

Oz 9 episode 17.5 – Between the wormhole and the Rinse McGoo

Narrator: When all the engines on one side of your spaceship aren't functioning, and you're spinning at what is best described as "a leisurely pace," it can be difficult to see where you're going. Especially if, as in the case of the Oz 9, you're spinning backwards. When you don't see that very large, very dangerous thing looming just ahead of you, it's awfully hard to steer around it. Doubly so if you're not very good at steering, and, as previously noted, all the engines on one side of your spaceship are out.

[Leet and Colin are looking for Jessie, door opens]

Leet: Captain Hottie? Hello?

[door closes, footsteps, door opens]

Colin: Could you keep your voice down! We have no idea where Le Bichon Freeze or the Albatros are. My god; it's like we're running some sort of deranged zoo up here.

[door closes]

Leet: She's gotta be somewhere. Olivia said no one's been fwipped in, like, at least 24 hours. [door opens] Hey, Captain Hottie?

Colin: No one. [door closes, footsteps] And don't let Captain Madeline hear you call her that. There's only one captain on this ship, remember?

Leet: Yeah. Olivia. [door opens] Captain Hot- Sorry, Captain Jes- Sorry, Just Jessie? You in here? Don't know why I'm asking. It's not like I'll understand her answer.

Colin: You do realize she speaks English, don't you?

Leet: Ha ha! That's funny. English...

[weird noise, sound of glass breaking, liquid spilling]

Colin: What the hell was that?

Leet: Whoa. That was super weird. Things just went all squirmy like walls usually don't.

[moaning, clanking]

Colin: God, what is that smell?

Leet: Who's there? Emily? Other head? That you?

[ominous, metallic footsteps approaching]

Colin: It can't be. They're in the crew room. My god, is that ... a giant?

C4: Nah, mate. C4. My god, this ship's even more crap than the one I just got sucked off of. Who're you? What's this dungheap?

Colin: This is the Oz 9 – where the hell did you come from?

[intercom clicks on]

Olivia: Hello, everybody, bit of a thing happening. If we could just pause all the assassinating for a tic and everyone toddle along and gather up on the bridge, that'd be super. [clicks off – pause – clicks on again]

Olivia: Side note, Colin and Leet, don't panic, but from my sensors, it appears there's a very big thing standing just behind you. If it's hostile, fwip it; if not, bring it along, all right? [clicks off]

C4: It? Who's she calling "it"?

Leet: So, are you hostile?

C4: Well, I've just been doing the maths, and according to my calculations, I haven't had a ciggie in about 14,000 light years, so more testy than hostile. How the hell do you know where you are on this ship? Everything's white. It's like the audience at a TED talk in here.

Colin: Don't worry, I know the way.

[footsteps receding, door]

[bridge]

Madeline: Olivia, any idea what that was?

Olivia: Well, yeah, obviously.

Madeline: OK....

Olivia: Can it wait until everyone gets here? I prefer to answer stupid questions just the once. Speeds things up.

[scream, running from distance, door]

Jessie: Put me down, you screeching munter!

Albatros: Very well.

[thump]

Jessie: You touch me again, and I swear-

Albatros: Frequently and with flair, but your captain has declared a parley, so for the moment, you're safe from me.

Madeline: No, I didn't.

Albatros: Didn't what, dear?

Madeline: Call for parley. [<https://dictionary.cambridge.org/us/pronunciation/english/parley>]

Albatros: And who are you?

Madeline: I'm the Captain.

Albatros: [laughing] Yes, dear.

[door opens]

C4: I thought you said you knew the way.

Colin: We're here, aren't we?

C4: You don't know, do you.

Leet: Know what?

C4: We were literally one corridor over. Like, we could've been here in less than a minute?

Colin: How do you know that?

C4: Sensors, mate. G-P-bloody-S. Plus, there's signs everywhere. Took me a minute to see them, but they're all over the ship. Couldn't get lost on a bet.

Colin: What? What signs?

C4: Oh, right, you don't have infrared, do you. Whoever designed this ship had a vicious sense of humour, I can tell you.

Madeline: Who the hell is that?

C4: C4 D7. Don't anyone ask politely on this ship, or is that just not physically possible? You afraid something might drop off if you show a little common courtesy or something? Hey, who's that?

Leet: Who's what?

C4: Bloke standing in the corner with the mop.

Leet: Where?

C4: Over there. He's waving and everything. You got ghosts?

Joe: Hello.

Everybody but C4: Jesus!

C4: What's that in aid of?

Joe: You could see me?

C4: Of course I can see you. You're a bit shimmery, though; why's that?

Olivia: Yes, well, this is all very pleasant, but I'm sure you're dying to know what-

C4: Who's that? Who's talking?

Olivia: I'm Olivia, the ship's AI.

C4: Artificial intelligence, eh? Fancy. Can you 3D print me a ciggie? I'm gaspin'.

