

OZ 9 EPISODE 57

NARRATOR

1           It's a somber day on the Oz 9 as the  
          crew put to rest one of their own.  
          Though there is no body, they perch an  
          empty FitTech pod on Joe's wheely  
          bucket thing, fill it with some of the  
          less-toxic flowers from the bioswamp,  
          put on their dress space suits with  
          the really shiny helmets, and gather  
          in front of Airlock 17, Joe's personal  
          favorite, which has been polished to a  
          shine for the occasion.

COLIN

2           Dearly beloved, we gather today to  
          wish a fond farewell to one of our  
          crew. A faithful friend who never used  
          his power to intimidate or destroy,  
          but only to protect. Whose strength  
          was not only of body, but of mind,  
          soul, and spirit.

JESSIE

3           [loud, violent sneeze, splat]

COLIN

4           Dear god! What the hell was that?

JESSIE

5           It's these damn swampsanthemums.

COLIN

6           Could you not have sneezed all over  
          your faceplate? That's disgusting!

JESSIE

7           What would you like me to do, then,  
          Colin? Put a hanky to my nose? INSIDE  
          MY HELMET?

LEET

8           Wow, there's like, colors.

MADELINE

9           Ew, Leet!

COLIN

10          I can't even look at you. [gags]

JESSIE

11 Well, there's naught I can do about it  
now, so carry on.

DR VON HABER ZETZER

12 Please. I am askink for a little  
rezpect for our fallen comrade here.  
Perhaps we could simply ignore ze  
unfortunateness and carry on. Former  
Captain Jessie, – oh dear god, please  
turn ze other vay! Vat in der  
Himmelsküche is growing in your  
sinuzes?

JESSIE

13 Oh, for crying out loud! I'm inside a  
bloody space suit, and it's not like  
there's windshield wipers in here, all  
right? And the view's not so great  
from this side, just sayin'.

ALBATROS

14 Those things are supposed to be air  
tight. How the hell did the pollen  
even get in there?

LEET

15 Probably through all the holes where  
they sewed the patches on.

LBF

16 I AM BORED NOW. I do not like funerals  
when I had nothing to do with causing  
them.

MADELINE

17 Alright, that's enough. Jessie, ew,  
please don't look at me, just ... keep  
your face towards the floor. Pretend  
to be sad or something. That bomb  
could hit us any time, so let's hurry  
this up.

DR THEO BROMAE

18 "Hurry this up"? Captain Madeline, I  
need hardly remind you that a soldier  
in your army has fallen. A brother! A  
compatriot! Oh, that was good. I  
really should write that down to  
include in my novel...

19                   MADELINE  
All right, all right. It's not like I  
knew him....

20                   LEET  
Dr. Theo, I'm sad! I'm sad! Would you  
hold me?

21                   DR THEO BROMAE  
No, thank you.

22                   LEET  
Dang.

23                   COLIN  
May I continue?

24                   JESSIE  
Pick it up, mate; I feel another  
sneeze coming.

25                   COLIN  
Hold it, please. I don't think I can  
handle it.

26                   JESSIE  
[sneeze, splat]

[various expressions of disgust from everyone else]

27                   COLIN  
[gags]

28                   JOE  
I like these suits. For once, all your  
personal flotsam doesn't land on my  
floor.

29                   NARRATOR  
Is it bad that I kind of hope Colin  
throws up in his helmet? I never  
thought my "chunderdome" joke from  
Episode 13 was adequately appreciated.

30                   JOE  
Or would that be jetsam?

31                   LEET  
Jetsam sounds more like barfing.

32                   ALBATROS  
True. JETsam. Very onomatopoeia.

33                   LEET  
That means it sounds like barfing,  
right?

34                   JOE  
Just don't onomatopee-ya on my floors.

35                   MADELINE  
Be a captain, they said. It'll be  
nothing like teaching kindergarten.

36                   ALBATROS  
You were planning to teach  
kindergarten?

37                   MADELINE  
No, I was banned from interacting with  
children after the balloon thing.  
Captaining was my safety job.

