

## Episode 15

Narrator: If you've ever been trapped in a room that's slowly running out of air, unable to leave because beyond those air-tight doors lurks an assassin whose sole purpose in life is to feed you your own organs before launching you into unforgiving space with nothing but a spleen sandwich, you have some idea of what the Oz 9 crew is going through right now. And if you *have* been in that situation, we'd love to hear how you got out of it, so please leave a comment on our Facebook page at [facebook.com/Oz9podcast](https://facebook.com/Oz9podcast). Quickly.

The crew's only hope for survival is Leet, who is at large with the repair bot and – apparently – a plan.

Head 2: No.

Leet: Come on. This will work!

Head 2: It won't, and we'll all die horticulturally.

Head 1: Horribly.

Leet: You're a robot; you can't die. You can't even feel pain.

Head 1: That's actually a bit of a misnomer, there. Your modern 778-double-X such as ourselves is actually equipped with fully functioning pain sensors. See? [clang]

Head 2: Ouch.

Leet: That's stupid. Why would they give you pain sensors?

Head 1: It's evolution, innit. Living things feel pain to learn what to avoid in the future. [clang clang clang] Ow ow ow, like right (ow) now I'm learning (ow) to avoid excessively wordy explanations (ow) in inappropriate, nay emergency, circumstances. OK, I GOT IT.

Head 2: This piano isn't going to work.

Head 1: Plan.

Leet: It is. It's Jessie he's after, right? We get Olivia to fake Jessie's voice, draw him into an airlock, and fwip. Simple!

Head 2: He's not after Jessie.

Head 1: What? Whaddya talking about, there.

Head 2: A few days ago, I ... may have intercepted a masseuse.

Head 1: A message....

Head 2: A reporter from Earth was trying to make contact.

Leet: I remember that! He said her crew was dangerous and her sister was dead. So? He was right.

Head 2: Yes, well, he also sent along a recording. From the sinister.

Head 1: Sister. You never told me that.

Head 2: Yes, well, you're *right there*, so perhaps if you paid attention from time to time, dear ...

Leet: What did the recording say?

Head 2: I'm not sure. I've only been able to access bits of it. It's voice encrypted so only Jessie can hear all of it. But from what I've been able to piece together, le Bichon Frise [freeze] was sent here to kill a manicurist. A mango. A manatee. Oh, for crying out loud. Help.

Head 1: A man. And innat "free-zay"?

Leet: Who's he here to kill?

Head 2: I don't know. But if Jessie can access the entire message, we should be able to figure it out.

Leet: They're all in the crew room, let's go!

Head 1: I think we were promised a few errrrr appendages here, if I am remembering our agreement correctly?

Leet: All right, but no sneaky trying to kill me until the assassin is gone.

Head 1: As per our previous arrangement, attempts to correct the previous sabotage situation, vis a vis forcible removal of the sabotee, are temporarily suspended pending cessation of activity by the er.... Er... .... [runs out of steam]

Head 2: Ran out of steam, did we, dear?

Head 1: Little bit.

Leet: Let's go! Heroic running!

Head 1: Oy! Arms!

Leet: Heroic running to pod bay 7 where the arms are!

[crew room music – they all sound a bit drunk]

Narrator: Meanwhile, Jessie, Joe, Colin, and Captain Madeline are still locked in tight in the crew room, and due to a lot of talking and some screaming and hyperventilating from Colin, the two-and-a-half hours of oxygen quickly became 30 minutes of oxygen and is now about 14 minutes. Fourteen minutes of life left, which to be honest, is about fourteen minutes and 4 days more than I would have given them when they first emerged from their pods.

Colin: How much time now?

Olivia: You asked me that 3 minutes ago.

Colin: So?

Olivia: I said 17 minutes. 3 minutes ago.

Colin: Yes, fine, how long now?

Madeline: So, 15 minutes of air left.

Colin: What? How do you know that?

Madeline: Math, Colin.

Jessie: It's not really that you're dying within a week of launch that's so surprising. It's that you nearly made it a *whole week*.

Colin: Couldn't we open the doors for just a second? Let some new air rush in, set the timer over?

Olivia: We could, only the air just the other side of that door is a rich mix of vanilla musk and deadly nerve gas that would kill you in less than a minute, leaving nearly 13 minutes of life you could have enjoyed if we hadn't.

Colin: Define "enjoy."

Joe: Hello.

Madeline/Jessie/Colin: [limply] Jesus.

Jessie: Have you been here the whole time?

Joe: I have.

Jessie: How do you do that? How does he do that?

Madeline: He's very blendy.

Olivia: When you talk, you use your air up faster. Also, you sound a bit stupid.

Joe: We're hypoxic.

Olivia: Or stupid.

Madeline: Did you want to say something, Joe?

