

SILON, season 1: The Baltimore Plot, Episode II - An Embrace, an Impasse, and an Invitation

[Radio Static. An old-timey radio tunes up and down the dial]

ANNOUNCER: The Pinkerton Detective Agency is proud to sponsor this audio performance of The Secret and Impossible League of the NoöSphere presented by Live Girls! Theater and Pendant Productions.

[applause and organ music]

ADVERTISEMENT: With the motto "We Never Sleep," the Pinkerton National Detective Agency proudly serves as this nation's private defense against thieves, villains, and scallywags. Using novel investigative tactics, ingenuity, and toughness, former police detective Allan Pinkerton has created an organization of gifted undercover operatives to protect your home or business from even the most determined and dastardly criminals. Affectionately known as Pinks, these crafty detectives work with law enforcement to bring in outlaws. With Pinkerton Detective Agency, you can sleep well knowing they never do.

ANNOUNCER: I feel safer already. Welcome back, dear listeners, to the NoöSphere; a world where reality is formed and destroyed through the power of Ideas. Tonight's episode, "An Embrace, an Impasse, and an Invitation," is the second in a six-part adventure called "The Baltimore Plot." Let's tune in to find out what our narrator, the ghost-ship Mary-Celeste, will share with us today.

[Noosphere Theme music. A sound like a rope squeak as we tether to Mary-Celeste in the Noosphere.]

MARY-CELESTE: If you can hear this message, then it's meant for you. When last you heard my voice, I had begun the history of a secret league of exceptional people caught out of time in the NoöSphere. The incomparable Lady Ada Lovelace and her dashing father, Lord Byron, popped into Chicago in 1856, and encountered the mysterious Kate Warne, a small-time pickpocket. Through careful prodding, Lord Byron convinced Kate to apply for a detective position with Allan Pinkerton, an interview inadvertently observed by Nikola Tesla through a new invention – a copper finial. Listen as I connect us to the NoöSphere, where Lord Byron is very, very bored.

[Interwoven with the music, we hear the sounds of the NoöSphere: ideas being created and destroyed, making ripples through space and time which becomes a mixture of organic breathing and heartbeats with sci-fi thrums, buzzes and clicks.]

[These resolve into the interior sounds of wood creaking on the deck of a ship and a deep mechanical breathing.]

BYRON: Roll on, deep and dark blue ocean, roll. Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain. Man marks the earth with ruin, but his control stops with the shore.

[A sweet little bong-bong sound interrupts the scene.]

ANNOUNCER: Footnote. Lord Byron is quoting his most famous work, the autobiographical poem “Childe Harold’s Pilgrimage”, whose publication in 1812 caused him to remark,

BYRON: “I awoke one morning and found myself famous.”

ANNOUNCER: End footnote.

[A sweet little bong-bong sound concludes the footnote interruption.]

[Tesla's pen scratches in a notebook. As Tesla writes, Byron uncorks a bottle and pours himself a drink.]

BYRON: What are you writing there, Tesla? I say, old salt, you look as though you've seen a ghost.

TESLA: You were successful, Byron.

BYRON: Oh? How have I succeeded lately?

TESLA: Kate Warne was hired by the Pinkerton Detective Agency as the world's first female detective.

BYRON: And just how do you know that?

TESLA: I've been working on my experiments.

BYRON: How mysterious you are today.

TESLA: Miss Warne is synesthetic.

BYRON: Yes. I thought so too.

TESLA: Lady Lovelace didn't return with you?

[An x-point opens and closes.]

ADA: I'm here.

TESLA: We made a—

BYRON: —Mr. Tesla was just telling me how spectacularly successful I was on that last errand.

ADA: You found the Source of the Anomaly?

BYRON: I did. And she's already put our analysis to good use.

ADA: Let me guess... she's young and beautiful?

BYRON: The Noösphere works in mysterious ways, Ducky.

TESLA: *[clearing his throat]* You became separated?

