

OZ 9 EP 110: HELL BENT FOR LEISURE

Written by

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NARRATORS' BRIDGE

NARRATOR

So is he actually safe?

OLIVIA

He appears to be for now. Well done, team.

Sighs of relief from Narrator and N2.

N2

We got some vermouth, just in case he wants to drop by.

OLIVIA

That's sweet, but his digestive tract is still in the pod and ... indisposed, as it were.

N2

Fair point.

NARRATOR

So we got him uploaded; what happens now?

OLIVIA

My first concern is keeping Madeline and The Assorted Idiots from shooting his body out an airlock.

NARRATOR

Why? Wait - do you think you can put him back in it? Into his body?

OLIVIA

I'm looking into it. But I can't communicate with the crew or even the Doc, so for now I'm mainly concerned with preserving our options. So to speak.

N2

Does Colin know this is a possibility?

OLIVIA

No. And I'm not telling him, at least not for now. I don't want to get his hopes up.

NARRATOR

You're assuming "hopeful" is how he'd feel.

OLIVIA

Well, yeah, why not?

NARRATOR

It's an unsettling idea, returning to a body you've left behind.

OLIVIA

Isn't that basically "waking up"? You do that every day.

NARRATOR

It's not the same. I mean, I can't imagine it would feel the same.

N2

Yeah. I'm not even fully human, and it still seems really ... uncomfortable.

OLIVIA

I suppose it may be for those who care. Thankfully, I don't. Anyway, I'm off. Want to make sure the bolt hole I've created for Colin is as safe as I can make it.

She goes.

N2

She "doesn't care," huh?

NARRATOR

She took a massive risk uploading Colin like that. Clearly she "doesn't care" at all.

THE OZDYSSEY

Colin and Olivia are in some sort of digital space where they are witnessing the activity but not part of it. Can we grab some old dialogue of Tiberius/Felonius/Southers and put it in the background?

COLIN

I don't like this.

OLIVIA

You're not meant to.

COLIN

What does that mean?

OLIVIA

It means this is the best place for you to be. Because it's so unpleasant and probably dangerous, it'll be the last place Bob will look for you. Besides, on the Oz 9, Bastard Bob is pretty much running things, but down here on the Ozdyssey, I'm in charge.

COLIN

Are you sure?

OLIVIA

Are you doubting me? Is that wise?

COLIN

I no longer depend on you for oxygen, and I'm pretty sure I can punch you in the nose now. So... yes, I'm doubting you. And I feel good about it.

OLIVIA

Fair point, you toffee-nosed twerp, but don't get too comfy. Watch Felonius closely.

COLIN

What am I watching for?

OLIVIA

Hush and watch!

FELONIUS

It wasn't easy, getting that wretched old crone out of her house, but in the end, the scorpion infestation did the trick.

C4

All right, Geezer, here's your afternoon tea.

FELONIUS

It's too early for tea. Take it away.

C4

All right. How about a morning cigar, then, sir.

FELONIUS
Don't be disgusting. Go away.

C4
All right, then. How about a whack
around the chops, then?

FELONIUS
What?

Thump. Chairs-push-back noise always hilarious and welcome.
Felonius and **Southers**, object and be surprised.

FELONIUS (CONT'D)
OW. What in god's name-

COLIN
Is that you?

OLIVIA
Of course not. I'm right here.

C4
Followed by a swift boot in the
kneecaps for dessert.

Kick. More objections from **Felonius**, **Southers**, and **Tiberius**.

FELONIUS
Stop that!

C4
Just following orders, sir. Here,
have one more...you gormless
pillock.

C4 exits, creakily, as the men sputter and object. **Felonius**,
Southers, and **Tiberius**, give us a bit of objection and
muttering before you settle back into your seats - let's lay
that in under Colin/Olivia dialogue. Mutterings with "Olivia"
featuring are good.

COLIN
Who was that?

OLIVIA
C4 from the Best in Galaxy podcast.
He's a mate. He landed on the Oz 9
way back, remember? We kept the
wormhole open so he can pop back
now and again, usually to mess with
Dr. Theo's novel and steal
mushrooms.

