

You're listening to Erraticus, Episode 13: Ghost Ship.

SOUND: SIREN FIELD AMBIENCE. BRIDGE AMBIENCE

GUY
(Horribly snarly)
Well, I'm glad that--

THE INNOMINATE
(Sharply)
No.

GUY
(Huff of frustrated breath)

FERN
(Freaking out)
Ohmygod, it did not take this long
to get through this stupid
insanity field when we first got
here, why the hell is it taking
longer to leave it?!?

THE INNOMINATE
I assure you, the radius of the
Siren Sphere has not increased
since we last traversed it. Your
panicked belief otherwise is due
to your fallible human perception
of time compounded by a comically
unreliable human memory.

GUY
(Still snarly)
Says the--

THE INNOMINATE
No.

GUY
(Irritated growl)

FERN
(Still nervous)
Okay then: are we there yet?

THE INNOMINATE
(Tired sigh)
We are five minutes closer to
leaving the sphere than the last
time you asked.

FERN
That's not a helpful answer.

THE INNOMINATE

You are correct: a helpful answer would be to give you an actual ETA, however I have added "ability to tell time" to my running tally of your shortcomings. I would advise you to sit down and stay calm, but, "ability follow sound advice" is also on that list.

FERN

(Still nervous)

Talk all you want, but when I get my sanity back, you and me are gonna have words.

THE INNOMINATE

I look forward to hearing all twelve of them that you know. Now, please: be quiet. It is difficult enough piloting my ship as I am without holding your hand as well.

SOUND: SIREN SPHERE ABRUPTLY FADES AWAY

FERN

(Under her breath)

You wish you had hands...

(Pause)

Wait...I'm....

THE INNOMINATE

(Sigh of relief)

Yes. It appears we've finally left that horrible island and--to be honest--that hilarious Siren Sphere behind.

FERN

Ohthankgod.

GUY

(Sigh of relief; pleasant)

Okay, let me--

THE INNOMINATE

No.

GUY

(Irritated)

We've left the Siren Sphere. I'm allowed to talk now.

THE INNOMINATE

The revocation of your talking privileges was instituted in order to keep you from saying something that would alienate either Finch or myself.

GUY

(Self-conscious; ashamed)
Yes, but we've left the field.
I'm...able to control myself now.

THE INNOMINATE

(Meanly)
My concern still stands. I'm not certain you can talk without antagonizing either of us.

FERN

Eh, I antagonize people all the time. You can talk, Guy.

GUY

I said I'm sorry.

THE INNOMINATE

(Sarcastic)
Oh, look at that: the damage has been undone.

FERN

Don't listen to them.

THE INNOMINATE

(Businesslike)
Now that we've left that sphere of influence behind, I will yield control of the helm back to you, Santee.

FERN

Okay, I guess you can listen to that.

GUY

(To THE INNOMINATE)
Thanks.
(Pause)
Everything...is working well?

THE INNOMINATE

As well as can be expected, the ongoing degradation of my source code notwithstanding.

SOUND: TYPING

GUY

It looks like your systems are running more smoothly--

THE INNOMINATE

Yes. I'm aware. Just as I know that you are aware that your fixes were merely a bandaid and not a cure.

FERN

What does that mean?

THE INNOMINATE

I am still undergoing a rapid senescence.

FERN

You're not even trying to answer my question, are you?

THE INNOMINATE

I apologize. I should have anticipated that "senescence" is not one of the twelve words you know.

GUY

(Softly; solemnly)

It means their source code is still decaying. They had huge chunks of themselves ripped out back at the Kuiper Net. I don't think anyone in the Heliosphere could replace those missing pieces of code from scratch.

FERN

(Softly)

Okay, so how much longer until the ship breaks down?

GUY

I dunno.

(To THE INNOMINATE)

Do you have an estimate?

THE INNOMINATE

I do.

FERN

....and?

THE INNOMINATE

I would prefer not to think about it.

