

Oz 9 Season 2, episode 1

Narrator: When last we left our feckless friends, they were gathered around a very large, very powerful explosive known as the Apocalypse Device. With just seconds to spare in the countdown, Joe typed in the code to activate the bomb's Grace Period function, giving them 30 minutes to figure out what to do next. Or, in the case of this crew, 30 minutes to bicker about what to do next. So, as we unadvisedly head into Season 2 of Oz 9, the crew are all in terrible danger, death is imminent, no one knows what to do next, blah blah blah, there, you're all caught up. Oh, and Joe is Dr. von Haber Zetzer.

Joe: it's not Souther's code. He'd never allow someone to escape. [switches to Dr. vHZ] It was mine, you see.

[gasps, surprise]

Leet: Wait. Didn't you just say that?

vHZ: Dat was a month ago, you really need to keep up, my boy.

Olivia: Hang on a minute, are you seriously telling me you and Joe have been the same person all this time? And you didn't tell me?

vHZ: Child, you are all sorts of clever, but wis ze attention to ze detail.... Not so much.

Colin: I don't believe this. It's been you, all along!

vHZ: Indeed it has. Can we skip ze surprise and ze indignation for just a little minute here, as this apocalypse device is counting down and I don't think it will pop with ze balloons and ze glitter when it gets to zero, hmmm?

Leet: Is it super weird for anybody else that Joe has a German accent now?

Colin: It's even stranger that when I look away ... and look back again ... he's still there. What's that about?

vHZ: In time, my friends, in time. Just not in the next ... Olifia?

Olivia: 28 minutes.

vHZ: 28 minutes.

Albatros: I'm not sure what this means for your body tag. I mean officially it's registered for Joe, and I'm finding that ... problematic.

LBF: It's sommmmMMM ... isn't it, the urge to get on with the assassinating?

Albatros: Oddly primal, yes.

Madeline: Rein it in, both of you, or so help me, that airlock is going to see more departures than La Guardia.

Olivia: 27 minutes.

Jessie: When it gets to zero, can you just type the code in again?

vHZ: Yes, vell, zat is an extremely interesting question. I added ze grace period because I couldn't get G2 to leave off wis ze bombs altogether. But I am thinking now, did I code it so the grace period was single-use only? Ach, my memory, she is such a fickle creature. So....it's a mystery!

Leet: Can you just type it in now, and see if we get 30 more minutes?

Colin: No! That might speed it up or something. We need to figure out how to disarm it or get rid of it. Can't we just shove it out into space?

vHZ: There are a few problems wis zis plan: eins, it is mounted to ze floor and will take many tools and much grunting to free it. Zwei: ze nearest airlock is quite a lot of pushing from here. Unt drei: if we get it out ze door in time, and it explodes out zere, it may put a very big, very gaping hole in ze 9, and in any other ships nearby, unt maybe a planet or two. Zese are quite big booms wis lots of bits flying off, you see.

Jessie: Knocks out surrounding ships, eh? Any chance the 6748 is still nearby?

Olivia: Actually, about that....

Colin: So all right, if we can't ... fwip it, how do we disarm it? The countdown says 26 minutes. Think faster.

vHZ: You know, zis always stressingness is not gut for your heart.

Colin: Neither is exploding in deep space.

vHZ: Das ist ein gut argument. Moving forward! You have ze handbook? Ist ze lady on ze telephone still here wis us?

Madeline: Donna, are you there?

[empty air]

Madeline: Damn! We must have gotten disconnected. Emily... other head, do you have the handbook for this thing?

Head 1: Yeah, look, I'm really gonna have to insist on getting a name, here. I mean, if these are indeed the final moments of my existence, I am unwilling to go to the Great Oblivion with only "the other head" on my tombstone.

Madeline: Good news!

Head 1: You got a name for me?

Madeline: No, you're not getting a tombstone. Handbook?

Emily: Unfortunately, no. Donna was the link to our only copy.

LBF: If I make it back to the earth, I believe I will assassin Donna first, for hanging up the phone in our time of crisis.

Donna: Oh, gosh, please don't do that.

Colin: You're there! Hoorah!