38                   ALBATROS  
Lucky us.

39                   JESSIE  
Did you say captaining was your  
"safety" job?

40                   COLIN  
Look at the floor! For god's sake,  
look at the floor!

41                   ALBATROS  
How unfortunate your super powers  
didn't come with a stronger stomach.

42                   COLIN  
They did, actually.

43                   GREG  
Just going to throw in my usual  
reminder about imminent death.

44                   DR THEO BROMAE  
Perhaps we could return our attention  
to the solemn occasion before us?

LEET  
45 It's empty, you know. The pod. There's  
no one in it.

DR THEO BROMAE  
46 Yes. I know.

LEET  
47 It's just that you seemed really sad.  
So I wanted to remind you there's no  
one in there.

DR THEO BROMAE  
48 It's symbolic.

LEET  
49 And empty.

DR THEO BROMAE  
50 Thank you.

LEET  
51 Would you like me to hold you? I'm  
very good at holding.

ALBATROS  
52 Rest in peace, amen. Computer? [grunt]  
[sound of airlock]

ALBATROS  
53 Are we really going to do this for  
every generation of fruit flies,  
Doctor?

DR VON HABER ZETZER  
54 Zey haf given zere tiny lives to  
furzer ze cause of zience!

ALBATROS  
55 Well, yes, but they die every 45 days.

DR VON HABER ZETZER  
56 Not in my lab, zey don't. Unt ve are  
not here for an entire generation, ve  
are here to commemorate vun very  
zpecial fruit fly. Farewell, Darren!  
May your tiny wings bring you zafely  
to your reward. Rest in ze bozums of a  
giant, juicy cantaloupe or zumthing.

57                   LEET  
Cantaloupes have -

58                   MADELINE  
Stop.

59                   LBF  
Wait. We are here for ... a bug?

60                   DR VON HABER ZETZER  
Oh, because othervize you are zo very  
buzy, eh?

61                   ALBATROS  
Perhaps to distract us from our grief  
- and our nausea from Jessie's helmet,  
frankly - you could tell us how the  
778 will disable the bomb?

62                   COLIN  
Yes, I've been curious about that as  
well.

63                   DR VON HABER ZETZER  
Honestly, it isn't terribly  
complicated. Five minutes unt an Allan  
wrench, and we are tickety-boo, as you  
Americans say.

64                   MADELINE  
Do we say that?

65                   LEET  
I do. But then I also say higgledy-  
piggedy.

66                   ALBATROS  
What exactly does that have to do with  
anything?

67                   LEET  
I dunno. I forgot what we were talking  
about.

68                   ALBATROS  
Then perhaps you could stop talking  
until you catch up.

69                   LEET  
OK!

70 DR THEO BROMAE  
How do you disable an apocalypse  
device, Doctor?

71 DR VON HABER ZETZER  
Vell, doctor, zere is a zo tiny  
indentation on the back of the device.  
You must unscrew ze cover plate, pull  
out ze wires, unt cut ze green one.  
No, wait-

72 COLIN  
Oh god.

73 ALBATROS  
The 778 will know which wire to cut,  
correct?

74 DR VON HABER ZETZER  
Almost zertainly!

75 COLIN  
"Almost"?

76 DR VON HABER ZETZER  
Zurprizingly, zis is not ze tricky  
part.

77 COLIN  
There's a trickier part?!

78 DR VON HABER ZETZER  
You know, for zumone who is  
officiating zuch a zolemn occasion,  
your voice is at a very high pitch  
just now.

79 ALBATROS  
Perhaps you could just walk us through  
the tricky bit?

80 DR THEO BROMAE  
Let me venture a guess: this whole  
indentation, the cover plate, the  
wires - they're on the same side of  
the device as the magnets? So, stuck  
to the ship....

81 DR VON HABER ZETZER  
Indeed. Razer difficult to accezz for  
ze removal unt cutting unt that. And I  
am now thinking we could have thought  
that through a bit better.

