

UB RADIO SALON: 889, January 26, 2025
The Fourth Sunday Players: "NASTEROID"

Premise:

A trip to the Galactic Library causes our crew to encounter a portal inside to the NASTEROID, a hyperSpansive planetRoom where the library stores all of their NASA-related ephemera. We spend our music breaks playing NASA tapes at each other.

Character Motivations:

We're all big nerds.

Meta Show Notes Above!

"Script" STARTS HERE!

Hour 1

<Crickets Sound>

Comics weekly man _____ Plays

<Announcement Music Begins>

<"NASAClip1.aif" Plays> (Play about 10 seconds of clip, then duck behind Ninah's VO. Let it play behind the scene until the "music" starts for Hour 1. Then you can cut it off.)

<Performance Note: Certainly, it is very atypical of us to have you two do the VO work like this, leading into the performance. We've done our best to capture something that you two would actually say, but I think you two can and should improvise this section. Have a little fun with it. Make it a little surreal. Since we're waiting for your cue, the only important plot detail is that you start picking up our signal somehow, and you're not sure why...>

NinaH: Um. OK. OK?

Is this on?

I have to do it?

OK.

Greetings, radio listeners.

You've been listening to **Comics weekly man**

And now... time for UB RADIO SALON episode ____
live experimental sound session with Big City Orchestra
...and *maybe* The 4th Sunday Players Austin Rich and univac...
narrowcasting on DFM RADIO INTERNATIONAL.

NinaH: (Cont.) Join us on the DFM chat or Discord during the show - links at DFM.NU.
And now, onto part one of our narrowcast...I hope.
Are they—

<Cut back to: "NASAClip1.aif," which was playing behind this segment. After this plays a couple more seconds, cut to "Static.aif">

<Let the static play for an uncomfortably long period of time, then mix under dialog>

dAs: Uh, guys? Austin? univac?
This is a pretty long delay, even for you two.
What's going on?
I mean, Dead Air is Good Air, but where's the signal from the SquircUbe?

NinaH: What's up?
I thought you were playing the signal from the SquircUbe?
Where's Austin and univac?

dAs: I don't know!
All I'm getting is radio static.
Normally I'd just let this run for several hours,
but these guys usually insist on something a bit more...chaotic.

NinaH: Should I play a little keyboard music while we try to sort this out?

dAs: Sure.
That'll give me a chance to pull up this rare Firesign Theater recording I just got from a collector online.
<make up something funny and improbable, about both the recording and the collector>

NinaH: Okay. Give me a second to get this rig connected to your mixer—

dAs: Hang on...
I'm getting something...
I'm not sure where it's coming from...
...How are they getting it into *that* buss channel?

NinaH: Well, what is it?

* * * * *

Begin Performing For Hour 1

(Musically, we are playing NASA Tapes at each other with buckets of delay.
Ninah should play spacey synths.)

* * * * *

<Near The End of Hour 1, duck music under voice.>

<dAs put mild phaser/flange on voices>

univac: <normal voice> ...Thank you. Please find us.

<in robotic voice> Repeat...This is repeat number 10,066 of message ID 23:45/SOS:

<normal voice> This is a distress call from the Squircube:

We are stuck in...on? some sort of NASTEROID.

Austin: I think we're *inside* of the Galactic Library, but *on the surface of* the inside of a planetRoom...

univac: Austin! Hang on...I'm recordio-ing our distress signal.

...We were searching the Galactic Library in an effort to find a manual to repair our water dispensing units, since our water was running low, and some of us *will* need to drink eventually if we want to keep living.

Gargleblasters only hydrate so much—sometimes inversely when they eject violently...

Austin: Focus! We only have so much power. I still can't find an outlet...

univac: We squeezed the SquircUbe into the Southern entrance, through the Brobdingnag Door, and just as we cycled the port airlock we were violently transported through some kind of hyperSpansive portal and ended up installed into the permanent extraneous displays area inside of something called The NASTEROID.

Austin: Some kind of filing/new acquisitions mixup, I'd imagine...

univac: I'm sure. Does this pod look even remotely designed by NASA?

After we...landed...we now can't seem to take off again.

Austin: And there's a plaque, with our names on it...

Shouldn't someone, I don't know, like a librarian or archivist or something walk through here, ever?

univac: So, while we wait for someone to hear our distress signal, we've been narrowcasting on all available frequencies hours and hours of these NASA recordios we found in the nearby exhibits.

I focused our signal through a nearby nebula and skipped it across a series of suns of descending gravitational magnitude that seems to be adding a ridiculous amount of delay.

Hopefully someone might be able to hear us.