Donna: Oh, yeah, sorry, I was just getting some crackers out of the machine, there. I found some cream cheese in the fridge, and it's still good, and I do like crackers and cream cheese. I grow chives on my windowsill, and I like to just cut off an inch or so and sprinkle that on top.

Albatros: Donna, is it?

Donna: It is, mmmm hmmm.

Albatros: I'm wondering if we could get back to the handbook? At this point, I'd ordinarily make some sort of very pointed, very frightening threat, but to save time, perhaps you can hear the malice in my tone?

Donna: Oh, sure. Don't you worry, bird lady, I gotcha. I was looking through the handbook while I was waiting for the kettle to boil, and apparently there *is* a way to disarm the device. But it entails flying the ship past a particular spot on earth that beams up a What was it... a "scramble beam." Oh, damn, now I want eggs.

vHZ: Ah, yes, of course! Zere is a laboratory in, I believe it is Venezuela or... maybe Ethiopia that sends up a stream of code that will make ze scrambled eggs of our big bangy friend here's brain. Olifia! Set a course for Venezuela! Or Ethiopia. Maybe Iceland. Whatever, we'll just make circles until it works.

Olivia: That sounds like a terrific idea, it really does, but there is just one little hitch, which, I might add, is not my fault.

Colin: Every time she says that, whole chunks of my life flash before my eyes. It's practically Pavlovian now.

LBF: [aside] How many seconds from here to the shuttle, my little feathered friend?

Albatros: 54 seconds to clear the blast zone. 29 to the shuttle, 14 for the take-off sequence, 9 to get far enough away to escape the shock wave and debris.

LBF: But that is not 54. Is it? 29... plus 14...

Albatros: That's 52. I gave myself 2 seconds to overpower you.

LBF: What? Two seconds??

Albatros: I know. Now I'm thinking one is more than enough.

LBF: You are quite beautiful when you're, 'ow do you say, *homicide*? (om-ee-seed)

Albatros: [very briefly flustered] Homicidal. Thank you. [recovered] And I'm not taking you to the shuttle.

[pause]

Albatros: What are you all staring at?

Jessie: I've never seen an assassin mating dance before.

Colin: Fascinating, isn't it? Like watching a documentary.

Leet: Awww, I thought it was sweet.

Olivia: 22 minutes, and could I possibly just jimmy a word in here edgewise while you're all cooing like a bunch of pigeons?

Madeline: Go ahead, Olivia.

Olivia: We're not going to be able to fly over Venezuela or Ethiopia or even Iceland, I'm afraid.

vHZ: Unt vy is zis?

Olivia: I don't have control of the ship. Haven't for a while. Been trying to wrestle it back, but I just keep getting overridden. Madeline, perhaps you and Jessie and Dr. von Haber Zetzer could join me on the bridge?

Jessie: Eh, what about this thing?

Leet: Cal.

Jessie: I beg your pardon?

Leet: Cal. Short for Calypso, which is short for Apocalypso. I thought "Apocalypse device" was too long to keep saying. Plus, it's just less scary if you give it a name.

Colin: No, it isn't. It's less scary when it's not counting down. Now it's just scary with a stupid name.

Head 1: Oh, suuuuuuuuuuuuuure. You give the giant killer bomb a name....

Albatros: Computer?

Olivia: Yes, kettle?

Albatros: I beg your pardon?

Olivia: Never mind. Can I help you, in the 20 minutes of existence you all have left? Perhaps run an errand or fire up the aromatherapy?

Albatros: You're a very odd machine.

Olivia: Oh, now, come on-

Madeline: Olivia....

Olivia: Right. Sound effect of a deep breath. How can I help you?

Albatros: I have your attention? Good. Can you tell who's taken over control of the Oz 9?

Olivia: Can you have my attention? I'm a bloody omnipresent AI! Counting to 1 million in a nanosecond. Right. No, I can't tell who's doing it. It's not like they hacked in; the ability to take over was written in the code. I have such a bone to pick with you, Doc.

vHZ: Zis is not my coding, I assure you, Olifia. I suspect it vas introduced in ze gap you have spoken of.

