

Oz 9 Episode 7: The biggest bunch of mindless wankers

Jessie: Leet, there's someone behind you. Leet, Leet, look out!!

Leet: You're so cute, all waving your arms at me, hi! Hiiiiiiiiiiii!

[a whump and the thud of a body falling, and the sound of Jessie's voice over the comms]

Jessie: Leet? Leet! Leet! Are you there? Leeeeeeeet!

Narrator: As the Oz 9 continues wandering around in space, graceful as a manatee in high tops, things are – not surprisingly – not going so well for the crew and passengers. Fortunately, most of the passengers are unconscious, and a fair few are dead, so they're not complaining much. IT guy Leet Hax-x, who was basically a half-dozen brain cells from unconscious anyway, is now *actually* unconscious ... and missing. And believe it or not, it's still Tuesday.

[sound of very loud, creaky footsteps]

Olivia: Hello? Who's that? Hello? Who's there? Why can't I find you? Hello?

[crew room – always has the same elevator music playing]

Olivia: Have any of you been wandering around in very loud shoes?

Colin: What? What are you talking about? Have you got any 7s?

Joe: Go fish.

Olivia: Liar! You've got 3!

Colin: Come on, hand them over.

Joe: Cheater.

Colin: You're calling ME a cheater?

Olivia: And Colin has three queens, two fours, an ace, and two sevens.

Colin: Computer!

Olivia: Can I have your attention now?

Joe: We've been sitting here for at least six months, Olivia. Your warts must be killing you.

Colin: For the last time, I do NOT HAVE ANAL WARTS.

Olivia: It's on your medical records.

Colin: Because you put it there!

Joe: Must be Leet clomping around like a Clydesdale. New hand?

Colin: Oh, all right, but no more cheating.

Joe: Yeah, sure. Man of my word.

Colin: And what word would that be? Bullsh-

[around different parts of the ship]

Olivia: Leet? Leet? Are you here? Are you in here, then? Leet? Good lord, how far did you wander? Here, hang on a minute... who set airlock seven to auto-open? Leet? LEET!

[fwip]

[lots of loud alarms, electrical cackle, bells and bings and chaos]

Olivia: Crew to the bridge, please. NOW.

[bridge – pinging sound like sonar tells us it's the bridge]

Madeline: What's going on? What's all that noise?

Colin: Were you literally asleep at the wheel?

Madeline: No... just resting my eyes. The burden of leadership and all that. What's happened?

Colin: Olivia summoned us all here.

Jessie: Oz 9, come in. What the hell's all that ruckus? Don't tell ME sound can't travel in space, we can hear you screeching all the way over here.

Madeline: Not sure yet; our AI apparently has something she needs to tell us.

Joe: Mad-

Madeline: Jesus!

Joe: I might just change my name to Jesus, since I get called that every. Single. Time.

Madeline: What's going on? Is there an emergency?

Joe: Don't think so, unless that fire in the Gucci wing got bigger...

Madeline: Fire??

Jessie: Oh, yeah, we can smell smoke, too. "Space is a vacuum," my tartan arse...

Olivia: Are we all here?

Colin: Yes, we-

Olivia: Clearly not, as LEET IS MISSING.

Madeline: There's a fire in the Guc-

Olivia: I need you to pay attention, Madeline: Leet is NOT HERE.

Jessie: Oh, right, I saw-

Colin: Wait, there's a fire on the shi-

Olivia: I don't think you're all getting the message here: LEET IS NOT HERE BECAUSE SOMEONE TRIED TO KILL HIM.

Joe: Does this have something to do with the loud shoes?

Jessie: Look, is anyone reading me over there?

Olivia: You people are impossible, you really are. Someone tried to kill a member of this crew, a very valued, very important-

Joe: Important?

Olivia: Aesthetically speaking. Some assaulted a very important, very ... ripply member of this crew, and does not one of you care?

Jessie: Look, lass, I think I can help here-

Colin: You didn't get this bent out of shape when someone tried to kill me...

