a limb against the ground, sending a fresh wave of debris flying.

**HST:** Keep it busy. I can shoot it with this special plasma gun, but I've got only one shot at this!

**LDR:** Keep it busy? With *what*?

**HST:** I don't know, your blaster?

**LDR:** What's a blaster, can I eat it?

**HST:** No, it's your gun, and here, also use these pheromones whilst I prepare the gun.

**LDR:** Pheromones, do I... drink this bottle?

**HST:** For the love of gravity! Just toss it on another contestant or something, and make sure it's far away from us.

**LDR:** Ok, I can do that, I think

**NAR:** Whilst Draven hurls the bottle of pheromones on an unlucky contestant, Gale pulls out the plasma launcher, its bulky frame humming ominously as it powered up.

**LDR:** Bulls eye! Did you see that?

**HST:** Excellent, now Just hold still, you oversized magnet...

**NAR:** The launcher emitted a high-pitched whine, and a pulse of searing energy shot forth, crackling with destructive power. The cage started to rotate once more, and the blast missed its core, striking the titanium cage instead. The plasma tore through the cage wall, leaving a gaping, molten-edged hole. The crowd gasped, and the air filled with smoke. Even the rotation stopped momentarily.

[Explosive sound + shout]

**LDR:** Did you just... shoot our way out?

**HST:** Hmm that wasn't exactly the plan but this might actually work even better.

**NAR:** The Goliath growled, dragging its magnetic pull toward the hole. The cage's structural integrity seemed compromised, and even more metallic debris started converging toward the creature.

[Crowd panicking]

**HST:** Forget the plan—*now* we run out of here! To the hole in the gate, come!

**LDR:** Running is a plan! I like this plan!

**NAR:** The two scrambled toward the far end of the cage as the Goliath's magnetic onslaught intensified. The remaining contestants scattered, and chaos erupted in the arena. The Goliath now also roaming free, outside of the cage, enraged but also intrigued by the strong pheromone smell of the participant.

**NAR:** Outside the crumbling cage, chaos erupted in the arena. Spectators screamed as the massive Goliath, now unrestrained, dragged shards of metal and debris into its gravitational field. Causing various electronic malfunctions preventing the announcer from speaking to the crowd. Meanwhile, the remaining Black Pulse crew just arrived back at the arena, right as the panic unfolds.

### <Scene 6 - The great rescue>

**SLG:** Whoa! Look at that thing! Up close it's like a big ol' space crab! Bet it tastes amazing with barbecue sauce.

**BRK:** Idjit! That thing's loose. It's not din'r—it's a death machine, we should get our butts out of 'ere.

**NAR:** Across the arena, Korzan stood in his observation booth, his icy composure faltering for a moment before he turned to his guards.

**KRZ:** Shut it down. Now. I want that beast neutralized before it ruins my beautiful colosseum!

**NAR:** Meanwhile, the Black Pulse crew burst into the lower levels of the arena, having just docked their ship.

**EVE:** What in the void is going on? Is that thing supposed to be out of the cage?

**MIL:** It could be part of the show?

**PLT:** Forget the show! We need to get Gale and Draven out of there before they become Goliath croquettes!

**PRG:** That cage material... titanium alloy. I bet the plasma cutter cut through it like butter. I see Gale and Draven climbing out of it now.

**NAR:** As they hurried closer to the breached cage, the Goliath still pursued the pheromone drenched contestant. The beast roared, dragging its massive claws along the ground as more metallic debris coalesced around it.

**SLG:** Look! It's going for those goons down there.

**BRK:** Seems it really wants them? Should we... help 'em?

**SLG:** Are you mad? It's everybody for themselves now!



**NAR:** Bork grabbed Slag's arm, pulling him down just as a piece of rogue debris flew overhead, embedding itself into the stands.

**BRK:** We're gonna get crushed! Get d'wn!

**SLG:** But then I can't see the show!

**HST:** Hurry up, we must get out of here before the pheromones wear off.

**LDR:** Hey, that metal cage is still piping hot from the energy blast, don't rush me.

**HST:** Ugh! But if you hang around her for much longer, we'll be a hot pocket meal for the Goliath, move move.

**NAR:** They climbed through the breach just as the Goliath's magnetic field intensified, drawing loose weapons, metallic chairs, and even part of the cage wall toward it.

