

Oz 9 Episode 5: There's a zombie in the corridor

[alarm is blaring, sounds of footsteps, running. In the crew room]

Colin: What the hell is going on? Where is everyone? Computer!

[more footsteps]

Madeline: What the hell? Colin, did you trigger the alarm? Olivia!

Colin: No? You?

Madeline: Would I be asking you?

Colin: Yes, well, all right, but someone did. Is Joe in here? Joe?

Madeline: I don't see him.

Colin: Does it matter?

Madeline: Fair point. Olivia! [running footsteps] Here comes someone.

[footsteps stop]

Colin: I didn't see anyone come in. Is it Joe? I am NOT screaming this time.

Madeline: [calling] Who's there?

Olivia: It's me.

Colin: Yes, we know about you, computer, but someone was just outside the door.

Olivia: That was me, too.

Colin: What? No, we heard footsteps.

Olivia: You mean like these?

[sound of footsteps]

Madeline: You gave yourself footsteps. Jesus. Look, could you kill the alarm, please.

Olivia: Thought you'd never ask. Proper noisy, innit?

[silence]

Joe: Soooo...

Madeline/Colin: Jesus!

Colin: Were you here all along?

Joe: Ah, no, that one's on me. Back door. So, who pushed the panic button?

Madeline: Must've been Leet. Olivia, can you locate him, make sure he's OK?

Olivia: He just came out of a healer, still a bit wobbly from anesthetic, and banging into the corridor walls. I'll lead him here; hang on a tic.

Madeline: What was he doing in a healer?

Colin: Cracked a tooth.

Madeline: On just one side?

Colin: Well, yes, of course.

Madeline: Damn. Well, hopefully the healer can restore his symmetry.

Joe: Did you find out anything about the tanners? Or those dead pods?

Madeline: Not yet. I was trying to get a look at the circuitry, but I kept getting shocked.

Colin: Like, bad surprises?

Madeline: No, like electric shocks. Pretty bad ones. I kind of got the feeling Olivia might be doing it on purpose?

Colin: But that's mad, she's here to protect us!

Joe: I'm starting to be a little uncomfortable with *everyone* who says they're here to protect me.

Colin: You know / don't care what happens to you...

Joe: I didn't mean you.

Madeline: Yes, I think we all get where you were going with that, Joe; we'll talk about it later. Right now, I'd like to know if there's a real emergency on my ship!

[doors open, Leet stumbles in]

Leet: arghly bargle brataghatl gliffersz

Colin: My god, he's foaming at the mouth!

Olivia: Toothpaste. He vacated the pod during the final clean.

Leet: arghly bargle brataghatl gliffersz

Colin: Why can't he talk? Is he in shock?

Madeline: I'm going to guess Novocaine.

Olivia: Right you are. The pods allow you to self-administer if you can feel pain, and he overdid it a bit. Surprised he can hold his own head up, really.

Joe: He's in a panic, though; Olivia, translate for us. What's he saying?

Leet: arghly bargle brataghatl gliffersz

Olivia: Bringing up my toothpaste/Novocaine to English dictionary.... "There's a zombie in the corridor."

Colin: WHAT.

Narrator: If you're just joining us, now might be a good time to catch you up. This is Oz 9, a spaceship from Earth, roughly half-a-dozen hours out from launch. Aply run by Olivia, the ship's artificial intelligence, and less ably by the didn't-quite-finish-flight-school Captain Madeline and her tiny crew of petty criminals plus one utterly pointless rich fellow, Oz 9 carries a cargo of rather less than the 50,000 sleeping rich people it started out with this morning. Since launch, they've managed to melt an entire wing's worth of folks, and shunting the goo out the airlock caused two other ships to crash. They've nearly collided with another Oz, stasis pods keep going dark, and even lunch has been more of a challenge than our genius crew can handle without incident. Oh, and there's apparently a zombie on board. All caught up? Good. Narrator out. God, this is the stupidest bunch of space monkeys I've ever seen...what? Oh, crap. Oh, who cares, who's gonna listen to this nonsense anyw- [mic snaps off]

Colin: WHAT.

Olivia: Yep. Zombie. Corridor.

Madeline: Olivia, could you shut the crew room door, please?

Olivia: Righty ho.

Madeline: Could you bring whatever it is we're dealing with up on the screen, please?

Olivia: Leet, my lovely, oooooo, they did a very nice job on that tooth. Symmetry restored! Could you tell me whereabouts you saw this zombie?

Leet: arghly bargle brataghatl gliffersz

Olivia: He says it was in a white corridor. So that neatly narrows it down...

Joe: Use your sensors, Olivia. Look for movement. And tell me you did NOT leave a trail of toothpaste foam all down my clean floors.

Olivia: On screen.

[collective expression of disgust from the crew]

Madeline: Wow. That is a proper zombie, all right.

