

OZ 9 EPISODE 42

NARRATOR

It's Earth: French Lick, Indiana, to be exact. Ben, Donna, and Mrs. Sheffield arrive in the middle of the night, having finally managed to get in contact with Julie.

BEN

urgent, loud whisper

Julie! Julie, are you here?

MRS SHEFFIELD

normal voice

Whyever are you whispering so loudly? It's absurd. Either whisper quietly so no one can hear you, or shout so Julie can.

BEN

Shhhhhhh!

MRS SHEFFIELD

I should very much like to measure my normal voice against your ear-splitting whisper. Which one do you suspect is likely to garner attention, mmmm?

BEN

Aren't you a spy of some sort?

MRS SHEFFIELD

Oh my. You've guessed my secret identity.

BEN

You don't exactly make it difficult. Black suit, sunglasses, lurking in shadows, your horrifying car. Oh, and there's the "Ask me about my spying" button on your bulletproof vest.

whispering again

Julie!

MRS SHEFFIELD

Now that is genuinely ridiculous. Talk in a normal tone to the person right next to you; whisper-shout at the person who clearly can't hear you. What sort of logic are you employing here?

JULIE

Oh, I can hear him.

BEN

Julie!

JULIE

Hello, love. All right, all right, you can loosen your grip a little, sweetie. You talked to me on the phone 11 minutes ago; did you really think something had happened since then?

BEN

I'm just so glad to see you. Why are you wet?

JULIE

I had to duck into the pond on the 8th hole earlier when Tiberius decided to go for a late-night stroll. Can I borrow your towel?

BEN

I don't have a towel!

MRS SHEFFIELD

Here you are, dear.

BEN

Why do you have a towel?

MRS SHEFFIELD

Why don't you?

BEN

Whatever. Someone's going to spot us. Let's get out of here!

MRS SHEFFIELD

What is your rush? It's a beautiful

moonlit night at hole 17 of a very posh golf course, and there's no one here but us. And the sniper, of course, but he hasn't spotted us yet.

BEN

Sniper?!

JULIE

Wild Eye Charlie? He's harmless. I doubt he could hit the inside of a baseball field if he were standing in it. He shot at me a week ago and winged a guy fixing power lines.

BEN

Someone's been shooting at you?! Why the hell are you just out here hanging around?

JULIE

Well, (a) hanging around is how I get information, (b) this crowd is so incompetent they make the crew of the Oz 9....

BEN

What?

JULIE

Never mind. I can't actually make that work. And (c) the buildings in this resort are beyond creepy. Cool but creepy. I'm more comfortable out here. I have a sleeping bag hidden in one of the roughs.

MRS SHEFFIELD

That's sounds hazard ... ous. Get it?

JULIE

Ha ha. It is hazardous, actually. I'm far more likely to get hit by an errant golf ball than a bullet. Sometimes I take pity on them and roll the ball back onto the fairway.

BEN

This is horrible. I can't believe you've been taking risks like this.

MRS SHEFFIELD

Dear Ben, I imagine the risks she's taken during your marriage would make Jason Bourne fertilize his trousers.

BEN

Ew. She's a botanist! Aren't you?

JULIE

Yes. I am. See that tree right there? Oak. That plant? Gorse bush.

MRS SHEFFIELD

She's an endo-botanist.

BEN

loudly

What the hell is that?

sound of bullets whizzing by

MRS SHEFFIELD

Now see what you've done, you've woken Charlie. Before he gets lucky and manages to hit one of us, perhaps we should find some shelter?

JULIE

Let's go, Ben. I'll explain everything when we're safe. Safer.

MRS SHEFFIELD

Everything?

JULIE

Most things.

MRS SHEFFIELD

Really?

JULIE

Some things. One big one.

bullet

MRS SHEFFIELD

Goodness, that one only missed me by 15 yards or so. After you, Julie?

JULIE

This way, and keep your head down.
Where are Donna and Glenda?

sounds of brush moving, shoes on grass, voices a little lower

MRS SHEFFIELD

Donna's looking for parking. We
dropped Glenda off in Terra Haute. She
said she had some "business" to attend
to.

JULIE

Ouch. I hope her "business" has a life
insurance policy.

BEN

Ohhhhhh, *assassin* business. She told
me she was going shopping.

MRS SHEFFIELD

Did she? What for?

BEN

Is now the time to talk about what
she's getting at the mall?

MRS SHEFFIELD

Shopping is sort of her tell. What she
says she's buying reveals how her
target will meet their end. Shoes?
Lipstick? Oooo, not a belt, I hope?

