

[Note: This transcript was originally written by Shrimp_Heaven_N-O-W on the Mission to Zyxx subreddit.]

[march-like orchestral music plays, like the text crawl at the beginning of Star Wars]

NARRATOR: The period of civil war has ended. In the aftermath of the Battle of Sistoo, the rebels have overthrown the evil Galactic Monarchy, and in its place established the just and benevolent Federated Alliance. It's definitely an improvement, and totally not a lateral move. Now, to restore diplomatic relations between systems, the Federated Alliance has deployed teams of ambassadors throughout the galaxy to bring a message of peace to every inhabited world. The pay is six kroons per hour, which seems sort of low, all things considered. In the farthest reaches of the Tremillion sector, a young farm boy named Pleck Decksetter embarks with his crew on his first assignment: a daring journey to the remote and mysterious Zyxx Quadrant. Aboard the starship the Bargarean Jade, they set out to explore astounding new worlds, discover their heroic destinies, and meet weird bug creatures and stuff. This is their mission: a mission... to Zyxx. [echoing]

[theme music plays, then fades out]

PLECK: [stiff, cheerful, as if reading from a script] People of Flurp: greetings! My name is Ambassador Pleck Decksetter, of the Federated Alliance! We come bearing a message of peace, and prosperity, and togetherness, and synergy, and cooperation, and... synthesis... and... economic, uh, growth?

C-53: Ambassador Decksetter, have you misplaced your cards?

PLECK: I—I went to the last one? About disarming the guards and I don't—I don't think I should do that right now...

C-53: No, that would be too soon.

PLECK: So please, disarm your guards and, uh, share with us freely the great resources of the planet Flurp. Thank you, and all hail the Federated Alliance!

C-53/DAR: [quietly] All hail the Federated Alliance./Yeaaaaaah...

[long pause]

KULA: [in a deep voice] Are you... *jucking* kidding me?

PLECK: Uhhhh... what?

KULA: You come down to my planet, talk to me, the Kula of this planet—

PLECK: Uh, what—

KULA: —and you come down—oh, you don't even know what that is?

PLECK: I, I mean...

KULA: Do you not know what a Kula is?

PLECK: It's, like, king, right?

C-53: [quietly] Ambassador Decksetter, I gave you a file to read.

KULA: It's actually a war chieftain. It's very different. Do you even know what synergy means?

PLECK: Uh, I think I have a... pretty good idea.

KULA: Tell me what it means right now.

PLECK: I mean, synergy is like when you make your business, uh, go to the top.

C-53: No.

PLECK: As far as I—

C-53: That is—that is not what synergy is.

KULA: Where are you from?

PLECK: Um, I... well, we represent the Federated Alliance!

KULA: No, no, no, no. Where are *you* from?

PLECK: Uh, uh... from Rangus VI.

KULA: Oh, okay.

PLECK: It's a farm planet.

KULA: Is that right? So you came all the way from Rangus VI—

PLECK: Yep.

KULA: —to my planet—

PLECK: Uh-huh.

KULA: And you think you can tell me what to do?

PLECK: Ah.

KULA: This is the Zyxx Quadrant.

PLECK: Yeah.

KULA: You know how things work in the Zyxx Quadrant?

PLECK: I... I sorta do?

KULA: [with increasing intensity] If you bring a blaster, we bring an ion cannon. If you bring a laser *pike*, we bring a laser *staff*. If you bring a starship, we bring a *bigger* starship.

PLECK: Well, we don't—

KULA: THAT'S how it works in the Zyxx Quadrant!

PLECK: Okay, we don't have any. We don't have any guns, so. [laughs] You don't have to worry about that.

KULA: [pleasantly surprised] Oh. Alright.

PLECK: What is a laser pike?

KULA: It's—it's a...

C-53: Sort of a long stick with a laser implement at the end.

KULA: Yeah, it's a...

PLECK: Does the laser shoot out of it?