Colin: Is it wearing ... is that a Vivienne Westwood?

Joe: Looks like rags from a dumpster. How the hell did he get on board? Suck it out an airlock; it's leaving a slime trail, and you know who gets to clean that mess up.

Colin: No, wait. Computer, scan it.

Olivia: Ew, for what? Maggot count?

Colin: For a passenger tag.

Olivia: You must be joking.

Colin: Unless I'm very much mistaken, that thing over its arm is a Prada Galleria Medium Saffiano Tote. Those run more than 2000 quid. And those are definitely Jimmy Chu's it's currently oozing out of.

Olivia: Scanning. [pause] Oh dear.

Madeline: Please don't say it. Please don't tell me we lost another guest.

Colin: My god. I think that- Computer, is there sound? Can we hear her?

Joe: Her?

Madeline: Oh, let's not.

Olivia: On speakers.

Zombie 1: -enormously bad idea. I mean, really, who does this sort of thing? One moment you're categorizing vintage shoes by heel height, and the next you're stabbed in the neck, thrust in the back of a filthy van-

Leet: [panicky] argle bargle blarb gargle!

Olivia: [translating] That's it, that's the zombie.

Leet: [just as panicky] argle bargle blarb gargle!

Olivia: [translating] She had me cornered. She smells terrible and kept yelling at me to look at her ankles.

Colin: Ankles? Did you say ankles?

Madeline: Colin, what's going on?

Colin: That's Lucretia NibbleBiscuit- I mean Lady Lucretia Neville-Bickford. I'm sure of it. She has notoriously weak ankles.

Joe: "Nibble-biscuit"?

Colin: Nickname from school. She eats like a starving wolf, actually. Or so I hear.

Joe: You know weird things.

Colin: You know the number of vanilla musk aromatherapy on an space ship.

Joe: Touche.

Olivia: He's right, actually. Pod 658. Looks like it popped open sometime last night.

Colin: And Lord Neville?

Olivia: What about him?

Colin: Is he in his pod? This is very important, computer. Is. He. In. His. Pod.

Olivia: Ummm....No.

Colin: My god, you have to hide me! I'll ... I'll be in here [sound of cabinet door opening, shutting, muffled voice]. YOU NEVER SAW ME.

Olivia: Colin...

Colin: I'm not on this ship!

Olivia: All right then. So what should we do about the stinking rich zombie lady?

Joe: Sounds like we could have at least two zombies roaming around, then.

Olivia: Mmmmmm, no. Nope, just the one.

Joe: Well, what about her husband?

Olivia: Lord Neville Neville-Bickford?

Joe: Yes, you just said he wasn't in his pod.

Olivia: Well, yes, I did just say that.

Joe: So where is he?

Olivia: Uhhhhhh.... Somewhere in Chelsea SW3, according to today's *Telegraph*.

Colin: [from inside closet] WHAT.

Olivia: With his much-younger boyfriend, from this CCTV footage.

Colin: So, he's not in his pod...

Olivia: Because he's not on this ship, yes. You really must learn to ask all the pertinent questions, Colin.

[Colin emerges and there's some shouting among Madeline, Joe, Colin, and Olivia that very nearly covers up the sound of the door opening]

Leet: [warning] argle bargle blarb gargle! *argle bargle blarb gargle!*

Colin: What the hell is that smell?

Lady NB: I beg your pardon.

All: JESUS!

Lady NB: Rude. Who is in charge here? We need to talk about accommodations.

Narrator: Don't you hate it when, just when things get really interesting, there's some sort of unnecessary interruption, like an ad during the best part of a movie, or intermission right before the bodies start falling? Yeah, well, get used to it. I had a life. I narrated documentaries, gritty dramas, wildlife specials! Listen to this, Cumberbatch: penguin. Not that hard, is it?? And now I'm here, talking to you about a bunch of hypoxic space debris disguised as crew, banging off asteroids and each other, out to muddy up yet another planet- [beat. Ragged breath] Sorry. It's just that I was going to be Sir David Attenborough only thinner and with better-controlled hair, and oh, the hell with it. Zombies. This is where we are. Carry on, monkeys.

[return to chaos – shouting, alarms going off again, lots of garbled screaming from Leet]

Lady NB: [cutting through the din] Shut UP. Goodness, what a bunch of frightened children. Who is in authority here? Or who is meant to be?

Madeline: I'm the Captain. How ... how do you feel?

Lady NB: Feel? Captain, I was kidnapped, I suspect by my brother, thrown into a pod and shot into space. And if my very high-technical watch is to be believed, I have been awakened 24 years and 364 days too early, I have no heartbeat, and I appear to have started decomposing all over my favorite Vivienne Westwood, which is simply not done until one is properly interred. Am I presumptuous in feeling I deserve a bit of an explanation?

