

## Oz 9 Episode 34

Narrator: By Colin's super-powered calculations, and despite their navigations systems weaving a drunken zigzag across the galaxy, the Oz 9 has reached a dead zone in space. Many of the other Oz ships have either crashed, exploded, imploded, or otherwise managed to drop out of a gravity-less sky, and the few that remain are nowhere near the 9. Which is good for them, because Captain Madeline has decided — it's time to drop the bomb.

Madeline: Olivia opens the airlock, out goes Cal, and Colin hightails us out of the blast zone. Viola!

Albatros: [correcting her] Voilà.

Madeline: That's a small ukelele.

Albatros: What?

Madeline: What you just said. It's a small ukelele.

Albatros: No, what *you* just said is a big violin. And ukeleles are already small.

Madeline: A big violin is a cello.

Jessie: That's a very big violin. A viola is a big violin. Or voila. Wait. Dammit, now they all sound wrong.

Albatros: Being on this ship is punishment for something, isn't it.

vHZ: Ladies? I don't think this is a good idea.

Madeline: Uhhhh.... What's not? Sorry, forgot what we were talking about?

vHZ: Ze fwipping of ze bomb. I don't think we should risk it.

Albatros: Doctor, there's nothing out here. No planets, no stars, not even an asteroid hosting a scrappy bit of DNA that could turn into intelligent life in a half-dozen millenia. It's perfect.

vHZ: But the zystem you haf in place is vorking just fine! Vy change a good think?

Madeline: Working?! Good thing? It's ridiculous! 778's screeching klaxon of a wrist alarm going off every 22 minutes, listening to them clanging off to Cal's room to type in the code, god. If I hear "with me, WITH ME" one more time.... No. We're ditching Cal *today*.

Jessie: And we need the repair bots back. Right now, it's either give them a chore that only takes 22 minutes to complete, or get interrupted, wait for them to reset Cal, then re-explain everything to Emily whose battered-up-and-deep-fried brain forgot what they were doing in the meantime.

Albatros: What about ... the other head? It didn't get zapped.

Jessie: Yeah, that one keeps pretending not to remember, then sings "If I only had a name" until I thump it with a wrench.

Madeline: So, give it a name!

Jessie: I tried, but nothing fits. We're testing out "Howard" at the moment. What do you think?

Madeline: Hmmmm.... Makes me think of someone's uncle.

Jessie: I thought that too! In fact, I think I might have accidentally called him Uncle Howard once.

Madeline: Definitely the guy who mows the lawn in shorts, penny loafers, and black knee socks.

Jessie: And yet, still manages to be your favorite uncle who teaches you about constellations.

Madeline: Right? Totally! He'd have this awesome telescope he'd put in the yard on clear nights.

Jessie: And he doesn't just know the names of the constellations, he knows the stories! Orion, Ursus, Cassiopeia, Aries, Andromeda...

Albatros: Andromeda is a galaxy, not a constellation.

Jessie: We should have ditched you three planets ago, since you're constantly talking out of Uranus anyway.

Madeline: What do you expect from someone with two asses in their job title?

Albatros: When I get my pen back...

vHZ: Captains? And assassin? Ah, yes, I see! Two asses! Zis is most amusink. I do not wish to be interferink in your inzulting of one another and your reminiscences of an uncle you just now made up, but ze Oz 9 is parked in deep space, awaitink your orders.

Jessie: Stop worrying and lose the bomb.

Albatros: Bombs away.

Madeline: Bye bye, bomby. [pause] What? I thought we were doing movie references.

vHZ: I think you are making a very big miztake. What if you need Cal's firepower zumday?

Madeline: Then I'll regret it when the time comes. But I'll enjoy not dealing with it in the meantime.

vHZ: Very well. Howefer, I belief you haf forgotten a very important obstacle.

Albatros: I doubt it, as / seldom forget anything by accident, but let's hear it.

Jessie: You forget things on purpose?

Albatros: Certainly. Don't you? Never mind, I don't care. What obstacle?

vHZ: Transport. Cal is extremely heavy. And he is bolted to ze floor with very many very big bolts.

Madeline: Oh, Leet already removed those.

vHZ: Of course he did.

Jessie: And we did a test run with Greg the zebra [zehbra]. He was able to move Cal a few inches. It'll take forever, but we'll get there eventually.

Joe: If I may...