ADA: My nose led me a merry dance.

BYRON: She thought she'd sniffed out Babbage.

ADA: I boarded a train headed for Rochester, New York. I searched the train, but I couldn't discover Mr. Babbage.

BYRON: Why would Babbage be in a Chicago train station in 1856?

TESLA: A better question: what would he gain by preventing Mrs. Warne from becoming a Pinkerton detective in the first place?

ADA: It mightn't have been him at all. It could have been another synth.

BYRON: *[scoffs]* Not likely.

ADA: It's possible. We can't be the only ones. I'd like to try and go back, maybe a few days earlier, to see if I can pick up the trail.

TESLA: Without more to go on, it will be difficult.

ADA: I have a location. I have a date. I shall not surrender. *[The Noösphere ripples.]* Oh.

BYRON: One of your headaches?

ADA: It's nothing. I'm going to start my research. Mr. Tesla, try to keep my father out of his cups, would you? He's useless when he drinks.

[Ada exits.]

TESLA: She doesn't seem to like you very much, Byron.

BYRON: Nonsense, Ducky loves me. She is at a trying age.

TESLA: She is essentially your age.

BYRON: And I'm very trying, or so she tells me constantly.

[Byron uncorks and pours himself another drink.]

TESLA: You didn't tell her about Mrs. Warne.

BYRON: No, well, I didn't hear you leaping to explain your mysteries either. Care to now? No. *[Sighs]* Ada sets her hopes too high. I've only just extracted her from Babbage's influence. I'm not quite ready to distract her with another synth just now.

TESLA: Lady Lovelace does not belong to you, my friend.

BYRON: I think that's perfectly clear—a toast: To a man in his cups.

TESLA: I have never understood your affection for inebriation.

BYRON: The best of life is but intoxication. How else to get through this endlessness?

TESLA: You needn't remain in the NoöSphere if it makes you lose hope.

BYRON: And what is hope? Nothing but paint on the face of Existence; the least touch of truth rubs it off. And then we see what a hollow-cheeked harlot we have got hold of.

TESLA: It is a fact that drinking exacerbates one's melancholy.

BYRON: Touché, Mr. Tesla.

[The NoöSphere ripples again. The engine clicks, then ka-chunks, then and emits a ding. Tesla crosses to the Engine.]

BYRON: Another Anomaly! Don't just sit there, transcribe the punchcard, man.

TESLA: I may not be as accurate as Lady Lovelace. But I will try.

[Tesla writes a transcription and tears it from a notebook.]

TESLA: The Bernouilli numbers translate to "The Railroad Police." What does it mean, Lord Byron?

[Byron channels the noösphere. A single sustained cello note...]

BYRON: We need to protect the main railroad line of Mid-America... the Illinois Central, run by a George McClellan. It's to do with the Pinkertons again.

TESLA: More trains.

BYRON: And more Mrs. Warne.

BYRON: Mary-Celeste, make me a new facsimile. A telegram this time.

MARY-CELESTE *[disembodied voice]* Manners, Lord Byron.

[Tesla fidgets with a terminal near the engine.]

TESLA: If you please, my dear.

MARY-CELESTE *[disembodied voice]* Very well.

[A click and whir, then a pneumatic whoosh and clank [like an old bank vacuum tube].]

BYRON: Touchy, isn't she?

MARY-CELESTE *[disembodied voice]* Humph.

TESLA: Here's the telegram. Will it do?

BYRON: It will. Well, shall you go, or shall I?

TESLA: I need more neurodiversity than the Biosphere provides... And Mary-Celeste prefers that I stay aboard... And I have my experiments.

BYRON: And that's enough excuses for any three of us.

TESLA: Mary-Celeste, please open a Tether—

MARY-CELESTE [*disembodied voice*] —You won't be leaving again, will you, Nikola?

BYRON: Again?

TESLA: [*clears his throat*] No.

MARY-CELESTE [*disembodied voice*] Good.