Madeline: Of course not. Something seems to have gone wrong with your pod. You're pretty clearly dead, which makes the walking and talking a bit confusing. Olivia? Ideas?

Olivia: Your brother's a bit of a prat, for starters.

Lady NB: You are not mistaken.

Olivia: I don't know all the science, but from what I can see, the pods basically keep all the bodily fluids for the person inside cycling. Hers are still cycling a bit from being artificially forced.

Colin: That doesn't sound realistic.

Olivia: Did you read *The Martian*?

Colin: Yes.

Olivia: Did you read all the sciency bits?

Colin: Well, ... no.

Olivia: No one did. Which is why we're skipping that bit now. She's been unplugged, but the battery still has some juice. Carry on.

Joe: How much longer will that work?

Lady NB: Don't I know you?

Colin: Me? No. Nope. Not a chance.

Lady NB: Horrible? Is that you? It's me, Nibble-Biscuit! Well, what's left of me, anyway.

Colin: Don't know you, Miss. Sorry.

Lady NB: Well, you certainly look a good deal like an old schoolmate of mine. We called him "Horrible."

Olivia: Because his name was Horace? For example?

Lady NB: Goodness, it was, you're right! But no, because he was fairly horrible, actually. We had a shower pool to guess how many days he'd go-

Colin: Might've had a skin condition or summat, is all I'm saying. So, how much longer will her Ladyship be with us, Olivia?

Olivia: Oh, yes, well, just let me check my vast memory banks, shuffle through the likely thousands of times this has happened before, and extrapolate you a number.

Colin: That's sarcasm, innit.

Lady NB: Excuse me ... Olivia, is it? Is there perhaps a chance I could send a message back to earth?

Olivia: To your horrible brother? To let him know you're on to his skeazy-

Lady NB: To my husband, actually. I suspect he thinks I'm shopping, adding to my vintage shoe collection. He'll be worried when I don't come home tonight.

Madeline: What are you going to tell him?

Lady NB: I really don't know. "Darling, I've been kidnapped by Alastair and I'm several miles past the Horsehead Nebula with a group of people I'd find amusing ordinarily, but my heart stopped beating a couple of hours ago, it's just taking a bit longer than usual for me to fall down. Don't forget to feed the dogs. I love you." What do you think?

Joe: Two possibilities: you'll break his heart, or he'll break Alastair's neck. Maybe both.

Leet: gargle argle bargle don't eat my brains!

Lady NB: Dear boy, I wouldn't think of it. Hardly more than a mouthful anyway, I suspect.

Olivia: If you'd like to send a message, you can do it from the bridge. Might want to ... eh... giddy up. Time's a-ticking, even if your heart isn't.

Madeline: Olivia!

Lady NB: Cheeky ...

Joe: I'll take you.

Lady NB: Very kind of you, but perhaps Horr- uh... this gentleman would escort me?

Colin: Colin. It would be my pleasure.

Olivia: Follow the doors.

[walking down the corridor]

Lady NB: Care to explain the spectacularly awful disguise, Horrible?

Colin: You knew it was me, huh? You barely knew it was me in school.

Lady NB: I knew, dear; I knew. But you know Neville wasn't fond of you.

Colin: I know. Homicidally "not fond."

Lady NB: You were pretty dreadful. And what about all that bother with your wife and the parachute-

Colin: Yes, yes, I'm going to be stuck with that forever, aren't I?

Lady NB: Your wife tumbled out of a plane wearing a Spiderman rucksack full of sandwiches.

Colin: It was an accident.

Lady NB: Very well. Your accent's a bit of a mess. Tell me about "Colin" and the need for him?

Colin: Someone on board is trying to kill me.

Lady NB: [laughs a lot for a long time] Your assassin has terrible aim, Horrible. Any idea who it is?

Colin: None.

Lady NB: That shirtless fellow with all the ripply bits seems a good candidate for bolloxing it up this badly. Oh. Oh, dear. I think we'd better hurry.

Narrator: Skipping to the important bit, Lady Lucretia sent her message and finally stopped moving around shortly thereafter.

fwip

Olivia: Airlock emptied and scrubbed.

Narrator: It's a good thing the zombie had no particular need for brains, or she'd starve to death aboard the Oz 9. Next time, something terrible happens to Gregory Pecs, the shirtless wonder. Is there another *fwip* in the not-too-distant future?

You've been listening to:

Eric Perry as Joe

Bonnie Brantley as Lady Lucretia Nibble-Biscuit

Richard Cowen as Leet

Tim Sherburn as Colin,

And me, Richard Nadolny, as the Narrator.

Oz 9 was written by Shannon Perry, who also plays Olivia and Madeline.

Our theme and other incidental music was written and performed by John Faley.

Oz 9 is now available on Stitcher, SoundCloud, Google Play, and iTunes, and of course, at our website, Oz-9.com.

Narrator out.