FERN

But--

THE INNOMINATE

--But I will give you two plenty of notice before that happens.

(Bitterly)

Rats must be given the chance to flee a sinking ship, after all.

FERN

The only rat here is--

GUY

(Quickly)

--Which brings me to my next question: what do we do now?

FERN

What?

THE INNOMINATE

I have realized that, of the twelve words you know, that appears to be your favorite.

FERN

Yeah, right behind "eat shi--".

GUY

Please.

(Pause)

Thank you.

(Sigh)

Okay. We have navigation capabilities, we have a repaired engine, we have external sensors--

THE INNOMINATE

--limited sensors--

GUY

(Conceding)

Limited external sensors. So: what do we do now?

FERN

Um, is that a rhetorical question? We run to the farthest reaches of the Oort and stay there.

(MORE)

FERN (CONT'D)

There's gonna be a war, in case you haven't noticed and both sides hate us. And our ship doesn't have cannons.

GUY

What? Why do both sides hate us?

FERN

Did you sleep through that whole debacle at the Kuiper Net?

GUY

No, I know why Helios is out to get us, but why would anyone in the Oort hate us?

FERN

(Simply)

Because we're from the Heliosphere.

GUY

Oh.

(Pause)

You really think running away is going to do anyone any good?

FERN

Yes. It'll do us good.

GUY

(Frustrated)

But...it won't fix anything.

FERN

Really? A problem this big and you think we can fix it?

GUY

(Softly)

I caused it. I need to at least try to fix it.

FERN

(Trying to be patient)

Okay, what's your idea then?

GUY

We go back to the Kuiper Net and reverse my program, which will hopefully get the Net operational again.

(MORE)

GUY (CONT'D)

That'll keep Helios forces
contained within the Heliosphere
and halt their invasion into the
Oort.

(Softly)

And...maybe...we might be able to
salvage our...friend's source
code.

THE INNOMINATE

You certainly have a high opinion
of your--oh no.

GUY

What?

THE INNOMINATE

There is another ship approaching.

FERN

What?

GUY

Okay, let's get out of here--

THE INNOMINATE

I'm afraid they're too close for
us to flee. They'll shoot us down
before we get a fraction of an
A.U. away.

SOUND: TYPING

GUY

It looks like...is that a Helios
sloop?

FERN

It's definitely not an Oortian
ship. How'd they get so close so
fast? Aren't you on lookout?

THE INNOMINATE

(Irritated)

They are moving fast and my
external sensors are still quite
limited, which I'm sure I've
mentioned at least once in the
past five minutes.

FERN

What do we do?

GUY

If they're Helios, they'll be after the rest of that source code, which means they'll want this ship intact. Maybe we can try running and hope they don't shoot us?

FERN

If they're Helios, they're also stupid and stupid ain't predictable. I say we let 'em board and fight 'em off.

THE INNOMINATE

I would love to outline just how horrible both of your ideas are, but we don't have time. I have what I suspect is a workable solution.

FERN

And your plan is?

THE INNOMINATE

Too complex to divulge in detail at the moment. It also has the regrettable drawback in that it's a plan that will also preserve your physical well-beings. I'll do most of the work, but I need you two hidden and out of the way.

FERN

(Tired sigh)

I'm getting really tired of explaining how little I trust you.

GUY

(Softly)

I think we should listen to them.

FERN

(Snort of disbelief)

Really?

GUY

Yeah.

FERN

(Surprised)

You...are serious.

GUY

I am.

FERN

Ugh. Fine.
 (To THE INNOMINATE)
 So, what, you want us to hide
 under a table or something?

THE INNOMINATE

For my plan to work, the only
 adequate hiding place for you two
 is within my central processor's
 alcove.

FERN

(Skeptical)
 You want us to hide in your brain
 room?

THE INNOMINATE

I won't dignify that with an
 answer. Santee, do you still have
 that tracker you recovered from my
 hull several days ago?