82 COLIN  
I need to sit down.

83 LEET  
Are you sure? Maybe you already are.

84 COLIN  
What?

85 LEET  
You can't see yourself, right? Well,  
except for some eyelashes. So maybe  
you're already sitting down!

86 COLIN  
I'm no longer surprised you can't  
figure out how to operate a shirt.  
They must seem impenetrably  
complicated to you.

87 GREG  
Bomb.

88 MADELINE  
What? Now?

89 GREG  
No, just a reminder.

[CLANG, loud tick tick tick tick]

90 GREG  
Actually, yes.

91 LBF  
Merde! Little bird, it is time for us  
to fly!

92 COLIN  
I'm not going anywhere with you.

93 ALBATROS  
I think he was talking to me.



94 LBF  
Ehhhhhhhh, which one of you is faster?

95 ALBATROS  
Really?

96 JOE  
48 minutes on the clock. Olivia?

97 OLIVIA  
Yes, I was wondering when someone  
might bellow my name. I'm sorry, I  
just opened a door, and I'm exhausted.  
What can I do for you?

98 JESSIE  
The bomb just hit the ship!

99 OLIVIA  
Ewwwww...did you save us by isolating  
the explosion in your helmet?

100 JESSIE  
You know what this reminds me of?  
Trying to look through my ship's  
windshield after following the Oz 9  
for five minutes.

101 JOE  
Time to move, people. Olivia, do what  
you can to lock on to its location. As  
soon as you do, get Emily and ...  
uhhhh....

102 MADELINE/ALBATROS/LBF/COLIN/LEET/JESSIE  
Howard.

103 JOE  
Right. *Howard* to meet us there. Dr.  
von Haber-Zetzer, you and I will run  
to the lab to get the tools you  
prepared so we're ready to react as  
soon as Olivia has a location. Got it?

104 OLIVIA  
Have you, von Haber-Zetzer, and Howard  
all in the same place? At once?

105 DR VON HABER ZETZER  
Is zis a problem, leibchen?

106 OLIVIA  
Not for me, no.

107 JOE  
It might be a bit crowded, that's  
true.

108 OLIVIA  
Probably less crowded than most people  
think...

109 COLIN  
GO STOP THE BOMB.

110 GREG  
Olivia's smart, but she's never going  
to find it in time.

111 OLIVIA  
Got it!

112 GREG  
Ok, maybe I am too cynical.

113 OLIVIA  
Bad news. It's a long way away. Even  
if I take you the direct route [root],  
it'll take an hour to get there.

114 GREG  
Uncle Eeyore was right.

115 MADELINE  
Everyone shut up. Where are Emily and  
Howard?

116 DR THEO BROMAE  
I saw them in the bioswamp not long  
ago.

117 MADELINE  
Any chance they might still be there?

118 DR THEO BROMAE  
They were in the early stages of an  
argument, so... yes.

MADELINE

119 OK. Greg, get to the bioswamp, grab them and gallop like hell. Leet, go with him, in case he needs relief. Albatros, take Joe. Run. Colin, von Haber-Zetzer is yours. Fly like the wind. Olivia, can you guide them all?

OLIVIA

120 Please.

JOE

121 Do you think that'll wooooooooooooo.....

[Albatros running recedes into distance. Feel free to improv!]

LEET

122 Heroic running!

OLIVIA

123 Rippling!! Follow the doors!

DR VON HABER ZETZER

124 Vatch zose hands, my boy. I'm very ticklish! Woooooooooooo!!!!

[awkward silence with the remainers; some whistling & humming would be great]

LBF

125 Well. I am thinking perhaps about some lunch.

JESSIE

126 Yeah?

LBF

127 GAH! Never mind. I am no longer hungry. Except perhaps for escargot....

MADELINE

128 You know, you can take that helmet off now, right? Airlock is closed, no more swampsanthemums.

JESSIE  
129 You're still wearing yours.

MADELINE  
130 It smells better than my uniform.

DR THEO BROMAE  
131 Space suits are surprisingly  
comfortable.

