

[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]

C-53: Ambassador Decksetter, you look confused.

PLECK: Oh, I'm just, um... trying to make my way through this briefing of yours.

C-53: Oh, are you having trouble?

PLECK: Uh, well no, it's just—it's a lot of history, so I'm trying to kinda, you know, parse it out. Uh... I'm reading about the Council of Seven.

C-53: Ah, an excellent subject to read about, Ambassador Decksetter.

PLECK: Yeah.

C-53: They are the group of seven best friends who founded the Federated Alliance.

PLECK: I mean, what a coincidence, right? That they're seven best friends.

C-53: I'm afraid it was no accident, Ambassador Decksetter.

PLECK: Oh, were they friends before they founded the Alliance?

C-53: Well, I suggest you read on in my informational briefing.

PLECK: Oh. It says here that they *became* seven best friends after agreeing to unite the galaxy with a federation of alliances.

C-53: It seems like founding a galaxy-wide government would be a great way to bond with six other people.

PLECK: I guess so. The six other most powerful people in the galaxy.

C-53: Exactly.

PLECK: Well, I for one am glad they're friends, you know?

C-53: I as well.

DAR: But how close are they *really*?

C-53: Well, Dar, you are welcome to read my informational briefing as well, you will—

DAR: Ahh, but that's information that *they* put out there. I'm just saying, I'm someone that could only really have *one* best friend. I couldn't have *six* best friends.

PLECK: Hm.

C-53: Hm.

PLECK: I mean, it says here they have a "standing brunch date."

DAR: Sure.

PLECK: Every week.

BARGIE: I have a standing brunch date and you guys always come. You have to sit there while I pour my heart out to my fellow best friend ship.

PLECK: I mean, the best ships of all are friendships.

[pause, the crew reacts in mild disappointment]

DAR: Ugh.

BARGIE: I don't get it.

C-53: Ambassador Decksetter...

BARGIE: I don't understand.

C-53: Why would you...

DAR: Come on.

[incoming transmission beep-boops]

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

[transmission connects]

[Nermut sighs]

PLECK: Hey, Nermut!

DAR: Hellooo Nermut!

PLECK: You start every call with a sigh, Nermut.

NERMUT: No I don't!

PLECK: You need to relax.

NERMUT: No, I... You guys understand that a sigh is a response to something in one's life that is very stressful? It's a way of trying to let out an emotion that you're trying to hold in so hard.

PLECK: I mean yeah, that's true.

DAR: Why hold it in any longer, Nermut?

NERMUT: Okay, I'm sorry if I'm stressed. I just—just before dialing you, I got a note that I'm supposed to be with my superiors about the quote, "K'hekk situation," so—

C-53/PLECK/DAR: Hmm./Hmm/Ohhh...

NERMUT: I'm not exactly... yeah.

C-53: Our apologies, Junior Missions Operations Manager Nermut Bundaloy.

NERMUT: Right, so... Not exactly looking forward to that, but I'm sure I will be able to represent us as having done the best we could, we have—after all, we repelled them.

C-53: We did repel them, that's true.

NERMUT: Yeah.

PLECK: Dar repelled them.

NERMUT: Yeah.

DAR: Mm.

C-53: Is there a mission we are about to undertake?

NERMUT: Yes. The mission is... [pause for effect] furnishings replacement.

[Dar gasps]

BARGIE: I like this one.

DAR: We *love* this one!

NERMUT: Yeahhh.

PLECK: [pleased] Oh.

C-53: Our mission is to buy new furniture?

NERMUT: Exactly, so if you look around you, you can of course see that the... that couch in the middle is, uh...

PLECK: Yeah. Gone. Pretty much gone.

NERMUT: Six—seventy percent devoured, and—and twenty-two percent burnt.

PLECK: Yep.

NERMUT: I dunno, C-53, that was a guess, but...

C-53: That's actually fairly accurate.

NERMUT: [celebratory] Hey-hey!

C-53: It's about seventy-one percent consumed and nineteen percent burned, but... ya know.

NERMUT: Not bad.

C-53: That's a pretty good eyeball.

PLECK: That's actually very, very close.

DAR: Yeah!

NERMUT: So anyway, between the K'hekk eating the furniture and Dar, uh, in heat burning them up—

PLECK: Sure.

[Dar sighs]

NERMUT: —we obviously need to outfit Bargie, and they—I've cut a deal where only fifty percent of it has to come out of your pay.

DAR: What?!

PLECK: What!?

NERMUT: Yeah, that's—normally if this happens, it's—it's—it would just be completely out of the ambassador team's pay, and I'm getting the company to pay for half.

DAR: But they should pay for... all of it. The bugs!

PLECK: We were ambushed by bugs!

NERMUT: Yeah. Yeah.

DAR: And frankly, also? Burning the furniture is a medical condition, so... I feel like I'm being...

NERMUT: [sighing] Yeah...

BARGIE: Also, I'm—I'm gonna interject here, because if you're gonna furnish *me*, we're not gonna get some cheap couches, okay? I only have one inside of me, and I want it to be furnished with the finest material.

