

Episode 33: If you say so, Frog Butt

Joe: Hey, there!

LBF: Merde! What are you doing in the doctor's laboratory?

Joe: Noticed a trail of ants heading under that door. Came in to clean up whatever they were here for.

LBF: And did you find it?

Joe: Turned out to be a charging station. Those aren't...regular ants. What are YOU doing in here?

LBF: Oh, uhhhh...the doctor asked me to bring him...ehhhh...this... thing.

Joe: A paperweight?

LBF: Yes. It's very windy. On the ... bridge.

Joe: Oh, I thought maybe you were back in his private healer.

LBF: You know about this?

Joe: Oh, sure. You leave a pretty thick trail of waxed mustache hairs. How that thing remains as lustrous as it is, I've got no idea. You got extensions? Stache plugs?

LBF: Of course not! [suspicious] What else do you know?

Joe: Only that I haven't mopped the crew room today, so I best be heading that way. Oh, and Leet's got a gift for you.

LBF: Oooooo! I am very fond of getting gifts. You will not tell anyone about the healer, yes? It is ... a surprise.

Joe: What healer?

LBF: This one. Right here. The one we were talking about just now.

Joe: *What. Healer?*

LBF: This one. You are standing right next to it.

Joe: No, you're not understanding me. [slow, deliberate] What healer are you talking about? I know of no healer.

LBF: You are eating perhaps too many sandwiches. [pause] Oh. Wait. I get it! [loudly] I am walking away now. With the weightpaper that is the thing that I have come here for.

Joe: [loudly] Ok, then, catch you later! [door, beeping sounds, dial sounds, machine being set] Did you know, doctor, that this machine also goes to *negative* eleven?

[theme music]

Narrator: If you were hoping for a sweet little Valentine's Day episode, what are you looking here for? In typical Oz 9 style, this crew of gravel-headed ying yangs celebrated the 14th of February by nearly sideswiping Venus. If you've ever seen Venus, you'll know, it's really *really* big. How it managed to sneak

up on this crew by being enormous and filling their windows for days and *being the brightest thing in the sky apart from the sun* is a mystery. No. No, it's not: they're idiots. That's how. Leet was sad about having missed the holiday and suggested they celebrate "Do a grouch a favor day" on February 16th – an observance maybe 8 people, including Leet, know about. This is actually a real thing, so if someone gives you a gift today, you might want to lighten up.

Leet: Happy February 16, former Captain Jessie!

Jessie: February 16? What's the occasion?

Leet: Oh. It's do a ... gr...great friend a favor day! Here!

Jessie: And what's this?

Leet: I made it for you! Smell it.

Jessie: [sniff] It smells like swamp.

Leet: I know! Isn't that cool? Put some on!

Jessie: Why would I do that?

Leet: It's perfume!

Jessie: It's got bits floating in it. No... hang on... they're swimming.

Leet: Oh, yeah, those are newts.

Jessie: You want me to dab swamp juice and live newts behind my ears?

Leet: And have a very merry February 16th! [walks away]

Jessie: [sniffs again] Phwah! Olivia?

Olivia: Yes, once upon a captain Jessie?

Jessie: I believe Madeline told you to call me "captain Jessie" out of respect.

Olivia: Which, if you'll replay the last 5 seconds, you'll discover I did.

Jessie: Not exactly. Forget it. Is it really Do a Friend a Favor Day?

Olivia: Not exactly. What did you get?

Jessie: Swamp perfume.

Olivia: Bung it in Airlock 19. I'll fwip it along with Colin's "shed scales from the swamp gator wallet" and Head One's "Hello, my name is Girard" identity bracelet.

Jessie: Are we going with Girard then?

Olivia: It made Head 1 cry, but no one could tell if they were happy tears or sad, so I guess we'll see. Emily asked me to fwip it before they both rusted. Besides, the only arm's on Emily's side, so a bracelet didn't make much sense.

Jessie: What did Madeline get?

Olivia: Oh, uhhhhh...not sure. Nothing, I think.

Jessie: Ha! I knew Leet liked me better.

Olivia: Yeah, all right. Let's go with that. You headed to the bridge?

