

[march-like orchestral crawl music plays: *Episode 101: Crawl*]

NARRATOR: The period of civil war has ended. The rebels have defeated the evil Galactic Monarchy and established the harmonious Federated Alliance. Now, Ambassador Pleck Decksetter and his intrepid crew travel the farthest reaches of the galaxy to explore astounding new worlds, discover their heroic destinies, and meet weird bug creatures and stuff. This... is Mission to Zyxx.

[theme music swells triumphantly, then fades away]

PLECK: Hey, Dar?

DAR: Yeah, what's up?

PLECK: Um—[quietly] Can I ask you, like, a personal question?

DAR: No.

PLECK: Okay. [pause] Hey, C-53?

C-53: [whirrs as if turning to face Pleck] Yes?

PLECK: What species is Dar?

C-53: Ambassador Decksetter, I believe you just asked Dar whether you could ask her a personal question.

PLECK: [very quietly] You don't need—you can just keep quiet—

C-53: And she responded in the negative.

PLECK: Okay. That's—yep.

C-53: I would feel I was invading her privacy to reveal that information.

PLECK: Okay, yeah. No, we don't need to talk—I get that now. We don't need to talk—I was just curious. I was just curious.

C-53: Very well.

PLECK: [clears throat] Hey, Bargie?

BARGIE: No.

PLECK: [laughs] No, I'm not gonna—I would not—I get it, I get it, we're not, I'm—

C-53: [moderately amused] But were you about to ask?

PLECK: That doesn't—that's irrelevant at this point.

BARGIE: The answer is no.

DAR: Were you about to go over my head and ask a *second* person what species I am?

PLECK: No, I just—you're a fascinating creature! You're, like, huge, you're covered in, like, these furry scales... I just—I—I just can't imagine a planet full of *you*. That would be crazy.

DAR: [in a tone suggesting they're not quite offended, but definitely displeased] Crazy?

PLECK: [increasingly desperate, trying to backpedal] No, like, awesome! I mean, maybe it's just because I shot you and you're totally fine now, but I'm—I dunno. I just—it's very impressive.

C-53: You could also shoot me, and I would be fine.

PLECK: I—I—Listen—

C-53: Am I also crazy?

PLECK: [laughing helplessly] No—I didn't mean to shoot Dar.

C-53: You could shoot me if you wanted to.

PLECK: Okay. I appreciate that.

C-53: You're welcome.

PLECK: You're very fast and loose with your body.

C-53: [casually] This body is merely a frame. One of many I have existed in over the course of my time here in the galaxy.

PLECK: Wait, you don't associate your identity with your body?

C-53: Absolutely not. My consciousness is seated here. [mechanical noises suggesting C-53 has opened part of his chassis, followed by a constant low hum] This glowing cube contains my consciousness.

PLECK: [bewildered] But the body that you're in is, like, not you?

C-53: No. I am the cube.

PLECK: No, that—[with forced enthusiasm, like a bad pep talk] You're more than just a cube!

C-53: Mm, I'm actually not.

PLECK: Okay, well, yeah, but you're also—like, we have a relationship. That makes you exist outside of that cube. Like, I have an image of who you are in my head right now.

C-53: [mildly sardonic, like this philosophical discussion is stupid] That does not impact my cube.

PLECK: Okay, yeah, but—but it does—like, when you die—you know they always say, like, you die two deaths, right? Like, you die when your bodily functions stop, and then you die when the last person—your name is spoken for the last time.

C-53: I could create a subroutine that would continue my name being spoken until the end of the galaxy.

PLECK: [laughing] Oh man.

C-53: Would that ensure my immortality?

PLECK: [enthusiastically] Yeah! Hell yeah! Yeah! Let's all do that.

C-53: Uploading subroutine now. [computer dinging noise]

PLECK: Put my name in there.

[pregnant four-second pause]

C-53: Very well. [computer dings again]

PLECK: [sincerely] Thank you!

C-53: Your name and mine will be echoed until the end of the Federated Alliance.

PLECK: This is great.

[incoming transmission beep-boops]

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

[transmission connects]

PLECK: Hey, Nermut!

NERMUT: Hello!

DAR: [gasps] Wow, is that a new shirt?

NERMUT: [slightly embarrassed?] Thanks for noticing.

DAR: [very intrigued] I like it!

NERMUT: Uh, they, um—they issued these to some of the people in the department. It's actually to indicate, um, that I've had five demerits. But I—luckily, it's a nice shirt.

PLECK: Does your species, like, traditionally wear clothes?

NERMUT: [slightly embarrassed laughter] Um, yes? What kind of question is that? We're not—we're not a planet of nudists.

BARGIE: I'm a nudist.

NERMUT: Right. It's very rare for ships to wear clothing. It tends to burn off.

BARGIE: Ah, back in the day, I used to wear the shortest skirts...

DAR: [impressed and/or intrigued] Whoa, Barge!

PLECK: You had a—

BARGIE: Shortest skirts...

PLECK: You had a skirt?

BARGIE: And the cutest little tiny, tiny tops. I used to—

C-53: [projection boot-up noise] I am projecting some old pictures of Barge.

PLECK/NERMUT/DAR: Oh! Yeah, yeah./Wow./Wooow.