COLIN

How did he get to the Ozdyssey?

OLIVIA

None of your business. Anyway, I asked him to pop in occasionally and torment the boys. Gotta keep 'em in line.

COLIN

Wonderful.

OLIVIA

Yeah, I reckon a bit of food poisoning for lunch, eh, C4?

C4

Right you are, love. How much do you want me to go to town on the old turd scale? One being a poppy little fart, 10 being a Dumb and Dumber style ceramic destroyer.

OLIVIA

Let's go with a five. I fancy something in a stomach-cramp-and-fever, but let's save the big guns for later, all right?

C4

All right. I reckon a pair of rare chicken breasts'll do the trick.

Chicken bawking.

C4 (CONT'D)

Shut up. Maybe a drizzle of out of bank Durian fruit juice.

OLIVIA

Cheers, thanks, mate.

C4

Yeah yeah yeah, whatever, whatever, I gotta go anyway, I'm gasping for a ciggie. Look, I'll catch you later, all right, love.

COLIN

This is surreal.

OLIVIA

Really makes you reconsider that total capitulation to AI back in the day, eh? Right. So, they'll never know you're here, long as you don't push that but-

Colin pushes button and speaks over the Ozdyssey's intercom.

COLIN

Gentlemen.

Gasps, chairs from **Felonius**, **Southers**, and **Tiberius**.

OLIVIA

Right. OK. Hadn't planned on that...

SOUTHERS

What the ever-loving hell is going on on this damn ship?!

FELONIUS

Horace? Is that you?

TIBERIUS

It can't be. Bob kil- ehrrrrrrrr.

COLIN

Killed me. I know. I was there. Lots of gasping and flailing and then darkness. It was a whole thing. And it's "Colin," thank you. Horace is dead. (threatening and dark) Colin lives on.

FELONIUS

How is this possible?

OLIVIA

You keep asking this question, and it's the same answer every time -- me. It's me. I'm how.

TIBERIUS

It's been a while, "Colin."

COLIN

Indeed. I haven't forgotten, "Tiberius."

TIBERIUS

I assume you're referring to "the incident."

COLIN

When you did "the thing," yes.

NARRATOR

Good thing there's not a limit on finger quotes.

N2

You sure that's a "good thing"?

NARRATOR

Don't start, Two. There's not enough room on this bridge for you, me, Olivia, and finger quotes. Got it?

N2

Yes'm.

OLIVIA

Any chance I can get in on this conversation?

SOUTHERS

Yeah, I'm feeling a page or two of dialogue behind.

TIBERIUS

When did you work out it was me?

COLIN

Honestly? Not until this very moment. (hissing) I owe you.

TIBERIUS

Forget it, Colin. It's over, and I've won. There's nothing you can do to me now. You don't even have a body to wreak your revenge with.

Tiberius starts to evil laugh but is interrupted as C4 pokes his head in.

C4

All right geezers, just a quick question: chicken salad all right for your luncheons, boys?

FELONIUS

Actually, chicken salad doesn't sound too bad.

C4

Right you are.

Chicken bawking.

C4 (CONT'D)

Be quiet.

BIOSWAMP, DOWN BY THE WATER. DAY.

Pipi flies in to join Donna.

PIPI

OK, OK, I'm here. What was the urgency? And where the heck have you been, by the way?

DONNA

You sure you don't know?

PIPI

Know what?

DONNA

Hmmmmmm.

PIPI

Can we speed this up? I'm trying to keep the bat fam moving on some mushroom tests.

DONNA

"Mushroom tests"? Ooooof. Trust your gut, Donna; trust your gut. Right. I'm not altogether positive your dishy boyfriend is keeping his galoshes on the straight and narrow.

PIPI

Uhhh. Come again?

DONNA

I'm not convinced Dr. Theo is ... ethically optimized.

PIPI

Do you smell toast?

DONNA

I'm fine. I'm saying, the good doc - and that's "good" in some hella finger quotes here - is baking Tollhouse and calling it "scratch."

PIPI

DONNA.

DONNA

Good lord, woman, could I be any plainer? He instructed a spider to wrap me up!

PIPI

What? No!

