

Oz 9 – Halloween Special

Narrator: Time is a very messy concept in space. It doesn't behave quite the same way it does on Earth, so perhaps just this once, the Oz 9 crew's carelessness is understandable. You see, it's Halloween back on Earth ... which means it's Halloween aboard this ship. The crew, ready or not – and let's face it, it's pretty much always “not” – are in for the weirdest, wildest, pants-wettingest night of their lives.

[crew room]

Leet: Never have I ever ...

Colin: It's going to be about food again, isn't it.

LBF: I do not think he understands this game.

Leet: Come on, guys, it's my turn.

Albatros: The point of this game is to force people to reveal embarrassing secrets about their lives. The fact that you've eaten candy that dropped through the bleachers at a high school football game isn't really what we're looking for.

Olivia: Oh, get off it. Your big secret is you left your engagement ring next to the sink in a public loo and went back 30 minutes later and it was still there. O the drama.

Albatros: I've only seen 45 days of my memory so far. It's not like I have a great deal to work with.

Colin: I still can't believe she- you left your ring in a toilet. That ring cost... a lot, I'm sure! And you never told your fiancé!

LBF: How do you know this?

Colin: Uhhhh....

Leet: Can I have my turn, please?

Joe: [muffled] Hello.

Everyone: Jesus!

LBF: What is this terrible face that you are wearing?

Joe: It's an ancient ritual mask from my travels around the world. This particular mask comes from Heattreated and was used in ceremonies to beg the gods to protect the land from locusts, I believe.

Olivia: First, you're less than 48 hours old, so not a lot of international travel yet, I think. Second, that particular mask comes from the cultural appropriation section of Pier One Imports. There's a big wooden crate full of them in one of the holds. Third, the crate is not from “Heattreated” – It was stamped “Heat Treated” so we know it's bug resistant.

Joe: Are you sure? I thought I picked this up in a market in Marrakesh. It was a hot, dusty day; donkeys were braying, there was a man with a whip....

Olivia: Oh, dear. Your memories are all tangled up, aren't they?

Leet: NEVER HAVE I EVER

[distant crash, thump]

Colin: What the hell was that?

Leet: Come oooooooooon... It's *my turn!*

Albatros: Hang on.

[sounds of her running away and back again]

Albatros: Well, that's not good.

Leet: *NEVER HAVE I EVER*

Everyone: Not now, Leet!

Leet: Aw, man. It was a really good one.

LBF: You are so pale and frightened!

Albatros: Why are you touching my face?

LBF: I am being *certain* it is not another mask.

Albatros: If you do not wish to draw back a bloody stump, I suggest you desist immediately.

LBF: [whips hand back] Sorry.

Colin: What did you see?

Albatros: Well, I found the opened crate from Heattreated.

Olivia: No such place.

Albatros: Next to it is *another* crate, with a coffin.

Leet: Oooooo!!! Was it open? I bet it was open!

Albatros: Do you mind? I'm trying to set the scene here. Yes, it was open.

Leet: And were there muddy footprints leading away from the coffin?

Albatros: You were kicked out of storytime as a child, weren't you.

Joe: Hey, has anyone seen Jessie?

Leet: It's Jessie! It's Jessie! She's the vampire!

Olivia: What?

Leet: I'm just saying what everyone is thinking.

Colin: Literally no one but you was thinking that.

LBF: I was.

Leet: Right, like, have you ever seen her in daylight? Huh?

Joe: Pretty sure we live on a spaceship, there, Leet.

Leet: Yeah, so?

LBF: Also, I have never seen her eat garlic! Or hug a priest!

Albatros: You really are an enormous idiot.

[doors open]

Jessie: What's everyone up to?

[gasps of horror]

LBF: OK, this time, that is NOT a mask.

Jessie: You're all staring at me.

Leet: Uhhhh, captain- I mean, Just Jessie?

Jessie: Yes, Leet.

Leet: What's that red stuff all over your chin?

Jessie: What? Crap.

[door, footsteps running away]

Colin: That seems...oddly suspicious.

LBF: You see? I knew there was something strange about her from the beginning!

Joe: Don't you kill people with decongestant?

LBF: Aren't you fictional?

Joe: Touche.

Albatros: Are we going to stand here, or are we going to hunt her down and stake her?!

Olivia: Whoa whoa whoa! Settle down, Hatchet Hannah, no one's staking anyone on this ship.