Joe: I had a thought. It's gone now. You know how sometimes you think you're going to sneeze and you don't?

Madeline: Like when your nose gets all tingly and you do that hah hah thing...

Colin: And nothing happens, and you're left hanging there with a useless tissue in one hand and your face all scrunched up...

Jessie: *Is this really how you want to use up your last bit of oxygen?*

Joe: I had a thought like that. Like a sneeze that wasn't ripe. It just ... frittered away.

Madeline: The really annoying thing is it's not even going to be le Bichon Frise that kills us, not really. We did his work for him by shutting ourselves in the crew room and closing all the vents.

Joe: It had to do with the vents. Venty vents.

Olivia: Oh, dear. You've gone all funny.

Madeline: What will you do after we're gone, Olivia? Thaw out the next crew in line?

Jessie: "Next" crew?

Madeline: Yeah, did you not know that? There's, like, dozens of crews, all lined up like bowling pins. One crew gets assass- ass- assassinated, and the machine pops out the next bunch, all in their places. Ready to be ... rolled at. I've lost track of this now. Why am I talking about bowling?

Jessie: Damn. I wish I'd known that about the back-up crews. I could've dumped all my lot and warmed up the next like toaster strudel.

Joe: Oh, were they German?

Jessie: What?

Joe: You said strudel. Thought maybe they were German. Or Austrian.

Jessie: How the bloody hell would I know what the next lot would be? It was a ... like a metaphor or a gerund or something.

Colin: Who's Gerald?

Jessie: What?

Joe: Is Gerald German? Is Germal Gerund?

Olivia: I'd say that was hypoxia, except you all ate the sandwiches, so I'm not entirely sure what to blame here.

[pause]

Colin: How much time now?

Jessie: Wasn't Leet coming to save us? Whatever happened to him?

Colin: Yes, what did happen to Mammary Man, the Shirtless Blunder?

Madeline: Been saving those, have we?

Colin: Might as well use them all now, since we're about to die. I am the Thorax, I speak for the cheese.

Madeline: Cheese?

Colin: I'm still working on that one.

Jessie: Better hurry. How many minutes?

Olivia: I've been trying to track him for ages, but my censors are all higgledy piggledy. He could be anywhere, and he's probably lost, wherever he is.

Jessie: Once more, for the lady right at the back of the room: Worst. Rescue. Ever.

Joe: The vent from the aromatherapy system has filters. Heavy duty ones. For particulates. That's what I was trying to remember.

Olivia: Joe! You genius! You're right! What do you think, troops: which is best for bonus air? Orange jasmine, lavender and lemon, cinnamon apple?

Madeline/Jessie/Colin/Joe: OLIVIA.

Olivia: All right, just trying to make your first gulps of life-saving air pleasant ones....

[hiss of oxygen, heavy breathing, door pops open]

Leet: [heroically] I'm-

Head 1: *We're*.

Leet: [heroically] We're-

Madeline/Jessie/Colin/Joe/Olivia: SHUT THE DOOR.

Olivia: Leet! You're alive! And still very shiny.

Leet: I'm here to save you!

Head 1: *We're* here to save you. The three of us.

Leet: Ok, the two-and-a-third of us are here to save you! Why does it smell like pie?

Colin: Hooray. How exactly will you be saving us? Ooo, did you kill le Bichon Frise on the way here?

Head 1: Yeah, still thinking that's free-zay.

Leet: We haven't seen him. He's holed up somewhere.

Joe: On your left.

All: Jesus!

Joe: He better not be eating any of my sandwiches. Just want to make that clear.

Olivia: Bon appetite, I say. They're likely to kill him quicker than any of you lot.

Leet: Ooo! Oooo! Captain Hottie, we brought you a message!

Jessie: Is someone eventually going to tell him my name is Captain Jessie?

Madeline: Her name is Jessie, Leet. Just "Jessie."

Leet: Oh, right. [slowly] We have a message from your sister.

Jessie: Wait, you have a message from Glenda?

Leet: Nooope. Nothing. Is anyone getting this?

Madeline: Play the message, Leet.

Leet: Right. Emily, play the message.

Head 2: Emily? Are you referring to me as "Emily"?

Leet: Well, you need a name. It was my dog's name when I was a kid.

Head 2: And you thought "Emily" seemed apt for me? What makes you think I don't have a name?

Head 1: I dunno... I kinda like Emily. So what'd you name me?

Leet: Nothing. I only had one dog.

Colin: Look, could we just get on with this before le Bichon Frise shows up and murders us all?

Head 2: Come on, Em; roll the tape.

Leet: Let's get on with the heroing!

[over ship intercom]

LBF: 'Allo? 'Allo, little rabbits, little mice, little tiny squeaky things that 'uddle together when they are feared. I am talking wis you....

