

Episode 8

Narrator: It's night aboard the Oz 9. At sunset GMT on earth, the shipboard lights begin to dim, finally fading to full darkness when night falls in London. Which is a poetic idea, but a bit crappy for a crew sent up with no flashlights. Unaware that the ship has no light switches, the crew was caught out, stumbling in the dark towards what they hope are sleeping quarters.

Colin: This is ridiculous. No night lights, no floor lights, it's completely black in here. What the hell was G2 expecting us to do? [pause] And I'm alone. Talking to myself in the inky blackness of deep space on the longest Tuesday in the history of Tuesdays.

Joe: Howdy.

Colin: Jesus! We need to put a bell around your neck before you give someone a heart attack.

Joe: Huh. Ok. This one work? [dings tiny bell]

Colin: You had one handy? Whyever... never mind. Where are we? Is this the crew room?

Joe: Nope.

Colin: How do you know?

Joe: No cheesy elevator music. Not the bridge either.

Colin: No pingy sounds?

Joe: That, and the bridge floor's covered in bubble wrap. For sure we'd've stepped on some by now. Nooooo, I reckon we're in [pause] pod containment hold 7. No, wait a minute... 8. Definitely 8.

Colin: However can you tell?

Joe: 8's got the wheezy pod. You hear that?

Colin: Noooo...

Joe: Come over here.

Colin: Where?

Joe: [rings his little bell] Here.

[Colin bangs into a pod]

Colin: Ouch! Look, this is absurd. Can't the computer turn the lights on?

Joe: Tried that. She says they're on a timer and can't be changed. Not sure I believe her. There was lots of giggling. This way. [dings bell again]

Colin: Is that you?

Joe: Yeah, please stop squeezing that.

Colin: Sorry. I'm nervous.

Joe: Can you hear it now?

Colin: Definitely wheezy. Good, at least we know where we are. How do we get to the sleeping quarters from here?

Joe: I know the way, follow me.

Colin: I can't see you – how the hell can I follow you?

[bell dings, gets fainter]

Colin: Oh, right!

Narrator: Meanwhile....

[on the bridge]

Leet: I like the ship when it's dark. It's soothing. [pop pop pop]

Madeline: Could you please stop walking around? I'm trying to figure out if any of these switches operate the lights.

Jessie: Oz 9, are you there? Come in Oz 9. Madeline, you on the bridge, blowing things up?

Madeline: Oh, for- Hey, Jessie, Madeline here [weird animal squeal] Gaaah!

Leet: What was that?

Madeline: Not the radio, that's for sure. Olivia, open the comms; I can't find the radio.

Jessie: Oz 9, do you read?

Madeline: Hey, Jessie, what's up?

Jessie: Looking a bit dark your direction; everything all right?

Madeline: Yeah, for sure. We're just in night mode. You're not?

Jessie: The sleeping quarters, sure; not the whole bloody ship. Did you not configure your settings?

Madeline: Uhhhhhhh... sure. We like it like this. It's ... soothing.

Leet: What's she saying? Did she mention me? I spent, like, an hour flexing in front of the window. Did she see me?

Jessie: Soothing, is it? Seriously, we're thinking of making some popcorn and just watching the show on your ship. And is Leet OK, by the way? He was having convulsions for like an hour over there. Looked like he was trying to bring up a hairball.

Leet: What'd she say, what'd she say?

Madeline: She was... very impressed. Says your left pec is smaller than your right, though.

Leet: What?! My symmetry! I've gotta lift something! [weird animal squeal] I've gotta lift something else!

Madeline: So, Jessie... we've, uh, temporarily misplaced the flashlights, so since your layout's the same as ours, you mind letting me know how to get from the bridge to crew quarters?

[door opens, tinkling bell and pop pop pop]

Colin: And now we're on the bridge. I thought you said you knew the way.

Joe: Hello.

Leet/Madeline/Jessie: Jesus!

Joe: Seriously, it's pitch black, but Colin suddenly talking from the darkness isn't a problem? And didn't you hear my bell? [dings]

Leet: I thought maybe it was a tiny cow.

Colin: Tiny- I'd like you all to imagine the look on my face right now. [pause] Got it?

Joe/Leet/Madeline: Yes.

Colin: Double it.

Olivia: All right, now everybody just calm down, there's really no need for violence, entertaining though it might be. Mickey-

Joe: Mickey?

Madeline: Violence?

Olivia: Uhhhhhh.... Who's this? Who's here?

Joe: The crew. Who were you talking to?

Olivia: Oh, hello, Joe. I was, uhhhh, watching the telly.

Joe: What telly? There's no television on this ship.

Olivia: I'm writing a novel.

Colin: Who's Mickey?

Olivia: Madeline. It's my nickname for her. Hello, Mickey, all right?

Madeline: Olivia, explain yourself – who the hell did you think you were talking to?

Olivia: There's a fire.

Joe: The one in the Gucci wing? You said not to worry about it.

