

Happy Hollandaise, from Oz 9

Narrator: Despite the ships having launched only a few weeks ago in spring, it's somehow the holiday season aboard the Oz 9. Which may be due to either the wormhole or the fact that the barely sentient rutabegas crewing this ship really can't count. In any event, it was decided that those awake aboard the Oz 9 needed a holiday – NOT Halloween – and celebrations would ensue. So, all the turkeys were pardoned, obviously, because here they all are. Gifts were exchanged – le Bichon Frise, for example, gave everyone a card granting “one free pass from death by nasal irrigation” – and songs were sung beneath a festive chain of Leet's missing shirts. Which then promptly went missing again.

Leet: Not even one?

Olivia: It's not my fault. Probably some mad pod-zombie made off with them and is building a nest. A sweet, Leet-scented, cozy little chest nest with plaid wallpaper

Colin: Computer!

Olivia: All right, all right, enough bellowing. What's happened now?

Colin: I hiccuped again.

Olivia: Oh for- Hang on.

[sound of fire extinguisher]

Olivia: Could you maybe eat a bit slower? We're running out of silly string.

Colin: Or perhaps Dr. von Heebie Jeebies could figure out how to fix me!

VHZ: Why would I do that, my boy? You thawed out the frozen Christmas ham in under a minute!

Jessie: And completely destroyed the crew room!

VHZ: Yes, well, I'm not saying some control wouldn't be a delightful addendum to this process, but you must admit that for the thawing of the meats, Colin's lasers were much more effective, and dare I say hygienic than Leet's armpit method, hmmm?

Colin: Armpit method? There's an armpit method?

Jessie: Yeah. And who's been getting his meals from Leet all along, hey?

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

Jessie/VHZ/Olivia: NO!

VHZ: Please no, my boy. The 778 repairbot is still trying to patch the last hole, four decks down... What is your stomach made of that it can contain such substances?

Colin: Is it my fault the computer's idea of a holiday gift is to turn off gravity?

Olivia: Come on, it was fun!

Leet: It *was* fun! Bumping into Colin and sending him whizzing down the hallways...

Colin: It took me 45 minutes of air swimming to get back, and then you did it AGAIN. TWICE.

Leet: Well, yeah. That's why it was fun!

Colin: It was fun for *you* people – you didn't go spinning in mad circles every time you sneezed.

Jessie: Oh, and here I thought you sneezing, then spinning and screaming and ping ponging down the corridors was your holiday gift to us!

Leet: I liked the part where he drifted past the airlock and Olivia made the sound of the door opening.

Jessie: The look on his face!

VHZ: That was rather priceless. And through it all your martini survived; some day you really must let me take a closer look at that so-mysterious substance.

Leet: Besides, for someone as densely muscled as me, zero gravity is kinda nice.

Joe: Yeah, says you. You got any idea how hard it is to scrub your giant shoeprints off the ceiling?

Olivia: Oh, all right, Willy Wonka, simmer down. And you, no more upchucking until we find an antidote.

Jessie: Can't you do some sort of analysis of Joe's mop and figure out why it's the only thing that doesn't dissolve?

Colin: Could we possibly change the subject now?

Olivia: Hang on.

Leet: What's happening, Olivia?

Olivia: Cargo bay 7. Door's just opened. What's that about?

Madeline: [on intercom] Crew to Cargo Bay 7, please. [intercom off/on] Yes, Colin, that includes you. [intercom off/on] But only if your stomach's settled.

Narrator: No one really knows how many Cargo Bays there are on the Oz 9. In fact, no one's really sure how many *rooms* there are. Even Olivia doesn't know the full measure of the ship, only that it's very *very* big, and some corners are best left unexplored. The random numbering system doesn't help; there are four Cargo Bay 7s, for example. This means efficient navigation on the 9 is nearly impossible, and the fact that Olivia leads the crew on different paths nearly every time they go anywhere doesn't help. In the end, they arrive at the same Cargo Bay 7 Madeline is in with no idea how they got there, which, one can only assume, is exactly what Olivia intended.

Albatros: I was just sitting down to review more of my memory films, computer; I hope this is important.

Colin: Memory films? Why would you do that?

Albatros: To remember more about my husband, of course. So that I can properly mourn him. So far, I've only caught fleeting glimpses of his face, blurry and indistinct.

Olivia: That could be the martinis.

Albatros: I beg your pardon, computer?

LBF: Such a tragedy to have the life snatched away so young.

Colin: Very young.

LBF: Should you require a strong and manly shoulder for the weeping on, I have... two. And I am quite used to sloppy nose mucus.

Albatros: What an utterly graceless offer. I appreciate the sentiment, but I feel no need or desire to weep. Nor would I want to have to find a stepladder should I decide I want to cry after all.

LBF: Well, if you change your mind, you know where to find these manly shoulders. Just below and on either side of my neck.