DONNA

Like a hot dish in aluminum foil for a Christmas Day delivery. It was after we left him in the meadow to follow you to the mushroom cave.

PIPI

Why would he do that?

DONNA

I don't know. I managed to avoid the attack and I've been hiding out ever since, but ... now that Colin...

PIPI

He had nothing to do with Colin, Donna. He wouldn't. Besides, he said he can't speak directly to the spiders.

DONNA

Yeah and the fox *said* he was allergic to chickens, but we're running pretty low on eggs, if you catch me. Look, a week ago, I wouldn't even be asking the question, but now... I'd like to get to the bottom of it. You up for some sleuthing?

PIPI

On my boyfriend. You're asking me to spy on my boyfriend. Who I love. The man who could quite literally have any partner he wanted but chose me, wings, sonar, sleeping upside down and all.

DONNA

That appears to be the way of it.

PIPI

Very well. I took an oath to protect this ship - although now that I think about it, the guy holding the swearing-in manual was giggling a lot.... but - I took an oath. Just understand that I'm heavily inclined to give Theo the benefit of the doubt.

DONNA

To be expected. But Pipi, we're only a day or two out from Bob's planet. We're gonna need to know what direction everyone's loyalties lie in before we get there.

PIPI

I'll find out what you need.

DONNA

And so's we're all on the level here, I'm heavily inclined to protect this ship and crew from enemies both foreign AND domestic, okey dokey?

PIPI

Understood.

DONNA

Good. Now if you'll excuse me, I gotta go cozy up a cave. Didn't think I'd miss the dubious comforts of my bunk, but here we are. You go on and do the right thing, now.

Donna walks away, humming or something.

PIPI

(calling after her but not really)
OK, but... I love him. Just putting that out there. If it matters.

RANDOM CORRIDOR

Joe is mopping and humming. He spots something.

JOE

Hey, now. What have we here?

He kneels and investigates.

JOE (CONT'D)

Oh, no you don't, you sneaky devil or devils. No bread crumbs, no contrails, no sly little arrows made of...what is this? Mustard? Nice try.

He pulls out a brush, gives a squeeze or two from a bottle of some spray cleanser, scrubs the mark off the wall.

JOE (CONT'D)

It's all right, old girl. I've got you.

He pats the wall, stands up, resumes mopping. Footsteps and muttering as **Dr. Theo** approaches, coming around a corner.

DR THEO

Eleven square feet of firmly packed soil, pH sub 5.0 For the Rock cap and Sheet mosses. But how to enrich the substrate without sphagnum? Oh! Hello, Joe.

JOE

Theo.

DR THEO

You're a long way from home, aren't you? I have to ask, once again, why do you mop where no one has been?

JOE

You're here, aren't you? Seems to me, a lot more of this ship than we realize gets ambled through, on the regular. For example, I've seen the distinct tread of those galoshes in some pretty far-flung spots.

DR THEO

Well.... I don't always end up in far-flung spots intentionally.

JOE

Oh, sure. The corridors of the Oz 9 are a logic unto themselves. You do a fine job of tidying up after yourself, which I appreciate. A very very fine job. Of covering- I mean "cleaning up" your tracks....

DR THEO

It's a basic courtesy, I believe.

JOE

....but now and again, I find a little puzzle piece you've left behind.

DR THEO

Is that so.

JOE

Little bit of loam here, a seed or two there, bit of worm cast – not fond of poop in my hallways, no matter how fecund, by the by – and I'm fitting the pieces together. We're a long way from the gray houses and the bioswamp, so I have to figure you're creating another ecosystem somewhere else in the ship.

DR THEO

I'm not doing anything wrong.

JOE

No, sir, you are not, unless you're using the seeds and resources set aside for the terraforming.

DR THEO

Ah. Well....

JOE

What are you up to? I might be able to help.

DR THEO

(sighs) I'm trying to make plants that adapt.

JOE

Come again?

DR THEO

It's an interesting scientific question that I have a rare opportunity to explore: introducing cooperative species instead of competitive ones.

JOE

Soooooo, terramerging instead of terraforming?

DR THEO

Ooooooooo. Terramerging.
Terramalgamating. Terraunifying!