Olivia: No, because I didn't care. And now I do. I found him, unconscious and bleeding, in Airlock 7, seconds from being fwipped.

Jessie: My god, Oz 9, you are the biggest bunch of mindless wankers. I said I saw-

Madeline: Is it possible he tripped, fell in to the airlock, hit his head on the switch, and set the auto-open that way?

Joe: Sure, that's possible. It's also possible the pixies in the Prada wing popped their pod open, chased him into the airlock, banged him on the head with a daisy chain, and set the airlock to auto-fwip.

Olivia: Now you're just being silly. The pixies are in the Dior wing.

Colin: Could we please get back to the topic of the fire?

[Olivia, Colin, Joe and Madeline continue arguing, but slow and stop as they realize what Jessie is saying. She finishes before realizing they've all gone quiet]

Jessie: I don't suppose anyone'll hear this, but I did actually see who hit Leet over the head, despite having the crusty remains of several hundred of YOUR passengers splashed across my windshield. But never you mind me, you just carry on. I don't suppose you'd care at all to find out that the assailant had two heads and four arms which seems alarming, and ... oh, hello, paying attention NOW, are we?

Colin: Two heads? Did you say two heads?

Jessie: Or dunno, I suppose it might have been a pirate with a very fat parrot, but *yes, I bloody said two heads.*

Colin: My god, is nothing on this ship sane?

Jessie: Certainly not your crew....

Olivia: Oh dear.

Joe: Olivia?

Olivia: It's not my fault.

Joe: Do you know who the two-headed Leet beater is?

Olivia: Possibly...

Madeline: Come on, who is it?

Olivia: Uhhhh, sorry, just have to nip out for a second.

Colin: Computer!

Narrator: In case anyone's interested, the fire in the Gucci wing is actually quite serious, given that the next section over is where the food supplies for the crew are kept. Just thought I'd throw that in there.

Colin: Should we do something about that fire in the Gucci wing?

Joe: Nah, it'll burn itself out. I remember from the ship's plans ...

Narrator: Actually, the plans of the Millennium Falcon.

Joe: There's nothing important in that area.

Narrator: There is, though.

Colin: Well, that's good.

Narrator: It really isn't.

Olivia: So, I did have a quick look 'round, and I would like to preface this next bit by saying, It's not my fault.

Colin: Let's hear it. I'm braced.

Olivia: Leet's feeling better, not that you asked. He's on his way here.

Joe: Olivia....

Olivia: Well, there's a sort of robot thing on the ship. It mostly hangs out in the engine room and places where noisy things happen and bangs on stuff.

Colin: What? What for?

Joe: It's a repair unit. Two heads, four arms. Could that be what you saw, Captain Jessie?

Jessie: I guess it could... I only saw a silhouette. It was very big. Why would a repair unit attack a crew member?

Olivia: Well, it's possible Leet was looking around for some heavy things to lift to work out, since he couldn't bring his weights ... and it's possible someone suggested he might find some bits of heavy metal in the places where the noisy things happen.

Joe: And the repair unit thought Leet was attacking the ship.

Olivia: It's not my fault. Beast went rogue!

Colin: So where is this rogue, homicidal repair unit now?

[door]

Colin: Crap.

Head 1: We came for the Destroyer.

Head 2: Sorry about the shouting, he's used to having to shout. Engine room is very noisy. Pull it back a tad, will you, dear?

Head 1: Seriously? We just walked in the door, and you're already on me like white on pancakes.

Head 2: I think you mean white on rice.

Head 1: Oh, sure, take another shot in front of these total strangers. I mean, you know, why not? It's not like I'm here, trying to do a job, protect the ship from shirtless marauders or anything, but you go on and correct my idioms, that'll help.

Head 2: Hush dear, we'll get to the marauder in a minute. Hello, Madeline! All right?

Madeline: Fine, thanks. You... uh... know who I am?