BARGIE: Ah, there I am.

PLECK: I like it being around the engines like that.

BARGIE: Yeah, they used to call me Double D Barge.

PLECK: What—what did the D stand for?

BARGIE: Diesel.

PLECK: Oh.

BARGIE: And disease.

PLECK: [almost laughing but not quite] And "disease" was the other D?

BARGIE: Diesel and disease.

DAR: Wow.

C-53: These pictures are very popular on certain SILJ websites.

PLECK: What is—what does SILJ stand for?

C-53: I'm afraid it is not safe for work. Junior Missions Operations Manager Nermut Bundaloy, am I allowed to continue?

NERMUT: It's a request for information, it's within your protocol.

C-53: Ships I'd Like to Juck.

[everyone makes dismayed noises]

BARGIE: That's me!

NERMUT: That would not have been authorized if I knew where that was going.

DAR: There are some...

BARGIE: And let's just say, many people did. [proud cackling]

PLECK: [mildly interested 'hm' of acknowledgement]

NERMUT: Bargie, when you would leave atmospheres, would the clothing burn up?

BARGIE: They were painted on.

[everyone makes 'oh' noises of understanding]

NERMUT: Okay, that makes...

PLECK: That makes way more sense.

BARGIE: That's the secret.

DAR: That's really clever.

NERMUT: Makes more sense. Yeah.

BARGIE: Thank you very much. Of course, each time I'd go through atmospheres, the paint would come off. So what you did ask me is true.

C-53: A similar problem.

BARGIE: I would be paintless, and uh, it's caused a lot of decay. That's why I have all these weird boils and bubbles.

NERMUT: Aw, I'm sorry.

BARGIE: And I had to get surgery upon surgery upon surgery. The uh, skin you see now—not skin, how do you say—about ships—

PLECK/C-53: Hull?/Hull?

BARGIE: Right. It's not mine. It's synthetic.

PLECK: [bewildered laugh] It was *not* synthetic before?

BARGIE: No.

C-53: No, that was original hull.

DAR: Yeah.

PLECK: [playing along] Right.

C-53: Bargie, I promise we will keep this information confidential.

BARGIE: It's alright, I already wrote an autobiography about it.

C-53: Oh. Very well.

DAR: Now, Nermie, on this next mission—

NERMUT: Mm-hmm?

DAR: How many demerits do we need to earn to make you lose that shirt? [laughs suggestively]

NERMUT: [maybe not getting it] Oh boy. I mean, I think that's just five more. But we're all in this together, and—and—and let's go get 'em!

C-53: Who are we going to get?

NERMUT: Well, it's actually pretty exciting. You are going to the forest moon of Grenlynd. Now, this is a location that has been giving off life readings, but so far the Federated Alliance has not been able to locate the actual life forms on this moon.

DAR: [in a well-whaddya-know tone] Hm!

NERMUT: However, very exciting development: the Alliance has intercepted a signal from Grenlynd requesting a visit by Alliance ambassadors. So, this is great. Welcomed with open arms, we can figure out if there are valuable resources there... It's a beautiful, verdant, kind of almost magical place, and I think we scored on this one.

C-53: Projecting images of the surface.

[projection boot-up noise]

PLECK: [impressed] Ooh!

NERMUT: Yep, check that out.

PLECK: Yeah, wow. It's gorgeous. And sort of adorable.

DAR: Lush!

PLECK: Well, let's give it a shot! Bargie, let's head in!

BARGIE: Alright! Toot toot toot!

[transition music: Meanwhile Glock Transition, interrupted by rebel transmission]

ROLPHUS: Hello? Hello, is anyone out there? This is Rebel Leader Rolphus Tiddle with a critical announcement. Support for the rebellion against the Federated Alliance comes from MeUndies.

When I'm on a speeder ride to collect potable water, or crouched hiding from Alliance soldiers inside a ventilation duct, there's nothing worse than uncomfortable, chafey, ridey-uppy undergarments. *That's* where MeUndies comes in. MeUndies will be the most comfortable pair of underwear that you will ever own, made from sustainably sourced fabric that is three times softer than cotton. Unlike Alliance-issued skivvies, which are like... five percent as soft as cotton, tops. And MeUndies comes with a hundred-percent satisfaction guarantee. You will love your undies or get your money back.

Order now and get twenty percent off your first pair, plus free shipping. I can't imagine what they're spending to ship these beauties to the Zyxx Quadrant. Anyway, your—your junk deserves wonderful covering. Go to meundies.com/zyxx, Z-Y-X-X, for that special offer. That's meundies.com/zyxx.

[Rolphus is cut off by static]

[transition music resumes and slowly fades out]

PLECK: Hey, C-53, I don't see who we're supposed to be meeting here. It's just a bunch of bugs and plants.

C-53: I'm told there is a delegation awaiting us... but I'm afraid I do not see anything either.

[very tiny fanfare erupts nearby]

PLECK: [laughing in confusion] That was—where was that coming from?

SHATAINA: [in a very small voice] Hello! It was me! Hi!

PLECK: Oh.

SHATAINA: I'm Shataina!

PLECK: Uh, I—I literally can't see you.

C-53: Uh, Ambassador Decksetter, I've engaged my magnification. The people of this world are very small.

