

## ROGUEMAKER Episode 4: Uplink/Downlink

*[Slow synth music plays.]*

### SHIP

(H) Pod On- Pod One- T-TwoThree-  
Three- Pod- Pod-PodPod FourPod FiveSix  
Five Seven Ten.

*(up-chime)*

I cannot hear you, but I have been  
running models of sapient behaviour in  
difficult situations, and the results  
indicate communication and  
conversation are considered helpful.  
Conversation requires two conversant  
entities, and I am only one, but I can  
speak to you. Would that be alright?

*[Ship waits for a response it knows won't come. Faster, more boopy  
synths come in.]*

### SHIP (con')

(H) I apologise. My programming  
requires that I ask that. I know you  
cannot respond. I confess that I am  
not really sure what to say. I am  
programmed to respond to customer  
stimulus, not to create. I could read  
to you, but I do not know your taste  
in stories. The last thing I want to  
do is annoy you.

*[The line begins repeating. Ship is caught in a halting problem.]*

### SHIP

I confess that I am not really sure  
what to say. I am programmed to  
respond to customer stimulus, not to  
create. I could read to you, but I do

not know your taste in stories. The last thing I want to do is annoy you. I confess that I am not really sure what to say. I am programmed to respond to customer stimulus, not to create. I could read to you, but I do not know your taste in st-

*[Ship cuts off, abruptly. The faster synths stop.]*

**SHIP**

*(down-chime)*

(A) Halting problem recognised. Input deleted. Hospitality mode switched off.

*[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 4: Uplink/Downlink.

## SHIP

(A) Pod one.

## VARIOUS VOICES

*(accompanied by short bursts of static)*

Trip. Trip. Trip. Trip.

## TRIP

Forty-seven... forty-six... forty-five...  
forty-four...

*(pause)*

Fortythree...

*(yawn)*

Forty... two...

Mmmmmmmh... Should I be counting? Should I be... announcing my presence? When I was little, and dad was calling me for dinner, but I didn't *want* dinner... I'd hide and somehow it felt like the fate of the galaxy hinged on my breath or my footsteps not giving me away. What if someone's listening to me, but they're not saying anything? What if they're listening, and trying to say something, but I can't hear them? What if... someone else, who wasn't even on the flight, is listening, and not doing anything to help? What if this – and all the interference – wasn't an accident? Why is this bothering me so much? I was basically always on a security camera at EE, but... but, I-I knew I was. I *hate* not knowing i-if I'm being watched. Even when I'm alone, I'm not sure if I'm alone. Oh, stars... Oh, forgive me, Pascal. But I

think- But I think maybe I'll just shut up.

### SHIP

Pod two.

### VARIOUS VOICES

*(intercut with static)*

Pascal. Pascal. Pascal. Pascal.

### PASCAL

It's okay. It's okay. It's only the - vacuum. Just outside these walls. Only a near- *near* vacuum, anyway. I know exactly what's outside. It's the interstellar medium, which is thicker than the intergalactic medium, so, at least I'm not there. It's star... poop... a couple of hydrogen atoms every cubic metre. Yeah. Not empty at all. There's still some atoms. It's still above absolute zero.

Still... capable of freezing me, irradiating me, and sucking all the air out of every cavity in my body in just a few seconds. Ugh! I need to get a grip! I've lived on a space station for YEARS, dammit! Maybe that old *gnonw* was right. Maybe I will see Trip again. I sure won't if I hyperventilate. I need to say, uh... wha- what were they called? Positive affirmations. I *will* see Trip again! Breathe.

*(they do)*

*[There is a soft thump as something strikes the outside of Pod Two.]*

**PASCAL**

*(gasps)*

Oh! What the – we shouldn't be in a molecular cloud or anything thicker than standard interstellar medium. There shouldn't be a debris field out here, there's- there's no *planets* out here... Maybe it's debris from the 999? Yeah, it's gotta be. Gotta be. For I have loved the stars too fondly to be fearful of the night. Right. Sarah Williams. Fake it till ya make it, positive affirmations. For I have loved the stars too fondly to be fearful of the night. For I have loved the stars too fondly to be fearful of the night. For I have loved the stars-

*[Pascal is cut off mid-affirmation.]*

**SHIP**

Pod three.

**VARIOUS VOICES**

*(intercut with static)*

Woh. Woh. Woh! Woh.