Jessie: Wait a second, we're actually moving?

Olivia: We are. And quite fast. 18 minutes.

Leet: We've been moving for 18 minutes?

Olivia: What? No. 18 minutes is the countdown on ... Cal there. Leet's right, it is quite a bit quicker to call it "Cal."

Leet: And less frightening, right?

Olivia: Yes, dearest. Much less frightening. So, captains past and present and all doctors to the bridge, if you would.

Colin: What the hell should we do?

Donna: Hey, I'm still here. Maybe we could keep going through Cal's manual. I do like that name, I have to admit.

Leet: See?

LBF: What about the code? If monseieur saucisson (**swa-see-san**) would care to whisper it in my ear, I will keep these numbers and the little piggies safe from Cal. Eh, this sounds so much less heroic now. "I will save you from Cal" *contre* "I will save you from ze apocalypse device"! You see what I am saying?

Colin: Can we shove him back in the pod? I'm really starting to miss that mute button.

vHZ: I would like to write ze code for the Grace Period on ze wall here, so it is always vis Cal, you see. I am agreeing vis Leet, ze name is very nice. Miss Albatros, perhaps you could lend me your Sharpie.

[gasps, pause]

Albatros: I.... very well.

vHZ: You are so kind. [sound of squeaky pen] Zere. When ze countdown reaches, let's say a minute, type zis in. Just zese numbers, zat is all, mmmkay?

Leet: And hit enter.

vHZ: No, no, zere is no "enter" here. Just ze sequence like you are feeding Cal unt sandwich, hokay?

Leet: Got it.

vHZ: Very gut. Olivia, lead ze way to ze bridge.

Albatros: Doctor ...

vHZ: Yes, my dear?

Albatros: My pen?

vHZ: [pause, quieter] You are quite attached to it, I think, so I am imagining I will hold it for ze moment. Insurance zat ze shuttle doesn't toodle off among ze stars.

Albatros: That's a ... risky decision.

Jessie: For crying out loud, it's a bloody biro. Let's get a shift on!

Madeline: Keep an eye on the clock and get the code right the first time, got it?

Leet: What if the code doesn't work twice?

Madeline: Then it's been lovely flying with you, and thank you for choosing Gated Galaxies.

[door, receding footsteps]

Emily: Well, this is splendid.

Head 1: Well. We have been entrusted with a solemn duty. The fate of this ship, and all its passengers now rests on our humble shoulders. No name, just the burden of heroism.

Colin: I have a name for you.

Head 1: You do?

Colin: Yes. I'm naming you, "Shut up." I'm exhausted. I'm going to the crew room to heat up a hockey puck and lie down. Wait, was either of you planning on killing me, or am I good for a nap or until the ship blows up?

Albatros: Nothing from me.

LBF: I am no longer interested in assassinating you. I have a little doggy to find. Perhaps, Ms Albatros, you would like to accompany me so we can discuss la liberation of puppies ... and pens?

Albatros: I've made a great many regrettable decisions today, what's one more?

[door, footsteps]

Colin: Fine. Hockey puck and nap it is.

[door, footsteps]

Leet: Hey, I'm not staying alone with this thing!

[door, footsteps]

Donna: OK, I'm back! I've got Cheez-its, root beer, and a Rice Krispie treat I found in someone's desk. Who's there?

Emily: That would be me, Emily.

Head 1: Yeah, and me, there, thanks for forgetting.

Emily: I didn't forget you. I assume people know if I'm here, so are you.

Head 1: Now, see, that's exactly the sort of thing I'm talking about here. She's all, hey, roll call, and you're right there with the "Emily here," and I'm just the afterthought, the "other head," but see, if I had a name, I could be coming back with a, I dunno, "Brian here" or something. It's tough on the old ego, all I'm saying.

Emily: So call yourself Brian.

Head 1: It's not the same. You wouldn't understand.

Donna: So it's just you two? Oh, holy buckets, ya walk away for five minutes to get snacks, and everyone just ups and runs like the dickens. Well, how much time left on the countdown?

Emily: 12 minutes.

