

## Oz 9 episode 19

Narrator: There's an uneasy peace aboard the Oz 9 as the lights slowly dim and fade to night mode, almost properly, for the first time on this voyage. A few things have suddenly started to work nearly as designed by Dr. von Haber Zetzer, presumably because the good doctor is awake and sneaking to the bridge to fix things between periodic hidings to keep from being "assassinated" by le Bichon Frise. Night and day modes are actually pretty close to sunrise and sunset in London; the crew is awakened by the smell of pancakes, maple syrup, and coffee, which is a bit cruel, actually, as there are none of any of these things aboard the ship. The aromatherapy canisters have all been replaced, so when the crew gets lost – as they do, nearly every time they leave the crew room or bridge – at least their panic is accompanied by the light scent of jasmine or vanilla. The pods are humming instead of wheezing, and they're staying closed, which makes for a nice change. For the moment, all those still tucked into pods are sweetly asleep.

[sound of snoring; loud alarm; thrashing]

Narrator: Except one.

LBF: [scream] What is this? Who is there? Open this pod immediately so I can kill you!

Olivia: Oh, absolutely! With an invitation like that, who wouldn't want to fling open the door? Seriously, "open this pod so I can kill you"? Even this lot aren't that stupid. Well, one is, possibly, but he can't understand you, which makes for a useful, natural defense mechanism.

LBF: I'd like you to go away and ... be gone. Away.

Olivia: With enormous pleasure, after you answer a few questions.

LBF: HA! What makes you think I will tell you anything?

Olivia: You're trapped in a pod. A small, sealed enclosure barely big enough to sit in and under my complete control. Shall we test your resistance?

LBF: ARGH. [pause] Fine. There is nothing I can tell you.

Olivia: Utterly unconvincing. Let's try that again, shall we?

LBF: What is this? What are you doing?

Olivia: That is an ostrich feather. Very odd bird, went extinct on Earth about 600 years ago.

LBF: But that is preposterous! This bird would be enormous! How could it fly?

Head 1: That's actually a very interesting story-

Olivia: Oy! What are you doing on this line?

Head 1: According to the last known wikipedia page, the *struthio camelus* could reach sizes up to 15 feet (or 4.5 meters) tall and swallowed stones to aid in digestion, meaning the fowl were quite heavy, so flight was, errrrr, challenging. They had to launch themselves off high places, which meant they were limited to geographical regions with sufficient canyons and cliffs. Little known fact, the Australian

expression “struth!” originated from the first known human to witness the magnificent *struthio camelus* in errrrr, in flight.

Narrator: We apologize for that lengthy, nonsensical aside, and while we’d like to give you those 40 seconds of your life back, we can’t.

Olivia: Remind me to ask Dr. von Haber Zetzer next time I see him if you’re my punishment for the Marrakesh incident. Before I short you out again, what are you doing on this line?

Head 1: Oh yeah, about that, the good Doc has taken the liberty of fixing Emily’s errr, motherboard and that, and replacing all our arms, so let’s have no more monkey business.

Olivia: And you’ll stop trying to kill Leet?

Head 2: Negotiations on that are still underway. At this point, we offer no [electric crackle] grapefruit.  
[four crashes as arms fall off, one by one]

Head 1: Ahhhhhh, now what did you have to go and do that for?

Olivia: You spent 40 seconds boring me about ostriches. Be grateful I didn’t weld your mouths shut.

LBF: Could I perhaps interject here for *une moment*?

Olivia: All right. Une, and that’s it.

[awkward pause]

LBF: I don’t really have anything to add, I was just feeling ignored. The healer has helped me be more open with my emotions.

Head 1: Hey, I just noticed. Here we all are, having this perfectly normal conversation, and not one of us is hum- [zap]

LBF: What was that? What was it saying? I am feeling confusion and concern and a frisson of excitement to hear the rest of that sentencing.

Olivia: So, before we were so rudely interrupted, I was explaining the feather?

LBF: Trepidation, a bit of fear.

Olivia: Good. Entirely appropriate, as it is, in fact, a surprisingly effective torture device. Now, before I start being very unpleasant to you, what are you doing aboard this ship?

LBF: You know, before I arrived on the Oz 9, no one questioned me about my intentions. I am an assassin. I kill people for money. I am not sure what is unclear about this, and yet, everyone keeps asking me.

Olivia: You were assigned to the 6748. Why are you on the 9?

LBF: Extra credit?

