

## Episode 10: Fixing the ejaculax

Narrator: You've probably forgotten this, but back in Episode 6, Leet claimed to know why the pods on Oz 9 are going dark. Apparently Leet forgot about it too – he hasn't said a word to anyone about it since. Question is, does he still remember what he knew?

[sounds of machinery being worked on, then head one fires up]

Head one: Heya, what are you up to there?

Leet: Whoa! You're awake. Welcome back.

Head one: Hey, waitaminnit – weren't we trying to kill you?

Leet: Yeah, you kind of owe me an apology.

Head one: Oh, I don't think that's gonna happen. What's with my better half there?

Leet: Hang on. There's just this melted piece that's stuck. [pulling] There! Got it.

[sound of head two firing up]

Head two: Catfish. Spoons. Turtle filaments with secondary onions.

Leet: Hmmm. Maybe I shouldn't've pulled that.

Head one: What did you do to him? He's not making any sense!

Leet: He'll be all right. Give him a minute to wake up.

Head two: Errand boy has sandwiches for sale.

Leet: There, see? Totally fine.

Head one: Uhh... that didn't sound fine to me.

Leet: [oblivious] You're welcome.

Head two: Sacks of gristle, two farthings each.

Leet: No thanks. Olivia already made me lunch.

Head one: So how about some arms?

Leet: Oh, I took those off so you can't hit me again.

Head two: Lemons with your frog goblins?

Head one: So what the heck am I supposed to do? Just sit here listening to him talk gibberish and dream of picking my nose?

Leet: When something needs fixing, we'll come get you. I only brought you back so you could keep the ship from falling apart. Pieces keep falling off.

Head one: Oh, so NOW it's important to keep the pieces where they belong, huh, Mister Torso only Moreso? You didn't feel that way when you were Hulk Smashing your way around my engine room.

Leet: I was looking for scrap metal. I didn't realize the entire engine is basically scrap metal.

Head two: Dog wobble.

Head one: How did you bring us back, anyway? You need a password. It's in the handbook: [reciting] Ambulatory maintenance engineers or "AMEs" can only be taken out of and returned to service by application of the designated passwords which shall be kept confidential within the confines of Gated Galaxies HQ etcetera.

Head two: Silver Spanish cotillions with fishsticks, all in a row.

Leet: He talks a lot about food; maybe you should eat something. I guessed the password. I do that. I'm a hacker. Tweedledum9 for you, Tweedledee9 for him.

Head one: What? I'm the "dum" one? Ha! Sooooo...Tweedledee and Tweedledum, izzat right?

Leet: Dee and Dum 9. Easy.

Head two: Vanilla wafer thunder warning with ranch dressing.

Leet: You hungry, little fella? So, there was one other reason for bringing you guys back. I saw you sabotaging the pods.

Narrator: Well, I guess that answers *that* question.

Head one: Hang on a minnit there, Talented Mister Ripple-y. Not sure what you saw, but THAT was NOT what you saw.

Leet: You were in pod hold... whatever, one of the white ones, and I went back an hour later, and a bunch of the pods were dark.

Head one: Maybe you saw us fixing them, eh? Ever think of that?

Leet: You're really bad at fixing stuff, then. But you can't act on your own, you have to get instructions. Who told you to destroy the pods?

Head one: Look, there's a lot going wrong on this ship, pal. A few pods going dark here and there is gonna happen. You didn't see nothing you need to worry about.

Narrator: He had, though.

Leet: You saw me see you, that's why you hit me and tried to fwip me into space – I'm right, aren't I? So who told you to kill the pods?

Head one: Let's make a deal. For every question I answer, I get an arm.

Leet: No way. How about, for every answer, I don't turn you off and leave you to rust?

Head two: Hepatitis! Sagittarius!

Head one: So, uh, Leet. It's Leet, right?

Leet: Uh huh.

Head two: [warning] Casper coattails sausage nonsense.

Head one: Leet, Ok, you win. I'll tell you what you want to know. Just lean in so my electrified friend here can't hear what I gotta tell you.

Leet: Sure, what is it?

Head one: [pause] GET HIM! [sound of head butt, Leet falling]

Head two: Is he out?

Head one: Like the dim bulb he is.

Head two: We have the passwords, dear. *Our* passwords. I'm so excited.

Head one: Yeah whyzzat?

Head two: Now we can access our own systems, re-route past the safe-guards, give ourselves upgrades, take over the ship in an afternoon.

Head one: Except we don't have arms.

[pause]

Head two: Crap.

