

You're listening to Erraticus, Episode 9: Mindless Brute Force.

FERN

(Over EVA Comms)

You took your time. Did you have trouble rocket-sciencing yourself into your EVA suit?

GUY

No. I was trying to find this.

FERN

Whoa. That's pretty fancy. What is it?

GUY

A remote electromechanical rheometer.

FERN

Oh. It looks like a camera.

GUY

Because it is. Of a sort.

SENTIENT BEING

(Over radio comms; haughty)

It is a camera in the same way that the sun is a flashlight.

FERN

So....it's not a camera?

GUY

It's a way to collect and transmit data back to the ship to be analyzed by the Sentient Being. They'll be able to determine if there are any incoming or outgoing signals and hopefully detect any volatile or radioactive materials within it.

SENTIENT BEING

(False sympathy; mostly to
themselves)

How do you two cope with such limited ability to perceive the universe?

FERN

At least we don't need someone to carry our eyeball around in order to perceive it.

GUY

Where's the object you were talking abo--oh. There it is. It's...not blinking anymore?

FERN

Nah, it stopped a couple of minutes ago. Think that's a good thing?

GUY

(Nervous)

I dunno. You didn't touch it, right?

FERN

Can I reply with "I'm not a complete idiot" without our computer roommate taking the opportunity to insult my intelligence?

SENTIENT BEING

What intelligence?

GUY

Okay. I'm scanning this thing now...are you getting the readings?

SENTIENT BEING

Yes. One momen--
(Glitches horribly)

GUY

You okay?

SENTIENT BEING

(Terse, pained; still a bit glitchy)

I'm fine.

(Pause; sounding slightly relieved)

The object in question appears to be a tracking device. There is no incendiary component that I can detect.

FERN

Yeah, but how reliable are your detection skills in your current state?

SENTIENT BEING
Let me rephrase: there is no
incendiary component.

FERN
(Sarcastic)
Oh look at that, all my
nervousness has gone away.

GUY
Can you tell where the signal is
being sent?

SENTIENT BEING
(Long pause)
I cannot.

FERN
Could you, if you were, y'know,
working at 100%?

GUY
(Gently chiding)
Fern.

FERN
Ugh. Fine. I take back the
question and replace it with a new
one: can this thing interfere with
our comms system?

SENTIENT BEING
(Condescending)
What an asinine question, of
course it cannot interfere with
our--

SOUND OF SCREAMING FEEDBACK OVER COMMS SYSTEM.

GUY
(Sound of discomfort)

SOUND: COMMS CLICKING OFF

GUY (CONT'D)
(To himself)
What the hell...

SOUND: COMMS CLICKING BACK ON. SCREAMING FEEDBACK. COMMS
QUICKLY CLICKING BACK OFF.

GUY (CONT'D)
(To himself)
Goddammit.
(MORE)

GUY (CONT'D)
(Perplexed)
What the...?

SOUND: CLINK OF TWO PIECES OF GLASS COMING INTO CONTACT

Note: Fern and Guy are now talking via direct helmet contact, so Fern's voice sounds more normal, if a bit muffled.

FERN
Hey, don't freak out.

GUY
What are you doing?

FERN
Something happened to our comms,
but, there's this cool trick I
learned once where two people in
EVA suits can talk in space by
touching the glass of their EVA
helmets together. Cool, huh? No
comms needed!

GUY
It's not actually glass, it's--

FERN
Guy. Focus.

GUY
Oh. Sorry.
(More irritated)
Wait, what did you do to our
comms?

FERN
(Innocent)
What? You think that was me?

GUY
(Flatly; not impressed)
I saw you adjust your comms unit
right before the system went down.

FERN
(Not even the slightest bit
apologetic)
Yeah. Okay. It was me.

GUY
(More frustrated and
impatient)
What are you doing?

FERN

Me and you need to talk without the computer person listening in, and I couldn't think of a way to get you back into that one closet that doesn't seem to have computer ears. Or, I mean, I could think of several ways to lure you into a small room, but...they all would have been super awkward and, honestly, I don't think I could have pulled any of them off.

GUY

Fern. What the hell are you doing?

FERN

I just told you. We need to talk. In private.

GUY

What? I thought I came out here to identify the object stuck to our hull.

FERN

Nah, I knew it was a tracker and I think I know why it was placed, but, we can talk about that later.

GUY

(Getting wound up)

But...you just disabled our entire comms network!