PLECK: That makes se—your body's a temple!

BARGIE: Mm-hmm!

DAR: Well Pleck, since you agree, why don't you, uh... why don't *you* cover the half?

PLECK: [agreeably] Okay.

DAR: [surprised] Okay?

PLECK: Sounds good!

NERMUT: The—yeah, they're willing to have it on credit, where you'll just owe them however many weeks of labor.

PLECK: That's fine.

[C-53 sighs]

NERMUT: So C-53, if you just want to project the list of nearby, um, uh, malls?

[C-53 projects a list of nearby shopping malls]

C-53: Yes, we are within a few lightyears of the nearby Tiger Nebula Strip Mall.

PLECK: Oh. Sounds... high quality.

C-53: Well, high quality or not, it does contain a furniture store. Shall we proceed there, Junior Missions Operations Manager Nermut Bundaloy?

NERMUT: Great, totally, yeah. "Your call on which mall," as they say.

DAR/PLECK: "As they say?"/Who says that.

C-53: Is that an expression?

NERMUT: No, I just—no, I just said the sentence that happened to rhyme.

DAR: Okay.

C-53: So, it's as *you* say.

NERMUT: Right.

PLECK: Well, this—this is very exciting. We're gonna go, we're gonna outfit Bargie with a brand new couch...

NERMUT: Right. Yeah.

C-53: Ambassador Decksetter, are you excited for a mission where we buy a new couch?

NERMUT: Well, talk—like, think about this. This is a mission that has like, a seriously high probability of success! You guys are buying couches!

DAR: Agreed!

PLECK: Yeah, what could po—what could possibly go wrong?

NERMUT: What could go wrong, what could go wrong.

DAR: What could *possibly* go wrong?

C-53: Almost seems like we're tempting fate by saying it so many times...

[transition music: Cello Theme]

[interrupted by static, into a rebel transmission]

ROLPHUS TIDDLE: Hello, can you hear me? This is Rebel Leader Rolphus Tiddle. Support for the rebellion against the lame Federated Alliance comes from... MeUndies. Being a rebel involves a lot of calisthenics, and a *lot* of desk work. Either way, the most annoying situation possible is uncomfortable undergarments. Luckily the official underwear of the Rebellion comes from MeUndies. MeUndies will be the most comfortable pair of underwear you will ever own. Made from sustainably sourced naturally soft fabric that is three times softer than cotton, unlike Alliance-issue skivvies which are twenty percent as soft as rusted iron. Not soft! And get this: MeUndies comes with a 100% satisfaction guarantee. You will love your undies or you get your money back. Order now and get twenty percent off your first pair plus free shipping. Just go to MeUndies dot com slash Zyxx, Z-Y-X-X for that special offer. That's meundies.com/zyxx. Rolphus Tiddle, in *very* soft underwear, dropping the hot mic!

[static again, transition music plays out]

PLECK: Alright guys, here we are, Z's Furniture.

[shop door squeaks open, bell tinkles]

LADY: That chair was broken already! Here, you sit on your own chair!

SHOPKEEPER: [deep, slightly tired voice] Miss, I—I don't—

LADY: You sit on that chair that hasn't been sold yet right now, and you—you tell me it's still functional!

SHOPKEEPER: Well, you know I have a policy: No sitting in the store. I think—you know, miss, if you could just leave my store, I think that would be better.

LADY: Ugh. Well, I hope you get the black death disease!

SHOPKEEPER: You know what? I've already had it and I beat it, okay? I'm in remission, thank you very much.

LADY: Huh. Huh.

SHOPKEEPER: Two years—

LADY: Well you know what?! I'm gonna sit on every single chair at this place!

SHOPKEEPER: Don't—don't—please don't... No, no! Don't do that! Don't! Don't!

LADY: I'm sitting on one—[it collapses under her into sand, she yelps] I almost fell 'cause it TURNED INTO SAND!

SHOPKEEPER: Okay. Alright, get outta here.

LADY: *You* get outta here!

SHOPKEEPER: Get outta here.

LADY: You know what? I-I-I'm gonna throw up!

SHOPKEEPER: Please do it outside.

[lady storms out of the store]

PLECK: That lady was *super* upset.

C-53: She seemed *very* angry.

SHOPKEEPER: I apologize for that.

DAR: Ah, she didn't punch him, though.

SHOPKEEPER: I apologize for that. You can't please everybody, you know?

PLECK: Sure.

SHOPKEEPER: You can't please everyone.

PLECK: I mean, I gotta say, uh... this is beautiful furniture, but that lady seemed to have a real gripe.

SHOPKEEPER: Thing about building is that you gotta embrace the flaws, and I just—I feel like, that, y'know, I leave things open. I wanna leave things just a little bit mysterious, you know what I'm saying?

PLECK: Sure.

C-53: Shouldn't some things be closed?

SHOPKEEPER: You know, whoever built you must have been a real tight-ass, okay, robot man? Because guess what, they had to make you all perfect so you can have all these smart answers with me right now. Who knows, I'd like, let you cry and feel things.

