

JT: RADIO: Outcast is a bizarre, gunslinging podcast for mature audiences. Content warning: this episode contains depictions of emotional abuse throughout the episode that may be upsetting for some listeners. We encourage our listeners to prioritize their safety before venturing ahead. Thank you.

*(theme music)*

*(Crowd of people talking)*

*(Fantastical synth whistle)*

HELIX (narration): Look, maybe I've been alive for three hundred and seventy million years, but that doesn't mean I'm ready to be a mother.

*(Crowd of people talking)*

*(Gavel smacking a board once, twice)*

EMI (as bailiff): Order. *Or-der!*

*(Crowd quiets down. A man clears his throat)*

*(Seats creaking)*

EMI (as bailiff): All rise. Judge Emi presiding, God of Time, Queen-Mother of, like, the past, the present, *and the future.*

*(Crowd claps)*

*(Footsteps approach)*

EMI (as judge): Thanks très much, you *beautiful* bailiff.

RANDOM GOD IN ROOM: Woo!

EMI (as judge): Although you did forget to mention Quantifier of Reality, Ruler of the Fourth Dimension, and, most recently, voted *sexiest* higher god for the four hundred-millionth year running.

*(Crowd goes crazy)*

*(Fantastical synth whistle)*

HELIX (narration): That's when I knew my ex had lost her *fucking* mind. Emi made herself judge, prosecutor, and even the jury. She'd be sitting in the judge's seat and then just disappear into thin air, appearing somewhere else in the courtroom in an *entirely* different outfit.

*(Crowd mumbling)*

*(A bird flaps around and tweets up a storm)*

*(Fantastical synth whistle)*

HELIX (narration): Coda flew around my head tweeting up a storm. At least I have one friend during all of this bullshit.

*(Fantastical synth whistle)*

HELIX (narration): My powder blue mockingbird has been by my side all these years, but I'll need more than my little familiar to survive this *bogus* trial. Ever since the four-thousand year-long trial between a sea God and the money Goddess, Order and Chaos have *dipped* from the Heavens' court entirely. "Too much work," they both said. Now, Emi has taken the reins.

EMI (as judge): You may be seated. [beat.] The trial between the Messenger God of Sound known as Helix, versus the God of Time known as *me*, Emi, is now in session.

*(Seats creaking)*

*(Gavel smacking a board once, twice)*

EMI (as judge): Do we have, like, opening statements?

*(Seat slides back quickly)*

HELIX: As a matter of fact, I do!

*(Crowd gasps in outrage)*

*(Coda flaps around and tweets defensively)*

HELIX: If you're going to drag the entire pantheon into our fucked-up relationship problems,

*(Coda flaps around and tweets defensively)*

HELIX: then allow me to set the record straight. *Emi* has *controlled* me for the past —

EMI (as prosecutor): *Judge*, let's ignore Helix's *petty* outburst and get down to busi-ness.

*(Crowd mumbling)*

EMI (as prosecutor): As we all know, when two gods are united,

*(Gavel smacking a board once, twice)*

EMI (as prosecutor): con-tract-ua-lly, they are to event-ua-lly fashion a cute, little, half-and-half me and half-and-half you, lesser god.

*(Jury of Emis claps)*

EMI (as multiple voices in the jury): Yes! / Duh. / Obviously. / We all know that.

*(Clapping continues)*

EMI (as prosecutor): But it's been, like, *millenia*, and I have proof that instead of committing to this most noble *ritual*, Helix has been acting like [she gags] a *human*!

*(Crowd gasps in horror)*

RANDOM GOD IN CROWD: Oh my -- ugh! Ugh!

EMI (as prosecutor): And honestly, your grace, it's pretty *gross* and unfair to a god as *amazing* as yourself.

*(Crowd claps)*

EMI (as judge): Aw, *too true*.

*(Gavel smacking a board once, twice)*

EMI (as judge): Bring out the first witness.

*(Crowd whispers in anticipation)*

EMI (as prosecutor): Your honor, I call to the stand the all-seeing Messenger God of Sight. Spectra.

HELIX (narration): One of my four sisters, Spectra.

*(Fantastical synth whistle)*

HELIX (narration): She's *hated* me since our conception. Always jockeying to be the most powerful of the sensory messenger daughters.