Jessie: Yeah, by way of Airlock 19. Let Madeline know I'm coming?

Olivia: The Jessie formerly known as Captain is on her way.

Jessie: Just when I hate this ship a little less....

[Colin flies over her head]

Colin: Look out! LOOK OUT!

Jessie: What the hell?

Colin: [voice trailing] Help!

Jessie: Oh, for the love of haggis on Sundays, what the hell you doing?

[crash]

Narrator: Having completely missed the door to the bridge, Colin crash lands in a large basket full of night vision goggles.

Madeline: [running up] Holy crap, are you ok?

Colin: I ... I think so. Am I still flying?

Madeline: No, you're on the floor. What's that around your neck?

Colin: No idea. [drops it] Help me up, would you?

Madeline: You really shouldn't try flying in the corridors, Colin. They're too narrow and low.

Colin: Yes, thank you. Flying wasn't my idea.

Jessie: [running up] Are you all right? What the hell did you crash into?

Madeline: Just a box of junk.

[sound of galloping hooves]

Cal: We heard a crash. Is everyone all right?

Albatros: Who needs killing?

[heroic running]

Leet: I'm here! Who needs saving?

Madeline: Everyone's fine. Everybody just calm down. Colin was doing some unauthorized flying practice.

Colin: Not on purpose!

Leet: Hey, you're riding Greg!

Albatros: Yes. He's quite slow, actually, but at least I can have a nice conversation as we amble towards the next emergency.

Leet: Conversation?

Albatros: Seriously? No one's told him yet? For heaven's sake.

Leet: Told me what?

Madeline: Let's get Colin to the bridge. Cal... uhhhh....Greg, would you mind?

Leet: What are you asking him for?

[whinny, nicker]

Colin: I don't think I can sit up.

Leet: That's OK. We can just sort of flop you over the saddle. Miss Albatros, I think you're gonna have to walk.

Albatros: Oh, very well. [jumps off]

Madeline: Olivia, call Dr. von Haber Zetzer to the bridge, will you?

Olivia: Dr. von Haber Zetzer, stop blowing things up and come explain things to stupid humans on the bridge, please. Dr. Friederich von Haber Zetzer, stop blowing things up and come talk to stupid people on the bridge. Thank you.

Jessie: A lot of that felt really unnecessary.

Olivia: Did it?

[oomph as they drape Colin on] [walking, horse clop]

Leet: What haven't you told me? And why is Colin glowing?

Colin: Why is Colin what?

Albatros: You're glowing. Quite a vivacious shade of pink, actually. Did you have that martini in your hand the whole time?

Colin: Of course I did. Did you think there was one perched on the edge of the basket I crashed into?

Albatros: Why is that a more ridiculous idea than you flying with one?

Colin: I said, I didn't intend to fly. I was brushing my teeth...

Albatros: With a martini.

Colin: Yes. What do you use?

Albatros: Brasso, of course.

Colin: That's disgusting.

Madeline: So ... about the glowing?

Colin: What about it?

Madeline: Why is it happening?

Colin: How should I know? Let's go ask Dr. von ... Hoi Polloi.

Leet: You're not going to blow up, are you?

Colin: I don't think so. I don't feel...explodey. Your gait could be a hair smoother, Ca- Uhhhh, Greg.

[whinny, nicker]

Leet: I didn't think zebras made those noises.

Jessie: I didn't think they had long, flowing manes, but here we are.

[door opens, they walk onto the bridge]

vHZ: Ahhhh, zere you all are.

Madeline: You're not supposed to be able to enter the bridge without me, you know.

vHZ: Zo many things in life are not as zey should be, eh? Like this zebra with ze mane like a romance novel fellow. In a better world, you would be captain of a spaceship, no?

Madeline: I am captain of a spaceship.

vHZ: Yes, my dear, of course you are. Zo, my olived-up friend, vat is happening here?

Leet: He's bright pink.

vHZ: Yes, thank you, Leet. My eyes are perhaps a bit old but still up to ze task, I think. He's not just pink, he is... pulsating.