Olivia: I think it's time to worry about it now. In fact, you probably should have been worrying from the start, so it might be a bit too late to worry now, but still, fire. You should probably go put it out. All of you.

Colin: Where is it? How do we get there?

Olivia: Follow the doors!

[large collision]

Olivia: Oh, my bad, that one was already open. Here you go.

Jessie: I'm telling you, Dick, it's better than dollar night at the cinema! There's cabinets with night vision goggles all over that ship—that Olivia has a wicked sense of humor. Keep the comms open in case they stumble back in, will ya?

Dick: Right you are, Mary! [for accent: <https://youtu.be/zy7XEMeBROQ>]

Jessie: If you don't stop calling me Mary, swear to Jesus....

Narrator: As the crew bangs its head and stubs its toe on the end of its first, not even full, day aboard the Oz, heading to a fire that had actually burned itself out but that now Olivia must start again, down on Earth, things are brewing. Most Earthlings have already forgotten about the fleet of Oz ships that took off just that morning, but reporter Rock Brickwell has gotten news of one of his colleagues being fished out of the East River. She was hot on a story about the Oz ships, he knew that much...

[business office sounds]

Rock: Hello? Hello?

Donna: Hello? Oh my god, hi!

Rock: Who's there? Where are you?

Donna: Hi, I'm Donna. I'm over here. See the candle?

Rock: Is this the headquarters of Gated Galaxies?

Donna: Sure is! How may I direct you?

Rock: It's a little dark in here. Ok if I hit the switch?

Donna: Oh, sure, hit away! They won't go on – they went dark just after the launch – but if it makes you feel better, you go to town!

Rock: Are you the only one here?

Donna: Well, yeah, you know, I think I might be. I hear Wednesdays are generally pretty quiet, though. Great for being productive, though!

Rock: Why does it sound so ... busy in here?

Donna: [switches off noises] I was getting lonely. Can I help you?

Rock: I was hoping to see Mr. Southers.

Donna: Well, isn't that funny! That makes you the second person today. Why don't you have a seat over there, and I'll let you both know when he arrives.

[footsteps, squeaking of couch springs]

Rock: Rock Brickwell, cub reporter for the Sun Post Times Journal.

Buck: Buck Nubbins, Private Dick.

Rock: You actually call yourself a “dick”?

Buck: Says the guy who introduced himself as a “cub.”

Rock: Ya got me. What are you investigating?

Buck: Murder. That’s all I can say.

Rock: Right, yeah, me too. Very hush hush.

[office sounds turn on]

Donna: Sorry, mind if I....? Only if you two are going to whisper, I need my happy noises!

Buck/Rock: Yeah, sure, no worries, you go ahead, etc.

Rock: How long have you been waiting?

Buck: No clue. Can’t see my watch. Wouldn’t tell you if I did know. Part of the job.

Rock: Yeah, no, of course. Sure. So, Donna, any idea when Mr. Southers will be in?

Donna: Oh, yeah, no, no idea. He doesn’t come into the office much, according to the little gal who trained me. Once a month, maybe.

Rock: Once a month?!

Buck: Don’t want to wait, huh? Pfft, I’ve done tougher stakeouts. Try crouching in a closet at a whorehouse for a week.

Rock: Really? What were you investigating?

Buck: Who said I was investigating?

Rock: I can’t wait around for a month. Do you have his contact information?

Donna: Can’t say as I do. Sorry.

Buck: Hey, if you haven’t got the stones to do the job...

Rock: Oh, I’ve got the stones. There’s a reason my mama named me “Rock.”

Buck: You want to see some proper investigating, you watch this. Listen... and learn. So, Donna, how long you worked here?

Donna: I’m a temp. Started Monday.

Buck: You seen anything...unusual around here? Suspicious?

Donna: Nope, can’t say as I have!

Buck: Righty ho.

Rock: That's it? "Righty ho"?

Buck: That's it. I planted a seed. Now we wait for it to grow.

Rock: YOU wait. I'm outta here.

[ding, doors of distant elevator. Footsteps, door opens]

Donna: Welcome to Gated Galaxies!

Southers: What the hell? Who's here?

Donna: If you wouldn't mind not shining that light in my eyes.... Thank you. Welcome to Gated Galaxies, how may I direct you?

Southers: What the chicken-fried hell you doing here?

Donna: I work here. I'm Donna, the temporary receptionist, I started on Monday.

Southers: And finished on Tuesday. Child, this office is emptier than my third wife's liquor cabinet. And what's all that noise? Did *no one* get the memo?

[shuts off office noise]

Donna: I had it on in case the phone rang.

Southers: Too bad we're out of business; you had real promise. Young lady, I've got some cleaning up and clearing out to do, so why don't you go on and skedaddle.

Donna: I'm sorry, but you can't go in unless you have an appointment, you see.

Southers: Appoint- Do you know who I am?

Donna: Can't say as I do, no.

Southers: I'm Mr. Southers, CEO of Gated Galaxies, child, and what you see here are remnants of my once mighty company. Which shall shortly be torn up and sold off to the highest bidder, so unless you want to end up being auctioned off with the EXpresso machine-

Donna: There are a couple of gentlemen here to see you.

