

Oz 9 episode 93: A Midsummer Morning After  
by Shannon Perry

OZ 9 MIDSUMMER THE MORNING AFTER

**Some waking-up grumbling from Theo, Julie, Pipi, and Colin.**

NARRATOR

1           Our ship is sailing perilously near a  
          star, its rays attempting and mostly  
          failing to penetrate the dark, dank  
          miasma of the bioswamp. But we might  
          as well call it "morning."

N2

2           And in that vast and wretched swamp,  
          six characters awake: two fae, two  
          fond, two friends.

NARRATOR

3           And one zebra, but more on him in a  
          minute. Start we first with friends.  
          Hang on: Is that Shakespeare-y? "Start  
          we first"? Cause I feel like we're  
          veering into Yoda territory here.

N2

4           I'm just going with it. They awake,  
          head to head, their faces damp with  
          drool and words pres't on their cheeks  
          from falling asleep on Dr. Theo's open  
          manuscript.

NARRATOR

5           At least they are on the same page at  
          last. Each with half a story started  
          or completed on the other's cheek.

N2

6           In the night did Olivia drip milk of  
          mushroom in each one's eye; honestly,  
          I'm not sure why.

SFX: rustle of movement

COLIN

7           Oh, good morrow.

JULIE

8           Heya.

COLIN

9           (laughs) I would ask if you slept  
          well, though in truth, tis writ plain

upon your face.

JULIE

10 (laughs) Yours too, though the words  
are upside down. Twas a topsy-turvy  
night, for certain.

COLIN

11 Indeed! It's well Dr. Theo's ink is  
less weighty than his thoughts or  
neither of us could raise our heads  
from his pillow.

SFX: Thunk of book closing. They chuckle together.

JULIE

12 Such strange dreams had I, of fairy  
folks and mist and fog and something  
to do with mushrooms.

COLIN

13 Tis the same with me! Also, my eyes  
are watering something fierce.

JULIE

14 Right? What the hell is that about?  
(pause) I must admit, such a restful  
night I have not had in many moons,  
despite the circus in my head.

COLIN

15 And I the same. I recline upon a bed  
of moss and the bedclothes are mine  
own clothes, filthy and more full of  
needles than a octupuses' knitting  
circle, yet I slept as sound as a  
well-fed babe.

JULIE

16 And I! I suspect I slept well for such  
good company had I, to sleep safe  
knowing a friend was near.

COLIN

17 Same. My dreams were all a tumult, yet  
I awake as refresh't as though I slept  
a week away.

OLIVIA

18 Oh, for god's sake, fine, you both had  
a great night. You're welcome, you're

done, bugger off.

19 DR. VON HABER ZETZER  
Imp, you are too hasty! Let us enjoy  
the fruits of our labors!

20 OLIVIA  
"Our"? There's no "our" here, mate,  
that was all me.

21 DR. VON HABER ZETZER  
'Twas mine idea.

22 OLIVIA  
Oh yeah, and did your "idea" run all  
around this swamp, sticking its head  
in burrows and digging around in muck  
looking for a stupid flower that's not  
even here, eh? Did it? Thought not.

23 DR. VON HABER ZETZER  
Ach, whatever. Thou art not a morning  
sprite, are you?

24 JULIE  
Ooooo, look at the sundial, is that  
the time? I must away and tend to the  
alligrets. Though the big bad plant is  
a dutiful nursemaid to the babes, I  
prefer to perform my duties before he  
awakes.

25 COLIN  
I do wish to see how they grow, for so  
charming and merchandisable art they.  
May I assist you in your tasks?

26 JULIE  
Really? I'd be most grateful! There  
are a lot of them, and nippy art they  
when hungry. The last of them are  
ready to fledge; mayhaps thou hast  
some tips for the really stupid ones?

27 COLIN  
With pleasure. Fair friend well met,  
lead the way!

SFX: They exit, walking.

DR. VON HABER ZETZER  
28 Well done, sprite! Those two are as  
firm in friendship as I could wish.  
Behold! Here waketh the ship's second  
best physician. And his lady love  
sleeps nearby, hanging from the bough  
above his head.