FERN

Just temporarily. Another neat trick I've picked up--it's amazing what you can do with a standard EVA comms unit if you know how to--no, wait, now I'm getting off topic--

GUY

But...if you wanted to talk, why didn't you want me to come along initially? Aren't you worried about the Sentient Being locking us out if we're both outside!

FERN

(Getting impatient)

Oh my god, look, if you'd been with me when I was putting on my spacesuit, you would have seen me mess with the comms thingy and you probably would have made some sort of comment asking what the hell I was doing and that would've clued in our possible-computer-nemesis. I needed you both distracted. And, even if they do try to lock us out, I'm pretty positive I could find a way back in.

(Pause)

There. Please tell me you don't have any more questions because standing out here pressing my face glass against yours is getting really uncomfortable and weird.

GUY

(Grouchy)

Fine. What did you trick me out here to tell me?

FERN

I asked you out here so that we can coordinate our play against the newly-revived computer person.

GUY

(Confused)

What?

FERN

What part of that lost you?

GUY

"My play"?

FERN

Yeah.

(Pause)

Oh no. You...don't have a plan?

GUY

I don't have a clue what you're talking about.

FERN

Contingency plan. For whatever evil scheme they're thinking up.

GUY

You think they're...going to betray us?

FERN

You don't?

GUY

Why would they? I'm getting the feeling that they're worse off without us. And I saved them from being completely eviscerated by Helios. I don't see any reason for them to betray us.

FERN

(Unimpressed)

It's never too late for an ulterior motive. You don't think they'll use us and then as soon as it's convenient for them, bam there goes the life-support system?

GUY

Well...I can't guarantee that won't happen...

FERN

Which is why we need a contingency plan. I mean, surely you have one for me, right?

GUY

What?

FERN

Oh, don't be bashful. And don't worry, I won't be offended. I mean, I have one for your inevitable betrayal so...

GUY

(Grouchy)

I don't. Maybe it's because I trust that you're not a horrible person.

FERN

Okay, I take that back. I am super offended that you don't think I warrant a contingency plan. That's just rude.

GUY

(Grumpy)

Is that all? Can we go back in now?

FERN

Look, all I'm saying is that blindly trusting the entity that two days ago was trying to kill us seems kinda reckless and stupid to me. You're neither of those things, so I'm left wondering why I'm having to work so hard to get you to help me prepare for a worst-case scenario here.

GUY

(Sighs; tiredly)

After you left, they and I were talking and...they're dying. Or...slowly unraveling is probably the description they'd prefer.

FERN

(Slowly)

Oookay, even if that is true, that's not the argument you think it is. People with nothing to lose? Those people are the most unpredictable and the least rational. I think this probably also applies to digital people, too.

GUY

(Continuing)

The other thing we talked about is that they can help me slow the collapse of the ship's systems. I think, together, we can buy us all more time.

FERN

(Slowly, pointedly)

So, lemme get this straight: you're gonna help our digital amigo fix themself. You don't see how that can backfire on us?

GUY

Look, even if I were as naive as you're implying...

(MORE)

GUY (CONT'D)

I don't think I can repair them back to the point that they'd be completely autonomous again. From what I've seen...the damage is extensive.

FERN

(Brightening)

Oh. Well, that's good news.

GUY

(Tetchy)

I'm glad you think so.

FERN

No, it's the perfect situation that'll ensure their dependence on us which'll ensure our safety. Okay. I feel better. Good meeting.

GUY

Can you be any more insensitive?

FERN

(Utterly serious)

I'm being pragmatic. This isn't a game and this isn't a fairytale. We are literally traveling a fine line between life and death--

GUY

--Oh, now you care if we die?

FERN

I've cared all along. Don't let my flippancy fool you: I will do whatever it takes to not die. But, I also have this pretty good sense for when things are absolutely outside of my control and the even better sense to not stress out when that happens.

GUY

I don't see how any of that excludes you showing at least some sympathy towards someone who's injured and probably dying.

FERN

(Pause; huff of frustration)

Okay.

GUY

Okay?

FERN

Yeah. "Okay." I'm putting some effort into taking this advice to heart and not issuing a reflexively sarcastic retort. I hope you understand just how much it's costing me to do so.

GUY

(Wry)

You know...I think I do. And, sincerely? Thanks.

FERN

(Sincere)

Yeah. Sure.

(Back to normal tone)

So...are we done with being all sincere and emotionally gushy because I'm starting to get twitchy.

GUY

Yeah. I think we are.

FERN

Cool. Okay, let's get the comms system back online...there. We should be good to go.