**EVE:** Gale! Draven! Over here!

**HST:** Void be praised, we're saved! Am I glad to see you guys! What's the plan?

**LDR:** Who are they?

**PRG:** Come to us, I have something that will help us get out of this pickle right away

**NAR:** As Nero began unpacking a device from his toolkit, the Goliath let out a deafening roar, sending a wave of debris hurtling toward the crew.

**MIL:** Ooh, it wants to play! Did you know most ferocious animals are just misunderstood creatures?

**NAR:** Without waiting, Mili launched herself at the beast, her agility creating an unpredictable flurry of movements that confused even the massive creature.

**PLT:** Impressive! She moves so elegantly!

**NAR:** The distraction gave Nero just enough time to assemble a crude pulse emitter, designed to scramble the Goliath's magnetic field temporarily.

**PRG:** Aim this at its core. It should destabilize its magnetic pull for a few nano-beats. That's all I can give you.

**HST:** A few nano-beats is all I need.

**NAR:** As Gale took aim with the device, Mili vaulted off the Goliath's back, narrowly avoiding a swipe of its massive claws.

**MIL:** Relax, we are just playing tag!

**PLT:** More like cat and mouse if you ask me.

**MIL:** Fine by me, as long as I'm the cat.

**NAR:** The pulse emitter fired, and the Goliath roared in confusion as its magnetic field faltered. The remaining debris fell to the ground, and for a moment, the beast hesitated.

**HST:** Now! Everyone, run!

**EVE:** Come Draven, we will work on your memory recovery when we are back in safety.

**LDR:** Thank you, pretty lady. I would appreciate that.

**EVE:** He's being nice to me, he really is more far gone than I expected.

**PRG:** Move move move

**HST:** Ah, but all exits are blocked by crowds of people, how do we get out of here?!

**PRG:** There, at the back, a personnel door, let's go that way!

**HST:** Hurry up

**EVE:** Hey, it's not easy to run in high heels

**NAR:** The crew dashed toward the staff rooms, as the Goliath struggled to regain control. Behind them, Korzan's guards entered the arena, armed with heavy weapons and determined to clean up the mess.

**SLG:** Oh, now it's getting *really* good!

**BRK:** Let's go before we're part of the "really good" buffet!

[Door opening and closing + muffled crowd]

**PLT:** Hmm this looks to be the control room for the arena

**PRG:** Hmm it looks quite rudimentary to be honest, but isn't this the place Jake mentioned for his 'favour'?

**PLT:** It matches the description, yes. Do you want to look for the data stick he mentioned?

**EVE:** Hmm I don't think we should stick around for too long

**MIL:** Oh! So many buttons! I wonder what they do.

**PRG:** Perhaps I can indeed gather some data, let me know if you find any data stick laying around or important documents.

**HST:** We don't have time for that. I think Korzan will want our head on a platter after what we did to his arena.

**NAR:** After some quick rummaging through the items lying out and about on the desks and in the drawers, Mili finds something that looks like shown in the sketch Jake gave them.

**MIL:** Nero, is this anything useful?

**PRG:** Yes, excellent find, Mili! Pass it to me and we will continue our escape.

**PLT:** There is a window we can force there, it's locked but I can probably lockpick it

**MIL:** Allow me. Hayaaaaa

[Glass shatters]

**PLT:** Euh yeah, that also works. Let's get through, back to the ship.

[Shuffling noises]

**NAR:** As the Black Pulse crew made their escape, the sounds of chaos, roars, and explosions filled the air. The Goliath's furious growls echoed through the arena.

**HST:** I propose we leave the planet for now, and go somewhere less 'hot'

**PRG:** We could finally make course towards Voidreach, I doubt Korzan would follow us there. And it's an opportunity to continue our search for Rose.

**PLT:** What do you think, captain?

**LDR:** Euh, voidreach you say? Is there a nice beach there?

**HST:** Euh yes, beautiful beaches and cocktails, and more importantly, no murderous pirates.

**LDR:** Then let's go, chop chop!

**<Scene 6 - Bonus>**

**NAR:** Back aboard the ship, the crew sat around the common room, decompressing from the chaos they just witnessed.

**PLT:** Hey Gale, in the meantime, I thought of a name for the Goliath: "The Big Attractor!" Get it?

**HST:** I also thought of a name for you: "The Big Annoyance." And now I need some peace and quiet, nobody disturb me!

**PLT:** Tough crowd.

**MIL:** Hahahahaha

[Door opening]

**HST:** Aaaaaargh, who touched my brushes?!

**NAR:** And with that, the ship hummed along, setting course to Voidreach.