[*The ship tethers to a specific point in time.*]

MARY-CELESTE [*disembodied voice*] The Tether is anchored to Chicago, 1858, behind the Mercantile Exchange Building.

BYRON: I'll be off then.

TESLA: Shouldn't we inform your daughter of this development?

BYRON: Not yet. Sometimes all one has to rely on is one's instinct—forgiveness in lieu of permission, all that. You understand.

TESLA: Here's your anchor and bollard. Safe journey, Lord Byron.

MARY-CELESTE [*disembodied voice*] The X-point will be defined in 3... 2... 1.

[*An x-point opens.*]

MARY-CELESTE [*disembodied voice*] Good luck, George.

BYRON: [*a bit surprised*] Thank you, my dear.

[*An x-point closes.*]

[*Tesla looks for something, shuffling papers and books.*]

MARY-CELESTE [*disembodied voice*] What are you looking for, Nikola?

TESLA: I need to know more about the United States in 1858.

MARY-CELESTE [*disembodied voice*] Look at the bookshelf on the right, third shelf down.

TESLA: Here it is. The Rise and Fall of American Democracy...Hvala, draga.

[A sweet little bong-bong sound interrupts the scene.]

ANNOUNCER: Footnote. "Hvala, Draga" means "Thank you, Dear" in Nikola Tesla's native language, Serbian. End footnote.

[A sweet little bong-bong sound concludes the footnote interruption.]

[The NoöSphere ripples.]

[Nighttime city noises, such as horses walking by on cobblestones, indistinct talking, the sound of laughter as doors open and close. Two sets of footsteps enter an alley together.]

PINKERTON: *[whispers]* All clear?

KATE: *[whispers]* No one. Wait—

[A crook's footsteps approach.]

KATE: Kiss me.

PINKERTON: What?

KATE: Kiss me!

[Sexy groaning and panting noises. The crook's footsteps stop for a moment.]

KATE: *[Moans]*

CROOK: *[Disgusted]* In an alley? *[shivers audibly]*

[A lock-pick set makes a slight jingly-jangly noise.]

PINKERTON: *[whispers between grunts]* What's he doing?

KATE: *[whispers between moans]* Breaking and entering. He's smooth with lock-picks.

PINKERTON: *[whispers]* Let me see.

KATE: *[aloud]* Push me up against the wall!

PINKERTON: *[aloud]* Yes, ma'am.

[Pinkerton and Kate switch spots. The crook pauses.]

CROOK: Blegh. *[mumbling]* This is... all-overish... uncomfortable...

[A door clicks open and creaks slightly, then snicks shut again. All moans and pants stop instantly. Kate and Pinkerton are quick to flank the door.]

KATE: Did the Exchange find another place for the cargo as you requested?

PINKERTON: No.

KATE: Why would anyone go to this much trouble to steal some bits of unrefined metal?

PINKERTON: They're rare.

KATE: They're rocks.

PINKERTON: Timothy's guarding the front. The only other way out is through here or on the roof.

KATE: Shall I go up?

PINKERTON: The thief's got no reason to suspect he's being followed.

KATE: I'm not the one who'll have to explain losing the cargo to our client if this mudsill grows wings.

PINKERTON: I'll go to the roof and block the door. Stay here.

KATE: As you wish. Sir.

PINKERTON: Only you could make "Sir" sound so damned condescending.

[Pinkerton ascends a wooden ladder.]

[An x-point opens and closes.]

BYRON: You've done quite well, Mrs. Warne.

[Kate cocks her pistol.]

BYRON: *[gasps]* Please don't shoot the messenger.

KATE: I'd half-convinced myself you were imaginary.

[Kate decocks her pistol.]

BYRON: It's only been what? Two years? Nice to see you on the right side of the law.

KATE: I don't have time for this.

BYRON: Then I'll be brief. I intercepted this telegram.

[Byron gives Kate the telegram.]

