

Oz 9, Episode 38

Ben: [running] So, Olivia, where are we going?

Olivia: To the home of the devil himself.

Narrator: When last we left our friends on earth, they were escaping Gated Galaxies, Mr. Southers, and Buck the Thug, and heading out to find Julie — and hopefully, some answers...

[parking garage – bleep of distant car lock, footsteps]

Ben: You don't remember where you parked.

Mrs. S: I was in a hurry. [bleeps] Just be quiet and listen. [bleeps] Where's that coming from?

Donna: How many levels have we been to so far?

Ben: Eleven.

Donna: How many are there?

Mrs. S: Heaps and heaps, but don't worry, I've found the car.

Ben: Where? This floor is completely empty, just like the last 10.

Mrs. S: Oh, it's just there. Coming straight at us. We might want to quickly pop behind this very sturdy looking pillar....

[car squeals to a stop next to them, window rolls down]

Glenda: I've been chasing you for four levels. Do you people never look around you? Get in.

Donna: You're alive!

Glenda: Of course I am. Get in!

Ben: But... there's ... hordes!

Glenda: You know why I'm alive? Because when someone gives me a chance to escape whatever I'm running from, I take it. GET IN THE CAR.

[car doors opening and slamming, squealing tires]

Buck: There they are!

Southers: I can see them, you idiot; do something useful!

Buck: Like what?

Southers: Stop them!

Buck: They're in a pretty big car, there, boss.

Southers: I see that. Jump in front of it.

Buck: Uhhhhhh....no?

Southers: Son, trust me, death by SUV is preferable to life with Southers hot on your butt. Now that sounded mighty crude, but I suspect you understand me.

Buck: Oh, god, please don't hit me please don't hit me please don't hit—

[squeal]

Mrs. S: Well, I suspect there's a fresh pair of trousers in his immediate future.

Ben: You were going to hit him!

Glenda: I was tryin' to discourage him from chasing us.

Ben: You were aiming right for him! If Donna hadn't grabbed the wheel-

Glenda: There'd be one less thug on our tail.

Donna: And one more on our front bumper, but never mind.

Mrs. S.: Do I have the rather dubious honor of addressing ... Glenda James, the Albatros?

Glenda: Well, I don't use 'Albatros' much these days, but yes. And you are?

Donna: Oh, this is Mrs. Sheffield. She was the cleaning lady who was recently promoted to IT.

Glenda: Oh, I think you'll find she's a bit more than that. Do you want to say, "We meet at last," or shall I?

Ben: The Albatros? Like the bird? What does that mean?

Mrs. S: Albatros-

Glenda: Is my assassin name.

Ben: Your *what?*! When did this become my life?

Donna: You didn't tell me you were an assassin!

Glenda: I tried, but you rarely shut up for 5 seconds altogether. Good lord, is there a bottom to this parking garage?

Donna: Just a few more levels, I think. A dozen or so.

Mrs. S: And are you the real one?

Ben: The 'real' one?

Glenda: I am, yeah. Had myself x-rayed at a nearby hospital to make sure. Damn. I forgot to untie the technician. He'll be right radioactive by now. Oh well, at least he'll be handy when the lights go.

Mrs. S: How many of you are there?

Glenda: Just one more that I know of. I blew up the lab before they had a chance to make more.

Ben: Never mind. Don't tell me. I don't want to know. I'm ... I'm from Indiana, you know? Where normal people come from?

Donna: You'll be all right, hon. I'm from Minnesota: we're quirky but ingenious in a down-home sort of way.

Mrs S: I'm surprised there's only one—I thought the assassins were practically rolled out on a conveyor belt.

Glenda: I hear they were having trouble replicating my accent. Don't know why; it's a perfectly ordinary-

Donna: Where is she? The other you?

Glenda: Ha! The fates love a good joke. She's on the Oz 9. With my idiot sister.

Ben: Wait, the Oz 9? Isn't that the ship Leet is on? And Olivia?

Glenda: Friends of yours? That's a pity. Rumor is my double is the only intelligent life aboard that boat.