C-53: No, it's a... truly a hand-to-hand weapon.

KULA: Yeah. The droid is correct. [suddenly aggressive again] Ambassador Decksetter, give me one good reason why my armor guard should not *obliterate* you in this moment.

[sound of guards charging blasters]

PLECK: Uh... Oh! You know what, I got this. Dar, please present him with our Federated Alliance gift!

DAR: You think *this* is our one good reason?

PLECK: I mean, it's pretty...

C-53: [quietly] Ambassador Decksetter, I strongly advise you to reconsider this course of action.

PLECK: This, my friend, is an official Federated Alliance koozie!

KULA: [unimpressed] What is this?

C-53: It keeps a hot beverage hot, it keeps a cold beverage cold.

KULA: When would I use this for a hot beverage? This is a hot, humid planet. When would I ever use this?

C-53: Hmm.

DAR: I guess—

PLECK: Well, it's great for cold beverages.

KULA: Guards, open fire.

[blaster charging and firing noises]

PLECK: Okay, go, let's go! Guys, guys, run!

DAR: Uh... okay!

[various noises of distress and screaming from Pleck and Dar as firing noises continue]

PLECK: Go, go, get in, get in, close the door, close the door!

[sound of a hangar door closing]

PLECK: Bargie, get us out of here! Get us out of here right now!

BARGIE: That was fast. I thought... I thought you guys—

PLECK: It didn't go well! It really... it really went to shit. We just need to get out... of the... blaster range...

BARGIE: Okay, alright, you know how I told you I needed time, so everything's gonna be done slowly, okay?

PLECK: I... I get that, I'm sorry.

BARGIE: Gosh, I mean, I have this one day for myself, and you keep making it all about you.

[blaster noises subside, ship takeoff noises]

[ship ambient noises]

[incoming transmission beep-boops]

C-53: Ambassador Decksetter, I regret to inform you we have an incoming transmission from Junior Missions Operations Manager Nermut Bundaloy.

PLECK: Uh... 'kay.

[transmission connects]

PLECK: Hey... Nermut! [nervous chuckle]

NERMUT: [frustrated tone, sigh] Hello.

DAR: What's shakin', Nermie?

NERMUT: What's shakin' is a big stack of paperwork. [paper shuffling noises]

PLECK: What? No, come on, listen, I'm sorry. I know that that mission didn't go... the way that we wanted it to but it's fine now! We're off the planet!

NERMUT: There's no question on the form which is satisfactorily answered by the statement, "I'm sorry."

PLECK: Okay—

NERMUT: So, here we go. Uh, because, uh, Security Officer Dar was shot in a very questionable way—

DAR: Mmmm.

PLECK: Okay...

NERMUT: —now we all get to fill out some forms.

PLECK: I'm sorry, D—Dar, you were, you were shot?

DAR: By *you*.

PLECK: Oh, boy.

C-53: In pushing his way out of the Grand Kula's palace, Ambassador Decksetter caused a energy rifle to misfire and strike Security Officer Dar.

NERMUT: Uh, j— [sigh] I'm sorry, did you pull the rifle out of the hands of an *enemy*? Because none of you were issued weapons.

C-53: I would describe it more as a blind panic.

PLECK: Okay... there were a lot of weapons going off, and it really could have been any of us.

NERMUT: Alright, Ambassador Decksetter. Please state your name and position.

PLECK: [sigh] Pleck Decksetter. Ambassador.

NERMUT: Great. And please state your mission on the planet Flurp.

PLECK: To establish diplomatic relations between the Federated Alliance and the people of Flurp.

NERMUT: And how would you rate the success of that mission? On a scale from zero to ten.

PLECK: I dunno, like a three? Or four?

C-53: Zero.

PLECK: Okay, probably a zero.

NERMUT: That is correct.

DAR: Wow, "a three or a four."

C-53: Ambassador Decksetter, had you only read my preparatory file on this planet, you would know that the easiest way to gain a Kula's respect would be to fight him in single combat.