Olivia: Will it stop you talking?

C4: Might do.

[pencil sharpener sound]

C4: Got a light?

[sound of flame thrower]

C4: Right. Cheers.

Joe: Olivia, now that our guest is taken care of, would you care to explain what's going on?

Olivia: One more coming. I'm running him through a bit of a maze to get here. Less likely to bite if he's tired out. Here he comes.

[door]

LBF: [panting] I don't remember running so far away!

Jessie: Why do you have red marks all over your face?

Albatros: He needed extensive ... correcting.

Jessie: Did you do that? I might like you a bit better now.

Albatros: Thank you, dear. Still fwipping you off the ship at first opportunity.

Jessie: Well, that was short-lived.

Albatros: As will you be.

LBF: The marks on my *visage* are nothing. They will fade and I will shine, and you, Albatros, will fly away through the airlock!

Albatros: Boo!

[scream]

C4: What exactly is going on here? Who are all these people?

Leet: So, I'm Leet, I'm the IT expert and hacker; that's Colin, our PR guy....

C4: PR? You're joking. What do you need that for on a ruddy spaceship?

Colin: It matters. What if we have to communicate with aliens or something? Who's going to do that, do you suppose?

C4: "We're here to steal and probably destroy your bloody planet because ours is knackered." How hard could it be?

Colin: Shut up.

Leet: He says that a lot.

C4: He's good at it.

Joe: Maybe you could tell us who you are and what you're doing on the Oz 9?

C4: C4 from the Rinse McGoo, now normally found hanging out with a couple of earthlings called Patch and Stooch.

Madeline: Never heard of the Rinse McGoo.

Olivia: I have. You lot insist on calling yourself “Best in Galaxy,” like prize winning German Shepherds or something. You’re a long way from home, mate.

Madeline: OK, maybe now you can explain why you’re aboard my ship.

C4: Your guess is as good as mine. Was just having a quick cig when suddenly I went all wobbly, and next thing I know, I’m on your ship, hugging a glass canteen full of soup that I suspect might once have been human. Was that supposed to happen?

LBF: He is lying.

Colin: What makes you say that?

LBF: I can tell he has an Oz 9 body tag. He was here all along, ehhhh?

Albatros: That’s true. He does.

C4: What? Where?

Albatros: I want to say.... On the bottom of your foot?

C4: Hang on. Oh yeah, look at that. So I said I was hugging that pod, yeah? Might’ve popped it open by accident and stepped in it a bit.

Jessie: Ehyyyy, could I have that, do you think?

C4: Yeah, all right then. [coin toss sound]

Albatros: That’s odd. I no longer want to kill you.

Jessie: Let’s hold on to that feeling, all right?

Olivia: Seriously, could I have the floor for just, like, 30 seconds?

Joe: Yep.

Everyone but C4: Jesus/cheese and crackers/mon dieu, etc.

C4: What’s that about? He’s been standing there the whole time.

Joe: It’s a thing. Olivia-

Olivia: So what’s happened-

[muffled thump, muffled voices]

Head 1: Hey, eh, can we come back inside now? Things are a little... weird out here.

Joe: Engines working yet?

Head 1: Not “working” per se....

Joe: Then not coming inside.

Head 1: Things would go a little faster with, you know, more than just the one arm, there.

Olivia: Wormhole.

Colin: What?

Olivia: Wormhole. We’re in one. If anyone’s interested.

Head 1: Ehhhhhh, that explains a few things. It also increases the, eh, urgency, of our return to the safety of the ship.

Colin: What exactly is a wormhole?

Joe: It’s a sort of tunnel between two points in spacetime.

Colin: Helpful. Oh, wait. No, it’s not.

Joe: Olivia, any idea where we’re headed?

Olivia: Well, here’s the thing: wormholes are inherently unstable. These things form and collapse or get sort of... pinched off almost instantly. We’d need a massive amount of material with negative energy density to keep the tunnel open.

[pause]

Leet: Why’s everybody looking at me?

Olivia: It’s a thought, but even that manly, shiny, ripply ... sorry... chest isn’t big enough to keep a spacetime tunnel open.

C4: Still don’t explain what I’m doing here. I mean, if I’m going to take a sanity break from Stooch and Patch, I’d prefer going somewhere sane.

Olivia: Oh, hey, we’re in luck! According to the manifest, there’s a renowned astrophysicist on board. She’s an expert on dense matter. *Don’t* say it, Colin. That’s lucky! We can thaw her out, and ... oh. That’s odd.

Colin: Why is “that’s odd” or “that’s strange” never followed by, “here’s some really good news”?

Olivia: My sensors say she’s already on the bridge. Is she ... hiding or something?

Joe: What does she look like?

C4: She’s a astrophysicist, mate. Look for glasses and a pocket calculator.

Joe: It’s 2142 – who still has a pocket calculator?

C4: 2142?! Bollocks. I left the Rinse McGoo at a meter. This is going to cost a fortune.