DR. THEO  
29 (yawns, stretches, startled) Oh! Good  
morn!

**Pipi:** occasionally cough and try to clear your throat. Not a  
lot, just enough to let us know a bit of mushroom is caught.

PIPISTRELLE  
30 (a little sleepy, also startled) Good  
morrow, Doctor! Whence came you here?  
I knew not you slept below me!

DR. THEO  
31 Nor I that you perched above. Your  
hair doth hang low enough to tickle my  
face, yet it woke me not. In truth I  
dreamed of soft caresses, as from a  
mother's hand.

PIPISTRELLE  
32 Mother, huh?

DR. THEO  
33 (flustered) Well, lover's actually,  
but I thought twas better to give  
credit to a mom in such modest  
company.

PIPISTRELLE  
34 Oh, Dr. Theo, when hath "modesty" ever  
done a maiden useful service? Tis an  
idea older than the sun and about as  
much fun to be stuck in. Let passion  
swallow modesty as an owl swallows a  
mouse. Let it chase modesty away as I  
do chase and devour the lacewings and  
flies of May!

DR. THEO  
35 (cautiously optimistic) What sayest  
thou, exactly?

PIPISTRELLE

36        Could I be more plain, physician?  
          Perhaps what'er lodges in mine throat  
          allows only frippery and foolishness  
          by and blocks all else from passing.  
          For I would speak of love.

DR. THEO

37        Yeah, you're gonna have to be super  
          clear here.

OLIVIA

38        Oh, for god's sake. When's *his*  
          mushroom gonna kick in?

DR. VON HABER ZETZER

39        Did I not warn you to skip the time-  
          release capsules?

OLIVIA

40        There were FIVE PEOPLE getting doused  
          last night. YOU figure out the timing.

PIPISTRELLE

41        Dr. Theo, I know thou art possessed of  
          a strange power-

DR. THEO

42        Tis true, I do - mmmph! (he tries to  
          talk, but can't)

SFX: **Dr. Theo** trying to speak but failing. Lots of *mmmphs* and  
so on.

OLIVIA

43        Oh yeah. There we go.

DR. VON HABER ZETZER

44        What potion is this?

OLIVIA

45        *Emmenanthe penduliflora*. Otherwise  
          known as "whispering bells." Turns out  
          our version don't even allow for  
          whispering. I really must remember  
          where I found those....

PIPISTRELLE

46        Struck dumb, art thou? My my. Our Dr.  
          Theo, lost for words. Well, I shall  
          find thy tongue again.

SFX: Kissing.

PIPISTRELLE CONT

47               Lips, good Dr. Theo, may be used for  
                 other purposes than speech, eh?

**Dr. Theo** tries to speak, finally gets his mouth open again.

DR. THEO

48               I have wasted mine on words, tis  
                 clear.

SFX: more kissing.

DR. VON HABER ZETZER

49               Oooof, kissing really is awkward on  
                 audio only.

OLIVIA

50               It ain't just audio.

PIPISTRELLE

51               I have wished to taste these lips a  
                 while.

DR. THEO

52               You have opened mine eyes along with  
                 my mouth, fair Pipistrelle. Why didst  
                 thou tarry so long in the telling?

PIPISTRELLE

53               Tis thy magic, Dr. Theo. I trusted not  
                 my own heart's longings. Nor could I  
                 take the measure of yours.

DR. THEO

54               I cannot speak to your heart, Pipi,  
                 but I know mine own is as much a bat  
                 as the object of its affections, for  
                 when you are near, it does as many  
                 swoops and loops and swirls and flies  
                 as high to chase the winds. When you  
                 are by my side, there is as much  
                 flutter in my chest as in thy wings.

PIPISTRELLE

55               Then fly away with me, and let us make  
                 the moon blush and cover her face with  
                 clouds o'er our saucy talk.

DR. THEO  
56 Fly, fairest night-blooming flower — I  
follow!

SFX: They exit, him running, her flapping.

DR. VON HABER ZETZER  
57 Olifia-

OLIVIA  
58 Hang on, just need to finish heaving  
in the bushes. Ugh. Human love is  
icky.

