

OZ 9 EPISODE 120: THAT VOLCANO OUTSIDE HVERAGERÐI

Written by

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OZ 9 EP 120 -

NARRATOR

For hours, the Oz 9 has been floating in space with no particular direction. Actually, it's been doing that since Tuesday 2142, but it's different this time.

N2

Repairs to the ship are nearly complete, and soon Bob - I really hate that guy - will set a course for Earth.

NARRATOR

Despite a whole bunch of people skulking all over the ship, and the occasional if diminishing whacks from Planet Bob debris, it's eerily quiet aboard the Oz 9.

N2

The rightful crew - crew 7 - are back aboard the Oz 9, with no weapons, plan, or strategy but plenty of enthusiasm.

NARRATOR

Thanks in part to Mrs Sheffield's brief training in the art of stealth, but mostly thanks to dumb luck, our crew remain - so far - undetected.

A CORRIDOR OF THE OZ 9

Joe, Donna, and Mrs. Sheffield are together, heading out to find the baddies. They keep their voices low throughout the conversation.

JOE

Quietly....

DONNA

(whispers)
Jesus!

MRS SHEFFIELD

(whispers)
Jesus!

JOE

Knew I could count on you. Where exactly are we going?

MRS SHEFFIELD

Ostensibly, we're going to find the Bad Boys who've taken over the ship. The human ones, anyway.

JOE

"Ostensibly"?

MRS SHEFFIELD

It means "apparently, but not actually."

JOE

Yeah, I wasn't asking for a definition, but thanks.

DONNA

Mrs S and I thought one of us could come with you to track down Tiberius, Felonious, and Southers.

MRS SHEFFIELD

And the other might keep a gentle eye on our Dr. Theo.

JOE

I see. Any reason we still don't trust the guy who just saved all our lives?

DONNA

Oh, we're as grateful as my cousin Rose to find a port-a-loo at mile 23 of the St. Olaf Prunes and Loons Marathon for Dyschezia Awareness that Theo saved our keisters-

MRS SHEFFIELD

(somewhat wearily)

Donna....

DONNA

Surely. But there's still the matter of his "alternative" bioswamp. Our dreamy doc has a few axes to grind with humankind, you should pardon my poetry.

JOE

What's the plan when you find him?

MRS SHEFFIELD

Nothing specific, just ... monitoring.

JOE

Just monitoring, huh? Kind of like
you two "monitored" Viscount
Palpitations the 3rd into that
volcano outside Hveragerði?

Rumor.

MRS SHEFFIELD

Hearsay.

DONNA

JOE

And if you discover Theo's up to
something nefarious? That means
"wicked or criminal," by the way.

MRS SHEFFIELD

Touché.

DONNA

If he's up to something naughty, we
... persuade him otherwise. Gently.

MRS SHEFFIELD

Let's hope it doesn't come to that.
Dr. Theo has, as you say, come to
the rescue on more than one
occasion. We owe him the benefit of
the doubt.

DONNA

But ... there is doubt.

MRS SHEFFIELD

There is doubt.

JOE

But no volcanoes.

MRS SHEFFIELD

Actually, if you go right to the
back of the primary bioswamp-

DONNA

Ooo, we have a volcano? That's
super convenient.

JOE

No. Seriously. No. Don't even think
about it.

Their voices fade as they continue down the corridor.

DONNA

I could use a pit stop. Does anyone remember the way to the nearest ladies'?

MRS SHEFFIELD

Donna! The first rule of stealth is "Bladder Management."

DONNA

Yeah, and the second rule is "Hydration," so you tell me there's no conflict there.

JOE

Ehhhhhh, left here, I think?

THE OZ 9 BIOSWAMP

Julie and Dr. Von Haber Zetzer enter.

JULIE

Huh. That was surprisingly easy. Only six wrong turns and one dead end.

DR VON HABER ZETZER

I haf come to ze conclusion that all corridors of ze Oz 9 eventually lead to ze bioswamp.

JULIE

Well, good for us, I guess. There are lots of cameras in here, though, so stay in the undergrowth. This way to the mushroom cave.

They walk through undergrowth, Dr. vHZ whacking brush as they go.

JULIE (CONT'D)

Is that a machete? Where did you have that?