Colin: My head feels ... strange. Can your head feel bloated?

Leet: Did you eat a bunch of carbs?

Colin: Don't be absurd. How would eating carbs affect my head?

Leet: Good point. [pause] Did you shove a bunch of carbs up your nose?

Colin: You actually just asked me that as a serious question.

Leet: You're the one with head bloat.

Albatros: Is it me, or is he getting...pinker?

Jessie: Subtly, but yeah... pinker.

Albatros: And isn't his...neural circumference ... increasing?

Olivia: Neural circumference? You mean is his head getting fatter?

Albatros: I was trying not to panic him.

Olivia: You really do suck all the fun out of everything. But yeah, Colin, hope you didn't waste suitcase space on hats.

Colin: Doctor?! What the hell is happening?

vHZ: Now, you must be calm, good fellow.

Leet: Will that help?

vHZ: I haf no idea. It's generally a good rule of ze thumbs when things are ... zwelling.

Jessie: Should we take him to the biosphere now in case that loaf won't fit on the bridge soon?

Colin: WHAT? I think I'm going to be sick.

Olivia: Joe to the bridge, please, to clean up after Colin's head? Joe to the bridge, please, to clean up Colin's head.

Madeline: You have got to stop doing that.

Olivia: I'm practicing for my career upgrade to WalMart tannoy.

Cal: Could he maybe get down now?

Leet: Wow, that's weird. Greg sounds just like Cal.

Albatros: The fact that the zebra is speaking isn't what's surprising to you?

Leet: Oh, yeah. When did that start happening?

vHZ: Colin, how would you describe your natural color?

Colin: My god. I'm going to die.

LBF: [arriving on bridge] I believe I am supposed to get a present?

Leet: There you are. Here, I made this for you.

LBF: Oh, that's ... it's....what is it?

Leet: Homemade bechamel sauce.

Jessie: It looks... very good, actually. It's the right color and everything!

Colin: If we could we perhaps concentrate on me for a moment longer?

Madeline: What's it made of, Leet?

Leet: Two tablespoons JarJarine....

Cal: You mean *margarine*.

Leet: No, JarJarine. It's made from Gungan milk.

LBF: Ohhhhkaaaaay. And?

Leet: Two tablespoons of caulk. And some dust. And salt.

LBF: Is that everything?

Leet: And a cup of Gungan milk.

LBF: Well. What a delightful ... container. I believe I will store it here. [sound of it being thrown in trash]

Colin: Excuse me! Cal, could you possibly turn around so my *head* is on the side of the conversation instead of my backside?

Leet: Hang on. You called him "Cal."

Colin: My mistake. They sound so much alike. Turn around, for god's sake. *Greg*.

Cal: I'm not sure I can. Your head's taking up most of the room I'd ordinarily use to turn around in. How about you just climb on down?

Albatros: Where did you get Gungan milk?

Leet: Where do you get cow's milk from?

Albatros: A cow.

Leet: Very good.

Albatros: Did you just ... pat me on the head?

Madeline: Hang on a minute. Leet, did I see you in a healer pod earlier?

Leet: Oh, yeah, I was trying out a different one. My former favorite smells too much like rotten cheese and mustache thickener.

LBF: Oh, that must be Joe. I noticed his stache was looking a bit weedy...

Madeline: You weren't by chance in the *emotional* healer, were you?

Cal: Look, I hate to be pushy, but is there any chance someone could help Colin off my back?

Colin: Yes, could someone help me down, please? I feel very odd.

Leet: You mean the pod with all the posters of kittens hanging off branches that say "Hang in there, we're all going to die soon, and then this will be over"?

Madeline: Yes, that one.

Jessie: What difference does it make?

Madeline: I set that one to snarky.

Jessie: Why would you do that?

Madeline: Because I... need... more snark, OK?

Jessie: Oh, well done, Madpants. Santa gave you ONE nice person for Christmas and you already broke him.

Madeline: See? That. That right there. I want to snark back in your face so bad....Leet? A little help here?

Cal: That does it. I'll try to land you somewhere soft. [loud horse noise]

Colin: Hey!!!