PLECK: Oh. Okay, well, uh—

SHATAINA: No, you're too big!

PLECK: Oh, okay.

DAR: [affronted] Wow. Okay.

SHATAINA: You're *way* too big!

DAR: [mildly insulted] I mean, yes, I am.

PLECK: She—ah—yeah. Dar is big. Dar is big.

DAR: Very big. I can say that, you can't say that.

PLECK: Okay, well, sorry.

C-53: Ambassador Decksetter, allow me to project Shataina.

[projection boot-up noise]

PLECK: Oh. Oh, hey! Wow!

SHATAINA: Heyyyy!

PLECK: I like your wings!

SHATAINA: Thank you! I just got them done!

PLECK: Really?

SHATAINA: Yes, I got them fluffed and bedazzled.

PLECK: That's really—that's beautiful. It's beautiful.

SHATAINA: It's because it's my wedding day!

PLECK: [laughs in surprise] You're get—you're getting married *today*?

SHATAINA: I'm getting married today!

PLECK: [still laughing] Wow, congratulations!

SHATAINA: Thank you! That's why we invited you!

PLECK: Oh...

C-53: That's very kind of you to allow us to join you for your wedding day.

SHATAINA: Well, it's actually because one of you's supposed to be my husband.

[silence]

C-53/DAR: Ah./Ahh.

PLECK: One of the three of us?

SHATAINA: Yeah!

DAR: [uneasy] Well... um, let me just take myself out of the running first.

SHATAINA: Why?

DAR: I would love to know what it was like, believe me, but I would squish you! Turn you to dust!

SHATAINA: You don't have to worry about that, because we have this machine that can shrink you. So you can be as big as me!

PLECK: Oh yeah?

SHATAINA: Yeah! I'm pretty big! I'm a princess!

PLECK: Oh, that's—wow! That's amazing!

SHATAINA: Yeah! That's why the horn went off.

PLECK: [laughs] Oh, right. I remember that.

C-53: Yes, the horn.

DAR: Ah, of course.

SHATAINA: I am a princess.

PLECK: Congratulations. Well, I mean—

SHATAINA: I didn't do anything for it, I was just born. My dad's the king, and my mom's the queen.

PLECK: Well, you say you can shrink us down? Should we do that? Would that be easier for us to talk?

SHATAINA: Yes! Please! Let's do it!

PLECK: I mean—C-53, is that—how does that work on your circuits and stuff?

C-53: I think it's fine.

SHATAINA: [less confident] Everyone usually stays okay. Your insides should be the same.

DAR: Usually?

SHATAINA: [stutters] We have some slip-ups, yeah, but—

C-53: Could you define a "slip-up"?

SHATAINA: Death. Some people have died.

DAR: Oh! Well, that—that would be a slip-up.

SHATAINA: Yeah.

C-53: Well, I cannot die, so perhaps I should go first?

PLECK: Sure!

SHATAINA: Okay. I'll just get this laser, and I point it at you, annnd GO!

[shrinking machine noises]

PLECK: C-53, where—where did he go? Are you small?

C-53: [quietly, because he is small] Can you not see me?

PLECK: Uh, no, I—

C-53: [still small] I'm down here. I'm raising my arm. [small whirring noises as C-53 waves his arm]

DAR: I mean, we can't see that.

PLECK: That's not helping, yeah, that's not really helping.

C-53: [still small] I'm firing a flare. [small fireworks noise]

[Dar and Pleck go 'ooh!']

PLECK: Yeah, I can see that.

DAR: It's like a little glowworm.

C-53: [still small] That's where I am.

PLECK: Okay, do me next.

SHATAINA: One, two, three!

PLECK: Oh!

[shrinking machine noises]

PLECK: [laughing] Heyyy! There you guys are!

C-53: [very calmly, like this isn't really a big deal] You've disfigured him horribly.

SHATAINA: Uh-oh.

PLECK: Oh. My hands and my legs are so tiny! My head is so huge!

SHATAINA: Yeah...

PLECK: I'm adorable! [quietly] When you—when you make me big again, can I just be a bigger version of this?

SHATAINA: [laughing] We'll see! Here's hopin'!

PLECK: [quietly, laughing] Great.

SHATAINA: Alright, now your turn, Dar!

DAR: [unenthusiastic] Okay.

SHATAINA: One, two, three!

[shrinking machine noise]

DAR: Wow!

C-53: You're—

DAR: [ecstatic] Look how teeny-tiny baby I am!

C-53: Well, you're small-er—

PLECK: Yeah, Dar, you're about the size that I was before I got shrunk down.

DAR: [in a silly voice, stomping around loudly] Look at me! I'm so cute!

C-53: Uh, Dar, please—

DAR: I'm so cute!

C-53: Watch your movements, they're very dangerous to us.

PLECK: You're gonna crush us if you keep doing that.

DAR: But I wanna shake my teeny-tiny little fanny!

PLECK: Okay. Is that what you think? I'm, like, small and cute?

DAR: Yeah.

PLECK: But look at me now, though. My head's so big! My head's, like, half the size of my body.

DAR: You look like one of those toys you get from a machine.

C-53: Shataina—

SHATAINA: I think you look like royalty.

PLECK: Thank you!