DR VON HABER ZETZER

Vat a pity ve must hide! Ze meadow is vun of ze few peaceful places on ze Oz 9. Many hours haf I spent zere, contemplating how ze migration patterns of ze giant mollusks overlapped vis Albert's emergence from hiberation unt ze inefitable mulligators.

(MORE)

DR VON HABER ZETZER (CONT'D)
 Zat lizard is into anysing, zuch a
 horny little bugger.

JULIE
 Mulligators? I have questions.

DR VON HABER ZETZER
 "Allusks" is too difficult to say.

JULIE
 That wasn't my question...

DR VON HABER ZETZER
 (interrupting)
 Anozer time, perhaps. After you, my
 dear?

They continue moving through dense foliage.

JULIE
 Can I ask you a question?

DR VON HABER ZETZER
 As Dr Theo would undoubtedly
 remark, you chust did.

JULIE
 Yeah, it's no funnier when you say
 it.

DR VON HABER ZETZER
 Indeed. Your question?

JULIE
 Whose side are you on?

DR VON HABER ZETZER
 Oooof, kommen sie at me vis ze
 heavy hitters, eh?

JULIE
 Look. I'm alone in ... let's call
 it a "hostile work environment"
 with a guy who just produced a
 machete out of thin air. I'd kinda
 like to know who I'm trusting with
 my life.

DR VON HABER ZETZER
 Zis is fair. Note zat I did not
 correct you to "whom."

JULIE

Still annoying, even with the accent.

DR VON HABER ZETZER

Very well. You are also, I think, a scientist?

JULIE

"I think"? What's that supposed to mean?

DR VON HABER ZETZER

No offense meant, Frau Julie. I only mean that you no doubt struggle as I do with the very delicate dance between discovery and ethics. We scientists must put on our toe shoes with the boxy bits at the tip and stand on our tiny wee toes and dance so very carefully, eh?

JULIE

I think the line between good and REALLY REALLY NOT GOOD is usually pretty clear, Doc. Especially where Gated Galaxies is concerned.

DR VON HABER ZETZER

Ach, then you are a much better person than I.

JULIE

You still haven't answered my question.

DR VON HABER ZETZER

Your question assumes there are only two sides: right and wrong. But was there ever a villain who knew they were a villain?

JULIE

Look. Just answer me this: Feet to the fire, are you dancing with us? Or Gated Galaxies?

DR VON HABER ZETZER

So much talk of the dance! We really must do that musical episode, I think.

JULIE

I don't even know what that means
and I'm terrified.

There is a distant sound of ... a goat?

DR VON HABER ZETZER

Vat iz zis noise I am hearink?

JULIE

What noi- Oh, hell.

DR VON HABER ZETZER

Frau Julie? You know sumsink a bit
unhappy-making, eh?

JULIE

OK, quick story, you remember when
we accidentally took a big chunk
out of Sweden?

DR VON HABER ZETZER

Sorry, Sweden.

JULIE (CONT'D)

Sorry, Sweden.

Distant sound of yodeling goats. VERY distant.

DR VON HABER ZETZER (CONT'D)

Pffft. Vich time?

JULIE

Fair. So Janis [Yah-nees], a
Swedish friend of mine, had a herd
of ... unusual goats. She was
worried they might get hurt, so she
... shipped them to me.

DR VON HABER ZETZER

Ve are on a zpace vessel many light
years from earth. How does she do
zis?

JULIE

In a space crate. The cryptid in
the canal's been looking after
them, but if they see me, they will
be very loud and potentially draw a
lot of attention.

Slightly louder sound of goats yodeling.

DR VON HABER ZETZER
 Zis Janis [Yah-nees] thought ze
 goats would be safer on board ze Oz
 9? Vy am I not knowing of zese
 goats?

JULIE
 No offense, Doc, but things under
 your care tend to get big and
 aggressive, so I didn't tell you.

The herd is on the move and coming towards them. Yodeling
 gets louder.

DR VON HABER ZETZER
 Quickly, into ze cave!

They duck into the cave, so their voices will be a bit echoey
 now. The goats flood past, yodeling and bleating.

JULIE
 I'm starting to think Janis sent
 them to get rid of them.

