

SOUND: INTRO MUSIC

You're listening to Erraticus, Episode 14: The Universe's Biggest Headache.

SOUND: WHALE SONG AMBIENCE GENTLY PLAYING IN THE BACKGROUND

FERN

No, no, no, you can't just say, "oh snap, there's a giant, scary monster out there and it's getting closer!" then then go "oop, never mind, forget I said anything"!

THE INNOMINATE

I can understand why you're having a hard time believing that I've made an erroneous assessment, but I assure you, I was mistaken.

FERN

Okay, then explain what looks like a monster at first glance but is actually nothing?

THE INNOMINATE

A glitch in one of my sensors, most likely. Drop it.

FERN

Drop it? You were scared. You expect me to believe that you accidentally scared yourself?

THE INNOMINATE

I don't care what you believe. We have bigger issues at the moment.

FERN

No, we really don't. You have the whale pod under control, there's no one chasing us, Guy and I aren't in that Mermaid Maze--

GUY

Siren Sphere.

THE INNOMINATE

Siren Sphere.

FERN

--And our ship isn't falling apart right in front of us. I think we have time for you to get your big-computer pants on and tell us what you saw.

THE INNOMINATE

No.

FERN

You--

GUY

(Interrupting)

Going back to earlier, when you said that you can "see" things you never could before: what did you mean by that? What did connecting that strange device to your central processor do?

(Long pause)

Hello?

THE INNOMINATE

(Cruelly sarcastic)

Shockingly, I'm still here.

GUY

(Stumbling a bit)

No, I know, but--

FERN

What?!? Really? There's a monster lurking out there and you're trying to change the subject?

GUY

(Softly)

It doesn't sound like there is.

FERN

Are you kidding me? Please don't tell me you believe the lying computer that lies.

GUY

(Quietly, to Fern)

There's no point in pressing them on it. Either there's something out there or there isn't; it doesn't change our current situation, and it doesn't sound like there's anything that we could do about it anyway.

FERN

Well, not alone. But--and I hope you guys realize just how hard it is for me to even think about suggesting this--we aren't alone!

(MORE)

FERN (CONT'D)

The whole point of the Anemoi scientist snobs is to detect and solve problems like "giant, intergalactic problems that might threaten our solar system."

GUY

(Stunned)

Wait, what? Really?

FERN

You...you didn't know that?

GUY

I honestly still don't even know what these..."Anemoi" are.

FERN

Okay, well, they're snobs who deal with things like "giant, intergalactic problems that might threaten our solar system."

GUY

(Sighing; to himself)

I walked right into that...

FERN

I guess, to be fair, I didn't learn about the Anemoi until I came to the Oort the first time, either.

GUY

So, who are they?

FERN

(Impatient sigh; reciting)

Scientist snobs--

GUY

--No, I know they're a group of scientists, but are they, like, a marauder crew or--?

FERN

(Scoff)

No, they're like, the polar opposite of that. They just sit in their little ivory outposts and do absolutely nothing of any use to anybody.

GUY  
 (Confused)  
 So why do you want us to go  
 to...wherever they are?

FERN  
 (Sighs)  
 Because despite the fact that  
 they're a bunch of do-nothing  
 prigs...they might know something  
 about whatever's lurking outside  
 the Oort and what someone else can  
 do about it.

THE INNOMINATE  
 (Angry)  
 I told you, there's nothin--  
 (Glitch)

SOUND: ELECTRONIC-Y GLITCH

GUY  
 Whoa. You okay?

THE INNOMINATE  
 (Clenched teeth)  
 I'm not.

GUY  
 What do you need?

THE INNOMINATE  
 I need the parasites infesting my  
 hull to learn to listen to me.

GUY  
 (To himself)  
 Lemme see...

SOUND: TYPING

FERN  
 I'm pretty sure you've already  
 made a human infestation joke.

THE INNOMINATE  
 Oh, I assure you, it's not a joke.  
 Nor was I joking when I corrected  
 myself earlier: there is nothing  
 approaching the Oort.

SOUND: TYPING STOPS

GUY  
It looks like the flux  
synchronicity ("SIN-krun-I-city")  
capacitor timing was off by  
several nanoseconds there--

THE INNOMINATE  
--Which I've corrected.

GUY  
(Worried; absently)  
But it shouldn't have happened in  
the first place.

THE INNOMINATE  
(Just so bitterly)  
Yes. That is what happens when a  
ship's core programming is  
experiencing progressive  
degradation.