Ben: They're the only ones who know where Julie is.

Glenda: Ah. Assuming we ever get out of this bloody endless parking garage, that was my next question.

Donna: You should try to call them back.

Ben: In this place? We'll never get a signal under all this concrete.

Donna: Let me just give that a try, there? [some beeping]

Leet: [on phone] Hello?

Ben: How did you do that? Leet? Is that you?

Leet: Oh, hi, Ben! We were just talking to Julie.

Ben: You were? Thank god. Uh.... Who is "we"?

Leet: Oh, yeah, you haven't met my friends! So you know Olivia, of course. This is Captain Jessie-

Madeline: AHM.

Leet: Captain Madeline, who's captain of the Oz 9. This is Captain Jessie, who came over from the 6748 when her crew tried to kill her, and Dr. von Haber Zetzer, who's weird and sometimes sounds like God.

Ben: That's very nice, glad to meet you, but Leet, where's Julie?

Mrs. S: Is that Dr. *Friederich* von Haber-Zetzer?

vHZ: No. Zis cannot be. *Clara*?

Ben: Do you know *everybody*?

Mrs. S: In certain circles, yes.

Donna: Oh, hi, everyone! You haven't blown up yet!

Madeline: Donna! You're there too?

Donna: I surely am! So, hey, listen, some bad news about Matt...

Jessie: Who's Matt?

Madeline: No idea.

Ben: ABOUT JULIE?

Glenda: First things first: what accent does your Albatros have? Can you put her on the line?

Ben: That's your "first thing"? Leet, is Olivia there? Does she know where Julie is?

Olivia: I'm here, and yes, I do, sort of, but we have a bit of a situation on the bridge. Oh, and Colin's invisible.

Colin: Hello.

Madeline/Leet/vHZ/Jessie: Jesus!

Ben: Olivia-

Madeline: What the hell, Colin — *now*?

Colin: I didn't do it on purpose.

vHZ: Ah, yes, ze invizibility. I vas vondering if dat vould show up. Or *not* show up! HA! Zis is funny!

Colin: You knew this might happen, and you didn't tell me?

vHZ: Vat should I have zaid, mmmm? "Colin, if one day you look in ze mirror and you are not zere, don't panic"?

Colin: For starters!

Olivia: Any chance that olive will make it so we can't hear him either?

Donna: Did you want to know about Matt?

Olivia: We have a mold problem!

Madeline: I already know about the mold. We'll get to it, but one crisis at a time.

Mrs. S: Did you say mold? On the *bridge*? The bridge is supposed to be cool and dry, the mold shouldn't be more than a tiny patch.

Jessie: Apparently it thrives on crunch sweat, so now it's enormous, thanks to Leet.

Leet: You're welcome!

Donna: Oh, yah. That can do it!

Jessie: Wait – what? Did you know about the mold?

Ben: OLIVIA.

Olivia: Hang on, all right? The mold is much bigger now, and it's got hostages.

Madeline/Jessie/vHZ/Leet: WHAT?

Colin: The bichon freeze, the Albatros, Greg, and Joe. It grabbed them all and just pulled them in.

Mrs S: What did?

Olivia: The mold did.

vHZ: Colin! You are a hooman veapon. Vy didn't you stop it?

Colin: It was too fast for me to get my eye lasers on it.

Glenda: Eye lasers? I thought you were human?

vHZ: He is ... enhanced.

Mrs S: Oh, Friederich, not the olive.

vHZ: I fear zo.

Mrs S: Well, *now* what are you going to do with ... Colin, is it?

vHZ: Ehh, perhaps ve could take zis offline, yes?

Colin: Hang on: "do with Colin"?

Donna: Only six levels to go! Oh, and Southers is behind us.

Glenda: Where's the magic button, Mrs Sheffield?

Mrs S: I'm sure I have no idea what you're talking about.

Ben: Dammit! Olivia, you need to tell us where to go to get Julie.

