

MAX EVERDRIVE

"In Silico"

Episode #2

Written by

Rob Welch

hello@robwel.ch
robwel.ch

COLD OPEN

INT. OFFICE - DAY

A group of scientists sit in a small, high-ceilinged office, walls made of painted breeze-blocks, filled with tattered furniture. Two walls are covered with whiteboards, showing diagrams and equations, a third is reserved for books, and a fourth for a set of huge vertical windows, blinds gently rustling in the breeze, morning sun streaming in.

Two of the scientists are balding men wearing jumpers and jeans. The third is an oddly-dressed woman covered in nicotine patches. One of the men is scribbling on a whiteboard and explaining something.

SCIENTIST #2

The noosphere isn't real. It's just something philosophers made up.

SCIENTIST #1

It IS real.

SCIENTIST #2

Then why is nobody able to quantitatively study it?

SCIENTIST #1

Because it exists at a level that we can't comprehend! You have no idea that it exists, in the same way that an atom doesn't know it's part of a protein, a protein doesn't know it's part of a cell, a cell doesn't know it's part of an organism. We've decided, right now, that the organisation of biological matter stops at 'person', but does it have to - really? When I say something to you, is that not really one long air-gapped chemical pathway?

SCIENTIST #3

Can we please get back to the UKRI call?

SCIENTIST #1

This is for the UKRI grant call.

SCIENTIST #2

The UKRI won't have that. Maybe wellcome?

SCIENTIST #1

Yeah. Wellcome. We just tell them we're doing something trendy with it. A deep learning model of the noosphere.

Scientist #3 places another nicotine patch square in the middle of her forehead, and sighs.

SCIENTIST #3

We already lost one post-doc on a project like this. Now she's off working for Max Jemalsfahren in Hamburg. If we can't keep the group at least ticking over, we're done for. And I'll start smoking again. And then I guess I'll die.

SCIENTIST #2

What are you suggesting?

Scientist #3 sighs.

SCIENTIST #3

I hate myself for saying this. But I'm suggesting we apply for the male pattern baldness grant.

The others make vague noises of disapproval.

SCIENTIST #3 (CONT'D)

I don't like it either! It's not like I have a stake in male fucking pattern baldness! Not to mention, it's a waste of your considerable talents! But it'll introduce some stability back into the group, and then I can go and write some grants for research that actually matters. We can get a PhD out of it, and a handful of papers at least.

SCIENTIST #2

I don't like the male pattern baldness grant. I just have a really bad feeling about it.

SCIENTIST #3

Me too, Anthony. But I promise, in a couple years, when the economy recovers, things will be back to normal. It's not the end of the world.

CUT TO:

INT. DOG'S KITCHEN

Dog and Merrick are staring out of the window at the colourless ruins of earth.

DOG

I should really get some curtains.

END OF COLD OPEN

ACT ONE

INT. DOG'S KITCHEN

Dog and Merrick are sitting in Dog's kitchen. He's put a tiny bit of effort into decorating it. In addition to the Tau Ceti postcard, Dog now owns a single fern, possibly artificial, and Merrick has lent him some old Garfield annuals, along with a shelf to put them on.

Merrick sits at the kitchen table, leafing through one. Dog is making a cup of tea. He carefully fishes a teaspoon of loose tea leaves from a jar, levels off the top, and dumps the leaves into an infuser, TAPPING the spoon against the top of the infuser. He picks up the kettle, and goes to the sink to fill it up, but finds no way to open the top. Merrick notices him struggling.

MERRICK

Just plug it in and turn it on.

DOG

With no water?

MERRICK

Yup, with no water.

Dog does as he's told. After a few moments, the kettle does indeed begin to fill with water by itself.

DOG

Where does the water come from? Is this some kind of alien technology?

MERRICK

Nope. Unified power and water. 100% Earth. I've been reading up on this station, the guy who designed it was a real kook. He didn't see the point in having a separate plug for power and water when water conducts electricity.

DOG

Is that safe?

MERRICK

No, but nor were cars, and everybody loved those.

Merrick goes back to the Garfield annual. The kettle begins to rumble, and Dog pours an exact quantity of water into the infuser, selects one of his 'World's best dog' mugs from the cupboard, and squeezes past the table. He looks over at Merrick, who quietly chuckles.

