

episode 95: Spill or be spilled
by Shannon Perry

EPISODE 95

NARRATOR

- 1 OK, when Two doesn't show up for duty,
I know something's wrong. He may be a
tour guide, but he's MY tour guide,
and if anyone has hurt a hair ...
(stumbles slightly) or a reasonable
equivalent, there's gonna be hell to
pay.

The outer office of Pluto's detective agency.

PLUTO

- 2 *As the day lost its feeble grip on the
last of the sunlight, and night
sauntered in like it knew this song
was about it, didn't it, didn't it, we
were no closer to figuring out where
the scientist had disappeared to and
who had disappeared him. Colin Smith,
or "Red," as he called himself, led
the pack like Seabiscuit at the
Belmont Stakes against a field of
rocking horses, in my opinion, but
considering who was holding the gun at
whom, my opinion didn't count for much
right now.*

DONNA

- 3 *Assuming my boss has already started
the narration in that hunky, oddly
horned head of his, I'll take it over.
I knew the boss was eyeing Red for the
Big Bad, probably in a stupid
racehorse metaphor, but a voice in my
head kept saying no. Not Red. And that
voice had the 3 nephews of sexy going
for it: husky, dusky, and musky. With
an English accent, just for kicks.
I've never worried about the boss
losing his ... perspective before, but
suddenly I wasn't sure he was seeing
so clearly.*

The door to the inner office opens, and Mrs Sheffield walks
out, shutting the door behind her.

MRS SHEFFIELD

- 4 Oh, goodness, the party's out here.
Detective, Doctor, Donna. Sorry about

the mess in your office, Detective.

COLIN

5 What did you do to my boys?

MRS SHEFFFIELD

6 I made them an offer they couldn't
 refuse.

SFX: Donna gets up, walks to the inner office door, opens it,
pokes her head in.

DONNA

7 Whooo wheee. What offer was that? Die
 standing up or die sitting down? I
 better call the cleaners.

SFX: Donna shuts inner door, returns to desk, picks up phone,
dials.

COLIN

8 Hey! I'm trying to threaten people
 here, you mind?

DONNA

9 No, you go on. (on phone. SFX: We can
 hear **Joe muttering** in the background)
 Jesus! Hang on, I thought you were a
 cop in this episode. Oh. Gotcha. Ok,
 hows about you make your way over here
 with that mop and bucket. (whispers)
 And a gun.

DR. THEO

10 Dammit, that was my protection squad!

PLUTO

11 *It was time for me to make my move, a
 move Mrs S had made easier by taking
 out Red's thugs, but also harder, by
 putting Red on high alert. He had a
 reputation for having a twitchy
 trigger finger and a shoot-now-
 questions-are-for-peasants attitude.
 This was going to take some finesse.*

MRS SHEFFFIELD

12 "Red," I believe they call you, you
 and I need to have a bit of a natter.

PLUTO

13 Uh oh.

COLIN

14 Oh, DO we?

MRS SHEFFIELD

15 Is no one in this tawdry little drama
familiar with badinage?

SFX: outer door opens and closes, we hear the sounds of a bucket of water being rolled across the floor. Inner door opens and closes. We hear **Joe, whistling and humming**, from behind the door, along with the sound of mopping.

DONNA

16 If you want witty repartee, you're
barking up the wrong dick, there.

MRS SHEFFIELD

17 Story of my life.

PLUTO

18 Ladies, if I may? Red: a man who was
very important in this lady's life
worked for you. About a year ago, he
disappeared, only to crop up in some
newspaper pictures from 40 years ago.
Looking the same as he does now.

MRS SHEFFIELD

19 Just as dishy and delicious. He did
drink rather a lot, but presumably not
enough to be pickled for the last 40
years. So, Red, spill or ... be
spilled, if you catch me?

SFX: Inner door opens, sounds of a mop and bucket being rolled through and out the outer door. Door closes.

COLIN

20 I am very rich and very powerful, but
even I am not capable of time travel.
Yet. (pause) I'm afraid I can't help
you. And as I have the gun, I'm afraid
no one else can help you either.

DONNA

21 Who says we don't have banter!

SFX: Outer door opens.

JOE
22 Oh yeah....

DONNA/PLUTO/COLIN/MRS S
23 Jesus!/Me!

If we can get some **male voices to say "Jesus!"** in the corridor, right after Joe says "Larry," that would be hilarious.

