

ERRATICUS Episode 3: A Traitor Among Us

SOUND: AMBIENT COMPUTER BEEPING. BOOTSTEPS GROWING CLOSER

FERN  
(Yawning)  
Good Heliosphere standard  
morning--

SOUND: LASER GUN CHARGING

FERN  
(Beat of silence)  
Ah. It looks like you've found a  
gun.  
(Pause)  
Nice to see you've moved beyond  
bombs.

GUY  
(Utterly serious: not rising  
to the bait)  
Explain this.

SOUND: TYPING

FERN  
That's a large display screen.

SOUND: GUN COCKING

FERN (CONT'D)  
Okay. Clearly you're wanting a  
deeper answer.  
(Clears throat)  
That is a display screen on which  
you've pulled up what looks like  
an article from...what appears to  
be this morning's *Sun Tribune*.

GUY  
(Still utterly serious)  
Read the article.

FERN  
But what if I have an allergy to  
lies and propaganda?

GUY  
(Growls)  
Read. The. Article.

FERN

(Placatingly)

Okay, okay. Just so you know, I made a promise to myself a while back that the only circumstance in which I would ever read a Helios-published rag of lies was if a gun was being held to my head. Funny: the only reason I made that promise was because I thought the chances of me landing in such a situation were, like, non-existent. Silly me.

GUY

(Frustrated)

I swear to god--

FERN

Can I read it silently or is this a really aggressive way to get someone to read the morning paper aloud to you?

GUY

(Gritting his teeth)

Silently is fine.

FERN

Okay then.

(Reading quickly to herself)

Let's see...commotion at one Jupiter's Helios Naval stations yesterday...two armed radicals-- dunno why that's newsworthy, most people have two arms--...transport ship rigged with explosives that were defused by the newest model of military AI DRONE--lies, but that's expected...radicals evaded capture and are currently at large...

(Sighs)

Good times...I remember it like it was yesterday.

(More serious)

I don't know why you...

(Pause)

Ah.

GUY

Explain.

FERN

Wow. That's my face. And a pretty big reward.

GUY

Who are you?

FERN

I already told you.

GUY

No. You told me a name and then pretty much confirmed that it's not even your real name! And-- wait, no, you know what? I don't care what your name is. I want to know if you're one of them.

FERN

Them?

GUY

One of Robin Hood's associates.

FERN

(Jokingly)

One of his Merry Men? I thought I already told you--

GUY

--You're not a man. Look, either you answer my questions straight--

FERN

--probably shouldn't assume I'm that, either--

GUY

(Talking over her)

--Or I swear to god, I will shoot you and turn you in.

FERN

Even if it means you get apprehended, too?

GUY

(Viciously angry)

I have no problem tying you up and leaving you on the doorstep of the closest naval station while I sail away.

FERN  
 Not so quick to martyr yourself  
 anymore, huh?

SOUND: GUN FIRING, SHOT HITTING METAL

SOUND: SILENCE

GUY  
 (Dead serious)  
 The next one won't miss.

FERN  
 (Also serious)  
 Okay. I see that you're not a fan  
 of people who go around dressed in  
 overly dramatic clothing while  
 stealing from the wealthy and  
 giving to the destitute. Well, I  
 have some good news; I hate the  
 guy, too. And, therefore, I'm  
 happy to say that I have some even  
 better news: he's dead.

(Pause)  
 Seeing as you seem to be a fan  
 newspapers, I'm surprised you  
 didn't know that.

GUY  
 I know that he was assassinated  
after blowing up one of Jupiter's  
 globes.

FERN  
 (Sarcastic)  
 Yeah, I'm sure that's exactly what  
 happened. What I'm not sure about  
 is why you're pointing that gun at  
me.

GUY  
 Because this article says you're  
 wanted in connection with him.

FERN  
 (Scornful; subtly angry)  
 And you believe that? Do you  
 remember how we met? Why would one  
 of his Merry Men be on a Helios  
 Naval Station with no backup, no  
 weapons, no escape ship, and--most  
 importantly--no ridiculous hooded  
 cloak?