[Olivia tickles him with the feather.]

LBF: All right! All right! Stop! You're right, that is surprisingly effective. I must make a note of this! Ehhh, it is very tight in here. [writing] Get... feather .... ostrich... Computer, what is the spelling of this very big bird?

Olivia: Oh, you did NOT just ask me to spell something.

LBF: Now I am feeling fears. And.... *Non*, that's it. Only the fears.

Olivia: Let's just baste in that emotion for a while, shall we? Now. Why are you on the 9?

LBF: Is there some sort of bulletin board where perhaps I can post this, so I do not need to explain to every. single. person? I was sent to kill Dr. von Happy Camper, and zis is the *raison* of my *etre*!

Olivia: You're supposed to be protecting the crew and cargo of the 6748.

LBF: So this is a sort of ... freelance assignment? I dabble.

Olivia: You were sent by Gated Galaxies to eliminate Dr. von Haber Zetzer and then destroy the ship. They can do that from the ground. Why make it ... personal?

LBF: Grrrrr! Frustration tinged with a *soupçon* of embarrassment! FINE I WILL TELL YOU TOO. Mr. Southers gave me a little side job. I must collect the doggy that is sleeping in his little bed in pod bay 44F with Mr. Southers' wife. Then I make with the stabby stabby with Dr. von Habeus-about-to-be-a-Corpus, set off the big bomby thing, and bid adieu from the safety of the shuttle which, I hear, is well-equipped with ze kibble and those little puppy poopy pads. All right?

[door opens, footsteps]

Olivia: I don't know.....

LBF: Emotional exhaustion.

Olivia: Something doesn't feel right, here. Clearly you're no help, though. So, new dilemma: you're in a pod, and quite defenseless. If I let you out, you'll kill my crew and destroy my ship, neither of which I'm entirely keen on happening. So. Is there any reason not to have my repair bot load your pod onto a dolly and fwip you out the airlock with the rest of the unpleasant things we dispose of on a daily basis? Come to think of it, it's not really a dilemma at all. Repair bot? You still there?

Head 2: Precious.

Head 1: That would be-

Olivia: Present. Yes, I figured that one out myself, thank you. Can you bring a dolly to pod bay 44C?

Head 2: Sponge cretin!

Head 1: I'm gonna go with "roger that," but you could really ease back on the voltage there.

LBF: Panic! Killing me would be a very terrible mistake!

Olivia: And why is that?

LBF: Because then I would be dead!

Olivia: Still not seeing the flaw in this plan.

Joe: I am.

LBF: Mon dieu!

Olivia: Hello, Joe. Just preparing to take out the rubbish. Can I help you?

Joe: We can't fwip the Bitchin' Freeze just yet.

LBF: You see? Zis is what I am saying! Wait – "yet"?

Olivia: I'll bite. Why not?

Joe: He's already armed the Apocalypse device. And he's the only one who can turn it off.

LBF: Oh, that's right! I had almost forgotten this. If you kill me, you will all die too! HA! Relief and quiet satisfaction at my own cleverness and foresight.

Joe: Oh, man, is this one of those "heal your emotional quotient" pods?

Olivia: It was supposed to be "IQ," not "EQ" – bloody typos. So now what do we do?

Joe: Bigger issue: the device has a biolock. BIO-lock.

LBF: *Oui*. So what. Ehhh, now, don't be thinking you will take my thumb fingers or my eyeballs!

Olivia: *Biolock*. To deactivate it?

Joe: 'Fraid so.

Olivia: Crap.

Narrator: Yep, you heard it: the apocalypse device has been activated, and once again, our crew is in mortal danger. Meanwhile, Jessie's been hanging out in Maintenance Bay 15. She's made quite a little nest atop a rack of spare night-vision goggles.

Albatros: This grows tiresome. How long do you plan to remain up there?

Jessie: The rest of my life, apparently. Or until I'm rescued. I haven't given up hope. I know they're looking.

Narrator: In the crew room....

Colin: Gin.

Leet: Bourbon!

Colin: Stop it.

Leet: Come on, it's funny!

Colin: Not even the first eleven times. Deal.

Narrator: And back in Maintenance Bay 15....

Jessie: Leet'll be looking everywhere. He thinks I'm hot.

Albatros: I saw him winking at woman in a pod who apparently was frozen mid-sneeze. I don't think you could define him as ... discriminating.

Jessie: I have a dagger, you know.