JOE
24 Red, you're under arrest, and I got like, five, six, hang on... (aside) Larry, Benny, Martin, Mikey ... Billy, is Harry out there? Oh, hey, Harry. Six guys out here, so you're sorta outta luck.

DR. THEO
25 Dammit, I *knew* I heard skulking!

COLIN
26 Curses!

JOE
27 But here's the thing: Dr. von HalfWit didn't travel back in time, he's been held hostage in a shed in Indiana for the last year, doing some weird project for Gated Galaxies corp.

MRS SHEFFFIELD
28 Those bastards.

PLUTO
29 But what about the old newspaper clippings?

JOE
30 The work of the newest baddie in town. Say hello to the forger known as The Zebra.

GREG
31 Ha ha! It's all there in black and white! Hey, can you take these handcuffs off? It's really hard to balance with my hooves so close together.

32 DR. THEO
Uh, officer, could you possibly call
off your crew?

33 JOE
They're very affectionate. Also,
you're under arrest.

SFX: **Hooray! from a bunch of male voices.** Also a metallic
thump as Greg falls over.

34 GREG
Dammit! Somebody help me up.

35 MRS SHEFFIELD
And the bad news?

36 PLUTO
How do you know there is any?

37 MRS SHEFFIELD
How do I-? No wonder your boots are so
clean, as this is clearly your first
rodeo.

38 PLUTO
That feels unnecessary.

39 MRS SHEFFIELD
Sorry. Boot.

40 JOE
Dr. von Heebie Jeebies has been shot
into space.

41 DONNA
Like, in a space ship, or like out of
a cannon?

42 MRS SHEFFIELD
Must be a cannon; we don't have manned
spacecraft yet.

43 JOE
It's more complicated than that: he's
also about 200 years ahead of us.

44 COLIN
Hang on - I have nothing to do with
Gated Galaxies or the kidnapping of
the German sausage, so why am I under

arrest?

PLUTO

45 I think the question is, why are you
here, holding a gun to folks
investigating a crime you claim to
have nothing to do with? *Red's eyes
narrowed, and I knew I was on to
something.*

JOE

46 I think you're on to something.

PLUTO

47 Shoot. Did I say that last bit out
loud?

JOE

48 Beg pardon? Oh. Narrating, huh? Yeah,
I tried that in the last noir I did,
and someone from the Ron Howard
something something issued a cease and
desist order. Weird, 'cause he ain't
even born till '54.

DONNA

49 If you boys are done comparing notes,
we still got a mystery to solve.

MRS SHEFFIELD

50 Yes, I would rather like to know if
that dishy hunk of doctor is still
alive.

DR. THEO

51 I'm right here.

MRS SHEFFIELD

52 Goodness. How do you and your ego fit
under one lab coat?

PLUTO

53 *I couldn't help but smile as the lady
in black slipped a barb under Dr.
Theo's saddle. He might ooze
pheromones like Cupid sliding out of
some naughty nereid's giant clam
before Neptune wakes up, but I was
getting a little tired of*

DONNA
54 *(interrupting after "Neptune wakes up") Judging from my boss's arched eyebrow and slightly smirking expression, I should probably cut in. The boss was definitely getting attached to our client, and that was a problem for a bunch of reasons.*

JOE
55 Not sure what there is left for us to do. I'm a beat cop in the Bronx. Space is a little outta my jurisdiction.

PLUTO
56 Gated Galaxies isn't. They're headquartered just a few blocks away.

JOE
57 Great. Into the viper's nest. You'll never get past the front desk.

DONNA
58 Oh, I know how — send in an undercover temp.

PLUTO
59 No way, Donna; it's too dangerous.

DONNA
60 What did I say about paternalistic condescension?

PLUTO
61 Sorry.

DONNA
62 Mmmm hmmm. I'll just mosey on over and invite myself in. They must have dozens of temps going in and out every day. They won't notice an extra.

MRS SHEFFIELD
63 Are you quite certain about this, Donna? Paternalism aside, it is dangerous.

DONNA
64 Oh, it's all right. Consider it practice for when I will have been doing it again before in the future.

Golly, time travel wreaks havoc on grammar.

65 MRS SHEFFIELD
(mumbles) As do Americans, but you don't hear me complaining.

66 JOE
I don't like sending an amateur in without backup.

67 DONNA
(laughs) Amateur! (laughs a lot) Oh... oh dear, that's funny. Oh, gosh. And the "backup" is these boys? (laughs more) No offense, fellas.

SFX: Some muttering and then general agreement from the "boys."