BEN

Uhhhhh.... stamps, I think. I guess
that's why she laughed when I said we
could drop her at the post office.

JULIE

Stamps? Oh, yikes.

BEN

Stamps is bad?

MRS SHEFFIELD

Very bad. Poor soul. I didn't know
Terra Haute had a zoo.

BEN

Zoo?

JULIE

Shhh!

Felonius and Tiberus's voices should come from a distance

TIBERIUS

Felonius, I hear rustling.

FELONIUS

Do you?

TIBERIUS

Would I bother to say so, if not? You are not the sort of fellow one wishes to make idle conversation with.

FELONIUS

Of course. Shall I go beat about the bushes?

TIBERIUS

If you must. What are you doing?

FELONIUS

I'm arming myself.

TIBERIUS

With *my* nine iron? I think not. Take Jeffrey's in case you kill someone. We can pin it on him.

FELONIUS

What an excellent idea.

TIBERIUS

There's genius in my DNA.

FELONIUS

Is there.

TIBERIUS

Not there, Felonius. Over there, where the voices were coming from.

JULIE

Dammit. We've been spotted.

Felonius's voice is much closer

FELONIUS

Good news, sir. I think I've found our

spy. Come out, young lady. Or I thrash this shrubbery, and you, soundly.

TIBERIUS

Oh, well said, Felonius!

sound of gunshot on metal

FELONIUS

Ouch!

MRS SHEFFIELD

Charlie's been practicing. Blew the golf club right out of his hand!

BEN

Not Charlie. Look!

DONNA

Oh, hey, now, how about you just leave that club on the ground where I put it? Or I'll have to fill you with so many holes we could lace you up like a pair of Iron Rangers from Red Wing.

JULIE

What is she talking about?

TIBERIUS

Whatever is going on? Who is that mad woman?

FELONIUS

No idea, Sir, but I appear to be bleeding rather heavily.

DONNA

It's barely a scratch. You must be from Wisconsin.

MRS SHEFFIELD

A kind of boot from Minnesota. She filled us in on all things Minnesotan on the 500-hour drive here.

BEN

Only 500? Felt more like a thousand.

TIBERIUS

Well, stop bleeding instantly! You're making a mess of the green.

JULIE

Yeah, well, she just saved our skins,
so I'm good with that.

MRS SHEFFIELD

Wait till she gets going on Lucky
Charms. You may prefer the bullet.

DONNA

All right, gents, I want to see you
waving your phalanges.

TIBERIUS

I beg your pardon! I'm a gentleman.

FELONIUS

She means put your hands up.

TIBERIUS

She could just say so.

DONNA

Now throw your golf cart keys into the
water.

TIBERIUS

What? And walk 18 holes back to the
club house? In a pair of Salvatore
Ferragamos? Never!

gun shot

TIBERIUS

Scream

DONNA

Well, I wouldn't want you to ruin your
shoes...

TIBERIUS

These cheap things? Pfft. But no one
wears Ferragamos on grass. They don't
even have tassels.

DONNA

Throw the keys into the pond, there's
a good fella. Maybe your henchperson
there will give you a piggyback ride.
Hurry up, now. Time's a wastin'.

BEN

Maybe keep the keys and we use the
cart to escape!

MRS SHEFFIELD

Oh, certainly. Nothing like escaping
at a brisk walk.

DONNA

Gentlemen....

FELONIUS

Very well.

plop of keys in water

JULIE

Wow, someone actually hit the thing
they were aiming for. That's a first
on this course.

DONNA

Oh, let's just go whole hog and pitch
the mobiles in there too, OK? No use
you calling for back up while we're
heading for the hills!

TIBERIUS

You realize our sniper will take care
of you any moment now.

DONNA

Charlie? Nah, he's a sweetie. Where do
ya think I got this rifle from? You
might send someone up to untie him
when you get back, though. Phones,
boys.

two more plops

BEN

Wow. Donna's a force!

MRS SHEFFIELD

She is indeed....

DONNA

OK, now start walking. First one to
look back gets turned into a pillar of
dead fella, all righty? Shoo!

TIBERIUS

Felonius...

FELONIUS

But, Sir.... It's nearly four miles
back to the club house!

silence, then sounds of Ti climbing up on Fel's shoulders,
much grunting then bitching as they head off

DONNA

OK, all, you can come out now.

JULIE

That was amazing!

DONNA

Oh, that? Pffft. Hey, I found the
greenhouses. We should probably take a
look while no one's there.

BEN

Can't we just get out of here? We've
got Julie, let's go!