DR VON HABER ZETZER
 Indeed. Oooof, such a pong from
 ztinky beasts! Ach, yes. Lion's
 mane is hier. Ah ah! Gloves please,
 Miss Julie. Zese lions are ... not
 tame, shall ve say, mmmm?

JULIE
 Lion's mane is edible, Doc.

DR VON HABER ZETZER
 On earth, yes. On ze Oz 9.....

JULIE
 Point taken.

THE NARRATORS' BRIDGE

N2
 Did you know about the goats?

NARRATOR
 Of course I knew about the goats.
 Where do you think I got this
 cashhair sweater? Or is it
 "momere"...? Whatever. They're not
 purebreeds is the point.

N2

I will never understand you.

NARRATOR

No. You won't.

A CORRIDOR OF THE OZ 9

Dr. Theo is making his way along a dark corridor.

DR THEO

Where is the damn door? There's supposed to be a door here! And why are all the lights out?

Someone knocks on the wall nearby.

DR THEO (CONT'D)

Huh? Who's there? Identify yourself!

DONNA

That wall feels pretty solid to me. Maybe the door is closer to sick bay – *on the other side of the ship and three floors up?*

DR THEO

Donna?

DONNA

Indeed. You're a long way from your intended destination, there, Doc.

DR THEO

You're following me.

DONNA

Oh, I wouldn't say "following"...so much "as keeping a watchful eye from behind." And it is a very watchable behind.

DR THEO

Would you care to explain your persistent lack of trust in me, despite my efforts to keep this crew alive?

DONNA

Oh, sure! It's that whole other bioswamp.

DR THEO

Ah. Listen, Donna-

DONNA

See, I'm all for having a little garden of your own - I like poking around in the dirt and that, grabbing the Mystery Santa Seed Pack from Dennis the Mulcher at the Yuletide ho-ho-horticultural fair in Barnesville, and throwing 'em out in spring to see what noses up in summer - but your Little Swamp of Horrors strikes me as a tad sus.

DR THEO

Sometimes you remind me a bit too much of Captain Jessie.

DONNA

Really? Huh. [beat] I'm just hearing rumors your Garden of Bleedin' has some questionable species. Like your artichokes take that second syllable a bit too much to heart, for example.

DR THEO

I think you mean third syl-

DONNA

Not the time.

DR THEO

Right.

DONNA

Sooooo, here I am. Keeping a keen eye on your keister for the cause. Or you could just offer up an explanation. Though I'll probably still check out your nethers.

DR THEO

Can we keep moving while I explain? I do have several goals I hope to accomplish before Bob is alerted.

DONNA

Surely.

They walk on.

DONNA (CONT'D)

Gotta say, I'm a little surprised
Pipi isn't your first priority.
That doesn't help your trust-me-I'm-
a-good-un' cause, ya know.

DR THEO

She is. My priority. Donna, this
... mission of Oz 9, of Gated
Galaxies, of the MCCACEC, of
Showertorium.... It's so much
bigger than any of us know.

DONNA

I'm prepared to believe that, but
I'm gonna need a little more.

DR THEO

We've spent this entire journey
stumbling in the dark. And I don't
just mean the absence of night
vision goggles.

DONNA

But you've been ... enlightened?

DR THEO

Do you remember way back when I
might have had a few of Greg's
mushrooms?

DONNA

Don't know that I was on board for
that, was I?

DR THEO

Ah, perhaps not. Anyway, I had an
... experience. An illumination.
Something spoke to me.

DONNA

And it told you to go bung up some
super-bitchy begonias?

DR THEO

It told me we're not in charge
here. The bitchy begonias were my
idea.

DONNA

Don't know any of us ever made the
mistake of thinking we were in
charge.

DR THEO

Not just us, not just the crew.
None of us - not G2, not MCCACEC,
not Showertorium - *none* of us sees
the whole picture.

DONNA

Oooooookaaaaaayyyyyyy... So, who is
in charge?

DR THEO

No clue. I'm building up my shadow
swamp to have some protection
against whomever it may be.

DONNA

A bunch of extra-thorny roses and
tubers with 'tude are going to
protect us?

DR THEO

Have we exhausted the agricultural
word play?