C-53: [serenely] I'm afraid I cannot cry.

SHOPKEEPER: You shoulda come to me first. I'd have you cryin', getting' depressed...

C-53: It is a moot point; I could not have come to you before I was invented.

SHOPKEEPER: You see right there? Ohhh, your creator, if I could meet that guy, I would—I'd kick his ass.

DAR: This here, this basket chair. You call this a—a pom-pom?

SHOPKEEPER: A pom-pom, yeah.

DAR: It comes with the ottoman?

SHOPKEEPER: It comes with the ottoman, yes. You gonna sit in that? I don't think you should sit in that, I don't...

DAR: That seems like size-ism.

SHOPKEEPER: It is, it is. I'm blatantly—I'm gonna be honest. You're big, you're gonna break all my stuff.

DAR: Well, it sounds like it breaks no matter what.

SHOPKEEPER: Okay look, your size isn't gonna help things.

C-53: I'm half the size of Dar, shall I try sitting in the chair?

DAR: Yeah you try it, C.

C-53: Okay. I will...

SHOPKEEPER: [crosstalk, over C-53] Okay, alright. Uh... alright. That's really—I got a no sitting policy but—

C-53: ...lower myself onto...

[C-53 sits and falls to the floor]

C-53: It has turned into... is this sand?

[shopkeeper sighs]

PLECK: I gotta say, I—feel like almost everything in here... there's like, one part of the—like the chair, the couch, the pom-pom, you touch it and it just falls apart.

SHOPKEEPER: I know, I—okay. Uh...

PLECK: I feel like all you need to do is cover up that one thing.

C-53: Or reinforce that one area in some way.

PLECK: Yeah.

SHOPKEEPER: You know, but... If you went to, y'know, architecture school or any contractor—I mean, I think just that's closed minded thinking, I gotta be honest with you guys, I gotta be honest. I've—I've been in some crazy circles, okay? I used to be—okay, I used to be a big time deal. Okay? I used to be a big time deal.

PLECK: You made—you made chairs that fell apart...

[the shopkeeper sighs]

PLECK: For—like, for celebrities?

SHOPKEEPER: Okay, okay. I make more than chairs! I'm more than a chair and table guy.

C-53: Bed frames?

SHOPKEEPER: No! You know... [sighs, speaks under his breath] Does the name Zwog Tambouie mean anything to any of you?

C-53: Of course, he's the architect of the Planet Crusher weapon.

ZWOG (SHOPKEEPER): You're looking at him right here in flesh.

C-53: You're THE Zwog Tambouie?

ZWOG: I'm Zwog Tambouie.

DAR: No kidding.

C-53: You designed the Planet Crusher?

ZWOG: [fairly monotone] I designed the Planet Crusher, yeah. I'm a big deal, okay? Tons of fun, I'm a big deal.

PLECK: This—wow, what a—this is huge! Uh, wow, what an honor. Uh, C-53, can I talk to you for a second?

C-53: Yes?

PLECK: Can I just stand behind this big chair?

ZWOG: [friendly] Go ahead! Go ahead. Don't touch it.

PLECK: [whispering behind the chair] C-53.

C-53: Yes.

PLECK: This is the guy who built the Planet Crusher?

C-53: Yes.

PLECK: The Monarchy's superweapon.

C-53: Yes, that crushed planets, yes. The Planet Crusher.

[short pause]

PLECK: [stammering] He's a—he's like a war criminal.

C-53: [calmly] He's not *like* a war criminal, he *is* a war criminal.

PLECK: Well, we caught—we caught him, right?

C-53: We don't "catch" anybody, we are a diplomatic relations team. We don't have the authority to bring him in.

PLECK: Wow, I—okay, alright, alright. I guess we'll just keep talkin' to him then, right?

C-53: Yes, of course.

[Pleck and C-53 rejoin Dar and Zwog]

ZWOG: Oh, alright. Okay.

DAR: Then it's a deal.

ZWOG: Fine, fine. Twisted my arm! You get the couch.

DAR: Thank you.

PLECK: You bought a couch?

DAR: I did buy a couch. I... I think Bargie would like it.

C-53: It's a beautiful couch.

ZWOG: Uh, yeah, I would say don't ever touch it, sit on it, just—yeah.

C-53: I must ask you...

ZWOG: Yes.

C-53: Zwog...

ZWOG: Yes.

C-53: Why would you leave the Planet Crusher with such a massive critical vulnerability?

PLECK: The exhaust port!

ZWOG: You see, the way it works in construction, guys... You build something, and then you've got a seven month period where your client can come back and be like, "Hey. I got problems with this, you gotta fix that," and stuff like that. I gave the Monarchy a good seven months there just to have any complaints about any structural design problems. [emphatically] No one complained a bit. Okay?

C-53: But they flew a small fighter inside and blew up the entire thing.

PLECK: Yeah, the reactor was like, visible from the outside.

ZWOG: You know, the things you're describing? You know what? It—I'm disappointed, it was my work, to see it destroyed, but I was—I said to them, I was like, "Is there anything you want me to fix?" No one in the Monarchy ever complained, even near the end. Everyone was very s—

C-53: In Zwog's defense, they did crush a lot of planets.