Narrator: Meanwhile, onboard the Oz 6748, Jessie is making use of *her* ship's "sausage storage room" which on this ship smells more like ... baked beans.

Jessie: (surprised and not happy) Reporter? Hell's great dangling bollocks, Buck, what did you tell him?

Buck Nubbins: I told him I was a PI. Actually used the word "dick." I think he believed me. He wasn't too bright.

Jessie: This is not good. We don't need any more eyes on.

Buck: Tell me about it. A couple of Southers' goons followed me out of G2 HQ, but I managed to give 'em the slip.

Jessie: What was the reporter doing there?

Buck: Works at the same paper as Rita. Reckon he's investigating her murder.

Jessie: Holy crap, Buck, that's bad. That's really armpit-deep in shite, that is.

Buck: Calm down, calm down, I told you he wasn't too bright. There's nothing to connect you, and even if he found something, what could he do about it? You're a billion whatchacallits, bright years away.

Jessie: I don't like leaving loose threads behind me, Buck. I thought Rita was the last loose end, and now you're telling me more's unraveled?

Buck: I'll take care of it.

Jessie: Like you've taken care of it so far? You've made a right bloody cockup of the whole thing. Why the hell didn't you drive out of town, find a deeper river, use more rocks?

Buck: Rocks?

Jessie: (deep breath) In her pockets. To weigh her down. Did you no remember the rocks? You know bodies float, right?

Buck: Rocks make sense.

Jessie: Oy. Right. Deep breath. Well, the police have her now; let's just hope they stay out of our way. You keep digging and find out who killed Rita.

Buck: I will. I will see your sister's killers brought to justice so her soul can rest at peace.

Jessie: Peace? That half-wit madhouse heifer, hardly likely! But at least our pa won't keep harpin on about it. She's dead, I'm captain of a spaceship half way to Andromeda, and she's still the favorite. Figure that. Captain out.

Narrator: With the repair bot out of commission, the crew of the Oz 9 have been making repairs as best they can. But the schematics are irrelevant at best and downright homicidal at worst. Their tools don't fit the things that need fixing, and the few operations manuals they've been able to find are in Old Norse. Still, Joe and Captain Madeline, aware their ship is quickly sinking, are bailing as fast as they can.

Madeline: Olivia, the wiring on the ... hang on, what's it called? The ... copulatory wiring is completely burned out. Do we have spare wire somewhere?

Olivia: I'm sorry, the wiring on the what?

Madeline: The copulator. I don't even know what the hell this thing does, but according to the handbook, it's necessary to keep the forniculator running.

Olivia: Fornicator? Oh, dear. Are you sure those are their real names?

Madeline: Will you stop snickering and help me? According to what I can make out, I need to attach the copulator to the forniculator and get them "moving in smooth conjugation."

Olivia: I really think someone's having you on.

Joe: Captain Madeline ...

Madeline: Jesus!

Joe: Yep, good, been here an hour, but no worries. Now, can you hand me the ... just a sec, I've got the name here ... an inseminatory coil?

Olivia: Can you two not hear yourselves?

Joe: Olivia, what are you talking about?

Olivia: Never mind, you carry on. Just make sure you're using protection.

[door opens, Colin walks in]

Colin: Hello, Madeline; hello, Joe, if you're here.

Madeline: He is. Or he was.

Joe: Still is.

Colin/Madeline: Jesus!

Joe: Want to grab a tool and screw something?

Olivia: OK, now you're doing it on purpose.

Joe: Olivia, anytime you want to start being helpful....

Colin: I think someone's trying to call us. I heard ringing and shouting type noises on the bridge.

Madeline: Did you answer?

Colin: Good lord, no. Do you have any idea how many germs there are on the average communications device? Filthy things.

Madeline: Olivia, can you patch them through to here?

Olivia: Opening comms. Hello? Who's this?

[sound of a dropped line]

Madeline: Hmmm. Nobody there. Did you catch a name or anything?

Colin: I think he said he was a reporter. Then something about rocks. I think he was looking for Jessie.

Joe: Jessie, Captain of 6748?

Colin: Well, I don't know, we didn't have a conversation, did we? I heard "reporter," blah blah blah Jessie, then some shouting. That was it.

Madeline: What kind of shouting?

Colin: What "kind" of shouting? The maple syrup kind, what do you mean by "kind"?

Madeline: Was it "I'm going to kill you" shouting or "hooray my sportsball team won" shouting.

Colin: It was loud shouting. It was the loud kind. Then a thump, then I came here to tell you about it. And don't ask me what kind of thump – it was a thumpy thump.