DR. VON HABER ZETZER  
59 Sprite, it strikes me I have been  
deprived of some amusement. Were not  
the lovers meant first to seek the  
wrong mates in befuddlement and  
confusion?

OLIVIA  
60 I prefer not to puck it up, if you  
catch me.

DR. VON HABER ZETZER  
61 Not at all.

OLIVIA  
62 Never mind. Wanna see your Queen fall  
in love with a zebra?

DR. VON HABER ZETZER  
63 A zebra? What's funny about a zebra?

OLIVIA  
64 Oy. It's the best I can do on short  
notice, mate. Besides, she already  
fell for an ass.

DR. VON HABER ZETZER  
65 Hath she? Damn! I missed it!

OLIVIA  
66 No, you didn't. The zebra is over  
there behind ... whatever the hell  
that is. Give him a nudge, will you?

DR. VON HABER ZETZER  
67 Here lies the object of my lady's  
affections, though neither know it



yet. Wakey wakey, good fellow.

68                   GREG  
(yawning, waking)

69                   DR. VON HABER ZETZER  
Now wake you her, Olifia, quickly!

SFX: electric zap

70                   MRS SHEFFFIELD  
Ouch!

71                   OLIVIA  
Oooo, that static cling is a bitch,  
ain't it?

72                   MRS SHEFFFIELD  
Thought I a moment my lord's favorite  
little pucker did zap me from my  
slumbers, but now I see twas my own  
heart. What manner of man art thou,  
who are more comely of face and  
graceful of limb than any fae?

73                   GREG  
Beg pardon?

74                   MRS SHEFFFIELD  
Your voice wafts on the breeze to my  
ear a lilting lullaby.

75                   DR. VON HABER ZETZER  
(snorts) See how my lady doth dote  
upon the beast! The zebra is well  
clothed in stripes, for sure he is a  
prisoner now!

76                   OLIVIA  
Oooo, a prison full of affection and  
treats and someone to share your life  
with. However will he survive?

77                   DR. VON HABER ZETZER  
Suck not the fun from my pranks,  
sprite.

78                   GREG  
I do sing, actually; wouldst thou like  
to hear?

79 MRS SHEFFIELD  
I wait upon thy warble, my love, but  
Oz 9 tis not a musical, at least not  
yet, so save thee thy "hey nonny  
nonnies" for now. Talk to me and let  
me stroke thy lovely if anatomically  
incorrect mane. Thou art a pretty  
fellow.

80 GREG  
Hapst thou to fall in a mushroom patch  
with thy mouth open, lady?

81 MRS SHEFFIELD  
Nay, thou art not so unloveable that  
only hallucinogens render thee  
palatable! Faith, thou art a tasty  
stallion as would make many a mare  
merry.

82 GREG  
Thou hast found the psilocybins, I  
see. Strooth, I thought I'd tucked  
those well away from sight or smell.

83 MRS SHEFFIELD  
Such a modest beast. Lie thee here and  
sleep awhile until thy mind comes  
aright.

84 GREG  
Zebras sleep standing up.

85 MRS SHEFFIELD  
Ah. Ok. Uhhhhhhh, carest thou for a  
sweet? Duckweed! (pause) DUCKWEED!!

86 DUCKWEED  
(hungover) Here, my lady.

87 MRS SHEFFIELD  
Oh, lord. Hath thou been at the swamp  
hooch again? Thou lookst as rough as  
Albert's hide.

88 GREG  
And twice as green.

89 DUCKWEED  
Ay. Might you send another to do your  
bidding?

(Duckweed makes gagging noises throughout Mrs S's lines)

MRS SHEFFIELD

90       Nay, for you know the pools where the  
oysterish things hide and how to  
harvest that fuzzy-skinned fruit that  
smells of bacon without getting its  
slime on thy face. Only you know how  
to follow the rise and the fall of the  
egrets' flight, uuup and doooooown and  
uuuuuup and doooooown to fly with them  
and harvest a guano-laden nest for his  
soup.

DUCKWEED

91       'Scuse me.