ZWOG: [quietly] Yes, they did. It's hard, I mean, I feel—I feel guilty about that.

PLECK: Do you really?

ZWOG: [inhaling regretfully] I do, I gotta be honest. I built it. Which is kinda—y'know what, I just build things! I don't... figure out the purpose for them, you know?

C-53: Sure, that's not *your* job.

ZWOG: I design and I build.

PLECK/DAR: Well, but the—/You built a—yeah.

PLECK: But the Planet Crusher's entire job... It's a cube that opens up—

ZWOG: Mm-hmm. Mm-hmm.

PLECK: —and then, like an enormous mouth, crushes a planet.

ZWOG: True, true.

C-53: That could be used for many things, though.

ZWOG: It could—exactly, see. Robot man gets it, he gets it. C'mon.

DAR: C-class, come on. What other things could it be used for?

C-53: Well, I imagine... crushing a smaller Planet Crusher with a larger one?

ZWOG: I would have loved to seen that. You may not have emotions, but you get me. You know what? I like this side of you. Whoever programmed this part, this is... I'm down with it.

C-53: [quietly, crosstalk] It's the Ronka Cybernetics Corporation.

DAR: Well, it's just too bad... all those Planet Crushers were destroyed so easily.

ZWOG: Look, uh... I know you're trying to get a rise outta me. Okay? [nervous chuckle] I know, I've been poked and prodded about this before, but you wanna know what? You know what? I—I went through some dark periods after the Monarchy got thrown over, I got... [Zwog inhales] I got, uh... down, I got low. I got low. I was on the brink of—of doing myself in. But then I thought, "You know what? Maybe I'm gonna start being the best me, and I'm gonna get out there and make things right." So I started doing a twelve-step, started going to meetings.

PLECK: A twelve-step what?

ZWOG: Recovery program, do you know of those?

PLECK: No, I don't.

ZWOG: Okay. You go and you meet with other beings...

PLECK: Other... like, superweapon designers?

ZWOG: I met with oth—well, you know, it's anonymous. I don't wanna get into it too much, but I did meet a lot of people from the Monarchy around that time. A lot of the major players do go to these meetings. You deal with the, uh...

PLECK: They have guilt?

ZWOG: They have guilt. You deal with the atrocities that you did, and you're just trying to find a place in the Federated Alliance world now where you fit in, and how you can make up for the mistakes that you made.

DAR: I mean you're one of the most unlikable people—maybe in the entire universe, because not only did you help the Monarchy, you then ultimately helped the Federated Alliance. I mean, ha! You have no friends!

PLECK: And not by being a spy or something.

DAR: Yeah!

PLECK: You weren't a turncoat, you just did—

C-53: You were just very bad at your job.

PLECK: *Very* bad at your job.

ZWOG: Hey, I—you know, uh... these words are all true, alright? And they're all things I've come to terms with, alright? I—I—I've faced these things. I mean, all I can do is say, "My name is Zwog Tambouie and I am sorry," and I wake up each morning, I'm like, "How am I gonna make it better?" Alright? I spend *countless* hours writing apology notes. I'm just—I'm sending out stationery left and right, trying to make up for all the people that were murdered on the planets, the people on the Planet Crushers...

C-53: How many apologies have you sent out so far?

ZWOG: Uh, I'm ab—right now, rough number, I'm at about, like, uh... twenty. Y'know, I really try to make them personal.

C-53: Sure. Well, then, they will take some time.

ZWOG: Yeah. Uh, could you give me a number on that, robot man? Or, uh...

C-53: How long it will take you...

ZWOG: Yeah, how long will it take.

C-53: [calmly] You will be dead *long* before you finish that.

ZWOG: Alright, alright. I'm gonna prove you wrong! [nervous laughter]

C-53: Well. I don't think so.

ZWOG: [amiably] Oh, the race is on, robot man.

PLECK: Zwog, I—I have to say, I mean, I appreciate your optimism, y'know?

ZWOG: Oh, thank you.

PLECK: As someone—as someone who—as a fellow optimist, I think it's very important you look forward to those things, you wanna make things better for yourself.

ZWOG: You gotta find... you gotta find a little bit of the universe inside yourself, you gotta forgive yourself, you know? I mean...

PLECK: Sure.

ZWOG: You gotta look—you could look at yourself, right? And ya think, "I'm overweight, nobody likes me..." y'know. You gotta—you gotta forgive yourself!

PLECK: Are you talking to Dar?

ZWOG: Yeah, yeah—

DAR: [indignant] I don't—I don't think that!

ZWOG: I—you know what? You don't *think* you think that, but I know you think that.

DAR: I'm gonna TOUCH. ALL. THE. CHAIRS. [furniture breaking and collapsing into sand]

ZWOG/PLECK:: No, no, no! Okay, look—see—alright—y'know what—/Dar, Dar, Dar, Dar, Dar—

DAR: [ceasing rampage] You know what? I don't have to look at myself to know that after doing that? [whispering] *I love myself!!!!f.*

ZWOG: Okay, y'know, you tell yourself that.