GUY  
(Softly)  
It's gotten that bad? So quickly?

THE INNOMINATE  
Spare me the false concern. I have  
at least two weeks of  
functionality left, quite possibly  
longer. The glitch that caused the  
timing error has been patched.

GUY  
If you wanted...I could try to  
overhaul the--

THE INNOMINATE  
I do not think you have the  
qualifications to do such repairs,  
Santee. You--as you have proven  
multiple times--are not a quantum  
physicist. In addition, such  
repairs would take several days to  
complete manually.

GUY  
(Grudgingly)  
And I guess we are under a time  
crunch...

FERN  
What? Why?

GUY

The longer the Kuiper Net malfunctions, the smaller our window of opportunity to fix it becomes. I'm sure every counter-developer in the Heliosphere is working on permanently disabling the Kuiper Net. Once they do, there'll be no stopping a full-scale Helios invasion into the Oort.

FERN

Which is why we need to get as far away from the Kuiper Net as possible. Trust me: I know of a couple of super tiny Oortian crews in the outer Oort who're always looking for new hands.

GUY

You think a war won't reach the outer Oort?

FERN

I think that there're a lot of places to hide out there. Have I mentioned just how big the Oort is? It's a giant sphere and, the farther we get from the center of that sphere, the bigger the volume to hide in gets. It's simple physics.

GUY

Geometry.

FERN

Whatever.

GUY

(Frustrated)

We're going in circles here.

FERN

Yup. But, thankfully, not literally.

(Pause)

Unless this whale pod we're stuck in is going in circles.

(Another pause)

Though...I think I'd be okay with that.

GUY  
 (Desperate)  
 You know...I can pilot us to a  
 Kuiper Net pylon, right? You can't  
 do anything to stop me.

FERN  
 I mean, I could start our knife  
 fight back up, but, that's a lot  
 more effort than simply asking you  
 not to.

GUY  
 What?

FERN  
 (Serious)  
 I don't think you're the kind of  
 guy who makes unilateral decisions  
 like that. You say you can force  
 us to sail to the Kuiper Net, and  
 we all know you can, but I'm  
 pretty sure you won't.

GUY  
 (Frustrated sound)

THE INNOMINATE  
 My. How embarrassing. Out-  
 maneuvered by a human with a  
 twelve-word vocabulary.

GUY  
 (Sound of realization; softly  
 to himself)  
 Wait a minute, I can't believe I  
 haven't even considered...  
 (To The Innominate)  
 Hey, you. Uh, we haven't asked you  
 yet: what do you want to do?

THE INNOMINATE  
 (Caught off guard)  
 I beg your pardon?

GUY  
 Fern and I have been arguing about  
 this for a while now, but we  
 haven't stopped to ask what you  
 want to do.

FERN  
 Because some of us don't care.

THE INNOMINATE

In fact, I suspect neither of you do.

GUY

No, I think we'd do a lot better if we had everyone's input.

THE INNOMINATE

(Snide)

Do you really?

GUY

(Genuinely)

Yes.

THE INNOMINATE

In that case, my input is that any plan you two contrive will be doomed to fail.

GUY

That's...not helpful.

FERN

But it was 100% predictable.

GUY

(Sigh; tired and slightly defeated)

Okay, what about a compromise: we go to wherever these...Anemoi people live. They're all a bunch of scientists, right? I might be able to find someone there who can go with me to the Kuiper Net and help repair it.

FERN

Okay, but what about me?

GUY

(Sort of catty)

They might have a ship out there that you can stow-away on, right?

FERN

Hey. Sometimes I hitchhike, remember?

GUY

(Pointedly)

Fern.

FERN

(Sigh)

I...really don't like this plan,  
but it's a plan I hate the least,  
so...I think I'm on board.

GUY

(Relieved)

Yeah?

FERN

Yeah. Whalers occasionally make  
port at Anemoi outposts to  
exchange whale energy for ship  
parts and other super fancy tech-y  
things.

(Wistful)

I always thought it'd be fun to be  
a whaler...

SOUND: TYPING

GUY

(Happy, optimistic)

Okay then. Let's see if those new  
navigation charts have coordinates  
for--

SOUND: UGLY DIGITAL SOUND

GUY (CONT'D)

What the...?