68 PLUTO
I hardly think one round of boxing lessons qualifies you as-

69 DONNA
(interrupting) Untwist your Tonka trucks, gents, and tell me what I'm looking for.

70 NARRATOR
Hey, Two, when were Tonka- Oh yeah. Where the hell ARE you?

71 PLUTO
Plans.

72 DONNA
Plans.

73 JOE
Nefarious plans.

74 DONNA
A big manila folder stamped "nefarious plans," then.

75 PLUTO
We don't know what you're looking for, Donna. We just have to hope you know it when you see it.

DONNA

76 Right. Guess I'd better dig out my
trouser suit.

SFX: Donna out on the street, walking towards G2. Some
traffic noise, some footsteps.

DONNA

77 *Hair up in a scarf, shoulder pads set
to "strong but not burly," hat at a
jaunty angle, I headed out for G2HQ. I
was in a hurry to get in there and
have a look-see, but even in my haste,
I noticed that I had a shadow. A
willowy, black-clad shadow who smelled
ever-so-faintly of Earl Grey tea, air
raid smoke, and class privilege. I
couldn't worry about her right now,
though. Despite my cavalier tone with
the boss, getting folks to talk to me
was gonna be dangerous. Security – and
lips – would be tight.*

SFX: Inside a large corporate building. Echoey lobby as Donna
approaches the front desk.

DONNA

78 Oh hi! I'm Donna. I'm today's
replacement for the CEO's personal
assistant.

DONNA

79 *Just as I suspected, the security
guard pointed at a bank of elevators
and went on gnawing on a bearclaw,
completely uninterested in me. I knew
CEOs like G2's went through assistants
like kids through Halloween candy, and
I figured there'd be a cavity I could
fill, so to speak.*

SFX: heels across lobby, elevator, up to CEO's floor, exit
onto carpet. **I'll look for some good sea-shanty elevator
music.**

DONNA

80 Oh, hiya. Hope your resume is updated.
I'll just pop in and introduce myself.

Sounds of protest from female receptionist. SFX: door to
CEO's office opens, the Admiral walks out.

ADMIRAL

81 For the sake of salt water, what's all the noise about? Who let this woman in here?

DONNA

82 Oh, your receptionist did. You should probably replace her for being negligent. Fortunately, I just happen to be available. 'Scuse me, sweetie.

SFX: Thump of Donna hip-checking the current receptionist.
"Hey!" in female voice.

ADMIRAL

83 Well, I'll be baked on a half shell.

DONNA

84 Sounds like a lovely summer afternoon to me, but not legal for about another 80 years. Now, your date book says you've got a luncheon with someone named Kristados O'Brian, so you best skedaddle.

ADMIRAL

85 Just a moment, young woman. I don't work with employees whose names I don't even know.

DONNA

86 Seriously? OK, that lady over there. What's her name?

ADMIRAL

87 Ehhehhh, well.....

DONNA

88 Or that fella, with the armful of manilla folders. I'll make this one easy for ya: If I were to print out his name on a label maker, what letter would I start with?

ADMIRAL

89 All right, your point is made. No need to drill it in like a sea snail on a mussel.

DONNA

90 *This fella used a lot of ocean-based*

metaphors, plus he had seahorses on his tie and his cufflinks were tiny gold anchors. All right, sailer boy, two can play at that game.

ADMIRAL

91 Who are you and who sent you?

DONNA

92 I'm Donna! Sent by Gold...Lagoon Temps and here to scrape the barnacles off and get G2 ship shape!

ADMIRAL

93 I like the cut of your jib, Drop Keel.

DONNA

94 Donna.

ADMIRAL

95 Are you sure? "Drop keel" sounds right.

DONNA

96 I'm sure. You're gonna be late for your lunch, sir.

ADMIRAL

97 It's only seven bells, Drop Keel .

DONNA

98 It's a long drive.

ADMIRAL

99 Weeeeeelll, I suppose I could skip down to the waterfront briefly. I've been working on this new idea about oceans and the secrets of the universe-

DONNA

100 'Zat right? Well, you go find a conch shell, then. I bet it'll tell you everything.

ADMIRAL

101 Very well! I'll bring you back some fairy shrimp, shall I?

DONNA

102 That sounds delicious. Or beautiful.

Whatever.

ADMIRAL

103 Excellent. Casting off! Shift colors!

SFX: One prolonged blast (signal of ship 'changing status').

