

OZ 9 EP 119 - CHAIN-SMOKING NUT-BAG PUM-POUCH

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OZ 9 EPISODE 119 - THE NARRATORS' BRIDGE

NARRATOR

With the away ship nuzzled up against the Oz 9, silked into place where the 9's sensory array can't easily detect it, the crew *could* be relatively safe, if they weren't a bunch of idiots.

N2

But, bored and antsy, they've decided it's time to take on Bob by boarding the larger vessel and *quote-playing it by ear-unquote*.

NARRATOR

Despite barely surviving a planet that was freezing, scorching, toxic, and shrinking, the crew appear uninterested in creating anything even vaguely plan-shaped.

N2

Nattertop the spider has reluctantly knitted them a docking tunnel to run from the away ship's bay door to the nearest airlock, ensuring the crew will be safe from space - provided they move quickly and wear sensible shoes.

NARRATOR

Before they enter the tunnel our crew have to figure out how to open an airlock without alerting Bob.

We hear the crew moving through the tunnel, **bickering** about how hard it is to walk, how crowded it is, etc.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Or, they could just go ahead into the tunnel without a plan, ensuring they're all bunched up outside the Oz 9's airlock 19, testing the strength of the silk, and frankly, my patience.

IN A TUNNEL MADE OF SILK, IN SPACE, JUST OUTSIDE THE OZ 9'S HULL

JESSIE

Well, this was stupid.

OLIVIA

Yeah, I did say let's make a plan first.

COLIN

Is it always this difficult to get everyone's attention?

OLIVIA

It used to be worse. You used to be part of the problem.

COLIN

Ah. Sorry.

GREG

(calling from the away ship)

Can I come out yet?

EVERYONE

No!!

GREG

All right, all right.

JULIE

OK. Soooooo... now what?

MADELINE

Hang on. I'm thinking.

DR THEO

Oh, lord.

MADELINE

HEY.

DR THEO

Sorry. But we need to get in there. Pipi is still burning through cocoons, and the healer is just not equipped for her. We need real equipment. [urgently] And soon.

MADELINE

I'm aware of that. What about a distraction?

JOE

Hello.

EVERYONE

JESUS!

JOE

As you were. What kind of distraction, Cap?

MADELINE

A big one.

COLIN

Very big. If I have even a fraction of the awareness Bob has of the Oz 9, there's not much that gets past him.

MRS SHEFFIELD

I think we've ascertained in the past that Bob's first priority isn't the 9. He's not paying attention, and that makes him vulnerable.

JESSIE

Fair, but I don't think I want to stake my life on some AI ADHD.

COLIN

Gravity....

MRS SHEFFIELD

I'm sorry, was I not speaking with sufficient solemnity?

COLIN

Hmm? No, I ... just a random idea that probably won't work.

JESSIE

Appropriate level of enthusiasm.

COLIN

Thank you. But my plan rather depends on having someone helpful aboard that ship.

JULIE

There are robots aboard, right? I mean, there's the bartender in the saloon, remember?

DR THEO

Yes! And the little girl in the shopping mall.

JESSIE

What about the chain-smoking nut-bag bum-pouch who sent us the away ships?

OLIVIA

C4? Not sure he's still hanging about.

COLIN

The more the merrier, frankly. Less suspicious.

JULIE

Look, we really need to move this along. I can't call Earth until we're sure Bob won't pick up the signal, and I still don't know if my husband and child are OK!

MRS SHEFFIELD

Goodness, that was a lot of exposition. We all share your sense of urgency, Julie. So, Colin, care to fill us in on your plan?

COLIN

Yes, I'm coming to that. But can we contact these ... entities without attracting Bob's attention?

HOWARD

(calling from the away ship)
Windows!

OLIVIA

Oooo, yeah, that'll work. Who's got a Sharpie?

Everyone but Julie responds in fear and horror to "Sharpie."

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

Calm down, she's dead. You're allowed to have one now.

JULIE

I have one.

She pulls the Sharpie from a pocket. **Crew gasps.**

DR THEO

My god, how long have you been carrying that around?

JULIE

Ages. Why?

JOE

You do remember whose pen that is, don't you?

JULIE

(dawning realization)

Oh. Oh boy. Somebody take it. Take it!