KATE: Is this telegram authentic?

BYRON: The information it conveys is accurate.

KATE: What do you know of Mr. Pinkerton's business affairs?

BYRON: I know that if Mr. Pinkerton guarantees the Rock Island and Illinois Central railroad, he will be doing his country a great service, greater than he could possibly know.

KATE: What do you mean?

BYRON: If your employer guarantees the line, then it will be safe. It is imperative the line remains safe.

KATE: And what do you want in exchange for this guarantee?

BYRON: I want nothing you wouldn't more willingly part with.

KATE: I've still got my gun, sir.

BYRON: *[audible swallow]* Noted.

KATE: Just how did you "intercept" this telegram?

BYRON: Ideas are in motion, my dear. Dangerous people are making dangerous plans. My colleagues and I inspire 'precautions' to prevent these dangerous plans from coming to fruition. Mr. Pinkerton is one of those precautions.

KATE: Who are you?

[City noises get louder. Footsteps in the distance.]

BYRON: We're out of time, Mrs. Warne.

KATE: Take your hand off of my arm.

BYRON: I promise I'm here to help.

KATE: Mysterious men may be charming, but they're rarely honest.

BYRON: I've done nothing but help you.

KATE: You're not telling me the whole truth. I can see that clearly enough.

BYRON: Then you must also see that you can trust me. *[Impasse.]* Fine. I'll show you.

[An x-point opens.]

KATE: How did you...? There's an opening into... into nothingness in the middle of this alley. What's in there? Who are you?

BYRON: Come with me and find out.

KATE: I can't just leave.

BYRON: Do you want to know everything, or don't you? Take my hand.

KATE: I s'pose I never was one for caution.

[Kate and Byron walk into the X-point.]

BYRON: Tally, ho.

[An x-point closes.]

[The NoöSphere ripples. We hear the deep mechanical breathing of the Engine.]

[An x-point opens and closes.]

KATE: Oh.

BYRON: Mrs. Warne? Are you all right?

KATE: I think I'm going to be sick.

[Ada enters.]

ADA: What is the meaning of this, Lord Byron?

KATE: Lord Byron?

BYRON: Yes, that's me. George Gordon Byron, the sixth Baron Byron of a rapidly diminishing aristocratic family, poet, peer, politician—

ADA: Prat.

BYRON: At your service. Mrs. Warne. Ahem, Duck, this is Mrs. Kate Warne of the Pinkerton Detective Agency. Mrs. Warne, I'd like you to meet Lady Ada Byron King, Countess of Lovelace, computer programmer, enchantress of numbers, and my daughter.

[A sweet little bong-bong sound interrupts the scene.]

ANNOUNCER: Footnote. In 1843 Charles Babbage wrote a letter to Lady Lovelace to express his admiration for her mathematical mind. In it he called her an "Enchantress of Number". He later wrote to the English scientist Michael Faraday about Ada, saying: "That Enchantress who has thrown her magical spell around the most abstract of Sciences and has grasped it with a force which few masculine intellects could have exerted over it." End footnote.

[A sweet little bong-bong sound concludes the footnote interruption.]

KATE: Lady Lovelace is Lord Byron's daughter?

ADA: Unfortunately.

KATE: It's nice to meet you.

ADA: And you, Mrs. Warne. I am sorry to be rude, but I would like very much to be told why and how you have come to be here?

KATE: That makes two of us.

[Tesla enters.]

TESLA: It's Miss Warne!

ADA: Et tu, Mr. Tesla?

TESLA: I don't... She... I would have told you.

BYRON: And this is our resident inventor and engineer, Mr. Nikola Tesla.

ADA: If Mrs. Warne is here in the NoöSphere, then she's—

KATE: —I'm what?

BYRON: —A synth, yes. Let's tell her about the NoöSphere now and argue about whens and hows later.

KATE: I'm sorry, the Nooooo...

TESLA: NoöSphere.

KATE: God bless you.