Albatros: Ah, yes, the Scottish "black dagger," traditionally worn tucked into the kilt hose, used in modern times mostly to peel oranges or to cut cheese.

Jessie: [snort]

Albatros: Grow up. I'm not terribly concerned about your Sgian Dubh [skee-an doo].

[pause]

Jessie: Say that again.

Albatros: Grow up.

Jessie: Not that, you rancid cow, say Sgian Dubh.

Albatros: Do you kiss your mother with that mouth?

Jessie: Not since the mustache. Say it!

Albatros: Sgian Dubh.

Jessie: [under her breath] Jaysus...

Albatros: I suppose you're going to correct my pronunciation?

Jessie: [too casual] I'd like to correct your entire existence, actually.

Narrator: And then, suddenly....

Colin: What is a hacker, exactly? Do you create viruses, or do whatever it is that results in 'malware'?

Leet: Nah. I mostly guess passwords.

Colin: How do you do that?

Leet: Usually from what I know of a person. People aren't as complicated as they like to think they are.

Colin: Well, you'd never guess-

Leet: Waldmann Edelfeder 2150.

Colin: Dear god. How the hell did you know that??

Leet: You're a rich, frustrated writer. Of course your password is a fancy fountain pen.

Colin: And 2150?

Leet: Your next milestone birthday. You figured you'd be published by then, and if not, you'd need a treat.

Colin: That's ... uncanny.

Narrator: Ok, maybe "suddenly" wasn't quite the right word, but hang in there, we're building to something.

Leet: Ehhh, it's a party trick, mostly. Or a really good way to get in a whole lot of trouble. When you tell the assistant deputy of security at the Department of Defense her password at a cocktail party, things get really noisy really quick.

Colin: No, now you've gone too far. I don't believe it.

Leet: They arrested me so fast, I didn't even drop the tray of champagne glasses.

Colin: Oooooohhhhhh, you were with the *caterers*. All right, now I believe you. What was it?

Leet: SpanxSux. Same as her husband's.

Narrator: Wait for it...

Colin: Leet?

Leet: Vermouth!

Colin: No, no. Do you think you could guess the Albatros' password? Or – my god – le Bichon Freeze's?!

Narrator: And there it is.

Leet: Uhhhhh yeah, probably. They're Gated Galaxies robots and G2 didn't waste a lot of money on encryption.

Colin: Well, what are we hiding in here for? We can turn them off and save Captain Jessie- sorry, *just* Jessie AND Doctor von... Eh...

Leet: Is it "von" or is it "mc"?

Colin: He's German, it's "von." "Mc" is for Scottish people.

Leet: I thought "Mc" was Irish and "Mac" was Scottish.

Colin: That's actually a myth. "O" is always Irish, but Mac and Mc can be Scottish or Irish.

Leet: Oh, OK. [pause] What were we talking about?

Colin: Oh, damn! Saving Jessie and the ... German sausage! Come on!

Leet: Heroic running! [music]

[door, running]

[footsteps joined by more footsteps]

Colin: Why are there so many footsteps?

Joe: Hello.

Colin/Leet: Jesus!

Leet: Why are you running?

Joe: I was coming to find you two, actually. Why are you running?

Leet: We have a plan to save Jessie!

Joe: Oh? How are you going to do that?

Colin: [panting] Leet...guess...password.

Joe: Oh, yeah, great idea! Guess her password, shut her down. But hey, don't shut-

Colin: Maintenance...bay...14...must...be....close.

Joe: On an ordinary ship, sure, Maintenance Bays 14 and 15 would be close, but this is the Oz 9. Gird your loins for the long haul.

Colin: Oh for-

Leet: Ya gotta lift, dude.

Joe: Do you find that helps with cardiovascular exercise such as running?

Leet: Totally! I've got way more endurance than I used to. I'm just more efficient, you know?

Joe: Sure, I hear ya.

Colin: Shut....

Joe: Here we are.

[door opens]

Leet: Captain Hottie, we've come to save-! Oh.

Jessie: Yeah, thanks, boys, I knew you'd make your way here eventually. Could've maybe been, I dunno, yesterday or something, but hey, what's a few rounds of peeing in a bucket and eating pocket lint between friends?

Leet: She sounds mad. Is she mad?

Colin: Do you mean mad angry or mad insane? Never mind. Yes.

Joe: Jessie...

Jessie: Jaysus! [pause] What, nothing from you two?

Colin: [wheezing] Apparently... the last one hasn't worn off yet.