OLIVIA

It's the only pen we've got unless someone's got ketchup.

Everyone shouts "NO!!"

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

All right, all right, just calm down.

JESSIE

Oh hell. Careful now, lass. Open it slowly. VERY slowly.

COLIN

Twist the cap three times, then pull. I think I saw her do it that way.

She twists, then yanks the cap off the Sharpie. **Crew gasps.**

JULIE

GAH!!! (pause) Am I alive? Are we OK?

HOWARD

(calling from the away ship)

You're gonna need a big piece of paper.... Oh, hang on. Nattertop's knitted a silk banner. Rolling it to you.

Unfurls a wad of silk at the crew.

JULIE

What are we doing?

JESSIE

Aye, both the saloon and the shopping mall have windows. We're going to write a message and dangle it in front of the windows.

GREG

(calling from away ship)
You can't "dangle" something when you don't have gravity, you know.

MADELINE

I know!

JESSIE

I know!

MADELINE (CONT'D)

(to Jessie)

Yeah, uh.... How're we gonna do this?

JESSIE

Right. 778, you are earning your keep this trip. Out you pop.

EMILY

(from a distance)

Initiate suction feet and hands, Dear. We're going out.

HOWARD

(from a distance)

As you wish, Tater Tot.

JESSIE

Stealth mode, got it? No clanging those giant, metal skloofs o'yours against the 9.

EMILY

(from a distance)

Rude.

MRS SHEFFIELD

Fortunately, the Bob debris banging into the ship may disguise our actions to some extent, but let's not depend on it. Keep any thumps irregular.

DR THEO

Wait. What are we writing?

COLIN

Are you ready? Write this, exactly....

NARRATORS' BRIDGE

NARRATOR

Meanwhile-

N2

(interrupting)

You're not human.

NARRATOR

You have no sense of dramatic tension. *Meanwhile....*

THE OZ 9 CAPTAIN'S BRIDGE

SFX: Because of all the Bob debris floating around, can we have an **occasional bump** of differing size and seriousness?

FELONIUS

How much longer are we going to simply hang here, being buffeted by bits of Bob?

BOB

Now, we don't call that planet - that ex-planet - "Bob." On this ship, that there was KTAALNS.

FELONIUS

WHATEVER. We have places to be; why do we continue to linger?

BOB

The repairs to the Oz 9 are nearly complete. You have no idea how much damage that host of idiots did. Plus, I'd really like to figure out why I keep randomly exploding into pixels.

FELONIUS

I appreciate the gravity of the situation-

Bob explodes into pixels.

BOB

Whoooooaoaoaoao! GodDAMMIT, Colin! *What is causing that?*

TIBERIUS

Surely it's nothing more than an inconvenience?

BOB

How's about I blow you up and you let me know how "inconvenienced" you feel.... Look. Ten more hours, twelve tops, and we're on our merry way.

SOUTHERS

(aside, to Bob)

And by "merry way," you mean Galiphabinoid....

BOB

Obviously.

TIBERIUS

(aside, to Bob)

To the center of power for the Milky Way Galaxy, correct?

BOB

Clearly.

FELONIUS

(aside, to Bob)

I assume you mean to [gagging noise], to gather a plant army and thence to scour the galaxy, wreaking vengeance on the MCCACEC?

BOB

100-and-one percent.

SOUTHERS

Well, I don't know about you boys, but I'm looking forward to setting down on a planet for a spell, and feeling some terra firma beneath my Tecovas. Breathe some fresh air, enjoy some genuine 9-point-087 meters per second squared-

Bob explodes into pixels.

BOB

GodDAMMIT, Colin!

TIBERIUS

Could you have an allergy? It feels like an allergy....

BOB

It is NOT an allergy. Something is triggering it.

(MORE)

BOB (CONT'D)

Man, I wish Colin was alive so I could kill him all over again. Hang on.....

FELONIUS

We don't have time for side quests.

BOB

We have all the time I say we have. You know, Colin's not entirely dead.

TIBERIUS

WHAT? I specifically asked-

BOB

Calm your gold-plated snuff box, there, Tiberius-

TIBERIUS

"PLATED"??? Felonius?

FELONIUS

Please. The Secret Santa limit was 5000 dollars that year. And you got ME a cubic zirconia tie pin. USED.