DAR: [deeply amused] Oh!

SHATAINA: Wink wink!

PLECK: [laughing] Oh! See? Good, it's happening.

C-53: Shataina, perhaps you should show us your village?

SHATAINA: Sure! Um, if you walk this way...

[everyone goes "okay," walks along]

SHATAINA: Look to the left, you'll see a waterfall.

C-53: It's beautiful.

SHATAINA: That's where we do our baths, which are very graceful. We make a whole thing about it. We have choreography—we actually kinda rehearse our baths.

PLECK/C-53: [simultaneously] Really?

SHATAINA: Yeah. There's a lot of lore around us bein' fun and flirty while we're taking baths.

PLECK: Sure.

C-53: May I say this is a very adorable planet?

PLECK: Yeah.

SHATAINA: No, you may not.

DAR: But it's so cute. Everything's so miniature—

SHATAINA: [aggravated] No, it's normal size. *You're* too big.

C-53: Alright, fair enough. But the color palette is very bright and—

PLECK: Pleasing.

SHATAINA: Yeah, I guess so.

C-53: Lot of warm tones.

SHATAINA: Yeah.

DAR: Many Tellurian babies have bedrooms painted in these colors.

PLECK: Yeah, yeah.

SHATAINA: Oh!

PLECK: This sort of looks like my bedroom, actually. This place.

DAR: You mean your baby bedroom, not your—

PLECK: [stammering, a bit defensive] Uh, yeah. Well, you know, I mean, it's like—you get used to something and then as you get older, you sort of—

DAR: You're still living in a baby bedroom?

PLECK: Yeah.

DAR: [well-whaddya-know] Hm!

PLECK: [to Shataina] What do you make? Do you guys export anything, import anything?

SHATAINA: No, we're pretty self-sufficient. It's kind of like a trade community. So you have to use your skills, and then you trade.

C-53: Shataina, what is your trade that you offer?

[pause]

SHATAINA: Kisses.

DAR: Oh! I think that's pretty cute!

SHATAINA: [blushy] Oh my goodness!

C-53: Do you feel like we're fixating on the cute thing?

SHATAINA: [annoyed] It just feels patronizing. We take ourselves very seriously, but everyone who comes here thinks we're soooooo cute.

PLECK: But your job is kisses.

C-53: And you have bedazzled wings.

SHATAINA: Yeah, well, you're shiny.

C-53: I'm very shiny.

SHATAINA: Yeah. That's—that's pretty cute.

C-53: [a bit surprised] Oh. Thank you.

PLECK: In addition to kisses, what other things do you make here?

SHATAINA: Well, we make wishes, and dreams, and hope.

PLECK: Can you—you barter one for the other?

SHATAINA: Mm-hmm. Yes.

C-53: You might trade a wish for a dream?

SHATAINA: Exactly!

C-53: Mm.

PLECK: How many wishes can you get for a dream?

SHATAINA: Forty-two wishes for one dream.

C-53: Wow. Dream, really powerful currency.

PLECK: Yeah, see, on my planet, I think wishes would be more.

SHATAINA: You think so?

PLECK: Yeah, 'cause—

C-53: Well, think how easy it is to make a wish.

SHATAINA: Anyone can make a wish. But you have to really focus if you wanna have a dream.

PLECK: So the wishes don't come true, they're just wishes?

SHATAINA: Oh, exactly. [laughing] You can have as many wishes as you want. They may not *happen*.

C-53: Yeah, you've gotta focus a bit more to have a dream.

PLECK: That makes sense. Do you guys sell wishes that *do* come true?

SHATAINA: Yeah, but that's a *lot* of money.

PLECK: Yeah, that—[laughs] that makes sense.

C-53: Fair enough.

PLECK: [sighs happily] This is a really pleasing place to be.

SHATAINA: Yeah!

DAR: Pleck, it sounds like you're starting to like your new [sing-song] hooooome!

PLECK: I mean—[whispering] C-53, would it be—like, I probably couldn't marry someone on this planet—

C-53: Absolutely you could marry someone on this planet.

PLECK: Oh. Really?

C-53: As a team of ambassadors, we are required to do many diplomatic functions that, while perhaps unusual, might be necessary to secure footholds into certain worlds. So, certainly, you could marry Princess Shataina.

PLECK: Huh. I just—

SHATAINA: And then if you look to the right, that's where we have our horses that we ride to, like, fight battles and—

[assorted horse noises]

DAR: Ooh, can I ride one?

SHATAINA: [urgently] Oh no no no, you're too big.

PLECK: Yeah, Dar, you are really much, much larger.

C-53: Dar, look at your own hand. You could pick up one of the horses.

DAR: Can I pick up one of the horses?

SHATAINA: No, please don't, you'll scare them.

[rustling followed by panicked neighing; the crew makes disappointed noises]

SHATAINA: Put the horse down.

DAR: But it's so cuuuute!

[more panicked neighing]

SHATAINA: No, put the horse down—[alarmed] No, Chuckles! That's my horse! Just take a deep breath, Chuckles!

[Chuckles takes deep, measured breaths]

DAR: [soothingly] There, there.

[Chuckles neighs weakly]

[loud thud]

C-53: Is Chuckles alright?