*(Crowd whispers in anticipation)*

*(Heels approach)*

*(Seat creaks)*

*(A lighter flicks open)*

*(Lighter struck once, twice, thrice)*

*(Cigarette hisses to life)*

*(Spectra takes a drag of cigarette)*

SPECTRA: So, yeah. I *saw* Helix spending her days and nights on Earth, partying and *DJing* in the basements of clubs in New York City.

*(A lighter snaps closed)*

SPECTRA: With the *humans*.

*(Crowd gasps in horror and disgust)*

SPECTRA: She wasn't even being worshipped.

*(Crowd screams in tandem scandalization)*

HELIX (narration): Emi brought out my other three sisters.

*(Fantastical synth whistle)*

HELIX (narration): Instead of defending me, they each pled the five million-and-fifth. *None of them* wanted to face Emi's wrath. Even if it meant my demise.

*(Gavel smacking a board once, twice)*

EMI (as prosecutor): I call to the stand the Messenger God of Touch.

*(Crowd claps)*

*(Gavel smacking a board once, twice)*

EMI (as prosecutor): I call to the stand the Messenger God of Smell.

*(Crowd claps)*

HELIX (narration): Spectra was the worst. It was *obvious* she wanted me to face the maximum punishment. Because making me look bad has always been her favorite way of winning.

*(Coda tweets in protest)*

*(Gavel smacking a board once, twice)*

*(Coda tweets in disappointment)*

HELIX (narration): The others didn't have much to add. They all agreed: I'd gone too long without fulfilling my end of the contract. Because of Emi, I had been allowed to create things like the ticking of a clock, the chorus of birds in the morning, *hell*, even hip-hop wouldn't exist without our union. All Emi was asking for, in the Gods' eyes, was what was owed to her. A divine child.

*(Gavel smacking a board once, twice)*

EMI (as judge): That's *enough* witnesses. I think, like, we've all heard enough. Am I right, my sweet audience?

*(Crowd hoots, hollers, and cheers)*

*(Fantastical synth whistle)*

HELIX (narration): The pantheon ate Emi's *whole* schtick up. She painted me out as the pantheon's greatest villain. A weakness. Someone to blame for *everything wrong* in the heavens. Even the God of Intuition looked like he knew exactly where this was going. I'd always be too young, too irresponsible, too human. [beat] And *now*, I'd been too selfish. Even my own mother, the All-Mother of Communication, looked at me like I had brought this all on myself. [beat] I couldn't bear to turn around

and look at her. To face the disappointment. I'd embarrassed myself, my union, my title, and worst of all, my mother.

EMI (as judge): Now, does the *beautiful* prosecution have a recommendation?

EMI (as prosecution): Judge.

*(Seat slides back quickly)*

EMI (as prosecution): We recommend, like, the *most maximum punishment*.

*(Crowd mumbles in pleased shock)*

*(Coda flaps around and tweets angrily)*

EMI (as judge): And what does the *lovely* jury recommend?

EMI (as jury foreman): Judge Emi, we the jury recommend the maximum punishment for the Messenger God of Sound known as Helix.

*(Crowd claps and mumbles)*

*(Coda flaps around and tweets angrily)*

*(Coda flaps and tweets in disappoint)*

*(Smacking a table)*

HELIX: Stop this! Why are all of you just letting her do this?

*(Fantastical synth whistle)*

HELIX (narration): But I knew the answer. It was fear.

*(Gavel smacking a board once, twice)*

EMI (as judge): A sound argument from both Judge Emi and Jury Foreman Emi.

*(Polite clapping)*

EMI (as judge): And *lastly*, what about our dear audience?

*(People cheer in agreement)*

RANDOM GOD: Get her out of here!

*(Coda flaps and tweets snappishly)*

HELIX: What? You can't ask them -

*(Gavel smacking a board once, twice)*

EMI (as judge): Well, Helix. It seems the verdict is like, *totally clear*. You must know that this comes from a place of love. My lo-

HELIX: Love? Did you ever actually love me?

*(Crowd gasps in shock)*

HELIX: You think because you're some *higher* God, you can sleep --

*(Gavel smacking a board once, twice, thrice!)*

HELIX: -- around with dozens of other minor deities behind my back. And I'm not supposed to care? No!

*(Coda enthusiastically tweets in agreement)*

*(Gavel smacking a board once, twice, thrice!)*

HELIX: I think you used me. As a matter of fact, I think *all of you* Gods just use each other, and I'm -

*(Coda enthusiastically tweets in agreement)*

*(Gavel smacking a board once, twice!)*

*(Emi yawns)*

*(eerie music fades in)*

EMI (as judge): You know what you sound like? [beat] A human.