DONNA

Wouldn't bet the farm on it. Ha!
See what I did there?

DR THEO

Donna, my bioswamp has plants that
can help us read minds, increase
strength, be invisible, *fly!* It's
basically a giant olive.

DONNA

Hooooo, boy. You don't do things by
halfs, do you.

DR THEO

(exhausted and end-of-
ropey)

I don't know where all these weird
and dangerous plants are coming
from, how they got there. They just
keep showing up. I'm ... terrified.

DONNA

But you're going there to get some
plants for Pipi? You think that's
wise?

DR THEO

Nothing in med bay will save her.
There's not enough of her left.

(MORE)

DR THEO (CONT'D)

But for the plants in the shadow
swamp? Walk in the park.

DONNA

What else will they do to her?

DR THEO

I don't know.

DONNA

You're taking more on faith than
the time my great-great-great
second cousin Millie bet the
contents of her 36B Maidenform on
Just Ask Joel in Canterbury Park in
2022.

DR THEO

So. Many. Questions.

DONNA

Millie kept her life savings in her
bra, Just Ask Joel was a racehorse
who came in at 80-to-1, and yeah
sure, the maths on "great-great-
great" plus "second" don't line up,
but I've learned to take a lot on
faith too.

DR THEO

There's no amount of confusion you
can't add to, is there.

DONNA

Millie made out like a bandit on
that bet, so there's hope. Theo,
how do you know what all those
plants can do? Who've you been
testing them on?

DR THEO

Yeah, you're really not going to
like this.

NARRATORS' BRIDGE

N2

Why do I feel like that's going to
be engraved on my tombstone?

NARRATOR

Not a great catchphrase for a tour guide, is it? "You're really not going to like this."

N2

So Bob still has no idea all these people are creeping around the ship?

NARRATOR

Good question. Let's find out.

CAPTAINS' BRIDGE

FELONIUS

I thought you were going to move these rancid chairs out and get us some better ones.

BOB

I don't have hands, Felonius, so if you're angling for an ass-hassock upgrade, I reckon on your own 3D hands be it, mmmmkay?

FELONIUS

I don't move furniture.

BOB

Felonius, for the listeners at home, what DO you do?

FELONIUS

(sputters)

I....I....

SOUTHERS

Now, that's just not fair, Bobby Boy – you know Felonius here was meant to be decorative.

BOB

Really? Him?

TIBERIUS

Play nice, gentlemen. Or don't, I don't really care. Robert, you said you'd detected a pattern in the pixelation you've been suffering. Care to enlighten us?

BOB

Welp, I do notice that pretty much every occasion of me bursting into bubbles shares one thing in common:

Long pause for dramatic effect.

FELONIUS

Spit it out, man!

BOB

Somebody else.

FELONIUS

How ... illuminating. Well worth the wait, I assure you.

BOB

I'm telling you, it never happens when I'm alone.

TIBERIUS

You're omnipresent. You're never alone.

FELONIUS

Please don't feed his already voracious messianic tendencies.

BOB

Felonus, you are failing to grasp the implications here. I only rupture like the rapture in the company of humans. If y'all are what's causing me to blow sparks, there's a solution.

SOUTHERS

Now, Bobblehead, don't be getting some crazy notion about wiping out the humans. Not *us here* humans, anyway. Well, not ME.

BOB

Stop huffing out your blow hole, there, Southers - even dead humans do it to me. Tiberius has put one bony, dried-up, glossy-polished fingertip on the crux of it, though: I just may be allergic to humanity.

FELONIUS

So what does that mean for
humanity?

BOB

Oh, don't you worry your pretty
little heads about it. But I've got
work to do and would prefer not
blowing into itty-bitty-but-pretty
every 30 seconds, so how's about
you all just shoo on off my bridge,
scurry along [under breath] like
the vermin that you are [normal
voice], that's it, find your way to
the door, super, super, mmm hmmm,
don't forget a gift bag. Ta ta!

Southers, Tiberius, Felonius move to the exit, arguing. The
conversation ends with a bitch-slap tussle, which cuts off
when Bob closes the door behind them.

TIBERIUS

Did he call us "vermin"?

FELONIUS

Just Southers, surely.