LBF: Oh, and what will you say when Jessie is turning Leet into one of the Undead, ehhhhhhh?

[pause]

Olivia: Go get her.

[whoops and war cries, door, running]

Narrator: Meanwhile....

[running, panting]

Jessie: All right. This is ridiculous. So I ate a few chips with some unapproved ketchup, is that really a reason for me to hide from the Albatros? I'm going back to that crew room and telling that mouthy little crustacean that I was captain of the Oz 6748, and no half-sized pizza roll is going to tell me what I can and cannot eat!

Olivia: Uhhh, Jessie.

Jessie: Gah! What?!

Olivia: Why exactly are you crouching in a corridor? Not hoping to launch yourself at unsuspecting Leets and suck their blood, are you?

Jessie: What the hell are you on about?

Olivia: Quick scan, hold still.

Jessie: What? Why?

Olivia: Normal. Well, I say "normal..." You're human, anyway.

Jessie: Well, yeah.

Olivia: And still alive. For now.

Jessie: I am, and what do you mean "for now"?

Olivia: I mean, they're coming. With pitchforks and torches. Honestly, the things you can find in the holds, if you just rummage around long enough.

Jessie: Coming for *me*?

Olivia: 'Fraid so. I mean, when someone's just found an open and empty coffin, is that really a smart time to show up with red stuff on your chin and do a runner?

Jessie: How the hell was I supposed to know? And an open coffin – does that mean there's a real vampire running around this ship?

Olivia: Oh, bollocks. Hadn't thought of that. Look, stay low and out of sight. Maybe find some garlic or a silver bullet.

Jessie: Silver bullet? Where the hell would I find a silver bullet? And aren't those for werewolves, not vampires?

[pause]

Jessie: Hello? Olivia, are you there? Crap.

[lights go out]

Olivia: [on intercom] Sorry, everyone. Someone's tripped the lights. Will get them back on as soon as poss. Oh, and Jessie's not a vampire, just FYI. Probably.

Jessie: CRAAAAAAAAAAAP. Come on, Olivia, get the lights on, get the lights on.

[slow footsteps]

Jessie: Who's that? Who's there?

Radu: In ancient times, I was known as Vlad Dracul, or Vlad the Dragon. In times since, I have come to be known as Vlad the Impaler, or Count Dracula!!

Jessie: You have GOT to be joking. What the hell are you doing aboard a spaceship?

Radu: I died six hundred and sixty seven years ago, and your first question is what am I doing on a spaceship?

Jessie: If you were traipsing around a shopping mall in Stromness, I don't think I'd care. But *I'm* on a bloody spaceship, so yes, that's my first bugging, blasted, bowel-loosening question!

Radu: Ugh! Let me guess: Scottish?

Jessie: Yes, and?

Radu: That's unfortunate. You all taste slightly of haggis and despair.

Jessie: You'll want to keep your distance, mate. I have a cross. And garlic! And a silver bullet!!

Radu: And I can see in the dark. You have none of those things.

Jessie: That's just unfair. Look, if you're gonna come at me, let's dance already. You won't be the first. Hell, you won't be the first this week.

[footsteps and shouting, loud whumps]

LBF: Ouch! There is another wall here! Why?

Colin: Because you're on a floating building, that's why. Now shut up and turn right. She's got to be lurking here somewhere. [calling] Jessie?

Jessie: They think I'm stupid enough to answer.

Radu: Poor Jessie: caught between pitchfolks and a hard... sharp....place. Hang on, I can make this work.

Jessie: In your own time.

Radu: Caught between a rock of- dammit. Vlad was so much better at this.

Jessie: Vlad was better? I thought you were Vlad.

Radu: Ah. Crap. Younger brother, actually. Radu. Radu ... the Handsome, actually. I mean, that's what they called me. I wouldn't call myself that, though. But my Wikipedia page says-

Jessie: Hush! That pencil-neck pencil-skirt has ears like a bloody bat. And Colin, who knows what he's hearing.

Albatros: Be quiet! I hear something. Voices. I'll run ahead-

Colin/LBF: NO!

Colin: No, you stay here. With us. In case we need ... to protect you.

Albatros: You're afraid? Don't you have super powers?

Colin: Extremely unpredicable ones, yes. Plus, I saw Jessie eating a pickled gherkin just yesterday. Who knows what was in that?