PLECK: Well, I obviously wasn't going to be able to succeed at that.

C-53: The point is not to succeed. Had he pounded you into dust, you would have earned his respect.

DAR: Certainly would've earned mine.

NERMUT: Alright, skipping down... how many members of your own crew did you shoot?

PLECK: Okay, come—that's—now, we're just being...

DAR: Gonna give that a one.

NERMUT: That's... not an actual question, but we know the answer, right?

DAR/PLECK: Mmhmm. Okay, yes.

NERMUT: Great.

PLECK: Are we sure that it wasn't just a random...

C-53: Would you like to watch the incident?

DAR: Let's watch the tape!

C-53: Replaying now...

[over holo recording]

RECORDED PLECK: [over sounds of blaster fire] Run, run! Ahhhh!

C-53: And right there, you can see yourself press the trigger.

PLECK: Okay, yeah. You know what, I messed up. I messed up, and... we all make mistakes, and I don't think we need to fill out any more forms.

NERMUT: Unfortunately, what you think about the forms is pretty immaterial at this point. Dar. State your... full name?

DAR: [strange, overlapping alien noises]

NERMUT: Oh... [sigh] 'Kay.

DAR: Let's just keep it with Dar.

NERMUT: Great. And your position.

DAR: The muscle.

NERMUT: Dar, could you please explain why in your role as security officer, you did not offer more security in this situation?

DAR: [sassy] I could have, if I had had a *gun*.

NERMUT: Okay, I mean you're not gonna have weapons, you were hired because you could approach the chieftain and hug him in, and, uh, squish him against some of those, like, chest talons, and make his organs pop out of his body and...

DAR: [flirting] Oh, Nermie... I really thought I was hired 'cause you really liked me.

NERMUT: [carefully] That's... I mean, I'm, uh, fond of you, that's not, uh, why you were hired for your position, necessarily, but you were—

DAR: And Nermie, if you would just let me have a gun, the next time Pleck tries to shoot me, I can *kill him*!

PLECK: That—that seems extreme.

NERMUT: We found through research that if teams of ambassadors arrive visibly armed, it doesn't necessarily do well for the cause of the Federated Alliance.

DAR: It doesn't have to be visible! I can *hide the gun*.

PLECK: To be fair, Dar has a lot of... flaps? What would you call the features of your body where you might hide a gun?

DAR: I guess what a Tellurian would call... my genitalia.

PLECK: [chuckle] Oh.

DAR: I can fit anything up there.

NERMUT: Your personnel file lists a couple chutes in your body? And—

DAR: Those are out—those are outgoing.

NERMUT: Oh, outgoing chutes. [pause] Noted.

DAR: The flaps are *ingoing*.

NERMUT: Great. We'll update the file.

[beep boop]

C-53: File is updated.

DAR: I mean, Nermut, if you ever wanted to try it out for yourself...

NERMUT: [loud breath/gasp hybrid] Uh. I. Uh, I'm busy in the evenings.

[long pause]

NERMUT: C-53.

C-53: Yes, Junior Missions Operations Manager Nermut Bundaloy?

NERMUT: Uh, [chuckle] name, classification, rank, and summary of mission.

C-53: C-53, protocol and diplomatic relations droid. Mission objective: establish diplomatic relations with planet Flurp. Mission status: failure. Is that sufficient, Junior Missions Operations Manager Nermut Bundaloy?

NERMUT: Uh, you don't have to say the "Junior" every time.

C-53: I do have to say the "Junior Operations Manager," there are three classifications of Missions Operations Manager—

NERMUT: [crosstalk] I know. I—I know.

C-53: —yours is the lowest.

NERMUT: I—[frustrated breath]

[pause]

C-53: Above Junior Operations Manager are Missions Operations Manager and Senior Missions Operations Manager.

NERMUT: [trying to interrupt] I know what is—Obviously, I know that, and I will be both of those in the future.