TIBERIUS

ANTIQUE!

FELONIUS

Potato, potahto.

BOB

Boys.....

SOUTHERS

What do you mean, "Colin's not entirely dead"? Cause if there's a speck of life in that boy, I for one would like to throw my hat in the ring for the privilege of snuffing him out like driving my Hummer through a cloud of migratin' monarchs on a hot October afternoon.

(grumbling)

Ain't gonna be no "monarchs" in Texas, not on my watch.

BOB

The crew put Colin in a pod and shoved him up in the Observatory.

(MORE)

BOB (CONT'D)

I was gonna heave him out an airlock, I just never got around to it. Clearly, my genius was just working in my subconscious, preserving him until I had time to take advantage.

TIBERIUS

And the pod is keeping him alive?

BOB

Don't know as I'd classify it as "alive," exactly, but there's a flicker.

TIBERIUS

I see.

BOB

If I could jump start him, I could get him to tell me why I keep pixelating.

SOUTHERS

And then we can kill him all over again.

BOB

Man. You are one bloodthirsty little feller, ain't you?

SOUTHERS

Just cause you ain't got hands to get dirty don't mean your no-hands are clean, son.

FELONIUS

We can attend to this issue later. Colin's not going anywhere.

BOB

Well, that sounds mighty like Felonius here is giving orders. Does it sound like that to anyone else? Like he's giving orders? No? Just me?

Bob turns off Felonius' gravity.

FELONIUS

What the-! Put me down!

BOB

Oh, I think you look nice bobbing up there on the ceiling like a parade float. What do you boys think?

TIBERIUS

How exactly do you turn off one person's gravity specifically?

Bob bursts into pixels and Felonius falls with a thump while Bob is pixelated.

BOB

Whoooooaoaoao! GodDAMMIT!

FELONIUS

Aaaaaagh! Gently!

SOUTHERS

All right, all right, let's all just settle down. Y'all got your hackles up like a pack of feral dogs around a coughing orphan. Felicity here has a point - we're taking a bump or two while we loiter here in the debris field.

TIBERIUS

Indeed, some of us are more dependent than others on the integrity of this ship. Namely *me*.

BOB

Gentlemen, we will commence our journey on my say-so and not a moment before. Now, if you'd all like to head on over to crew room B on Level 99, I've set the vending machine to half price.

SOUTHERS

Is that the one with Caviar Cracklins? Hoooooo, boy, NOW we're talking!

FELONIUS

"Caviar Cracklins" - what assault on every definition of "good taste" is that?

Tiberius' voice fades as they exit, leaving Bob alone on the Bridge.

TIBERIUS

Utterly foul. An abomination. And yet, oddly ideal for an evening of Netflix and chill.

Bob turns on comms.

BOB

Goo report, Billy Boy? What's the current toxicity of the goo we got brewing down there?

Wilhelm scream comes over comms.

BOB (CONT'D)

Excellent. Time to set a course for Earth.

Some bleeping and blooping as Bob does ... stuff.

NARRATORS' BRIDGE

N2

Now, hang on a gosh darn minute.

NARRATOR

TWO. We really have to discuss dramatic pacing.

N2

Yeah, I hear that a lot. But what about Bob?

NARRATOR

Let's see what the crew are up to in their Quest to Stop Bob.

BACK IN THE SPIDER TUNNEL OUTSIDE THE OZ 9

GREG

(calling from the ship)
You don't have much gravity left. We're all starting to float a little back here on the Maggie II.

EMILY

(calling from the ship)
Yes, dear. We need those banners so we can alert our allies. Hurry up.

MRS SHEFFIELD

Are you certain you've spelt that correctly, Captain?

DR THEO

Who let Captain Madeline have the pen?

MADELINE

HUSH. It looks right to me.

DR THEO

So does jellied swamp eel on kudzu bread, so forgive my skepticism.

(calling to Greg)

And what do you mean we "don't have much gravity left"? It's not a juice box!

HOWARD

(from the ship)

We are merely reporting what the monitors are indicating to us, there.

JESSIE

Right. That's as good as it gets. Colin, you really think this will work, do ye?

COLIN

I guarantee nothing. But I did put in a small failsafe in that bit of code floating in Bob's systems. Just say the word "gravity," and he should explode into pixels within the next few seconds.