PLECK: Oh man, y'know what, guys? I think things have gotten a little bit heated. I mean, we're talking to a mass murderer... uh, so I mean, this—it's bound to happen at some point.

[Zwog sighs]

PLECK: Why don't we all just go get a Blue Julius...

ZWOG: [sighing] Aw yeah.

PLECK: ...and just relax. This is a strip mall! There's one right next door.

ZWOG: Alright. Y'know what, I—I really like you guys. Uh, I don't wantcha to go runnin' away. I'll buy—how 'bout I buy some Blue Julius. I get a discount, I know—I know Tom next door.

C-53: That's very generous of you.

ZWOG: Okay.

PLECK: Hey, I'll take you up on that.

DAR: It's the least you could do.

ZWOG: Can you do me a favor though? Can you just tell Tom that we're like, really, really good friends?

C-53: I'm not comfortable with that.

DAR: No. Absolutely not.

ZWOG: But I—okay. [sighs]

[transition music: Jawaesque]

[interrupted by static, into a rebel transmission]

SEESU GUNDU: Hello, this is Rebel Leader Seesu Gundu with an important announcement.

[air raid sirens and muffled explosions in background]

A lot of life as a rebel is spent doing what I'm doing right now. Huddling in a culvert hiding out a seemingly endless Alliance air strike. And how do we pass the time? Well, we listen to one of our favorite podcasts, *With Special Guest Lauren Lapkus*. In this completely improvised comedy show—do—do you like audio shows where everything is made up? Is that your thing? Well in this show, guest comedians invent a radio show on the spot and—

[a missile strikes the culvert and Seesu yells]

Ow! Oh, that one—that one hurt!

[calmly] Hilarious comedian Lauren Lapkus has NO IDEA what character she'll be told to play, it is *so fun*. We barely even notice the perpetual aerial bombardments. Episodes include guests like Nick Kroll, Kate Berlant, Bobby Moynihan, and other stars of hit comedies. That's *With Special Guest Lauren Lapkus*, L-A-P-K-U-S, on Apple or wherever you get your podcasts! Long live the rebellion!

[BOOM as another missile strikes!]

[static again, transition music plays out]

PLECK: Well yeah, you know what? That was delightful. I really feel like after a Blue Julius, I feel... great.

ZWOG: You can't go wrong with the Blue Julius.

C-53: No, they're very refreshing.

PLECK: Tom is a nice guy!

ZWOG: He's—he's—I told you, I told you. It's good that he's gonna hang our picture in the store now, it's nice.

PLECK: Well, I drank the whole thing.

ZWOG: You did, you did drink the whole thing.

PLECK: I didn't know that was uncommon. Am I gonna feel, like, weird?

ZWOG: Not a lot of people do that. I dunno, we'll see how it goes.

DAR: Oh, yeah. You will probably feel weird later.

ZWOG: You gotta call Tom. I just—I just need to know that now...

DAR: Am I gonna *call* Tom?

ZWOG: You gotta give him a call. 'Cause he's very—he's very delicate.

DAR: That's really none of your business.

ZWOG: [sighs] Man, I hope you do. When Tom hit on you, I—I thought, "that's interesting," cause he's looking for a partner in life.

DAR: Well, I can assure you, I will *not* be a life partner.

C-53: Am I... wrong in thinking I hear a... deep humming noise?

ZWOG: Oh yeah, it's, uh... it's my, uh... that's backspace. It's where I work and sleep, it's where I stay. You guys, uh... you wanna come check it out? If you gotta go to work I understand, we—we've hung out...

PLECK: I mean, we're sort of—we're sort of *at* work, I think.

ZWOG: You sure?

PLECK: Yeah!

ZWOG: What do you guys do?

PLECK: [hesitant] Uhh... we... we...

ZWOG: [joking] You don't work for the Federated Alliance, do you? Hahaha!

[everyone laughs nervously]

C-53/PLECK: All hail the Federated Alliance./All hail the Federated Alliance, no...

ZWOG: Aw, good. Doh—d'aw, man, I tell you right now.

PLECK: Yeah.

ZWOG: I wouldn't want, uh, run into those guys, I'd get in a lot of trouble. Haha! I'm—probably on a couple of wanted lists with that—with that—that bunch.

PLECK: Might be.

C-53: You're on *four* wanted lists.

ZWOG: [laughs] You're pretty knowledgeable! Lemme get my keys, I'll unlock the workshop here... Okay, here we go.

[door creaks open, into an echo-y, seemingly unending space]

C-53: Oh my.

PLECK: The inside of your apartment is... much larger than it looks from the outside.

ZWOG: Yeah, it's bigger than the store, yes. I, uh, figured out a way to bend matter? Uh...

C-53: This is bigger than the entire strip mall.

ZWOG: Oh yeah, totally, yeah. It's pretty big. I don't actually know the square footage, it keeps expanding on its own. [pause] ...Yeah.

C-53: How—

PLECK: How did you do that?