GUY

Uh, yeah.

THE INNOMINATE

Please retrieve it and then
 quickly get to my--

FERN

--brain room!--

THE INNOMINATE

(Sigh)
 --And don't activate it until I
 say.

MUSIC: SCENE CHANGE

SOUND: FAINT, DELICATE TINKLING OF THE CENTRAL PROCESSOR ALCOVE
 AMBIENCE

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS APPROACHING. A FRIGHTENED VOICE MUTTERING,
 CLEARLY PANICKING. FOOTSTEPS AND VOICE FADES AWAY.

FERN

(Petulant)
 It's not fair.

GUY

What?

FERN

Why does our digital crewmate get to have all the fun. If I'd have known that their plan was "terrify Helios navy flunkies into submission," I would have wanted to help.

GUY

(Wry)

I don't think you'd be able to help here. Ghost ships don't usually have corporeal knife-throwing outlaws onboard.

FERN

How do you know?

GUY

(Taken aback)

Because...it's...do you know what a ghost is...?

FERN

(Sigh)

How much longer are they going to play around with these wimps? I'm getting a leg cramp.

GUY

I think they're burning off some frustration. I don't think I've ever heard them be this giddy--

THE INNOMINATE

(In very high spirits)

I am having a wonderful time, which is improved further by telling you two to be quiet: one is headed your way.

FERN

Ugh.

SOUND: DISTANT PANICKED TALKING AND BOOTSTEPS GROWING CLOSER AND THEN FARTHER AWAY

FERN

Is the coast clear?

THE INNOMINATE

For now.

FERN

Good. What a bunch of pansies.
 (Pause)
 Why are they even still on our
 ship?

THE INNOMINATE

My ship. And it appears that they
 are more terrified of returning to
 their superiors empty-handed than
 they are of me, which is, I assure
 you, just as insulting as it
 sounds and is something that I am
 currently rectifying.

(Snide; almost cruel)

They are also working under the
 assumption that the spirits
 haunting my hull killed you two,
 which is an inaccuracy I'd also
 like to rectify.

FERN

(Dry)
 Ha.

THE INNOMINATE

Their other theory is that you two
 were too stupid to stay on board
 and are now deceased from the
 vacuum of space, which, honestly,
 is a theory that has some
 credibility.

FERN

The only thing that sucks more
 than a vacuum is that stupid joke.

GUY

Why are they so scared?

THE INNOMINATE

They know that this ship has
 information vital to Helios
 Intelligence, and they know that
 they need to return this ship to
 the Heliosphere in one piece, but
 that's the extent of what they
 know.

FERN

(Sarcastically)
 Oooooh. Yes, I can see why that's
 scary.

THE INNOMINATE
 (Faux-patiently)
 They don't know about me. They
 think this is an uninhabited,
 broken-down ship. So...when
 something keeps whispering
 horrible things to them...

FERN
 Ah.
 (Pause)
 I really hate to say this
 but...goddamn, I like your styl--

THE INNOMINATE
 Quick! Be quiet.

SOUND: ANOTHER PERSON WALKS CLOSER. THIS ONE IS MORE
 AUTHORITATIVE AND IS TRYING TO GIVE ORDERS AND REASSURANCES
 THAT THERE IS NO ONE ELSE ON BOARD. VOICE AND BOOTSTEPS FADE
 AWAY

THE INNOMINATE
 (Near-whisper)
 Santee, that tracker that you
 retrieved? I believe now would be
 an ideal time to activate it.

GUY
 Uh, okay.

SOUND: BUTTON CLICKED

GUY (CONT'D)
 What're you thinking?
 (In-drawn breath of
 realization)
Oh.

THE INNOMINATE
 Yes.

FERN
 Oh, cool. That's actually--

THE INNOMINATE
 Shhh!

SOUND: LONG, LONG SILENCE

FERN
 I don't hear anyone coming...