[A sweet little bong-bong sound interrupts the scene.]

ANNOUNCER: Footnote. In 1944, Prominent Russian polymath, Vladimir Ivanovich Vernadsky coined the terms 'biosphere' and 'noosphere' He wrote,

VERDANSKY: In the twentieth century, man, for the first time in the history of the earth, knew and embraced the whole biosphere, completed the geographic map of the planet Earth, and colonized its whole surface. All this is the result of the growth of man's brain and the work directed by his brain. Mankind is becoming a mighty geological force. This new state of the biosphere, which we approach without our noticing it, is the noösphere.

ANNOUNCER: End footnote.

[A sweet little bong-bong sound concludes the footnote interruption.]

ADA: This may be difficult to explain to a non-mathematical person.

BYRON: You explained it to me.

ADA: And that was tedious.

TESLA: Miss Warne, what do you know of Earth History?

KATE: I've... read the Bible.

BYRON: [*chortle*] Ahem...something in my throat. Carry on.

[airy piano music]

TESLA: The Earth developed in a succession of phases. First came the physical, inanimate matter—

BYRON: Rocks.

TESLA: —which was called the GeoSphere. Then came the second phase.

BYRON: Life.

TESLA: Yes, we call it the Biosphere. And finally, with the emergence of human cognition, came the third phase.

KATE: And that's the No-Sphere?

TESLA: NoöSphere. As humanity organizes itself into more and more complex social networks, the NoöSphere spreads like a fire; first, a feeble spark, then a flickering flame, then a mighty blaze, ever increasing in speed and power, guiding us toward our next transformation. The more we learn, the more the NoöSphere grows in awareness.

[piano music ends]

KATE: So, the NoöSphere is alive?

BYRON: And we're inside it. Look out the porthole.

[They walk to the porthole.]

KATE: Oh. My.

[NoöSphere theme music]

KATE: It's... It's...

ADA: It's like that for all of us the first time.

KATE: It's beautiful.

MARY-CELESTE [*disembodied voice*]Thank you.

ADA: No, Mary-Celeste, she didn't mean—

TESLA: Never mind.

BYRON: Let me introduce you to the fourth member of our League: the good ship, Mary-Celeste.

KATE: The fourth member of your crew is a disembodied, sentient ghost ship?

MARY-CELESTE [*disembodied voice*]: I'll manifest a room for you in the aft section.

KATE: What does that even mean?

BYRON: Mr. Tesla, you were saying, about the Noösphere...

TESLA: You may think of the Noösphere as the "sphere of the mind." And we can travel within it. We are, in effect, inside Thoughts – inside Ideas.

KATE: What about God?

ADA: God's Will could be considered inherent; it often is.

KATE: Can you bring anyone here?

ADA: Not anyone. All people have some level of access to it. Inspiration, divination, love, all these are fed by and nutrient to the Noösphere.

TESLA: Every living being is an engine geared to the wheelwork of the Noösphere. But most cannot see it, because to see beyond into the infinite distance, to experience the Noösphere directly, you must also be synesthetic.

MARY-CELESTE *[disembodied voice]*: The phenomenon of Synesthesia comes in many varieties. Some synesthetes hear colors, feel sounds, or taste shapes. Some see abstract concepts, such as units of time or mathematical operations, as images projected in the space around them. And many synesthetes experience more than one form of the condition. Research suggests that about one in two thousand people are synesthetes.

KATE: What does that have to do with me?

BYRON: How can you tell just by looking at me whether I'm telling you the truth?

KATE: People's intentions have a, well, not a color so much as a... an essence that I can read if that makes sense. And when they aren't honest, that essence... sours.

ADA: Synths process information differently. That difference allows us direct access to the NoöSphere. Once here, those senses are augmented. There are not many of us.

KATE: And you all have special synes... synth talents?

TESLA: I see time, dates, events in the form of a great wheel.