DONNA

104 *According to the semaphore flags that accompanied his departure, the Admiral was heading to the nearest ocean access. I figured I had some time before he figured out his "lunch date" was actually scheduled for tomorrow. A quick glance around me said the coast was clear, and I ducked into his office. But I wasn't alone.*

MRS SHEFFIELD

105 Goodness, you were rather a long time.

DONNA

106 How did you get in here?

MRS SHEFFIELD

107 Dumbwaiter.

DONNA

108 He has a dumbwaiter in his office?

MRS SHEFFIELD

109 No, that was my disguise. I brought him a croissant and pretended it was meant for his receptionist. He doesn't approve of his subordinates eating, so he commandeered it, as I planned.

DONNA

110 And then he just ... let you stay?

MRS SHEFFIELD

111 My dear, are you at all familiar with the art of disguise?

DONNA

112 I'm here disguised as a temp, aren't I?

MRS SHEFFIELD

113 Are you? Oh.

DONNA
114 DID YOU FIND ANYTHING?

MRS SHEFFIELD
115 So shouty. Oh dear, hide!

SFX: someone opens door, comes in, maybe humming or
muttering, and sets folders down on the desk, exits, closing
door behind.

MRS SHEFFIELD
116 I see you're familiar with the Fiddle
Leaf Fig maneuver.

DONNA
117 I find it works better than the Modern
Bamboo strategy. I got tired of being
watered.

MRS SHEFFIELD
118 Oh, the shoes I've ruined with that
one. Right. Let's see what we've got
here.

SFX: shuffling through folders, pages turning.

NARRATOR
119 It's a well-known fact that everybody
loves a montage. Unfortunately, those
are tricky in audio, so let me explain
what's happening. They're going
through a large stack of manilla
envelopes, changing positions in their
chairs, pacing, drinking bad coffee,
adjusting the lights, having ah ha
moments that turn out to be dead ends,
and arguing over the best plant to
pretend to be when someone enters
unexpectedly. Until finally....

MRS SHEFFIELD
120 (makes "tsk tsk tsk" sorts of noises)
Well, you've been putting the naughty
in nautical, haven't you?

DONNA
121 Whatcha got there?

MRS SHEFFIELD
122 I'm not entirely sure, but it looks
suspicious. I think Red might be able

to help untangle this. Oh dear.

SFX: We hear the Admiral's muffled voice as he approaches his door.

ADMIRAL

123 Just as I suspected, she's abandoned
her station. (door opens) Looks like
we'll be keel hauling another
receptionist. Who ordered these
plants? I asked for kelp, dammit!
(slams door) All right, spy, I know
you're there. Come on out.

DONNA

124 I'm right here.

ADMIRAL

125 Whoa! Those are, as kids will say, mad
skillz, Miss. Now suppose you tell me
what it is you're after?

DONNA

126 How about first you tell me how you
knew I wasn't a temp?

ADMIRAL

127 Well, since you'll be dead by the time
Retreat plays, I suppose there's no
harm. It was the shrimp.

DONNA

128 Shrimp?

ADMIRAL

129 I offered you "fairy shrimp." Any
devotee of the wisdom of the ocean
knows that fairy shrimp are fresh
water beasts. Brine shrimp are imbued
with the wonder of salt water.

DONNA

130 Dammit. I always get caught out by the
shrimp.

ADMIRAL

131 Now. Before I have you dragged across
the barnacles on the bottom of my
ship, why did I catch you rifling
through my papers?

MRS SHEFFIELD
132 Because she's not very good at keeping
 quiet. Ha ha!

SFX: WHACK of Mrs S hitting the Admiral with a cane.

ADMIRAL
133 Naughty Neptune's nethers, where did
 you come from?

MRS SHEFFIELD
134 Never mind. I hit you quite hard. How
 are you still so chatty? And ...
 conscious?

ADMIRAL
135 I think you'll find that cane is very
 special. I do hope you haven't
 destroyed its unique properties. Hand
 it over.

MRS SHEFFIELD
136 Oh, I don't think so, thank you. Take
 my hand, Donna, and hold tight to that
 folder.

DONNA
137 What are you doing?

ADMIRAL
138 Madam, in the name of Poseidon's
 pretty pink pearls, I demand you hand
 over that cane.

MRS SHEFFIELD
139 Or not. Ta ta!

SFX: a flash and a pop.

DONNA
140 Hooray! We've escaped! To...his outer
 office.

MRS SHEFFIELD
141 Yes, well, it's a start. Come along.