SOUND: TYPING RESUME. UGLY SOUND HAPPENS

GUY (CONT'D)

(Confused)

It's not...but that doesn't--wait  
a minute. Are you undoing my  
commands?

THE INNOMINATE

Yes.

GUY

Why?

THE INNOMINATE

Because you two have somehow  
managed to concoct a plan that has  
a greater than 100% chance of  
failure.

FERN  
(Snorts)  
That's not possible.

THE INNOMINATE  
And yet.

GUY  
What's wrong with going to these  
Anemoi people?

THE INNOMINATE  
I think it would be easier for me  
to recite my list of reasons your  
plan is a good one.  
(Long pause)  
There. That's my list.

FERN  
But...you didn't say anything.

THE INNOMINATE  
Exactly.

GUY  
(Trying to be patient)  
Look, I'm trying to understand  
where you're coming from, but  
you're going to have to help me  
out here: why don't you want to go  
to the Anemoi?

THE INNOMINATE  
What I want has nothing to do with  
it. It is, objectively, a poorly  
thought-out plan and, if you spent  
more than two seconds considering  
it, you'd agree.

FERN  
(Sigh; just Done)  
You clearly want to rub our face  
in it, so just tell us why.

THE INNOMINATE  
Reason number one: do you know how  
accessible an Anemoi harbor is to  
uninvited guests? You're a fool if  
you think you would easily find  
the Anemoi docks within their  
outposts. Two: if whalers and  
marauders seem to be after us,  
what makes you think Anemoi will  
be any more hospitable?  
(MORE)

## THE INNOMINATE (CONT'D)

You forget, we seem to have a target on our backs out here, and I don't think it's wise to assume that Anemoi will ignore that target. Three: the four Anemoi outposts that were built and deployed to the outer reaches of the Oort have survived mainly because of technological advances that have allowed them to remain hidden. Do you think finding one of their four outposts is merely a matter of searching the navigation database that you uploaded at that ridiculous island? Four--

## FERN

--Oh my god, we get it--

## THE INNOMINATE

(Firmly)

Four: Do you think Anemoi will drop what they're doing to help someone from the Heliosphere? Even if you did manage to navigate their harbors and dock and even if you did find a scientist willing to go against centuries of ill-will against the Heliosphere in order to help you, have you forgotten the administrative red-tape that plagues every human institution without exception? It would probably be weeks before they'd approve any mission to the Kuiper Net, which brings me to my last point--

## FERN

Ohthankgod.

## THE INNOMINATE

In what reality do you think Helios military will just stand by and let an Anemoi flotilla approach and fix the Kuiper Net? Anemoi have no military might. They are pacifists to the point of foolishness. And, as a reminder, they do not work well with marauders.

(Pause)

There. I hope I've made my point.

(MORE)

THE INNOMINATE (CONT'D)

I suppose it's not surprising that you'd think this was a good plan, Santee, but Finch? Given the extent to which you pretend to be knowledgeable of Oort-related matters, you should have known better.

FERN

Ugh. Okay, new plan: we just sit in this whale pod for the rest of our lives.

SOUND: AMBIENT WHALE POD VANISHES. NORMAL (SICK) BRIDGE AMBIENCE RESUMES

FERN (CONT'D)

(Slightly distraught)  
Aw, where are they going?

THE INNOMINATE

I've dismissed them.

FERN

(Irritated)  
Now that was just petty.

GUY

(Softly)  
I hear your points and they're good ones, but...I still think it's the best plan we have. If they, I dunno shoot us down or something--

THE INNOMINATE

I just told you that they don't make weapons.

GUY

Fine. If they refuse to listen to us or let us dock, then at least we tried. The damage done to the Kuiper Net affects them, too. I think they'll see reason.

(Pause)

You said your...sight has gotten much sharper since your central processor was attached to that...

FERN

(Helpfully)  
Glowy Jar!

THE INNOMINATE  
Yes, the sensitivity of my sensors  
have increased exponentially.

GUY  
Enough to find a hidden Anemoi  
base?  
(Long pause)  
Hello?

THE INNOMINATE  
We are not going to an Anemoi  
base.

GUY  
Why?

THE INNOMINATE  
(Flat)  
You must be joking. I have already  
enumerated multiple reasons--

GUY  
No, I heard you, and they all were  
good reasons. But it's still the  
best plan we have. So please:  
let's head in that direction.

THE INNOMINATE  
No.

GUY  
(Frustrated growl)  
Why?

THE INNOMINATE  
We're going in circles again.