Albatros: Yes, thank you for the clarification.

Colin: It's fascinating, isn't it?

Jessie: Horrific, you mean. And yet, I can't drag my eyeballs away.

Leet: Aw, come on, they're kind of cute together.

Madeline: Would anyone like to know why we're all here?

Head 1: Aw, yeah, sure, *all* of us, except of course, you forgot two.

Jessie: One and a half.

Head 1: TWO.

Cal: Three, actually.

Jessie: Whoa! Where's Cal? That didn't sound like the intercom.

Emily: It isn't. We've established a permanent comms link so he can shellfish

Cal/Head 1: Share

Emily: my audio, visual, and oral sensory and communications devices.

Leet: So you're in Emily's head?

Cal: Sort of. And Miss Olivia, you did leave a right mess of things in here.

Olivia: They tried to fwip Leet. You're lucky the head you're sharing isn't looking straight up that repair bot's ass.

Cal: Point taken. And I do appreciate being mobile, more or less, even if the accommodations are a bit... unkempt.

Madeline: Sorry about that, Cal. Is there anything we can do? Stick an Allen wrench in Emily's ear, maybe?

Jessie: Ok, first, you know Cal isn't actually in there, and second, HE'S A BOMB. Why the hell are you apologizing to the thing that wants to kill us all?

Madeline: He doesn't *want* to. Do you, Cal?

LBF: Of course he wants to! He is created for death! He is a Destroyer, like moi....

Jessie: You know, you say that, but the only thing I've seen you destroy so far is a sandwich.

LBF: Ah, but that sandwich will not be talking, will it?

Jessie: I... talking?... what?

LBF: Exactement!

Albatros: Ah, yes, that lovely moment when you know you're making sense and he's an idiot, and yet, he still clearly thinks he's won.

VHZ: So, there is this very big, slightly smoking, faintly ticking box which we are all standing around. Perhaps it is the reason we are here?

Madeline: Oh, yeah. First, did anyone order anything?

[murmuring – I don't think I did. I can't remember. I was drunk on the Internet the other night. Ooo, maybe it's my shirts! It's not your shirts.]

Colin: How did it get on board? Did you have to sign for it?

Madeline: No, that's what's so weird. The cargo bay doors just opened on their own, like they were expecting it.

Jessie: Is this why Prime is so expensive?

Leet: What do you think is in there? It's big enough for an elephant! Oooo, maybe it's zebras! Like, four zebras stacked two and two!

Albatros: Stacked zebras. You think someone sent us stacked zebras.

Leet: Well, it's not wide enough for them to stand side by side.

LBF: Perhaps it was sent by the Assassins Guild?

Albatros: Don't be ridiculous. If Lady Trout sent this, we'd all be dead already. Or wishing we were.

VHZ: There is a very clever, very scientific way of determining the contents of this box. As long as it's not a cat – we can't seem to figure out what to do with that one.

Madeline: So what do we do?

VHZ: We open it, my dear.

Jessie: Oh, no, I don't think that's a good idea. Have you ever had a good surprise aboard the Oz 9?

VHZ: Yes, of course!

[pause]

VHZ: This was, I am hoping, a rhetorical sort of question.

Jessie: That's what I thought. A captain I know got an unmarked package too, and it was full of some strange creatures that practically destroyed his ship. What were they called? Widdershins?

Cal: Tribbles?

Jessie: No, hang on... children. That was it.

Albatros: Oh, for heaven's sake, either open it or send it back out the airlock.

LBF: No! Do not fwip it! What if it is full of zebras?

Colin: What if it's a bomb?

Cal: Why would they send another one?

Colin: In case you're the dud we all hope you are, of course! No offense.

Cal: None taken. Well, maybe a little. I don't know. I'm conflicted.

LBF: I have a suggestion. Which you would be foolish to ignore because it is a very good one and I am very clever to have thought of it and also I thought of it first.

VHZ: So much with the bibble babbling ...

LBF: FINE. We have here a metallic friend who is indestructible, no? The soft and squishy peoples — and also me — can go through the door and watch on the little televisions while the metal man or mens or peoples *whatever* open the box.

Head 1: Hey, now; let's take a minute and think this through. "Indestructible" might be pushing it a bit...

Olivia: I'm game. Humans and ... the ... ehh... human-adjacent through the doors, please.

Albatros: Yes, with Joe on board, the definition of "human" has become a bit slipperier, hasn't it?

Olivia: Yes, *Joe's* the not-really-human one I was concerned about just then.

Madeline: Olivia.....

Olivia: All right, Emily and... the other one, open the crate slowly, and at the first sign of trouble, I'll open the airlock.

LBF: Not if there are zebras.

Leet: Hey, back off the zebras, Frenchie. They're mine. And I get to name them!

LBF: Do you mean the individual zebras, or the whole species?