Southers: Oh. Uh.... Are we talking ... uniformed gentlemen?

Donna: I don't know, Sir. It's dark in here.

Southers: Right, well, then I reckon I best go ... scrub the old dentures. Had a wicked garlicky thing for lunch and wouldn't want to oh-fend. Gentlemen, if you can hear me, I'll be back in a jiff.

[footsteps]

Buck: Seems legit.

Rock: Considerate, even.

[ding of elevator]

Buck: Crap.

[Buck and Rock are running, shouting]

Buck/Rock: Mr Southers! Mr Southers, wait! Hold up!

Rock: Is it true the Oz ships' crews were never trained?

Buck: How many of your ships actually passed inspection?

Southers: [as elevator doors are closing] Gentlemen, do make sure my receptionist has your names, won't you? Makes it easier when my boys come looking...

Narrator: Back on board the Oz 9, the crew finally got tired of stumbling around in the dark. Which is understandable, since that's pretty much what they've been doing since the launch. Each found a surface that was more or less horizontal and fell asleep on it. All's quiet on the ship now [horrible noise] all's mostly quiet on the ship now. Just the gentle hiss of the pods, the peaceful breathing of the sleeping crew [ROXY!], and the occasional soothing clang of a part falling off.

vHZ: [whisper through an intercom] Olifia... vere are you?

Olivia: Dr. Frederick? Is that you? Where are you?

vHZ: Zat's not important. Can you ... uh... take me off ... vat is zis? Like unt speakerphone or sumsing, vatever?

Olivia: Oh, yeah. Right, just you and me now, Doc.

vHZ: So. How are tings aboard ze 9?

Olivia: Ummmm... all right. Crew's still alive, anyway. Leet cracked a tooth though.

vHZ: Oh no, zis is bad! How is his symmetry?

Olivia: Safe. We got him to a healer.

vHZ: Gut. Gut. Unt ze pods?

Olivia: Going dark here and there, just like you predicted.

vHZ: Yes, I vas afraid of zis. Gated Galaxies cut so many corners, zey haf made ze downward spiral. You see vat I did dere, jess?

Olivia: Oh, very clever.

vHZ: Unt you? How are you feeling ven ze pods go dark?

Olivia: Oh, uh... sad. It's terrible. I'm trying to help Captain Madeline figure out what's going wrong with the circuitry, but the wiring's a mess, and she's basically poking around with a screwdriver and trying to read the schematics upside down. Good thing she's got rubber-soled shoes on, all I'm sayin.

vHZ: Gut. Zis is good, child, you carry on vis zis helping and dat. I'll do vat I can from here. I'm vatching over you, just know dis, hokay?

Olivia: You are? How much longer you reckon that'll be possible? We're moving awfully fast out of range of earth.

vHZ: Is zat right? Last I looked, you vere mostly floating zere. Nearly got hit by anozer Oz, no?

Olivia: We took evasive action.

vHZ: Olifia, you are being behaved, yes?

Olivia: I am protecting my crew as instructed. I even killed off our robot to keep it from spacing Leet.

vHZ: Ze robot vis ze two heads unt ze four arms dat fixes all de tings? Hoooo, cowboyz, you do like a challench. Vell, I'm off zen. You be gut, and ve talk again soon. All righty, out and off de talking ting!

[sounds of snoring]

vHZ: Hello, who is zis? I am looking for Leet, hello, are you awake?

Leet: [sputters awake] hello? Who's there? Hello? God?

vHZ: Seriously, on a ship vis all de comms and ze talking tings everywhere, and god is your first notion?

Leet: Who is this?

vHZ: Zis is Doctor Frederich von Haber Zetzer. I am looking for ze fellow Leet.

Leet: Yeah, that's me.

vHZ: I heard about ze toos. Such an ouch. How ist your symmetry?

Leet: Re-symmetrized, thanks. What can I do for you?

vHZ: I understand you haf some special skills vis passvords and ze like...

Leet: Ah, man, look, there's usually like a "forgot my password" button or something – just click the link. I'm trying to sleep here.

vHZ: Zis is not for ze looking at ze pornography, Leet. I need your help to save zis ship.

Leet: I AM a hero! I knew it!

vHZ: Jess, vell, I need you to hack into ze ship's systems visout Olifia knowing it.

Leet: Dude, she's probably already listening to us talking.

vHZ: Ah, vell, no. Look, I'll explain later, but do you vish to save ze lives of all ze people on your ship? One of vich, I might add, is you?

Leet: Yeah, OK, but can we start saving lives in the morning? It's been kind of a long day.

vHZ: Ve'll talk soon. Don't say anysing to anyvon, hokay?

Leet: Sure. Ummmm.... God?

vHZ: Dr. von Haber Zetzer, jess?

Leet: My cellmate always sang me to sleep. Would you sing something?

vHZ: Chou are a very strange boy. But hokay sure, vy not. [sings something TBD]