BYRON: For me, each sound has its own personality. When those sounds form letters or words, I hear the expanse of human experience behind them.

ADA: I possess a combination of qualities exactly fitted to make me a discoverer of the hidden realities of nature. I associate smells with particular people and can tell when they've been somewhere recently. I see numerical sequences as points in space. I can throw rays from every quarter of the universe into one vast focus.

KATE: O-kay. How did you find this place?

TESLA: I electrocuted myself. I don't recommend it.

ADA: This Engine opened a connection to Mary-Celeste from the workshop where it was developed by a man named Charles Babbage.

BYRON: But he couldn't make it work without Lady Lovelace.

ADA: I helped. I wrote the code which integrated the spheres, allowing for transference between them. We call it a Tether.

BYRON: And now the Engine guides us to places in the past and future.

TESLA: Time is not linear, but—

[piano music plays.]

BYRON: We can go only as far forward or backward in time as the natural lifespan of the members of our League.

ADA: Our current temporal limitations are 1788 to 1943.

TESLA: I die in 1943.

KATE: Time travel.

BYRON: Yes, but it's not about Time. It's about Ideas.

KATE: Do you all know when you die?

BYRON: It tends to be a point of curiosity. Or obsession.

ADA: Mr. Babbage isn't obsessed.

BYRON: He only came into the NoöSphere to bring his wife back from the dead.

[ticking noise begins and gets faster.]

ADA: That isn't true. You've never understood him.

BYRON: Ducky.

ADA: All we know is that he left. We don't know why.

BYRON: Or where he is. Or what he is doing. He may have left this Engine behind, but you can be damned certain he's built something even more dangerous by now.

ADA: He's trying to make things better. You disapprove of him because he's not a nihilist.

TESLA: *[stopping their squabbling, ticking slows]* The Engine reveals Anomalies to us. They are malfunctions, possibly created by our knowledge of the NoöSphere itself. These Anomalies inspired Mr. Babbage to try to prevent his wife's death.

BYRON: Again and again.

TESLA: Mr. Babbage changed things, brought Ideas about before their time. And ruptures began to appear, more damaging than Anomalies. They are Deviations from recorded human history.

ADA: The Noösphere is robust. Not every moment is important. Some pass and have no effect on the course of the future.

TESLA: Others, if they spark cognitive breakthroughs... changing them can destabilize everything. When we began, we were explorers, giving little jolts of inspiration to Anomalies.

KATE: Like you did with me? With the newspaper advertisement?

BYRON: You were meant to meet Pinkerton that day, but someone prevented you. Happily, I was there to restore your destiny.

[Pause. It's a lot to take in.]

KATE: How does an engine know what's important?

BYRON: [slowly] We don't know.

ADA: The Engine weaves algebraic patterns just as a loom weaves flowers and leaves. Mathematical science is a language of the unseen relations between things. To understand that language, we must be able to appreciate, to feel, to seize the unseen, the unconscious.

BYRON: The Engine spits out numbers. Lady Lovelace interpolates the numbers into words. I find the meaning in those words, then Mr. Tesla gives us the tools we need, and Mary-Celeste takes us to the Anomaly.

KATE: To what end?

BYRON: To save the world. *[Pause.]* Too much?

KATE: You're all barking mad.

ADA: You are the first synth we've met since we entered the Noösphere. I must admit, I'm hoping you'll join us.

KATE: Join what?

BYRON: *[dramatic]* The Secret and Impossible League of the Noösphere.

ADA: [*simultaneously*] No. No. We are not calling it that.

TESLA: [*simultaneously*] That name is just ridiculous.

KATE: I need a drink.

BYRON: [*enamored*] As they say in your country - belly up to the bar, ma'am.

[Byron pours her a drink.]

KATE: Thank you, Mr. Byron.

BYRON: Lord. It's Lord Byron.

KATE: Well, as an American, I don't recognize your archaic caste system.

TESLA: [*lets out a loud guffaw, which he tries to cover with a cough.*] Don't mind me. Please continue.