GREG

92       I fear your friend doth fertilize the  
flowers. What exactly is "guano..."?

MRS SHEFFIELD

93       Oh for- Wooly Sedge!

WOOLY SEDGE

94       (also hungover) Aye, Mistress.

MRS SHEFFIELD

95       You too, eh?

WOOLY SEDGE

96       Blame Lily o' the Water; she had a  
line in on some top-shelf hootch.

MRS SHEFFIELD

97       And the twin tails, both horse and  
cat?

WOOLY SEDGE

98       Their tails were truly kicked, my  
lady, and are now tucked firm between  
their legs.

MRS SHEFFIELD

99       Go and find thee some dark hole to  
hide in, along with your surly  
sisters, till thou art once more  
civil. I shall tend to my love myself.

SFX: Two shimmers as Wooly and Duckweed exit.

100                   GREG  
Tend to your what now?

101                   MRS SHEFFIELD  
Sssssh, my equine inamorato. Rest  
here, and I shall bring the world to  
you.

102                   GREG  
Am I yet asleep? Do I dream? In what  
sweet world doth a fairy queen as rich  
in beauty and kindness as any earthly  
queen is rich in gold dote on such a  
rough and ragged beast as me?

103                   MRS SHEFFIELD  
Nay, I'll have no one speak ill of my  
love, not even himself. Let me stop  
thy mouth with kisses and sweetmeats  
until thy temper turns.

104                   DR. VON HABER ZETZER  
Wow. Never didst she do thus for me.

105                   OLIVIA  
How often did you call her "rich in  
beauty and kindness"?

106                   DR. VON HABER ZETZER  
Every year on her birthday! Like  
clockwork!

107                   OLIVIA  
Look, doc, I'm not one for the squishy  
stuff either, but is it possible you  
could do a bit better? In deed, if not  
in word?

108                   DR. VON HABER ZETZER  
Bring her flowers, you mean? Why? She  
is surrounded by them, magic ones that  
do her bidding!

109                   OLIVIA  
Dude. When's the last time you cooked?  
Or washed a load of wings or scrubbed  
her lily pad or fetched her a rare  
magical ingredient from -

110                   DR. VON HABER ZETZER  
(interrupting) Ok, Ok, thou hast made

thy point. And shoved it in my kidneys  
and twisted it a few times.

SFX: Shimmers as Horse- and Cattail appear.

HORSETAIL

111 Good morrow, Mistress. Might I have  
leave to chop mine own head off and  
replace it with an old radish? T'would  
be less... spicy.

CATTAIL

112 And I to carve out my stomach and  
borrow another from a long-haired cat,  
fond of licking, for t'would cause  
fewer dry heavings than I had this  
morn.

MRS SHEFFIELD

113 Oh, my foolish fae, come near and lie  
thee down. And bring a bucket, just in  
case.

HORSETAIL

114 Thou aren't as cross as mine eyes that  
refuse to focus?

CATTAIL

115 Thou aren't as full of spleen as ....  
ehhh....

MRS SHEFFIELD

116 Waiting....

CATTAIL

117 A splenectomy surgeon's wastebin?

GREG

118 Ew.

CATTAIL

119 Yet, thou must admit, I pulled it out.

GREG

120 Can't disagree.

MRS SHEFFIELD

121 Thy heads and stomachs punish thee  
enough. Help me feed this fellow with  
grapes and buns and fetch some mulled  
wine if thou can'st keep from barfing.

122 GREG  
Got any grass?

123 HORSETAIL  
Shall I roll thee a fattie?

124 CATTAIL  
Thy wine, sir.

125 GREG  
Ladies, never had I such a feast nor  
such pleasant company to share it.  
What service may I do you?

126 MRS SHEFFIELD  
Nay, love; tis not a transaction. You  
need give no tat in return for our-

127 GREG  
(interrupting any time after "tat")  
But I want to show thee my  
appreciation. Such kindness as thou  
hast rendered me, I wouldst return in  
kind.