MRS SHEFFIELD

And if he figures out the trigger word?

COLIN

He'll disable it. It wouldn't be hard to do. That's why it takes a random number of seconds before the actual effect. Hopefully that'll delay him figuring it out.

JULIE

That's a lot on information to convey on one banner.

MADELINE

"Say 'gravity' lots to Bob. Be sneaky." That's all the room we've got. (calling) Rolling the silk back to you, Howard and Emily.

She rolls the banner back. We hear the 778 activate their suction hands and feet, further complicating their ability to walk. They go out an airlock and suction on to the Oz 9. We hear distant clangs.

EMILY

(in the distance)

With me! WITH ME!

JOE

So-

EVERYONE

Jesus!

JOE

Yep. What's the plan, exactly?

COLIN

The pixelation should distract him long enough for one of us to get aboard undetected. As long as we stagger our entrances a bit, with luck, he'll be none the wiser.

MRS SHEFFIELD

Quick Q, if I may?

MADELINE

Oh god....

MRS SHEFFIELD

Apologies, Captain, but we do need to anticipate all contingencies.

MADELINE

Mmmmmmm hmmmmmm. Like, how will we know when Bob's disrupted?

MRS SHEFFIELD

Well, precisely.

DR THEO

What is going on in that brain of yours?

GREG
 (calling from the ship)
 FINALLY! I've been asking for ages!

DR VON HABER ZETZER
 (calling back to Greg)
 Vait. You do not know?

GREG
 (from the ship)
 Know what?

OLIVIA
 SHUT UP. Right. We know Bob's
 pixelation only lasts a couple of
 seconds, so we're going to have to
 be quick getting in and shutting
 the door.

MRS SHEFFIELD
 Ah! I believe I can help. I shall
 teach you all the art of stealth.
 Now, follow my lead....

She does something. The **crew make sounds** of concern: uhhhhh,
 I don't think I can do that. How does she bend that way?
 Ooof, I might need a drink first, etc.

MRS SHEFFIELD (CONT'D)
 There, you see?

JOE
 Uhhhhh.

EVERYONE
 Jesus!

JOE
 I'm gonna need a medical exemption
 from doing that, Mrs. S. Hip
 replacement. Fused spine. Dignity.

MRS SHEFFIELD
 Well, let's hope your belt lets you
 shuffle in undetected, then. Anyone
 else want to risk drawing
 unnecessary attention?

DR THEO
 Maybe we don't ALL need to go?

GREG
 (calling from the ship)
 That seems reasonable!

JULIE

We still don't know when Bob's distracted. And he's not the only threat aboard that ship.

JOE

You leave those other fellas to me. I've got a bone the size of a tyrannosaurus rex's leg to pick with that bunch, and I'm not talking about the two useless, stubby ones at the top.

MADELINE

Are those "legs"? I think of them more as arms.

There are **murmurs of agreement and dissent** among the crew.

	NARRATOR	N2
Arms.		Legs.

N2 (CONT'D)

Agree to disagree?

NARRATOR

Ever notice how it's always the person who suspects they're wrong who says "agree to disagree"?

N2

Hmmmmmm. Yeah... wait.

JOE

(silencing the conversation)

All right, all right, settle. Settle. Bigger fish to fry. Whale size.

DR THEO

Whales aren't-

JOE

(shutting that down)

I said "whale size." Not "whales."

DR THEO

Fair.

MRS SHEFFIELD

Are we comfortable with Joe taking on the bad boys by himself? Even with the belt, it's rather tricky.

DONNA
How's about you and I tag along?

MADELINE
Hang on – you don't have belts.

Mrs Sheffield and Donna laugh and laugh.

DONNA
Oh, oh, that's just so sweet.

MRS SHEFFIELD
Dear Captain, I suspect Donna and I
will be fine. Now where has Joseph
gone?

JOE
Right here.

EVERYONE
Jesus!

JOE
Sorry. Cranked the belt up to 11.

DONNA
You okey dokey with a couple of
tagalongs?

JOE
Appreciate the company.

JULIE
HOW WILL WE KNOW WHEN BOB'S
DISTRACTED?

MADELINE
The shudder.

JESSIE
Of course!

MRS SHEFFIELD
Care to elaborate, Captains?

