

WOLF 359

"ARE SPACESUITS ITCHY?"

by

Gabriel Urbina & Zach Valenti

BEGIN RECORDING:

BURST OF STATIC

EIFFEL

Okay, okay, look Commander, I'm doing the thing! The avalanche of passive aggressive post-it notes can stop now, okay?

Door CLOSES. He SIGHS wearily.

EIFFEL (CONT'D)

Okay. So. It seems that our contract with Goddard Futuristics requires me to act as a goodwill ambassador to the American Public School System. Some unsolicited advice, kids - always read the fine print.

Anyway, I have some questions here from third graders across this great land of ours, from sea to shining sea.

Hey kids! This is Communications Officer Eiffel. I'm talking to you from a distant hell-hole, better known as the U.S.S. Hepheastus. Currently I'm orbiting a star called Wolf 359.

None of that is as exciting as it sounds.

All right, let's get to it. You guys have some questions, I got answers. So...

We hear him SHUFFLING THROUGH SOME PAPERS.

EIFFEL (CONT'D)

Stephanie from Missouri wants to know if I talk to my family. I will not dignify such an idiotic question with a response.

He CRUMPLES UP the piece of paper and throws it to the floor.

EIFFEL (CONT'D)

Uhh... Francisco from New York City wants to know if spacesuits are itchy.

(MORE)

## EIFFEL (CONT'D)

(beat)

Great question, Francisco. Stephanie, take notes. You know those really itchy Christmas sweaters your grandma knits for you? Imagine one of those had babies with a cactus. And now imagine that if you took off this awful cactus-sweater, you'd immediately die a horrible, painful death. That's why I stay indoors.

Ruby from Wisconsin wants to know if I miss pizza. Well, Ruby, not Wisconsin pizza.

I kid, I kid, if there's one thing I miss it's pizza. Thank God you asked me that question. I have not had a chance to express to another human being my intense feelings for pizza. I'm like a chocoholic... but for pizza. It would be inappropriate for me to share with a third-grader what I would do for a slice of pineapple and ham, but I promise it's very, very degrading.

Phil from Connecticut asks what do you do when you get sick in space? Well, Phil, you'd think that I'd want to go see our doctor, but in my case, he's probably the one that got me sick in the first place. Instead, I've developed some intergalactic, home remedies. Top tip: if you water down rubbing alcohol, it is not completely unlike chicken noodle soup.

No, that's a dumb question. Nope. Not that one...

Oh, here we go! Isabel from California asks, "How do you go to the bathroom in space?"

Well, if you really want to know. So, you know how there's no gravity up here and everything floats? Well, the same goes for number one and two. You might be thinking that's hilarious. Lord knows I did... the first day.

(MORE)

## EIFFEL (CONT'D)

But mark my words, fecal matter in space is your worst nightmare's worst nightmare.

Picture a vacuum cleaner. Now picture your butt. Now picture the two of those together. That should give you a pretty good idea of where this is going, but just in case: First off, you [BEEEEEEEEEEEP] and then you [BEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEP] and just when you think you're done, that's when things get interesting, because you gotta [BEEEEEP].

And that is how you [BEEEP] in space.

Umm, let's see... Brian from Alaska asks, "If you cry in space, what happens to the tears?"

I'm not going to pretend that I'm not well versed in this situation. Here in space, your tears don't fall. Instead, they form this... Liquid snowball that clings to your eye socket. And it gets bigger and bigger. There is a slight risk of drowning. Unfortunately, the mandatory morale-boosting events tend to cause more tears than they prevent.

Well, time's running short and most of the other questions aren't worth my time, so consider yourselves ambassador-ed, children of America. This is Doug Eiffel, from the Comms Room of the Hephaestus Station, signing off.

END RECORDING.

## CREDITS

This has been Wolf 359. Written by Gabriel Urbina and Zach Valenti. Directed by Gabriel Urbina and performed by Zach Valenti. Full episodes resume in a week. Thanks for listening.