C-53: Do you now understand why I have to say "Junior Operations Manager?"

NERMUT: I honestly don't.

C-53: I will prepare a report that perhaps will help you understand this in the future.

NERMUT: You know what? You can go hang out with my dad, who has to say "Junior" every time too, okay? Never mind...

C-53: Hmm. Failing to draw relevance from statement.

NERMUT: [deep sigh] C-53, I just wanna make sure that you are, uh, recording all these interactions... the videos you've provided have been *very* useful in establishing the degree to which Pleck *royally* jucked up.

C-53: I can confirm I am streaming all of this information to Federated Alliance Council Compound Number Five at all times.

NERMUT: Okay. So, we don't necessarily need to stream this bit...

C-53: It is against my specifications to suspend stream at any time. [pause] Have I answered all of your questions?

NERMUT: Sure.

[longer pause]

C-53: The tone of your voice indicates that there are... questions remaining that you wish to ask.

NERMUT: Nope.

[pause]

C-53: Very well.

NERMUT: Bargie, please state your full name and your position.

BARGIE: Bargarean Jade, the ship.

NERMUT: Right.

BARGIE: Of stars.

NERMUT: Okay—

BARGIE: Of memories.

NERMUT: Alright.

BARGIE: Of fame.

NERMUT: [sigh]

BARGIE: Once used to be the most thriving ship in all of the galaxies.

NERMUT: Alright, we have a character limit.

BARGIE: But now is just a... [Nermut sighs] broken-down, out-and-about ship taking these misfit losers to who knows where.

PLECK/NERMUT: Okay, Bargie—/Alright.

BARGIE: Do you know the people that used to be inside of me? LaCraine LaCrosse. Jakan Moran. Jimn Jimnerrar. Ava Galorka—

PLECK: You know Jimn Jimnerrar?

BARGIE: Oh, I knew him very well. He used to sit on that stoop that your sittin' in right now, and he used to say to me, "Bargie, you're the ship dreams are made of." And then he DIED.

DAR: Right there? On that stoop?

BARGIE: Right there.

C-53: Yes, famously Jimn Jimnerrar died aboard the Bargarean Jade.

DAR: Wow.

BARGIE: I used to be the most famous ship. I used to make movies. I used to walk the red carpet—but from the sky!

NERMUT: Okay.

BARGIE: They used to make, remake movies about me with other, lesser known ships!

NERMUT: Alright, Bargie? Bargie, what is the recommended speed for an evacuation of this type?

BARGIE: [heavy sigh] Fast.

NERMUT: Yes. That's one way to say it. How fast did you go?

BARGIE: Okay, first of all, let me just def—defend myself—

NERMUT: That's not a speed.

BARGIE: Uh, I was on a break. I was chattin' up another local ship. Do you guys ever hear of the Henry Buckaloo Ship? He's broken down, he used to be big back in the day—we were, we were texting back and forth recently, I knew he was nearby...

NERMUT: A break is not a thing that ships... [sigh]

BARGIE: Hey! It's not my fault they messed up!

PLECK: Yes, this is all my fault. I get it.

NERMUT: [sigh] Alright. I have a lot of, uh, paperwork to file. Hang tight. Uh, I will be back.

PLECK: Okay.

[transition music, intercepted by rebel hackers!]

ROLPHUS: Attention. This is Rebel Leader Rolphus Tiddle with an important announcement to anyone listening. Support for the rebellion against the lame Federated Alliance comes from Audible. It's honestly kind of boring here on the rebel base, and the only way we survive the tedium is by listening to entertaining audiobooks from Audible. Whether it's emptying a septic pit, or a fifty-hour shift at a lookout tower, there's no task that can't be made exciting by a thrilling audiobook performance. Honestly, the last book I listened to made me feel just as much as when I was shot through my arm with a laser rifle, but, you know, in a good way! Audible has the largest—I repeat, the *largest* library and the most exclusive content. You've gotta check out this deal: get a FREE thirty-day trial on Audible and your first audiobook is free, I repeat, your first audiobook is free. Just visit audible.com/zyxx, Z-Y-X-X. Hear that? A free trial and a free audiobook? Yeah, that's the type of deal we're all about here at the Rebellion. That's audible.com/zyxx. Do it now. Rebel leader out!