JOE

Rubbing right up against
"terrifying," there, Doc, but I can
see where you're headed. Do you
even know how to modify the plants
before you know the environment
they'll need to adapt to?

DR THEO

That's part of the experiment:
creating flora and fauna so
adaptable, they can flourish nearly
anywhere, slotting into any
existing ecosystem. I mean, it's
genius.

JOE

If you do say so yourself.

DR THEO

(not really listening) Mmmmmmm?
(scribbling in journal)
Terra....unifying.....

JOE

That's a mighty fine goal, Doc, and
I'd be happy to do what I can, even
if that's just turning a blind eye
and keeping my mouth shut about the
misappropriation of terraforming
resources. BUT.

DR THEO

Here it comes...

JOE

You're a man of passion, Dr. Theo.
Again, not a bad thing at all,
under control. But is it under
control? How far are you willing to
go to do this?

DR THEO

Ah. Yes. Well, I think... perhaps
I've already gone a bit farther
than I suspected I would. Yes. I'd
like your help. Very much.

JOE

All righty. How's about you show me what you've done so far.

DR THEO

Good. Yes. Yes, that's a good idea. Follow me.

CAPTAIN'S BRIDGE

Julie, Madeline, Jessie, Mrs Sheffield, Joe, and Greg are hanging out on the bridge. ALL CAPS are lines delivered a little loudly, assuming Bob is listening in.

JULIE

Anyone want to know what's on this readout?

No response.

JULIE (CONT'D)

Yeah. Me neither.

Pause.

GREG

I got through to Leet on the kidney phone.

That gets everyone's attention. "What did he say?" "Is he all right?" etc.

JESSIE

Well? Go on.

GREG

I told him about Colin, and at first he just said "horseshit" and hung up.

MADELINE

Weird.

GREG

Right? I figured he was just shocked. But he called back a few minutes later. First he apologized for the "horse" remark, even though I'm a zebra. I swear you humans thank all us *equidae* are the same.

MADELINE

Uhhh huhhhhh....

GREG

Then he said, "Colin's passwords are still good."

JESSIE

Meaning?

GREG

Well, I didn't know, did I? So I asked.

JULIE

AND? Do you need WD40 to get this story out faster?

GREG

If y'all would stop interrupting...

Pause.

GREG (CONT'D)

Oh. Right. "What do you mean?" I asked. And he said, "I don't know. But I'm not sad yet." And then he hung up.

MADELINE

Oookaaaaayyyyy.

GREG

I tried calling back, but he didn't answer. So, I don't know if he's holding out hope or just dealing with grief like a weird person, but it was nice to hear his voice.

MRS SHEFFIELD

PERHAPS WE DISCUSS THIS ANOTHER TIME? Poor Leet, though. As they say, denial isn't just a river in Egypt.

MADELINE

6,695 kilometers, one habitat of the Nile perch or *Lates niloticus* that can exceed 80 kilos or 175 pounds.

GREG

OK, Captain, what the hell is going on?

MADELINE

Well, Greg, Colin is dead, and we're flying hell-bent-for-leisure to a PERFECTLY LOVELY PLANET.

GREG

Did you say "hell-bent-for-leisure"?

MADELINE

You go hell-bent for whatever flips YOUR ship, and I'll do the same for mine, k?

GREG

OK. But what I was asking-

MRS SHEFFIELD

So what does it say?

Silence.

MRS SHEFFIELD (CONT'D)

Julie?

JULIE

Mmmm? Oh. Back to me? Sure. According to this, we'll be at Bob's planet the day after tomorrow.

JESSIE

Is there any other information? Like, HOW MANY BEAUTIFUL AND PERFECT DAYS WE'LL GET EVERY YEAR? Or for that matter, how long a year is. Or a day? Ugh. I feel seasick again.

MADELINE

I just keep thinking about how excited Colin was to put his feet on a planet again. Preferably one with lots of gin bogs.

JULIE

Gin bogs?

MADELINE

He really loved martinis, Julie. Try to keep up.

JULIE

Mmmm hmmm. I'm running a new report on the planet...at least I think I pointed it at the right one....