Leet: I’ve looked all over the bridge; I don’t see anyone who’s not one of us. I mean, one of the usual us.

LBF: I believe I have found her. And I would just like to note that I found her before Mademoiselle Big Bird over there.

Albatros: Really. *You* are going to make fun of *my* assassin name, lap dog?

C4: Hang on, did she say “assassin”?

Leet: Yeah, he’s the famous assassin le Bichon Freeze.

C4: Innat “freezay”?

Madeline: Not giving anyone credit until we actually locate her.

LBF: She is..... in Mademoiselle Jessie’s pocket!

Leet: Wow, she’s tiny!

Colin: It’s the body tag, idiot. She’s the soup.

C4: You mean I’ve got astrophysicist all over my boots? Oh, that’s just ... unpleasant.

Albatros: So, that body tag isn’t yours, is that right?

Jessie: It’s mine now. You still don’t want to kill me, right? [pause] Crap.

Joe: So, the one person who could figure out how to get us out of the wormhole and back where we were...

[pause]

Colin: Yes?

Joe: Is ... soup. Was it really necessary to finish that sentence?

Colin: I was hoping it might come out differently in a wormhole.

Olivia: So, just an aside, this wormhole is actually going to collapse quite soon, and if we’re in it when it does...

Leet: Soup!

Colin: What? Seriously? How do you know that?

Leet: I don’t. But it was the answer last time someone left a sentence hanging.

C4: Look, you gotta get me back to my ship. Shirtless Chesty McChesterton over here is starting to make sense. And why’s he so shiny? [pause] Hang on just one sec, mate. Just to let you know, your ghost is about to say something.

Joe: Thanks.

Everybody but C4: Jesus!

C4: That is just ... odd.

Joe: Wormhole. Collapsing. Anyone know what goes on inside a collapsed wormhole? [silence] Anyone care to find out? [silence] All right. Now let's think this through. I need something to write with.

Leet: I'll get the ketchup!

Madeline: Does anyone remember how much corn starch we put in last time? It worked really well.

Albatros: You can't make off-regulation condiments. I believe I made that very clear.

Colin: It's not a condiment, technically. Surely some sort of exception can be made for writing implements?

Albatros: Why don't you use the white board? You have a whole collection of Sharpies in the crew room.

Jessie: None of them work. They're all dried up and dead.

Albatros: This one works. [sound of fast motion]

LBF: [scream] Get it away from me!

Olivia: Wormhole collapse in 27 seconds. Or maybe 30 minutes. Time's weird in here. So's math.

[banging on the window]

Head 1: Hey, ehrrrrr, I just saw my life flash before me, only it was in Italian and I had all my arms. Things are getting pretty discombobulated out here, how about you let us in now?

Head 2: We promise not to reveal the staircase.

Head 1: Secret.

Head 2: That's what I said.

Head 1: No, it's not. See, that's what I'm saying, sometimes you confuse things and you don't even hear yourself.

Leet: Why is there three of everyone?

Colin: This is not good. There's barely room enough for one Leet!

LBF: I am not ready to die – I have much assassinating to do!

Madeline: Why do I smell ... engine oil?

C4: I'm bloody scared, all right?

Leet: Ketchup's ready!

Albatros: That is not standard issue. Hand it over.

Olivia: Wormhole collapsing! Goodbye, darling Leet!

C4: Aaaaaaahhhhhhhh!

Patch/Stooch: C4, C4, wake up! You're dreaming.

C4: Oh, man, I just had the worst dream. You ever see the Oz 9 out there, you steer clear. You'll recognize them, they'll be spinning around with a couple of robots stuck to their hull and their windshield covered in passenger smoothie. Never thought I'd be so happy to see your big stupid face.

Patch/Stooch: Just a dream, it's OK... Mate, you stink. What's that all over your boots?

Narrator: Science has yet to prove the existence of wormholes, so whether this episode actually happened or was the addled dream of a WD40-addicted robot is anyone's guess. The cast of Oz 9 send big thanks to the folks of Best in Galaxy, a podcast you really should be listening to, if you're not already. You can thank us later.

You've been listening to:

Eric Perry as Joe and Head 1

Tim Sherburn as Colin and Head 2

Bonnie Brantley as Jessie

June Eubanks as the Albatros

Aaron Clark as le Bichon Frise

Richard Cowen as Leet

Shannon Perry as Madeline and Olivia

Me, Richard Nadolny, as your narrator, and

Guest starring Mark Restuccia as C4, lent to us from the Best in Galaxy podcast.

This mini-episode fits in a wormhole somewhere between episodes 16 and 17. Or maybe 17 and 18. Or maybe 4 and 42, who knows?

Our theme and other music were composed and performed by John Faley. Oz 9 is written and produced by Shannon Perry. For more fun in space, visit our website at [oz dash nine dot com](http://ozdashnine.com).