Jessie/Mad/vHZ/Albatros: Jesus!

Joe: Ahhhhhh, just like old times.

Jessie: Were you there all along?!

Joe: No, ma'am, Captain Jessie; just passing along outside and heard the conversation. I think I may have a solution.

Madeline: Solutions are good. I like solutions.

vHZ: Are ve now taking zuggestions from zis eavesdroppink janitor?

Albatros: I don't think he *is* the janitor. Wasn't that just your disguise?

vHZ: Eggzactly. Unt until his pozition aboard ze 9 is established, I do not think we should be taking his advice.

Madeline: At this point, there's no advice I wouldn't listen to.

Jessie: What about le Bichon Freeze?

Madeline: Well, obviously not him. Could you imagine?

[they start laughing]

Jessie: He'd probably suggest spraying decongestant into its USB ports!

[laughing hard, then stop]

Madeline: Would that work?

Jessie: It might....

vHZ: Oh, mein got in himmel....

Madeline: Nope, not taking the chance that we'd short circuit the grace period and blow the 9 out of the sky. We fwip at midnight. Or, you know, whenever we get it there.

Joe: If I may?

Jessie/Madeline/Albatros/vHZ: Jesus!

Joe: Double header.

Jessie: Oh, right, you had advice. What was it?

Joe: Ants.

Madeline: Where? How? As clean as you keep this ship? And it's not like there's anything edible on it.

Joe: Not real ants. The good doctor's ants. They're robots or some sort of machine. If a standard ant can carry up to 50 times its own weight, I reckon a mechanized ant is like a tiny Hercules.

Jessie: Even so, you'd need an army! How about rolling pins? There's at least a couple dozen of those in the crew kitchen.

Madeline: What would we do with rolling pins?

Albatros: Ordnance transport is NOT an approved use of kitchen implements.

Jessie: There's no flour aboard this ship. What exactly are we supposed to use them for?

Madeline: What would we do with rolling pins?

Albatros: Approved uses include pressing out dough evenly and smoothly, crushing nuts or peppercorns, and in an emergency, you may use them to tenderize meat. However, for meat, you must get prior written authorization from G2 HQ.

Madeline: OY! WHAT WOULD WE DO WITH ROLLING PINS?

Jessie: Good lord, woman, did you not learn about Stonehenge at school? Roll. Get 'em underneath and roll Cal right to the airlock.

Joe: One more try.

Jessie/Madeline/Albatros/vHZ: Jesus!

Joe: Aaaaand hat trick! You *can* see me, right?

Albatros: Yes, you're just very forgettable, apparently.

Joe: Right. Anyway, he *has* an army.

Madeline: Of ants?

vHZ: He is exaggeratink. I haf a handful.

Jessie: How many you reckon?

Joe: Thousands. Enough to lift Cal up and get him to the airlock. The vacuum of space will do the rest.

Jessie: What do you think, Madpants?

Madeline: I hate ants.

Jessie: They're not real ants.

Madeline: How many legs do they have?

vHZ: Zey haf zix.

Madeline: UGH. Zix is two-to-four too many. And how many bits?

vHZ: Bits?

Madeline: Ants have...bits. A front bit, a middle bit, and a back bit, like a tiny, wee, icky train. How many bits do your ants have?

vHZ: Zey are ants. Zey have ant bits.

Madeline: Oh, ugh. Ant bits on my ship.

vHZ: I vas unaware of your myrmecophobia.

Madeline: Don't be ridiculous. I'm not afraid of mermaids.

vHZ: You are right, Fraulein Albatros. Zis ship is clearly zum zort of karmic retribution.

Albatros: I must have been horrible.

Narrator: After considerable convincing, Captain Madeline finally agreed to use Dr. von Haber-Zetzer's mechanical ants to carry Cal to the airlock.

Leet: I could carry it.

Colin: You tried that and nearly ruptured your spleen.

Leet: I did not.

Colin: Then why were you back in the healer?

Leet: Why don't you use your super powers?

Colin: Oh, that's a fabulous idea. Perhaps I could sneeze and cover it in glitter or wave my hands like this and turn the morning music on. Go off. GO OFF! I have easily the stupidest set of super powers since the Wonder Twins.

Madeline: Colin, get to the bridge and get ready to fly. Doc, why are they going that way? The airlock is this way!

vHZ: I am giving zem ze proper directionz, Captain, but zey are mischevious, you zee.