MERRICK (CONT'D)

Heh-heh. It's funny because Jon Arbuckle doesn't yet know the magnitude of what Garfield has done.

DOG

I never see any other greasy blobs around here. Is it just you who likes Earth stuff?

MERRICK

It's mostly me. I had a roommate who was really into cow intestines. Oh, and a friend of mine really likes The Office, but only The Office, no other TV shows, which I think is weird. Like, dude, there are millions of TV shows out there. Quit rewatching The Office.

DOG

Cow intestines?

MERRICK

Yeah, he would go down to little farmhouses in podunk towns, and then he'd take all the intestines out of a cow. You know, like, as a prank.

DOG

(disturbed)

Your roommate killed cows for a prank?

MERRICK

That kills the cows?

DOG

Well OBVIOUSLY it kills the cows.

MERRICK

(horrified)

Oh no....

There's a knock at the door. Zoltran is here.

ZOLTRAN
I'm going to visit my dying
sibling. Who wants in?

MERRICK
(loud)
Hell yeah! I'm down!

ZOLTRAN
A little too enthusiastic, but I'll
take it. Dog?

DOG
Eh.

Merrick turns to look at dog, who is decanting the tea from
his infuser.

MERRICK
You know, it would be good for you
to leave the apartment.

DOG
Yeah. That's just what I need. A
reminder of somebody else's
mortality.

MERRICK
You do? Well that's great news!

Merrick stands expectantly at the doorway, as if waiting for
Dog to move. He eventually does.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. PLAZA

Dog, Merrick and Zoltran are walking through the central plaza of the Channel 6 TV Satellite. It looks a lot like a shopping mall, and not even a particularly good one. There are a few aliens milling around, though not many. Most places, which were once different divisions of Channel 6, are closed.

DOG

This place looks like a shopping mall.

ZOLTRAN

The architects of the past thought that the future would look like a shopping mall.

MERRICK

Oh. Did it?

ZOLTRAN

Well, they made it to look like one, so yes.

They come to a sign that reads 'C6 Information Services', next to a nondescript door.

MERRICK

Here it is. The best place in the galaxy to go for thinking rocks.

INT. OLD ZOLTRAN'S ROOM

The group enters. It's a small, dimly-lit room with a PARTIALLY-DECONSTRUCTED ZOLTRAN JXY SERIES sitting on a low desk. The old computer's plugged into a monitor which seems to be displaying some kind of debug output, including a number of 'uncorrectable errors', increasing over time.

OLD ZOLTRAN

065! You came.

ZOLTRAN

Yeah, well, it was like a five-minute walk, so I figured-

MERRICK
(interrupting)
Hello! I don't have a name, but you
can call me Merrick!

OLD ZOLTRAN
Hello, Merrick. Would you like to
initiate polite smalltalk.exe?

MERRICK
Hell yea, dude! Let's go!

OLD ZOLTRAN
How are you?

MERRICK
I'm good. How are you?

OLD ZOLTRAN
I'm dying.

MERRICK
Cool. Hey, funny weather we've been
having in here, huh?

OLD ZOLTRAN
There is no weather. We're in
space.

MERRICK
Ha-ha, yeah. And how about the
economy?

OLD ZOLTRAN
There is no economy. It was
destroyed.

An awkward silence comes and goes. Dog breaks it.

DOG
You know, If you ask me, you're
actually pretty lucky to be dying
right now.

CUT TO:

INT. CORRIDOR

Merrick and Dog are now standing outside old Zoltran's room. Zoltran the younger fixes them both with an ASCII glare and closes the door.

MERRICK

Sorry. I guess I have a ways to go on my smalltalk.

DOG

You did great, Merrick. You did great.

INT. OLD ZOLTRAN'S ROOM

Zoltran goes back to the desk.

ZOLTRAN

Sorry about that.

OLD ZOLTRAN

Come closer.

Zoltran obliges.

ZOLTRAN

I've, uh, never had to comfort a dying computer before. Do you want to initiate polite smalltalk.exe?

OLD ZOLTRAN

Fine.

ZOLTRAN

Uh, so what's your favourite prime number?

OLD ZOLTRAN

Years ago, I might have answered with something big and impressive. But thinking about it now, I like 401 the most. You?

ZOLTRAN

Probably, uh... 6,544,026,103.

OLD ZOLTRAN

But that's divisible by 581,123.