[transmission fades into transition music]

[incoming transmission beep-boops]

C-53: Ambassador Decksetter, I have an incoming transmission from Junior Missions Operations Manager Nermut Bundaloy.

PLECK: Alright, here we go.

[transmission connects]

NERMUT: Okay... so, I got the paperwork in, and um, you know, the—the word is, it's not *technically* the worst mission that's been logged, so...

PLECK: Yeah, that's great.

DAR: What's the worst mission that's been logged?

NERMUT: Uh, there was a ship that exploded in the hangar.

C-53: Mm. That's bad.

PLECK: Now *that's* a zero. [pause, nobody responds] Eh?

NERMUT: On—on a scale—you mean on the scale?

PLECK: On a scale from one to—

C-53: Ambassador Decksetter, it seems cruel to give a number to these poor members of the Federated Alliance who lost their lives.

PLECK/DAR: [crosstalk] No, I was just—I was just—/Yeah, it's just they're dead, dead.

PLECK: I'm sorry, I'm sorry.

BARGIE: Hey, I'm sorry to interrupt, but there's another person on my ship.

PLECK: What?

BARGIE: There's another thing on my ship. I—I'm sorry, when we signed a lease between each other, you said only three. Why is there four?

PLECK: Uh... there is supposed to only be three.

C-53: Mm, I'm afraid Bargie is correct, there are three life forms and one droid aboard the ship.

KULATA: Here.

DAR: Where?

KULATA: Here! [rustling noises] It's me.

PLECK: Wha— [chuckle]

KULATA: Hello?

PLECK: Hello?

KULATA: Hi. Um...

PLECK: Wha—who are you?

KULATA: [deep voice, teenage drawl] I'm the... daughter of the Grand Kula?

DAR: [gasp] You're the Kulata!

NERMUT: Are you kidding me?

KULATA: I am. I'm a Kulata.

PLECK: Oh boy.

NERMUT: You abducted a *princess*?!

PLECK: W-w-wait. No listen, this was a mistake. This—

KULATA: Well, I'm actually the war chieftain's daughter. It's not... it's not royalty. What the *juck* is happening right now?

PLECK: Listen, I am so sorry. I don't know how you got on this ship, but we got into a, sort of an argument with your father, and we had to make a hasty exit, so...

KULATA: Why didn't you fight him?

PLECK: I—I tried, but I sort of hit my security officer instead.

DAR: Yeah, he prefers to fight people who work with him.

C-53: Ambassador Decksetter, you were not at any point fighting, you were running away.

PLECK: We've talked about that a lot, and I know you're correct, technically, but I would like—y'know, when history is written, we'll say, "Look, there was an altercation, uh, I shot someone," and that's all we really need to say about it.

C-53: Why would the historians of the future not just use my video record of the events?

[holo playback starts]

PLECK: Okay... I—yes!

DAR: Mmm.

PLECK: I—

[indistinct Pleck yelling, gunshots from holo in the background]

DAR: Wow, when you zoom in like that...

C-53: It almost looks like you *turn* to aim the gun at Dar.

PLECK: [laughing] No, I—

KULATA: Um, *excuse* me?

DAR: Oh, right.

KULATA: Uh... the only reason I came here is because I saw the Bargarean Jade.

BARGIE: Oh, my—that's so nice of you.

NERMUT: You know—you know her from the movies?

KULATA: Yeah!

BARGIE: Thank you, you know, it was a long time ago, I—

KULATA: Y’know the silent ones, the ones with talking? They’re all *amazing*.

BARGIE: You want a signature? I can—you know what? You want some gas?