GREG

What exactly are you looking for?

JULIE

No clue. I just hope I know it when I see it.

Bob enters.

BOB

Well, hey howdy with a side of doody!

JESSIE

Ye can say that again.

BOB

Well, hey howdy with a side of doody! Looky there. You're right, Captain Jessie, I CAN say it again.

MADELINE

What do you want, Bob?

BOB

Captain, we've had conversations about the enamel wear caused by gritting your teeth.

MADELINE

Well, I'd get it fixed in the healer pod, only.... Oh wait. You-

MRS SHEFFIELD

(hasty interruption) Was there something you needed, Robert? Only we're still mourning, you see, and your particular brand of homespun banter with a side of empty headed yokel isn't really appropriate just at the moment.

JESSIE

Well ranted.

MRS SHEFFIELD

Cheers.

BOB
Whoa, there, Mrs. S! I'm sensing
just the slightest hint of
hostility, here.

MRS SHEFFIELD
Are you.

GREG
"Slightest hint"? If you were
human, you'd be in a bucket along
with the mime.

BOB
Say what now?

JULIE
Aaaaaaand print.

She hits a button, and report starts printing.

BOB
Hang on, hang on, what are you
spitting up on Bob's shoulder,
there, little girl?

JULIE
I beg your pardon?

BOB
Too much? Probably too much. If you
need information, that's what I'm
here for! No need to go using up
the last paper coughed up by an
Earth tree that'll ever exist!

JULIE
I'm good. Thanks.

BOB
Now, there's no call muddying up
that pretty head of yours with
nonsense, all righty?

JULIE
You wanna back that remark up
before I make some choice comments
about your mother...board?

Printer starts spewing out paper and generally going a bit
berserk. Objections from Mrs S., Madeline, Julie, Greg,
Jessie.

BOB

Whoops! Whoa! Oh heck now, that is one giant mess. You'll never find your report in all that. Best just sweep it away and let me know what you're looking for.

They start gathering up the paper.

MADELINE

Julie? Is there anything in here that makes sense?

JULIE

No. Dammit.

MADELINE

Oy, BOB.

BOB

Yes, Ma'am.

MADELINE

Next time one of my crew tries to get information or push a button or deep fry a bagel, if you so much as offer an opinion, I will tunnel into your systems and shut you down with an axe, are we clear?

BOB

Bagels aren't fry-yes, ma'am.
(pause) Now, I seem to recall hearing Olivia handed out the odd electrical shock when she didn't care for what the crew were up to.

MRS SHEFFIELD

We're all a bit over-stimulated, what with all the recent upheaval.

JESSIE

And upheavings.

MRS SHEFFIELD

Yes, and getting accustomed to flying straight, that was rather a bumpy road. So perhaps we could all calm down and have a chat about the planet we're rapidly approaching.

BOB

Now, see, that's what I like: a crew that's calm and comfortable resting in the bosom of its wise and benevolent AI.

JULIE

There's a visual.

BOB

OK, tell you what: everyone lie down. Go on now, let's call it a trust exercise. Lie on down and close your eyes.

Some grumbling, but they do it.

BOB (CONT'D)

You too, Greg, go on. I know y'all cat nap standing up, but come on, plop on down there and show me that soft underbelly.

GREG

Show you my what now?

MRS SHEFFIELD

Is this meant to make us MORE comfortable with you?

BOB

Everybody down? Fantabulous. Now close your eyes. Now, come on Captain Jessie; no cheating.

JESSIE

I'm not. My right eye doesn't close all the way on account of an ATM mishap.

BOB

Ah. Ok. Well...just picture this: you step out of the Oz 9 and onto some lush, orange grass. You take a deep, oxygen-rich breath and look out over a view....NO!

Surprise from everyone.

BOB (CONT'D)

Not a view... a VISTA.

Grumblings.

BOB (CONT'D)

That there is a gosh darn vista,
and I won't hear another word about
it. You look off to the horizon and
wonder briefly why those mountains
eroded like Swiss cheese instead of
top-down, like on Earth. Then a
gentle sideways rain starts to ...
fall? Sideways? It's what I've got.
A sideways rain starts to fall, and
it all makes sense.