Albatros: Oh, well done. You're... hovering.

Cal: Actually, I think it's his giant head that's keeping him aloft.

Colin: Help! I don't think I can get down!

LBF: Perhaps if he were to burp?

Jessie: From his head?

LBF: That is where the extra air is, no? Burp from your head!

Colin: What does that even mean?

vHZ: Monsieur Frise, could I borrow you for chust a moment?

LBF: But I want to see his head explode!

vHZ: I promise you'll be able to see everything, all right? Here, here, please.

LBF: Fine!

[background conversations, please – “Stop trying to blow me around, I’m not a balloon” “What does it feel like to waft? I’ve always wanted to waft.” “Wafting is not officially sanctioned behavior, you know.” “Is it officially prohibited? No? Then haud yer wheesht.” “Sorry to be so violent, Colin, but you’re a mite heavier than Miss Albatros there.” “Oh, Joe, thank goodness you’re here. Can you mop him down or something?” “Is it too obvious to say that this is utterly and totally not my fault?” Several lines spoken separately, so I can layer them would be best!]

LBF: What is it?

vHZ: I wish to congratulate you on your performance, my lad. Zuch an actor you are! I vas beginning to worry they suspected zumzing was goink on, but you are brilliantly ztupid today, and their fears are allayed.

LBF: What is this talking? Who are you calling “ztupid”? This is German for “stupid,” yes?

vHZ: Yes, yes, my boy! Ztaying in character. Zis is very wise.

LBF: May I go back over there now? You are smelling very strongly of sausages.

vHZ: Yes, let us both return to the fold before they are growing suspicious. I had read that your one flaw as an assassin was that you were very poor with disguises, but now I can see this is not true! You are a genius, at least at being an idiot.

LBF: You know I have killed for less-

Olivia: Ooo, look out!

Colin: Oooof!

Leet: Ouch!

Jessie: Did you have to mop him so hard?

Madeline: Colin? Leet? You two ok?

Joe: Apologies. I've never mopped a floating, giant-headed person off a ceiling before. And why is there a zebra tromping all over my nice clean floors? Didn't you just come from a swamp?

Albatros: Colin's not talking. That's got to mean there's a problem. He's never not talking.

Madeline: We should get them to healers. NOT the emotional healer. Greg?

Cal: Well, I guess deciding to occupy a zebra is a bit like buying a truck: now you have to help all your friends move.

Narrator: Moving an unconscious Leet is a nearly impossible task. Even the 778 repair bot wasn't able to lift him onto Cal's ... Greg's... the zebra's back. They tried towing him behind, but nothing was strong enough to withstand Leet's weight. Because of his symmetry, the crew thought perhaps they could roll him to a healer. But, because his shoulders are so much wider than his feet, they just ended up rolling him in circles. But in the end...

Jessie: There! Finally! You know, if we had 81 more of him, we could build a sort of Leethenge.

Narrator: And just like with those mythical stones, how exactly they got Leet to his destination is shrouded in mystery.

Madeline: How are we going to get him into the healer? There's no way we can lift him.

Albatros: I vote we leave him on the floor and lay the pod over him. Just sort of wrap it around him.

Jessie: We won't be able to seal it.

Albatros: It'll be good enough. Once he's awake, he can set it back upright and crawl in.

Jessie: Sounds like a plan.

[mild grunting]

Madeline: There. That should work.

Albatros: These healer pods are surprisingly light. And...on wheels.

Madeline: You mean we could've...

Jessie: Brought the pod to him.

Madeline/Jessie/Albatros: Crap.

[door, footsteps, fading voices]

Jessie: Sandwich?

Madeline: All right, but no sneaky layer of blood pudding.

Jessie: We're out of ketchup!

Madeline: Blood pudding is NOT a substitute!

Albatros: If just one of you had thought to bring an actual pen on board, you'd have ketchup!

Narrator: Not only that, but less than a minute after the door closed behind them, Leet awoke, propped the pod back upright, and got in. In the neighboring healing pod, Colin was also awakening.

Leet: Colin. Colin, you awake?

Colin: Uhhhhhh. I am now. Where am I?