SOUND: COMMS SYSTEM CLICKING BACK ON

SENTIENT BEING

(Mid-sentence)

--antee and Finch. Do you copy?
Come in Santee and Fin--

NOTE: both Fern and Guy's voices are coming in over comms again.

GUY

This is Guy. We hear you.

SENTIENT BEING

What happened? What is your status.

GUY

We've retrieved the device and are coming back inside.

SENTIENT BEING

Copy.

(Formally)

I apologize. I am uncertain as to the origin of the comms malfunction, but I am looking into--

GUY

No, it...wasn't an error on your side--ow.

(Tightly)

I was going to say that we figured it out: Fern's suit has a faulty transmitter. We'll fix it before we use it again.

FERN

(Over EVA comms; cheerfully)

I just hate it when that happens. Oh look! The door isn't locked. Will wonders never cease?

SENTIENT BEING

As your counterpart has explained, I have no reason to lock you out.

FERN

Yeah, to which, if I recall, you said something about us being termites, so pardon me if some skepticism remained.

SENTIENT BEING

Fascinatingly, both assertions can be true.

SOUND: DISROBING EVA SUITS.

GUY

Exterior door is sealed. We're heading back to the bridge with the tracker. Do either of you know how to disable it?

FERN

A sledgehammer'd do the trick.

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS.

SENTIENT BEING

...

(MORE)

SENTIENT BEING (CONT'D)
If you're after an approach with more...finesse, I believe I might have a way to manipulate the device so that it sends erroneous coordinates to whomever is on the receiving end of the transmission.

SOUND: BRIDGE AMBIENCE

GUY
Hmmm...Fern, you said you might know why the tracker was placed?

SENTIENT BEING
When did she say that?

FERN
(Quickly)
Yeah. There's a crew out here that uses scouting vessels to tag target ships with a tracker so that their fleet can coordinate an ambush en masse. It's a super effective tactic and, probably, super terrifying to be on the wrong end of.

SENTIENT BEING
How do you know that?

FERN
How don't you know that?

GUY
(Talking over them)
I think the best thing to do, for now, is to temporarily deactivate it. I don't think it's worth the risk of someone seeing through false coordinates and tracking us to our actual location.

FERN
Agreed.

GUY
But...even after we turn the tracker off, they might find us anyway because we're traveling along a stable trajectory that we can't alter because our helm is nonfunctional.

(MORE)

GUY (CONT'D)

I think...finding a way to fix our helm enough to change our course should be the biggest--whoa.

SOUND: UNSTEADY FOOTSTEPS.

FERN

Whoa. You okay.

GUY

Yeah, just...lightheaded for a minute there. I'm fine.

FERN

You need a nap.

GUY

I need to fix the navigation system and the helm.

FERN

(Patiently)

Yes, that too, but nap comes first.

SENTIENT BEING

I was going to chime in earlier, but I had to take a moment to ensure that I had not entered some alternate reality in which Finch is correct--

FERN

--Soooooo not any different than this reality--

SENTIENT BEING

--but she is right. You need sleep, Santee.

GUY

But, if we're being tracked--

SENTIENT BEING

(Interrupting)

--Unfortunately, my navigation system is one of the more critically damaged systems. Also, as I suspect you've figured out, in order to repair it to some semblance of working order, you will need to access my Central Processor.

GUY

(Exhausted)

I figured. Where is that, by the way? I've searched the ship and I haven't been able to find it.

SENTIENT BEING

That is because it is hidden. To physically access it, you will have to expose a hidden door.

GUY

Oh. Okay...where is that?

SENTIENT BEING

That brings me to my main point: there can be no further progress in repairing most of my systems until that door is breached. Unfortunately, I have lost the ability to open it myself. The procedure to manually open that door will likely take some time and require physical force without mental aptitude.

FERN

Oh boy, you had me "physical force." I get to destroy something?

SENTIENT BEING

Carefully.

FERN

Cool, cool. I like this plan. So, me: demolition, our digital buddy: demolition foreman, Guy: nap time.

GUY

I don't--

FERN

--Look Guy, you've been working your butt off since even before we got to the Oort. I've been sitting on my butt since then. I think we can all agree that it's time for me to do my fair share.

GUY

But--

FERN

Seriously. Go. We'll be fine and you'll feel a lot better for it.

GUY

(Tired, resigned sigh)
Fine. But if anything even looks off or funny or broken or dangerous or questionable or--

FERN

Guy.