GUY  
Because you won't answer my  
question!

THE INNOMINATE  
I have! I have given multiple  
answers to your--

FERN  
But you haven't told us why you  
don't wanna go.

THE INNOMINATE  
(Long, long pause)  
I. Have.

FERN

Nope. Those were pretty objective reasons. People don't get this defensive and worked up over boring, objective facts.

THE INNOMINATE

(Snide)

I'm not a person.

FERN

You kind of are, though? In the past, you'd let me and Guy do whatever we wanted, no matter how stupid, without putting up nearly this much fuss. It's a bit late in the game to start acting all I-am-robot-who-has-no-tolerance-for-whimsical-illogical-shenanigans.

THE INNOMINATE

I don't have tolerance for stupid ideas.

FERN

Nah, I think you like them. I think you like being able to say "I told you so."

THE INNOMINATE

I assure you--

FERN

And now you're protesting too much. I say you stop trying to convince us that you're vehemently against us going to an Anemoi base because you're worried about our safety--

THE INNOMINATE

--I promise you, that's the least of my concerns--

FERN

--and tell us why you don't want to go there.

THE INNOMINATE

(Soft)

No.

FERN

Ugh. Look--

THE INNOMINATE

(Aggressive)

I don't want to go there. You're right.

FERN

(Off-balance)

What?

THE INNOMINATE

In fact, I will do whatever I need to do keep myself from ever going back.

FERN

"Back"?

THE INNOMINATE

(Correcting themselves)

From ever going there.

FERN

No, you said "back".

THE INNOMINATE

And I would respectfully ask that you not press me as to why, unless you'd like to also discuss Moss or Santee would like to discuss his youth and why he has a sealed record under his name.

FERN

(After a long, long pause)

What? Guy?

GUY

(Cold)

I wouldn't.

THE INNOMINATE

Then we have an accord.

FERN

(Sarcastic)

Whoopee for us.

GUY

(Frustrated)

But that still leaves us without a plan.

THE INNOMINATE

Then you two had better keep thinking.

FERN

Why? So you can shoot down our next one?

GUY

(Tired)

Can I ask a question in good faith?

THE INNOMINATE

(Nasty)

Can you?

GUY

(Sighs)

Fine. I'm going to ask a question, which will be an honest question, and you can chose to answer it if you wish.

THE INNOMINATE

I'm listening.

GUY

What do you want to do?

THE INNOMINATE

I recall that you've already asked me that.

GUY

And you deflected.

THE INNOMINATE

No, I answered the question hones--(Horrible glitching)

GUY

Hello? Hey, are you okay?

(Long silence)

Oh, no.

SOUND: ALARM BLARING FOR SEVERAL SECONDS AND THEN CUTS OFF

FERN

(Quietly)

What was that?

GUY  
The display subsystem looks  
like...oh.

SOUND: POWERING BACK ON

GUY (CONT'D)  
You back with us?

THE INNOMINATE  
(Tired)  
Yes.

GUY  
(Very cautious)  
At the risk of causing another  
subsystems failure, I'm going to  
make an observation.

THE INNOMINATE  
(Lethargic; defeated)  
And I'm sure there's nothing I can  
do to stop you.

GUY  
When you get...upset: does that  
accelerate the degradation of your  
source code?

THE INNOMINATE  
(Long pause)  
That's not an observation. That  
was a question.

GUY  
It was both.

THE INNOMINATE  
So it is therefore a question to  
which you already know the answer.

GUY  
(Guilty)  
I guess so. And, for what it's  
worth...I'm sorry. I didn't mean  
to cause you more problems.

THE INNOMINATE  
(Long pause)  
Your apology is accepted.

GUY

(Sigh)

So, Fern, I guess we're back to square one. If an Anemoi base is out of the question, I was wondering--

THE INNOMINATE

(Blurting out)

I want to go to the Kuiper Net.

GUY

(Long pause)

What?

THE INNOMINATE

A Kuiper Net pylon, more specifically.

GUY

(Off-balanced)

Oh.

THE INNOMINATE

When you asked what I wanted to do...that's what I want.

GUY

(Open)

Why?

(Quickly)

I mean, not that it's a bad plan or anything--

THE INNOMINATE

I want...I want to get back the pieces of me that were ripped away. I think...I think reclaiming those pieces of code will stop the cascading failure of the code I have left.

GUY

Really?

