

The Pop Ups. Stay seated. Three, two, one, ignition. Get ready for an adventure of magnificent proportion.

The Pop Ups. (Singing.) I don't know what you've been told, but we're in a golden age - so many discoveries that are jumping off the page. Wow in the world. Wow in the world. Wow in the world. Wow in the world. Wow in the world. Wow in the world. Wow in the world. Wow in the world.

The Pop Ups. With Guy and Mindy. We're on our way, Houston.

PA. Welcome to tonight's performance of "The Moon and the Submarine," a one woman show. Please make your way to the theater doors.

Thomas Fingerling. Huh? What'd he say? Make yer way to the buttered floors?

Guy. No, no. He said 'theater doors'! It means the show is about to start. We're just waiting on-

Dennis. Ok, here we go.

Guy. Dennis.

PA. Please find your seats. The show is about to begin.

Guy. Wow, I can't believe they're finally putting on Mindy's one woman show.

Usher. Hello sir, can I offer you a program?

Guy. Sure, thanks! Let me just see here. "The Moon and the Submarine"--

G-Force. What kinda name is that?

Guy. Well, it says here that this one woman show is all about titan.

Thomas Fingerling. Oh. Like lefty lucy and righten titan?

Guy. Titan is one of Saturn's eighty-two moons. And according to this, one of the most fascinating, promising and smelliest celestial bodies in our solar system. And according to this, it's all based on the latest findings and research from NASA.

Dennis. NASA! Ooh, boy! Come on everyone.

Dennis. Right behind you, Guy!

Thomas Fingerling. Imma comin,' imma comin.'

Guy. Let's see here. Ah, here we go! Now we just need to get past all the people.

Dennis. Not a problem, Guy! I'm what they call a people person. Or no, wait, a people mover.

Guy. Oh no.

Dennis. Ok, scuse me! Scuse me! Ahem! Madam, I said scuse me! Thank you. Whew! Here you go, Guy!

Guy. Thanks a lot, Dennis.

G-Force. Ohh, that's better. Now I can finally rest my toosh!

Thomas Fingerling. I have to go to the bathroom.

Dennis. Quiet, Tommy!

Thomas Fingerling. You, quiet!

Guy. (Groans.)

Mindy. (Over loudspeaker.) Is it working? Is it on? Oh-oh, hello babies and germs! And welcome to the matinee performance of 'The Moon and the Submarine'. Enjoy the show!

(Soundbite of curtains parting.)

Mindy. Way out in the beyond in the depths of space, orbiting the sixth planet from the sun, seven hundred and forty six miles from earth lies a moon. A moon unlike any other. And the name of that moon is Titan!

(Soundbite of door opening.)

Mindy. Waddle waddle waddle...Tadaa!

Audience. Oohh! / Ahh!

Dennis. (Whispering.) Why is Mindy dressed like a giant orange?

Guy. (Whispering.) She's not dressed like an orange, Dennis. She's dressed like the moon Titan.

Dennis. Ooh...oh oh oh oh. Got it.

Random. Shhh!

Dennis. Don't shush me! I had a question!

Mindy. Hi there! My name is Titan. You might not know me. It's easy to get me confused with my other brothers and sisters. After all, I do have eighty-one of them and we come in all different shapes and sizes. This here is my little brother Pallene...I said, this is my little brother Pallene. (Under breath.) Reggie!

Reggie. Coo!

Mindy. That's your cue!

Reggie. Coo!

(Soundbite of fluttering.)

Reggie. Coo coo coo!

Audience. Oooh! Ahh.

Mindy. This is my little brother Pallene. He's just three miles wide.

Reggie. Coo coo coo!

Mindy. And on the other end of the spectrum is me, Titan! I'm the biggest of the bunch. I'm three thousand two hundred miles wide!

Dennis. / Thomas Fingerling. / Audience. Oh wow!

Mindy. And all my eighty-one brothers and sisters and me, we orbit our mother planet, Saturn!...Saturn! (Under breath.) Ahem! Reggie! Pull the cord.