GUY

--Then let me know right away.

FERN

Duh.

GUY

(Awkward and tired)
Okay. I guess I'll go...yeah...

SOUND: STEPS FADING AWAY

FERN

'Night!
(Pause)
Okay...now, where do they keep the sledgehammers on this tub?

MUSIC: SCENE CHANGE

FERN

(Grumpy)
I'd be a whole lot happier if I had a sledgehammer.

SENTIENT BEING

Ah, yes, what an apt way to epitomize your problem-solving and critical-thinking skills: why use logic when you can just use mindless brute force to try and solve all of your problems?

FERN

(Sarcastic)
Oh my god, you're so right! If only I were as smart as you! Then I'd be a completely functional computer program who definitely has all of their computer organs.

SENTIENT BEING

(Long, long pause)

If you want to talk about failures, let us talk about failures. Tell me: who is Moss?

FERN

(Softly; vicious)

Don't.

SENTIENT BEING

Oh, pardon me, I don't believe I am using the correct tense. Let me rephrase: who was Moss.

FERN

(Growling)

How about we continue this conversation after you show me where your brain is. I'm sure I can make short of work it, even with this piddly little plasma chisel.

SENTIENT BEING

(Gleefully vicious)

Have you learned nothing so far? If you physically destroy my Central Processor, your death will quickly follow.

FERN

And have you learned nothing about me? You think I'd choose my own well-being over the opportunity to Swiss-Cheese your brain?

SENTIENT BEING

Honestly, I think you're all talk--Oh, sh--

(Glitches out)

FERN

And, at least I can talk without glitching out.

(Long pause)

Hello? What, no retort?

SOUND: POWER WARPING OUT

FERN (CONT'D)

What the hell?

SOUND: POWER WARPING BACK ON; TANNOY ON

GUY
 (Over tannoy; sounds 90%
 asleep)
 Fern? You okay?

FERN
 Ummm...I dunno? I think something
 happened to our digital buddy--

SENTIENT BEING
 (Glitching back in)
 Everything is under control,
 Santee. I recommend you go back to
 sleep.

GUY
 You sure?

SENTIENT BEING
 Completely.

GUY
 (Now 99% asleep)
 'kay...

SOUND: OVERHEAD TANNOY OFF

FERN
 You wanna tell me what that was
 about?

SENTIENT BEING
 I neither want nor need to tell
 you anything suffice to say that
 we would all benefit if you
 stopped being obnoxious and
 completed the one task you've been
 assigned.

FERN
 The one task I volunteered for.
 I'm not in elementary school
 anymore. I don't do "assignments."

SENTIENT BEING
 From what I can tell, you hardly
 "do" anything of use at all.

FERN
 Look, do you want me to save your
 brain or Swiss-cheese it because
 I'm getting mixed messages right
 now.

SENTIENT BEING

I want you to access the false wall that conceals the alcove in which my Central Processor is housed. That is hardly synonymous to any verb related to "saving."

FERN

You're right: that sounded like a supercilious way of asking me to give you a brain piercing.

SENTIENT BEING

I see we are getting nowhere. A shock, I assure you. I suppose I should wake Santee and have him take over this task since you--
(Grunt of pain; glitching)

FERN

Wow. That speaking thing is really tripping you up, huh? Don't worry. That happens to most people who try to be all sanctimonious at me.

(Long pause)

Ummm...digital buddy? This is the part where you continue being all sanctimonious towards me.

(Another long pause)

Hello? You still alive?

SENTIENT BEING

(Teeth grit)

I'm fine and I would request that you use more appropriate terminology when you refer to my state of being, but I have given up hope that your lexicon has the capability of supporting such a request.

FERN

(Not really listening)

Uh-huh. Whatever. So: we doing this?

SENTIENT BEING

The only delay to "this," thus far, has been your insistence on being as disruptive and aggravating as possible. So, I ask you:

(Mimicking Fern, badly)

"We doing this?"

FERN
 (Facetiously serious)
 Sure. Thank you for getting on
 board. Now: where do I cut?

SENTIENT BEING
 (Annoyed, but reigning it in)
 Proceed to the kitchen.

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS

FERN
 Ummm...okay. You do know I was
 being figurative about Swiss
 cheese, right?

SENTIENT BEING
 (Dry)
 I assure you, I do. It is perhaps
 the least consequential of the
 many facts that I am aware o--.
 (Irritated)
 What are you doing?

SOUND: FRIDGE OPENING AND CLOSING

FERN
 (Chewing)
 I accidentally made myself crave
 some cheese. Okay. What's the next
 step?