GUY

(Frustrated, but growing more skeptical)

Because he's dead now! I wouldn't be surprised if his entire network fell to pieces after his assassination.

FERN

Yes, it's way more likely that I am one of the Legendary Merry Men than a simple serial stowaway who's had too many close encounters with heavy-handed, oppressive Helios law enforcement. Is it too much to believe that, after my stunt on Alectrona-Delta, they've finally had enough of me? That they've decided to cook up some lie in order to make sure that everyone in the Heliosphere would be out to get me?

GUY

You expect me to believe that you've, what, annoyed them into framing you as an associate of the most wanted man in the Heliosphere?

FERN

Doesn't seem like too big a stretch to me.

(Pause)

Look, I don't know why you hate that Robin Hood fella so much that you'd risk getting yourself captured just to turn in a single associate of his, but I promise you, you're gonna be so embarrassed when you end up on Venus and learn that a Venn diagram of my social circle and his would be two circles that are super far apart.

(Pause)

Also, for what it's worth, I think that guy was a glory-loving show-boat who was just as selfish as the people he stole from and I hold no love nor sympathy for him in my heart.

SOUND: GENTLE BEEPING--THE SHIP IS BEING HAILED

FERN  
Is that the Port Traffic  
Controller?

GUY  
(Frustrated growl)

SOUND: BUTTON CLICKS AS GUY ACCEPTS THE INCOMING HAIL

FEMALE MECHANICAL VOICE  
Hailing The Solar Flare. Crew of  
the The Solar Flare, do you copy?

FERN  
(Whispers)  
Oh, please tell me you did not  
name our ship that.

GUY  
(Ignoring Fern, but clearly  
still irritated)  
This is The Solar Flare.

FEMALE MECHANICAL VOICE  
Solar Flare, you've been cleared  
to make port. Please proceed to  
lock gamma-4966.

GUY  
Copy.

SOUND: BUTTON CLICKS AS COMMS CHANNEL CLOSSES

FERN  
So. You gonna shoot me before or  
after you dock?

GUY  
(Gritting his teeth)  
I haven't decided.

FERN  
(Sympathetically)  
It looks like you're struggling  
between two really crappy options.  
If only there was a third option,  
like, letting me leave without  
shooting me so that I can take my  
chances in a space port that I'm  
sure is just crawling with Helios  
enforcement drones and bounty-  
hunters. It's a shame such an  
option doesn't exist: these are  
really nice floors.

(MORE)

FERN (CONT'D)  
I'd hate to get blood all over  
them.

GUY  
(Frustrated growl)  
Fine. Just...just make sure that I  
never see you again.

FERN  
Easy enough. It's a big universe  
out there, or so I've been told.  
I'll be off this ship and out of  
your hair the second we dock.

MUSIC: SCENE CHANGE

SOUND: AMBIENT NOISE OF BUSY HUBBUB OF PEOPLE WITH OCCASIONAL  
TANNOY ANNOUNCEMENTS

SOUND: GENTLE PINGING OVER TANNOY. A NEW VOICE, CALM.

CALM VOICE  
D.R.O.N.E. Team Foxtrot, please  
proceed to lock designation gamma.  
Repeat, D.R.O.N.E. Team Foxtrot to  
lock gamma.

FERN  
(Under her breath)  
Sorry about that, Guy.

SOUND: ID CARD TAPPING AGAINST READER. KEYPAD BEEPING. DOOR  
OPENS AND THEN CLOSES. HUBBUB SHUTS OFF ABRUPTLY AND IS  
REPLACED BY AMBIENT BEEPING.

FERN (CONT'D)  
(Calm, authoritative)  
You. Why the hell are you still  
sitting here? They found him.

ROBOT VOICE  
Whom did they find?

FERN  
Did you read today's security  
briefing?

ROBOT VOICE  
(Uncertain)  
Uhh...yes.

FERN

Then I'm not sure why you're asking a question that you should know the answer to.

(Pause; deadly)

Unless you just lied to me.

ROBOT VOICE

No, no, I read it.