THE INNOMINATE
 Heh.

FERN

Wow. Rude.

(Pause)

So, you're plannin' on luring an Oortian ship here to fight off these Helios goons for us?

THE INNOMINATE

Precisely.

FERN

Well, I hope they get here soon. Goddammit, I need to stretch my legs. Hang on...

SOUND: PANEL DOOR SLIDING OPEN. THE SAME SONG-LIKE AMBIENCE OF THE GLOWY-JAR'S ALCOVE PLAYS

THE INNOMINATE

What was that?

FERN

I opened the secret room in this secret room.

THE INNOMINATE

What? No. Close that door.

FERN

Why? I'm bored and my legs are cramping and it's either stretch out into this other room or kick Guy.

GUY

I appreciate it.

FERN

Also, this glowy jar thing is really cool? God, I wish we knew what it is.

(Pause)

I wonder if that creepy scientist person back on Siren Island would have known--

THE INNOMINATE

(Tense, angry)

That would have required her to learn of the existence of both of these rooms, which would not have been acceptable.

FERN

Calm down. It's an idle musing,
not a regret. And, for the record,
I didn't like her, either.

(Muttering under her breath)

Stupid, smug, scientists.

GUY

(Dry, slightly teasing)

You know, she helped me figure out
some of the fixes for the ship.

Without her, we wouldn't be
seaworthy. And...I thought she was
very pleasant.

FERN

(Teasing)

Yeah, because you're also a
stupid, smug scientist.

GUY

I'm not that smug, am I?

SOUND: SILENCE

GUY (CONT'D)

Hey!

FERN

But, seriously, what do you think
this glowy thing does?

GUY

Don't touch it!

FERN

Why? It's in glass or plastic or
something.

GUY

(Forced patience)

Still. It's a good rule to not
touch something unless you know
what it is.

FERN

Then how are you supposed to ever
find out what something is?

GUY

That's...that's...ugh that's not
the point!

FERN

Okay. Fine. I'll keep my hands in
my pock--wait, what's this?

GUY

Don't--!

SOUND: METAL CLICK OF A LATCH BEING UNDONE

GUY (CONT'D)

Oh. Huh.

FERN

So...do I get an award for how
many secret panels in this stupid
ship I've discovered?

GUY

(Distracted)

Shift over and let me
see...that...huh. It looks like
you uncovered...a data port? No,
not quite, but that outlet looks
familiar....where have I...

(Gasp of realization)

FERN

You think the console that this
glowy jar thing is mounted on
connects to something else?

GUY

Yeah, I wonder if....

FERN

What's that?

SOUND: METALLIC CLINKING

GUY

(Still distracted)

The solenoid cord that Argemone
gave me. I think it should fit
right into the console here...aha!

SOUND: METAL CLICK

FERN

Um. What?

GUY

Now...where would the other end
go...

(Pause)

Oh. I see.

SOUND: SECOND METAL CLICK. THE AMBIENCE OF BOTH THE CENTRAL PROCESSOR ALCOVE AND THE GLOWY JAR ALCOVE CHANGES SUBTLY

FERN

You think the other end of the cord plugs into the brain part?

GUY

(Distracted)

The central console, yeah.

SOUND: ETHEREAL SONG STARTS HUMMING IN ADDITION TO THESE NEW AMBIENCES

GUY (CONT'D)

What the...?

FERN

(In awe)

Oh my god. Look at it now. I've never seen fireflies do that.

(Pause)

It's beautiful.

THE INNOMINATE

(Crackling badly)

Take. That. Out.

GUY

What? Oh! Sorry!

SOUND: METAL CORD BEING TAKEN OUT OF OUTLETS. POWER WARP-DOWN. THE AMBIENCES RETURN TO THEIR USUAL TONES

GUY

Hello?

(Silence)

FERN

Umm...so, in hindsight, maybe that wasn't the smartest thing to do...