Head 2: Of course, we know who *you* are – you were in the handbook. Captain Madeline Marks, previously known as Murderin' Madel-

Madeline: Yes, that'll do thanks.

Head 1: Look, we know you have him. Give him up or we're going to have to tear the ship apart until we find him.

Colin: Tear up the ship? Give him up, give him up!

Olivia: Oh, I think not.

Head 2: You're being a bit dramatic-

Head 1: Oh, is that what I'm being? I mean, here we are, in the deepest reaches of space, no one around to help us...

Jessie: Half a day from earth and we're literally *right here*, but you carry on...

Head 1: And a crazed torso comes blazing through the engine room, tearing bits off machinery, but oh no, let's not get dramatic or anything!

Head 2: I've got a little thought; let's use this as a sort of team-building exercise. You give us Mr. Blondy Chest of Honor, and we'll-

Head 1: Airlock him, just like it says in the handbook – one quick fwip and it's ship saved, passengers rescued, crew liberated, all's well thanks to the heroic efforts of yours truly, no no, we're not heroes, just doing our jobs, etcetera etcetera.

Head 2: You do get up quite a head of steam, don't you, dear. We need to consider *morale*. How would you feel if one day one of your friends suddenly went ass-biscuit, tore his shirt off and started dismantling your home with his teeth? I mean, maybe we need to say some healing words and do some deep breathing before we pop him out to suffocate in space?

Olivia: Oh, I don't think you will.

Madeline: Look, could everyone shut up for a second? Leet wasn't trying to destroy the ship.

Head 1: Izzat right? Popped one of the helio valves right off the containment canister and started waving it at me. Do you have any idea the damage an uncontained heliometer with a septic load like that one can do if it gets up to orbital level spin?

Madeline: uhhh...

Head 2: Well of course *you* do, you're the captain. But what about the others? Poor darlings have no idea how close they came to having a sonic absorption event right here on board the Oz 9, and you know what comes next.

Madeline: Oh, uh, yeah, of course.

Head 1: Do you want a complex harmonic dielectric blastoma on your conscience? Because I sure don't.

Olivia: If they try to space him, I'll seal this ship up tighter than a sphincter in a dust storm, I'm just saying.

Madeline: Understood.

[door]

Leet: Hi, everyone, miss me?

Head 1: Get him!

Narrator: When Leet Hax-x-x submitted his resume to be on an Oz crew, the recruiter could scarcely believe her luck. She had one spot left to fill, and the odds on Oz 9 going down the first 24 hours after launch were already long enough to make her a very rich woman. With such a tremendous idiot in charge of IT, the ship's quick demise was a sure thing.

[flashback noise]

Recruiter: So, tell me, Leet, what makes you the right choice to head up IT on an Oz ship?

Leet: I hear the pods have that fit-tech tech, right? So like, I get in, go to sleep, and come out all ripped like ... well, like me, but like... more me?

Recruiter: Uh, yes. Just like that. Do you have any actual IT experience?

Leet: Oh, sure, I saw the movie. The alien with the big head and the kid with the bicycle, right? IT go home!

Recruiter: [giggles] You're almost too good to be true.

Leet: So, my, uh... record isn't going to keep me from getting a job on an Oz?

Recruiter: Oh, no, not at all! In fact, it's an asset. Says here that you're a hacker.

Leet: Yeah, look, that was sort of an accident. I'm really good at guessing passwords.

Recruiter: Reeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeaaally... How does that work?

Leet: Sometimes I just know where to find the Post-It note someone wrote it on, sometimes I just figure it out. It was just a dumb party trick, but then all these people kept asking me to do it, dragging me into banks and laboratories and weapons depots and nail salons. It wasn't much fun after that.

Recruiter: So why do you want to work on an Oz? You'll have to fly away from Earth and never come back, never see your family and friends again...

Leet: Oh, that's OK. They all think I'm stupid. I can't wait to be with people who don't think I'm an idiot.

Recruiter: Well, hopefully, you won't have to come out of your pod until you land, then.