Austin: I think it sounds pretty cool.

I'm a big fan of Gus Grissom.

univac: Gus...?

Austin: NASA astronaut. He was the second AmerEarther to fly in space.

He was also the second AmerEarther to fly in space twice.

I really relate to his second banana-ness.

univac: Pathetic.

...If anyone can hear this message, we are at Galactic Coordinates: G6_GaLib_Xac.B3_Stasis.

Yes, it's within the planetoid storage belt owned by the Galactic Library for their extraneous and themed collections, **univac**: (Cont.) where they hyperShunted the entire NASA collection of A/V materials. And, apparently also the SquircUbe, along with us, inside.

Austin: Without a lot of water, we may want to mention. Or was that clear from the earlier bit about repairing our dispensing units?

univac: We should be easy to spot; we're the only SquircUbe there. Can anyone hear this? If so, please send a...librarian or docent or mystical janitor with a hyper-key-ring to fix this mixup? I don't want to be part of a permanent archive.

Austin: And could someone bring us large amounts of individually bottled water? We've got mountains of tang here, and I wanna start selling bottled Tang to Library Hipsters at a massive markup.

univac: Library...Hipsters? Where have you seen any such thing? Or anyone? There's no one here!

Austin: But when they finally show up, we'll be ready to sell them something cool and refreshing at the typical Library Hipster markup. What are they gonna do? Bring their own hydroflask?

univac: This message will repeat on a loop, indefinitely, until we're rescued, or until I forget and turn it off. Thank you. Please find us.

<pause>

univac: <in robotic voice> Repeat...This is repeat number 10,067 of message ID 23:45.SOS: —

<SFX zzzzt... fizzle>

Hour 2

Alice in blunderland Plays

<Announcement Music Begins>

<Performance Note: Again, you should improvise this section. Have a little fun with it. The only plot element to mention is that you somehow found us, again, coming through a different channel...>

NinaH: Did you hear that? Before Alice.
I think that was them.

dAs: Yeah, their signal somehow got into one of my matrix mixers.
So much damn delay...
Just do the announcement.
I've gotta check something...

NinaH: OK.
Welcome back radio listeners
We've just returned from the INTERMISSION segment with

Alice in blunderland

And, I think a bit of Austin and univac before that.
They sound like they're stuck somewhere?

You're listening to UB RADIO SALON episode 889.
live experimental sounds with big city orchestra and The 4th Sunday Players.
on DFM Radio DFM.nu.

And now, onto part two of our narrowcast.

dAs: There!
I think I found them...how did they get there?

<SFX Big Clunking Switch>

<dAs put phaser/flange over voices>

univac: ... any luck?

Austin: With us? If we do have any luck, it's probably bad.
Or worse: ironic, the most misunderstood kind of luck.

univac: I just know how you love reading manuals, so I was hoping your passion would apply to End User License Agreements, too?

Austin: Oh, yeah. I totally finished it. Fantastic! A EULA-de force! Five stars!
I thought the sub-plot about the importance of respecting copyright to be fascinating,
but I was wondering when it would connect up to the rest of the main story.
Seemed sort of tacked on, needlessly, in a cheap effort to make money, or something.

univac: Your book reviews are becoming a little more succinct, and yet, only slightly less political.

Austin: Those public affairs shows allow you only so much time if you wanna submit to them.
They don't pay, but seeing your name in Chyron can't be beat!

univac: Well, inside that several-feet wide, five-star manual we found,
did you read anything about why we might now be officially relegated as "property" of NASA?
I don't remember agreeing to anything like that.

Austin: Well, you know, The *Van Pattens* are very good at obfuscating legally-compromising agreements into
unexpected places, and even situations.

univac: The Van...?

Austin: You know. The *Van Pattens*. *Those* guys.
THEM.

univac: Uh. Yeah....

....
Perhaps...in some of those many EULA's I absent-mindedly agreed to without even pretending to read
them, sure, I might have agreed to any number of things, in any number of situations.
But...I wouldn't really remember anything like that, anyway,
due to all EULA's non-disclosure mandatory memory-wipe policy.

Austin: Memory-what now? I don't remember anything like that.

univac: So sweet, and yet, so simple. EULA-splain me, now!

Austin: As near as I can figure, it all goes back to when we both signed up for those Tik-Toke accounts.

univac: That cool new smokable social media everyone's talking about?

<Play "*TikTokeCommercial.aif*" file>

<1st pass>

Voice 1: Imagine washing your brain in the vitriol of trillions of sentients.

Voice 2: Breathe in the Ideology.

Voice 1: Injecting your visual sensors with the latest holographic hate.