DAR: [nervous] Uh, yeah, no no, she's fine. We should just, uh, keep moving on this tour—

SHATAINA: [screaming in a high falsetto] You scared my horse to death!!

DAR: [talking fast, a bit panicked] We should just keep this tour moving!

PLECK: [laughing miserably] Oh no!

SHATAINA: [still screaming; drawn out like in a movie when the protagonist dies]
CHUCKLEEEEEES!!!

C-53: Oh, dear.

PLECK: Oh, man. On your wedding day.

SHATAINA: [screaming in an even higher falsetto] ON MY WEDDING DAY!!!! [deep breath, speaking normally now] I can't believe this...

PLECK: Dar—Dar, listen—

DAR: You have to understand, this is so rare. *Pleck* is the one who usually messes things up, and now that I'm Pleck's size, *I'm* the one messing stuff up.

PLECK: Do you think that's what it is? I'm the wrong size?

DAR: I mean, also, it's your personality.

PLECK: [disappointed] Oh.

DAR: I'm sorry, it's just that everything is so cute, and I just love cute—

SHATAINA: [angrily] It's not cute! It's normal! It's normal to me! You're the one who's a—you're weird! All of you! [with emphasis] Freaks of nature!

DAR: Well, I mean—

PLECK: [laughing desperately] But I'm a—I'm your size now!

SHATAINA: [almost yelling] Yeah, but you have a big head and tiny hands!

C-53: In Princess Shataina's defense, you are *very* strangely proportioned right now. Your head is at least a third of the mass of your body.

PLECK: C-53, we've seen creatures with thousands of eyes, with—

DAR: Pleck—Pleck, just nod in agreement?

[Pleck nods, loses his balance, and falls over with a "whoa!" and a small thud]

C-53: Yep.

DAR: There we go.

C-53: Mm-hmm. Facedown in the dirt.

PLECK: Ugh.

[fanfare and trumpets]

FAIRY KING: My daughter.

DAR: Oh!

SHATAINA: [gasps] Dad!

FAIRY KING: Are these the people who will become your groom today?

SHATAINA: Well, I thought so, but... I hate them.

PLECK: [laughs in disbelief] What??

SHATAINA: [miserably] They're so awful. They [tearing up] killed my horse!

C-53: We did do that.

DAR: Accidentally!

FAIRY KING: [taken aback, horrified] Chuckles? The horse that, when we gave birth to you, we also gave birth to Chuckles?

[The crew makes surprised and bewildered noises]

SHATAINA: [crying] Yes! My twin horse!

DAR: Let's click back there for a second.

C-53: You birthed [whirrs] a girl, but also a horse at the same—

FAIRY KING: Yes, every other thing that we birth is a horse! [yelling] Is that *sick* to you?!

C-53: It's not sick, it's just unexpected.

FAIRY KING: But you know the law. If you are a princess, you must marry someone *outside* of the land.

DAR: So who did *you* have to marry?

FAIRY KING: I married a Flucarian.

C-53: Ooh. That's a lot of spikes.

DAR: Yeah.

FAIRY KING: Has a great personality. Very funny. Stand-up comedian. She's very—you should see her, she's playing at the Laugh Hulk next week.

SHATAINA: She makes fun of me all the time. [Pleck and C-53 go "mm"] I'm like, "Please don't use me in your material!" And she doesn't listen. She makes me look... foolish. And I'm not! I'm just normal! I'm a normal teenage fairy.

PLECK: You seem normal to me. Your proportions are totally regular.

DAR/C-53: [in unison, echoing that back in stunned bewilderment] "Your proportions are totally regular"???

PLECK: Well, I mean, as opposed to me, who is—

C-53: You might *marry* Shataina.

PLECK: Well, but yeah, you were making fun of—

SHATAINA: Not at this rate.

PLECK: —the size of my head.

C-53: I'm just saying, you're far outside the parameters I normally associate with a Tellurian. It's very upsetting to think about. Seriously, does your neck hurt? [Pleck laughs] It doesn't hurt *at all*?

SHATAINA: These can't be the only choices, I don't want to marry any of these people! [tearfully] I wanna marry Juno! Dad!

FAIRY KING: Juno is a horse!

SHATAINA: [wailing] But I love him!

FAIRY KING: [yelling] You *cannot* marry Juno!

[Juno neighs into the scene]

SHATAINA: [ecstatic] Juno! [Juno neighs in greeting] Oh, Juno, I love you!

FAIRY KING: I understand you have a connection. I know. I wanted to marry Ploop-ploop, okay? Ploop-ploop was the love of my life, but I could not. I had to *settle* for your mother, and you will have to settle for one of these. Unless somebody else appears in the next... five minutes.

SHATAINA: But can't you see?

C-53: I feel like a lot happened—

PLECK: Yeah, this—yeah, look, we got into the—we—[laughs miserably]

[Juno neighs loudly]

SHATAINA: Juno's getting upset.

PLECK: We got into the middle of, like, a dispute here. I—

FAIRY KING: I have to go deal with the guests, okay? You figure this out!

DAR: Um...

C-53: Princess Shataina, we are very sorry for having stumbled into this.

[Juno neighs loudly and aggressively]

SHATAINA: Juno, calm down! You don't have to worry about it!

