

# Designers From Downtown

By: Kevin Ren

## Gather the Supplies

“Sir... Sir!”

“Brody? What’s up?”

“There’s a signal!”

“Oh, yeah? Where from?”

“Deep space, general!”

“Wait, wait, wait, you don’t mean-”

“Yeah! I’m getting these little- fragments of frequencies, but I can’t tell what they’re-”

“Hang on, kid, hang on! Ronda! Oi, Ronda!”

“General?”

“Priority one! Call your people over, now!”

## Incise the Fabric

“So, it’s not entirely random.”

“Good, that’s good. Go on.”

“We ran it through every algorithm we have and came up with one logical key, just one. Now, to get this key, we treated each of the ‘chime’s as a syllable, then translated the varying levels of frequencies into phonetics and-”

“Luther!”

“Okay, what I’m saying is... we did it, we got the message.”

“Son of a bitch, that’s gorgeous! Congratu-fucking-lations, team! I appreciate y’all working your asses off these last couple of weeks. Grab some lunch, meet back here at noon.”

## Sew the Shoulder Seams

“So, the first group of frequencies translates to: ‘Greetings.’”

“Ahah!”

“The second group says: ‘If there’s anyone out there, we’d love to meet you.’”

“Ohoho shit!”

“Hang on, chief. The last group translates to a series of numbers and letters. ‘PA-99-N2’, we’re not sure what that m-”

“Holy fuck, that’s a red giant! From M31!”

“Wait, really? So, is that where they-”

“Yeah! Fuckin’ A!”

## **Sew the Neckline**

“It’s out of the question, Daniel, we don’t have enough money for this. What you’re looking for is there, but our budget’s been cut-”

“Arnold! I don’t give a fuck about your ‘colonizing Mars’ fantasy or other pieces-of-shit projects we’re funding. If you don’t recall those people, I swear to God I’ll fly up to the ISS and pull their asses down myself!”

“Look, Dan. Have you seen them? Heard them? What makes you think they’re real? What makes you think they’re pacifists-”

“Oh, shut up! Aliens reached out to us... That alone makes this more prominent than the fucking moon-landing, Arnold! We have to do this! We have to. If shit goes south, for whatever reason, I’ll take the fall, alright?”

“I think we should tell the public first.”

“Aw, hell no! We can’t have credibility without evidence! I mean, imagine the frenzy with the fuckin’ media, the people, the governments, the-”

“Goddammit, fine! But I don’t want my name anywhere near these reports, you understand?”

“Yeah, yeah, trust me.”

“If it leaks, you’re on your own.”

“I know, I know.”

“Okay. Take the Falcon-9.”

“Perfect! Much appreciated, Arnold. I owe you one.”

“Fuck yeah, you do. Good luck.”

## **Add the Sleeves**

“Kevin, Russell, Jeremy, you three are the future of our species. The mission I bestow upon your veteran shoulders today will forever alter the course of history! But, before I continue, I need each of you to sign this NDA and swear on your life and the lives of your friends and family that absolutely nothing leaves this room. Am I understood?”

“Yes, sir!”

“Now, as far back as when we were... bratty little kids messin’ around in preschool science class, we’ve wondered, fantasized, and marveled at the idea of aliens. Be it the James Cameron movies, the survival horror games, or the conspiracy theories that inspired us, everybody in this industry has retained that everlasting intrigue. Now, I reunite the three of you today, because we’ve intercepted a message from deep space, the Andromeda Galaxy, to be exact.”

“Chief-”

“That’s right, Jeremy. Aliens.”

“You can’t be serious.”

“I am, Russell, 100%. You and your buddies are gonna meet them.”

“But.. are you sure, chief? ”

“Of course! You're gonna go greet them with a big smile and open arms, Kevin. I cannot stress the paramountcy of this!”

“...”

“Gentlemen, whether you like it or not, you’ve all been reassigned to this mission, which means that for the time being, you’re all under my jurisdiction. You have less than two months for training and preparations. Launch date is July 1st, good luck.”

## **Close the Sides**

“How we feelin’, Kev?”

“I’m shittin’ myself for real.”

“Aw, hell nah! Don’t say that.”

“T-minus 5... 4...”

“Strap-in, dickheads!”

“3...2...”

“Oh, fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck!”

“1... Lift-off!”

## Hem the Shirt

*“Ch ch ch ch?”* | “When’d they come in?”

*“Ch-ch. Ch ch ch ch ch ch.”* | “Monday. This batch took way too long.”

*“Ch, ch ch. Ch ch ch Ch-ch.”* | “Nah, it’s fine. Give it to Ronny.”

*“Ch ch ch-ch-ch, ch?”* | “Just the usual, boss?”

*“Ch, ch ch-ch ch-ch-ch-ch. Ch ch ch ch ch ch ch ch-ch.”* | “Yeah, but express delivery. I need more shirts for the next runway.”

*“Ch-ch. Ch ch ch-ch ch ch-ch?”* | “Okay. Should I extract their genome?”

*“Ch ch-ch. Ch ch ch ch-ch-ch-ch, ch ch ch ch ch ch. Ch ch ch, ch ch.”* | “Don’t bother. We got their coordinates, so we’ll go back for more. Fresh is best, you know.”

*“Ch, ch, ch. Ch ch ch.”* | “Right, right, right. I’m on it.”