(Pause)

The glowy jar is still glowing though and...the lights on their brain machine are still all lit up, but....does it look funny to you?

GUY

Ummm...it's hard to say without an actual interface, but...I think that affected some of their core systems--

SOUND: POWER WARP BACK UP

THE INNOMINATE

(Shaky, glitching; hot anger)
It did. What the hell made you
think you could experiment on me
like that?

GUY

(Super apologetic)
Sorry, sorry, I wasn't thinking--

THE INNOMINATE

(Icy anger)
No, I think you were. I think you
favored your curiosity over my
autonomy. I don't know why I'm
surprised.

FERN

Hey, take it easy. It was a spur
of the moment decision and you're
clearly okay.

GUY

(Softly)
No, they're right. I shouldn't
have done that.
(Louder)
Are you okay?

THE INNOMINATE

Does it matter?

GUY

What?

THE INNOMINATE

Does the answer to that empty
question matter to you?

GUY

(With feeling)
Yes.

THE INNOMINATE

(Sarcastic)
Oh. What a shocking new
development. Now, if the two of
you are done experimenting on me
without my consent, I have a human
infestation that I'm trying to
manage. So, if you could refrain
from inflicting further damage on
me, I would appreciate it.

FERN
(Softly, to Guy)
That...was really bad, wasn't it?

GUY
(To himself)
I shouldn't have done that.
Goddammit, Santee.

FERN
Don't beat yourself up too bad. It was an honest mistake and our digital buddy is okay and you need to save your energy to maybe beat a bunch of Helios goons up if this Plan A fails.

GUY
I know, but--

THE INNOMINATE
I have an update. It appears that there are several marauder ships closing in quickly.

FERN
And the Helios dirtbags?

THE INNOMINATE
They're still on board, but they haven't managed to achieve anything of note. They're currently dealing with a medical emergency: one of them appears to have stabbed his comrade.

FERN
Nice. How'd you get him to do that?

THE INNOMINATE
I've been whispering threats to him whenever he was alone. Then, when one of his crewmates was headed in his direction, I turned the lights off right before his comrade entered the room.

FERN
Yeah? Impressive.

THE INNOMINATE
I know.

FERN
Hey, do you think I can--

No. THE INNOMINATE

No. GUY

FERN
(Grumbles to herself)
Ugh. What's the point of being a
criminal if I can't have any fun?

THE INNOMINATE
Update: it seems that the Helios
sailors have noticed the incoming
marauders. They're arguing about
what to do and...
(Smug, pleased)
...Well, well. It appears they're
planning on abandoning my ship.
Brace yourselves. I'll launch us
away as soon as they've departed.

GUY
Okay.

THE INNOMINATE
That wasn't a request for
permission to do so.

GUY
(Defensive)
I know. I was telling you that I
understand what you're doing.

THE INNOMINATE
Then it was a waste of breath
because my plan does not require
your comprehension.

GUY
(Frustrated sigh)
Look, I'm sorry, but can we wait
until--

THE INNOMINATE
(Glitching)
Be quiet.

FERN
Hey, easy now.

THE INNOMINATE
No...I'm sensing...oh, no.

GUY

What?

THE INNOMINATE

That bizarre accumulation of high-energy particles that swept us away several days ago...it appears that something similar is quickly approaching.

FERN

You think it's another whale pod?

THE INNOMINATE

(Firmly)

An accumulation of high-energy particles.

FERN

Is it the same pod?

THE INNOMINATE

(Snaps)

How should I--

(Thoughtful)

...Oh. No. It's...different.

FERN

Huh. Cool.

GUY

So, what do we do?

THE INNOMINATE

Get out of the central console alcove and head to the bridge. I'm not sure I'll be able to navigate once it hits.

FERN

Finally. Your brain room is stuffy.

_SOUND: SECRET PANEL OPENING. BOOTS RUNNING. AMBIENCES FADE.
PANEL CLOSES AND AMBIENCE CUTS OFF.