Glenda: Mrs S, I know your reputation. Spill it. What else has this car got?

vHZ: Vat, zo you can lead Southers straight to her? Not a good plan, my boy.

Leet: She's NOT IN DANGER, remember? [loud whisper] She told us not to let Ben know.

Ben: Wait, what? Not to let Ben know what?

Colin: We have to go kill the mold!

Mrs S: NO! Listen very carefully, Oz 9: you must NOT kill the mold, got it?

Olivia: Mrs S, no offense, but you hardly have credibility up here.

Mrs S: Shall we dive into *your* background, dear?

[pause]

Olivia: Carry on.

Mrs. S: Believe it or not, the mold isn't a problem, not if you handle it correctly.

Madeline: It's captured half my crew, Mrs. Sheffield; that's a problem. Pretty sure I saw that in the *Oh Captain, You're a Captain* handbook.

Mrs S: Of course it's captured your crew – it's hungry.

Madeline/Jessie/Olivia/Leet: WHAT?

Mrs S: Now don't fret, it's not eating them. My guess is they're all doing crunches or running laps or something. It feeds on warm, moist air. Do you keep the thermostat well up on your bridge? How did it get so big so quickly? How much crunch sweat were you generating up there?

Olivia: Sending you a picture of Leet.

Mrs. S: Ahhh. Yes, that explains it. Pure protein, that boy.

Olivia: OY.

Leet: She's not wrong...

Glenda: I'm just going to start pushing buttons, and you know what happens when someone does that in a car like this.

Mrs S: Please don't. Despite its size, it's still quite a young mold, so you have time before it hits puberty.

Jessie: What happens then? Moody mold? Angsty aspergillus?

vHZ: Sulky stachybotrys?

Jessie: Oh, good one!

vHZ: I've been waiting to use that one for years.

Jessie: Years?

vHZ: It was a very strange childhood.

Glenda: Southers is gaining. Mrs S, if this car has tricks up its tailpipe, now would be the time to push those buttons.

Madeline: Why shouldn't we kill it?

Mrs S: One moment, Glenda, dear. Because you're going to need it. It's a ... beneficial mold.

Donna: Like penicillin!

Mrs S: Yes, dear, very like penicillin, that's excellent. Years of study and development and no one's ever drawn that comparison before.

Donna: We have sarcasm in Minnesota, you know.

Glenda: Do you have silence? Mrs. S.....

Donna: [grumpy, affronted noise]

Olivia: What are you suggesting we do with it, then?

Mrs S: That is a problem. The bridge won't contain it for long. Now that it's started growing, you need to keep it warm and moist.

Olivia: Oh, well, that's all right then. I'll just generate a giant terrarium full of warm, moist air, then, shall I?

Donna: You *have* a terrarium.

Madeline: The Dolce and Gabbana wing is available.

vHZ: Too cold. It vuld shrivel unt die in an hour in zere.

Donna: You have the perfect place for it.

Leet: How about the kitchens? We could put big pots of water on the stove.

Colin: That's a surprisingly good idea. Sometimes you're smarter than you look.

Donna: What about-

Leet: Ooooh, wait! I've got an even better idea: We could turn the stove ON!

Colin: Never mind.

Jessie: No good. The kitchen's not much bigger than the bridge.

Donna: YOU HAVE A SWAMP!!

[silence]

Madeline: Oh, yeah. That'd probably work.

Donna: "Probably"?

Mrs S: Much as I hate to say this, Glenda James, you may be right about that bunch.

Glenda: I'm right about a lot of things. WHERE IS THE BUTTON?

[sound of cars crashing]

Ben/Donna/Mrs S/Glenda: Oooooof! Ouch! What the hell? What's happening?

Glenda: Dammit—you cheap-suited cockwomble!

Colin: What's happened? Why are you yelling?

Madeline: Colin, please don't talk. You are creeping me out. I don't know where you are.

Colin: I'm holding a bucket. Can you not see the bucket?

Olivia: Why are you still holding the bucket?

Colin: It's the only thing I can depend on.