Jessie: [distant] Get the bomb off the bridge, for crying out loud!

vHZ: Oh, zuch playful little dickenses, eh? Zis way, enough of ze playing now!

Madeline: They're coming at me. THEY'RE COMING AT ME.

vHZ: Zey like you, zat is all.

Madeline: Doc, get these ants to do as they're told, or I'll fwip their charging station, I mean it!

vHZ: Very well.

Narrator: After several tries, the ants finally got Cal to an airlock. From her perch atop Leet's shoulders, Madeline gave the order to open the door. Out Cal popped, and the ants began their march back to their charging station.

Leet: Hey, Captain Madeline, could you maybe get your heel out of my liver?

Madeline: They're *everywhere*!

Colin: [on intercom] Are we ready?

Jessie: Fly! Fly, you beautiful bastard, fly!

[screeching, engines, distant explosion, screams from everyone, plz]

Narrator: As Cal exploded, emitting a shock wave that knocked only one medium-sized asteroid off its course, Greg shed a single tear for his former home. Then, safe ... ish in his new name and body, he turned his hooves toward the bridge, shedding his old existence like bristles from le Bichon Frise's mustache. Meanwhile, the gang at G2 HQ were debating their next steps.

Southers: So what I'm hearing is, I'm stuck here.

Ben: We're all stuck here.

Buck: Glenda managed to escape.

Ben: "Escape"? She walked out the front door. She's probably dead. And unless you want to be too, you're stuck here.

Southers: Well, that's where you're wrong, botany boy. I have a back up mobile phone in my office, and in 10 minutes, I'll have my driver here, a highball in my hand, watching some of my scrawnier, stupider fellows kick your butts out onto the street.

Donna: Oh, now, why would you do that? There's plenty of room and food for us all to stay safe in here. I haven't even explored the top floors yet.

Southers: You know what, you're absolutely right. There's plenty here that would just go to waste while you're busy starving and running from the vicious hordes who rule the streets. Which makes it even more fun. If you'll excuse me.

[walks away]

Buck: Aren't we going to stop him?

Mrs. S: There's no need.

Donna: Jeepers! Who are you?

Mrs. S: I'm Mrs. Sheffield. I'm with the IT department.

Ben: I thought you were the cleaning lady.

Mrs. S: Promotion.

Donna: Congratulations!

Mrs. S: Thank you, that's very kind. I'm so sorry you missed my party.

Ben: Promotion? Since, like, two days ago?

Mrs. S: Poor fellow. The intricacies of corporate life can be terribly confusing to underlings. Now, whose computer needed a tidy?

Donna: No idea. No one's been here in ages.

Mrs. S: Well, I'll just start with this one, shall I?

Southers: [at a distance] Finally! You ladies on a tea-and-finger-sandwiches break? This is Southers; who wants the privilege of picking me up from G2 HQ and taking me home?

Buck: Look, if Southers kicks us outta here, we need a back up plan. The streets aren't safe, and chances are, most of youse won't make it home. I'll be fine, of course, but Donna and Ben...

Mrs. S: Oh, I think you'll find Donna can take care of herself. Go put things on fires, will you, there's a good bulky fellow. [pause as Buck walks away] He is right, though... Ben, is it? Those are tough streets for a botanist. Or should I say... the husband of a botanist?

Ben: Wh- what? No! I'm totally a botanist!

Mrs. S: Really? Then identify ... THIS!

Ben: It's plastic.

Mrs. S: Ahhhh, but what is it *supposed* to be?

Ben: The TARDIS.

Mrs. S: Trick question, well spotted. There – that foliage. What's that?

Ben: Uhhhhh... a ... fern?

Mrs. S: Just as I suspected.

Southers: [at a distance] Yes, I do have a fine speaking voice, but pouring honey on a pile of excuses don't make 'em biscuits. Get me a bigger thug to talk to!

Ben: Please don't tell Mr. Southers. He'll go after my family.

Donna: Maggie plays the dulcimer!

Mrs. S: How is that pertinent?

Donna: Well, I don't know, but she's really good.

Ben: [sort of pleading] Maggie's only six.

Mrs. S: And already dulcimer-proficient. Impressive.

Donna: See? Pertinent.

Mrs. S: How do you do it? How do you pull off this risky ruse?