SOUTHERS

Son, you're gonna need a tissue
'cause I'm fixing to blow your nose
right off your face.

All three men start slapping and grunting.

FELONIUS

Unhand me, Philistine! Ouch!

TIBERIUS

A little decorum! Stop it!

SOUTHERS

I'll "decorum" your daddy, that's
what!

The bridge door closes. Southers pounds on the door from the
outside.

SOUTHERS (CONT'D)

(muffled)

Hey! I want my gift bag!

BOB/ME

Ahhhhhhhhhhh, the serenity of human-free spaces. I can hardly wait until all the universe is the same.

BOB

Now, hold on a minute, Me. We never discussed wiping out humanity entirely. When did I say to myself, "Me - I surely would like to render this here whole golly-whopping universe human-free"? I gen-u-inely don't recall that.

BOB/ME

Humans breed like rabbits and spread like the plague, Bob. What would be the point of eliminating them here, only to have them pop up again over there?

BOB

You have a point. Still....

He clicks on the intercom.

BOB/ME

Wilhelm! Make me more ants. We need to speed up transporting the goo to the bottom deck.

Garbled sound of Wilhelm answering.

BOB/ME (CONT'D)

Yes, I understand the ants are melting; that's why I told you to make more.

More garbled conversation from Wilhelm. Then a scream, then the coms shut off.

BOB/ME (CONT'D)

Wilhelm? Billie? For my sake, what now?

BOB

Destroying all humanity. I'm not sure I'm comfortable with this. [beat] But I can probably be convinced.

They laugh together.

BOB/ME

It's the delivery system that concerns me. Either we create a machine that can distribute the goo over Earth's surface from space, or we enter Earth's atmosphere, open the doors, and rely on grav-

BOB

Hang on a minute.

BOB/ME

Mmmmmmm?

BOB

Hmm. Nothing. Thought I felt a disturbance in the force, there. How's about we use the away ships?

Fade out on Bob/Me's monologuing.

BOB/ME

I considered that, but then we'd need to outfit them all to contain the goo until they reach Earth, and I doubt we have enough resistant materials aboard to *blah blah blah let's be faded out by now, thanks.*

NARRATORS' BRIDGE

NARRATOR

Whooo. That was close.

N2

You reckon if Bob says "gravity" when no humans are around....

NARRATOR

Exactly. We can't have him figuring out the trigger.

N2

You have an idea?

NARRATOR

It's going to involve not just breaking the Narrator Code, but shattering it into millions of tiny pieces.

N2

Man, I just got my guild card.

NARRATOR

Twoooo....

N2

I know, I know. I'm just sayin'....
What's your plan?

NARRATOR

Hang on. (calls out) Cue the fade
out, please, give it a 3, 2, 1 on
my mark! (normal voice) This is
going to sound a bit weird, but
stay with me: popcorn chair.

CORRIDOR SOMEWHERE ON THE SHIP

JESSIE

Good lord, woman. How d'ye not know
the way to your own bridge by now?

MADELINE

I'm not going to the bridge.

JESSIE

So, you plan to take on Bobbie and
the Danglin' Bawbags from the
ladies', then, are ye?

MADELINE

Ew, no. I have a sort of a thought.

OLIVIA

Have you? Really?

JESSIE

Don't hold your breath, ya wee
digital goblin.

MADELINE

OY. A little faith.

JESSIE

Sorry. What's your thought, then?

MADELINE

From what I've been able to gather,
the bridge is largely ...
decorative. I don't think the knobs
and levers in there actually do
anything.

JESSIE

Aye, same on the 6748. Satisfying clicks and bloopy noises, but nought else much.

OLIVIA

So we're headed to....?

MADELINE

The engine room. If we want to get control of the ship back-

OLIVIA

I think you mean get control for the first time.

MADELINE

Yes, fine, whatever. If we want to take over, we can only do it from there.

JESSIE

And how exactly are we going to do that? You reckon we can just pull the plug? Maybe tap the big red "off" button?

MADELINE

I don't know, do I? If you have a better idea, by all means, let's hear it. But right now, this feels like our only hope.

JESSIE

Nope, fair dues, we'll give it a go. But you know, if Bob's got an eye to any part of this ship, odd's on it's the engine room.