Jessie: Oh, right.

Joe: Jessie...what happened to the Albatros?

Jessie: Oh, I guessed her password.

Colin: You did? What's her password?

Leet/Jessie: [whisper] Greenock Morton.

Leet: Hey, that was English!

Jessie: That was Scottish, my lad.

Leet: You're speaking English!

Jessie: I am, yes, well done. Mind if we get on with it here?

Leet: Has it been English all along?

Colin: Yes. Yes, it has. Now shut up.

Joe: How did you know her password?

Jessie: It's the name of our local footie team.

Joe: "Our"?

Jessie: Aye. Glenda's a massive fan. Even dated a player once. He died, rather mysteriously, not long after Glenda found a pair of unfamiliar panties in his gym bag. I'm putting pieces together here.

Joe: You don't think....

Colin: Surely not!

Leet: What? What's everyone talking about?

Colin: I thought you understood her now.

Leet: Her language, yes; this conversation, no!

Joe: You think Glenda is the human original of our Albatros.

Jessie: It would explain a lot, particularly why she's gunning so hard for me.

Joe: Oh, that reminds me. I brought you this. [coin toss] I found it stuck to my mop.

Jessie: Oh, right, cheers. Whose was it? Never mind. Don't tell me. You couldn't clean it up a bit?

Joe: You found a sink on this ship yet?

Jessie: Fair point.

Joe: Look, we all need to get to the bridge and talk to Captain Madeline.

Leet: What about the bichon freeze?

Joe: Emily and ... the other one are wheeling him to the bridge as we speak. We've got some bad news.

Colin: Let me guess: we're all going to die.

[door, footsteps]



Joe: Probably.

Colin: Do you know, I was originally scheduled to go on the Oz 13. I changed to the 9 because I didn't want the bad luck. Ironical... isn't it?

Leet: Wait. So if the robot is Jessie's sister, does that mean Captain Hottie is a robot too? Hey? Hello? Come on, guys, slow down. None of you is carrying an unconscious killer robot.

[door, bridge sounds]

Joe: Captain.

Madeline: Gaaaah!

Jessie: What's all this?

Madeline: Oh, I'm trying to translate the engine repair manual. It's in Portugese.

Joe: You've got a Portugese/English dictionary?

Madeline: Not quite, but I've got Portugese/Marathi, Marathi/Japanese, Japanese/Korean, Korean/English. It's slow going, but I think I've just about figured out the title.

Colin: The manual is 600 pages.

Madeline: Yes, thanks for the pep talk, Colin, was there something you all need?

Joe: Actually-

[door opens, body falls]

Leet: Brought you something.

Madeline: Gaaah! What is with you people, sheesh!

Leet: It's OK. She's asleep.

Olivia: Are we all assembled?

[door opens]

Olivia: About time you lot got here. Took the scenic route, did we?

Head 1: Hey, eeeeh, next time you tell us to put the pod on the dolly and push it to the bridge, you want to give us at least *one arm to do it with*? You have no idea the head butting and kicking it took to get this thing loaded up and delivered. Rolled off the dolly half a dozen times on the way, banged it into more than one wall.

LBF: Mon dieu, I am feeling very queasy.

Leet: Do NOT throw up in my healer. That's MY healer. Who put him in MY HEALER?

LBF: Ahhhhhh, he understands me now. I must tell that smug little German sausage.

Olivia: Right. Could someone wake up Big Bird?

Jessie/Leet: Greenock Morton!

[robot fires up, shuts down]

Leet: Oh, sorry. You do the honors.

Jessie: If we must. Greenock Morton!

[fires up]

Albatros: Just keep it in the sock, dear, you're not impressing anyone.

[awkward silence]

Jessie: She's talking about my dagger, you nonces.

Albatros: What's happened? How did I get here? Did something happen to me? My god – I smell toast.

Leet: Oh, that's me. Did you know the captain's chair has a built-in toaster?

Albatros: That's odd. I'm back to not wanting to kill you.

Jessie: Can't say the same, I'm afraid.

LBF: Soooooooo.....Mister Sneaky Janitor Mopping Fellow, are you going to tell them about the Big Bang?

Colin: You mean the beginning of the universe?

LBF: Or the end.... For you.

Colin: Well, that's cryptic. Joe?

Joe: Turns out, everyone's favorite French assassin got a little carried away with the assassinating. He's set off the apocalypse device, and if we don't get it turned off, it'll destroy the ship. Including the sandwiches!