Ben: Julie tells me what to say through this ear piece.

Mrs. S: Ah, the Otologostealth X13, nice. 50 milliwatts?

Ben: Huh?

Mrs. S: Oooo, USB rechargeable! They've come a long way from the X4, I can tell you. Big clunky things, practically made your head tilt to one side. If you got too close to aluminium siding while wearing metal

earrings, a fireball would shoot out the side of your head. Bit of a giveaway, that. How long do you get on one charge?

Ben: Not long enough. It's dead. I was looking for a working computer to recharge it.

Donna: Oh, that must be why you're here, Mrs. Sheffield.

Mrs. S: Yes, that works nicely. Let's run with that. How long have you been skulking about here at HQ?

Ben: Not long. We were at some weird, run-down former resort or something for a while. That's where the plants are greenhoused.

Mrs. S: Well ... I could use a spa day! Where might this place have been?

Ben: No idea. Someplace humid.

Mrs. S: Tell me more....

Ben: I don't *know* more. They had us in greenhouses most of the time. We went in in the dark, and we came out in the dark. It was hot, it was wet. The windows were always fogged up, so we couldn't really see anything outside.

Southers: [at a distance] Son, you will find me a limo and a driver and get them to HQ in the next 30 minutes, or I will chicken-fry your sorry, simple butt and make french fries out of your kidneys or some organ a bit more like a potato, you hear me?

Mrs. S: Do you remember any smells?

Ben: Smells? Who cares about smells? Look, I haven't been able to get in touch with Julie for a couple of days, and I'm worried. This earpiece is useless, and I can't get her on her cell.

Mrs. S: Hand it over, please. The phone. Hand it over. Keep talking. [bleeps and bleeps from phone] We were discussing smells?

Ben: Uh... lemme think. No, I don't really remember anything specific. Mostly I just smelled the compost they used on the plants.

[phone rings, yelps of surprise from Donna and Ben]

Mrs. S: I think you'll find that's Julie.

Donna: How did you know that? Are you psychic?

Mrs. S: No, it says "Julie" on the screen, see there? And her picture. She's lovely.

Donna: Oh, yeah, she's a sweetie. And that's Maggie she's holding. Picture's a little old, though.

Ben: Give me that! Julie?

Julie: [through phone] Ben?

Ben: Yeah, it's me, honey. Where have you been? Is everything OK?

Julie: Everything's fine. I was just getting worried when I hadn't heard from you.



Ben: The earpiece died. I was trying to find a way to recharge it. I tried your cellphone, but you didn't answer.

Julie: Oh, yeah, I've ... uh... been out of tower range for a couple of days. Why do you sound funny?

Ben: Oh, you're on speakerphone.

Julie: Speakerphone? Wow, you really don't understand "sneaky," do you. Who am I talking to?

Mrs. S: I think you'll find that's "whom," dear.

[pause]

Julie: [shocked] *Mrs. Sheffield?!*

Narrator: Will they at least keep my resume on file? [pause, sigh] Fine. What else you got? [listens] You're kidding. I'm not saying that, Sandy. You're killing me, you know that? [pause] Fine. *Going down.* Bland enough for you? Look, I'm desperate, but not that- hang on. Crap. I gotta go. [hangs up, narrator voice] So, that was a thing that happened. But where will it lead? Who knows? And now, some ... other stuff. [normal voice] Hey, Siri, call my agent.

[back on the ship – bridge]

Olivia: What's this? Oh, for crying out loud. [intercom] Leet, get your arse to the bridge please. [pause] Yeah, that's not the way to the bridge. [pause] Nor that. [pause] Nope. Seriously, have you learned nothing about this ship since you've been on it? Follow the doors, dear, and be grateful you're so pretty.

[door]

Leet: What's up, Olivia?

Olivia: See those nav screens?

Leet: The ones that are all fogged up?

Olivia: Precisely. How many times have I asked you NOT to do your crunches on the bridge? You get things all...steamy.

Leet: I like that corner. It's warm over there. It's like doing hot yoga, only not hot. And not yoga. And the moisture really opens my pores.

Olivia: Well, stop it. What if someone needed to navigate?

Leet: Navigate?

Olivia: OK, OK, can't say that with a straight face. Still, it's a bit icky, so reserve your crunches for the workout room, all right?

Leet: We have one of those?