Leet: You're in a healer.

Colin: My god, this is horrible! Get me out!

Leet: Calm down. You've been in one of these before, remember?

Colin: I most certainly have not. I have terrible claustrophobia.

Leet: When we first launched. You had anal warts or syphilis or something.

Colin: Ohhhhhhh, yes. My god, that can't have been more than a few weeks ago, but it feels like a year at least. A lifetime. Am I still pink? How big is my head?

Leet: I can't see you. I'm too big to fit except in one very specific direction.

Colin: I feel better.

Leet: You mean the warts?

Colin: I did not have anal warts!

Leet: If you say so. Frog butt.

Colin: What did you call me?! Shut up.

[quiet... Leet humming]

Colin: Do you ... think we'll make it to a new planet?

Leet: Most days. Not Tuesdays.

Colin: What does that mean?

Leet: It means I try to be optimistic most of the time. But I give myself one day a week to have doubts. It's my doubts binge day. I can have all the doubts I want, but I have to stop at midnight-oh-one Wednesday. All the other days I think we'll find a planet and it'll be nice.

Colin: Does that work?

Leet: Sort of? Sometimes the doubts leak into Wednesday a little. Like when an engine blows up or we find a Cal aboard, stuff like that. Just because he's a bomb though. I mean, I like Cal. He's a really good listener.

Colin: Good listener?

Leet: Yeah, I went and talked to him in his little room a few hours ago, and he just let me talk. It was nice.

Colin: And you didn't think it was strange that he didn't say anything?

Leet: How did you know that? Besides, he did bleep and boop at me a couple of times, in a very affirming sort of way.

Colin: I see.

Leet: What do **you** do, to stay positive?

Colin: Have you ever known me to be positive?

Leet: Maybe you need a Tuesday too. Does anything make you feel better?

Colin: Sleeping is nice. And, I've been keeping a journal. It started out as a way of recording my new powers as they show up, but it's turned into a more personal record of my thoughts. I'm afraid it's not very positive either. Maybe I should work on that. Oh, I did spend some time in the bioswamp earlier today.

Leet: How was it?

Colin: Well, the mad flying about and ducking geese or whatever those were was fairly unpleasant. But after I hit the glass, I crash landed rather fortuitously on a lovely little hill. There was grass, regular trees that don't droop quite so alarmingly. A distant sun was lighting up the place. I just sat there for awhile, thinking about nothing at all. I realized how long it'd been since I'd felt safe. Safe enough to just sit in the sun.

Leet: That sounds nice.

Colin: It was. It really was.

[pause]

Leet: What about you? Do **you** think we'll get to a new planet?

Colin: What day is it today?

Leet: Uhhhhh.... Thursday, I think.

Colin: Not Tuesday, hmmm? Then yes. I think we'll get to another planet. And it'll be nice.

Narrator: Will they get to another planet? A nice one? That remains to be seen. Or heard, as the case may be. This episode was brought to you by JarJarine, the butter alternative that'll have you scraping your tongue and saying, "I can't believe it's not better." When there's nothing else to put on your toast, you'll still want to avoid JarJarine.

You've been listening to:

Richard Cowen as Leet

Tim Sherburn as Colin

Bonnie Brantley as Jessie

June Clark Eubanks as the Albatros

Kevin Hall as Cal who we're probably going to call Greg from now on

Aaron Clark as le Bichon Frise

Eric Perry as Joe and Dr. von Haber Zetzer

Shannon Perry as Olivia and Madeline, and

Me, Richard Nadolny, as your narrator

Tickets are still available for our live show on April 25 in Seattle, Washington. See the entire cast of Oz 9, plus enjoy live performances of Girl in Space, Relativity, A Ninth World Journal, Sage and Savant, and Moonbase Theta Out. It will be an evening to remember! Visit wifiscifi.org for details. You can also find wifiscifi merch on Tee Public, just go to t-e-e-public.com and search for wifiscifi.

Thanks also to our new patrons:

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Louisa Wagner

T.H. Wyman

Eric Davis, and

Evan Melhouse

Until next time, Space Monkeys, Narrator out!