Leet: The species, duh.

LBF: And what name are you planning to give them?

Leet: Well, I was thinking, since they're horse-shaped and they've got black and white stripes, maybe... zebra?

LBF: This makes sense.

Madeline: Boys?

LBF: Oui?

Leet: Yes?

Madeline: Merry Christmas.

LBF: Ah, merci!

Leet: Awww, thanks, Captain Madeline.

Madeline: Now shut up.

Emily: I believe we have sufficiently loosened the side and can open the this is horsecrap why are we doing this and not Leet.

[pause]

Emily: I meant crate.

Colin: It's full of plague. Or explosives. Or – my god – more fugu!

Jessie: Gently, boys. Geeeeeentllyyyyyyyyy.

LBF: What is it? Can you see? Can I kill it?

Albatros: Remove your elbow from my face or you'll be drawing back a woble.

LBF: What is this woble?

Albatros: An elbow. Backwards. Understand?

LBF: Oh. Ouch.

Leet: Be a zebra, be a zebra, be a zebra.

[creak of crate opening]

Everyone: What is it?

Emily: It's empty.

Head 1: No, no, now wait there. I see something right at the back. Can't tell what it is, though. Looks... ominous.

[pause]

Cal: Not going to learn anything out here, my metal chaperone. Shall we gird our loins and head on in?

Head 1: Risk life and limb for a thankless crew? Yeah, that sounds like a refreshing change.

Cal: You are a genuine hero, metal man.

Head 1: Well, now. That's, uh... That's mighty kind of you. Right. Heading in.

Emily: I don't remember agreeing. Fine. With me!

Madeline: Well? What the hell is it?

Head 1: It's an envelope.

Jessie: A massive huge crate with nothing in it but an envelope. Yep. Definitely Amazon.

Madeline: Is there bubble wrap?

Albatros: What are you waiting for? Open it!

Colin: It's a check.

Olivia: How do you know that? He ain't opened it yet.

Leet: Duh, because he has super powers.

Colin: No, duh, because I'm a toff.

Head 1: He's uuuhhhhh, right there.

Emily: There's a card as well. You know, you can probably come back in now.

Madeline: Oh, yeah, I guess we can.

[door opens, they return]

LBF: Are you sure there is nothing else? No pins, no pretty drawings of us from that Lucas Elliott fellow, no traveling to conferences or new microphones? Noolives?

Albatros: That's the miracle of a check. It's all those things in one slim slip of paper.

Cal: What does the card say?

Head 1: Ehhhh, "Happy Holidays with love from your patrons and supporters."

Leet: [from inside the crate] Hey, guys?

LBF: What the hell's a patron?

Madeline: I don't know. Colin?

Colin: No clue.

Leet: Guys, this thing has a fake wall. There's something else in here.

Jessie: How do you reckon we should spend it?

LBF: This is easy! Chocolate! And weapons.....

Albatros: Don't be ridiculous. Who needs chocolate?

Olivia: I dunno, how about *we fix the engines?* Random thought.

Jessie: I wonder if we could send our laundry back in this crate....

Cal: Could we maybe stretch to turning up the heat in my room?

Leet: Something's moving in there. I can hear it. Hang on, I think I found the latch.

LBF: So, are we a definite no on the chocolate?

Madeline: The ship could definitely use some new equipment.

Jessie: I'll say. The ejaculax is f-

VHZ: I needed the parts!

Madeline: Donna said a couple of guys moved into the burned-out husk of the Oz 13 that never got off the ground, and one of them doesn't have pants. We could send him some pants.

Jessie: I hope you mean trousers.

Albatros: I really think we should discuss weapons.

Olivia: It's the holidays!

Albatros: And what's more festive than really powerful explosives?

Cal: Well, thank you kindly, Miss. I do try to keep the holiday spirit.

Leet: Yes yes yes yes yes!!! Woo hooooo!!!! Thank you, patrons!!!

[clap clap clap]

Narrator: As Leet attempts to feed his robotic zebra, the cast of Oz 9 would like to join me in saying "thank you" to our patrons and all our supporters. We truly appreciate your financial support, your reviews, your conversations with us on the Cast Junkie discord server and on social media, and your sharing your love of our goofy show with others. You make this not only possible but a joy, so thank you and very happy holidays!

[list of patrons]

You've been listening to:

Bonnie Brantley as Jessie

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

Richard Cowen as Leet

Tim Sherburn as Colin and Emily

Aaron Clark as le Bichon Frise

June Clark Eubanks as the Albatros

Kevin Hall as Cal

Shannon Perry as Madeline and Olivia, and

Me, Richard Nadolny as your Narrator.

Our music is by John Faley; our artwork by Lucas Elliott. Oz 9 is written and produced by Shannon Perry.

A very happy holidays to you, space monkeys. Narrator out.