ZWOG: Oh man, you know, uh... physics? Quantum physics? That stuff just comes easy to me. Let's keep, uh... here, uh... so you gotta kinda swim? Can you swim?

PLECK/C-53: [maneuvering through the space] Yeah. Oh, wow./Oh. Uh, yes, I seem to be able to. Okay.

ZWOG: Okay, yeah. Just kinda gotta glide around... Okay, I don't—y'know, you're probably like, "Oh, where's the oxygen coming from?" I'm—I'm pumpin' oxygen into this place, so don't—don't—we're gonna be okay.

C-53: I... I won't ask.

ZWOG: Y'know what, I—leave the architecture to the architect, am I right?

C-53: Very well.

ZWOG: Okay. Alright. So, yeah—so, yeah. If you swim—you see that over there, that kinda star thing we're swimming towards?

C-53: Uh-huh.

ZWOG: That's—that's a Planet Crusher!

C-53: Oh my—it *is* a Planet Crusher.

[Zwog laughs proudly]

PLECK: You're making *another* Planet Crusher?

ZWOG: Yeah, I got another Planet Crusher, yeah, yeah.

DAR: For what *purpose?*!

ZWOG: Well, I was working on it the last time... y'know, cause, one and two, kaboom.

PLECK: Yeah.

ZWOG: So that was like, uh, Monarchy, they just, y'know. They had—so much money, just a slush fund of cash. Uh, they were like, those—

C-53: Hm. They were very corrupt.

PLECK: Yeah, very corrupt.

ZWOG: Yeah. They were like, "Build another one!" They're like, "We need another one!" Because you know, it's—it's like funding. Even if corrupt, it's funding, y'know? It's like, they get so much money. If they don't spend that money, someone else takes that money...

C-53: Yeah.

ZWOG: Puts it towards something else. So they were like, "We got this budget, so build another one!" And of course, they were like, "This time, get it right."

C-53: But... [sighs] Correct me if I'm wrong: I believe I *still* see an exposed exhaust port on that Planet Crusher.

ZWOG: So you're talkin' about this thing we're—we're entering in right now.

C-53: I'm—we're literally swimming through a massive vulnerability in this Planet Crusher.

PLECK: It's bigger than the last two, honestly. The last one was big enough for a fighter...

C-53: You could land a ship in here!

ZWOG: You got me. This time I was like, "You know what? What happens if I make it bigger?" Because the last two have been smaller, so this time everyone's like, "That can't be the way in!" Right? That can't be—that's why I made it bigger.

PLECK: So like, you're hoping that the first two Planet Crushers have set up some sort of, like...

C-53: People will be looking for an extremely *small* hole...

ZWOG: Right.

C-53: And then will be surprised to see a very *large* hole.

ZWOG: So they'd probably be like, "Ahh, can't be. I'm gonna go—" They'll fly around.

C-53: Zwog, I don't know about this, yeah...

DAR: I think that's a flawed logic.

ZWOG: You think so?

C-53: I mean, I don't wanna tell you how to do your job, but... it seems very obvious.

PLECK: Can I ask you—can I ask you, who is... do you have a buyer for this?

ZWOG: Well, you know what... [sighs] I got it on—I got it on some message boards. I'm looking. Right now, I'm living in it. Alright? Right now I'm just using this as a crash pad. I mean, we can go in. You wanna go—you know I've got, like... I got—y'know, if you guys wanna spend the night...

DAR/PLECK/C-53: Uh... no thank you./Ah, I don't—nah, I don't know, it's—/Ah, I think we're fine.

PLECK: I just feel like—I just feel like if I were on a superweapon...

ZWOG: Yeah.

PLECK: I would fee—I don't know how I would—I would feel bad about myself.

ZWOG: I mean—hey, this doesn't have to be a superweapon. This could be... a super hotel.

DAR: Is it filled with all your shitty furniture?

ZWOG: I—you know what? Okay? I know you have so much self hate inside, but—okay? I'm not gonna take—not takin' the bait.

DAR: I looove myself! I just hate *you*!

ZWOG: I'm not takin' the bait, okay? You have...

PLECK: Guys, guys, guys! Let's—let's calm down. I mean, can we both agree that the real evil is this enormous cube machine that is designed to eat planets?

DAR: Created by *him*!

C-53: That's not fair to the machine.

ZWOG: Oh. Yeah, robot man, stick up for your kind! You gotta do that. You gotta do that.

DAR: I can't take this guy.

C-53: You can't say the ship is *inherently* evil.

ZWOG: Yeah. I—you—y'know, we don't know each other. I had a family! I've—I got kids.

PLECK: You had a family?

ZWOG: Yes! I had a wife—I got a wife and kids!

DAR/C-53: Where are they?/Was... their planet crushed?

ZWOG: They're—divorced me, of course, after the crash! I know my kids don't speak to me. I killed most of their friends. Their friends got killed by the Planet Crusher.

C-53: I was afraid that they had been crushed.

DAR: Juck!

ZWOG: No. Yeah, I mean, it's just, y'know, part of the job. My wife, y'know, she was used to really high standard of living once the divorce came. I got that black, uhh, death disease...