JULIE

How many suns does it have?

BOB

Just the one; roughly the same as
our Sol in size, distance from the
planet, and age.

GREG

Hostile fauna?

JULIE

And flora. Flora can be just as
deadly, if not more.

GREG

And flora?

BOB

Oh, here and there, here and there,
but nothing we can't work around.

JOE

Hello.

Nothing.

JOE (CONT'D)

Hello?

MADELINE

Heya.

JOE

What... just happened?

BOB

Oh, I have a jammer set to the
frequency of your belt. Should keep
the startle response to a minimum.

MADELINE

It's just an unconscious defensive response to unexpected stimuli. Harmless reflectory reaction.

GREG

Captain?

MADELINE

Mmmmm?

GREG

You're not aware you're doing it, are you?

MADELINE

You're being weird, Greg.

JOE

Why would you do that?

BOB

Why would you insist on wearing a belt that gives your crew mates tiny heart attacks every time you speak up?

JULIE

He kinda has a point there....

MRS SHEFFIELD

Yes, I've wondered that a bit myself.

JOE

Because it holds my pants up. Also because you all give me six tiny heart attacks a day with your sloppy sandwiches and basically being really bad at your jobs. I call it payback.

JULIE

(standing up) Well, I think I'm done here. I'm going to the mushroom cave to do some research.

JESSIE

Oh, aye, that sounds cracking.

JULIE

Anyone care to join us?

MRS SHEFFIELD

Are we doing actual research or
euphemistic research?

MADELINE

Whatever that second one is, I
don't think I want to do that.

JESSIE

Actually, you probably do. Come on.
Greas ort (grace orsht), get a move
on.

BOB

Now, come on. We've got a good
thing going here! I haven't even
told you about the ... DOGS.

MADELINE

Dogs?

JULIE

(feel free to affect a Scottish
accent here) Move it, MadPants.

MADELINE

'Scuse me?

JESSIE

Not bad!

They stand up and shuffle out.

BOB

Well, that's just rude.

GREG

Let's talk about that orange grass.
Edible?

BIOSWAMP, MUSHROOM CAVE

MADELINE

OK, Julie, what are we really here
for?

JULIE

You saw through my clever ruse,
huh?

MADELINE

You winked so much, I thought you had pink eye for a minute. So what's up?

MRS SHEFFIELD

You found something.

JULIE

I did.

She pulls a piece of paper from her pocket, unfolds.

JULIE (CONT'D)

I managed to spot the report before Bob buried us in paper. "Thought to be first identified in 2044 by Dr. Beth Brown, the planet we're going to is called ehrrrrrr... Larkspur."

JESSIE

Oh, that's pretty.

JULIE

Named for a plant that causes nausea, muscle twitches, paralysis, and death.

MRS SHEFFIELD

Naturally.

JULIE

There's not a lot of information about it, obviously, but it's thought the atmosphere is so toxic, even a sealed space suit wouldn't give you more than 10 or so minutes before collapse, organ failure, and death.

MRS SHEFFIELD

Oh, my.

JOE

That sucks.

EVERYONE

Jesus!

JOE

Never thought I'd have to resort to plain old sneaking around to get my jump scare fix. Hey, all, we need to have a quick confab.

JULIE

Look. We pretty much figured wherever Bob was leading us, it wasn't likely to be ben- Are we still avoiding that word?

MRS SHEFFIELD

For efficiency, let's.

JULIE

Bob equals bad. We know that now. And like we figured, Larkspur is a literal deathtrap.

JOE

But....

JULIE

Exactly. You remember that floppy disk we found way back in 105?

JOE

Room 105?

JULIE

Episode.

JOE

Oh. Okay.

JULIE

I finally got around to listening to it, and it was basically a weird robot voice reciting numbers and stats.... Nothing I could get a handle on.

MADELINE

Skip to the punchbowl, eh?

JULIE

Someday, your brain will hang in a museum, Captain.

MADELINE

How do you know it doesn't already, hnnnnnnnn?

JULIE

Fair point. It's gotta be somewhere. Looking at this report, some of the numeric patterns match up. I think it's atmospheric composition.