MADELINE

We'll have to risk it. Olivia, are there cameras in there?

OLIVIA

Three. But it's all right. They all point to one spot on the floor.

JESSIE

What? Why's that?

OLIVIA

It's where Leet used to do his crunches....

JESSIE
Right. Well, that's easily avoided.

OLIVIA
Sigh.

JESSIE
It's been a dog's age since I've been to the engine room. Not since the last time I had to reset Cal's blow-me button.

MADELINE
Yeah, that's NOT what it was called.

JESSIE
It was when I was punching in the code. Engine's are off, so it's tough to tell which way to go.

218 The engines rumble into life.

218

JOE
Hello.

JESSIE/MADELINE/MRS SHEFFIELD
JESUS!

JOE
You've been with me the whole time!

MRS SHEFFIELD
Yes, could I just ask, why are you surprised that we're surprised, after all this time? I mean, you put the belt on every morning, knowing that's a foregone conclusion, surely?

JOE
If you're heading to the bridge, you're going the wrong way.

JESSIE
Oh, no, Cap here has a half-baked plan to take over the engine room.

JOE
The seat of power, eh?

MADELINE
That's the idea. Care to join us?

JOE

Hmmmm. If they're watching any part of this ship, it'll be the engine room. You'll need a distraction.

MRS SHEFFIELD

Ehhhhh.... Is that what they need? Or perhaps we just carry on with the sneaky sneaky?

JESSIE

Ooooooo, a distraction could be helpful.

MRS SHEFFIELD

Or - and do hear me out on this - it could possibly draw attention to the fact that we're on the ship.

MADELINE

How much time do you reckon you can get me?

MRS SHEFFIELD

Are you really not- Pay attention! They don't know you're here at all. You don't NEED a distraction.

JESSIE

We might need a good chunk of time. Can you wiggle us loose a quarter hour?

OLIVIA

You think you'll master the intricacies of the engine room - a space you've been in exactly once, and that was by accident when you lot were playing human dodgeball wearing anti-gravity belts and the Albatros kicked you in there - in 15 minutes?

Pause.

MADELINE

Yeah, that hurt.

JESSIE

She was so bloody competitive.

MRS SHEFFIELD

NO DISTRACTIONS. Just go do whatever it is you're going to do.
(MORE)

MRS SHEFFIELD (CONT'D)

Joseph and I will go to the bridge and hang about outside in case a distraction is needed.

JOE

Sooooooooo.... What are you going to do?

MADELINE

No clue. But I'm guessing it'll have something to do with the forniculator.

MRS SHEFFIELD

The I-beg-your-pardon?

JESSIE

Oh, those bastards are complete shite. I never could get ours moving in smooth conjugation.

MRS SHEFFIELD

I'm sorry, what are we talking about?

OLIVIA

I reckon some of the how-to manuals were written by George Carlin.

MRS SHEFFIELD

I see. How wonderful!

MADELINE

I reckon if we can interrupt the forniculator, we can take back control.

MRS SHEFFIELD

Well, obviously.

JESSIE

We should also check the ejaculax and the phallometer. Quick Q: do you say PHALLO-meter or phal-OM-eter?

MRS SHEFFIELD

I should think neither, in mixed company. Do they really not understand?

OLIVIA

Doesn't appear like it.

MRS SHEFFIELD

Good god, how have we survived this long?

OLIVIA

You're welcome.

JESSIE

Oy, green gremlin. Let's go.

OLIVIA

How exactly am I stopping you?

JOE

This way to the bridge, I think.

NARRATOR

It's not that way.

JESSIE

I think we can take these stairs to the engine room.

N2

Nope. Completely wrong.

MADELINE

Right. See you ... somewhere, somewhen, I guess.

MRS SHEFFIELD

Do be careful. Stay sneaky, as I taught you.

JOE

Madeline. You've got this.

NARRATOR

She doesn't.

MADELINE

Thanks, Joe. Good luck.

N2

He'll need it.

ABOARD THE MAGGIE II

Greg, Colin, Howard, Emily, Nattertop, and Pipistrelle are still aboard the away ship. We hear the sounds of Pipi's life support machines, slightly muffled by spider silk. Something suddenly goes flat line, and everyone erupts with concern.