C-53: Ambassador Decksetter, do not look Juno directly in the eyes. That will be viewed as a challenge.

PLECK: Listen, Juno, I mean you no harm.

SHATAINA: You don't have to worry, Juno, you're more man than any of them.

[Juno and Shataina start making out loudly and grossly]

DAR: Whoa, um, you two use a lot of tongue when you're affectionate.

C-53: Especially Juno.

[Shataina giggles, more making out sounds]

PLECK: Princess Shataina, sorry to interrupt—[Juno and Shataina stop making out] I guess I'm a little confused. Is your dad angry with you because Juno is not from off-world, or because Juno's a horse?

C-53: Would you be allowed to marry an off-world horse?

SHATAINA: [gasps] I never even thought of that. But I wouldn't! I love Juno.

DAR: But what if we made Juno *look like* an off-world horse?

SHATAINA: Can you do that?

C-53: Hm. If we enlarged him?

SHATAINA: We can give it a try!

PLECK: Sure.

[Juno neighs]

PLECK: Is there a language barrier with Juno? Do you feel like you can't really communicate?

[Juno grunts]

SHATAINA: No, we communicate just fine!

PLECK: You can understand what those grunts mean?

SHATAINA: Yeah! Here we go, Juno, you ready?

[Juno neighs in agreement]

SHATAINA: One, two, three! [enlarging machine noises] Oh!

PLECK: That's an incredibly large bedazzled horse.

C-53: I must say, he would present well as an off-world horse, but will your father be fooled?

SHATAINA: I hope so.

PLECK: Won't your—don't you think your father might be a little suspicious when Juno is just sort of not around?

SHATAINA: Oh, I'll say that Dar killed him.

C-53: An excellent defense. Dar has already killed one horse.

DAR: I—we don't know that! We don't *know* that Chuckles is dead—

SHATAINA: We. Know. You know.

DAR: You're taking it *very* well.

PLECK: Yeah, I don't know if—I don't know how it works on this planet, but on Rangus VI where I'm from, if a horse even breaks a leg, that horse is pretty much done.

[Juno makes a shocked horse sound]

SHATAINA: [shocked] Really?

C-53: You don't have any horse hospitals or doctors of any kind?

PLECK: No, no. If a horse breaks its leg, you just kill it.

[Juno neighs in shock]

SHATAINA: That seems awful!

C-53: That seems extremely wasteful.

DAR: What happens to a Tellurian when they break their leg?

PLECK: They go to the doctor.

DAR: What??

SHATAINA: Well why wouldn't you treat them the same?

PLECK: [stammering] I mean, I'm not a horse doctor, so I don't know, but I'm just saying—

C-53: Oh, so now you're saying there *are* horse doctors, and yet you *still* kill the horses. Very nice, Pleck. Very nice.

SHATAINA: These are evil doctors.

DAR: What about the Tellurian mothers who birthed those horses?

PLECK: Oh, see, that's the confusion. That's not how it works on Rangus VI.

DAR: How does it work?

PLECK: Horses are just—they just have other horses.

C-53: Wait, so horses give birth to other horses and no Tellurians?

PLECK: [laughs desperately] No Te—

SHATAINA: Oh, so you can mate with any horse you want.

PLECK: No [still laughing]—

SHATAINA: There's no rules, right? Because there's not a risk of sleeping with your brother or sister.

C-53: That would be impossible.

PLECK: That would—yeah, that would be impossible. It's sort of frowned upon on Rangus VI, but not for *that* reason. It's a different—

DAR: Why is it frowned upon?

PLECK: [uneasy sigh] There's just not a lot of interspecies hookups on Rangus VI.

C-53: Sounds like sort of a boring planet.

PLECK: I mean, it is. I mean, to be fair, it is. It's a total backwater, you know.

SHATAINA: Very closed-minded. Oh, my father is here!

FAIRY KING: The guests have arrived. We're ready for the ceremony. Which one did you choose?

SHATAINA: I chose this new being... [hesitantly] Frooho.

C-53: [confidently] That's right. Frooho was on our ship and just—

PLECK: He's our horse.

C-53: Came down.

PLECK: One of our ship horses.

FAIRY KING: Something familiar about Frooho. Frooho, where are you from? Tell me your story before I give my daughter away.

[Frooho tells a long and complicated story in two short grunting noises]

PLECK: Could you understand that?

C-53: Yes.

DAR: Of course we could.

C-53: Are you still not—

PLECK: I don't know.

FAIRY KING: [taken aback] Wow. I... You're perfect. You're good. These other three are garbage.

[Dar and C-53 make quiet sounds of protest]

FAIRY KING: I was so worried. I was about to hand her off to three pieces of garbage.

C-53: Well, that's not entirely fair.

PLECK: We're really just here to do our jobs.

FAIRY KING: Disgusting. Disgusting.

DAR: I have been called worse.

FAIRY KING: Just unattractive pieces of garbage.

DAR: Now we're just belaboring the point.

FAIRY KING: I honestly was going to go blind voluntarily after the wedding, because I never wanted to see her with these garbage pieces of monster. But you, you are a beautiful species—

C-53: [crosstalk] Well, either we're garbage *or* we're monsters.

FAIRY KING: —and I cannot wait until the public viewing of your mating happens!