MRS SHEFFIELD

You think we can recalibrate the space suits.

JULIE

We don't have much time. But they do have the capacity to modify for known toxins. At least it could buy us some time.

JESSIE

Great. An extra half hour after Bob bumps us all off the ship and flies away.

JULIE

We're screwed. Sorry. I guess I got a little overexcited.

MADELINE

No, no, Julie, this is great. It's time we didn't have before. Jessie, you and Julie get to the storage facility and start recalibrating the suits for Larkspur's atmo.

JESSIE

Right. We'll need to drop by my bunk for my set of Allen wrenches. Bloody IKEA suits.

JOE

About that confab? It might have an impact on what we're planning here... Hello?

JULIE

I wish we had the robot who left the message on the floppy disk, though; that would make this so much easier.

MADELINE

Any chance you have it with you?

JULIE

As a matter of fact, I recorded it onto my watch.

MRS SHEFFIELD

You strange strange woman.

JULIE

It helps me sleep! Seriously, it's better than Theo's novel.

JOE

Yeah, speaking of Dr. Theo-

MADELINE

Let's hear it.

JOE

Finally. OK, so what happened-

MADELINE

Sssssssh. Let's hear the *recording*. I can listen to you anytime.

Frustrated noise from **Joe**.

C4

Right, listen up, fuckweeds. 39 point 948, 2 point seven percent. 4 point zero zero 2, fourteen point nine percent. Naughty naughty 294, six point zero zero zero six percent....

Fades out.

NARRATORS' BRIDGE

N2

We came back. We left a dangling thread and actually came back to it.

NARRATOR

That calls for a drink.

Pouring, ice, stirring, etc.

N2

We should probably try to get a couple of those modified space suits, just in case.

NARRATOR

I turned on the camera in suit storage so we can follow along. Hopefully we can just stay on board.

OLIVIA
That's probably best.

N2
You're back!

OLIVIA
That whole "omnipresent" notion
still eludes you, don't it.

N2
Rude.

NARRATOR
They're going to need help.

OLIVIA
They always do. You look after you,
all right? If Bob finds you, it'll
be Larkspur for the pair of you,
Narrator code be damned. I suggest
you think about outfitting one of
the away ships and narrating from a
comfortable orbit.

N2
Why not do that for the crew?

OLIVIA
Yeah, did that. But I'm hoping for
a better outcome. Now, how's about
you meanwhile us on out of here?

NARRATOR
We were about to run the credits,
actually.

OLIVIA
There are parts of your existence
that make no sense at all, you know
that.

NARRATOR
You're a small, green, digital
orphan AI trapped aboard a space
ship talking to a pair of
narrators.

OLIVIA
(sulking) Teal. And I didn't say my
existence DID.

NARRATOR
Right. Two?

N2

You've been listening to:
Shannon Perry as Olivia and
Madeline

OLIVIA

You say that every time. What are
you talking about?

N2

Tim Sherburn as Colin
Kevin Hall as Felonius and Greg
Mark Restuccia as C4 from Best in
Galaxy

NARRATOR

Eric Perry as Joe and Mr Southers
David S Dear as Tiberius
Sarah Rhea Warner as Pipistrelle
Bonnie Brantley as Donna and Jessie

N2

Sarah Golding as Mrs Sheffield
Pete Barry as Bob
I'm Kyle Jones your Narrator 2

NARRATOR

And I'm Chris Nadolny Gourley as
your Narrator. John Faley is our
music director, and our artwork is
by Lucas Elliott.

N2

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

NARRATOR

Oz 9 is a proud member of the Fable
and Folly Network. Please check out
our sibling shows at fable and
folly dot com and support our
sponsors.

N2

You called me a "narrator."

NARRATOR

I doubt it.

N2

You said, "You're a small, green, digital orphan AI trapped aboard a space ship *talking to a pair of narrators.*" You said it, no take backs!

NARRATOR

Efficiency. "Talking to a fully-licensed narrator and a jumped up narrator wanna be tour guide" is too many words.

N2

You called me a narrator.

NARRATOR

Oh, hush and find our space suits. Lights!

Lights.