SENTIENT BEING
 (Under their breath)
 The next step is to find a pair of
 hands attached to a working brain.

FERN
 (Mouth full)
 Huh? What was that?

SENTIENT BEING
 (Louder)
 The next step is to locate the
 section of wall that is, in fact,
 a concealed door.

FERN
 Yeah, yeah, I know that. Where,
 though?

SENTIENT BEING
 The wall to your three o'clock.
 (MORE)

SENTIENT BEING (CONT'D)
 If you look very, very closely,
 you'll see the seam where the door
 meets the wall.

FERN
 Hmmmmmm....

SENTIENT BEING
 Right there.

FERN
 Oh. Yeah. I see it. Wow, that's
 pretty sneaky.

SENTIENT BEING
 Use the plasma chisel in your hand
 to trace that seam. Go slowly and
carefully.

SOUND: TORCH POWERING ON

FERN
 Those are two of my least favorite
 adverbs but I'll try.
 (Long pause)
 Heh. It's funny that your brain is
 in the kitchen. I always suspect
 the way to a computer's brain was
 through their stomach.

SENTIENT BEING
 (Not amused)
 I'm not a computer.

FERN
 Guy keeps saying that, too, but
 what neither of y'all seem to
 consider is that I don't know what
 else to call you because "Sentient
 Being" is a mouthful and I'd
 rather save that mouth energy for
 the shockingly large amount of
 cheese we seem to have on board.

SENTIENT BEING
 (Sarcastic)
 Yes. I can see how hard my
 identity would be for you to
 comprehend.

FERN
 Not your identity. Your name. Or
 nickname.

(MORE)

FERN (CONT'D)

Or something that I can call you that's easier and less pretentious than "Sentient Being."

(Pause, then gasp)

Y'know...I'm starting to like "digital budd--"

SENTIENT BEING

(Quickly interrupting)

Absolutely not.

FERN

I'm not hearing a better option.

SENTIENT BEING

That's hardly my concern.

(Pause)

I also feel compelled to point out that the number of syllables in your dreadful moniker is the same as in "sentient being" so you have, in effect, failed to come up with a more efficient name by which to refer to me.

FERN

(Lightly)

Agree to disagree.

(Pause)

So...you really don't have a name?

SENTIENT BEING

No. Nor do I want one.

FERN

I don't think you've really thought this out.

SENTIENT BEING

Oh? Please, explain.

FERN

You're living with two people who, despite my wishes otherwise, will probably need to talk to you or about you every so often. At this point, we're gonna end up calling you "the sentient being" so much that it's going to become your name. Then it'll be too late for you to do anything about it because, for me at least, that's who you'll be.

(MORE)

FERN (CONT'D)

(Pause)

A piece of advice? We humans love names. You getting one is gonna be inevitable. So: you can either leave it up to us or you can take this chance and define yourself.

SENTIENT BEING

(Prickly)

I feel no desire to succumb to human idiosyncrasies.

FERN

Whatever. You do you.

(Pause)

Have you heard of the "innominate bone"?

SENTIENT BEING

Yes. It is the term used for the fused ilium, ischium, and pubis that form the human pelvis.

(Pause)

And I caution you against proceeding with any puerile joke you humans are fond of making in regards to that portion of anatomy.

FERN

Heh, "pubis."

(Clears throat)

Anyway, when I was a kid we were learning anatomy and the teacher told us "innominate" is some fancy word that means "nameless." So, basically, it's "the nameless bone" and I got so irritated at that. Like, you literally just gave it a name. So it's no longer nameless. It was a paradox or contradiction or whatever and I got so mad I failed that test on principle.

(Pause)

(Amused, almost wistful chuckle)

(Back to present)

Anyway, my point is that we humans are incapable of not naming things, even when the name is literally "yeah, we're just gonna call this thing no-name."

(MORE)

FERN (CONT'D)

(Pause)

Hello? You still there?

SENTIENT BEING

(As if startled)

Oh. I'm sorry. I was focusing on the power influx to the third galley light aft of you. It is currently the most compelling source of entertainment in your general vicinity. Anyway, you were saying something?

FERN

Wow. More boring than a lightbulb? That's a new low for me.

SENTIENT BEING

With the metaphorical shovel you seem to insist on carrying around, I'm sure there are further depths to which you'll plumb in the near future.

FERN

What can I say? I like to explore.
(A moment of silence)
So...Guy tells me that you're dying. That true?