Joe: Captain Madeline, I think incoming messages are recorded; there might be more.

Madeline: Oh, right, good thinking. Olivia, can you pull up the whole message?

Rock: [staticky, garbley] They fished her out of the East River. She was dead.

Olivia: Do they often fish live people out of the East River?

Joe: Sshhh!

Rock: Look, Jessie may be in real danger. I need to talk with her.

Olivia: I don't think we should listen to any more of this...

Rock: Just tell her she needs to watch out for her crew.

Joe: Probably heard the crews are all "second chancers" and got nervous. But who got fished out of the river?

Rock: I mean her crew is dangerous. Her sister uncovered some stuff.

[click]

Olivia: That's all there is, I'm afraid.

Joe: Really?

Olivia: Would I lie to you?

[crickets]

Joe: Soooo, you were telling me how you came about the nickname "Madpants" Madeline?

Madeline: It was just a little ... misunderstanding during training. That got, like, a handful of people killed. No big deal.

Joe: I'm going no further on this ... what is this called, the carnalibitor, until you talk.

Olivia: Carnalibitor? Do you seriously still not get the joke?

[flashback noise]

Jessie: [intense] Fire up the anemometer, and calculate the distance from that sandstorm. If it's moving faster than 600 SI, we're going to have to shift the theodolite seven degrees from Bohr Radius.

Madeline: You have no idea what any of those words mean, do you?

Jessie: Look, this entire crew could die from beta decay if that sandstorm hits, so shift your arse!

Madeline: Computer, shutter us up, will you? And poof! Avagadro's your uncle.

Computer: Disaster averted. Simulation ends.

Jessie: Oh, very clever. So much sciencing. "Close the shutters." Any bloody idiot could do that.

Madeline: If an idiot does the smart thing, what does that say about the one who does the dumb thing? Oy, open the simulator doors, please, computer.

[doors open to chaos – sirens, people running, shouting]

Jessie: What's going on here?

Random guy 1: The Helios Cascade program has been overwritten on the main servers. We may be under attack. The entire base is on red alert.

Madeline: How is that even possible?

Jessie: Uhhhh... maybe we better get back in the simulator. That thing's rock solid.

[doors close, noise ends]

Madeline: What the hell?

Jessie: The Helios Cascade program is the main system that powers the experimental isolation unit. Who would attack that? It's, like, seven smelly people in the desert who haven't showered for 11 months and spend most of their time stoned on fermented shrooms and boredom. What's strategic about an isolation unit? They're not even really studying anything other than how long it takes one of them to crack and kill the other six.

Madeline: Wait. Is the Helios Cascade program the one you can see running in the school's innovation display center?

Jessie: Yep.

Madeline: With the interface so researchers can communicate with the crew in isolation?

Jessie: Yeah, the interface under the locked crystal canopy with the words "do not touch under penalty of imprisonment" – that one. Why?

Madeline: So, last night was Heather's birthday, right? And we were all playing with the transilluminate machine to see if we could see through Bob's head and drinking tequila?

Jessie: Vaguely....

Madeline: It's possible I did a little communicating with the crew. It's also possible they asked me to crank up their air conditioning. Which is all I did, I swear.

Jessie: Is there any reason the researchers might see that as an attack of sorts?

Madeline: Well, no, why would attackers try to make them more comfortable? No, can't be anything I did. [pause] Unless ... crap.

Jessie: Madeline?

Madeline: I may, in my drunken state, have signed it, "You will all feel the chill now, death to the anarchist commie collective, love, Madpants."

Jessie: You didn't.

Madeline: Possibly.

[flashback]

Joe: So how did they die? Did they shut down the isolation unit with everyone in it?

Madeline: Huh? Oh, no, they were fine. In fact, I think they were pretty happy to get out a couple of years early. No, the people who died were the guys who were supposed to go get them who stopped to do donuts in the desert and ended up running out of gas and dying of exposure. So blaming it on me is maybe a bit of a stretch.

Olivia: That is a truly disappointing story, Madeline. I was rather hoping you'd be much sneakier and more ... murderous.

Joe: Well, as one who hasn't found the lock on his sleeping quarters – in fact as one who hasn't found his sleeping quarters – I'm good with the less-murderous Madeline.

Madeline: Right, are we going to get back to fixing the ejaculax- yeah, I'm starting to see Olivia's point here.

Joe: Hmmm. Ok, well, we can still get some work done on the phallometer.

Olivia: Seriously. Do you not even- Never mind. Roll on, narrator.