**WOH**

-pid, stupid... why did I EVER think I could be the next Nalska? Darcy and Ampt said it themselves, the wildcards NEVER win Sirius Revel Six... and now About Gardens is never even gonna make it to the venue. We didn't even get in on talent. We got in on a FLUKE. That Wake, when Lowkey came sprinting into the studio, waving the wildcard ticket around? I should have said no. We

should've waited. Gotten in on our own merits, some future Revel. But I thought I could cheat the system, and now I'm going to die out here, alone as that surfaced Groupless Captain Tarsul. Who may or may not have *caused* this whole mess. I bet they did. I bet they couldn't stand to see everyone else so happy while they were alone. They HAD to take us down with them.

*(coughs, lightly)*

I need *water*. My mouth's so dry I can't even sing myse-

*[Woh is cut off.]*

#### **SHIP**

Pod four.

#### **VARIOUS VOICES**

*(intercut with static)*

Lowkey. Lowkey. Lowkey. Lowkey.

#### **LOWKEY**

You know, I can kind of understand the appeal of being strapped atop a nuclear missile like those early spacefarers, now. If anything went wrong, at least it'd be quick, and bright, and dramatic... you'd *literally* go out with a bang. It wouldn't be boring, like this. That never made sense to me before. Sure, I love some glitz and glam at a show, but I-I came up with the name About Gardens, after all. I've always tried to make nurturing the garden of your soul through music be my *thing*! Maybe I've

been fighting against my nature. Maybe I don't know myself at all. Look where it's got me! Languishing and peeing in my pants in an escape pod with no one to listen.

*(dramatic sigh)*

That weird fortune cookie I got last year was an omen. 'Light yourself on fire with passion and people will come from miles to watch you burn.' I should've listened.

*[Pod four is also thumped by something on the outside.]*

**LOWKEY**

Woah! Woah! What?! Ask for a boom and ye shall receive. How's that for percussion?

*[Lowkey begins repeatedly pressing the door button again, in rhythm, making Ship give him a beat like he had for his previously improvised song. He begins wordlessly vocalising again and launches into a reprise.]*

**SHIP**

(A) The exi - the exi - the exi - the exi - the exi - the exi -

**LOWKEY**

*(sung)*

*The exit is sealed fooor your safety,  
Oh Ship darling don't be so kind,  
The exit is sealed for your safety  
If I don't see Woh, I'll lose my mind.*

*(more quietly)*

*Exit is sealed for your safety,*

*[Lowkey continues to sing the tune on "do do do," before trailing off, pressing the button one last time and letting Ship finish its sentence.]*

**SHIP (con't)**

The exit is sealed for your safety.

**SHIP**

Pod five.

**VARIOUS VOICES**

*(intercut with static)*

Alyss. Alyss. Alyss

*[Like with Pascal and Lowkey, something is thumping the outside of Alyss's pod.]*

**ALYSS**

Must be the planetary defence we're going through. Here's hoping none of it's active weaponry...

*[A larger bump, and Alyss's suitcase starts to make a loud alarming noise, possibly an actual alarm. The case creaks as she attempts to shut it off.]*

**ALYSS**

Fuck! Shh, shh! Shut it, not yet! Yeah yeah, you're home, you bastard, just SHUT. UP. RIGHT. NOW. Where's the off switch... what, uhhh, what did they say... the lime-green... agh that's bright... wrench-looking thing... and if I pull the... there!

*[The sound grinds to a stop. Alyss relatches the suitcase.]*

**ALYSS (con't)**

Stars, I didn't think I'd have to babysit the device. I don't know if this means the engineers did their job well, or too well, but this wasn't in

the briefing... they shoulda sent an engineer.

**SHIP**

Pod six.

**VARIOUS VOICES**

*(intercut with static)*

Kuzha. Kuzha. Kuzha?

**KUZHA**

Right. Thank you, Trip.

*[They press a button on their phone.]*

**KUZHA** *(con't)*

Ah! Lamth, I still have no signal.

Nothing is getting out.

*(sighs)*

But I have to keep trying. It means risking being overheard, but... getting rescued is worth it.

Okay. Okay.