[they remove helmets. more awkward silence]

DR THEO BROMAE  
132 In my novel, I have a narrator to  
direct attention to the action in  
times like these. It's a very useful  
narrative device, I find.

LBF  
133 That is not interesting. What is this  
I am feeling? Besides bored?

DR THEO BROMAE  
134 Unheroic. Or perhaps unvillainous?  
Unimportant. A bit useless, even.

MADELINE  
135 Yeah, right? Like, I did a bunch of  
shouting.... now what?

JESSIE  
136 Stand around and wait to be blown to  
smithereens?

LBF  
137 This does not sound like *an hootenany*,  
as you Americans say.

MADELINE  
138 Do we, though?

DR THEO BROMAE  
139 I guess I could...go study  
something...

MADELINE  
140 Sure. I should probably get to the  
bridge and ... oversee the...  
something.

JESSIE

141 Or, Doc von Heferweizen has been  
fermenting swamp weeds to make bathtub  
hooch. Shall we see if we can find his  
stash and get stoated?

MADELINE

142 Get blasted before we-

DR THEO BROMAE

143 Get blasted? OK, but I feel it is  
incumbent upon me to warn you, I can  
get a little frisky when I tipple.  
Whoaahhhh!!!!

[running and whooping]

DR THEO BROMAE

144 Hands! HANDS!!

NARRATOR

145 The future of the crew is in doubt,  
and no one's more than Dr. Theo's. So,  
let's leave them there and see what's  
happening Earthside. It's evening in  
French Lick, and the sun has just  
disappeared behind the western hills.  
Donna, Mrs Sheffield, Julie, and Ben  
are lying out of sight in a sand trap  
on the 16th hole.

BEN

146 This has got to be the worst beach  
vacation ever.

[mild, semi-sad laughter from the others]

JULIE

147 I checked on Gertie a bit ago. She's  
looking good. Much stronger. I think  
she's going to make it.

DONNA

148 Oh, that's nice. I'm glad. I guess.

JULIE

149 Those shredded pods should come all  
the way off, but I'm going to hope  
that'll happen on its own.

MRS SHEFFIELD  
150 Eventually, we really ought to  
determine our next steps.

DONNA  
151 Not just now, OK?

MRS SHEFFIELD  
152 Not just now.

[silence, night sounds]

PLUTO  
153 There you all are!

DONNA  
154 Pluto?!

[surprise and delight from everyone, plz]

PLUTO  
155 Blessed Fortuna, I have been seeking  
you everywhere! I thought the plants  
had devoured you all!

DONNA  
156 PLUTO!!!

PLUTO  
157 [oof! as Donna hugs you hard] Are  
those... tears? Who has brought my  
lady sorrow?

[rumble]

DONNA  
158 You did, you oversized Oscar! Hang on!  
You've got one foot *and one hoof*; are  
you like a starfish or something?

PLUTO  
159 Perhaps I should introduce you to my  
brother Neptune; I don't think you  
know what a starfish is.

BEN  
160 We thought you were dead! I found a  
hoof!

161 PLUTO  
Were there three more? And were you  
perhaps under a horse?

162 MRS SHEFFIELD  
Normally I'd agree with you, but Ben  
is - astonishingly - right.

163 BEN  
Oh, *come on...*

164 MRS SHEFFIELD  
It was golden and dripping blood and  
came out of the mouth of one of those  
devilish ferns.

165 PLUTO  
And you thought it was mine?

166 JULIE  
Well, yeah. Of course.

167 PLUTO  
Why would you assume it belonged to  
me? I'm a *god!* How absurd! [laughs]

168 BEN  
Because it was a golden hoof. Am I  
crazy? Are there lots of people with  
those, and I just never noticed?

169 DONNA  
Oh, who cares whose it is? Or ... was.  
It wasn't yours!

170 PLUTO  
You wept for me. You weep for me now.

171 DONNA  
Oh, don't get too excited. Ben blubbed  
like a baby.

172 BEN  
No, I didn't!

173 MRS SHEFFIELD  
Please. A jigsaw puzzle in an  
earthquake could hold it together  
better. Never mind! Hearts are healed,  
team is at full strength, we live to

fight another day, huzzah!