[another crash]

Ben/Donna/Mrs S/Glenda: Dammit! What the hell! Get us out of here! Etc.

Glenda: MRS SHEFFIELD, IT'S TIME.

vHZ: Clara, perhaps it is time to do ze thing.

Mrs S: We'll lose cell signal as soon as I do, so hang on a tic, will you?

Leet: What's going on?

Donna: It's Southers. He keeps rear-ending us. Oh, there's pointy things sticking out of his grill.

[crash]

Glenda: You great, waddling, southern-fried crepesack!

Mrs S: [urgent] Listen close, Oz 9. There is an expert you need to consult with most urgently. We sneaked him on board your ship.

Madeline: We already know. The mime.

Mrs S: What mime? Never mind. Hush now and listen. Dr. Theo Bromae is an expert on exotic molds, and they don't get much more exotic than this one. Find him, wake him up, thaw him out, whatever it is you do.

[crash]

Glenda: One more of those, and we'll be sitting on Southers' bonnet.

Leet: Southers is wearing a bonnet?

Mrs S: *Theo Bromae*. Find him and thaw him out. Just go gently with him. He's one of the most ... complicated human beings you'll ever meet.

Colin: Oh god. But he is.... Human, right?

Mrs. S: To the best of our knowledge.

Madeline: Complicated how?

Mrs. S: I'll leave that to you to discover. Must dash.

[crash]

Glenda: Mrs S....

Mrs. S: It's just there, above the 8-track player.

Donna: That's a cup holder.

Mrs. S: Is it? Give it a tug.

[loud noise, phone goes quiet]

Madeline: Did anyone catch that name?

vHZ: Zedly, not I. Zumtimes her accent is zo thick, I have ze troubles to understand her.

Jessie: Leo? Leo something?

Leet: I thought she said John.

Colin: Don't be stupid, she didn't say "John." Calm down, it's all right, I wrote it on my arm. [pause] Crap.

Olivia: Dr. Theo Bromae. I'm scanning for him right now.

Jessie: Have you always been able to do that? Why didn't you say so?

Olivia: Because the two people looking were both assassins. Not that that mattered, really; I just don't like them.

Colin: Please tell me he wasn't in the D&G wing?

Olivia: Bingo! We're in luck for once. He's in pod bay.... 1440. Initiating the MRDR protocol release.

vHZ: Very gut. Zis is settled. Could you possibly not all be in here now? I vas just hoping to have a quiet moment alone eating a bit of zausage wiz ze goot mustard and reading *Berlin Alexanderplatz*.

Olivia: You were not. You just like saying "platz."

vHZ: It does make me giggle.

Madeline: So where is Dr. John now?

Jessie: It's not John, ya pillock. It's LEO.

Olivia: Dr. THEO Bromae is currently being escorted to the bridge. Or he would be if he stopped ducking behind things. She wasn't kidding. You lot might make your way there and try to be helpful. Or edible. Or something.

Narrator: As the world's foremost expert makes his way to the bridge... sort of, conditions on the bridge are increasingly uncomfortable for the human and human-adjacent. The temperature sits at 104 degrees Fahrenheit or 40 degrees Celsius, with humidity at 89 percent.

Head 1: That's it. I'm finished. I can't do any more jumping jacks. Even my rust patches are sweating.

Emily: With no arms, we're really just ... jumping.

LBF: You mean, you are not doing ... jack? HA!!! I have made the best funny EVER. I must write this down. Jumping jacks, no arms, not ... doing... Jack.

Joe: I'm calling it. I'm pretty sure my hair is sweating.

LBF: It is strange. I am feeling better than I have felt in many times.

Greg: That's because you haven't done anything except wipe the mold fronds with a hankchief. It's a sauna in here.

LBF: I am helping the mold be happy. Would you perhaps prefer cranky mold?

Joe: What makes you think you're making it happy?

LBF: Cannot you hear the small, green, and fuzzy sounds of mossy contentment?

Emily: There are spores everywhere, including in my ears. And I was until today unaware that I could sweat. It is not a happy dishtowel.