LBF: What kind of world is it when we can no longer safely partake of the antipasto bar?

Leet: We're not actually going to stake anyone, right? I mean, even if she's a vampire, I bet we could talk her out of it. You know, a good hug heals a lot.

Olivia: Look, I told you, Jessie's not a vampire. I scanned her, and she's human.

Colin: Scan again. Just in case. Come on, computer, it's not like your scanners haven't been wrong before.

Olivia: Do you know how many fwippable offenses were in just that one sentence? FINE. Scanning. [scan noise of some sort] Oh dear. There is something not-quite-human down that corridor.

Albatros: I knew it!

LBF: What is this noise I am hearing? Is that ... whittling of the wood?

Albatros: When you've got vamps, you whittle. Assassins' Handbook, number 19.

Colin: Why is there a rule for fighting vampires? And why is it so close to the top?

Jessie: So if you're not Vlad, you're not a vampire, right?

Radu: I was born in 1437. You do the math.

Jessie: I'd rather not. Plus you've been in a pod.

Radu: Oh, that makes perfect sense. I went into a stasis pod over six hundred years ago — six hundred years before the bloody things were invented, mind you — and have been there ever since. Genius. You were a captain, were you?

Jessie: Shut up. Crap. They're coming this way.

Radu: They have torches. That's fire. I don't like fire.

Jessie: Those shite things? LEDs. Give about as much illumination as a fart from a firefly. Look, I don't particularly want to die today, from your fangs or one of that bunch of nobbins accidentally setting their hair on fire and running into me while looking for a pond to jump in, so how's about we join forces for a bit until they simmer down?

Radu: Can I not just go back to my coffin? You can nail the lid shut, if it'll make you feel better.

Jessie: Will that work?

Radu: Am I standing here now?

Jessie: I hate this ship. Here they come!

[shouts, running]

Colin: Who is that running with Jessie? Why doesn't he have a shadow?

Albatros: No clue. Follow the target!

LBF: We have passed many windows and shiny things, and he does not have a reflection. Very strange, ehhhh?

Albatros: Eyes on the prize, boys, and don't get distracted!

Leet: He's also leaving a trail of.... Hang on... [sound of lips smacking – he's tasted it] Romanian dirt? That's weird. Nice cape, though.

Albatros: Boys! Focus! I've got you this time, Jessie girl.....

Narrator: For licensing reasons, we aren't able to use the theme song to Benny Hill for this section, no matter how appropriate it might be. If you'd like to pause and search for "Yakety Sax," we'd understand. Imagine the crew racing around a very large, unmarked spaceship they really don't understand, with no one quite sure who's chasing whom. There's a fair amount of yelling and thumping into walls, but slowly, slowly, by opening the right doors and closing the wrong ones, the ship's AI manages to corral everyone into one large, relatively empty room.

[running footsteps, shouting]

Madeline: FREEZE! What the actual hell are you doing??? What's with those crappy LED torches? And whoa, there is not ONE of you on this crew who should be running with pitchforks. Drop 'em.

[clang]

Madeline: OK, would someone care to shed a little light on what the hell is going on?

Olivia: Ooo, wait a minute, we're in a room with a skylight and passing a star, hang on!

[sound of skylight opening]

Radu: Nooooo!

[whoomp of fire]

Madeline: What the hell was that?!

Jessie: [matter of fact] Vampire.

Madeline: Oh. Right. Well. Back to work then.

[muttering as everyone drops torches and leaves, perhaps a little disappointed]

Madeline: Olivia, did you know there was a vampire on board?

Olivia: Noooooo....

Madeline: Fine. As long as there are no other monsters I should know about, I'm going back to my bunk.

[door, footsteps]

Olivia: Plenty of monsters. None you need to know about. Yet.

Narrator: You've been listening to

Richard Cowen as Leet

Tim Sherburn as Colin

Eric Perry as Joe

Bonnie Brantley as Jessie

Kevin Hall as Radu the Handsome

June Clark Eubanks as the Albatros

Aaron Clark as le Bichon Frise

Shannon Perry as Olivia and Madeline and

Me, Richard Nadolny, as your Narrator

Our spooky music was composed and performed in record time by the amazing John Faley. Our artwork is by Lucas Elliott. Oz 9 is written and produced by Shannon Perry.

Happy Halloween, space monkeys. Narrator out.