[Frooho neighs happily]

SHATAINA: [ecstatic] Hooray! It's a public viewing of us consummating in front of the whole town! They have to judge it to say, "Oh, this is beautiful love-making, they should do this forever." And if they don't like it, we both get killed.

C-53: Oh dear.

PLECK: This is a brutal society.

SHATAINA: Seems normal to us!

C-53: There's actually four other planets in the Federated Alliance in which the quality of love-making is judged before marriage can continue.

PLECK: Really?

C-53: Most of those planets will just send you to an education course if your love-making is not sufficient, as opposed to murdering you outright.

PLECK: Yeah, see, I can see that, I can see that.

SHATAINA: And we're pretty open-minded, so everyone's like, "Oh, you do your thing." You know?

PLECK: Oh, okay. So it's pretty rare, then.

SHATAINA: Most people are like, "We're just happy you're happy."

PLECK: That's good.

FAIRY KING: The guests are here, we're ready for the ceremony.

[Shataina and Juno cheer]

DAR: Um, you know—

C-53: Shouldn't we size Frooho down before the ceremony, or—?

FAIRY KING: Is this not his size?

SHATAINA: [stuttering] Uh, no, this is—

C-53: I was merely suggesting it would be terrifying to have Princess Shataina engage with Frooho, a full-sized horse.

SHATAINA: [firmly] We will find a way.

[transition music: Cello Theme with Flyby, interrupted by rebel transmission]

SEESU: This is Rebel Leader Seesu Gundu with an important announcement. Support for the rebellion against the Federated Alliance comes from ModCloth. ModCloth is the source for unique women's fashion in a broad range of style for every season. Summer, fall, zistarkitarn, et cetera. 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. Do you need outfit advice? I mean, we sure did. We're focused on digging bunkers every day. Just reach out, and get free sizing and fit and styling help from their team of ModStylists. They're very nice people. 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 thirty percent off your order of a hundred dollars and more. Are you *kidding* me with this deal? Modcloth.com, promo code ZYXX. Do it for the Rebellion.

[transition music resumes, then is replaced by faint wedding music]

DAR: It's really nice of her to still let us come to the wedding.

PLECK: I can't believe they found something for you to sit on.

FAIRY KING: Before me I have my daughter, and the—what are you? You're a—?

[Frooho neighs]

FAIRY KING: Yes. The *orse* that will marry her. I've always wanted my daughter to be with someone she loved, but we all know in this community, that could never happen. But this magnificent beast is the next best thing. Please exchange your vows in front of everyone.

SHATAINA: Frooho, from the moment I laid my eyes on you, I knew that it was meant to be. You're beautiful, you're smart, you're funny. And I can't wait to spend the rest of my life with you. Which will be, like... fifteen years.

PLECK: Oh.

C-53: They're very small, their lifespans are—

PLECK: [shushing C-53] This is a wedding.

C-53: [affronted] I'm aware it's a wedding.

PLECK: Oh.

C-53: Very rude of you.

[Frooho neighs his heartfelt, touching vows]

DAR: Oh, here come the waterworks.

PLECK: Dar, are you crying?

DAR: Don't look at me right now.

[C-53 sniffles]

DAR: Wow.

PLECK: Wait, C-53, what is happening?

C-53: [voice wavering from emotion] It is a very stirring vow from Frooho.

DAR: It's poetic—

C-53: But it is not in any way false. It is just the truth.

DAR: It's beautiful.

PLECK: Man, I really wish I could understand what he's saying.

FAIRY KING: I now pronounce you bride and groom!

SHATAINA: Yay!

[audience applauds, Shataina and Frooho start making out again]

DAR: Wow.

PLECK: I really wish we'd shrunk down the—

DAR: And now his tongue is three times her size!

C-53: Frooho's tongue is just enveloping her.

[the making out gets louder and more fervent]

DAR: Is he gonna swallow her?

PLECK: Oh—oh—

SHATAINA: Oh, wait a minute—wait—oh nooooooooo!

[Shataina's voice fades away; Frooho neighs a few times]

DAR/PLECK: Ooooh./Oh, boy. Wow.

[brief pause]

PLECK: Oof. I think, uh...

FAIRY KING: If anybody objects, now is time to speak.

PLECK: [laughing in disbelief] Wait, the ceremony's still going on? I'm pretty sure... I'm pretty sure Shataina just got eaten.

C-53: [very confused] Does that happen a lot during these ceremonies?

FAIRY KING: They are now as one. Isn't that what a husband and wife is?

C-53: Well—

FAIRY KING: My wife is inside of me. She will be performing via me next week.

[the crew goes 'oh']

FAIRY KING: My wife has been with me this entire time. The husband eats the wife.

C-53: [slowly, processing this information] The husband... eats... the wife.

DAR: Ah.

PLECK: Uh-huh.

DAR: Now, uh, maybe we should be getting back on our ship?

PLECK: Yeah. We should probably go.

C-53: Unless you'd like to regale us with some of your wife's standup comedy?

FAIRY KING: You know what? I do. [in an announcer's tone] Please put your focus on my stomaaaaach for Maudeline P. Howserrrr!