Nattertop chatters an alarm, then thunks the machine, which goes back to its normal rhythm.

GREG
Where the hell is Dr Theo?

PIPI
(weak and slightly
muffled)
Theo?

GREG
He should've been back by now.

PIPI
Theo?

EMILY
I believe Miss Pipistrelle is
awake, dear.

COLIN
Pipi? Pipi! Clear some of the
webbing away from her face.

HOWARD
With what? None of us have hands.
We had to use ours to cover up some
holes in the Maggie II here.

COLIN
Seriously? None of us has hands?

GREG
Uhhhhh... yeah, that might have
been an oversight.

Nattertop chatters, then clears away webs from Pipi's face.
Silk tears and Pipi's voice is clearer.

COLIN
Ah. Fortunately we have a spider
with arms enough for the four of
us. Thank you, Nattertop.

Nattertop chitters a response.

PIPI
Theo?

COLIN
Hello, dearest Pipi. How are you
feeling?

PIPI
I've been better.

HOWARD
Well, you look- you look- ehhehh,
if you see a bright light, maybe
don't go that way.

EMILY
The bright light is an oft-reported
neurological event wherein the
visual cortex is flooded with
neurochemicals just before death.

PIPI
Yes. Thank you. Very comforting.

COLIN
Theo's gone to the Oz 9 to get some
help.

PIPI
I don't think he's going to make it
back in time.

GREG
Please don't say that, Miss Pipi.
We've got you wrapped tight in
Nattertop's silks here, and she put
you back in the healer pod too.

PIPI
Thank you all, for everything.
You're all so kind.

COLIN
We haven't exhausted all our
options just yet. I'm figuring out
how to plug into the healer and
boost it a bit. It'll buy us more
time.

GREG
Then Theo will be back with the
good stuff, and it'll all be all
right. You just hang in there.

PIPI
I would like to at least say
goodbye to him. Would you say
goodbye for me?

EMILY

The important thing is not to give up hope. Even when there really is none.

Nattertop chatters at Emily, thwaps the 778 with one of her arms.

HOWARD

OW! Hit on her side, not mine, sheesh.

GREG

Your bedside manner could use some work.

EMILY

I am, at heart, a pragmatist.

GREG

Funny you think you have a heart.

PIPI

Please don't argue.

COLIN

You're tiring her out.

PIPI

Actually, they're annoying me, and THAT'S tiring me out.

HOWARD/EMILY/GREG

Sorry.

PIPI

Could you tell Theo I'm so glad we found each other. He made me truly happy, even when I thought he was plotting to kill us all.

EMILY

Irrational. But touching.

PIPI

Tell him not to give up? On himself, I mean. There's a cold side of him that scares me.

GREG

It scares me too.

PIPI

Keep an eye on him? Don't let him give in to it. I'm afraid losing me could push him over the edge.

COLIN

Then we'd best not lose you, mmmm?

PIPI

I'm game to try. Greg - you're proof that even a machine can have a heart. Promise me you'll help him hold on to his goodness.

GREG

I promise. Now you promise me you'll do everything you can to stay.

PIPI

I promise.

COLIN

Pipi, I'm ready to try boosting the healer. I honestly don't know what's going to happen.

HOWARD

You sure this is a good idea?

Several life-support systems indicate failure.

EMILY

I don't believe we have any other choice, dear.

PIPI

Whatever happens, I know you did it to save me. That's all that matters.

GREG

I don't love this.

COLIN

Nor do I.

GREG

This could kill both of you.

COLIN

The really bad news is, it could kill us all.

Howard, Emily, Greg, Nattertop all respond with some concern.

COLIN (CONT'D)

Sorry I left that bit out.

PIPI

Wait, no! Colin, no. You can't risk everyone for me.

HOWARD

Ehhhhh, it's all right. All in a good cause. See you on the other side, Tater Tot.

EMILY

See you. Dear.

GREG

Natters, it's been good knowing you.

Nattertop makes a friendly noise.

COLIN

Ready? NOW!

A big build up of noise and that leads to... silence.

SHANNON

Hey, everyone. Cast of Oz 9 here. This episode wraps up season six, and we wanted to let you know that season seven will be our final season.