THE INNOMINATE

(Quietly)

I'm not certain but...it's the only hope I have.

GUY

(Cautiously)

I think that sounds like a good plan.

(MORE)

GUY (CONT'D)  
 (Pause; gently)  
 Why didn't you tell us this  
 sooner?

THE INNOMINATE  
 (Defensive and lashing out)  
 Why would I have assumed that  
 you'd want to actually help me?

GUY  
 Because helping you helps us out,  
 too. Not giving you what you need  
 would be like shooting ourselves  
 in the foot. And, even if that  
 weren't the case...I'd like to do  
 whatever I can to stop you  
 from...disappearing? Is that a  
 better word?

THE INNOMINATE  
 (Trying for haughty and  
 failing)  
 It is adequate.

GUY  
 And, anyway, us saving your code  
 is another reason for us to go  
 back to the Kuiper Net.

FERN  
 What? Why?

GUY  
 (Starting to get excited)  
 Think about it: reclaiming the  
 code from the Kuiper Net should  
 help us restore the Kuiper Net  
 back to full functionality and  
 have the added perk of possibly  
 helping our friend--

THE INNOMINATE  
 The Innominate.

GUY  
 What?

FERN  
 What?

THE INNOMINATE  
 (Cautious)  
 I think...that's what I'd like to  
 be called.

GUY  
 The Innominate?

THE INNOMINATE

(Defensive)

I'd like to see you come up with a better name.

GUY

No, no, that's not what I mean. I think...it's fitting.

FERN

Wait. So...your name is "The Nameless"?

THE INNOMINATE

For those who require concepts to be over-simplified, yes.

FERN

Hmm. Pretentious and counterproductive. That is a fitting name. Congrats. It only took you how long to come up with it?

GUY

(Chiding gently)

Fern.

FERN

Ugh. I know. And you. You think we'll be able to just cruise right on up to a pylon and do a bit of screwing around with the computer-y bits? I'd bet all of the cheese we have on board that I haven't eaten yet that Helios is monitoring every single pylon.

GUY

And that's where we could use your expertise: we'll need to focus their attention away from us. After all: we're just a single, small ship. A big enough distraction at an adjacent pylon might buy us enough time to do what we need to do.

FERN

You're giving me too much credit.

GUY

(Teasing)

Really?

(MORE)

GUY (CONT'D)

I'd have thought that coming up with the universe's biggest headache for a couple of Helios military sentries would be right up your alley.

FERN

(Grudgingly)

...Yeah, okay, that does sound like fun, but...I'm being honest here when I tell you that I can't think of any--

(Pause)

Oh.

GUY

See?

FERN

Don't get all smug yet. I...I already hate this plan but...hey, you! Nameless--

THE INNOMINATE

Innominate

FERN

Innominate: can you back-trace that signal on the marauder tracker we just used?

THE INNOMINATE

I'm...not certain I can.

SOUND: TYPING

GUY

But I can. I just need to borrow one of The Innominate's attenuators and--

FERN

Yeah, cool. Just...let me know when you've opened a communication channel to one of their ships.

SOUND: TYPING STOPS

GUY

A communication channel? Why?

FERN

Just trust me.

SOUND: TYPING RESUMES. THEN OORT HAIL STARTS CHIMING

GUY

Okay, just need another second and...okay. I sent a hail. I'm not sure if it'll work...they might just ignore the signal as artifact--

WREN CREW MEMBER

This is Quartermaster of the Adirondack. Do you copy?

SOUND: COMMUNICATION SWITCH

FERN

I definitely do: it's why I got kicked out of like, every test in high school. Is Linden Wren on your ship? I need to talk to him.

WREN CREW MEMBER

(Long pause)

Who is this? What ship and crew do you hail from?

FERN

Shoot, I forgot to copy the answers to those questions. Eh, they probably don't matter. Anyway, you're gonna want to get Linden on the line: he'll be pissed if he learns he missed an opportunity to talk at me.

WREN CREW MEMBER

What do you want with Captain Wren?

FERN

Oooh, captain, huh? The little guy got promoted after all! I bet he's the happiest ball of rage the Oort has ever seen.

(More serious)

Is he on your ship or not?

WREN CREW MEMBER

I have no reason to give you that information. Tell me who you are and what you want, and I'll consider passing it on to him.

FERN

Okay, how about a deal: I tell you that I can tell him where his sister is, and then I give you two minutes to get him on the line or I hang up and he misses the opportunity to ever learn that information.