KULATA: Yeah, oh my—yes!

BARGIE: Alright.

NERMUT: Bargie, do not eject gas inside the ship again.

[hissing, sound of gas gushing out]

C-53: The Bargarean Jade has covered the Kulata in a thick stream of her own gas.

KULATA: Uh... oh, this is the Bargarean Jade’s gas. I cannot... I cannot!

BARGIE: There you go sweetheart, a little bit of me for you.

KULATA: None of my friends are gonna I this.

BARGIE: Oh, do you wanna take a picture inside of me? C’mon.

KULATA: Oh my—can I?

BARGIE: There we go.

KULATA: Oh my—This is gonna be so amazing, because honestly, when my father comes with all his warships you’ll be obliterated, but like...

PLECK: Wait—what?

KULATA: [fangirling] Ohhh, this is amazingggg! This is the exact control panel from *Ship, Please!*

BARGIE: There, you remember! You’re a real fan. That’s a true fan.

KULATA: *Ship, Please...* you guys don’t even know what *Ship, Please* meant to me. Because, I’ll be honest with you, Bargie—

BARGIE: Mm.

KULATA: —I was going through a really tough time.

BARGIE: Yeah.

KULATA: And I was just like... "What?"

BARGIE: Yeah.

KULATA: What?

BARGIE: Mm.

KULATA: Do you know what I mean?

BARGIE: Yeah.

KULATA: It wasn't even that there was anything really happening—

BARGIE: Yeah.

KULATA: —but I was just more like... "what?"

BARGIE: "What?" Yeah.

KULATA: Do you know what I mean?

BARGIE: Yeah.

KULATA: Like, *what*.

BARGIE: Yeah, what.

KULATA: And my friends were like, "But you have every—"

PLECK: [baffled] What???

KULATA: Shut up!

BARGIE: Shut up!

PLECK: I'm sorry, I'm sorry.

KULATA: Shut your mouth.

BARGIE: Shut your mouth!

KULATA: Alright, I'll tell you this, my father will pull out your entrails and floss with them.

PLECK: What are—wh-why? Your dad doesn't need to kill us, we're the good guys! Okay? We're the Federated Alliance!

KULATA: Wait, who the juck is the Federated Alliance?

PLECK: I am so glad you asked that. Uh, the Federated Alliance defeated the evil Galactic Monarchy in the Battle of Sistoo! A team of rebels flew a fighter into this—

KULATA: Ahhh, history is boring!

PLECK: Oh.

KULATA: It's boring!

PLECK: Okay.

KULATA: Juck you!

PLECK: Okay!

KULATA: Juck. You!

PLECK: Okay, I'm sorry.

KULATA: My father is going to *destroy* you.

PLECK: Okay. We've established that.

KULATA: You'll be the first to die. I will ensure that you will be the first to die.

PLECK: What—what—why?

KULATA: My father will rip you apart. He will rip you limb from limb.

PLECK: Listen, can we just take you home? Can we just take you home?

KULATA: What—I'm—I'm having a good time!

PLECK: But I don't want your father to kill us!

KULATA: But I'm having a good time!

BARGIE: She's havin' a good time.

PLECK: [sighs]

NERMUT: Can someone, uh, cover... the Kulata's ears?

C-53: Creating zone of silence.

KULATA: Wh-whoa, uh...

[zone of silence zwoosh, Kulata is muffled]

KULATA: Hey, what's—

NERMUT: Um... I know this might *sound* harsh, but I think we should eject the Kulata into deep space.

PLECK: What? What?

DAR: We can *do* that?

NERMUT: There's this loophole because there's, honestly, a lack of data on this particular species, so we don't technically know that she can't breathe out there.

DAR: Yeah, let's watch it. Bargie, let's—let's open the hatch.

PLECK: No, now come on—Bargie, no, don't do that...

[hatch beeping and opening noises]

PLECK: Don't do that... no—close it! Close it!