Madeline: We have an intercom?

Leet: Could I please do some rescuing here?

Olivia: Yes, everybody shut up and let Leet get on with being a hero.

Leet: Thank you.

LBF: I have just a little confession.

Leet: Oh, come ON.

LBF: I have fooled you all because I am very crafty. I am not here to kill Mademoiselle Jessie!

Leet: What did he say?

Jessie: He said he's not here to kill me.

Leet: I knew that. We knew that!

Joe: Hush!

Leet: I knew that already, though.

LBF: However. My instructions at this point are a little hazy.

Jessie: You've got to be joking.

Colin: Well, at least you're off the hook. I knew I was the target all along. I have enemies you know. Powerful ones.

Joe: That must have been some really bad chimney sweeping.

Colin: What? Oh yes, errr... oh, the hell with it, blah blah blah cover story. Captain, I demand you protect me!

Madeline: Will you shut up?

LBF: All I know is I am here to kill a small round German fellow with a name so long, I am snoring before the end of it. Professor Doctor Hippy Hoppy von Sauerkraut or something zzzzzzzzzzz, you see? Already I am sleeping. So boring, these long names.

Olivia: Oh dear.... Madeline....

Madeline: Ssssh!

LBF: All this stupid day, I have been searching the pods, one after ze other after ze next after the following after the who is up? Take a number and wait to be assassinated please! But I don't find him. My eyes, they are crossing, I am tired and cranky, which is no good for anyone, eh?

Olivia: I know who he's looking for.

LBF: So here is what I am thinking. If you help me to find Herr Professor Doctor von Boring Make Sleepy Name, I will let you live. We will all work together, and when I have my prey, I will take your little life raft and we will sail away. Eh? I will give you one hour!

[intercom clicks off]

Colin: Sounds good to me, anyone seen my reading glasses?

Madeline: Now, just hold on. The passengers on this ship are under our protection. We can't just let him pick one like a chocolate out of the box. But if he *thinks* we're working with him, we can overpower him!

Colin: Or, we could just give him the good caramel one, keep the rest of the box, and the rest of us all get to Earth 2 *alive*. Besides, pods are going dark left and right on this plague ship, what's one more?

Jessie: Madpants is right. There's a code of honor at stake here. Maybe you have to be a captain to understand.

Colin: Didn't you just abandon your entire lot of passengers to save your own skin?

Jessie: You really know how to ruin a heroic moment, don't you.

Madeline: Joe?

Head 1: Oh, I think he's gone.

Joe: Nope.

Head 1: Charles Babbage, how do you do that?

Olivia: Clearly no one's interested in what I have to say about this matter, so I think I might just switch up the aromatherapy, maybe try a higher fan setting [whoosh], and oh, what scent is this? German Shepherd in a Gentle Rain, that sounds nice. Or, this is interesting, Teen Boy Hits Puberty on a Hot Summer Day, let's give that a whiff, shall we?

[lots of coughing and gagging]

Head 2: I'm really regretting the olfactory upgrade right now. And the lung simulator.

Olivia: Right, now that I've got your attention-

Glenda: To my artless, gawpish, hulking wreck of a sister, who is probably, as this message is playing, bristling at the fact that I have everyone's attention....

Jessie: What the hell?

Head 2: Oh, there's the mealworm.

Head 1: Message.

Head 2: No, I meant that one. I must have coughed hard enough to bring it up.

Olivia: Right. I'll just hold my very important information until after the Saturday morning cartoons, then, shall I?

Leet: And of course she doesn't speak English either. Why is she so small?

Olivia: She's a hologram, dearest. Just a picture.

Leet: But she's moving.

Olivia: Ohhhhhkaaaaay, more like a video then.

Leet: What's she wearing?

Olivia: Long, white dress, looks like. Maybe a robe? Strange hair-do. Hush up, and I'll translate when it's over.

Leet: Do we have any cinnamon rolls?

Everybody: Sssshhhhh!

Glenda: As you know, Dad asked me to look into the Oz crews and figure out how they were chosen and assigned and that.

Jessie: What? Why?

Glenda: Shut up and listen, you twat. I did a little digging, not much, who cares about your stupid crew, but then I found something out. The crews are crap.

Joe: Hey, now....

Glenda: They were assembled for failure. They figured out the absolute worst combinations of temperament, skills, risk tolerance and personal hygiene, and wallop, there's your crew. Stick a captain on top, doesn't matter who it is as long as they're guaranteed to bollocks things up further, or at least not fix anything when it goes tits up.

Madeline: I'm starting to see why you're not fond of your sister.

Jessie: Proper hag, isn't she?

Joe: She really is. Or, was. Sorry for your loss.

Jessie: Oh, right! I forgot for a moment that she was dead. Oh, well, that's all right then.