JULIE

174 All right. Let's regroup. Ben, did you  
finish the count?

BEN

175 Well, no. I quit at the hoof. That was  
a REAL golden hoof, dripping real  
blood. It was still warm.

PLUTO

176 And?

BEN

177 Is no one else concerned about this?

MRS SHEFFIELD

178 Benjamin, you must learn to let things  
go when it's time.

BEN

179 It happened half an hour ago!

JULIE

180 So we still need to count the plants.

BEN

181 Does it need to be exact?

JULIE

182 Well, no, but the closer the better.

BEN

183 16 rows, about 25 plants per row.  
That's, what...

JULIE

184 400 plants.

DONNA

185 Plus Gertie makes it four hundred and  
one.

SOUTHERS

186 Long may it lather.

[whoops of surprise]

MRS SHEFFIELD

187 Seriously?



DONNA

188 I gotta get me a pair of those shoes.  
I didn't hear a thing!

SOUTHERS

189 Don't you dare. I won't have my  
favorite footwear sullied by a  
Minnesotan snowflake who doesn't know  
the difference between a high-gloss  
cream polish saddle soap with a boar  
bristle brush and cleaning her  
galoshes by spitting on a damp hankie.

JULIE

190 How did you find us?

SOUTHERS

191 Little lady, if I gave you a list of  
all the ways I am more clever than the  
dumb cluster of you put together, we'd  
be here till Tuesday.

PLUTO

192 It is Tuesday.

SOUTHERS

193 Funny thing about Tuesdays, Pluto; the  
universe just keeps making more.

JULIE

194 You must need us, or you wouldn't have  
come to get us. So, what's happening?

SOUTHERS

195 The resort's in a ruckus. Guests  
caught wind that their host wasn't at  
his usual dinner table because he was  
on someone else's. We managed to calm  
everyone down, let 'em know the bear  
was back but had been removed and  
everything was fine.

BEN

196 They bought that story?

SOUTHERS

197 When there's free champagne on offer,  
you'd be surprised what folks are  
willing to accept. Here's the thing,  
though. With Tiberius gone, I've been  
shut out.

198 MRS SHEFFIELD  
Shut out? So, are we to understand  
you're no longer privy to the  
machinations behind the scenery?

199 SOUTHERS  
Whoa! Shut off the word hose, Princess  
Margaret Thatcher! Shut. Out. You know  
that's why you Brits lost the empire,  
don't you. Anyway, I will no longer be  
able to feed you information.

200 DONNA  
When did you ever feed us information?  
As opposed to trying to feed us to the  
plants?

201 MRS SHEFFIELD  
All right, all right. Enough  
bickering. Not having you around as a  
resource is a bit like not having a  
refrigerator to haul with us.

202 DONNA  
I'll bite.

203 MRS SHEFFIELD  
I'll miss the occasional well-chilled  
margarita but am glad to be free of  
the weight.

204 BEN  
There's a way in, though.

205 DONNA  
You mean like, doors and that?

206 BEN  
Huh? No, I mean Tiberius said  
something about needing to hire a  
cleaning lady, right?

207 JULIE  
Because they keep getting eaten, yeah.

208 BEN  
And Mrs Sheffield there is a master of  
disguises, right?

MRS SHEFFIELD

209 I am, that's very true. Do you know,  
on a lark, I once dressed up as the  
Mona Lisa for a trip to the Louvre. I  
just happened to be standing still for  
a moment, deep in contemplation, and  
someone tried to steal me! I mean, I  
wasn't even trying, I was in the queue  
for the loo!

DONNA

210 I have to say, I was completely taken  
in when you and Glenda dressed up as  
guests of the resort.

BEN

211 Hello?

MRS SHEFFIELD

212 Yes, dear?

BEN

213 Seriously?

PLUTO

214 Costumes are a strange human  
tradition, but I do enjoy Halloween  
candy. But why is it called candy  
"corn"? It looks nothing like corn.