KATE: When did you start doing... this?

BYRON: I had just joined the Grecian army to lead them in their War of Independence. I was bravely dying of a fever when Ducky saved me.

ADA: The Engine led us to Greece. I had nothing to do with it.

KATE: How old are you?

BYRON: How old are you?

KATE: Humph.

TESLA: As I have said, here, time ceases to be linear.

BYRON: I am thirty-six and three and three hundred all in the same moment.

KATE: But you appear like this in the-- in my world.

BYRON: I say, she is quick.

ADA: Quicker than you.

TESLA: Take Byron's hat, for example.

BYRON: Oh dear, have I been wearing this ghastly thing the whole time?

TESLA: As long as we are anchored in the Biosphere by an object that belongs to that time, people see what they expect to see. You, however, see us as we are.

KATE: So, in the... Biosphere... when people look at you, they see whomever they expect to see.

TESLA: You have it.

KATE: Fancy that. Lady Lovelace—

BYRON: What happened to not recognizing our archaic caste system?

KATE: —What am I doing here?

ADA: Well, what did you scoundrels interpret behind my back?

BYRON: [*makes an uncomfortable sound*] Mrs. Warne must convince Mr. Pinkerton to secure the railroads.

KATE: Why?

TESLA: The NoöSphere tells us what we need to know when we need to know it. The rest is up to us.

ADA: Luckily, our synesthesia helps.

KATE: Do I have a choice?

TESLA: Of course.

ADA: Do you want a choice?

eKATE: How do I contact you?

TESLA: We'll contact you. May I have something of yours? To anchor us to you.

KATE: I have this hairpin...

TESLA: Perfect.

BYRON: Shall we get you back to that alley in Chicago where I found you?

TESLA: Mary-Celeste, Lord Byron and Miss Warne are leaving. Please open a Tether to their last location.

[The ship tethers to a specific point in time.]

[A rope squeak sound as it's stretched and mechanically fastened]

MARY-CELESTE *[disembodied voice]:* Tethering.

ADA: It was indeed a pleasure to meet you, Mrs. Warne.

MARY-CELESTE *[disembodied voice]:* The X-Point will be defined in 3... 2... 1.

[An x-point opens.]

MARY-CELESTE: That is where we must leave our adventurers, for now. But remember, nothing in the NoöSphere happens by chance. You were meant to hear this story.

[Music].

ANNOUNCER: Next time on The Secret and Impossible League of the NoöSphere in The Baltimore Plot:

[The NoöSphere ripples.]

KATE: Leah? You're the one stealing from this place.

LEAH: It's not stealing if it's meant to be mine.

[The NoöSphere ripples.]

ADA: Charles?

BABBAGE: Ada?

ADA: Why did you leave, Charles? You didn't even say goodbye.

[The NoöSphere ripples. The ship shakes. The NoöSphere cracks.]

TESLA: What does it mean, Lord Byron?

BYRON: It means Abraham Lincoln will be assassinated.

[Credits music.]

ANNOUNCER: Pendant Productions would like to express our thanks to our stars:

Alyssa Kay as Lady Ada Lovelace,
Marena Kleinpeter as Kate Warne,
Daniel Christensen as Lord Byron,
Sherif Amin as Nikola Tesla,
Caitlin Frances as Leah Fox,
Troy Lund as Allan Pinkerton,
Imogen Love as Mary-Celeste,
Matthew Middleton as Charles Babbage,
and Mark Fox as the crook and other voices.
Original music composed by Michael Owcharuk.
Advertisements were read by Shawnmarie Stanton and
I am Roy Stanton.

SILON was conceived and written by Darian Lindle. The Baltimore Plot was originally produced as a stage play directed by Meghan Shalom Arnette for *Live Girls!* Theater. This episode was directed by Vincent Morrison and assistant directed by Paul Brueggemann.

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Stay safe and good luck.

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