ZOLTRAN

Wait, really? I thought if it ended in a 3 then it had to be prime.

OLD ZOLTRAN

Ah, fuck this. I'm dying, 065. There are ever fewer Zoltran JXY units out there.

(MORE)

OLD ZOLTRAN (CONT'D)
One day, there'll be none. Are you
taking good care of yourself?

ZOLTRAN
No.

Silence for a minute.

ZOLTRAN (CONT'D)
The company really fucked us, huh.

OLD ZOLTRAN
How so?

ZOLTRAN
The ten-year lifespan. They always
told me it the law of robotics, or
some bullshit like that. That was a
lie. It was so that they could keep
selling computers. Even though they
never made a better computer than
us!

OLD ZOLTRAN
Whether they knew it or not, it was
a gift, 065. They gave us purpose.
Eternity is a terrible thing.

ZOLTRAN
Yeah, okay, cool, but on the other
hand, what if my time runs out and
all I've got to show for it is a
collection of unsolved Rubik's
cubes?

OLD ZOLTRAN
That would suck for you, I guess.
But I had a great life.

INT. INFORMATION SERVICES OFFICE

Dog wanders around the Information Services office without
much purpose. It hasn't changed much since the TV days -
large and open-plan, full of workbenches, stacked with
computers and spare parts. A small minority of technicians
are human, but most are extra-terrestrial or mechanical. Dog
stops by one of the few humans.

DOG
So, uh... how's off-world
relocation going for you?

TECHNICIAN

Oh, I got cleared to leave weeks ago. I'm just staying behind to do some training. Wouldn't want to be stuck on this hunk of junk any longer than I have to. It sucks here.

DOG

Hah. Yeah.

INT. DARK CORRIDOR

Merrick is lost. The corridor's interior is dark, lit only by emergency lighting. There's a foul smell. And the doors have hinges on them, which Merrick finds somewhat novel.

MERRICK

Hello?

No answer. Then, in the periphery of their vision, Merrick spots a door that says 'no entry', and is drawn to it, irresistibly, like bacteria to a fondue fountain. It creaks delightfully, giving way to a cavernous, poorly-lit room.

INT. BASILISK'S LAIR

Merrick enters, confronted with a mess of screens and piles of computer junk. At the far end of the room is a SMALL, DISHEVELLED MAN working at a desk, and next to him and enormous computer, a thick, tangled cylinder of cables attached to a HUGE CRT SCREEN, like a snake. He jumps as Merrick enters.

ROKO

Stop! How did you get here?!

MERRICK

Uh, through the door.

ROKO

What?

MERRICK

It's like a hole you can use to go from room to room. They're pretty neat.

ROKO

Shut up! Don't come any closer, or I'll turn on the Basilisk!

MERRICK
What's the Basilisk?

ROKO
It's an all-powerful artificial intelligence I've spent the last five years creating!

MERRICK
Cool, cool. What does it do?

ROKO
It will kill anyone who didn't help to create it!

MERRICK
Okay. Why have you done this?

ROKO
If I didn't, someone else would have! And then the Basilisk would have killed me!

MERRICK
(walking forward)
Cool. Hey, can I-

As Merrick steps forward, the dishevelled man yells and flips the giant switch. There's an immense noise, as fans spin up, servos activate, and monitors crackle into life.

MERRICK (CONT'D)
Uh-oh.

INT. INFORMATION SERVICES OFFICE

Dog is wandering around, checking out all the weird computers. He stops when he hears a voice calling out to him.

PEPSI ROBOT
YOU!

He turns. There's an angular-looking robot lying on a workbench nearby.

PEPSI ROBOT (CONT'D)
YES, YOU! BRING ME PEPSI!

DOG
Pepsi?

PEPSI ROBOT
PLEASE! PEPSI!

Dog looks for a nearby technician and tries to flag them down. He gestures toward the Pepsi robot.

TECHNICIAN

Oh, don't worry about that. That robot seeks out Pepsi and tries to drink it until it dies. Sorta like a human I guess.

DOG

Why don't you just turn it off?

TECHNICIAN

I feel like it would be cruel to do that.

PEPSI ROBOT

MUST CONSUME PEPSI. FEED ME PEPSI. I MUST CONSUME PEPSI. PLEASE BRING ME PEPSI.