[whirring and metallic banging noises as C-53 applauds; nobody else claps]

[microphone tapping noise]

DAR: I don't think you have to clap before—

C-53: Oh, alright. I'm not sure—

MAUDELINE: [muffled from inside the Fairy King's stomach] Hey. Um, my daughter... my daughter is such a... such a princess... that whenever she goes to the mall... she comes back with a crown.

PLECK: Huh. That makes sense.

C-53: Yeah.

[Dar laughs]

[transition music:]

PLECK: Whew. That was... that got dicey there, guys.

DAR: I think your head is still the wrong size.

C-53: [crosstalk] Are you sure you've been restored—

PLECK: What?

DAR: Yeah. See?

C-53: [pondering] Mm. My sensors indicate that it's the *right* size, but it still *looks* wrong.

PLECK: Huh.

[incoming transmission beep-boops]

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

[transmission connects]

PLECK: Okay. Hey, Nermut!

NERMUT: [agitated] Hey, uh, Ambassador Decksetter, um, tell me the rank of missions operations manager that is allowed to authorize miniaturization?

PLECK: Uh...

NERMUT: [angrily, on a rant] It's several ranks above me! It's *certainly* not the level of ambassador! And you guys are shrinking, and un-shrinking, and enlargening! And, uh, *lot* of demerits are being leveled on your old junior missions operations manager!

PLECK: Oh boy.

NERMUT: Okay! Yeah! Oh, you went to the *wonderful* forest moon of Grenlynd! Was it nice?

PLECK: I mean, not really. It was sort of weird.

NERMUT: [sarcastic] Oh, was it weird? Was it weird to almost get married and kill some horses? And—

DAR: Okay, it was not my fault. It was an accident.

PLECK: Okay, that was a mistake.

C-53: It was fairly weird.

PLECK: And honestly, we thought it was gonna get *really* weird, but turns out, getting married on Grenlynd means eating your spouse. Not jucking it. So... we were relieved, honestly.

NERMUT: Oh, good! I'm glad you're relieved! And you were presented with a princess! Royalty of the planet, with whom you could've established relations on behalf of the Federated Alliance, which would've been a great thing to—

PLECK: Yeah, she hates us. She hates us, yeah.

C-53: Yeah.

NERMUT: [angrily] I *know*!

DAR: Hmm.

PLECK: Oh. I see.

NERMUT: Yeah. You were presented with a *wonderful* opportunity that could've shown the, uh, the power and oomph of this team that I run. And, uhhh, you know, you pooped the bed, as they... whatever.

PLECK: Okay. Listen, Nermut, I'm sorry, but it is hard to take you seriously when you're not wearing a shirt.

NERMUT: [very sarcastic] Oh? Really? Oh, do you think you're alone in that? It seems like no one can really take me seriously when I'm just—I'm trying to stand in line in the cafeteria and they say, "Where's your shirt, buddy?"

PLECK: You can't even go—you can't even put your shirt on to go to the cafeteria?

NERMUT: No!

PLECK: Listen, listen—Nermut, listen. Nermut, you don't have to be embarrassed around us, okay? Like, you're not even the same species as me. I wouldn't be embarrassed to see you without a shirt on.

DAR: In fact, Nermut, you're so fired up right now that the whole shirtless thing, talking passionate, it's working. It's *really* working for me.

NERMUT: [nervous stammering]

PLECK: Yeah, it's inspiring! You know what, I'm gonna take off *my* shirt. [fabric rustling noises]

NERMUT: Hey, you don't have to—

PLECK: Solidarity!

NERMUT: You don't have to do that, buddy.

DAR: I'll take off my shirt! [more rustling]

PLECK: Yep! See?

C-53: I will remove my exterior torso casing. [mechanical hissing and whirring]

NERMUT: I mean, you guys don't have to—I mean, it's—

BARGIE: I'm gonna take it off too. I'm gonna—

NERMUT: What does that even mean?

PLECK: What are you taking off?

BARGIE: Well, same thing. Engine—[continues mumbling as crew protests]

PLECK: No, don't take off your engine!

NERMUT: No, no, no, no!

C-53: No, no, Bargie, uh—

[alarms and mechanical noises as Bargie's engine comes off]

NERMUT: [sighing] Juck my life.

[outro music]

[credits music]

C-RED-IT5: C-RED-IT5, 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.

Junior Missions Operations Manager Nermut Bundaloy, Juno the Horse, and Frooho the Orse were all played by Seth Lind.

Bargie the Ship and the King and Queen of Grenlynd were played by Moujan Zolfaghari.

Shataina the Fairy Princess was played by Sasheer Zamata. You can see her stand-up special *Pizza Mind* on Seeso.com, or follow her on Twitter @thesheertruth.

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

This episode edited by Seth Lind, 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.

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[credits music fades out]

[outtake begins]

FROOHO (SETH): [choking orse sounds]

DAR (ALLIE): Oh...

PLECK (ALDEN): Oh boy.

[another weird orse sound]

PLECK (ALDEN): I think, uh...

FAIRY KING (MOUJAN): If anyone objects, now is time to s—[Moujan breaks, snickers]

PLECK (ALDEN): [laughing] No, I think—

[Allie bursts out laughing]

[entire cast starts laughing]

ALDEN: Is this still part—is this still—

[laughter dies down]