JULIE

That's not really why you're here,
sweetie. Which way, Donna?

DONNA

It's a hike. Let's take the cart.

MRS SHEFFIELD

I believe the keys are in the pond?

DONNA

Oh, no worries. That pond's so full of
golf balls, the keys bounced off. I
saw 'em land over there.

BEN

I know you're talking, but all I can
hear is babble.

MRS SHEFFIELD

Fish out the keys, please, Ben. It'll
be far quicker than walking.

BEN

I thought the cart was too slow?

DONNA

Oh, sweetie, you've never met a
Minnesotan, have you?

sounds of exasperation, oh, no, here we go again, etc. from
Mrs. S and Ben

DONNA

I've rigged dozens of snow mobiles for
speed; I reckon a golf cart's a snap.

NARRATOR

True to her word, Donna is able to
speed up the golf cart.

roar of engine, tires peeling out

BEN/JULIE/MRS SHEFFIELD

please ad lib sounds of surprise/fear/horror, et al

Whoa! Look out!

NARRATOR

As our earthbound crew head to the
greenhouses to see what's inside, back
on the Oz 9, le Bichon Frise's
transformation is causing considerable
alarm.

OLIVIA

Fix it fix it fix it fix it!!

NARRATOR

Although it's not everyone's primary
concern.

COLIN

Could we possibly forget about Leet's
shirt for a moment?

ALBATROS

Did he just ... saunter? That was
definitely a saunter.

COLIN

I can't wait to hear why that's
important just at the moment.

THEO

The bichon frise has never suffered

from a lack of confidence.

ALBATROS

Yes, but this is different. Look, I know you've only known the... cartoon version, but the real thing is deadly. And that was the real thing.

COLIN

Dammit. I was really hoping for an answer I could make fun of.

door

DR VON HABER ZETZER

Vat are ve all doing down hier? Goodness, that's a very big fern. Perhaps we should exit and shut ze door? Very very quigly?

COLIN

It's all right. They're the good kind, apparently.

DR VON HABER ZETZER

Gah! Zo. Ztill invizibul, I see. Or don't see. Ha! I haf made my first joke on zis level of the ship. Leet, my boy. You are looking very colorful. You haf found your shirts!

MADELINE

Actually, the plant in the middle grew it for him. Or something.

DR VON HABER ZETZER

I zee. I would perhaps launder before wearing, just to be zertain. Now, I would suggest a hasty exit.

LEET

But they're the good kind.

DR VON HABER ZETZER

Yes, zis one and zat one, certainly. But you see the one at ze far end, eh? It is looking rather less benign.

MADELINE

So that's good?

THEO

Please don't use that word.

DR VON HABER ZETZER

You can explain zat later, but I think for now we should be making with the quick, hokay? Hokay.

door noise, footsteps

ALBATROS

Did you happen to see the Bichon Frise on your way down?

DR VON HABER ZETZER

Only ze back of him, valking away. He seemed rather saucy to me.

MADELINE

The plant healed him. He's back to full strength.

COLIN

Looks like your work has been done for you, Doctor.

DR VON HABER ZETZER

I am begging your pardon?

ALBATROS

We know you were healing him.

DR VON HABER ZETZER

Ah. And was someone perhaps changing ze settings on mein healer pod, hmmmmmm?

MADELINE

I don't think you get to accuse other people of anything right now, Doctor.

DR VON HABER ZETZER

Yes, well, I can see I haf zum explanationing to do.

LEET

Why do I need to launder my shirt?

DR VON HABER ZETZER

It could be a parazitical life form that is draining you of your nutrients

as we zpeak.

OLIVIA

OFF WITH THE SHIRT! Yesssss....! And may I just say, with no little satisfaction, that absolutely nothing that has gone wrong today has been my fault?

DR VON HABER ZETZER

Perhaps we could all gather on ze the bridge for some talkings.

MADELINE

Why should we trust anything you say?

ALBATROS

You did at one point plan to let the ship explode with all of us on it. You understand that makes you difficult to trust.

THEO

How could everything have gone so completely wrong?

OLIVIA

I'm having that engraved on the Oz 9 crest. It's basically our motto.

on intercom

Everyone to the bridge please.
Everyone to the bridge.

intercom snaps off and on again

Except the bichon frise. You can report to an airlock, if you like.

LEET

Where are Captain Jessie and Greg?

ALBATROS

I sent them to the bioswamp to get a mold clipping. We may need it down here.

OLIVIA

on intercom

Captain but only because Madeline said I have to Jessie, were you able to get some mold clippings?