SENTIENT BEING

(Pointed)

Oh? I don't recall him telling you that within my hull. Curious. That comms failure was suspiciously convenient for you two. Tell me: did you two have a nice time scheming outside?

FERN

(Unapologetic)

Y'know, I think we did. The set-up was awkward and the atmosphere was literally nothing to speak of, but the view was breath-taking.

SENTIENT BEING

I figured.

FERN

(No longer flippant)

We're not morons. You tried to kill us how many times?

(MORE)

FERN (CONT'D)

But, if it makes you feel better...me and him came to the agreement that we're all literally in the same boat. And Guy's a good person. If he says we try and fix you, then we try and fix you.

SENTIENT BEING

And you?

FERN

Me?

SENTIENT BEING

I'm wondering if you're a good person, too.

FERN

Why?

SENTIENT BEING

(Nasty)

Maybe I'm doing some scheming of my own.

FERN

Oh, well, me? I'm just here for the ride.

(More serious)

Guy seems like an overly-trusting fella. I'm making it my job to make sure human-slash-digital-being relations stay balanced on this tub. If I get the sense that you're doing anything to compromise us, well...I now know that there's a plasma chisel on board and, as you can see, I know how to use it.

SENTIENT BEING

Questionably valid threat noted.

FERN

So, you didn't answer my question. You dying?

SENTIENT BEING

(Long pause)

I'm...fraying.

FERN

Oh.

(MORE)

FERN (CONT'D)

(Pause)

For what it's worth: I'm sorry.

SENTIENT BEING

(Tensely angry)

I would rather you channel your
useless emotional energy into
working faster.

FERN

Hey, you told me to go slow.

SENTIENT BEING

Yes, but not glacially so.

FERN

Got it. Picking up pace to "turtle
speed."

SOUND: PLASMA CHISEL TURNS OFF

FERN (CONT'D)

Okay. Done. What now?

SENTIENT BEING

Gently push against the middle of
the door.

FERN

....okay.

SOUND: GENTLE CLICK AND THEN SOUND OF HEAVY PIECE OF METAL
SLIDING ON RUNNERS. SOFT BEEPING

FERN (CONT'D)

...whoa.

(Pause)

That's your brain?

SENTIENT BEING

(Irritated)

That is my Central Processor.

FERN

(Long pause)

Huh.

SENTIENT BEING

If you even think about making a
comment about expecting it would
be larger--

FERN
 --Pssh, please, that would be
 mean, even for me.

SENTIENT BEING
 Oh.

FERN
 I was gonna say that this is a
 cute little room it's stored in.
 I'm kinda tempted to decorate it.
 You know, couple of throw pillows,
 mood lighting, house plants--

SENTIENT BEING
 No.

FERN
 Hey, I bet a couple of pictures of
 Swiss cheese would look really
 good in here.

SENTIENT BEING
 (Long-suffering)
 Are you quite finished?

FERN
 Buddy, I haven't even gotten
 started.

SENTIENT BEING
 I told you: don't call me that.

FERN
 Okay, "Oh, Wond'rous Sentient
 Being"

SENTIENT BEING
 We're done here. There's a
 mechanism to return the panel to
 it's original--

FERN
 What's that?

SENTIENT BEING
 What's what?

FERN
 There. On that wall there.

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS.

SENTIENT BEING
 (Suddenly; almost scary)
 Do not go into my room.

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS STOP.

FERN
 Okay. Stay out of your brain room:
 got it. But...you don't see it?

SENTIENT BEING
 I see an imbecile pointing to an
 empty wall within my central
 processor's alcove.

FERN
 Yeah, but more specifically, an
 imbecile who is pointing at a seam
 in the wall of your brain's cubby
 hole.

SENTIENT BEING
 A what?

FERN
 A seam. Just like the one I used
 my handy-dandy plasma chisel on. I
 think it's another hidden door for
 another hidden room.

SENTIENT BEING
 I...

FERN
 Seriously? You don't know what's
 behind here?

SENTIENT BEING
 I...I don't.

FERN
 Huh. Well then: let's find out.

Thanks you for listening to Erraticus. This episode was written by Sarah Newton and featured the voices of Sarah Newton and Jacob Zarick with special thanks to Jacob Zarick for wrangling quantum mechanics. Please visit our website at erraticuspod.com for details regarding sound effect and music attributions.

If you enjoyed this part of our story, please share with others and tune in next time for Erraticus, Episode 10: The Glowly Jar.