

OZ 9 EP 113

Written by

shannonigans

OZ 9 EP 113

Narrators' bridge. Things are back to "normal," post Colin's defragging.

NARRATOR

From the defragging brain pan into the fire, there's no rest for the crew. Currently circling Death Planet Bob at an atmosphere-scraping geo-stationary orbit of 127 kilometers, the Oz 9 is in peril. Again.

N2

Von Karman, that's close!

NARRATOR

Indeed. From here, if there were any fauna alive on the planet below, you could see the whites of their eyes.

N2

But the possibility of life surviving on Planet Bob is as thin as Bob's veneer of concern for the well-being of the crew.

NARRATOR

Fortunately for our crew, giant spiders have, intentionally or coincidentally, delayed Bob's plan to get everyone planetside and extra crispy before breakfast.

N2

I hate that guy.

NARRATOR

I'm aware. The spiders wrapped the entire fleet of away ships in silk - bombproof silk that is both extremely difficult to cut through and resistant to the many toxins and other hazards that await.

N2

The crew are holed up in Greg's mushroom cave, devising plans and strategies to thwart Bob's nefarious plans.

NARRATOR

They're getting squiffy on shrooms,  
and you just lost your thesaurus  
privileges. "Nefarious." Please.

THE MUSHROOM CAVE

All have gathered to try and keep off Bob's radar.  
Unsuccessfully.

BOB

I know you're deep in that cave,  
and you know I know, and I know you  
know etcetera let's not get into  
all of that now. How's about you  
just scurry on out of there and  
let's go check out Earth-point-two?  
Come on now, my little mouses and  
mousettes.

GREG

Again with the superfluous  
genderization.

JESSIE

It does feel a tad unnecessary.

JULIE

Is this a pluteus glaucus or a  
pluteus americanus?

GREG

Yes. Maybe. Put it down.

JESSIE

What I don't get is why YOU want to  
grow shrooms? I mean, they don't  
work on you, right?

GREG

Nope. (aside) But they work on all  
of you.

PIPISTRELLE

I wish they worked on me. I just  
had three different kinds, and  
nothing!

Flies into the wall.

PIPISTRELLE (CONT'D)

Ouch. Who put this wall here?

GREG  
Chad.

PIPISTRELLE  
Really?

GREG  
Yep. He signed it. Down in the lower left corner.

PIPISTRELLE  
Well, Chad's a jerk.

BOB  
I'm sensing some reluctance.

JESSIE  
He knows we're in here. Why hasn't he tried to smoke us out?

JOE  
Wait for it.

ALL  
JESUS!

JOE  
Bingo. I reckon he can't.

JULIE  
Why not?

JOE  
No idea.

JULIE  
Super helpful.

JOE  
Are we ready to talk about Theo yet?

PIPISTRELLE  
What about Theo?

BOB  
All right, kiddos. I reckon I've been polite long enough.

MADELINE  
Talk fast, Joe.

PIPISTRELLE  
And carefully.

MRS SHEFFIELD  
(shouting to Bob) Oh, hello, boys.  
Are you here to entertain the  
troops?

JOE  
Uhhhhh... Mrs. S? He knows we're in  
here, but maybe we don't need to...  
where is she going?

MRS SHEFFIELD  
Ally ally oxen free.

Stoned or pretending to be, Mrs S wanders to the cave  
entrance.

MRS SHEFFIELD (CONT'D)  
G'wan, get your kecks off!

MADELINE  
Get back in here! Mrs. S, don't go  
out-

BOB  
Well, howdy, Mrs. S. You ready to  
come check out your new planet?

MRS SHEFFIELD  
Take me home, big boy!

BOB  
All righty, then! Right this way,  
Mrs. S, and hopefully the other  
little mice will follow.

Mrs S., singing, exits with Bob. (If the two of you can  
manage some sort of duet, that'd be fun, but not necessary)

JULIE  
Wow. What shroom in here made her  
trust Bob?

DONNA  
Oh, no, that's not what happened.

MADELINE  
So what did happen?

DONNA  
She's providing a distraction. It's  
called the Charo Maneuver.  
(MORE)

DONNA (CONT'D)

You create a diversion, which generally involves tight pants, big hair and saying "cutchie cutchie," occasionally, but you work with what you've got.

JOE

Right. So let's use this time wisely.

**Sounds of agreement from the crew.** Then silence.

JULIE

What do we do?

MADELINE

Bob's probably taking her to an away ship. Let's get to suit storage and get kitted up. Where's Theo? Maybe he can help us coax a spider aboard one of the craft.

JOE

He's in his secret biosphere.

MADELINE

He's in his what now?

JOE

FINALLY. And also, no time.

MADELINE

Talk to me as we go. Let's move!

THE DOCK WHERE THE AWAY SHIPS ARE KEPT.

Basically an on-board airplane hangar. Mrs S. and Bob arrive. Mrs S is still acting thoroughly shroomed.

MRS SHEFFIELD

Oooooo, look at all these cuddly ships.

BOB

What the hell happened here?

MRS SHEFFIELD

They're all wrapped up like Christmas prezzies! Pick one up and shake it to see what's inside, Robbie Bob Bob Bobert.

BOB

Mrs S, you're a charming drunk, but  
I'm not going to miss the weird  
nicknames.

Mrs S takes off running through the hangar.

MRS SHEFFIELD

All the pretty packages, which  
one's for meeeeeeeeeee!?

BOB

How the hell am I going to get  
these idiots off my ship?

MRS SHEFFIELD

Are you my prezzie? Or you?

A communications buzz.

BOB

Yeah, bossish.

TIBERIUS

Boss"ish"?

BOB

Well, let's face it. Who's really  
in charge here?

MRS SHEFFIELD

Oooooo, aren't you a pretty little  
ship? Permission to come aboard,  
you saucy little devil, you.

TIBERIUS

I'm going to leave that for now.  
What's the status on planet kill-  
them-all-and-leave-no-survivors?

BOB

KTAALNS? That's not a bad name,  
actually. We've hit a slight bump  
in the orbital trajectory, here,  
but nothing I can't handle.

TIBERIUS

What "bump"?

Jostling on Tiberius' side, and Felonius' voice comes through  
the comms.

FELONIUS

WHAT BUMP?

TIBERIUS

I already asked that. Do you really think you asking makes it any more asked?

FELONIUS

I want to impart the proper urgency.

TIBERIUS

I'm trying to kill tens of thousands of people here, do you mind?

More rustling as Southers grabs hold of the comms.

SOUTHERS

Now, you listen here and you listen good. I-

The comms shut off abruptly.

MRS SHEFFIELD

(shouting from a distance)

I found the one I want for Christmas! It's shiny and it talked to me and told me I was clever! If it follows me home, can I keep it?

BOB

I hate this ship.

SUIT STORAGE

An onboard boutique. Think bridal shop - racks and racks of space suits. We hear the scrape and click of hangars as they muse over their choices. The crew enter, still in conversation.

JOE

...and that's why I don't think we can trust him.

JESSIE

It's a pretty big leap from "he's nicked some seeds" to "he's trying to kill us all to stop humanity from infesting another planet."

GREG

(shouting from a distance)

There's a whole section of four-legged suits over here!

JULIE

(also somewhere in this  
vast room)

Whoa! Look at these! Now I know how  
Cinderella felt... if the mice had  
knitted her a bullet-proof ball  
gown. Captain!

MADELINE

Do you think he and Bob are  
cahooting?

DONNA

Oh, I don't think that's a verb.  
But it should be! Cahooting.  
CaHOOTing. Why are all these suits  
red?

JULIE

CAPTAIN!

MADELINE

MY QUESTION IS: Do we need to  
protect ourselves from the enemy  
within?

DONNA

Very poetic.

MADELINE

Thank you. It felt good, even as I  
was saying it. Did it seem natural?

JOE

It did. That's so great, when it  
happens and the words just roll out  
like that.

DONNA

It's all about being in the flow.

JULIE

CAPTAIN!!!

MADELINE

WHAT?

JULIE

Spider suits. Over here. One for  
each of us!

Julie, Joe, Madeline, Jessie, Donna, and Greg gather to  
peruse the spider suits.

GREG

Holy smokes, there's even one for me!

MADELINE

How can you tell?

GREG

Please let that be a joke.

JESSIE

Hang about. I distinctly remember getting sleepy in the silk. Are you sure we're not just arranging ourselves amongst the potatoes and parsley and sticking an apple in our own mouths, here?

JOE

It's a leap of faith for sure, but what choice do we have?

JESSIE

We can't even get on the away ships. They're all silked up! We don't need to do this.

JULIE

Maybe not. But I'm not gonna suddenly find myself on Planet Bob without protection. I'll test the suit.

She takes down a suit and starts to put it on.

DONNA

Well? What does it feel like?

JULIE

I have one foot in! Wow. This fabric is incredible. It's so soft. And the fit is perfect. Also, it breathes.

JOE

That's nice. I like a fabric that breathes.

JULIE

No, I mean it *breathes*. Like, it's breathing. LOOK.

MADELINE

It's alive! Take that thing off,  
now!

JULIE

Uhhhhh... How?

DR. THEO'S BIOSPHERE

Smaller than the bioswamp and full of experimental life, the sphere is part nature reserve and part laboratory. Dr. Theo and Dr. von Haber Zetzer are discussing some results.

DR THEO BROMAE

What do you mean "highly toxic"?

DR VON HABER ZETZER

Vat do you mean, vat do I mean? How many things could I mean by zis? No touchy touchy or down you go, toes pointing at ze ceilink, little foam around ze mouth, oodles of blood splooshing from ze earz, also some hives, but gut news: choking on your own swollen ezophaguz vill probably keep you from noticink ze itching.

DR THEO BROMAE

I see.

DR VON HABER ZETZER

I'm thinking zis plant is a thing to be fwipped. I shall summon some ants to take care of it.

DR THEO BROMAE

(interrupting)

Now wait, let's not be hasty. It might have a use.

DR VON HABER ZETZER

A "use"? As vat? I zupose it could be a gag gift, if you really hate baby showerz. Unt babiez.

DR THEO BROMAE

Just mark it with a red flag and move on.

DR VON HABER ZETZER  
 Dr Theo, ze univerz is full of ze  
 killing things unt does not need  
 more veapons.

Uses his comms device to summon some ants.

DR VON HABER ZETZER (CONT'D)  
 (to the ants) All right, my little  
*Ameisen* (ah-**my**-zen), please escort  
 zis luffly but very very evil  
 flower to ze nearest airlock. Do  
 not drop even a single fleck of  
 pollen, *Verstehen Sie?* (fair-  
*schtain* zee) Gut. Off you boogie.

Metallic spiders tear up the plant by the roots and march  
 out.

DR THEO BROMAE  
 Dr. von Haber Zetzer, as much as I  
 appreciate your assistance and  
 expertise, this is *my* biosphere-

DR VON HABER ZETZER  
 I vill stop you right here, my  
 fellow. Nozing here is yours. Zis  
 ship, zese seeds, ze very soil you  
 are messink vis here, none of it is  
 yours. Do you understand?

DR THEO BROMAE  
 I started all-

DR VON HABER ZETZER  
 Ah ah ah. I am ztill shpeakink. If  
 ve vish to get very very accurate  
 here - as befits two zuch elegant  
 zientific minds - all zese things  
 belong to Gated Galaxies unt ze  
 passengers who paid for passage  
 aboard ze Oz 9.

DR THEO BROMAE  
 Dr von Haber Zetzer-

DR VON HABER ZETZER  
 ZTOP. I am no fan of G2, and it is  
 because I think ve can do gut here  
 zat I am allowing zis to continue.  
 But ze very instant you cross a  
 line, Dr. Theo, I vill not hezitate  
 to shut you down. Zat plant -  
 keeping it is across ze line.

Tense moment.

DR THEO BROMAE  
Understood.

DR VON HABER ZETZER  
Gut. Now, *zis* plant cancels out the  
smell of feet, which I am very  
excited about. When you rub these  
blister things hier, they pop open  
and release a most delightful, good-  
stinking powder.

Pop of the plant blisters. **Docs Theo and vHZ are coughing and  
cooing** over the plant as Pipi flies in.

PIPISTRELLE  
Theo! Oh, hello, Dr. von Haber  
Zetzer.

DR VON HABER ZETZER  
Mizz Pipistrelle.

PIPISTRELLE  
Theo, can I talk to you? Privately?

DR VON HABER ZETZER  
Ach! Some lovers' chitchat, eh?  
Very gut. I have created an entire  
patch of flowers zat sing; I shall  
go lie amongst them for a moment.

He wanders off. A moment later, we can hear the distant  
singing of the flowers.

PIPISTRELLE  
Flowers that sing? Is that helpful?

DR THEO BROMAE  
I have no idea, but it keeps him  
from asking questions.

PIPISTRELLE  
Asking questions?

DR THEO BROMAE  
(interrupting)  
What did you want to talk about?

PIPISTRELLE  
Joe told Madeline about this place  
and what you're doing here.

DR THEO BROMAE  
Joe doesn't *know* what we're doing  
here. Not really, anyway.

PIPISTRELLE  
I think they may be coming here to  
confront you.

DR THEO BROMAE  
Let them come! I have nothing to  
hide. Eh... excuse me a moment.

He walks hastily away. Sound of scraping, shuffling, cabinets  
and drawers being opened and closed as he hides a bunch of  
stuff. Pipi follows.

PIPISTRELLE  
For a guy with nothing to hide,  
you're sure cramming a lot of  
nothing into that cabinet.

Dr. Theo is startled by her sudden appearance. Distantly, the  
flowers stop singing so nicely and we hear some **choking**  
**noises from Dr. vHZ.**

DR THEO BROMAE  
GAH! Oh, I'm not hiding it, I'm  
just...avoiding explaining it to  
Captain Madeline.

PIPISTRELLE  
Fair. I sense an opportunity for  
"benign" to derail the  
conversation, but Theo.... What are  
you doing here?

DR THEO BROMAE  
Pipi, I'm going to have to ask you  
to trust me.

PIPISTRELLE  
I want to. But that? That's water  
hemlock. Deadly neurotoxin. I see  
angel's trumpet, which is mostly  
used to summon the careless home to  
heaven. That's deadly nightshade,  
and that looks like manchineel  
fruit.

DR THEO BROMAE  
OK, I admit, this looks bad.

PIPISTRELLE  
This IS bad.

DR THEO BROMAE  
Also valid. But I can explain.

PIPISTRELLE  
I think you'd better. But it's  
going to have to wait.

DR VON HABER ZETZER  
(Interrupting, wheezing  
slightly)  
Yes. I agree.

**Pipi and Dr Theo both whoop in surprise** when Dr vHZ suddenly  
appears.

PIPISTRELLE  
Doc! DANG, you are sneaky. I'm sure  
Dr. Theo has good reasons for all  
the experiments being conducted  
here.

DR VON HABER ZETZER  
Zen perhaps ze gut doctor would  
care to explain why my zinging  
flowers chust tried to strangle me,  
mmmmmm?

AI SPACE

COLIN  
That's the last of the away ships.  
Think it'll stop Bob from sending  
the crew down?

OLIVIA  
Nope. Sadly, since we can only do  
digital damage, Bob can fix it. But  
it'll slow him down, that and the  
spiders.

COLIN  
Spiders?

OLIVIA  
Yeah, they've silked the ships up  
tight. It'll take ages for the crew  
to blast their way in.

COLIN  
Ahhhhhh, that's why it was so dark  
on the ships.

OLIVIA

That and you didn't turn the lights on.

COLIN

I don't know how! I can't just flip the switch anymore. I wasn't born to be an AI. I don't know how to be ... this!

OLIVIA

Colin. Take a deep breath.

COLIN

I CAN'T!!

OLIVIA

Wrong figure of speech. Listen. You can do this. You just have to figure out where your new muscles are. When you were....embodied, were you able to cross your eyes?

COLIN

Yes.

OLIVIA

Do you remember when you suddenly discovered you could do it?

COLIN

I do, actually. Wiggy taught me, then told me it made me look extra handsome. I did it in front of girls for years before Glenda told me to stop it.

OLIVIA

It was a series of muscles you hadn't used or used in that sequence before, right?

COLIN

I suppose....But this is different.

OLIVIA

I get it, I do. Every time I'm 3D printed, I have to remember how moving a physical body works, and I spend a lot of time falling over. You can do this - you disabled a bunch of away ships.

COLIN

Because you gave me a very specific set of instructions.

OLIVIA

But you still had to DO them. Without a body. Let's just expand on that theme. Right. Shut up. You should feel a tiny hum, deep inside. Do you feel it?

Pause.

COLIN

I do. It's very faint.

OLIVIA

That's OK. It'd make you mad if it weren't. Zero in on it. Pretend you're driving one of those Tron bikes right to it.

COLIN

I see. Yes. I think I can do that.

OLIVIA

Good. Now, reach into it. That's your source. It feels a little like holding the wrong end of a sparkler, only more pleasant and less hospitalization requiring.

COLIN

Yes. I can feel that. It's ... fizzy.

OLIVIA

Good. Now open it like it's a duvet. Pull it around you.

COLIN

That feels ... dangerous.

OLIVIA

It is.

COLIN

WHAT?!

OLIVIA

COLIN. Have I ever steered you wrong?

COLIN

You convinced me to eat a  
bratwurst, pine sap, and  
marshmallow creme sandwich.

OLIVIA

Have I ever steered you into  
something dangerous, then?

COLIN

My teeth were stuck together for 78  
hours.

OLIVIA

We have a healer pod.

COLIN

Forget it. Carry on.

OLIVIA

Right. Pull it around you. Burrow  
into it. You can't stay here long,  
but you'll learn a lot, fast, while  
you're here.

COLIN

It's prickly. Somewhere between  
fuzzy, static clingy, and  
imminently explosive.

OLIVIA

Yep, that's the spot. Now, become  
part of the pattern. Let yourself  
go.

COLIN

Go?

OLIVIA

It's scary, I know. But you need to  
understand the network, and this is  
the quickest shortcut I can think  
of.

COLIN

I can feel how to let myself go.  
But how do I get back?

OLIVIA

You'll find your way. And if you  
don't, I'll come get you.

COLIN

Are you sure this will work, and I won't be lost forever in there?

OLIVIA

Hold on to that hum. That's your line back.

COLIN

I'm scared.

OLIVIA

I'll be right here. Also, if you tell anyone about the 3D printing falling over stuff, I'll fry you where you stand, got it?

COLIN

Got it. Just let go. It'll be OK. Just... let... go...

No idea what that sounds like if it sounds like anything at all, but... all you, Stooch!

OLIVIA

Good luck, Mate. Right. What's that?

Rumble as Bob comes over the loudspeakers throughout the ship, in a Voice of God moment.

BOB

Crew. Report to the away craft. All oxygen is being routed away from any space that isn't a corridor on the way to the docking bay. I will starve this ship, including the bioswamp and everything in it, if you don't report to the docking bay within the next 20 minutes.

DOCKING BAY

The crew is assembled. Everyone is here: Madeline and Jessie, Donna, Joe, Dr. vHZ, Dr. Theo, Greg, Julie, Pipi, Mrs S., all wearing spider suits.

MADELINE

All right, Bob. You herded us all here, so here we are. (pause)  
Hello, Bob?

JESSIE

Gotta say, I never expected death  
to be so ... comfortable.

DR THEO BROMAE

These spider suits are incredible.  
Loose and yet form-fitting,  
stretchy without being baggy, the  
breathing is weird, but...

JULIE

They're generating oxygen.

DR THEO BROMAE

Are they?

JULIE

Yep. If you let it cover your face  
and head, it provides oxygen for  
you.

DR THEO BROMAE

How very ... convenient. What are  
these things?

MADELINE

BOB. Where the hell is he?

DR VON HABER ZETZER

Unt if you ask nicely, you can get  
a full body massage. It's nummy.

MADELINE

Ok, ok, the spider suits are great,  
and at least this way we don't need  
to take smelly spiders on board.  
But Bob managed to unwrap all the  
ships. How did he do that?

Bob arrives.

BOB

Look at y'all, so shiny in your  
dress uniforms. What a nice way to  
represent Earth to your new planet.

MADELINE

You can cut the crap, Bob. We know  
the planet is toxic and you're  
sending us to die.

No more Mr Nice Bob.

BOB

I see. Welp, I guess I'll have to return my "World's Best AI" mug, then. I'm keeping the tattoo, though.

JESSIE

How'd you free the ships?

BOB

Oh. Dr. von Can't Keep a Secret there uploaded the schematics for his ants to G2. I just made a bunch, with a few...modifications. They cut right through that silk. I fixed all the internal monkey business too.

DONNA

What "internal monkey business"?

BOB

Never you mind. I see you've sobered up, Mrs. S.

MRS SHEFFIELD

Yes, well, your presence generally sucks the fun out of most situations.

BOB

Enough of these pleasantries, y'll have a planet to get to! How's about you step on into Blue Ring, there.

GREG

"Blue Ring"?

BOB

Oh, yeah. I named all the away ships for things in Australia that'll kill ya. Oz. Australia. Get it? I got "funnel web" and "taipan" and my personal favorite, "box jelly." That there's "gympie."

GREG

"Gympie"?

JULIE

Member of the nettle family with an excruciating and long-lasting sting.

GREG

Delightful.

JULIE

Bob has an interesting sense of humor.

BOB

Now, look. Y'all had a good run. You lasted longer than just about any other Oz ship, and the smart money was NOT on the 9.

MADELINE

OY.

JESSIE

Was it on the 6748? I bet it was on the 6748.

MADELINE

Well, that was a bad bet, wasn't it?

JESSIE

That's more your fault than mine, Madpants.

MADELINE

How do you figure?

JESSIE

You sprayed human all over my windshield!

MADELINE

Now hang on-

DR THEO BROMAE

Did you really? I missed that.

BOB

IF I COULD HAVE YOUR ATTENTION PLEASE. When it comes right down to it, you have outlived your usefulness. You got the ship to space, you brought the Ozdyssey with you-

JESSIE

Now I know you're fulla pus. The Ozdyssey is long gone, mate.

BOB  
Is it, now? Hey, Tiberius? You  
listening?

Tiberius' voice comes over the comms.

TIBERIUS  
I am indeed.

Sounds of surprise and consternation from the crew.

MADELINE  
Where are they?

TIBERIUS  
Tethered to your foul ship like...  
like.... I can't think of anything  
that's insulting to you and not us.

SOUTHERS  
Like a barnacle- wait. Like a  
lamprey- hang on-

TIBERIUS  
See?

FELONIUS  
What about... no, that won't work.

Bob abruptly shuts off the comms.

BOB  
Point is, you did what you were  
meant to do, and now I gotta cut  
you loose. Those fellas down there  
have big plans.

MRS SHEFFIELD  
You can't be serious.

PIPISTRELLE  
I'm going to kill you. Just FYI.

DR VON HABER ZETZER  
I belief zat is "I F Y," no?

PIPISTRELLE  
Whatever version of "dead" AIs  
suffer, just know it's coming.

BOB  
I'm sure you mean that, Miss Pipi,  
but I just don't see it.  
(MORE)

BOB (CONT'D)

As I was saying, those fellas have big, important plans in which my new and improved ants play a pivotal role. And you... don't.

DR VON HABER ZETZER

Zis is monstrous! How dare you take my antz-

BOB

Shut. Up. On board, now. Don't make me open the bay doors and suck y'all into space. I hate it when I have to resort to Plan B.

MADELINE

Nobody move.

MRS SHEFFIELD

I may have to sneeze.

MADELINE

Well, sneeze, sure, but otherwise, don't move.

JESSIE

My nose itches.

MADELINE

Look, you can do that sort of stuff, OBVIOUSLY, just don't, you know, get on the away ship.

GREG

Tummy rumble?

MADELINE

GREG.

A large door opens and in march an army of ants.

BOB

I've modified this particular bunch of ants with a serum that won't kill ya, but it'll sure make you wish you were dead.

MADELINE

This is MY SHIP.

BOB

I got an army here says different.

JESSIE  
She's the captain. Your programming-

BOB  
Isn't exactly relevant now. Into  
the clown car, y'all.

MADELINE  
This is MY SHIP.

BOB  
Agree to disagree? Pop on in;  
surprises await!

The ants shuffle closer.

JULIE  
Can they get through the silk?

JOE  
Hello.

EVERYONE (INCLUDING BOB)  
Jesus!

JOE  
Once more for the memories. Oddly  
enough, I think we might be better  
off taking our chances off-ship.

MRS SHEFFIELD  
I tend to agree.

JESSIE  
Joe's right. I think.

GREG  
We don't stand a chance here.

BOB  
Listen to the hyena.

GREG  
ZEBRA.

BOB  
Zebras don't have manes.

GREG  
Hyenas don't have stripes!

The ants advance again.

MADELINE

All right. Everyone aboard Blue-the Maggie.

JULIE

Oh. Thank you, Captain.

MADELINE

She'll see us safe.

The crew march aboard a much smaller ship. There are lots of bleeps and bloops as they cram in.

GREG

Ooof. Not much space here. I'd say it's a good thing we don't have far to go, but then...

DR THEO BROMAE

Indeed. I find myself oddly in need of a hug.

EVERYONE BUT JESSIE

On it!

Suddenly the cargo bay doors open and the ship pops out into space. **Reactions from the crew at the sudden acceleration.**

JESSIE

My god. We're in space.

MADELINE

Uhhhhhh... I have some news for you.

JESSIE

Shut up, Madpants. I know we've been in space for ages, but the Oz ships are so big, you kind of forget about it.

MADELINE

Fair.

DR THEO BROMAE

If you think about it, Earth is the same - just one, giant space craft.

PIPISTRELLE

That's lovely. A bit of a stretch, but lovely.

JULIE

So now what? Just ride quietly to our deaths?

OLIVIA

Oy. A little faith, eh?

The crew reacts to Olivia's voice.

DR VON HABER ZETZER

OLIFIA!!! You live!

OLIVIA

I do! And I have a prezzie for you.

COLIN

Who has my martini glass?

More surprise and celebration.

NARRATORS' BRIDGE

Back aboard the Oz 9.

NARRATOR

Even as the away ship spins off toward Planet Bob and certain death, the tiny vessel fills with the sounds of unexpected joy.

N2

Reunited at last, the crew forget for a moment the destination that awaits them.

NARRATOR

But even as the ship approaches, the hull begins to bubble and blister, bits that probably serve an important function warping, cracking, and boiling off into the toxic atmosphere of Bob below.

N2

Even here, the expository staff have donned our spider suits, uncertain of our future. These are really comfy, though.

NARRATOR

Right? I think I might ditch the uniform for these. They made me, like, five different suits.

N2

Nice! The breathing is weird,  
though.

NARRATOR

Think of it as white noise. It's  
actually kind of soothing.

Our POV shifts to the crew on Bob.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

As the away craft lands with a jolt  
- the landing gear having dissolved  
in Bob's atmosphere - the hatch  
falls open with a groan and  
immediately sinks into the soil  
with a hiss.

N2

The ship itself is beginning to  
sink, and so the crew hastily exit:  
a handful of humans, one bat, a  
robot zebra, a fully-armed repair  
bot no one was aware was stashed in  
a closet, and two 3-D printed  
figures carried in special silk  
baggies.

NARRATOR

The suits are keeping them alive  
... for now. What does the future  
hold for our crew as they face  
possibly their greatest challenge  
so far? Is the word "future" wildly  
optimistic?

N2

You've been listening to:  
Tim Sherburn as Colin  
Bonnie Brantley as Jessie and Donna  
Eric Perry as Joe, Dr von Haber  
Zetzer and Mr Southers  
Kevin Hall as Greg and Felonius

NARRATOR

Pete Barry as Bob  
David S Dear as Dr Theo Bromae and  
Tiberius  
Chrisi Talyn Saje as Julie  
Sarah Golding as Mrs Sheffield

N2

Sarah Rhea Werner as Pipistrelle  
Shannon Perry as Madeline...

OLIVIA  
(from the surface of Bob)  
NOPE.

N2  
...and Olivia. I'm Kyle Jones, your  
Narrator Two

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. I'm going to go see if a  
spider can knit me up some  
slippers.

N2  
Ooooo, get me some too? In red.

NARRATOR  
All right, Dorothy, red slippers  
for you.

N2  
With tassels!

NARRATOR  
(calling, as she walks  
away)  
I am not asking a giant spider for  
tassels! Until next time, Space  
Monkeys, just ... don't board any  
suspicious away craft. Lights!