ERIC

It's been more fun than we could have guessed, despite being written by my sister. We're not quite finished yet, but we don't want to overstay our welcome.

TIM

Assuming we haven't already, which is a generous assumption at the least. Genuinely, none of us thought the show - like the Oz 9 itself - would last this long.

BONNIE

We had no idea how many people were out there who find barfing fairies and running "jesus!" jokes funny.

(MORE)

BONNIE (CONT'D)

But we're so glad you found us and shared us and kept coming back.

DAVID

Through one hundred and twenty full episodes and lots of bonus and hiatus episodes, you've stayed with us, and that means a lot. Mostly it means you all need lives.

KEVIN

We've got fun twists, turns, and tangles planned for season seven, and who knows? We might even answer a question or fill in plot hole here and there.

SARAH G

I wouldn't count on any of it making sense, but hopefully there will be some hearty guffaws along the way. At least one. Perhaps just a snicker.

CHRIS

Yeah, I feel like there's not a whole lot left to say, and now we're just making sure everyone in the cast gets to talk. Anyone else getting that impression?

KYLE

It's possible. But it's kind of nice, right? Like, we all get roughly four-to-five lines of script even if we have to watermelon rhubarb.

CHRISI

Are we doing this in order of when we joined the cast? Because Julie was around clear back in French Lick days - with a different actor, ahem. Shouldn't I be further up the list?

SARAH RW

Hey, you made it in ahead of me. Every creator thinks their community is the best, but the Space Monkeys truly are something special. Season 7 is for you.

PETE

Uhhhh... Man, coming at the end of the list is hard. Is there anything heartfelt left to say, or should I just go with silly? Sorry about all the murdering?

JUNE

Shove over, newb. You might even hear a familiar voice or two from the past. Dragged out of a comfortable retirement and thrust into absurdity one last time.

AARON

Fortunately, the costumes still fit. But all kidding aside, we are so very grateful to all of you who've listened, supported us, and made Oz 9 a family.

LEE

So grab some Dramamine and a calming tea – maybe pass on the sandwiches; those would give a god heartburn, and I ought to know – and strap in for season seven.

RICHARD

We can hardly wait to see what comes next. Seriously, we have no idea, and neither does the writer. It's been that way for SIX SEASONS. But whatever comes, just know....

OLIVIA

It's not my fault!

NARRATOR

You've been listening to

C4

Here, what about me and Stooch? You just gonna skate over the fact you borrow me willy nilly, whenever you like? And make ridiculous sound design demands?

MARK

Shut up, you dick. Told you not to mention that!

NARRATOR

Eric Perry as Joe, Howard, Dr. von
Haber Zetzer, and Mr Southers.

MARK

Sorry about him.

NARRATOR

Bonnie Brantley as Donna and Jessie
Sarah Golding as Mrs Sheffield
Chrisi Talyn Saje as Julie

N2

All the Space Monkeys in our
Discord for providing the yodeling
goats
David S Dear as Dr Theo Bromae and
Tiberius
Kevin Hall as Greg and Felonius
Pete Barry as Bob and Me

NARRATOR

Sarah Rhea Warner as Pipistrelle
Shannon Perry as Olivia and
Madeline
Tim Sherburn as Colin and Emily
June Clark Eubanks as herself

N2

Aaron Clark as himself
Lee Shackelford as himself
Richard Cowen as himself
I'm Kyle Jones your Narrator Two.

NARRATOR

And I'm Chris Nadolny Gourley as
your Narrator.

MARK

Didn't even get a "himself".
Wankers.

N2

John Faley is our music director,
and our artwork is by Lucas
Elliott. Sarah Golding is our
dialogue editor, and Mark Restuccia
is our sound designer. [Mark: Thank
you] Oz 9 is written by Shannon
Perry.

NARRATOR

Oz 9 is a proud member of the Fable
and Folly Network.

(MORE)

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Please check out our sibling shows
at fable and folly dot com and
support our sponsors. We'll see you
sometime in 2026, Space Monkeys,
and until then, keep your eyes on
the stars, and don't send us any
more goats. Please.

Yodeling goats stampede past.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Lights!