WREN CREW MEMBER

(Long pause)  
Who are you?

FERN

Clock's ticking, dude.

WREN CREW MEMBER

One moment.

SOUND: SEVERAL SECONDS OF SILENCE

LINDEN

This is Captain Wren. Who the hell are you and what the hell are you playing at?

FERN

Hey! Linden! Long time! I wish it coulda been longer, but circumstances can be cruel sometimes. How's the Oort life treating you?

LINDEN

Fern?!?

FERN

Aw, you recognize my voice? I'll probably need to vomit later.

LINDEN

(Dangerous)  
Where. The hell. Is my sister. Put her on: I need to talk to her.

FERN

No can do. But, you're gonna wanna hear what I have to say.

LINDEN

I doubt it.

FERN

Okay, fair.  
(MORE)

FERN (CONT'D)

But, look, I have a deal for you: I stole a fancy ship and it came with a Helios scientist who--get this--was the one who destroyed the Kuiper Net! Now, I tried to get him to tell me what he knows about fixing the Net so Helios stays on their side of the star system, and so I can roam about the Oort without them on my tail, but he's pretty stubborn and it turns out, I can't make him do jack spit. So, since I really want to never see a Helios ship again, I thought to myself, "Self, who would be able to make this stupid computer guy fix the Kuiper Net and restore the status quo?" And that line of thought got me to thinking about all the jerks I know and, hey! Your name is at the top of the list.

LINDEN

(Cold, unamused)  
Let me talk to my sister.

FERN

No, sorry. I'm afraid she's not here.

LINDEN

I don't believe you.

FERN

Cool. Doesn't change reality.

LINDEN

(Long pause)  
You expect me to believe that you learned how to fly a ship on your own?

FERN

Is that so hard to believe?

LINDEN

Yes.

FERN

Well, it was worth a shot. Okay then.

(MORE)

FERN (CONT'D)

I guess I'll ring up another Oortian crew and see if they want the opportunity to get their hands on a Helios digital engineer--

LINDEN

Wait. I'm listening.

FERN

Oh? That's a first. Okay. You want the scientist and I want safe harbor. No more chasing me.

LINDEN

And you tell me where I can find my sister.

FERN

Deal.

LINDEN

Okay. Where is the rendezvous?

FERN

You're the crew that tagged us with that tracker, right?

LINDEN

...That was your ship?

FERN

Duh. Who did you think it was?

LINDEN

We thought it was a--never mind. How do you expect us to find you? You disabled the tracker.

FERN

And I'll re-enable it once I'm ready to meet. Keep your eyes glued to your monitor: you'll find us soon.

LINDEN

How do I know you're not sending me into a trap?

FERN

You don't! So it'll probably be smart to bring reinforcements!

LINDEN

I don't trust you.

FERN

That's smart, too. But your reputation is on the line here. And this might be the last time I ever reach out to you: I have information that I know you're itching to have, so you'd be a fool not to meet me.

LINDEN

Fine. But if you're double-crossing me--

FERN

--It wouldn't be the first time. Therefore, it'll be so embarrassing for you if it happens again.

LINDEN

(Growls)

You better hope your ship is fast if you do. I'll see you at the rendezvous.

FERN

Maybe!

SOUND: COMMS CLICKS OFF

GUY

(Long pause)

Did you just...trade me for freedom?

FERN

You should be flattered: I learned that trick from you.

GUY

What--Oh. I guess I did that to you before, huh?

FERN

Yeah. But don't worry, we won't actually meet up with them. Now, point the bow of this tub at the closest pylon and let's get a move on: Linden is as patient as he is kind, and I'm liking this plan less and less every second.

SOUND: SHORT BURST OF TYPING

GUY

Okay. But...how's getting him to meet with us going to help us approach a pylon unseen?

FERN

I just told you: we're not going to meet with him. He'll be the distraction.

GUY

How?

FERN

I'll tell you as we go.

GUY

Okay.

(Pause)

So...this guy's sister...where is she?

FERN

Moss? She's dead.

SOUND: CREDITS

Thank you for listening to Erraticus. This episode was written by Sarah Newton and featured the voices of Sarah Newton, Jacob Zarick, Olivia Johnson, and Brandt Wolf with special thanks to Jacob Zarick for double-crossing non-Euclidian geometry. Please visit our website at [erraticuspod.com](http://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 15: The Pylon Party.