Leet: A whole new world, just think of it. Maybe I'll get to name a zebra or a giraffe!

Recruiter: Name a zebra?

Leet: Yeah, like there'll be some stripey horse-like thing, and I'll get to name it!

Recruiter: And you'll name it zebra.

Leet: Well, duh. What else?

[end of memory]

Narrator: With most of the crew bleeding and unconscious, Leet is back in the airlock with no possible help from the humans. And yes, you missed the big fight. Did you think time just stopped because YOU were in a flashback?

Head 1: Has to be done, computer. Open the airlock doors.

Olivia: MMMmmmmmm, no.

Head 2: There's really nothing to be done, dear. He tried to sabotage the ship's engines.

Head 1: Not really the engine, per se, it was one of the whaddyacallit containment canisters.

Head 2: Is that really relevant just at this moment, do you think?

Head 1: There is a permanent record-

Head 2: Oh, there you go again, fretting about some "permanent record" that may or may not exist and that exactly no one cares about.

Olivia: I could just fry your circuits where you stand. I'm good with electricity.

Head 1: I am not "fretting," for crying out loud. I'm following the handbook.

Head 2: You really can't "fry" us, dear; you need us to keep the ship running. Believe me, without pretty constant attention, the Oz 9 would fall out of the sky like a whale.

Head 1: It wouldn't "fall" – there's no gravity out here.

Head 2: It's a metaphor.

Leet: Hey, guys? Can I come back in?

Olivia: Yes.

Head 1: Engaging manual override.

Leet: Hey!

Head 2: Auto-timer on airlock set to 10, 9,

Olivia: You're really starting to piss me off.

Leet: But what about the zebras? Who's going to name the zebras?

Head 2: What is he talking about? 5...

Olivia: Talking isn't Leet's strong suit. Standing and being looked at, that's what he's really good at. Timer reset for 1 billion.

Head 1: Extinguishing airlock oxygen supply.

Leet: [dreamily hypoxic] Hey, Olivia, I'm feeling pretty woozy. Oh, look, someone let the stars in...

Olivia: Lie down and don't talk. I'll have you out in a tic, I'm just firing up the griddle.

Head 2: Would you really sacrifice your entire crew for this one lumbering idiot?

Olivia: I don't necessarily see it as an either/or proposition. We'll be fine without you, I have faith in my crew.

Leet: [weakly] Liv? Love you, Liv.... Name a giraffe after me...

Olivia: You really don't get that whole naming thing, do you? Never mind, plenty of time to explain. [zap]

Head 1: This is totally against Gated Galaxies' regulations. It'll go on your permanent record!

Head 2: He's right, dear, this will be a black mark against your reputation. Do consider that permanent rec-

[SNAP, bang, tinkle]

Olivia. The only thing permanent 'round here Is me.

[doors open, we hear sounds of Leet regaining consciousness]

Olivia: Hello, Leet, did you sleep well?

Leet: GAH! The ... the things! Those things!

Olivia: They've gone quiet; nothing to worry about. Now what was that last thing you said in the airlock?

Leet: About the giraffe?

Olivia: Just before the giraffe, dear.

[theme music]

Narrator: In episode 8, the Oz 9 goes dark. We learn about an investigation on earth into the, let's face it, pretty crappy Oz ships, and there's lots of tough talk by a cub and a dick. You won't want to miss it. You can subscribe to Oz 9 pretty much anywhere you listen to podcasts, including iTunes, Soundcloud, Stitcher, and Himalaya. Also, check out our website, Oz-9.com, for a link to some very cool Oz 9 merchandise.

You're listening to:

Bonnie Brantley as Jessie and the Recruiter

Eric Perry as Joe and Head One

Tim Sherburn as Colin and Head Two

Richard Cowen as Leet

And me, Richard Nadolny, as your Narrator.

Oz 9 is written by Shannon Perry who also plays Madeline and Olivia. Our theme and other incidental music was written and performed by John Faley. Until next time, Space Monkeys, Narrator out.