**"Awwwww" etc. from Mrs S. and the fairies.**

128 MRS SHEFFIELD  
I know thou art a zebra, but in truth,  
thou art also a dear.

129 GREG  
I see what thou didst there.

**Giggles and small chatter from all.**

130 DR. VON HABER ZETZER  
Well, that's just rude.

131 OLIVIA  
He's way better at this than you are.

132 DR. VON HABER ZETZER  
Ach, liebchen, what flower's nectar  
might I drip in her eye to remind her  
she loves me best?

133 OLIVIA  
Look, idiot: no flower power needed.  
She already loves you for reasons I  
will never fathom. Just do better by

her. No more unauthorized "lute strumming," for starters. Show her some appreciation. Wipe out a bowl made from an acorn from time to time, all right? Maybe pass the rushes across the floor once in a while?

134 DR. VON HABER ZETZER  
Surely tis not so simple.

135 OLIVIA  
I don't think it has to be hard. Also, and this is a biggie: no more spells or potions. No one ever won fair hearts by playing foul.

136 DR. VON HABER ZETZER  
Hokay. Release my lady from your spell.

137 OLIVIA  
Oh, now it's MY spell, is it? "Go unleash the magic dragon, Olivia, and be sure to tell her you're responsible for 12 hours of supernatural gaslighting." That'll go over well.

138 DR. VON HABER ZETZER  
Oh, just do it. I have things to do. Byeeeeee.

SFX: Dr vHZ shimmers off.

139 OLIVIA  
You owe me.

140 MRS SHEFFIELD  
Oh, come, Olivia. You enjoyed that.

141 GREG  
Thou mayst cease thy stroking of my mane for the King hath buggered off.

142 MRS SHEFFIELD  
Very well, but tis lovely and soft. In faith, thy merch should be jumping off the shelves.

143 GREG  
Strooth, sayest me something I don't know.

HORSETAIL

144           You owe me as well!

CATTAIL

145           And me!

SFX: Two shimmers as Wooly Sedge and Duckweed return.

DUCKWEED

146           And me!

WOOLY SEDGE

147           And me! Though I'm willing to work out  
a merry exchange. Maybe a sheep?

MRS SHEFFIELD

148           You all shalt have your recompense for  
surely you didst play your parts well.  
So guilty doth my king feel, I wager  
he is e'en now at work tidying my home  
and emptying my dishwasher. Ten to one  
I wakest tomorrow to cinnamon rolls in  
bed.

GREG

149           How long do you imagine his better  
reason will prevail? What if he return  
to wenching? Or knaving, come to that.

WOOLY SEDGE

150           Then shall we play a new trick! Such  
japes and tomfoolery, pranks and jibes  
wilt there be!

MRS SHEFFIELD

151           Dialest it back, Wooly Sedge. Thy head  
is like thy name: half full of wool.

WOOLY SEDGE

152           (giggles) Wait...

MRS SHEFFIELD

153           Come, my fairies. Come, Wooly Sedge;  
come, Duckweed; follow, Cattail and  
Horsetail. Let us quit this place for  
surely tis as rancid as old cheese  
long forgot in an inside pocket of  
former Captain Jessie's spacesuit.

SFX: Lots of shimmers as they depart.



NARRATOR

154           Thus, like a toilet flushed, the  
              bioswamp doth empty its contents out  
              of sight and with much relief.

N2

155           So now what?

NARRATOR

156           Hoped I we might have exited the  
              wormhole by now and return'ed to our  
              familiar selves.

N2

157           Yet thou speakest still as one who  
              spells "old" with an e at the end.

NARRATOR

158           Indeed. Hmmm. Well. Sayest thou  
              "meanwhile," and see what happens.

N2

159           Meanstwhile....

THE CAPTAINS' BRIDGE

DR. VON HABER ZETZER

160           Tonight are many hearts healed, and I  
              would celebrate love's triumph.  
              Personally, I'd celebrate with a wee  
              romp betwixt the sheets, but tis not  
              yet the hour for nooky nooky.

MRS SHEFFIELD

161           Aye, nor hath thou yet earned thy  
              place upon my pillows.

DR. VON HABER ZETZER

162           Just to clarify, when you say "my  
              pillows..."

MRS SHEFFIELD

163           Can it, Cupid.

DR. THEO

164           How shall we wear away the hours? What  
              merriment can fill the idle time till  
              tis meet to seek the comfort of the  
              bedchamber?