Glenda: Seriously, can you stop talking for five minutes?



Jessie: Carry on, corpse.

Glenda: What did you call me? Never mind. Shut up.

Colin: She's actually quite attractive.

Jessie: You're joking.

Glenda: But here's the big thing. All of these Oz ships are insured to the hilt. The more ships that go down, the richer G2 gets. The plan is to launch and immediately dissolve the company, so there's no one to sue. Meanwhile, the insurance money gets funneled into an account on a beach somewhere. So not only is the crew crap, and the ship about as spaceworthy as a cardboard box, but there are all kinds of traps and what nots to make sure no one makes it off your boat alive. So, you know, be careful pushing buttons operating any of the machinery, and for god's sake, don't eat the sandwiches. Oh, and as a back up, should everything else fail – or fail to fail, as the case may be - all of the ships were outfitted with an apocalypse device that should destroy the entire crate at some random point.

Colin: Less attractive now.

Leet: What's she saying? Why is everyone so pale?

Glenda: Here's the thing, though, and this is where it actually gets interesting.

Jessie: Lovely. The fact that her sister's aboard a giant, floating death trap was really a bit tedious, but *now* she's paying attention.

Glenda: The scientist that built the AIs and designed some of the other bits and pieces – the good bits, anyway – he found out what G2 was up to and stowed away on one of the ships!

Madeline: Well, that was stupid.

Joe: Now, wait a minute, let her talk. I'm sure he had his reasons.

Glenda: Apparently, his plan was to figure out how to save the ship, then broadcast the information to any Oz ships that hadn't blown up yet.

Joe: See? Good man!

Olivia: That's who the assassin is after. Dr. Friederich von Haber Zetzer. He's aboard the Oz 9. That's what I was trying to tell you. That's who le Bichon Frise wants us to help him find and kill. The guy who might just be able to keep us alive. Well, you lot, anyway; I've already loaded myself up to the cloud if this ship goes ass-biscuit.

Glenda: If he succeeds, he'll save millions of lives, possibly. If he fails, well, you didn't take mum's Cartier bracelet with you, did you? It looks so much nicer on a wrist that's reliably clean. Ta, sis!

Jessie: Eeeeerrr, Emily?

Head 2: YES.

Jessie: Can you delete her for me?

Head 2: If you wish.

Jessie: Can you make it hurt?

Head 2: I'll do my best.

Leet: So? What's going on?

Colin: We have to help an assassin kill the one person on this ship who can save everyone. And NO, IT'S NOT YOU.

Leet: So, if the assassin really really wants to kill this guy, and he doesn't care who else dies, why doesn't he just take the Rover and blow up the 9?

Joe: That. Is a very good question. Olivia, how much time do we have?

Olivia: Air? Or before le Bichon Frise busts down the door and demands an answer?

Joe: Whichever's first.

Olivia: Nine minutes.

Joe: Until?

Olivia: Oh, let's let that be a surprise, all right?

Joe: Right. We need a plan. Gather round, troops, we've got nine minutes to get our heads together and figure out what's next.

Colin: You realize that this particular group of people were assembled expressly for their inability to work as a team?

Olivia: Eight minutes.

Joe: I guess we'll just have to figure it out.

Olivia: Seven!

Joe: That wasn't a full minute.

Olivia: Uh, no. I miscalculated. Not my fault. Six minutes! I'm reasonably confident about that. Six.

Jessie: Should we use the white board?

Colin: All the Sharpies are dead. They look brand new, but it's like all the ink has been sucked out of them.

Joe: We have an overhead projector, we could use that.

Madeline: What's wrong with good, old-fashioned paper? We have one of those big flip chart things, hang on, it was over here earlier...

Colin: You can't use a flip chart without Sharpies, so that's not useful.

Head 1: Funny story about flip charts, in 1887, back on Earth 1, a scientist accidentally invented the flip chart when he was trying to invent the first microwave. It turns out, his designs were really long, and his assistant told him there was no way his microwave would fit in an average kitchen. So, they tore the

design in half, see, and at the presentation, when he flipped the one half up to reveal the other half, everyone forgot about the microwave and got totally excited about this new way of presenting visual information to a large group of people, see...

Narrator: With somewhere around six minutes of time remaining, the crew must decide how to outsmart le Bichon Frise, and it's not looking good. Spoiler alert, they spent most of that time deciding how to brainstorm, before finally settling on the flip chart with some sort of condiment from the kitchen as a marker. When they were going for maximum dysfunctional crew, they really knocked it out of the park with this bunch. Fortunately, le Bichon Frise got very lost trying to get to the crew room, giving Madeline and company a little extra time.

LBF: Merde! And merde again, where is the crew room? I can hear the elevator music de fromage, but I cannot find it!

You've been listening to: