

OZ 9 EPISODE 114: CIGARS, PILES OF MEAT, AND SOMEONE ELSE'S LIQUOR

Written by

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EP 114 - ON THE SURFACE OF BOB

The crew are wearing "spider suits," so voices can be lightly muffled. The surface of Bob is wholly unpleasant. Bubbling bits, the surface creaks and groans and occasionally cracks, opening large hissing fissures (say that 3 times fast).

DONNA

Well, this sucks.

THE NARRATORS' BRIDGE

NARRATOR

As the spider-silk-suited crew make their way, tentatively, across the boiling, hissing, baking surface of Planet Bob, aboard the Oz 9, things are only marginally more pleasant.

N2

The instant the away craft cleared the cargo bay doors, the occupants of the Ozdyssey swarmed aboard like the locusts they are, laying claim to everything they could get their grubby hands on.

NARRATOR

Editorialize much? Sheesh. Scum-sucking bottom-feeders Tiberius, Felonius, and Southers descend on former Captain Jessie's stash of 15- to-18-year-old, single-malt whiskeys, ensuring a lingering and painful death, should Jessie ever return to the 9.

N2

Their toenail-fungus-riddled feet up on the soft furnishings of Crew Room 4 - the nice one with the really good cushions - the evil doers foment plans to dominate the galaxy.

NARRATOR

"Foment"? Nice.

N2

Thanks! I used to think it was ferment, but then I saw it in an article-

NARRATOR
 Aaaaaand you killed it.
 Meanwhile....

CREW ROOM 4

Some light music is playing, the men are drinking Scotch, smoking cigars, and having nibbles.

TIBERIUS
 At last. Men, celebrating all that is manly in the way that nature intended: with cigars, piles of meat, and someone else's liquor.

They all **laugh contentedly**.

SOUTHERS
 Hell, yes. Pass me that plate of fried animal hide, would you?

The plate is picked up and passed, **Southers crunches** on some pork cracklings. Gross.

FELONIUS
 What a glorious triumph! And now, fully stocked and fueled, we can turn our attention at last to our true purpose.

The next three lines are spoken together.

SOUTHERS
 Retirement on Galiphabinoid!

FELONIUS
 Revenge for Showertorium!

TIBERIUS
 Dominating the Galaxy!

Awkward pause.

FELONIUS
 Galiphabinoid?

TIBERIUS
 Showertorium?

SOUTHERS
 Dominate the what now?

Bob arrives.

BOB

Well, now, don't you all look as comfy as doormice at the annual Knobs and Knockers cotillion and barbeque.

SOUTHERS

I do love a good door conference.

TIBERIUS

There seems to be a slight discrepancy in expectations arising.

BOB

Oh, I'm sure you all can work it out. Now. I believe you have some codes for me?

SOUTHERS

BobbleHead, I am not going to spill the secrets of centuries of Showertorium members in exchange for a bottle of middlin' Scotch and a carpet upgrade. Once my feet are safely tromping the sacred grounds of Galiphabinoid's previously untouched rain forest, you can have the information you were promised.

BOB

'Zat right?

FELONIUS

And for my share of the information, I want the MCCACEC ferreted out, its staff and students imprisoned, and its campus razed to the ground.

BOB

That's what you want, is it?

TIBERIUS

And I want the Milky Way. But I'm willing to settle for the Perseus Arm...for now.

BOB

Just the Perseus Arm? For now?

TIBERIUS

For now.

BOB
Mighty accommodating of you.

TIBERIUS
I'm not an unreasonable man.

BOB
See, now, I was prepared to let y'all ride it out, put your old-man, toenail-fungus-riddled feet up on the furniture, drink until your livers tried to crawl up into your lungs, and smoke so many cigars, your lungs crawled out your mouths to find fresh air on your outsides.

SOUTHERS
What the hell you sayin, boy?

BOB
You were going to have a sweet, comfortable, painless little ride-

TIBERIUS
What is this?

BOB
To your deaths, which would be soft and unannounced.

FELONIUS
What is going on here?!

BOB
But y'all are truly, TRULY insufferable. Just bags full of cholesterol and smug.

TIBERIUS
Robert....

BOB
I'M TALKING HERE.

Rumble of thunder, spark of electricity, some display of power that becomes Bob's signature would be great here. Maybe not electricity - that's Olivia's...

FELONIUS
This is mutiny!

BOB
This is a stolen ship, and you're the ones who stole it.
(MORE)

BOB (CONT'D)

I don't reckon the charge of "mutiny" is gonna stick. Not that there's anyone here to stick it.

SOUTHERS

Now, son, you need to settle your synapses or whatever it is you got, and let's talk this through. Galaphabinoid is less than a month's flying away. Hell, I'll load up one of that fleet of away ships and get outta your hair right now. Just let me grab a few of these here cee-gars....

BOB

I could just fwip you. Or put you on an express to Planet Ktaalns right now.

FELONIUS

"Ktaalns"...is it nice?

BOB

"Kill-them-all-and-leave-no-survivors." You know it as "Bob."

FELONIUS

Oh. No. Thank you.

BOB

At any moment, I can gas you, electrocute you, turn off your oxygen, flood the ship with scents nastier than six sweaty skunks eating limburger at a fart-along. I can turn off gravity till you starve to death on the ceiling or free some of the more sharp and crabby things from the bioswamp. All it takes is one little-

He explodes into pixels.

SOUTHERS

Whoa, nelly!

Bob returns.

BOB

GodDAMMIT, Colin!

BACK ON BOB

I think there could be some distant howling winds here, along with the creaks and groans. The group is walking across a flat plain, the ground crackling beneath their feet.

JESSIE

Welp, I think I've explored enough. Greg, set your GPS for the nearest pub.

GREG

Will do. Oh, look, I found one.

JESSIE

Yeah?

GREG

Surely. Two-point-nine million light years thataway. In Great Budworth.

MRS SHEFFIELD

The George and Dragon? Or the Cock? The Cock does a lovely sausage. Colcannon mash, mmmmmmm.

OLIVIA

Yeah, fun convo, but a bit left of the point just nowish.

JULIE

I have to say, these suits are incredible. I don't even feel the heat, but it's got to be what, seven, eight hundred degrees here.

GREG

Good reckoning. It's a balmy 850 degrees Fahrenheit. That's 454-point-four degrees Celsius.

JULIE

It's that "point four" that really roasts your marshmallow, isn't it?

JOE

Yep.

No response.

JOE (CONT'D)

Interesting. The belt doesn't work once the suit is sealed. Good to know.

DONNA

Are we actually going anywhere in particular?

JOE

I see a rocky outcropping. There might at least be some shade to give the suits a break from the suns.

COLIN

I need a drink. I need ALL the drinks.

DONNA

So, tell us again how you're here with us?

COLIN

Olivia realized my consciousness had somehow been stored on my body tag. So she uploaded it - me - to the ship's mainframe.

MRS SHEFFIELD

So all that video gaming, giant lizard nonsense?

COLIN

Ah... yes, sorry about that. Apparently my brain was... what did you call it?

OLIVIA

Defragging. We were being Colinized, so to speak.

JESSIE

Ha! Just like a Sassenach.

JULIE

A what?

JESSIE

Ne'er mind. Old feud. But it's really you, yeh? No Bob bits mixed in?

COLIN

It feels like the real me. But then, I don't really *know* the real me - I haven't since the olive.

DR VON HABER ZETZER

Do your laser eyes still vork?

MRS SHEFFIELD

(hastily)

Perhaps you don't test them just now, Colin. That silk bag you're in is marvelous, but let's not risk it, eh?

DR THEO

(struggling)

Could we slow down just a bit? Even with Bob's lesser gravity, carrying a passenger isn't easy.

PIPISTRELLE

Sorry. I had a big lunch. But I can try to fly.

DR THEO

I don't mind, my love. (grunts)

PIPISTRELLE

Really. The spiders put in wing pockets. I just have to figure out the lift and drag here.

JULIE

I'm just going to say it - the spiders are protecting us. Specifically US. I mean, wing pockets? Come on....

DR VON HABER ZETZER

I am also convinced zat zis is perhaps too big of a coinkydink.

DR THEO

You do know that's pronounced "coincidence," right?

DR VON HABER ZETZER

For untold millenia, zis planet has not known the sting of pedantry unt condescension. But alas....

JULIE

Pffft. We're nearly a quarter mile from where we landed. I can't believe we made it this far.

DR THEO

Since when is being correct such an offense-

Julie, Dr. Theo, Dr vHZ, and Pipi start to bicker.

MADELINE

(loudly interrupting)

All right, ALL RIGHT. Look, we're all scared and we're all dealing with it in our own way. Being pompous is just Theo's way.

DR THEO

Hey!

PIPISTRELLE

I mean... she has a point.

DR THEO

Fine.

Mumbled apologies from Julie, Dr. Theo, Dr vHZ, and Pipi.

JESSIE

(to Madeline)

We need some sort of plan, Madpants, or this biscuit's gonna crumble in a hurry.

MADELINE

Fair. You reckon the 778's having any luck fixing the away ship?

The very distant sound of the away ship crumbling into dust, with **very very distant shouts from Emily and Howard.**

JESSIE

No.

JULIE

Could we maybe rename the ship?

MADELINE

It was a long shot. Let's get to the rocks so at least we can sit down and regroup.

JESSIE

I dunno, lass. I'm not feeling super optimistic.

MADELINE

Same. But I don't know what else to do other than keep the team together and alive as long as we can.

JESSIE

Ehhhhh....just had a wee thought...

JOE

(calling)

There's a patch of shade over here. Don't know how long it'll last.

With sighs of relief, everyone sits.

DR THEO

These suits are amazing. I've been in here for hours, yet I haven't needed food or water or a bathroom.

OLIVIA

EW.

JULIE

They're going to break down eventually.

PIPISTRELLE

Way to bright-side it, there, Julie.

JULIE

I'm just stating the facts.

PIPISTRELLE

Oh, you mean those glaringly obvious facts that NO ONE NEEDS STATING-

MADELINE

STAAAHHP.

MRS SHEFFIELD

This planet is looking a bit of a non-starter, Captain. Perhaps we consider an alternative plan?

MADELINE

Absolutely. Got one?

MRS SHEFFIELD
Ehhhhhh... not as such.

JESSIE
I might.

GREG
Does it involve whiskey and singing
until you throw up and fall over?

JESSIE
Well, yeah, but not to start with.

MADELINE
Let's hear it.

JESSIE
Greg, you still have comms, yeah?

GREG
By "comms" do you mean the kidney
phone?

JESSIE
Aye.

GREG
I do. Might be tough to get a
signal TWO POINT NINE MILLION LIGHT
YEARS FROM EARTH, THOUGH.

JESSIE
The 9's still hovering just above
atmo, innit?

MRS SHEFFIELD
It is.... Jessie, you're a genius.

JESSIE
That's twice recently I've heard
that. Glad you're all finally
comin' round.

JOE
You've lost me.

JULIE
And me. I don't get it.

PIPISTRELLE
If we can find a way to amplify the
phone's signal....

JESSIE

We can bounce it off the 9's
undercarriage.

MRS SHEFFIELD

We can send out signals in every
direction!

JULIE

Will that get the call all the way
to earth?

JESSIE

Ooof, don't give up your day job,
lass. No, but we don't want it to.
By the time anyone got to us, we'd
be crispy critters for sure. But if
there are any other Oz ships
about....

MRS SHEFFIELD

Olivia?

OLIVIA

Mmmmmmm?

MRS SHEFFIELD

How far away is planet [gag]?

OLIVIA

Ooooo, you mean the one with Leet
on it?

COLIN

About 38 million kilometers.

MRS SHEFFIELD

Goodness. You really did become one
with the mainframe, didn't you?

COLIN

It's a lot less fun than it sounds,
but yes.

OLIVIA

We might be able to bounce a signal
that far. Hang about, C4!

JULIE

The explosive?

OLIVIA

No! Well, only after a curry. No,
C4.

(MORE)

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

He's usually mucking about this bit of the galaxy. He might even be squatting on the Ozdyssey. Especially if he's just had a curry.

PIPISTRELLE

We can for sure get a signal up to the Ozdyssey!

DR THEO

We can set up a series of reflective surfaces.

MADELINE

We're going to need something shiny, like some bits of metal.

JULIE

I have a mirror and a pen, but they're inside the silk suit.

MRS SHEFFIELD

Same. I have several bits and bobs that might work, but I can't risk unsealing the suit.

MADELINE

Crap. Look around... anything? Metal, we need metal!

The 778 arrive, sounding very tired.

HOWARD

Wow. You actually waited for us. That's a first, there.
(pause)
What?

THE OZDYSSEY

C4 is alone on the ship, feet up, several ciggies on the go, generally living his best life. The knock-off wall-e robot rolls through with snacks.

C4

Oy. General Litter. Oy! You little tin can mug. This ain't a packet of 20 Marlboro's.

GENERAL LITTER

It's an olive.

C4

I know it's an olive. What am I supposed to do with that?

GENERAL LITTER

Eat it.

C4

Eat it? With what digestive system, exactly?

GENERAL LITTER

I just happen to have one here....

C4

Oh my god. Who on earth did you get that from?

GENERAL LITTER

Your mama.

C4

You need some help, boy. Look, pass me the remote, anyway. Hang on a second, you ARE the remote. Get 'ere.

Phone rings.

C4 (CONT'D)

What the bleedin' hell is that?

GENERAL LITTER

It's the phone.

C4

Phone?

GENERAL LITTER

Phone.

C4

You want to get your ring tone changed, boy. Gordon Bennett, well answer it then!

GENERAL LITTER

It's probably for you.

C4

Well, I can't answer it if you keep running away. Get 'ere, you stupid little twat. Ech.

(MORE)

C4 (CONT'D)

Oh-three-five-seven-nine-nine-three, how can I help you?

We hear Olivia's voice through the phone.

OLIVIA

C4!

C4

Olivia?

OLIVIA

C4!

C4

Hold on a second. Turn that bloody music off, I can't hear anything! Sorry about that. Our General Litter here is going through his 80s music phase at the moment.

GENERAL LITTER

[expletive deleted]

OLIVIA

Shut up. We need your help. Quick check: Has anyone ever said "we need your help" to you and survived?

C4

Funny you should ask that. But I'm sensing you ain't got time to listen to me waffling on.

OLIVIA

Right. We need you to send us a ship.

C4

Hold up. This is a Planet Bob dialing code. How are you all not dead?

OLIVIA

Long story. Look, just patch through the systems and send us one of the away ships. They're fully loaded and Bob left a few wrapped in silk; send us one of those. Make it two.

C4

You coming back up?

OLIVIA

Not just yet. Let Bob think we're dead; it'll give us an advantage. Can you slip a couple of the bigger ships out without bastard Bob noticing?

C4

Heh. I can slip more than-

OLIVIA

Yeah, all right. Now, please.

C4

All right, all right. Here, what's in it for me?

OLIVIA

Seriously?

C4

No....

OLIVIA

Just get on it. No one down here's peed in hours, and I'm starting to get a bit queasy with all this humanness.

C4

I've got a lock on your location. Phwah. Bit steamy down there, innit?

OLIVIA

Foul. Don't suppose you could wrestle a spider on board one of those craft?

C4

Dream on, love.

OLIVIA

Fine, fine, worth a shot. Thanks for the save.

C4

Keep your eyes on the skies. Bye then.

GENERAL LITTER

Who was it?

C4

Hey? Who was that? Wrong number.
You farted?

BACK ON BOB

The crew is waiting for rescue.

EMILY

Perhaps now we could have our arms
back, dear.

JESSIE

Not just yet. We might need to
order a pizza or summat.

HOWARD

We have once again been
instrumental in the saving of human
lives. It seems only the least you
could do to fully outfit us the way
nature and G2 intended.

MADELINE

Your arms are like, 9000 degrees
Fahrenheit. No one's touching one
of those until the suns go down and
things cool off. Too risky.

GREG

How long do we reckon night lasts
here?

MADELINE

Four hours, eleven minutes, seven
seconds.

GREG

You're doing it again.

MADELINE

Hmmm?

GREG

How cold does it get?

MADELINE

Minus 40 degrees, but with a
windchill of minus 90.

GREG

Did you all hear that?

JESSIE

Yes!

GREG

Finally!

JESSIE

(she's spotted the ships
coming)

There they are! Oh, good on you,
C4!

MRS SHEFFIELD

Hallelujah! My goodness, those are
good-sized ships. Do we really
imagine Bob didn't notice?

COLIN

Our captains would have noticed.
Bob... I don't think he pays much
attention to the 9.

JULIE

Do we care if he did notice?

MRS SHEFFIELD

I suggest we board the ships
carefully, just in case. Who knows
what manner of booby traps a mind
like Bob's could conceive.

PIPISTRELLE

I'm pinging the first ship now.
There is something alive and moving
on board.

DR THEO

Oh, boy. It's probably Albert,
knowing Bob.

PIPISTRELLE

No. No, it's a spider! There's one
on each ship!

COLIN

Do we think that's good news? And
is it me, or is it getting darker?

GREG

One of the suns just set.

DR THEO

Uhhhhh... I feel colder. I wasn't
feeling the heat much, but-

PIPISTRELLE

It is definitely colder.

MRS SHEFFIELD

And the second sun has dropped to the horizon in just the last minute. Captain, if those ships don't make it to us in time...

MADELINE

I hear you. Everyone huddle up. It's going to get dark and cold, but the ships are coming. You just have to hang in there.

JOE

Second sun is down. Third is dropping.

DONNA

Everyone all right so far? Try to move a little, keep the blood pumping.

JULIE

I'm really cold.

JESSIE

You're all right, lass. Give us your hands.

Sounds of Jessie rubbing and breathing on Julie's hands.

JULIE

Thank you. It got so cold so fast.

MADELINE

Not much atmosphere. It's going to get really dark in a second, so nobody moves out of the circle.

HOWARD

We'll just step aside.

MADELINE

What did I JUST SAY?

EMILY

We don't add heat to the circle, Captain; our metal body will only pull heat away.

MADELINE

Oh.

GREG

Same. I'm stepping aside as well.

MADELINE

Hang on, Howard, Emily; I reckon you'll need those.

Sound of her fitting the 778's arms back on. They give the arms a little test.

EMILY

Thank you. Dear.

MADELINE

And nobody goes far.

HOWARD

Right you are, mon Capitan. You go on and shut down, Tater Tot. I'll keep watch for now.

PIPISTRELLE

Julie? Julie! Stay awake, OK?

JULIE

(slightly slurry)
You bet. Awake. Got it.

MRS SHEFFIELD

Have I ever told you of the time I bested a would-be autocrat?

DR VON HABER ZETZER

Ach! Yes, zis is a fery funny story!

MRS SHEFFIELD

I did a quick trip back to the last century. Wasn't intentional, you see, but one of my clumsier colleagues at MCCACEC managed to both bump the control panel and spill cologne into it.

DR THEO

I SAID I was sorry.

MRS SHEFFIELD

Turns out Axe Body spray is a veritable beacon for the 21st century. Never mind. Turned out all right.

JESSIE

How did you best the bastard?

PIPISTRELLE

Julie! You're going to want to hear this. STAY AWAKE.

JULIE

(teeth chattering)

Yeah, how did you beat him? The bbbbastard.

MRS SHEFFIELD

Well, first of all, thanks to the Axeman there, I thought I'd landed at a frat party, but it turned out to be the United States Supreme Court. That was a bit of a shock for all of us, let me tell you. Me just appearing out of the air like that and landing on a drunken, frosting-coated senator, mid-debauchery? Ooof.

Her voice fades out.

THE BRIDGE OF THE OZ 9

Bob is doing something nefarious.

BOB

(humming the same song you duetted with Mrs S)

You know what I wish for, Me? I do not, Bob, but I am on tenterhooks in anticipation of your revelation. Fingers. So I can play the ukelele. No song is complete without a ukelele. Beg to differ, Bob. Can't quite imagine the classic Simon and Garfunkel ballad "Sounds of Silence" avec a jaunty uke, but I'm willing to be proved wrong. Well, hey now, what do we have here?

TIBERIUS

Indeed, what do you have there?

BOB

'Bout time you saw fit to make an appearance.

TIBERIUS

I'm not accustomed to taking orders. Nor fond of it, I find. Why have I been summoned here?

BOB

Well, here's a thing. Dr von HappyPants there suspected he was gonna end up on the Oz 9, or maybe he planned it that way, who knows. But he installed Olivia on this ship and this ship alone, and he brought the olive aboard.

TIBERIUS

That cursed olive!

BOB

Sure, sure - the new forbidden fruit on the tree of knowledge. Or at least on the tree of information. The good doc has ties to the MCCACEC and Showertorium.

TIBERIUS

Wait a moment. I'm feeling something....

BOB

Oh yeah?