Head 1: Discovery.

Albatros: I don't know why you're all complaining. I spent more time on the treadmill than all of you combined.

Joe: Until you broke it.

Albatros: How could I have known my maximum speed so far exceeded its capabilities?

[muffled ringing sound]

Albatros: Do I hear a telephone?

Greg: That's not the bridge phone.

Joe: Where is it?

LBF: It is sounding muffled. Perhaps the mold has eaten it?

Albatros: [aside to Joe] He's getting smarter again.

Joe: I noticed that too. I wonder if the heat and humidity in here is thawing out his brain naturally.

LBF: Hello, my frondy friend! Have you perhaps swallowed a telephone? [gasp] Are you choking? I shall help you!

[rustle of LBF trying to do the Heimlich on a mold monster. My future self is going to hate me. LBF, some grunting, sounds of encouragement, soothing, frustration]

Albatros: Greg, I think the phone is....

Greg: In me? Yes, I think so too. I'm trying to figure out how to answer it.

Albatros: Lap dog, you can stop hugging the foliage now.

Greg: All righty, I think I've got it. Back in a minute.

[hollow voice inside the zebra body]

Greg: Hello?

Julie: Hello? Is this the Oz 9?

Greg: It surely is. Greg the former bomb now zebra speaking.

Julie: Say that again?

Greg: Does it matter?

Julie: Did you say you're in the zebra body?

Greg: That's an odd question for anyone NOT on this ship to ask. You know about the zebra body?

Julie: My people sent it to you. Look inside your left ear. There are visual sensors throughout the inside of that body, you just have to focus. Can you see in your left ear?

Greg: [wonder] I ... can.

Julie: What do you see?

Greg: A heart with JM + BM. You graffitied my ear?

Julie: To be fair, it wasn't supposed to be YOUR ear.

Greg: Noted. Which one of these lovebirds is you?

Julie: Julie. Julie Montgomery. The BM is my husband, Ben Marshall.

Greg: It's an honor to host your initials in my head, Ms. Montgomery. Whose body am I currently squatting in?

Julie: I don't know his name, but he's on your ship disguised as a mime.

Greg: Oh. Uh oh. Seems to me I overheard he's ... not on the ship anymore.

Julie: Oh. That's... bad. [pause] Actually, maybe it isn't? I mean, it is. His husband isn't going to be happy, for one. But the body was just for back up. His memories should be safe in memory storage, and that's what was going to go in the zebra. You got space for a roommate?

Greg: Hooo boy, we are batting a thousand here. Memory storage hasn't fared too well, but I'll see what we can scrape together. So to speak. Who are you? Collectively, I mean.

Julie: Ugh, that question again. We're really going to have to name ourselves.... We're the good ones, I promise. Have you met the mold yet?

Greg: Met the mold?

Julie: Yes. Somewhere on that ship there should be a small patch of mold that's hidden and just kind of ... hanging out.

Greg: A small patch.

Julie: That's right. It's on the bridge because the bridge is usually cool and dry, so it should stay dormant and small. Don't let it get moist and warm, or it'll start to grow like crazy.

Greg: And don't feed it after midnight, right?

Julie: Huh?

Greg: Nothing. What happens if it gets big?

Julie: Just... don't let it. Life will be much easier.

Greg: But, don't kill it either, is that what I'm hearing?

Julie: That's definitely what you're hearing.

[bridge door opens]

Theo: Everybody, please stop everything.

Julie: Who's that?

Greg: I have no idea. You heard that?

Julie: I can hear through your ears. You're basically a big telephone. I can't see through your eyes though; we never got that part figured out.

Theo: Don't move, don't exert yourselves, whatever you do, don't sweat. You – stop sweating!

Joe: Look, whoever you are, I can't just stop sweating on command. [pause] Huh. Would ya look at that?

Theo: You have excellent physical control of your autonomic nervous system.

Joe: Oh, well, I ... uh... try to keep in shape.

Emily: Albatros, there is an isotope-

Theo: I suspect you mean "intruder"?

Emily: I do. Thank you. There is an intruder on your ship. A handsome, compelling intruder.... [shakes head] How interesting. I wasn't aware that robots could get goose bumps.

Theo: That is unprecedented. I congratulate you.

Emily: [atwitter] Why, thank you.

Head 1: Pretty sure that's my side, but no, no, you go on.

Albatros: He has an appropriate G2-slash-Oz 9 body tag. [different tone] Thank goodness.

Theo: I assure you, you don't need to exercise your formidable defenses against me. I am a fully paid and verified passenger aboard the Oz 9. I'm here to help with the mold. Oh, no... Please, I don't do group hugs.

Joe: Sorry.

Albatros: How about one at a time?

Theo: Regrettably...

Emily: What is your position on chest bumps?

Theo: Vehemently opposed, though I appreciate the sentiment.

LBF: Who are you, some kind of ... mold tamer?

Theo: I'm an astromycologist. Are you...unhappy to see me? Fascinating....

Julie: What's his name? Get his name!

Greg: Excuse me....

Theo: That is a talking zebra. Where am I, exactly? And why is this *Sulfurophilus mesotrope* so ... huge?

Greg: You're on the bridge of the Oz 9. May I ask who you are?

Theo: I'm Dr. Theo Bromae. I appear to have been kidnapped. Again. Would it cause anyone undue concern if I passed out? No?

[general murmurs of 'no, please feel free' and 'faint away!' etc. from Emily, Joe, Albatros]

Head 1: Let me clear you a spot here. Move back, people, move back. Nothing to see, give him some room. At your convenience, Doc.

Theo: [woozy] Thank you, Howard.

Head 1: Howard?

Theo: As a child, my favorite patch of mold was named Howard.

[thump]

Joe: Kind of thought you were gonna catch him.

Theo: [from floor] As did I.

Head 1: He gave me a name. I AM HOWARD

Narrator: Well, there you have it. It ain't exactly "I am Spartacus," but it's ... something. Our thanks to everyone who contributed a name, and our congratulations to Jessica Vest, who will be receiving a lovely prize, courtesy of Howard. As season 2 nears its close, things, including the Oz 9, are accelerating. And, like the Oz 9, no one knows who, if anyone, is in control.

You've been listening to:

Iri Alexander as Julie

Tim Sherburn as Colin, Emily, and Buck

Kevin Hall as Greg

Sarah Golding as Mrs. Sheffield

June Clark Eubanks as Glenda and the Albatros

Bonnie Brantley as Donna and Jessie

Richard Cowen as Leet

Aaron Clark as Ben and le Bichon Frise

Eric Perry as Head- Howard, Mr. Southers, Joe, and Dr. von Haber-Zetzer

Shannon Perry as Olivia and Madeline

Introducing David S. Dear as Dr. Theo Bromae, and

Me, Richard Nadolny, as your Narrator.

Remember, space monkeys, stay safe, wash your hands, and until next time, Narrator out.

[ELAINE'S COOKING PODCAST FOR THE SOUL]

Olivia: What are you listening to, dearest?

Leet: Transmissions from earth.

Olivia: Another baking show from the 21st century? Why are you torturing yourself? You know fondant is extinct.

Leet: I think this one is recent. Like, from now. It sounds like things are really bad down there.

Olivia: Well, I guess it's good you're safe up here then. [pause] What the hell did I just say....

Leet: Have you ever had a.... What does she call it? A s'more?

Olivia: I'm going to assume that's rhetorical.

Leet: Do you think Ben and Julie will be OK?

Olivia: I do. They're in very good hands.

Leet: That's true. Mrs. Sheffield seems really smart.

Olivia: Oh, yeah, her too.

Leet: Listen with me?

Olivia: Sure. You're getting sleepy, aren't you.

Leet: A little. [yawns]

Olivia: Chocolate sounds lovely. Do you like Hershey?

Leet: [falling asleep] I'm OK with it. But I prefer they/them....

[NINTH WORLD JOURNAL TRAILER]