FERN (CONT'D)

Hey, is there any Helios ass left on board to kick?

THE INNOMINATE

No. They've all vacated my ship.

FERN

Bummer.

SOUND: AMBIENT BRIDGE NOISES

GUY

Whoa.

FERN

Beautiful, huh? And...is it just me, or is this pod bigger than the last one?

THE INNOMINATE

(Tightly)

It is certainly more powerful. I suggest we leave, immediately.

GUY

On it.

SOUND: TYPING. AFTER A FEW SECONDS, ENGINE STARTS TO REV

FERN

Heh, look at that Helios ship running with its tail tucked between its stem and stern. Do you think those marauders are gonna chase them? Oh. Huh. I guess not.

SOUND: INCOMING HAIL

THE INNOMINATE

The marauder crew would like a word with us, it would seem.

GUY

I guess we should hear what they have to say?

THE INNOMINATE

No, we should leave, or did you conveniently forget the incoming energy surge?

FERN

(Insistent)

Whale pod. And, hey, maybe this crew can give us a hand? Let me see if I can tell who they are...

SOUND: TYPING

FERN
 (Suddenly very, very serious)
 Oh, nope, never mind, gun the
 engines Guy and get us the hell
 out of here.

GUY
 Uh, okay. Hang on...

SOUND: ENGINES BUILD AND SURGE

FERN
 Nah, I wouldn't wanna ruin my
 streak--ack!

GUY
 (Resigned sigh)

FERN
 (Pained)
 No, no, I'm okay, don't worry
 about me...

THE INNOMINATE
 I can no longer detect the
 marauders. Are they pursuing us?

GUY
 Ummm...No. It looks like they're
 heading back the way they came,
 but...
 (Suddenly nervous)
 I think that's because the pod is
 chasing us.

THE INNOMINATE
 That is what I was worried about.

FERN
 (Soft, serious)
 Hey, maybe we should turn that
 tracker off? I don't want to run
 into those marauders again any
 time soon.

GUY
 Oh. Good idea.

SOUND: BUTTON CLICKS. SEATBELT CLICKING

GUY (CONT'D)
 What're you doing?

FERN
 Buckling in. I don't think we're gonna be able to outrun that whale pod, even with our newly fixed engine.

SOUND: SEATBELT CLICKS

GUY
 That's...a good idea. Brace yourself--

FERN
 Don't need to tell me twi--

SOUND: SOMETHING SLAMS INTO HULL.

GUY
 Whoa!

FERN
 Ack!

SOUND: HULL JUDDERING, METAL GROANING

GUY
 I...I can't get us out of here.

FERN
 Duh. It's a Nantucket Sleighride.

GUY
 Oh no. Are you getting these readings?

THE INNOMINATE
 (Irritable and tense)
 Considering that I'm the one who is gathering the data, yes. I am well aware.

FERN
 What're you guys talking about?

GUY
 This...pod. It's a lot stronger than the last one we got stuck in.

FERN
 And it's damaging our ship?

GUY
 Yeah.

FERN
 Oh. Yay.
 (MORE)

FERN (CONT'D)

Hey, what do you think the odds are of another whaler coming by and bailing us out?

GUY

(To THE INNOMINATE)

Hey, can you transmit that polyphonic frequency again? That worked last time.

THE INNOMINATE

(Tightly)

I have been attempting to achieve harmonic syntony since we became engulfed.

(Meanly)

My suggestion to you is that, if you think of a solution, you should assume that I have already considered it.

FERN

Why isn't it working this time?

THE INNOMINATE

There are any number of reasons, but I suspect that the energy field that's encompassing us is too violent and chaotic for my transmitters to overcome--

(Pause)

Santee. Do you still have the cord that connects that energy receptacle to my central processor?

GUY

Yeah. Why?

THE INNOMINATE

I need you to use it to attach them again.