*(Crowd laughs)*

EMI (as judge): And since you *want* to act so *humanoid*. Well, let's grant your petty wish.

*(Gavel smacking a board once, twice)*

*(Crowd claps)*

EMI: For Helix, I grant the maximum punishment.

*(Crowd cheers)*

*(Eerie music continues)*

*(High-pitched hum)*

HELIX: Wait? What the fuck is -

*(fade in: vibrating portal sound)*

HELIX: I -

*(rise: vibrating portal sound)*

*(louder: vibrating portal sound)*

*(sudden stop: vibrating portal sound)*

*(...)*

*(Low hum)*

*(Slow, out-of-time ticking)*

HELIX (narration): One moment I was staring into the face of my former lover. [beat] Someone I used to confide in, change the world with, now turned into some *vengeful* monster. I saw a dark look in her eyes. I turned to look for my mother, to reach out for help, but then, --

*(Out-of-time ticking speeds up)*

HELIX (narration): -- in the very next moment, *everything* went radio silent.

*(...)*



*(Warbling, sinister hum)*

*(THUD)*

HELIX: Oof!

*(Fantastical synth whistle)*

HELIX (narration): I found myself sitting on top of a heap of funky silk dresses. For a moment, I thought I was back in Brooklyn. Wouldn't be my first time waking up in a coat-room the day after a party. The room I was in took me back to my gramophone days. Stuff I hadn't seen in nearly a century. A table nearby was stacked with loose powder jars and tins of soot. There was an open chest bursting with corsets and frilly bloomers. I tried to get up a bunch of times but I felt like shit. Like half of me had been scooped out of my insides. I had to crawl out from under the dresses all while Coda freaked around my head.

*(Quiet hum)*

*(Coda flutters about and tweets in distress)*

HELIX: Fuck.

*(Floorboard breaks)*

*(Coda flutters about and tweets in distress)*

HELIX: We'll be okay. We're okay. We've just got to figure out just what the hell Emi's maximum punishment is.

*(Coda tweets)*

*(Coda flutters about)*

HELIX: Where *are* we?

*(Coda flutters about)*

*(Fantastical synth whistle)*

HELIX (narration): Three hundred and seventy million years I've been a God. Teleporting back and forth between the Heavens and Earth. From the middle of the desert I could hear an ocean like it was right behind me.

*(Crashing waves in the background)*

HEliX (narration): *These* were my powers as the Messenger God of Sound. [beat] I could make the most beautiful music out of thin air. And now? [beat] After three hundred and seventy million years, I can't leave. I can't teleport. All I hear is the empty stillness of this strange room. [beat] My powers. My God-ness. It's *all* [beat] gone.

*(Fantastical synth whistle)*

JT: RADIO: Outcast was created by María Fernanda Vidaurrazaga and JT Lachausse, and produced by Ann Hughes. Starring Jade Duong as Helix, Ann Hughes as Emi, Daniel Sotelo as Coda, and Maria Fernanda Vidaurrazaga as Spectra. This episode was written by Fernanda and JT. Directed by Fernanda. Dialogue editing by Ann, sound design by JT, and music by Samuel Kinsella. You can find us online at [radiooutcast.com](http://radiooutcast.com) or follow us on Instagram at [radioutcastpod](https://www.instagram.com/radioutcastpod) and Twitter at [radio\\_outcast](https://twitter.com/radio_outcast). If you like what you hear, please leave us a review on iTunes. If you'd like to help us grow, consider becoming a Patron at [patreon.com/radio\\_outcast](https://patreon.com/radio_outcast) where for as little as one dollar a month you too could get a special shout-out at the end of our episodes like...

The remarkable Kyrie O.  
The marvelous Stefani C.  
The spectacular Gnome H.  
The shimmering Patrick C.  
The excellent Alan L.  
The stellar Daniel W.  
The wondrous Tuvie.  
The glimmering Melissa L.  
The splendid Sarah F.  
The outstanding Rax W.  
The incredible Marcos L.  
The fabulous Patricia D.  
The glorious Consuelo U.  
*And* the wicked cool Lisbeth V.

To all of our patrons, thanks again. We appreciate you. And to everyone listening, safe travels.

*(theme music)*