JESSIE

Not yet. Your bloody zebra keeps eating them.

GREG

I can't help it. It's the scientists.

MADELINE

Both of you, report to the bridge. Watch out for Albert.

JESSIE

Aye aye.

LEET

Does she seem crabbier than normal?

COLIN

I didn't think it was possible, but yes. She does.

LEET

I should make her more swamp perfume.

OLIVIA

If it doesn't cheer her up, at least you'll be able to smell her coming.

THEO

Why does the computer use the intercom? Aren't you everywhere?

OLIVIA

The computer has a name.

THEO

Apologies. In the scientific world, everyone prefers being called by the title they've earned.

OLIVIA

Oh.

THEO

I'll do better in future ... Olivia.

OLIVIA

Oh.

COLIN

Stunned speechless. I would never have believed it possible. Welcome aboard, Doctor Theo.

door, sounds of the bridge

MADELINE

All right, everyone take a seat. Greg, didn't Jessie come back with you?

GREG

She said she was hungry and headed for the kitchens. She'll be along in a bit, I reckon.

COLIN

Could we just start without her? If she's gone to eat something, we may be waiting a while.

ALBATROS

By the look of the Bichon Frise, we don't have a great deal of time to waste, Captain.

MADELINE

OK. Doctor?

THEO/VON HABER ZETZER

Yes?

MADELINE

Sorry. Dr. von Haber Zetzer, how about you let us know what you're really doing aboard this ship?

NARRATOR

Imagine, if you will, a group of space travelers, gathered on the bridge of their decrepit ship, desperate for the information upon which their very survival depends. Now hold that thought while we segue briefly to the kitchens where "Captain" Jessie is preparing a snack. Le Bichon Frise has joined her... but why?

LBF

Allo.

JESSIE

Do you think you scare me? I just spent 20 minutes in an Albert-infested swamp and that was not even remotely the scariest thing I've faced today, so save your sneaky, out-of-the-shadows Allos. I'm looking for anything that's even vaguely ham-like, and if you piss me off, you'll do, got it?

LBF

Oui, ma capitaine.

JESSIE

And save your suavey Frenchifying for someone who cares.

LBF

Are you familiar with the Auld Alliance or *le Vieille Alliance*?

JESSIE

What did I just say about the French?

LBF

In 1295, the kingdoms of Scotland and France created a formal alliance, to protect each other against the constant invasions by the English.

JESSIE

Your point? Sniff this.

LBF

sniff

Phwah!

JESSIE

I agree. But still edible, yeah?

LBF

I have eaten smellier cheeses, so yes, perhaps. If I may continue?

JESSIE

If you really have to.

LBF

My point, ma capitaine, is that your country and mine have a history of allegiance against a common enemy.

JESSIE

Hand me the mustard, will you?

LBF

I do not recognize any of these things as mustard. Perhaps you could point to it?

JESSIE

It's the yellow stuff, ya burk.

LBF

This is a rather alarming shade of yellow.

JESSIE

Made from yellow flag iris.

LBF

Is it safe?

JESSIE

Unlikely. Bite?

LBF

I will abstain, thank you.

JESSIE

So what you're saying is we should ally ourselves against ... who? Madeline? Olivia? The Albatros?

LBF

Perhaps against them all, including our pair of doctors. I am uncertain who poses the biggest threat aboard this ship.

JESSIE

See, now that I'm sure about. The biggest threat aboard this ship, as of about 30 minutes and one very big plant ago, is you.

LBF

All the more *raison* to enter an alliance with me, eh?

JESSIE

Look, French poodle, I just want an hour to eat my sandwich and endure any consequences thereof in peace, all right?

LBF

Ah, but you see, I really must have an answer now. If you are not with me, then I fear I must kill you. And perhaps blame it on the sandwich.

JESSIE

Freeze, here's the thing. Olivia may not be terribly fond of me, but she's a damn sight less fond of you. She may well be listening in to this conversation right now, but if I give her a shout, she will for sure. Unless you fancy a quick fwip or perhaps a slow, lingering death in your bunk as she sucks out the oxygen, I'd walk away.

LBF

And as soon as I do, you'll call Olivia anyway.

JESSIE

No. I won't. I'm tired, Freeze. And as much as I'm enjoying eating semi-lethal sandwiches, depending on a half-fried repair bot, and answering to a Captain who couldn't steer a canoe straight in a bathtub, if a bit of debris from the 6748 floated by, I'd hitch a ride without a thought, survival be damned. I hate this ship. And I bloody hate playing second fiddle to a captain who doesn't know which way is up. And yes, I know there's no "up" in space. But I bet she doesn't.