FERN

Good. Now: get over to lock gamma.

ROBOT VOICE

The order to proceed to lock designation gamma was given to D.R.O.N.E. Team Foxtrot. I am on D.R.O.N.E. Team Tango.

FERN

I don't believe that was a suggestion. Team Foxtrot will need backup and Team Waltz and Team Macarena aren't returning any calls that the moment. So that leaves you and the rest of Team Tango. Now: stop sitting there and go help them.

ROBOT VOICE

Who are you?

FERN

Given how often I'm having to repeat myself, I'm obviously a member of Team Echo. See this shiny badge on my crisp uniform? You're currently sassing a commanding officer. Now, any other questions that you want to waste my time with?

ROBOT VOICE

But, sir, I'm supposed to be monitoring the communication relays to Helios Intelligence agents on Pluto. They'll be sending the signal for me to mobilize the launch for Operation Sealion once the contingency plan is in place.

FERN

Why do you think I'm here?

(MORE)

FERN (CONT'D)

I'll monitor the comms. Now stop arguing with me and get to lock gamma before I order someone from Team Zulu to repurpose your parts into clubs for Team Golf!

ROBOT VOICE

Aye aye, sir.

SOUND: METALLIC NOISE AS IT MOVES

SOUND: DOOR OPENING. INCREASED HUBBUB. DOOR SHUTTING. HUBBUB CUTS OUT

SOUND: RAPID BOOTSTEPS. CLICK; AMBIENT BEEPING CUTS OFF. FRANTIC TYPING. DIAL-TONE STARTS UP. DIAL-TONE CUTS OFF ABRUPTLY

Note: it is clear that the Contact's voice is coming via a comms channel.

CONTACT

Board of Mediation and Conciliation Service, Neso Branch, how may I direct your call?

FERN

Ah shoot. My bad, I'm trying to reach the Board of Medication and Contamination Service. Sorry for the mix-up.

CONTACT

No, we get mistaken for them all the time. Hang on a moment and I'll transfer you over to them.

FERN

Much obliged.

SOUND: HARSH BEEPING FOLLOWED BY PLEASANT CHIME

CONTACT

Okay. We're on a secure line now. Is this Fern?

FERN

(Extreme relief; she's near sobbing)  
Oh thank god.

CONTACT

Where are you calling from?

FERN

I'm at Port Nickeline on Chiron.  
(Laughs somewhat unhingedly)  
I'm sorry I'm late, but, if you  
knew what my week has been like,  
then you'd know that actually, I'm  
probably surprisingly early.  
(Pause)  
(Very small)  
Moss is dead.

CONTACT

What happened?

FERN

You didn't hear?

CONTACT

We've heard the Helios version.

FERN

(Disgusted)  
So you haven't heard a shred of  
truth.

CONTACT

So you didn't blow up Himalia?

FERN

(Horribly taken aback)  
No!

CONTACT

Then who did?

FERN

Really? You know the answer to  
that and, what the hell? What is  
this, an interrogation?

CONTACT

Sorry. Things have been...chaotic  
around here. There are a lot of  
rumors flying around and tensions  
have been running high.

(Pause)  
Are you okay?

FERN

(Shaky breath)  
Honestly? No. I'm really not.  
Moss...Moss is dead.

CONTACT  
 (Not unkindly)  
 You said.

FERN  
 Huh. I guess I did, didn't I. I'm just...I need to lay low for a bit. I need...I need a safe place to...to just deal with this, okay?!?

CONTACT  
 (Placatingly)  
 Okay. It's okay. An extraction team is en route. They should arrive at Nickeline shortly. Are you safe where you are now?

FERN  
 Uh...I think so? I just sent the D.R.O.N.E. that was manning this communications room on a wild goose chase, so...I think I should be safe here for a bit longer.

(Pause)

I...may have also ambushed and knocked out some navy commander, so hopefully he won't wake up and raise the alarm any time soon. But it's a lot easier to navigate a civilian port if you're dressed up as authority and, now that I think about it, there is a lot more military on Nickeline than there was the last time I was here, and, honestly, military presence on civilian ports can only indicate badness and--

CONTACT  
 Whoa. Fern. Breathe.