C-53: Sure.

ZWOG: I got back into the heavy addiction... Y'know, she just—she couldn't stay anymore. She couldn't stay anymore, you know?

PLECK: I feel like the machine you need to be working on, Zwog? Is the machine of the relationships in your life.

C-53: I thought that was going to be a very beautiful metaphor, and then it was...

PLECK: It sorta—it didn't need—I don't—I just think—

DAR: It was pretty bad.

ZWOG: Yeah, you kinda tripped down the steps on the last part there, on that metaphor.

PLECK: Yeah well, I just didn't—I mean...

C-53: I thought you were going to compare him to a machine.

ZWOG: Oh.

C-53: His relationships to the cogs within a given machine...

PLECK: Okay, yeah, I'll try again.

C-53: Okay.

PLECK: Okay so—so, Zwog?

ZWOG: Yeah, yeah.

PLECK: I feel like you've made all these machines...

ZWOG: I have, yeah.

PLECK: I feel like what you *really* need to do... is make a machine that will crush the planets of... the people around you... but in a way that—

C-53: No, stop. If—no—that's more confusing.

PLECK: Is that worse? That's worse.

ZWOG: I'm more confused. Y'know? You're bringing up weird feelings. I don't wanna... You're making me wanna go out and drink again. Stop talking.

PLECK: Have you thought about making a machine, uh, that will—*create* life?

ZWOG: Oh man!

C-53: I mean, you created this—am I right to say this is a pocket universe we're in right now?

ZWOG: Yeah, this is a pocket universe, yeah. Yeah, it's—what's crazy is I've got a planet growing, too, yeah.

DAR: For what... purpose?

PLECK: What does that—what does that mean.

ZWOG: [casually] Oh, I just naturally happened to create a universe, and all of a sudden these kind of scientific collisions happen, and then like, a star slowly kinda burns out, becomes kind of a land mass from there, atmospheres kinda develop... Like, yeah, I got a—

C-53: There's a *functional planet* in there?

ZWOG: Yeah, yeah. My last place, I had a whole colony of people, yeah, I just... yeah. Tough.

PLECK: What happened to 'em?

ZWOG: Well, I sold it. I sold it, I sold it, uh, and...

PLECK: [laughing slightly] So—so you... just to clarify, you were a person who created a weapon of mass destruction—

ZWOG: Yeah, yeah, yeah.

DAR: Two! Two weapons.

PLECK: Two of them.

ZWOG: Two—yeah, two of them.

C-53: Technically three...

ZWOG/PLECK: Three, yeah./Three, if you count this one.

C-53: I *do* count this one.

PLECK: —are single-handedly responsible for the downfall of an *entire empire*—

ZWOG: Yeah, yeah..

PLECK: —sort of on accident—

ZWOG: Yeah.

PLECK: And you also *sold* a civilization of people as property.

ZWOG: Well, I sold it to a construction company that was building condos, and they demolished that so... That universe probably collapsed under that construction, so.

PLECK: [laughing] What?!

C-53: That's a shame.

ZWOG: Yeah. Y'know, it was—y'know, it was a time to sell, I'll tell ya right now.

PLECK: The fact that you beat the Black Death Disease... I mean, I gotta say, I wish... I wish you hadn't!

ZWOG: Hey, man. Hey, that's...

C-53: Oh, that's... that's a little over the line.

DAR: You know what? Oh, no, no. I think that is...

ZWOG: That's pretty low!

DAR: I have to say, this is the first time I really, really, like you.

PLECK: Thank you! Thank you.

ZWOG: That's pretty low. I gotta be honest, that's pretty low. Alright? I gotcha invite—I mean...

DAR: Mm, you're pretty disgusting.

ZWOG: I was gonna—y'know, I'm invitin' you into my—this is basically my home right now!

C-53: Etiquette would dictate we at *least* root for him to succeed against Black Death Disease.

[Dar snickers]

[transition]

PLECK: [excited] Nermut, you will not *believe* who we just met!

[Nermut sighs over the comms]

C-53: Junior Missions Operations Manager Nermut Bundaloy, I think you are going to be very proud.

PLECK: Yes! Zwog... Tambouie!

DAR: Arrest him now, pleeease!

C-53: Creator of the hated Planet Crusher!

NERMUT: [sighs again] Pleck.

PLECK: ...Y-yes?

NERMUT: Can you please tell me: according to... Federated Alliance guidelines, how long do you have to report a criminal of this magnitude?

PLECK: Oof, boy. It's either... not very—

NERMUT: It's four minutes.

PLECK: Okay. [pause] Shorter than I thought.

NERMUT: We're all *literally guilty of treason* for colluding with this character—

PLECK: What?!

NERMUT: —because we did not call in the CLINTs immediately within the four minute window... [sighs]

C-53: I will... mark this particular transmission low priority.

NERMUT: Please do that. Because if this is actually reviewed by anyone above me, we are all going to be *literally* lit on fire.

DAR: When you say "literally," you mean...