Voice 2: Breathe out the rationality.

Voice 1: Take a toke—Tik-Toke.

Voice 2: You've entered a Mindless State of being.

Voice 1: Scrolling Subatomic Propaganda—

Both Voices: It's in your lungs.

Voice 1: Relax. Now, pass it from the left hand side?

Austin: That's the one. Now with 95% more tarry social toxins than the leading brands!
I dare any government to take away my Tik-Toke! I'll fight you for it!

univac: Settle down, you crazy kid. <pretend to take a hit off a vape pen>
How could something completely harmless like agreeing to the egregious demands of smokable social media be the cause of all our problems?

Austin: Apparently one of the things we agreed to is becoming official property of NASA if *slash* when we step onto either Cape Canaveral OR... if we end up on the NASTEROID, though it didn't specify exactly *where* the NASTEROID was in the EULA. <quieter> Not even a complicated ARG that might lead us to it.

So I guess we found it.

univac: That seems like the most ridiculous stipulation in a EULA I can imagine.
And, weirdly hyper-specific...

Austin: Careful what you wish for.
And read the EULA.
Always read the EULA...

univac: I mean, if I read each EULA, not only would I not be here right now, because I'd be sitting way back on my home-fabricator still reading the damn thing!
And, I'd never do anything cool because I would never agree to any of their egregious demands.
I had to sign about 300of them just to pilot the SquircUbe, something the wizard I got the thing from insisted was necessary before it would even work.

Austin: I find that hard to—

univac: I never did, but still I was *supposed* to...

Austin: Okay, that makes more sense.

univac: Well, there's only one thing left for us to do in a circumstance like this.

Austin: Certainly we have more options than —

univac: It's clear that we need to play some hypnotic space music that will attract a Space Lawyer, so we can use their evil-genius talents to undo this, and leverage our way out of this sticky contract.

Austin: That's... not... *exactly* what I thought you were gonna say—
I was going to try to flag down a passing librarian, maybe get their phone number...
Oh, and see if they could get us out of here.
But I'm totally game!
Space Lawyer Hypnosis Music on my mark!

Three... Two... One... Blast off!

Begin Performing For Hour 2

(Musically, we are playing Space Lawyer Hypnosis Music, soothing, slow, quiet music.)

<near the end of the hour>

NinaH: Well, those guys really do know how to send out a distress call.

dAs: Wait a second....

They're back on their normal channels (*whatever channels Austin and univac are on in dAs' mixer*) !
How the heck did they—?

univac: Oh, we've been here the whole time...
we got out of that antiquarian spacedust trap quite some time ago.
Sorry, I guess I forgot to turn off the emergency distress recordio.

Austin: I do appreciate the speed with which that Space Lawyer was able to work their evil magic.

univac: Yeah, that music attracted Space Lawyers like moths to a carbide lamp!
Too bad it took so long to actually hook one...

Austin: Yeah, we had to bring out the big treble grapples to snag 'em.
Seems I'm barely traumatized after having been stranded on that NASTEROID for an entire month!

univac: Oh, yeah. I'm sure that will hardly leave many long-term impressions on my — hold on a second:

<Play "univacScream.aif" file>

Uh. Sorry, where was I..?

Oh, yes: will hardly leave many long-term impressions on my mind.

Austin: I can tell.

univac: It's nice to be moving again.
I didn't realize how boring it is not to be traveling to our next gig.

Austin: I'm sure there's more boring things we could engage in.

univac: Like?

Austin: Isn't it your turn to book our next tour?

univac: Sigh. Maybe we can just play another gig on that NASTEROID. Thinking about our next tour is already making me nostalgic for being stranded, away from other people...

Austin: Perhaps you should just read the end announcement, and we can work out the rest next time.

univac: That wraps up UB RADIO SALON ____

we hope you enjoyed tonight's narrowcast
on DFM.nu

Archives and podcasts of UB RADIO SALON available at UBUIBI.ORG
courtesy of the Internet Archive

[univac](#): (Cont.) and of course at the Galactic Library, where you'll find the entire collection of NASA equipment, media, and ephemera, minus one SquircUbe, thanks to the unwitting but easily hooked Space Lawyer who untangled our inadvertent EULA commitment mess.

[Austin](#): Seriously. You are the best, Dirk. Send us the bill, and we promise to only dodge paying it for a few years.

[univac](#): Check out the DFM radio schedule for more live programs worldwide and the UB EVENTS PORTAL at UBUIBI.ORG for weekly, monthly & spontaneous online shows on our favorite free and DIY networks from around the planet.

Thanks for listening!