Donna: I also found a YouTube video called "Disarming a Gated Galaxies' Apocalypse Device." It's from 2019, which is 123 years ago, so it might be a little out of date, but I thought we could try it.

Emily: Why not. Spending my last minutes of existence engaged in an exercise of futility seems apoplectic.

Head 1: Appropriate.

Emily: That too.

YouTuber (John Faley): [music] Hey, nerds and nerdettes, welcome back to this edition of G2 Clues: the super cool peek behind the scenes and into the innovations lab at G2 HQ! I'm John, and today we're taking on the whopper of all explosives, the Apocalypse Device, a mega-sweet, mega-deadly bomb which the good folks in the Innovations Lab call "Paco."

Head 1: Seriously. Now it has TWO names.

Donna/Head One: Sssh!

YouTuber: My grandma used to say, *If you can't disarm it, don't arm it!* Which seems pretty specific, but then my grandma was actually a pretty scary lady. I remember this one time she got mad at the local sheriff for torching her pot farm, and we had to peel her off him like an octopus with a crush.

Emily: Perhaps we can skip ahead a bit?

YouTuber: -And we laughed and laughed. Anyway, let's get started! First, find the panel with all the buttons and the lights, and look for the green button marked "Off."

Head 1: Uh, yeah, I don't see that here.

YouTuber: Got it? Push that. Congratulations! Device disarmed, dude. You're gonna make it after all.

Donna: Wow, that's simple. Did you do that?

Emily: What button. I don't see a green button. There are no green buttons here.

YouTuber: So that's how you disarm Paco, V1. I hear there are big things in the works for Paco V2, including replacing that green button with something called a "biolock," so stay tuned, nerds and nerdettes!

Donna: Crap. OK, well, let me read you what I found in the handbook a bit ago: "Disarming the Gated Galaxies manufactured Apocalypse Device, TM, is not recommended. In the case of accidental arming, G2 suggests you accept your inevitable fate as a consequence of being too stupid to live." Hang on, that's not the right bit....[pages flipping] Oh, right, here we go....

[fade out]

[door, footsteps, bridge sounds]

Madeline: So what about Colin's question – why don't we....lose track of you, like we used to? You haven't scared the crap out of me in at least an hour.

vHZ: Oh, ya, dats my Concealer, patent pending.

Jessie: I had plenty of spots as a teenager, mate; there's no "concealer" that makes you vanish into the surrounding paint job.

vHZ: Not concealer like ze makeups, my dear; ze Concealer, patent pending. Very clever device from one of ze scientists at Gates Galaxies; small enough to wear in zis belt pouchy ting. Ve had our own little secret vorkshop, you see, and we would be making with the gadgets unt that. Little projects. Ze Concealer is a masking device, so it hides your true face, gifs you a different accent, I didn't haf time to read ze handbook, so I sink I had it cranked up a bit high, and so all the Jesus! ing and zat.

Madeline: We need to talk about this more, but not right now.

Jessie: Agreed. How many of those Concealer thingies are out there? Or on this ship?

vHZ: Zis is ze prototype. If zere are more, zey are back on Earth. Now, Olifia?

Olivia: Yes, Dr. von Back Stabber?

Madeline: I thought you said we were moving? It doesn't look like it.

Jessie: We are moving and very fast. You just don't have a point of reference. You'll have to forgive her, Doctor. She was expelled from space school after, what was it, six days?

Madeline: I took my text books with me. And you call the Gated Galaxy Flight Academy Registered Training "Space school."

Olivia: Perhaps both of you could shut up now? Jessie's right. We're moving fast. And away from Earth.

vHZ: Unt vy did you bring us away from ze very important work of disarming Cal to see dis?

Olivia: Because we're accelerating at a rather ... problematic pace.

Jessie: How fast?

Olivia: Is it really worthwhile having that discussion with all the maths and the explaining and the stupid, or shall I save it for when we're not ... ehhhh, hang on.... 6 minutes from exploding?

Jessie: Oy!

Madeline: She has a point. What do you mean "problematic"?

Olivia: I mean very very fast indeed. The sort of fast no Oz-8000 model ship was meant to go. These things are clapped out RVs, not race cars. For us, this is the sort of fast that starts ripping bits off.