LBF

So you're saying yes?

JESSIE

I'm not saying no.

LBF

Very well. Think on it very carefully,
Captaine Jessie.

JESSIE

You know, you're MY assassin, you came
from MY ship, under MY command. If I
agree to work with you, we're not
partners. Understand?

LBF

I am perhaps not so loyal to the code
as the Albatros. Excusez-moi,
Captaine.

JESSIE

Hang on. Your tracker is on, isn't it.
Don't I see it blinking behind your
ear?

LBF

Oui. Joe has activated it.

JESSIE

Ahhhh, well done, Joe. You know it's
more than a tracker.

LBF

Yes, I believe he mentioned something
in passing. What else is it?

JESSIE

Leverage.

NARRATOR

Huh. Oooookaaaaay, I really thought
that was going to be more about
sandwiches. Back on the bridge....

bridge sounds

GREG

If I could interrupt for just a
minute?

COLIN

He hasn't actually said anything yet.

DR VON HABER ZETZER
Please, go right ahead.

GREG
My kidneys are ringing.

COLIN
Is that some sort of odd euphemism for
needing the toilet?

THEO
That's where the phones are.

MADELINE
Who is it, Greg?

MRS SHEFFFIELD
Hello, dears. Mrs. S here, along with
Julie, Donna, and Ben. All together at
last!

MADELINE
Are you safe?

MRS SHEFFFIELD
Not even remotely. But no one's waved
a gun at us for at least an hour. Is
Doctor Theo handy?

THEO
I'm here, Mrs. Sheffield.

MRS SHEFFFIELD
Could you take a look at something for
us? We're in the G2 greenhouses.

THEO
Take a look? How?

JULIE
Greg, can you stand in front of a
blank wall and open your mouth?

GREG
You're joking.

JULIE
Hurry, please.

GREG
Will the indignities never end?

BEN

I hear voices. Hurry up!

DONNA

On it!

THEO

What does she mean "on it"?

JULIE

Donna is a crack shot. Apparently they get rabid marmots or something in Minnesota.

Donna shouts from a little ways away

DONNA

Not marmots, badgers!

DR VON HABER ZETZER

Unt vere did she get a gun, I am asking?

DONNA

Oh, damn. I hope someone untied Charlie. Hang on, fire in the hole!

sound of a gunshot--Donna returns

OLIVIA

Whoa! Was that a Barret M95?

DONNA/MRS SHEFFIELD

99.

DONNA/MRS SHEFFIELD

How do you know that?

BEN

Who cares? Why are you firing?!

GREG

I'm standing in front of a wall with my jaw hanging open, so maybe we could get on with this?

JULIE

Right. Sorry.

sounds of a slide projector

JULIE

I've never seen anything like this, have you? Doctor Theo, I'm familiar with domestic plants, exotic plants, plants from the jungle, the arctic, and the deep blue sea, and I've never seen anything like this.

THEO

Nor have I. But I think perhaps you should get out of there.

phone hangs up

THEO

Julie? Hello? Mrs. Sheffield?

GREG

They're gone, doc.

MADELINE

Doctor Theo? You've gone pale. What did you see?

THEO

Those plants. I don't know for sure, but... yes. Yes, I do. They weren't from earth.

NARRATOR

Gee. More questions than answers. That's new and different.

Fancy a cup of something designed to match exactly to your individual tastes and nutritional needs? Gated Galaxies introduces the new and improved Nutrimatrix: is it really tea? Or is it just something simulated to be entirely like tea? Purchase your Nutrimatrix today and be energized. Or possibly de-energized.

You've been listening to: Aaron Clark as Ben and le Bichon Frise; Sarah Golding as Mrs Sheffield; Iri Alexander as Julie; Richard Cowen as Tiberius and Leet; Kevin Hall as Felonius and Greg; Bonnie Brantley as Donna and Jessie; Shannon Perry as Olivia and Madeline; Tim Sherburn as

Colin; June Clark Eubanks as the Albatros; David S. Dear as Doctor Theo; Eric Perry as Doctor von Haber Zetzer; and me, Richard Nadolny, as your Narrator. This episode was directed by June Clark Eubanks. Our artwork is by Lucas Elliot. Our music is composed and performed by John

Faley. Oz 9 is written and produced by Shannon Perry.

This episode, number 42, is dedicated to Douglas Adams, the hoopiest frood of them all. Until next time, space monkeys, Narrator out!

[TRAILER FOR DIMENSION DOOR PODCAST]