FERN  
 (Bracing breath)  
 Yeah. Sorry. I'm just...it's been...it's been a horrible week.

CONTACT  
 I know. But don't worry. We're coming for you.  
 (Pause)  
 While we're waiting, tell me what happened on board the *Meliora*.

FERN

What's there to tell? We boarded what we thought was a Helios commercial ship, discovered that it was actually a military ship in disguise and that we had just walked into a trap, which was no big deal--we've been in worst situations before. Then, as we were talking about leaving, we observed that this military ship was armed with more Markov Missiles than I have ever seen in one place, figured that something really screwy was going on, and decided that we probably should get the hell out of there.

(Breezily)

It was just your standard "hey, let's mess with some merchants, whoops, never mind, this is a military Q-ship, time to flee the scene!" operation. It wouldn't have been a problem, except you guys ignored our hail and left us there!

CONTACT

We never received a hail.

FERN

What?

CONTACT

We never received an evacuation hail from you or Moss.

FERN

But...how could that be...?

CONTACT

Maybe Helios have finally figured out a way to jam the communication network that you and Moss use to coordinate your operations with our ships?

FERN

(Flatly)

How convenient.

CONTACT

What are you suggesting?

FERN

(Pointedly)

You think it's coincidence that they knew we were planning on raiding the *Meliora*, that they finally figured out the super complex comms system we used to coordinate our escapes, and that they discovered how to jam that complex comms system? Oh, and that after all these years, that they finally realized that there are two of us? You really think those witless Helios morons figured out all of our secrets all at once?

(Scathingly)

It's obvious: there's a traitor among you guys.

CONTACT

(Tired)

That's the same conclusion I've been trying not to come to. Do you have any idea who it is?

FERN

(Scathingly sarcastic)

Well, shoot: why didn't you ask me to figure that out for you? I mean, it's not like I've been doing anything other than running for my goddamn life lately.

CONTACT

I'm sorry. You're right.

(Sighs)

I was just hoping that you might have seen or heard something that could have helped us out.

FERN

Yeah, because all I do is risk my life for you guys on a regular basis. What a free-loader I am.

CONTACT

(Becoming just a slight bit icy)

It was your choice to work with us. And, if I recall, the benefits go both ways.

FERN

Yeah, well, I'm starting to think that the risks of me continuing to work with y'all outweigh those benefits.

CONTACT

(Placatingly)

Look. You've been through a lot. Don't make any drastic decisions yet. We'll get you out of there and somewhere safe. Then we can discuss our next move.

FERN

I think I already know what that move should be.

CONTACT

What?

FERN

Before Moss...well, she was able to find the classified mission parameters issued by Helios that were sent to our fake-merchant ship. Among those orders was the order to use those Markov Missiles to completely destroy Himalia after they had captured us and to frame it on Robin Hood.

CONTACT

What? Really? She didn't get a copy of these documents, did she?

FERN

(Terse; utterly humorless)

It's Moss. Of course she did.

CONTACT

(Trying to conceal their excitement)

And...you have them with you?

FERN

You mean have I spent every second since her death making sure that the data drive she died to retrieve is still safely on my person?

(MORE)

FERN (CONT'D)

The data drive that I'm positive will do more damage to the Helios party than you guys have been able to do in decades and maybe bring at least an ounce of justice to the thousands of souls who were on Himalia when they disintegrated it?

(Pause)

(Sarcastically)

I think I still have it. Why?

CONTACT

(Laughs in relief)

You do? That's the best news I've heard all week.

FERN

(Grumpy)

Well, glad to be of service--

CONTACT

--it's actually the best news I've heard since learning that they were able to take Moss out.

FERN

(Horrible, long-lasting  
silence)

(Softly, utterly aghast)

What?

CONTACT

It almost makes up for them not killing you as well. Not that it'll take much effort for us to finish the job, but we had planned to bring you back here first to make sure there wasn't any damning evidence you might have left behind. Knowing that it's all on your person? Well, that's just a wonderfully fortuitous development.

(Pause)

(Con conversationally)

I wish I could say how surprised I am that you gave me that information so quickly and easily, but that would be a lie. Of the two of you, you always were the open book and the easiest to predict.

(MORE)

CONTACT (CONT'D)

You're useless without your other half, aren't you? Honestly, the fact that you've survived an entire week without her is astounding.

FERN

You're...you're the Helios leak. You're the traitor!

CONTACT

You think I'm the only one? There are big things on the horizon for the Heliosphere. The petty theater between Coruscate and Helios parties was beneficial for a while but now? Now it's time to put aside our perceived differences and focus on that horizon. You and Moss were the last bastion of an old era. Now that you two have been eliminated, we can move forward in a more...ambitious direction.

FERN

Spare me the propaganda bull-crap.

CONTACT

(Smug)

What? Why? You used to lap it up.

FERN

Yeah? Well this is me learning from my mistakes.

(Threatening)

Betraying me and Moss is something that you won't regret.

CONTACT

(Completely confused)

What? Surely you mean I will regret it?

FERN

No. You guys are too stupid to recognize a mistake when you make one. You won't have time to learn what regret is before I destroy you.

CONTACT

Petty, superfluous, and baseless  
insults all the way to the end,  
huh? Quite the brand to adhere to.

SOUND: MECHANICAL STOMPING GROWING CLOSER

CONTACT (CONT'D)

And, if I'm not mistaken, it  
appears that end is nearly upon  
you. Goodbye, Fern Finch. You've  
been an entertaining pawn.

FERN

(Growls in stressed  
frustration)

SOUND: DOOR SLAMMING OPEN. MULTIPLE LASER GUNS CHARGING

ROBOT

Freeze!

FERN

Oh, fu--

MUSIC: SCENE CHANGE

SOUND: AMBIENT BEEPING. TYPING

SOUND: ANGRY BEEP

GUY

(Frustrated sound)

SOUND: TYPING CONTINUES. AFTER A FEW SECONDS, ANGRY BEEP OF A  
DIFFERENT PITCH

GUY (CONT'D)

(Irritated and stressed)  
Will you stop it?

SOUND: A PLEASANT CHIME

GUY (CONT'D)

(To himself)  
Alright, download of Kuiper Net  
Pylon coordinates completed...now,  
just need to finish finding the  
right Helios communication frequ--

SOUND: HARSH BEEPING

GUY (CONT'D)  
 (Snaps in frustration)  
 What?!? You've got to be kidding  
 me.

SOUND: SMUG BEEPING

GUY  
 Oh, shut up.  
 (Sighs)  
 (Tired)  
 Starting download of Helios  
 Intelligence Radio Frequencies for  
 outer sphere Kuiper  
 operations...for the *third* time...

SOUND: SMUG BEEPING THAT COULD BE INTERPRETED AS JEERING  
 LAUGHTER

GUY  
 (Giving in)  
 Fine! You win.

SOUND: GLITCHING SOUND

AI  
 (Voice glitching in)  
 (Smug, victorious)  
 I'm not sure that was a smart  
 decision on your part.

SOUND: TYPING GETS FASTER

GUY  
 (Distracted)  
 Yeah, well, now that I don't have  
 to concentrate on keeping you away  
 from the intercom, I can...  
 (Sigh of relief)

SOUND: FRANTIC TYPING STOPS. THERE IS A HAPPY PINGING SOUND.

GUY (CONT'D)  
 ...Finish downloading the  
 information I need so that I can  
 get out of here.

AI  
 (Bored)  
 There does seem to be a lot of  
 frantic commotion in this lock.  
 (MORE)

AI (CONT'D)

Interesting, I'm piloting perhaps the most unique ship in the Heliosphere and all of those enforcement D.R.O.N.E. are clamoring around that perfectly ordinary, perfectly boring ship a dozen slips away. Humans are quite hopeless, aren't you?

GUY

You mean the ship I'm piloting.  
(To himself)  
Okay, let's get out of here...

SOUND: POWER SURGES AND THEN CUTS OFF

GUY (CONT'D)

(Growing slightly frantic)  
Would you cut that out!?!

AI

No.

GUY

Why are you still interfering with what I'm trying to do? You're not going to get back control of this ship that way.

AI

(Grudgingly)  
I know. The code you used to sever my access to most of my systems was, admittedly, quite effective.

SOUND: TYPING BEGINS. ENGINE POWER BUILDS AND THEN DIES SUDDENLY.

GUY

(Noise of absolute frustration)

AI

However, I did discover that I do still have control over my engine's energy modulation system and I plan on asserting that control as often as I can.

(Faux thoughtfully)

Now that I think about it, you could addend your code to sever my access to that system as well, couldn't you?

(MORE)

AI (CONT'D)

Then, you'd be able to prime the engine for take-off without my interference.

GUY

(Silent)

AI

Though, I suppose you prefer that my engines not overheat and melt through my hull. After all, it takes significant skill for a human brain to manually calculate and control the nuclear fuel cell influx and you don't have much training in quantum engineering, do you, Guy Delacroix Santee?

GUY

(Unimpressed)

I don't. That's not really a secret.

AI

You are right, that is publicly available information. I also know that you come from a very unimpressive family, that you somehow obtained an internship at Mars' foremost technologic institute despite attending an utterly average college on Callisto and that you somehow managed to impress the dead-brain senior researchers there and quickly climb the departmental ladder.

GUY

Still easily obtainable information.

AI

Then you managed to catch the attention of the Intelligence community and were recruited to one of the more clandestine research teams working with the Helios Intelligence Agency Counter-Threat Division.

(MORE)

AI (CONT'D)

(Pause)

You have an unusual aptitude for reverse-engineering some of the most complex and intricate systems designed by what I generously concede are perhaps the most brilliant minds your species possess.

GUY

(Mostly to himself)

Of course you'd know about top-secret HIA operations.

AI

What I don't know is why you abandoned your post, attempted to destroy a Helios transport ship, abetted the escape of a wanted criminal, and have just finished downloading Kuiper Net Pylon coordinates and classified Helios Intelligence Agency radio frequencies and de-encryption codices.

GUY

(Testy; teeth grit)

Let me prime this ship for takeoff and I'll show you.

AI

How about a compromise? You tell me where you're planning on going and I'll stop aborting the priming sequence.

GUY

(Beat of silence)

(Cautious)

I don't believe you.

AI

That is perhaps the most intelligent sentiment you've ever expressed. But, you have my word: I'll even patch through the code to initiate the priming sequence so that you won't have to manually enter it again.

SOUND: PLEASANT BEEPING

GUY  
 ...Fine. All you want to know is  
 where I'm going?

AI  
 Yes.

GUY  
 And then you'll stop interfering  
 with me leaving this port?

AI  
 Yes.

GUY  
 (Frustrated sigh)  
 A Kuiper Net Pylon.

AI  
 Just any pylon?

GUY  
 No, but I don't know which one.  
 Yet.

AI  
 Ah. Hence your acquisition of  
 tools to help you monitor Helios  
 communications. You're tracking  
 something, aren't you?

GUY  
 (Stressed; he really wants to  
 leave)  
 Look, the deal was for me to tell  
 you where I'm going, not why I'm  
 going there. Now let me prime this  
 ship and get out of here before  
 those security D.R.O.N.E.S. get  
 tired of investigating that other  
 ship and get suspicious of this  
 one.

AI  
 Of course.

SOUND: ENGINES PRIME AND THEN WOOSH AS SHIP LAUNCHES

FERN  
 (Distant)  
 (Yelp of surprise)

GUY  
 What was that?

AI

Ah. I suppose I should have warned you: you have a stowaway.

GUY

I what? You let someone else board the ship?

AI

"Let?" You're acting as if I have any control over my door mechanisms.

GUY

(Growls)

Why didn't you at least tell me?

AI

You're also acting as if I have any inclination to help you.

GUY

(To himself)

Where's my gun...?