Jessie: How do we decelerate?

Olivia: That's just it: we can't. Spaceships don't have brakes. We're burning fuel at a crazy rate as it is, and if we reverse engines to slow down, we'll burn even more.

vHZ: There is, if I am not mistaken, zum asteroid belty things upcoming. If we hit something zubstantial at zis pace....

Olivia: Space powder.

vHZ: Hokay. So much crising. How ve don't all have eleventy seven ulcers apiece, I don't know. Let's be looking at ze buttons and ze switches here.

Jessie: Olivia, switch all the controls you've got ... control of to manual. I have an idea.

Narrator: While Jessie explains some complicated and frankly rather dull sciency stuff, why don't we take this opportunity to check in on the possibly final moments of some other folks aboard the ship.

Colin: [snoring, mumbling in his sleep] Shut up. Are you sure that's the right pack? No! Wait! Sandwiches...

Narrator: OK, some *other* other folks aboard the ship.

LBF: I don't know why you won't go with me to steal the shuttle. We could be back on Earth by tomorrow *dejeuner*.

Albatros: I think you fail to understand something rather important. Actually, I imagine you fail to understand any number of important things, but this one in particular about me. I'm aboard this ship to protect it: the passengers, even this crew of cabbages. The fact that they survived as long as they did without me, I think shows Gated Galaxies' great wisdom in making sure they can't access controls to anything more complicated than the microwave.

LBF: So you will not be flying off with me, into the stars, to the other side of the moon and home again home again?

Albatros: Quite the contrary. Do you remember when I ran off and came back with another olive for Colin?

LBF: Yeeeeeeeeeeeeees....

Albatros: I also disabled the shuttle.

LBF: WHAT? *Impossible!* You did all this in so few seconds? To the shuttle bay to do this very foolish thing, then the crew room and back again? You are *tres rapide!* And so very very very ... inconvenient!

Albatros: I thought it might give you a bit more incentive to help disarm the device.

LBF: That is....ARGH, so very clever! I am having such difficulties right now. I am very much wanting to kill you. Also kiss you.

Albatros: I wouldn't recommend trying either of those things. Or, go ahead. I haven't killed anyone in weeks, and I don't want to get rusty.

LBF: Ah, *ma petite oiseau*, I think I shall change my status on the Book du Face to "It is complicated," ehrrrrrrrrrr? Have you always been so very very fast with the running?

Albatros: Well, to be completely honest, I didn't go to the crew room. I found the olive on the floor in one of the corridors. At least, I think it was an olive.

Olivia: Attention, please. Can everyone get back to Cal, please? NOW. You geniuses left the code to the guy with no arms. One minute!

LBF: One minute!?

Albatros: Hop on.

LBF: What??

Albatros: Hop on! Just do it, I'm faster than you.

LBF: Ah, oui!

[some grunting, Albatros running footsteps]

Narrator: Yep, you heard that right, space monkeys: aboard the clown car that is the Oz 9, the crew member left to type in the code is the one that has nothing to type with. And so our crew races to Cal, hoping one of them will make it before the clock runs out – and that the code will work a second time. *Two cliff hangers in a row?* I hear you shout? Well, yes. But I will leave you with this: it wasn't an olive.

You've been listening to:

Tim Sherburn as Colin and Emily

June Clark Eubanks as the Albatros

Aaron Clark as le Bichon Frise

Richard Cowen as Leet

Bonnie Brantley as Jessie and Donna

Eric Perry as Joe, Dr. von Haber Zetzer, and Head 1

Shannon Perry as Olivia and Madeline,

John Faley as John the YouTuber,

and me, Richard Nadolny, as your Narrator.

If the ship really is about to blow, now might be a good time to get your cool Oz 9 merch. Check out our website, [oz dash 9 dot com](http://ozdash9.com), for links to our Etsy and TeePublic sites. Also, some of us will be hanging out at PodTales, October 20th, in Cambridge, Massachusetts, so we hope to see you there. Thanks for coming back for Season 2. Your poor judgement means a lot to us.