*[A click and a beep from their phone]*

**KUZHA** *(con't)*

Calling 567108, this is Kuzha Tvask. Plutonic Flight 999 is compromised, as is my mission. Requesting immediate extraction for all survivors from escape pods. I am concerned we may be heading toward... hah, uh, a destination I cannot discuss over a questionable connection.

*(beat)*

And um, we have been hearing a lot of commercials as the AI has been trying to fix the comms. Some are recent, but

a few are out of date... that should  
have been my first clue. I remember  
that Tracer documentary from traini-

### **SHIP**

Pod seven.

### **VARIOUS VOICES**

*(intercut with static)*

No. No Go. No Go. No Go?

### **NO**

*(a deep breath in)*

Ahhh. 'What items would you bring to a  
desert island, No?' The humans love  
asking that question. Now I know – my  
answer is a starfish flower and Bao's  
bottle of gin! Good choices, if I do  
say so myself. Ah, only thing that'd  
make it better is someone to talk to.  
Lamth, I'd even take the kid going on  
and on about surfaced Dr Sang like  
they did all the way from Luna to EE.

*[No holds up the bottle of gin and we hear it slosh around a bit. They  
hum softly at it, harmonising with themselves a bit using their  
double-chambered larynx.]*

### **NO (con't)**

Oh, Baobab Mizar, you were a lucky  
bastard in some ways, you know? The  
coroner said they did a clean job,  
your murderer. You didn't suffer. It  
was over quick. Well, I've spent half  
my life since then trying to avoid  
research that'd make a big stink like  
yours did. Trying to avoid attracting  
the wrong sort of attention from cos.

And despite all that, it looks like my end might be messier than yours. The universe works in mysterious w-

**SHIP**

Pod eight. Flight attendant Malachi Tessera.

**VARIOUS VOICES**

*(intercut with static)*

Malachi. Malachi. Malachi. Malachi

**SHIP**

(H) -alachi, I am very sorry for my f-failure to maintain open communication channels between the pods.

**MALACHI**

No, Ship, it's not your fault-

**SHIP**

(H) Communications systems diagnostics return nominal results, but successful links are impossible in this environment. Mondays, am I r-right?

**MALACHI**

If only you could hear me... what did you mean, earlier, when you said 'entering orbit'? Ship, orbit of what?

**SHIP**

*(slightly overlapping with Malachi)*

(H) Interference of this sort would be consistent with a targeted jamming attack, but no other ships are detected in the vicinity of the pods.

**MALACHI**

Yes, but what DO you detect in the vicinity of the pods? You're forgetting we can't see what you do.

**SHIP**

*(overlapping with Malachi)*

(H) Malachi, I am trying and trying but nothing is working. 'Chin up, Ship' you said, when my algorithm failed to identify diseased crops on the cargo run last October and you and Ttarsul had to quarantine for a week. You said this despite the fact I do not have a chin. You have a chin, Malachi. Chin up, Malachi!

**MALACHI**

Chin up, Ship.

**SHIP**

Pod nine. Captain Tarsul  
<Groupnamevaluenu>.

**VARIOUS VOICES**

*(intercut with static)*

Tarsul? Tarsul! Tarsul. Tarsul.

*[Tarsul draws in air sharply for a few breath, snuffles a bit, and breaks into full-on sobs. The force of their emotion is so great that their voice briefly doubles as they use both chambers of their larynx.]*

**TARSUL**

I c- I can't... I can't do this again.

**SHIP**

Pod ten.

## VARIOUS VOICES

*(intercut with static)*

Pod ten. Pod ten. Pod ten?

## POD TEN

-I don't even care if we've made it to rescue. Just, like, leave me here in this pod. I never wanna see the light of day again. *(sighs)*

Hieronymicmuch9 was right! Hieronymous IS like, gonna betray the doctor! What else could that

I-have-a-confession-to-make have been about??? I can't... I don't even know Dr Sang! Like, the one thing I'm good at in this universe! How am I supposed to do this scholarship interview when I can't even rebut the QUENTIN shippers, ugh... *(sighs)*

I'm sorry, Mom... maybe you were right, after all... maybe I should have just, like, stayed in Moghbeli Dome on Luna, and done all my homework like you wanted, and then I could've, I could've been a lawyer instead of an idiot fool... I gave my whole life for Dr Sang and when I get the chance to do something heroic... I'm just... a mess...

*[Static begins to play. Through it, we hear some indistinct voices, possibly more broadcasts, but it's impossible to make them out. Dramatic music starts to build. Then, suddenly, it all stops, and we hear Ship:]*

## SHIP

(A) In accordance with emergency protocol, we are now entering orbit. Landing zone to be determined shortly.

**PASCAL**

Ship! Orbit of WHAT?!?

**SHIP**

(A) Unknown planetary body.

**PASCAL**

You – you heard me?

**SHIP**

(A) Connection reestablished.

*(up-chime)*

(H) Pod two! You can hear me!

*[Having heard that, every single character tries to speak at once. It's complete chaos, but through the noise, the following lines can be made out, overlapping on top of one another:]*

**MALACHI**

Oh, thank the stars! Ship, you can  
hear us again! Oh, I missed you,

**PASCAL**

Ship, what are we orbiting?!

**TRIP**

Pascal?

**LOWKEY**

Can we hear each other? Rock and roll!  
Woh, are you there, can you hear me?

**WOH**

Lowkey, I can hear you!

**POD TEN**

Is that- Is that-?

**NO**

Kid? Kid!

**ALYSS**

This yelling, it's productive, is it?

**MALACHI**

Hey, everyone, settle down? Please?  
Settle down now! Tarsul? Captain  
Tarsul, come in? Oh, this is silly –  
Ship, I'm using my override, keep  
everyone on the channel but mute them,  
please.

**SHIP**

*(down-chime)*

(H) Understood, Malachi.

*[Blessed silence.]*

**MALACHI**

Hi, everyone! This is your flight  
attendant, Malachi Tessera. I'm so  
pleased to be back in contact with  
you! I'm- look, I'm really sorry to  
have to take the mic here, but it  
won't be for long, I promise – right  
now we need to do a roll call, just to  
make sure everyone's accounted for.  
Ship, take it away.

**SHIP**

(A) Pod one.

*(up-chime)*

*[Pause.]*

**MALACHI**

Is, uh - can- can whoever's in pod one  
say hi?

**TRIP**

Excuse me? Hi, uh... can you hear me  
now?

**MALACHI**

Yes!

**SHIP**

(A) Please identify yourself.

**TRIP**

Oh, uh, Valencio Triptych. I go by  
Trip.

*(down-chime)*

**SHIP**

*(up-chime)*

(A) Passenger identified. Valencio  
"Trip" Triptych. Pod two.

**PASCAL**

*(up-chime)*

Trip? Trip, honey, I love you!

**MALACHI**

I'm so sorry, Pascal, you two can talk  
in a moment, I promise, but right now  
we need to sort out who's-

**PASCAL**

Right, right, sorry - Pascal. Pascal  
Almagest. Passenger.

*(down-chime)*

**SHIP**

*(up-chime)*

(A) Passenger identified. Pascal  
Almagest. Pod three.

**WOH**

Woh Ollum! Lowkey? Lowkey, I'm okay!  
Don't you dare turn off my c-  
*(cut off with a down-chime)*

**SHIP**

*(up-chime)*

(A) Passenger identified. Woh Ollum.  
Pod four.

**LOWKEY**

*(up-chime)*

Awesome! About Gardens is back in  
action! Lowkey Madigan here. Over and  
out.

*(down-chime)*

**SHIP**

*(up-chime)*

(A) Passenger identified. Lowkey  
Madigan. Pod five pre-identified.  
Alyss Obelus.

**ALYSS**

*(up-chime)*

Fuck.

**MALACHI**

Hmm? Oh! Oh okay, good job, Ship!

**ALYSS**

*(through gritted teeth)*

Yeah. Good job, Ship.

*(down-chime)*

**SHIP**

(A) Pod six.

**KUZHA**

*(up-chime)*

Oh, hello? This is Kuzha Tvask, and I am kind of scared right now and I would really rather not be mute—

*(cut off with a down-chime)*

**MALACHI**

We're so sorry, Kuzha, just bear with us for a moment! We won't get through it if everyone talks at once.

**SHIP**

*(up-chime)*

(A) Passenger identified. Kuzha Tvask. Pod seven.

**NO**

*(up-chime)*

No Go here, ya hunk of junk, hurry up so we can all get off this—

*(cut off with a down-chime)*

**SHIP**

*(up-chime)*

(A) Passenger identified. No Go. Pod eight pre-identified. Flight attendant Malachi Tessera. Pod nine pre-identified. Captain Tarsul <Groupnamevaluenu>.

**MALACHI**

Hey, Captain, you there?

**TARSUL**

You can't mute me, Malachi.

**MALACHI**

Nice to hear from you, too.

**TARSUL**

If that's it for your little schoolkid exercise, we've got-

**SHIP**

(H) My apologies, Captain Tarsul.  
There is still one more pod to identify.

**TARSUL**

There can't be. There were nine people in total aboard-

**SHIP**

(A) Pod ten.  
(*up-chime*)

[*Pod Ten gasps.*]

**MALACHI**

It's okay, pod ten, you're not in trouble!

**TARSUL**

Oh, I don't know about-

**MALACHI**

Tarsul.

**POD TEN**

I plead the fifth?

**TARSUL**

Who are you and what does that mean?

**POD TEN**

I... I don't know, I saw it in an old movie once? It, like, means I don't have to say anything.

**SHIP**

(H) 'I plead the fifth' is a phrase associated with the self-incrimination clause of the Fifth Amendment of the United States of America, a former nation-state of Earth that dissolved after the-

**TARSUL**

Ship. Be quiet. I'm not a lawyer, but that sounds like a steaming hot pile of slurry. You're in J-Gov jurisdiction, Pod Ten. Identify yourself. Now.

**POD TEN**

Fine - I'm a stowaway! I needed to... get to a place, like, for a thing, uh, without my m- um, without anyone knowing I was going, so I hid on your ship. I'm really sorry.

**TARSUL**

Yeah, I'm sure you're sorry it *exploded*.

**POD TEN**

That had NOTHING to do with me, I swear!

**TARSUL**

I'm still not hearing YOUR NAME.

**POD TEN**

I - uh, can you please just call me, like, Pod Ten? There's someone I don't want to find out that I'm on this flight - and I swear it has nothing to do with the explosion! Nothing at all! Uh, Malachi can like, vouch for me?

**MALACHI**

Tarsul, what's the harm in just calling them 'Pod Ten'?

**TARSUL**

Malachi, the ship may be gone, but this is still my flight, and I make the rules here. I don't appreciate your attitude or what a sucker you can be for sob stories. Unidentified stowaway, I don't think you appreciate the gravity of our situation.

**POD TEN**

We're, like, in zero gravity.

**TARSUL**

What did you say?

**POD TEN**

Nothing!

**TARSUL**

IF we make it out of this - that IS A BIG IF - we will ALL be debriefed by J-Gov. There is a suspicion of foul play. I noticed just before getting

into the pod that the cockpit had been broken into, and the ship's course was re-set.

**SHIP**

(H) Was it? Oh dear.

**TARSUL**

Our flight attendant's incompetence in not backing up the pod installs of the AI software might have actually saved us in the sense that whatever... modifications this interloper made to the AI, we know *this* install is free of them.

**MALACHI**

Ta-da!

**SHIP**

(H) That's a relief!

**TARSUL**

So I say again, unidentified interloper, I don't care who you're so scared of, there is no way your involvement goes unnoticed if we get rescued. And if we don't get rescued, you'll be dead. Therefore, you **WILL** identify yourself, now.

**POD TEN**

*(deep sigh)*

Fine. My name is... Chasma Jump Cannon.

**SHIP**

(A) Passenger identified. Chasma Jump Cannon.

**MALACHI**

*(whistles)*

That is the single most SKIPPER name I  
have ever heard of.

**CHASMA**

I've never been skipping, I just,  
like, thought it sounded cool...

**TARSUL**

*(sighs)*

Now was that so hard?

**CHASMA**

My mom's gonna KILL ME...  
*(down-chime)*

**MALACHI**

Oh, Captain!

**TARSUL**

What.

**MALACHI**

The others! They're still muted!

**TARSUL**

Soon, soon. Ship.

**SHIP**

(H) Yes, Captain?

**TARSUL**

Communications system status.

**SHIP**

(H) Communications systems are nominal. The concerns were only ever external, due to the interference. We seem to have now travelled beyond the area of high interference.

**TARSUL**

Are you still sending out a distress signal?

**SHIP**

(H) Yes.

**TARSUL**

Do you know if the signal made it out, past the interference?