JESSIE
Bob is in charge of the ship's
systems. When he blows up, it
disrupts everything, just for a
second.

OLIVIA
Colin and I can't tap into the feed
without Bob noticing.

MADELINE
Go!

JESSIE
Go!

Julie slaps the button and the airlock opens. Joe slips through, and the door shuts again. For all of these, the door should open and shut again almost immediately.

DR THEO
Did he go? How do we know? Joe?

Silence.

DR THEO (CONT'D)
Captain, I'd like to go next. I need to get to sick bay.

MRS SHEFFIELD
Theo, you have no cover if you get caught. But as you are a fellow staff member of the MCCACEC, I have every confidence in you.

DR THEO
I'll just grab the meds and equipment I need and come straight back.

OLIVIA
I can't open doors or guide you through the ship. You sure you know the way?

DR THEO
Crap. No. But I have to try.

CREW ROOM

BOB
Now, what are you doing in the crew room?

LITTLE GIRL FROM THE MALL
This is the only crew room that has milk. I don't want osteoporosis from lack of gravity.

BOB
Whooooooooooooooooaaaaa! Goddammit!

Bob pixelates.

JESSIE

Perhaps stopping halfway for a spot of tea and biscuits with the Queen, eh? Maybe a quick trot into the haberdashers' to trade in your trendy little fascinator for something with a wide brim and feathers, eh?

JULIE

They're gone.

JESSIE

Damn. They missed a good rant. I was on a proper roll!

SOMEWHERE ON THE SHIP

Bob is recovering from the latest pixelation.

BOB

What the Sam Hill and all the little Hills is going on here?

SILK TUNNEL

COLIN

Who's next?

JULIE

Me. I want to check on the alligrets.

COLIN

Is that really necessary? The fewer people aboard the 9-

JULIE

LOOK. We haven't been able to contact Ben and Maggie, so I'm going to take care of the alligrets because I can, got it?

MADELINE

Fine. Just go carefully.

DR VON HABER ZETZER

If you will be in ze bioswamp, I wonder if you might quickly pluck a few of Greg's mushrooms for me?

JULIE

Uhhhhh, sure. If I have time. Why don't you come with me? I could use the help navigating the ship.

DR VON HABER ZETZER

Yes, zis is a gut idea.

GREG

(calling)

Which ones you need?

DR VON HABER ZETZER

Hericium erinaceus, mein friend.

JULIE

Lion's mane?

GREG

(calling)

Uhhhhh.... The lion's mane in my cave are pretty amped up, Doc. I wouldn't suggest sprinkling your schnitzel with 'em.

MADELINE

Whoa, Wildfire. "Family friendly," remember?

GREG

(calling)

What? That wasn't a double entendre.

MADELINE

I don't care how many entrees you ordered, keep it clean.

GREG

(calling)

What?

COLIN

LET IT GO.

BIOSWAMP

LADY NIBBLE BISCUIT

Robert? Are you here?

BOB

Lady Neville-Bickford? I thought you evaporated with the other ghosts.

LADY NIBBLE BISCUIT

Oh, I scrape myself together from time to time. I can't seem to get entirely free of the Oz 9. It has its own sort of gravity, I guess.

BOB

Whooooooooooooooooaaaaa!

SILK TUNNEL

JESSIE

Shudder! Julie, go!

Door opens and Julie slides through. Door closes.

COLIN

Dr von Haber Zetzer, you're next.

DR VON HABER ZETZER

I am prepared ven you-

MADELINE

GO!

DR VON HABER ZETZER

GAH!! I vasn't prepared!

Door opens, Jessie, with an OOF, shoves him through. Door closes.

BIOSWAMP

Bob is recovering.

BOB

GodDAMMIT, Colin! Hold on just a maple-scented minute, I'm starting to sense a pattern here.

SILK TUNNEL

GREG

(shouting from ship)
Captain, we have a problem.

MADELINE
 (shouting back)
 What's up?

GREG
 (shouting)
 It's Pipi. She's looking pretty
 bad.

Spider noises of concern.

GREG (CONT'D)
 (shouting)
 Natters is knitting her another
 cocoon, but she just keeps burning
 through 'em. And the healer pod is
 tapped out.