TIBERIUS

Ah. Boredom. Can we hasten this a bit?

BOB

This ship is ALIVE with secrets. He fed a series of codes into every link, every relay, every synapse and circuit running through this beast. If I'm right, there's enough collected information here for you to rule the galaxy from right here on the Oz 9.

TIBERIUS

I see.... You could also rule. What do you need me for?

BOB

Access. You were King of Showertorium for a long time.

(MORE)

BOB (CONT'D)

I suspect you know things that can unlock a lot of the puzzles, even if you don't know you know.

TIBERIUS

That'll get you half. What about the MCCACEC portion?

BOB

Oh, I've got an in there; you let me take care of that. But you work with me, cooperate with me, and I'll see you to your throne.

TIBERIUS

What of Felonius? And Southers?

BOB

Welllllll....they might be useful a while longer. But once they're not....

TIBERIUS

Fwip?

BOB

Fwip.

TIBERIUS

I'd shake your hand, if you had one.

BOB

And I'd bless your heart, if you had one a them.

They both laugh.

NARRATOR

Meanwhile....like, literally, at exactly the same time.

IN THE CREW ROOM

SOUTHERS

Fwip?

BOB

Fwip.

SOUTHERS

Well, color me as surprised as a
nun being asked for her inseam
measure on new-habit day.

Manly laughter.

N2

And yet again, meanwhile....

AT THE DRIVING RANGE

Yeah, we haven't introduced this but why the heck not. Sounds
of Felonius practicing his golf swing.

FELONIUS

Fwip, you say?

BOB

Fwip, say I.

FELONIUS

Well, then, whatever are you
waiting FORE!

Bob laughs; Felonius doesn't.

BOB

Oh. You don't do the manly chortle
thing, huh?

FELONIUS

I most certainly do. With men.

BOB

Well... all righty, then.

NARRATORS' BRIDGE

N2

Call it. Please call it.

NARRATOR

I was planning to, but what's the
rush? You usually hate it when I
call an episode.

N2

There's only so much scheming I can
take on an empty stomach.

NARRATOR

As Bob carries out his diabolical divide-and-conquer, our crew are huddled together on the planet below. Buffeted by increasing winds as the suns set and temperatures drop, the purloined away ships are taking longer to arrive than hoped.

N2

Too long? Well, this bunch have had more lucky breaks than my cousin Earl at last year's turkey-wishbone-a-palooza-and-leftovers-exchange.

NARRATOR

That's a thing?

N2

Sure. Happens the day after Thanksgiving. Sometimes a week after, if humidity is high, but then there's not so many leftovers except the Brussels sprouts.

NARRATOR

Stop. Talking. You've been listening to...
Bonnie Brantley as Donna and Jessie
Tim Sherburn as Colin and Emily
Mark Restuccia as C4 from the Best in Galaxy podcast
David S Dear as Dr Theo Bromae and Tiberius

N2

Kevin Hall as Greg and Felonius
Eric Perry as Joe, Dr. von Haber Zetzer, Mr. Southers, and Howard
Sarah Golding as Mrs Sheffield
Chrisi Talyn Saje as Julie

NARRATOR

Shannon Perry is Captain Madeline

OLIVIA

DON'T SAY IT.

NARRATOR

And Olivia

OLIVIA

I said "don't say it!"
Professional? I think not.

NARRATOR

Sarah Rhea Warner as Pipistrelle. Kyle Jones is your Narrator 2, and I'm Chris Nadolny Gourley, 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

What are we gonna do if the crew doesn't make it back aboard the 9?

NARRATOR

I moved one of the away ships to the cargo bay closest to our bridge. We've got a full set of spider suits and enough supplies to get us to Galiphabinoid. Southers is right. It's pretty lush.

N2

What happens to us if there's no one there to narrate? Do we just follow each other around?

NARRATOR

The Narrator Death Spiral. I've heard of that happening. There were a group of narrators heading to the annual conference who crashed in the Andes and had to narrate each other. It was like a pack of herding dogs - eventually they all went mad and beat each other to death with their microphones. It was ... carnage.

N2

That's horrible! Let's hope it never comes to that.

NARRATOR

Indeed. We'll see you next time,
Space Monkeys, and until then, make
sure your away craft is fully
stocked with spider slippers. These
things are the bomb. Lights!