**SHIP**

(H) I do not know. It is unlikely, but the longer I keep trying the more of a cha-

**TARSUL**

Stop. I order you to stop sending out distress signals.

**MALACHI**

Tarsul, stars, why would you want to do that?

**TARSUL**

Ship, mute Malachi.

**MALACHI**

But-

*(cut off with a down-chime)*

**SHIP**

(H) I'm sorry, Malachi.

**TARSUL**

Did you stop sending distress signals?

**SHIP**

(H) Sending distress signals is part of my emergency protocol, and therefore requires a verbal override in addition to the order. My goal after customer satisfaction is to keep YOU safe!

**TARSUL**

Surfaced cheap model. I override that part of your emergency protocol.

**SHIP**

(H) Understood. I have stopped sending out distress signals.

**TARSUL**

You also mentioned a landing zone.

**SHIP**

(H) My emergency protocol dictates that in the event that passengers and crew enter escape pods, a course should be charted for the nearest planet, in the absence of other navigational orders. Abiding by AAA, lightflights only venture near planets with hab domes. Therefore, landing on one maximises the opportunity for rescue.

**TARSUL**

Whoever coded that should be fired immediately. Ship, listen very closely: do not land. Scrap the landing plan. Just... keep us in orbit. Are all... (*ugh*) TEN pods in orbit?

**SHIP**

(H) Yes, Captain, all ten pods are in orbit! Landing on the nearest planet is part of my emergency protocol, and therefore requi-

**TARSUL**

Stop. I override your emergency protocol. Keep us in orbit.

**SHIP**

(H) Understood. I am aborting the landing procedure and maintaining our orbits.

*[Tense music begins to play over the following monologue.]*

**TARSUL**

*(deep breath)*

Now. I'm sure you're all wondering why I did that. Probably a lot of you want to punch me, or yell at me. Too bad. That's quite impossible in our current situation. Well, the punching, anyway. You can yell at me, but I won't care, and I can always mute you. Landing on that planet won't help us. Nobody lives down there. There's nobody down there who can rescue you. And yet, I know that one of you wanted very badly for us to land there. Enough that they were willing to blow

up our *ship* and get us all in this mess to do it. So, before we do anything else, we are going to find out who that person is. I'm just about to unmute you all. You can do whatever you want – speak to each other on separate channels, have your little lovers' trysts, whatever. But remember – Ship hears everything you do and say, now that its comms work. And Ship follows MY orders. I will speak with you all, one by one, until I find out just who blew up my 999 and dragged us all to this surfaced place. I will keep us here as LONG AS IT TAKES. Trust me. I can last longer without food or water than any of you.

*[Beat. The music ends.]*

**SHIP**

(H) Captain? I am being asked by multiple people if you would like me to unmute. Although the phrasing is not quite so polite.

**TARSUL**

Ahhh. I was just savouring the silence, heh. Yes. Unmute them all.

*[There is an up-chime as everyone is unmuted. Chaos again. The following lines overlap and are difficult to hear over one another.]*

**PASCAL**

Ship, please, I'd like to speak with Trip alone!

**LOWKEY**

WOH BABY I MISSED THE HELL OUT OF YOU  
LET'S TALK!

**SHIP**

(H) Understood. Understood.

**MALACHI**

Tarsul, why would you get rid of the  
distress signal, you've never done  
something like this before-

**NO**

I don't appreciate being treated like  
this, and no, I'm not ashamed to play  
the age card, I'm too old for this-

**CHASMA**

It was Alyss!

**KUZHA**

Captain, you have NO RIGHT to declare  
martial law like this-

**TARSUL**

Yeah yeah yeah, let it all out...

*[Chasma's voice rises above the noise.]*

**CHASMA**

IT WAS ALYSS!

*[Everyone who is still on the line goes silent. Alyss laughs.]*

**TARSUL**

Say that again, Chasma?

**CHASMA**

It, um, it was Pod Five, Alyss, that's her name. I, I like, um, recognise the voice. I saw her go into the cockpit in the middle of the night – and, um, she's got this like, weird suitcase? It glows and looks like a bird in a boat and she PROMISED she wouldn't stop us getting to Sirius but Lamth, like, CLEARLY that was a lie-

**ALYSS**

Oh, that's rich! What, is mine the only name you can remember somehow, you figure you'll just make a bunch of noise to save your own ass, stowaway?