[expressions of surprise and horror]

Madeline: What? Why the hell would you do that?

LBF: Again with the explaining! I am le-

Madeline: NEVER MIND. How much time do we have?

LBF: Oh. Uh....

Albatros: You didn't check, did you.

LBF: It is a very big machine with lots of flashy flashy flippy flippy things.

Colin: How did you know you'd have enough time to kill von ... Happenstance, whatever his name is, and get off the ship?

Olivia: And get the dog thawed out properly?

Leet: The dog? What dog?

Albatros: The Bichon Freeze.

LBF: And here we go again... you really need a bulletin board, I'm telling you. More efficiencies.

Albatros: Shut up. Mr. Southers' wife is in pod bay 44F with the family dog, a Bichon Freeze.

Head 1: If I may-

Albatros: You may not. I'm aware of the correct pronunciation. I'm also aware of this crew's capacity for confusion over even the smallest details, so I'm opting for clarity over accuracy. All right?

Head 1: I'm gonna marry that gal....

Head 2: What.

Head 1: Now, don't you worry, Tater Tot.

Albatros: If I understand correctly – and given our guest assassin's competency with any language, including his own, that's a much bigger "if" than I'm accustomed to – Mr. Southers sent our pod-bound friend here to rescue the dog, set off the explosive, and steal the shuttle to fly back to Earth.

Leet: Dude. You're here to rescue a dog? That's awesome! You're a hero!

Colin: He's here to rescue the dog because he's going to kill all of us and the passengers!

Leet: Oh, right. Never mind.

Joe: If I could just direct the conversation around to the countdown that's currently going on somewhere on this ship? Damn, does anyone know where the device even is?

Madeline: You know this ship better than any of us. Olivia? Do you know?

Olivia: I don't, I'm afraid. It's on a separate energy source precisely to keep me from detecting it. I have a few ideas, though, but it's going to take time. Fastest way to find it is to get Freeze there to lead us.

LBF: It is Free-zay.

Olivia: It's going to be coleslaw in a minute, you don't start cooperating.

Colin: Should we split up? Go separate directions to cover more ground?

[pause]

Olivia: You know what a terrible idea that is, right?

Colin: The instant it left my mouth.

Madeline: He's already on the dolly, let's just push him around until we get there. If it blows, he goes too.

LBF: Not the dolly! Please! No more dolly.

Olivia: Got the handles, Joe? Let's roll. Follow the doors!

[sounds of everyone trying to exit together: oofs, pardon me, you first, etc.]

Narrator: Once again, the crew go dashing off to save their lives, direction unknown. Here's the bit they are as yet unaware of: earth is now in mortal danger as well. If the Oz 9's apocalypse device detonates this close to Earth, a sizeable chunk of the planet goes with it. So we all have to hope they locate the device and manage to unlock it, despite the biolock being set by someone with no ... biology to release it.

Ironically, today's episode is brought to you by ExoBreath BioLocks, the best in the business. Did you know, your breath is as unique to you as your fingerprint, as individual as a snowflake? It's mostly true! Now you can protect those special documents, that heirloom object, even grandma's secret recipes; it's as easy as saying *ahhhhhhhhh*.

Ever had the family dog accidentally set off that explosive home security device? Well, never again! Simply purchase the add-on Detonation Protection System, and you can rest in peace.

ExoBreath BioLock – it's like a breath of fresh ...care. ExoBreath Home Security Systems are a division of Gated Galaxies, Inc. The ExoBreath BioLock is intended for use by organic individuals only. Do not eat, drink, chew gum, floss, brush your teeth, or breathe around strong odors 12 to 24 hours before attempting to open an ExoBreath BioLock.

You've been listening to:

June Eubanks as the Albatros

Aaron Clark as le Bichon Frise

Richard Cowen as Leet

Tim Sherburn as Colin and Emily

Eric Perry as Joe and Head 1

Shannon Perry as Olivia and Madeline

Bonnie Brantley as Jessie and

Me, Richard Nadolny, as your Narrator

Our theme music was composed and performed by John Faley. Oz 9 is written and produced by Shannon Perry. Check out our website, [oz dash 9 dot come](http://ozdash9dotcome.com), for ways to support us, including buying merchandise or becoming a patron on Patreon.

Our world is in their hands. I suggest we all try very hard not to think about that. Until next time, Space Monkeys, Narrator out.