BEN

215 I give up.

JULIE

216 I think my husband is suggesting Mrs  
Sheffield try to get hired as a  
cleaning lady so we still have someone  
on the inside.

BEN

217 Yes. Thank you.

DONNA

218 Oh, that might work!

MRS SHEFFIELD

219 Good heavens, of course it'll work.  
That's not the question. The question  
is, do I go the jolly old charwoman  
route, or take a more dignified,

Angela Lansbury sort of angle?

BEN

220 What difference does it make?

MRS SHEFFIELD

221 It makes a great deal of difference, Benjamin! Depending on who's doing the hiring, I must discern which approach is more likely to garner their trust, you see? Which version can more comfortably slip into the background, ignored, barely detected, to monitor important conversations? Which cleaning lady isn't trusted to empty the wastepaper baskets alone, and which can trot in a Xerox machine and a camera crew without question? Also, which wig have I brought with me?

JULIE

222 Well, we'll let you figure that out. Southers, do you have enough clout left to get her an interview, at least?

SOUTHERS

223 Oh, how the mighty have fallen! [sigh] I reckon my years of loyalty will get me that far. I miss my office. I literally had one of those levers I could pull to drop someone to the next floor, did you know that?

DONNA

224 As a matter of fact, I did. You really ought to put a label on things. When Glenda and I were in G2HQ together, she kept accidentally pulling that lever, every time we were in there!

BEN

225 So we're going with my plan?

MRS SHEFFIELD

226 Oh, was that yours? I thought it was mine? It was mine, surely?

JULIE

227 It was Ben's and a good one. Southers,  
get her in. Say she was a cleaner at  
G2.

MRS SHEFFIELD

228 I believe I was, briefly. Not that you  
have any trouble lying, but you can  
test out not, and see how it feels!

JULIE

229 Once she's in, can you tell her the  
best places to listen in or hunt for  
information?

SOUTHERS

230 I reckon.

DONNA

231 This is your point of no return, you  
know. Once you start actively helping  
us, you can't go back.

PLUTO

232 Perhaps we should think this over. I  
also enjoy a cool beverage, but being  
burdened with a Frigidaire could be  
counter to our desires.

DONNA

233 Gosh. You say that so pretty.  
"Desires....."

NARRATOR

234 Since this is not a visual medium, let  
me explain what I'm seeing. The golf  
course is mostly in the dark, with  
only distant safety lights and the  
stars to see by. But now a bright  
spotlight shines down on Pluto and  
Donna, who hover, trembling, on the  
edge of an embrace. The others have  
disappeared into the shadows,  
forgotten for the moment. The world  
holds its breath. A single remaining  
tear of joy lingers on Donna's lashes  
before a blink sends it cascading down  
her cheek. Pluto catches it with a

wave of his thumb. They move closer together, and Pluto bends from his great height to whisper in her ear...

PLUTO

235 You haven't given me back my key yet.

DONNA

236 I think I'll hold on to it for a while.

NARRATOR

237 You've been listening to...  
 Tim Sherburn as Colin  
 Bonnie Brantley as Jessie and Donna  
 Richard Cowen as Leet  
 Shannon Perry as Madeline and Olivia  
 Eric Perry as Dr von Haber-Zetzer,  
 Joe, and Mr Southers  
 June Clark Eubanks as the Albatros  
 David S Dear as Dr. Theo Bromae  
 Aaron Clark as Le Bichon Frise and Ben  
 Kevin Hall as Greg  
 Iri Alexander as Julie  
 Sarah Golding as Mrs Sheffield  
 Lee Shackleford as Pluto  
 and me, Richard Nadolny, as your  
 Narrator

Our music is composed and performed by  
 John Faley; our artwork is by Lucas  
 Elliott. This episode was directed by  
 June Clark Eubanks. Oz 9 is written  
 and produced by Shannon Perry.

Until next time, Space Monkeys,  
 Narrator out!