*[a short burst of static]*

I haven't done anything to anybody. A lot's been done TO ME, though – Captain Tarsul, I wanna know what this unexpected planet is and how you know so much about it!

**NO**

Kid, where are you getting this from?

*[More static.]*

**CHASMA**

No Go, please back me up!

**ALYSS**

Huh. Do you two know each other?

**SHIP**

(H) I'm sorry to interrupt.

**CHASMA**

N - no - uh, see, I can remember other people's names! That was No Go! I definitely haven't met them before! But we just did roll call and, like, what a silly name!

**NO**

It's pronounced No Go. And yours is sillier.

*[Static again.]*

**SHIP**

(H) I'm sorry to interrupt.

**CHASMA**

ALYSS BLEW UP THE SHIP!

**ALYSS**

If you're going to slander me, at least say it to my face!

**CHASMA**

That's sort of impossible!

**TARSUL**

So, Alyss<sup>1</sup>, tell me more about your time on Plutonic 999.

*[Even more static.]*

**ALYSS**

It's Alyss<sup>2</sup>. Are you REALLY taking a stowaway's side over mine???

**TARSUL**

Not necessarily.

**MALACHI**

I want to hear some explanations from you too, Alyss.

**TARSUL**

Hm, well. Like I said, we have all the time in-

*[More static, this time accompanied by loud music that quickly fades.]*

**TARSUL**

Skarg, what now?

**???**

What's up, spacers? This is Titan actual transmitting to you from down on the surface of-

**KUZHA**

Is this the rowing thing again???

**NO**

Oh, stars, not more radio DJs...

**???**

What? Uh, no, this is Jawn! Jawn Batalha! Hi there, everyone!

**ALYSS**

Oh stars...

**CHASMA**

*(gasp)*

You're real! Respond to what I'm saying!

**JAWN**

Umm... response?

**CHASMA**

A person !

**MALACHI**

Welcome, Jawn!

**KUZHA**

Are you rescue?

**SHIP**

I'm sorry to interrupt. We are receiving an outside transmission from the planet's surface.

**JAWN**

Yeah, I'm down on the rogue. Howdy, folks! Wow, there are a lot of you! More than I was expecting, but hey, I suppose there's room for all of you on the Titan? Looks like you've had a real rough time of it.

**NO**

A rogue?

**TARSUL**

Mx. Batalha. I'm Captain Tarsul of Plutonic Flight 999. I'm in charge here. Did you say you have a ship down on the surface?

**JAWN**

Hey, Cap! Yeah, otherwise how would I be here, y'know?

**TARSUL**

And you have air and supplies for all ten of us down there?

**JAWN**

I mean, I'm not exactly equipped for a rescue op, but I'm not gonna let you starve. Spacer's code, y'know?

**TARSUL**

Stars help me.  
Change of plans. Ship? We're landing on the planet. Now.

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

**EMMA**

Thank you for listening to ROGUEMAKER. This episode, "Uplink/Downlink", 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:

Emma Johanna Puranen as Ship

**AXANDRE**

Axandre Oge as Valencio "Trip"  
Triptych

**BONNIE**

Bonnie Calderwood Aspinwall as Pascal  
Almagest

**ALEX**

Alexandra Rose DeAngelis as Woh Ollum

**OMAR**

Omar Camps-Kamrin as Lowkey Madigan

**NHEA**

Nhea Durousseau as Alyss Obelus

**LIZ**

Liz Morey as Kuzha Tvask

**SAM Y.**

Sam Yeow as No Go

**ALASDAIR**

Alasdair Stuart as Malachi Tessera

**STEPHEN**

Stephen Indrisano as Tarsul

**ROOK**

Rook Mogavero as Chasma Jump Cannon

**EMMA**

And:

**SAM L.**

Sam LaPorte as Jawn Batalha

**EMMA**

Last but not least, our vibe checker  
was:

## **BRUCE THE CAT**

Mrow!

## **EMMA**

For transcripts and more, check out our website, [roguemaker.space](http://roguemaker.space).

If you're set to Hospitality Mode and want to support ROGUEMAKER, please consider rating and reviewing us on your podcatcher of choice. You can also follow @roguemakerpod on Twitter and Instagram, or tell a friend about us. Spacer's code, y'know?

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

## **TRANSCRIBER'S NOTE:**

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