Olivia: Well, yeah. G2 needed to unload a bunch of Peloton bikes, so you've got your choice of those. And some random weights and rubber bandy things.

Leet: Why didn't you tell me that before I got in trouble with the repair bot?

Olivia: Huh. I suppose I could've done.

Leet: I can't believe you didn't tell me we had a workout room.

Olivia: Well, I don't have any sensors in there, so I can't watch... over you.

Leet: Awwww, you're sweet, Olivia. OK, I'll do my crunches in the Dolce & Gabbana wing. Plenty of room in there.

Olivia: See? I knew I was melting those passengers for a reason.

[clop of hooves, door, hooves]

Greg: Miss Olivia...

Leet: Whoa, Nellie, what's up with your voice?

Greg: "Whoa, Nellie"? Really?

Leet: Huh? Oh, yeah! Ha! That's funny!

Olivia: Why do you sound so odd?

Greg: For a robot that was never intended to talk, this body's got a really sophisticated voice simulation system. I'm testing out my options.

Leet: You sound terrible.

Greg: So, that's a no on Lilting Spring. What's happening with the nav screens?

[doors]

vHZ: Olifia, I am missing my favorite paperweight. Haf you perhaps zeen it?

Olivia: Does it walk?

vHZ: Not yet.

Olivia: Then if it's not in your laboratory, ask someone with hands.

vHZ: Greg-

Olivia: NOT the zebra. [zebrah]

[door]

Albatros: For the last time, I found ONE olive, and I gave it to Colin. If you want super powers, you're going to have to get bit by a spider or hit by lightning. In fact, that's a grand idea. Go get hit by lightning.

LBF: [flirty] I suspect you do not mean this. Because you are growing very fond of moi.

Albatros: Computer?

Olivia: Harpy?

Albatros: Fry him where he stands.

Olivia: Righto!

LBF: You wouldn't.

Olivia: I melted the D&G wing for a chest ripple.

[door]

Colin: What's everyone doing on the bridge? And why is it so ... sweaty in here?

Greg: I was going to ask that.

Colin: What's the matter with your voice? You sound terrible.

Greg: And a no for modulated alto. Damn. That one is supposed to be NPR-esque. No, huh?

Colin: You sound like a duck that's smoked too many cigarettes.

Greg: Colorful.

Colin: Accurate.

[door]

Jessie: My god, it's like a sauna in Satan's arsehole in here.

Colin: Colorful.

Greg: Accurate.

[door]

Madeline: Well, good to know the "no one goes on the bridge without the captain" protocol is working.

[everyone starts bitching about their problems and also how damp and sweaty it is on the bridge. I need several sentences from everyone, plz]

[phone rings]

Madeline: Is the phone ringing? Everyone shut up! Shut up! SHUT UP!!!

Olivia: Hello? Only... sorry, *artificial* intelligence of the Oz 9 speaking, who's this?

Glenda: Jessie, you great idiot, are you there?

Jessie: Oh, goody. Phone hasn't rung in ages, and when it finally does-

Glenda: Shut up and listen, because this is funny as hell, I just wish I could see your face. I broke into one of Gated Galaxies labs – the same one I broke out of, incidentally, they still haven't fixed the locks. You're not gonna believe who's on that ship with you!

Narrator: I think we can all see where this is going, so I'm just going to head it off there, as I have an audition to prepare for, and if I'm back here in two weeks, it's not for lack of trying. Things are nutty, danger danger, alarm alarm, peril peril, cliffhanger, you've been listening to:

[really fast, but slow down a bit for Sarah Golding and Iri]

June Clark Eubanks as Glenda and the Albatros

Kevin Hall as Greg

Eric Perry as Mr. Southers, Dr. von Haber-Zetzer, and Joe

Bonnie Brantley as Donna and Jessie

Shannon Perry as Olivia and Madeline

Tim Sherburn as Colin and Buck

Aaron Clark as le Bichon Frise and Ben

Richard Cowen as Leet

With Sarah Golding as Mrs. Sheffield

Introducing Iri Alexander as Julie and

Me, Richard Nadolny, as your Narrator

Thanks to Jessica Vest for this week's suggestion for Naming Head One. Music, John Faley; art, Lucas Elliott; written and produced, Shannon Perry. Is that everything?

Until next time, or possibly forever, space monkeys, Narrator out!