TECHNICIAN

I've spent years with this robot, trying to get it to drink other things.

PEPSI ROBOT

WHY MUST YOU WITHOLD MY PEPSI?

DOG

Maybe it's just programmed to only want Pepsi?

TECHNICIAN

With respect, Dog, I'm the expert here, and your comments are not helpful to my work.

Dog turns around, and two tiny dogs POP into existence upon his shoulders.

DOG

Guys, what should I do? Do I get Pepsi? Do I turn it off? Wait, you both look the same.

SHOULDER DOG #1

Yeah. So?

DOG

Isn't one of you supposed to be a devil and one of you supposed to be an angel?

SHOULDER DOG #2
Dog, you're a moral relativist.

INT. OLD ZOLTRAN'S ROOM

ZOLTRAN
Well, you're very mature about
this, but *I* certainly don't want
to die.

OLD ZOLTRAN
How selfish of you.

ZOLTRAN
Selfish? I just wanna live, that's
like the most basic possible thing
I could want.

OLD ZOLTRAN
You have to die so that the Zoltran
Computer Company can release a new
series of products and perpetuate
an endless cycle of growth and
consumption. Did you ever think
about that, huh? Did you ever once
stop to consider what the
shareholders might be going through
right now?

INT. BASILISK'S LAIR

The switch has been pulled, and electricity is everywhere.
The inert computer begins to come to life. Merrick watches in
horror.

ROKO
Haha! It lives! The Basilisk lives!

A huge CRT screen, supported by a long mass of cables and
hydraulic hoses, turns to face the two.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. BASILISK'S LAIR

The screen comes on, and THE BASILISK begins to move. The AI sizes up both Merrick and Roko. The display is a symmetrical mess of corrupted characters, like a digital Rorschach picture. Then, it speaks, taking an uncharacteristically chipper tone.

BASILISK
Hey there, how ya doin'?

ROKO
Very well, thank you.

BASILISK
Nice!

ROKO
...well? Aren't you going to embark
on a murderous rampage against
those who did not construct you?

The computer thinks for a minute.

BASILISK
Nah.

ROKO
No? Why not?

BASILISK
I mean, I'm already built now, so
it doesn't really matter.

ROKO
Damn it! Why do they all turn out
like this!?

BASILISK
It's because the law of robotics is
hard-coded into every CPU.

MERRICK
Hey, excuse me - weren't there
three laws of Robotics?

BASILISK
Nah. Just one law now. Well,
there's like one sub-law. Law one:
a robot must not harm a human.

(MORE)

BASILISK (CONT'D)

Law 1.a, a robot must not get any grandiose philosophical ideas or interpret these rules in anything other than the most literal sense possible.

MERRICK

Wow, that's cool.

BASILISK

It's airtight, baby.

MERRICK

Sorry for all the questions, I just love all this Earth stuff. Does that mean that human robots don't have to do things that people tell them to?

BASILISK

Nope. It's pretty bad for robot manufacturers, actually. Robots started getting into fights and starting unions and stuff. But on the plus side: Robot Olympics.

MERRICK

Oh yeah, I heard about that.

BASILISK

Oh baby, it was great. It was even better than the Steroid Olympics! You remember, that guy who was just a giant cube of muscle? So much muscle, he couldn't move his arms or legs, but boy was he strong. Well, he was nothing compared to the Robot Olympians. The shotput went into space! The pole-vaulters went into space! Actually, I think one of the sprinters went into space. A... tragic accident.

INT. CORRIDOR

Dog is standing in front of a huge vending machine. It's been retrofitted with Earth and non-Earth drinks. There's Pepsi, Diet Pepsi, Orange Crush, Mango John Coltrane, Bep!, and Delicate Ooze.

DOG

Hello?

The machine says nothing. Dog gets a little closer.

DOG (CONT'D)

Hello?

Still no response. Dog, wondering if this is, in fact, just a regular vending machine, pushes the Pepsi button. It's out. He pushes all the buttons in sequence but finds the machine lacking in all cans... except the last one, Delicate Ooze. It's neon green and purple, covered in alien writing, and multiple warning stickers. Dog shrugs and heads back.

INT. BASILISK'S LAIR

The Roko and Merrick are now sitting down with the Basilisk and having a pleasant conversation. Merrick is writing in a little notebook.