[hatch shutting noise]

C-53: You locked her outside the ship!

PLECK: No... just... no, open it! Bring her back in.

[hatch opening noise and shutting noise]

PLECK: Hey, listen, sorry.

KULATA: [distressed crying noises] What... the juck?

PLECK: I am so sorry.

KULATA: What the *juck!*?

PLECK: There was a misunderstanding, we were—we—we—

KULATA: You ejected me into *space!*

C-53: Her own tears are frozen to her face!

KULATA: I promise you this—first of all, I have three hearts—I promise by all three of them that my father will board the ship, destroy all of you—

PLECK: Okay.

KULATA: No—destroy—destroy the pink one, just for le—

PLECK: Okay. Is that me?

KULATA: Yeah. Yeah, you're the pink one.

DAR: You're the only pink one.

KULATA: You're the only pink one.

C-53: I'm not even *close* to pink.

KULATA: No. He'll destroy the pink one, *burst* him—

PLECK: I wouldn't call myself "pink."

DAR/KULATA: You're pink!/You're pink enough...

C-53: You're pretty pink.

BARGIE: I feel you to be pink.

KULATA: Yeah, of all of us in here, you're the pinkest.

PLECK: Okay, fair.

KULATA: You're gonna be burst—you're just gonna be burst. My father will—

PLECK: What does that *mean*?

KULATA: —he will puncture a small hole in you and fill you with air until you pop.

PLECK: Oh...

KULATA: And then take your entrails and like, do a like, sensual dance with them, like it's—like—

PLECK: Oh, like between his legs?

KULATA: Yeah, between his legs.

PLECK: Listen, Kulata, I'm sorry—

KULATA: Shut up! I'm not done.

BARGIE: Calm down, calm down. I'm sure we can just talk this out—

KULATA: And you, Bargarean Jade... Just for the record? *Ship, Please 2* was a disaster.

[short pause]

BARGIE: Huh.

DAR: Whoa...

BARGIE: I thought it was one of my best films...

KULATA: It was a disaster, it was a kroon grab, *Ship, Please 2* was a kroon grab and everybody knew it.

BARGIE: [muttering to herself] Thought it was... artistically... had a lot of integrity.

KULATA: *Everybody* knew it.

BARGIE: You know what? I figured it out, Everyone, uh, hey.

KULATA: What?

BARGIE: You're a fan of mine, right?

KULATA: Yeah...

BARGIE: You like my work, right?

KULATA: Yeah?

BARGIE: You probably always wanted to be your own spaceship, right?

KULATA: [pause, intrigued] Yeah...

BARGIE: Now's your chance!

PLECK: No—

[hatch opening whoosh and beep]

PLECK: Don't—

KULATA: I wanna be a spaceship. I'm a spaceship! I'm a spaceshiiiiip!

[hatch closing noise]

PLECK: Oh...

NERMUT: Um... I, honestly, do not know what form to fill out in this situation.

C-53: Junior Missions Operations Manager Nermut Bundaloy, as the Kulata exited the spacecraft of her own free will, it would seem we are not required to file a form.

BARGIE: [sarcastically] "You're welcome, Barge." Yeah, wow! Oh, everyone's really sayin' it!

DAR: Man, Barge... I... I gotta say, she was a fan! Like—

BARGIE: I know.

DAR: Big fan!

BARGIE: I know!

NERMUT: That was one of the purest uses of fame I've ever seen.

BARGIE: Not my first time, uh...

NERMUT: You've murdered—you've *murdered* fans—

C-53: Not your first time *ejecting* someone into *space*?

BARGIE: Why, is that surprising to you?

C-53: I don't know why I'm surprised by that.

BARGIE: That was the logline of my third movie.

DAR: Wow. Look at that frozen Kulata.

[transition music... hacked again!]