SFX: They run down the hallway, pursued by the Admiral and
others, jump into the elevator, doors close just as the
Admiral reaches them. We can hear him still ranting over the
elevator music as they travel downward.

ADMIRAL

142 I'll see you flogged and keelhauled,
then you'll walk the plank only to be
retrieved in the nick of time to be
dipped in salt water and start all
over again!

DONNA

143 That fella does have some lungs on
him.

MRS SHEFFIELD

144 Or gills. Is he always this fixated on
ocean metaphors?

NARRATOR

145 Back at the Goldilocks Detective
Agency...

PLUTO

146 *Donna and our client showed up, still
in one piece. Each, that is. They
weren't, like, fused together or
anything. I saw they'd managed to gain
a manilla folder, a cane, and a crew
of thugs, hot on their sensible, war-
time heels.*

JOE

147 All right, what's going on here?

SFX: men's voices saying "Jesus"!

ADMIRAL

148 Ajax!

The men run away.

PLUTO

149 *One flash of the cop's badge, and
suddenly the thugs were just a running
club out for an afternoon jog. But you
couldn't miss the malice in their
leader's eyes. Red had a score to
settle, and if Mrs Sheffield didn't
feel the heat, well, she's made of
less flammable materials than I.*

JOE

150 Welp, Red and his boys are on the run,
and the chief is telling me to let

them go.

DONNA

151 Let 'em go?

JOE

152 Yeah. Even if we could get 'em on kidnapping and assaulting an officer, it's small beans compared to what we have planned. So they're free for now.

PLUTO

153 *We knew where the missing doc had disappeared to, and there was no murder to solve. So we chalked this one up as a victory, though nobody felt much like celebrating. We wandered over to the Three-Headed Hound and knocked back whisky instead of champagne, but after a couple of glasses, no one was complaining.*

SFX: Sounds of a pub.

DONNA

154 So what's your next step?

MRS SHEFFIELD

155 Oh, I have ideas. Might see if I can catch a ride to find the good doctor.

PLUTO

156 In space? Two hundred years in the future? If you give credence to what we're hearing, that is.

MRS SHEFFIELD

157 Yes, well, that just means I have time to do a bit of research. Ta ta!

SFX: Pop and crackle of cane carrying Mrs S away.

PLUTO

158 What the Hades?

DONNA

159 Yeah, that cane is weird. I reckon we'll be seeing it again.

SFX: some sweet, romantic music would be lovely here.

PLUTO

160 I'm relieved you're back safely,
Donna.

DONNA

161 *That was as close as my boss has ever
gotten to revealing his feelings for
me, but every now and again, like now,
I see a twinkle in his eye. He may be
one hoof short of a satyr, but if that
smile on his face is any indication,
we'll be romping through the pastorals
before too long.*

PLUTO

162 *I've spent my long career searching,
always searching: for disappeared
doctors, philandering spouses,
embezzled funds, kidnapped purebreds
and smuggled ancient artifacts. But
just now, as I gazed into the deep
green eyes of my secretary, I wondered
if I'd been searching the world over –
when everything I'd ever wanted was
right here under my nose. She leaned
forward, meeting my gaze intently.*

DONNA

163 Did you have spinach for lunch? You've
got half a salad bar in your front
teeth, boss.

PLUTO

164 *We have time.*

NARRATOR

165 *Awwwww. OK, I gotta make the credits
quick. Two is still missing, and it's
not like I can put posters on light
poles here. If you see him, shoot me a
tweet to at Oz 9 Narrator Next Gen on
Twitter, will you?*

*You've been listening to:
Lee Shackleford as Pluto
Bonnie Brantley as Donna
Sarah Golding as Mrs Sheffield
Tim Sherburn as Colin
David S Dear as Dr. Theo Bromae
Eric Perry as Joe
Kevin Hall as Greg*

With special guest Bob Killion as the Admiral

and I'm Chris Nadolny Gourley as your Narrator.

Many thanks to one of our favorite podcasts, Mission: Rejected, for loaning us the character of the Admiral. If you haven't already, be sure to add Mission: Rejected to your list on your podcatcher of choice.

Our music is composed and performed by John Faley; Lucas Elliott creates our artwork. Sarah Golding is our dialogue editor. Shannon Perry is our sound designer. Oz 9 is written by Shannon Perry.

Oz 9 is a proud member of the Fable and Folly Network. Be sure to check out all the great shows at [fable and folly dot com](http://fableandfolly.com).

See you next time, Space Monkeys. Keep looking at the stars, and if you spot Two floating around up there, point him towards home, will you?