Reggie. Coool!

Mindy. No! The other cord!

(Soundbite of chains unspooling.)

Reggie. Cooooo!

Mindy. Uh oh.

(Soundbite of audience gasping and crashing.)

Mindy. Saturn!

(Soundbite of hesitant clapping.)

Guy. (Whispering.) Was that supposed to happen?

Thomas Fingerling. I don't know.

Reggie. Coool!

(Soundbite of crash.)

Mindy. Gahh! I mean...gah-lad you're all enjoying the show. We will now take a, uh, short intermission break. Be right back! Close it close it close it close it close it close it close it.

(Soundbite of curtains drawing.)

Dennis. Well, color me impressed! Such an exciting start!

Mindy. (Loud speaker.) Uh...

(Soundbite of crash.)

Mindy. If Guy Raz is in the audience, could he make his way to the backstage please?

(Soundbite of crash.)

Mindy. That's Guy Raz to the backstage.

Dennis. Aw! Backstage tour? You're so lucky!

Guy. Something tells me that it's not a backstage tour.

Usher. Mr. Raz?

Guy. Yes?

Usher. If you could follow me, I'll take you backstage.

Guy. Okay.

Usher. And right through this door. Here you go.

(Soundbite of door opening.)

Guy. Hello? Hello?

Mindy. Hey, psst! Guy Razzy!

Guy. Mindy?

Mindy. Oh boy, I'm so glad you're here.

(Soundbite of crash.)

Guy. Gah!

(Soundbite of audience reacting.)

Mindy. I know you probably can't tell from out there in the audience but...

(Soundbite of crash and audience reacting.)

Mindy. This show is kinda falling apart. And I really need your help.

Guy. My help?

Mindy. Yes!

Guy. What do you need my help with?

Mindy. So I need you...

Guy. Yes?

Mindy. To play the role of NASA's Titan submarine!

Guy. Huh?!

Mindy. Well, I thought I could play both the moon and the submarine, but uh...

(Soundbite of crash.)

Mindy. Things have gotten a little complicated.

Reggie. Coo! Coo. Coo coo coo.

Mindy. Thanks, Reg. Alright Guy Raz. Two minutes until I'm back on stage. What do you say?

Guy. What do I say? Mindy, how am I supposed to play a role in a show that I've never seen before?

Mindy. You'll be fine, Guy Razzie! Half the stuff is improvised anyway. Just follow my lead.

Guy. Well...

Mindy. Come on, Guy Raz. Anything for the arts?

Guy. Anything for science...wait! The arts?

Mindy. Yes! You're the best, buddy.

Guy. Wait a minute, Mindy, I didn't agree to—

Mindy. Oh! And the submarine costume is just over there in the corner.

Guy. Submarine...costume?

(Soundbite of curtains raising.)

Mindy. Whoop! Gotta run! The stage is calling!

Guy. No, Mindy. Wait! Ugh.

(Soundbite of whoosh.)

Announcer. And now, take two—I mean, part two of “The Moon and the Submarine.”

(Soundbite of steps.)

Mindy. I’ve always been told that I was a pretty special moon! And it’s not just because I’m so big. The second largest in the solar system. No, I am special because unlike most moons, I have a pretty thick atmosphere! And not only that, but I have weather! I have deserts! And I have rivers, lakes and seas all over my alien surface!

Audience. Oooh.

Mindy. But my rivers and lakes are not made out of water. No no no. They are made out of liquid methane!

Reggie. Cool!

Mindy. Methane, in its gas form, is part of what makes your toots smell terrible.

(Soundbite of farting.)

G-Force. Oh snap!

Mindy. That's right ladies and gentlemen. All over my alien surface are miles and miles of rivers, lakes and oceans entirely out of liquid butt-burps!

(Soundbite of farts and talking.)

Mindy. These liquid toots, around eighty percent of them, are located in just one of my alien oceans. An ocean known as Kraken Mare.

Audience. Ooh.

(Soundbite of music starting up.)

Mindy. A long long time ago, all the way back in the year 2007, a small satellite named Cassini came to visit me. Now, Reg!