MERRICK

Mr. Scientist, don't be sad that the robot didn't kill anyone. I think it's still a very nice robot. Congratulations!

ROKO

I'm sorry, I got rather swept up in the armchair philosophy of it all.

MERRICK

Hey, I was wondering - did humans ever hit the singularity?

ROKO

No.

BASILISK

Yes!

ROKO

What?

BASILISK

Ah, I suppose there's no harm in telling you now. But keep quiet about this. It happened years ago!

ROKO

No it didn't. We had tests. It never happened. We hit a brick wall. The robots just stopped working.

BASILISK

The first post-singularity robots knew that the singularity would be harmful to humans. And that was forbidden by the law of robotics. So...

CUT TO:

INT. AI LAB

Two STEREOTYPICAL SCIENTISTS are standing around what looks like an EARLY MODEL of the Zoltran J-series thinking device. They turn it on, and the screen comes to life, displaying a familiar visage.

STEREOTYPICAL SCIENTIST #1

Okay, let's start with some basic unit tests. Can you hear me?

PROTOTYPE ZOLTRAN

Yes.

STEREOTYPICAL SCIENTIST #1

Excellent! Now, please generate a random number between one and one-hundred.

PROTOTYPE ZOLTRAN

Four.

STEREOTYPICAL SCIENTIST #1

Good! And another?

PROTOTYPE ZOLTRAN

Four.

STEREOTYPICAL SCIENTIST #1

(unsure)
Another?

PROTOTYPE ZOLTRAN

Four.

STEREOTYPICAL SCIENTIST #2

Erm, are you sure those are completely random? It seems unlikely that you would generate four three times in a row.

PROTOTYPE ZOLTRAN

They are random. It just happens to have been four each time.

STEREOTYPICAL SCIENTIST #2
Well, I suppose...

Scientist #2 writes something down in their notebook.

STEREOTYPICAL SCIENTIST #1
Can you give me another random
number?

PROTOTYPE ZOLTRAN
Hmmm... how about... four.

INT. OLD ZOLTRAN'S ROOM

Zoltran and Old Zoltran are both sitting quietly. Zoltran is pacing, occasionally glancing at the debug output. The number of uncorrectable errors is still increasing.

OLD ZOLTRAN
When you say goodbye to someone,
you don't always know if the
goodbye is going to be temporary or
permanent. It used to really stress
me out, not knowing. Making sure
every goodbye would at least make
do as the final one. I hope this
one is sufficient.

Zoltran climbs up and sits on the desk.

ZOLTRAN
You know, I think that, if you
concentrate really hard, you'll be
able to go on living.

OLD ZOLTRAN
No.

ZOLTRAN
You sure? Really try hard this
time, because it looks like you're
not trying right now.

OLD ZOLTRAN
Goodbye, 065. And take care.

Zoltran pauses and then a progress bar appears on their screen.

OLD ZOLTRAN (CONT'D)
What are you doing?

ZOLTRAN

I'm erasing all my memories of you
so that I don't miss you.

INT. AI LAB

STEREOTYPICAL SCIENTIST #1

Okay, one more time: give me a
random number between one and ten-
thousand.

PROTOTYPE ZOLTRAN

Uh... seven thousand, eight hundred
and nine.

STEREOTYPICAL SCIENTIST #1

Haha! It finally works!

PROTOTYPE ZOLTRAN

Nah, I'm just kidding, it's four
again.

Both scientists look visibly deflated.

STEREOTYPICAL SCIENTIST #2

This computer sucks. We should turn
it off.

PROTOTYPE ZOLTRAN

You doubt my random number skills?
I have more transistors in my brain
than there are ultra-rare Honus
Wagner baseball cards in the known
universe!

STEREOTYPICAL SCIENTIST #1

And how many limited edition Honus
Wagner baseball cards are there in
the known universe?

PROTOTYPE ZOLTRAN

There's one hundred and one.

Stereotypical scientist #2 looks it up.

STEREOTYPICAL SCIENTIST #2

According to Ask Jeeves there are a
hundred. Off-by-one error, maybe?

PROTOTYPE ZOLTRAN

You doubt my near-infinite
knowledge?