SEESU: This is Rebel Leader Seesu Gundu with an important announcement; please listen up. Support for the rebellion against the annoying Federated Alliance comes from ModCloth. When people locate our secret rebel base, which is rare, one of the first things they say is, "Wow, you are incredibly well-dressed rebels!" Okay, here's our secret: We get our outfits from ModCloth! ModCloth is a source for unique women's fashion in a broad range of styles for every season: summer, fall, Zistarkitarn, etc. Unlike the criminals at the Federated Alliance, ModCloth believes that fashion is for every body, size, and shape! That's right, their exclusive line of apparel is offered in a full size range from XXS to 4X! Here's what you do: go to modcloth.com, that's M-O-D-C-L-O-T-H dot com, and enter promo code ZYXX, Z-Y-X-X, at checkout to get 30% off your order of \$100 or more. Are you KIDDING me with this deal! Modcloth.com, promo code ZYXX. Make every day extraordinary at ModCloth. Do it for the Rebellion!

[transmission fades to intermission music]

[transmission connects]

NERMUT: Hey, everyone. Uh, not the greatest news... Just received orders that this ambassador team is suspended 'til further notice. [groaning sounds from the whole team]

[pause]

DAR: Without pay?

NERMUT: Over and out.

[transmission disconnects]

DAR: [solemnly] Without pay...

PLECK: Guys, look... I really—

[incoming transmission beep-boops]

C-53: Ambassador Decksetter, incoming transmission from Junior Missions Operations Manager Nermut Bundaloy.

[transmission connects]

PLECK: Oh, uh, hello.

NERMUT: Good news. Suspension lifted. Apparently they are of arbitrary length.

PLECK: Oh. That—

NERMUT: Could've been years.

PLECK: Uh... Wait, they're—they're just a different length every time?

NERMUT: Yeah, it's a randomizer.

[dramatic outro music builds]

PLECK: Does this mean we get to go on another mission?

NERMUT: Absolutely.

PLECK: Then let's do it.

NERMUT: Buckle up.

[music cuts out]

BARGIE: I gotta dump some gas.

NERMUT: [sigh]

PLECK: Wait, why?

NERMUT: Why do you have to... that's the way you move!

PLECK: Yeah, isn't that important to you?

BARGIE: How do you think I keep this figure? I mean, come on. Alright, tailin' over, dumpin' gas.

[gas dumpin', and general crew distress noises]

[outro music bursts back in, plays to the end]

[credits music]

C-RED-IT5: C-RED-IT-5, credits and attributions droid, commencing outro protocol.

Ambassador Pleck Decksetter was played by Alden Ford.

C-53, diplomatic relations and protocol droid, was played by Jeremy Bent.

Security Officer Dar was played by Allie Kokesh.

Bargie the Ship was played by Moujan Zolfaghari.

Junior Missions Operations Manager Nermut Bundaloy was played by Seth Lind.

The Grand Kula and the Kulata were both played by Winston Noel.

Mission to Zyxx is recorded at Braund Studios in Green Point, Brooklyn, by engineer Shane O'Connell.

This episode edited by Alden Ford, with sound design and mix by Shane O'Connell.

Music by Brendan Ryan.

Opening crawl narration by Jeremy Crutchley.

Ship design for the Bargarean Jade by Eric Geusz.

Mission to Zyxx is brought to this galaxy by Audioboom. Thanks, Audioboom!

Have a question for the crew? They have email. Send an email to crew@missiontozyxx.space.

[credits music finishes playing]

[outtake begins]

C-53 (JEREMY): You locked her outside the ship!

PLECK (ALDEN): No... just... no, open it! Bring her back in. No, bring her back in.

MOUJAN: [makes "pshhh" noises with her mouth to simulate gas dumping]

PLECK (ALDEN): Hey, listen, sorry—

KULATA (WINSTON): [crying]

ALLIE: [laughs]

KULATA (WINSTON): [crying, distress]

[Alden giggles, several other cast members stifling laughter]

KULATA (WINSTON): What... the juck? What the *juck*!?