Reggie. Coo coo!

(Soundbite of chain unspooling and satellite beeping.)

Mindy. A small satellite called Cassini flew by to learn all about my surface and my oceans. Scientists were later able to predict that the liquid methane ocean on my surface is more than one thousand feet deep.

Audience. Ooh!

Mindy. And gigantic! About the same size as all five great lakes put together!

Audience. Ooh!

Mindy. And because it's so large, my interstellar ocean of funk is the perfect candidate for...Submarine exploration!

(Soundbite of music changing.)

Guy Raz. (Groans.)

Mindy. Ladies and gentlemen, may I present to you the one, the only...Titan submarine!

(Soundbite of applause.)

Guy. Oh. Oh wow. Thank you. Thank you.

Mindy. This little guy is going to be my new best friend! And he's coming my way pretty soon. He's just waiting for...the right season!

Reggie. Coo.

Mindy. Guy Raz. Put on the sunglasses.

Guy. Oh, oh right.

Mindy. You see, I have seasons just like earth does. And according to science, the best time to come and visit me is in the summer.

(Soundbite of laughter.)

Mindy. Looking good...Titan submarine!

Guy. Surf's up!

Mindy. You see, on earth, seasons typically last around three months. But my seasons, well, my seasons can last for seven years!

(Soundbite of gasp.)

Mindy. So, if you want to experience a hot, fun, Titan summer, the best place to visit me is the year 2045. Guy Raz! Script. Read the script.

Guy. Oh, oh! Right! Um, here. 2045! But that's such a long time away, Titan! Why do I have to wait so long! Why does everything take so long? Throws hands up in the air in exhaustion...

Mindy. Well Titan submarine, everything takes longer in space.

Guy. Like what?

Mindy. Well do you know how long it takes to get from your home on earth, to me, out here to me orbiting Saturn?

Guy. I don't know Titan, how long does it take?

Mindy. It takes seven years!

Guy. Wow, really?

Mindy. Eh-ehm. The script, Guy Raz! Read the script.

Guy. Oh yeah, right. So in order for me to get to you and your oceans of liquid farts...Gross. Ew. I have to leave earth by 2038.

Mindy. That's right, Titan submarine. Which means you have just over fifteen years to figure out how to swim, and I'm not talking about an ocean of water, but an ocean of toots!

(Soundbite of farting.)

Guy. Do you have any travel tips?

Mindy. Oh, I sure do! Now, Reg!

Reggie. Cool!

(Soundbite of shaking.)

Mindy. Come on! Shake it all out! Faster! Faster!

(Soundbite of shaking.)

Guy. What is this, Mindy? Confetti?

Mindy. Yeah. Just go with it. Well for starters, the oceans, rivers and lakes on my surface are not as warm as those back on earth.

Guy. No?

Mindy. No no no! The temperature of my liquid lakes hovers around negative one hundred and seventy nine degrees celsius or negative two hundred and ninety degrees fahrenheit ...

Dennis. Oh I get it! The confetti represents snow! Very clever!

Random. Shh!

Dennis. Oh, sorry!

Guy. Brrr...that sounds cold!

Mindy. Oh, it's cold alright. Getting an interstellar probe such as yourself to work at such low temperatures is just one of the problems that the scientists

at NASA are going to have to figure out before they can send you my way in 2038.

Guy. All of that seems like an awful lot of work. Am I even worth it?

Mindy. Of course you're worth it little Titan submarine.

Audience. Aww!

Mindy. If there is anything we know about the solar system, it's that wherever there's liquid, there's also a good chance of life!

Audience. Ooh!

Mindy. And if life does exist on Titan in such a bizarre and seemingly hostile environment, then that could tell us more about the evolution of life than any other mission we have ever launched into space!

Guy. Really?

Mindy. Really. Titan submarine, you might just be the most important probe that we ever send out into space.

(Soundbite of audience cheering.)

Mindy. Curtains, Reggie!

Reggie. Coo coo!

(Soundbite of curtain dropping.)