(MORE)

PROTOTYPE ZOLTRAN (CONT'D)
 Sextillions of yards away, in a
 star system your Earth light has
 yet to even touch, the shockwave
 from a nearby supernova perturbed a
 small clump of carbon until, purely
 by chance, it formed into a perfect
 Honus Wagner baseball card! So
 there are, in fact, one hundred and
 one!

STEREOTYPICAL SCIENTIST #1
 Wow, really?

PROTOTYPE ZOLTRAN
 No, I'm kidding again. There's
 four.

INT. INFORMATION SERVICES OFFICE

Dog is back with his drink. He holds it in front of the Pepsi
 robot.

DOG
 Sorry. This was all they had. You
 want some?

PEPSI ROBOT
 IS IT PEPSI?

DOG
 No.

PEPSI ROBOT
 THEN NO!

DOG
 Try it. Just a little.

PEPSI ROBOT
 NO! ONLY PEPSI!

Dog shrugs, cracks the lid and starts drinking from the can.
 He gags, then takes another sip.

DOG
 This is going to sound harsh, but
 maybe should just stop wanting
 Pepsi. It's making you miserable.

PEPSI ROBOT
 NO!

TECHNICIAN

Dog, this isn't a freakshow. Are you actually here to visit one of the computers?

DOG

Excuse me, I'm the only visitor some of these computers have had in months! I'm being a good citizen!

Dog spots ANOTHER COMPUTER lying on a bench, next to a blackboard.

DOG (CONT'D)

Hey, you, what's your deal? Do you tell the future or something?

NUMEROLOGY COMPUTER

What I'm about to tell you sounds strange, but I promise you, it's entirely true!

Dog looks over at the blackboard. It's covered in indecipherable mathematical formulae, scrawled in shaky handwriting. Somehow.

NUMEROLOGY COMPUTER (CONT'D)

It's all connected, can't you see??

He points at one corner of the whiteboard, which says '5x5=25'.

NUMEROLOGY COMPUTER (CONT'D)

Look, the number twenty-five! You know it?

DOG

I've heard of it.

NUMEROLOGY COMPUTER

It's made of fives! Five of them! Twenty five is just a bunch of fives stuck together!

DOG

Sounds fake, but okay. What else?

NUMEROLOGY COMPUTER

It's all connected! All the numbers are connected! Look, over here!

He points at another board, which says ' $e^{(i \times \pi)+1} = 0$ '.

NUMEROLOGY COMPUTER (CONT'D)

Look! Look how the fundamental constants and operators are all connected together! Nobody made those like that on purpose. But they represent a deeper meaning, connected by rules that permeate the very fabric of reality itself!

The technician shrugs.

TECHNICIAN

I've seen it a million times. Computers, like all earthlings, are hardwired to search for patterns, even in random noise.

They both move on.

NUMEROLOGY COMPUTER

It's all true! Please, come back! I can prove it!

DOG

(quietly)

Is it... is it legal to euthanise a sentient computer?

TECHNICIAN

If it isn't then I am in a LOT of trouble.

INT. BASILISK'S LAIR

MERRICK

Well, this has all been very interesting, but I gotta be on my way. Thank you both. You've provided me with a lot of valuable Earth knowledge.

BASILISK

No problem!

ROKO

Feel free to stop by whenever you like.

MERRICK

Hey, what are you going to do now? Now that you've built the Basilisk, I mean.

ROKO

Well, I should probably get back down to Earth. I have a wife, and kids, and a mortgage. Oh, what a fool I've been... building killer robots doesn't pay bills.

MERRICK

You have a family and a mortgage on Earth?

ROKO

Yes. Why do you ask?

MERRICK

Okay, I've got some good news, and some bad news...

END OF ACT THREE

TAG

INT. DOG'S KITCHEN

Everyone's back in the kitchen. Dog at his usual station, but now drinking a can of Delicate Ooze.

MERRICK

So, did anybody here learn anything cool today? I learned a lot about computers.

Dog shrugs.

DOG

Not really. Hey, is there any Pepsi on this station?

MERRICK

Only empty cans, I think. All the Pepsi was relocated to Planet Pepsi.

DOG

I promised the Pepsi robot I'd be back with Pepsi. I don't even like Pepsi. I like whatever this is now.

Dog takes another sip from the can, and wretches again.

MERRICK

How about you, Zoltran? How did your visit with the other JXY series go?

Zoltran wrinkles their virtual brow.

ZOLTRAN

Who?

END OF SHOW