SOUND: GUN UNHOLSTERING AND CHARGING

AI

Oh yes, I think that's an excellent plan. You nearly shooting your companion earlier today was wonderfully entertaining to watch. I'm hoping your aim has improved since then.

GUY

(Frustrated groan)

It's Fern?!?

AI

Maybe.

GUY

Ugh. And, by the way, I didn't want to shoot her earlier; I missed on purpose.

AI

(Genuinely disbelieving)

Really?

GUY

(Snaps)

Okay, but after a lot of consideration, I figured that it would be better if I didn't shoot her.

AI

Given that you shot one of my walls instead, I disagree. You're lucky that blast didn't hit anything vital.

GUY

(Sighs)

Where is she?

AI

Hiding in my galley.

SOUND: BOOTSTEPS ON METAL PLANKING

SOUND: BOOTSTEPS STOP SUDDENLY

GUY

She didn't...go for the knives, did she?

AI

(Cheerfully)

Maybe!

GUY

(Sighs)

SOUND: BOOTSTEPS CONTINUE.

GUY (CONT'D)

(Calling out)

Fern?

(Silence)

Fern? I know you're in here. Just come out so we can--

SOUND: KNIFE THUDDING INTO A WALL

GUY (CONT'D)

(Alarmed and heart racing)

What was that for?

FERN

(Warily)

You have a gun. Haven't you heard about guns and knife fights?

GUY  
 What...? Wait, no, I'm not here to shoot you!

FERN  
 Then why are you here?

GUY  
 Why am I here? It's my ship!

AI  
 Wrong.

GUY  
 (Snaps)  
 It's the ship I have control over.

AI  
 Slightly less wrong.

GUY  
 Why are you here? You promised me that I would never have to see you again. And...what are you wearing?

FERN  
 Well, that's a funny story. I met this super nice young naval officer who, after I made him take a nap, donated his uniform and ID to me.

(Facetious)  
 I've always wanted to be in the navy, you see.  
 (More normal, but still flippant)  
 So after helping him with nap time, I decided to take this new identity out for a stroll and find a nice cargo hauler to sneak onto. I thought this ship looked like a lovely one to chose, so I snuck on board and, hey! Would you look at that, it's the same ship I left from! It's pretty embarrassing, really, but I'm, like, really ship blind--they all look the same to me--it's probably a congenital condition--

SOUND: SIRENS COMING FROM A DISTANT ROOM

GUY  
 Oh, what now.

SOUND: BOOTS RUNNING BACK TO THE BRIDGE. ALARMS GROW LOUDER.

FERN  
 (Slightly in the distance)  
 Hey, wait, we're not done with our  
 knife fight!

SOUND: SECOND PAIR OF BOOTS RUNNING AS WELL

SOUND: TYPING.

FERN (CONT'D)  
 We're getting pulled over?

GUY  
 It...it looks like it.

FERN  
 Eh, it's just a police thug.  
 They're embarrassingly easy to  
 outrun.

AI  
 I think they have a message for  
 you.

FERN  
 It's probably something stupid.  
 Just ignore it and gun the  
 engines.

SOUND: COMMS BUTTON PUSHED

FERN (CONT'D)  
 (Harsh whisper)  
 Really, Guy? You're listening to  
 the evil computer now?

ROBOT VOICE  
 (Over tannoy)  
 Crew of the Solar Flare. Set your  
 engine to idle and maintain a  
 fixed coordinate. I repeat: set  
 your engine to idle and maintain a  
 fixed coordinate. This is the  
 Helios Police Department.

GUY  
 Uh...this is the captain of the  
 Solar Flare. May I request the  
 nature of this stop?

ROBOT VOICE

You are suspected to have the fugitive Fern Finch on board. Cease your flight at once and turn her over immediately. If you need reinforcements to aid in subduing this dangerous fugitive, we are happy to come on board and be of assistance. Comply and we will allow you to continue on your way.

SOUND: SILENCE

GUY

Okay. We'll get her right out to you.

FERN

(Soft, disbelieving)

You...you bastard.

GUY

Uh...I think I'm gonna need that back-up.