NERMUT: Literally, like, burnt up! They'll—they'll make Bargie into ingots.

BARGIE: What?! What—what happened?!

NERMUT: They'll melt you down!

BARGIE: What—I was asleep. What happened?

NERMUT: Do you realize that because the K'hekk attacked us, I was literally bent over my superior's desk and spanked.

[Dar gasps, pleased]

C-53: And by "literally," you mean...

NERMUT: I mean literally!

DAR: [very into it] Describe it. Paint me a picture, Nermie, please.

NERMUT: Well, he invited me in and said, "Don't bother sitting down," he was like—

BARGIE: I'm gonna add some music under this for uh... effect.

DAR: Thank you, Bargie.

[seductive music plays]

NERMUT: [sighs] He said "take down your trousers, now take down your under-trousers, and..." I—Dar... I don't need to explain this to y—I don't—I got spanked, that's ridiculous!

DAR: You are STOPPING. HALFWAY.

NERMUT: No, I—

DAR: Just finish the story.

NERMUT: [reluctantly] He said... [sighs] he said, "Have you been a bad boy?"

DAR: [shivering] Ohhhhhhh, gosh.

NERMUT: I said, "Yes, I've been a bad boy..."

PLECK: [laughing] What?! That's how it went?!

NERMUT: Yes! That's the official way they interrogate you after—

C-53: That *is* Federated Alliance protocol.

NERMUT: And the sick thing is, *he* knew I had been a bad boy, *I* knew I'd been a bad boy. I didn't have to—he didn't have to ask me the question, even.

C-53: Well, he did, according to protocol.

NERMUT: In any case, he hit me with the mallet on my buttocks fourteen times. That was the—it was the number—

C-53: A *mallet*?

NERMUT: It's with a mallet—

[seductive music stops]

BARGIE: Listen, I'm sorry to interrupt, but can you get rid of all this sand?

DAR: Oh...

PLECK: Oh...

C-53: Oh, this was...

PLECK: That was the couch we got...

BARGIE: What is all this sa—I told you, what were my rules?

NERMUT: Bargie was right, you need to eject any bit of sand that came from an object made my Zwog Tambouie. If there is a CLINT that scans that sand and sees that it had an origin source of a war criminal who created the Planet Crusher? That's—again, they're just gonna torch us.

DAR: Literally.

NERMUT: Literally! Why—are you making fun of me?!

DAR: I just need to understand. Sometimes people use "literally," but they don't actually mean *literally*.

C-53: [crosstalk] They *mean* "figurative."

DAR/NERMUT: Thank you./They *literally* will burn us up!

BARGIE: Also, I used to date the Planet Crusher. Did not—I did—

C-53: You dated Zwog Tambouie?

BARGIE: No!

C-53/NERMUT: Oh, the Planet Crusher./The machine?

BARGIE: The Planet—Yeah. I date—the Planet Crusher.

DAR/C-53: Ohhh!/Of course, of course.

DAR: Which one? Number one, or number two?

BARGIE: Number one! Number one, baby!

DAR: Oooh.

C-53: I think Number One was the better-looking one.

BARGIE: Yeah.

DAR: I agree.

NERMUT: You fly into the... weird opening that was...?

BARGIE: Oh, yeah, I flew in, I flew out. I flew in.

NERMUT: So you had an opportunity to destroy it?

[significant pause]

BARGIE: Things were destroyed. My heart was destroyed.

NERMUT: [sighing] Oh, Bargie...

BARGIE: The end of the day...

DAR: Now paint me a picture.

BARGIE: I flew in. I flew out. I flew in. I flew out.

DAR: Can we add a little music?

[sexy music plays again]

BARGIE: I flew in, I flew out. I flew in, I flew out. I flew in, I flew out.

[Bargie's voice fades out as sexy music fades louder; her engines rev and she flies away]

[credits music begins: march from *Episode 101: Crawl*]

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.

Bargie the Ship was played by Moujan Zolfaghari.

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

Zwog Tambouie was played by special guest John Murray. He has appeared on such shows as *30 Rock*, *Broad City*, and *Difficult People*. He performs regularly at the Upright Citizen's Brigade Theater in New York with GOAT. Follow him on Twitter @TheJohnMurray.

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.

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

Have a question for the crew? Send an email to crew@missiontozyxx.space. Follow us on Facebook, Instagram, Twitter, and even Tumblr, [@missiontozyxx](https://www.tumblr.com/missiontozyxx). If someone would like to show us how to Snapchat, please follow us on Instagram.

[credits music fades out]

[outtake begins]

ZWOG (JOHN): I was gonna—y’know, I’m invitin’ you into my—this is basically my home right now!

C-53 (JEREMY): Etiquette would dictate we at *least* root for him to succeed against Black Death Disease.

[stifled giggles from Alden and Allie]

C-53 (JEREMY): I’m not crazy to say this.

[Alden keeps laughing]

ZWOG (JOHN): Robot Man—

ALDEN: That might be—that might be the outro.

[someone snorts, Jeremy starts laughing]

ALLIE: Oh, that was so good! [cackles]

[everyone laughing]