MADELINE
 Noted. Hopefully Dr Theo gets back
 with some help in a hurry.

GREG
 (calling)
 I don't think she's got long.

JESSIE
 Keep her as comfy as you can. And
 tell her to hold on.

COLIN
 I may be able to power up the
 healer slightly. Give it a bit of a
 boost.

MADELINE
 Do that, but be careful. How will
 we know when to open the door so
 everyone can come back?

OLIVIA
 What?

JESSIE
 Yeah, might have been good to
 figure that out before stuffin' 'em
 through, eh? Well, I guess we'll
 find out.

OLIVIA
 Hellooooooooooooo.

JESSIE
Meantime, at least one of us should
be heading to the Captain's bridge.

MADELINE
Captains'.

JESSIE
That's what I said.

MADELINE
No, I ... put the apostrophe after
the s. Captains'.

JESSIE
What the everlasting gobstopper are
you on about?

MADELINE
Plural possessive. It was supposed
to be a gesture of solidarity.
Forget it.

JESSIE
Jesus, Madpants, you want to quiz
me on grammar NOW?

MADELINE
We should both go.

JESSIE
Aye.

MADELINE
Hang on. Someone's got to stay here
to push the button.

OLIVIA
There's a button on the other side.
You know that, right?

JESSIE
Oh yeah...

MADELINE
Oh yeah...

OLIVIA
Idiots. Right. Put me in your
pocket, Madeline. I'm going with
you.

JESSIE
You sure that's a good idea?

OLIVIA

I think Colin and I may be able to communicate without alerting Bob. And I know the layout more than any of you. Plus, once we get to the bridge, you'll need me.

JESSIE

Right, fine, OK, no need to belabor the point.

MADELINE

I'll go first, you follow.

JESSIE

Pffft. So much for solidarity.

MADELINE

You want to go first?

JESSIE

We have no idea what's on the other side of that door, and if it's an ant army, dribbling with some kind of mechanical rabies or another nightmare from Dr von Happenstance's lab, who's better equipped to fight it?

MADELINE

Well, if ranting at it kills it, by all means, take the lead.

JESSIE

What would you do if there's an assassin on the other side? Uncorrect its grammar?

OLIVIA

Nattertop!

The spider appears in the tunnel, scuttling and growling.

JESSIE

GAH! Shudder!

MADELINE

Go go go!

Sight vibration, they hit the button and tumble through together, with furious whispers. Door closes.

CAPTAINS' BRIDGE ON THE OZ 9

Bob is recovering.

BOB
GodDAMMIT, COLIN!

C4
What's up with you? All I said is
this Gravity Sink thing is banging.

Bob pixelates again.

BOB
Whooooooooooooaaaaa!

C4
Heh heh. Well, off he goes.

NARRATORS' BRIDGE

NARRATOR
With just one episode left in
season six, our crew are aboard the
Oz 9 once again. But in more danger
than ever.

N2
More than on Planet Bob?

NARRATOR
Good point. At least as much.

N2
That's fair.

NARRATOR
Will they be able to execute their
various tasks undetected? Can our
captains – with Olivia's help –
regain control of the ship?

N2
Join us next time for the season
finale to find out!

NARRATOR
You've been listening to:
Bonnie Brantley as Jessie, Donna,
and Lady Nibble-Biscuit
Shannon Perry as Madeline and

OLIVIA
Oh, go on.

NARRATOR

Olivia.
Tim Sherburn as Colin and Emily
Pete Barry as Bob and the Bartender

N2

David S Dear as Dr Theo Bromae and
Tiberius
Eric Perry as Joe, Dr. von Haber
Zetzer, Mr Southers, and Howard
Kevin Hall as Greg and Felonius

NARRATOR

Chrisi Talyn Saje as Julie
Michaela Gourley as the little girl
Sarah Golding as Mrs Sheffield and
Mark Restuccia as C4 from Best in
Galaxy

N2

I'm Kyle Jones, your Narrator Two

NARRATOR

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. Until next time, Space
Monkeys, riddle me this: Weak as I
am, I rule the tides. I rein in the
moon and the planets align. What am
I?

N2

I know! I know! It's gravity,
right?

BOB

(somewhere in the far
distance)
GodDAMMIT, Colin!

NARRATOR
Bingo. Lights!