PIPISTRELLE

165 I do fancy an eve of bawdy theater and  
chill.

JULIE

166 Why stallest thou? Art thee not grown?  
Canst thee not make thine own  
decisions to nooky or no?

COLIN

167 I'faith, unless thou whet thy  
appetites with waiting, set to!

DR. THEO

168 They have a point.

PIPISTRELLE

169 I'm down.

**Giggling**, they depart.

COLIN

170 Soooooo..... what of thou?

JULIE

171 I couldst eat.

COLIN

172 And I couldst drink. Actually, I know  
a good bar, if you don't mind ghosts.

JULIE

173 Doth the bartender make a gimlet worth  
the tippie?

COLIN

174 Ay, and strong, so thou may well  
tippiest over at the finish.

JULIE

175 And wilt thou be my wing man?

COLIN

176 No man is better prepared than I!

JULIE

177 Then let us away and drink our sorrows  
so they may be drunk while we are made  
merry.

N2  
178 You want to unravel that?

NARRATOR  
179 Nay. Hush.

JULIE  
180 Last one there tis truly a snivelling,  
villainous hobby horse!

SFX: She runs out.

COLIN  
181 (laughing) Fie! I follow!

SFX: He flies after. Their laughter fades into the distance.

MRS SHEFFFIELD  
182 Exit, pursued by a bore.

DR. VON HABER ZETZER  
183 Wrong pl- Never mind.

MRS SHEFFFIELD  
184 Good fellow. (flirtatious) Join me for  
a bite of dessert?

DR. VON HABER ZETZER  
185 (makes growling noise) Olifia? You'll  
clean up?

Two shimmers as they disappear.

OLIVIA  
186 Clean up? What exactly am I cleaning  
up? Oh, hello. You're all still here?  
I mean, ten points for dedication, but  
two Fakespeare episodes? That's  
masochism, that's what that is. Right,  
I suppose Puck's wrap-up speech is  
what you're waiting for. "If these  
shadows have offended" and what not?  
Mmmmmmm.... OK.... We don't care if  
you're offended / just be glad this  
story's ended. / But on this day of  
hearts and roses / be kind, especially  
to those / as find this day a rough  
road to travel. / And now before my  
head unravel, / May luck and love be  
ever thine. And... wilt thou be MY  
Valentine?

187                   NARRATOR  
I think that did it.

188                   N2  
We're out of the wormhole!

189                   NARRATOR  
Thank Ron. That was getting ugly.

190                   N2  
Credits?

191                   NARRATOR  
Credits.

192                   N2  
You've been listening to:  
David S Dear as Dr. Theo Bromae  
Kevin Hall as Greg  
Sarah Golding as Mrs Sheffield

193                   N2  
Eric Perry as Dr. von Haber Zetzer  
Shannon Perry as Olivia  
Chrisi Talyn Saje as Julie  
Tim Sherburn as Colin

194                   NARRATOR  
Sarah Rhea Warner as Pipistrelle  
Bonnie Brantley as Duckweed, Wooly  
Sedge, Horsetail, and Cattail.

195                   N2  
I'm Kyle Jones, your Narrator 2,

196                   NARRATOR  
And I'm Chris Nadolny Gourley, your  
Narrator. Our music was composed and  
performed by John Faley, and our  
artwork is by Lucas Elliott.

197                   N2  
Sarah Golding is our dialogue editor,  
and Shannon Perry is our sound  
designer. Oz 9 is written by Shannon  
Perry.

198                   NARRATOR  
Oz 9 is a proud member of the Fable  
and Folly Network. Be sure to check  
out our awesome podcast siblings at

fable and folly dot com. We'll see you next time, Space Monkeys. Keep your eyes on the stars, and if you see Cupid, seriously, tell him to adjust his sash.

SFX: Footsteps and voices fade in the distance.

N2

199           Right? It's ... kinda gross. Nobody needs to see that.

NARRATOR

200           I mean, god of love, I get it, but save some mystery, right? Lights!