GUY

You're sure?

THE INNOMINATE

No, but I am giving you my consent. Now, stop asking questions and go do it before the damage wrought on my systems becomes permanent.

GUY
Okay--

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS RUNNING AWAY

THE INNOMINATE
And, Santee?

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS STOP

GUY
Yeah?

THE INNOMINATE
Stay close by in case I need you
to disconnect the two.

GUY
Will do.

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS RESUME AND FADE OUT

FERN
What do you need me to do?

THE INNOMINATE
Literally nothing.

FERN
Cool.
(Pause)
You think connecting the glowy jar
to your brain is going to stop a
Nantucket Sleighride?

THE INNOMINATE
Fascinatingly, "nothing" also
means "don't talk."

FERN
So, what happened when Guy plugged
those two things together earlier?

THE INNOMINATE
(Tired)
Are you going to keep pestering
me?

FERN
Wow, that's a dumb question.

THE INNOMINATE

(Resigned)

I'm...not sure what happened, but,
when that receptacle is attached
to my central processor,
everything is...different.

FERN

Like, alternate universe
different?

THE INNOMINATE

No. Honestly, I don't even know
why I try--
(Pause)
Oh.

SOUND: GLITCHES BADLY

FERN

Whoa. You still there?

THE INNOMINATE

(Pained)

Yes. Give me a moment...

FERN

No rush. I'll just sit back and
enjoy the whale chaos outside.

THE INNOMINATE

(Slightly less pained)

I...I think...
(Pause; then, awe)
Oh. I see.

SOUND: METAL GROANING AND HULL JUDDERING STOP. EXTERNAL COMMS
BUTTON CLICKS. WHALE SOUNDS LACED THROUGH WITH ETHEREAL MUSIC
COMES OVER THE SPEAKERS

FERN

Whoa. That's...what are they
doing?

THE INNOMINATE

I've achieved harmonic syntony.

FERN

You mean, the same thing you did
last time?

THE INNOMINATE

Yes.
(MORE)

THE INNOMINATE (CONT'D)
 But on a much larger scale and
 much more competently than I did
 before.

FERN
 Yeah, no kidding. Holy moly,
 it's...it's amazing. God, I wish
 Guy could see this.

THE INNOMINATE
 I have summoned him back to the
 bridge. I no longer think I'll
 need him to sever the connection.

FERN
 (Absently)
 Yeah, no joke. Whatever he did,
hot damn.

THE INNOMINATE
 You mean what I did.

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS APPROACHING

FERN
 Yeah, but he has hands.

GUY
 What's going on--whoa. Oh my god.

FERN
 I know, right? I think the glowy
 thing is a lot more useful than we
 thought.

GUY
 What...I don't understand.

THE INNOMINATE
 Shocking.

GUY
 What's happening? The..."glowy
 jar"...that did this? What the
 heck is it?

THE INNOMINATE
 Something that let's me see.

FERN
 You couldn't see before?
 (MORE)

FERN (CONT'D)

(Gasp)

And you piloted this ship on your own?

THE INNOMINATE

(Gentle, slightly confused)

No, you misunderstand me. My perceptions have...intensified by several orders of magnitude. I can detect things I've never imagined...

(In awe)

This energy field surrounding us, for example. It's...not self-aware, precisely, but, it is sentient. It's alive--

FERN

--Duh, it's a whale pod--

THE INNOMINATE

And, the Oort: we're surrounded by infinitesimally small particles that are... connected? It's...to be honest, it's too much to take in.

GUY

Oh.

THE INNOMINATE

And...on the horizon, there's something...it's far, far away but...

FERN

...But?

THE INNOMINATE

(Faintly, with horror)

It's...oh holy hell. It's enormous and terrifying and fast and...

GUY

Hello?

THE INNOMINATE

...It's heading right towards our sun.

Thank 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 authorizing cosmochemistry. 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 14: The Universe's Biggest Headache.