

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 to Bargie interior ambience]

PLECK: Hey Bargie?

BARGIE: Yeah.

PLECK: Uh, could you open the window on this side?

BARGIE: Ughhhh... what am I, huh?! What am I, huh?!

PLECK: I don't...

DAR: I think she's saying you could open it yourself.

PLECK: ...Oh.

C-53: The controls are right over here, Ambassador Decksetter.

PLECK: Okay... boy, there's a big panel of, uh, buttons here...

[Pleck pushes several buttons which trigger several non-window functions and error noises until finally a window opens]

BARGIE: You know back in the day people used to line up to open my windows. Opening my windows was a luxury, but now? Huh?! Nothing. Now people ask me to do it myself. Honestly, sometimes I just wanna crash the ship and see what happens.

PLECK: What?!

DAR: You tell 'em, Barge.

PLECK: No, Bargie, don't... life is worth living!

BARGIE: Whatever, I'm going to sleep mode. Deal with it.

[the window Pleck opened and a couple others slide shut]

C-53: She's closed all the windows.

DAR: Great.

[incoming transmission beep-boops]

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

[transmission connects]

NERMUT: Hello, team!

PLECK: Hey, Nermut!

NERMUT: Ambassador Decksetter, how are you?

PLECK: Oh, just terrific, sir. How are you?

NERMUT: Oh. Thank you for calling me sir.

PLECK: Am I not supposed to do that?

NERMUT: You... you certainly may.

PLECK: Okay.

NERMUT: Dar?

DAR: Hi Nermie!

NERMUT: C-53.

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

NERMUT: Okay. Alright. Bargie?

BARGIE: ...I'm asleep.

NERMUT: Uh...

PLECK: Yeah Bargie—

C-53: She's in sleep mode.

BARGIE: I'm asleep.

DAR: She's pouting.

NERMUT: When someone or something is asleep they don't say they're asleep...

BARGIE: I'm asleep.

NERMUT: Alright.

PLECK: Yeah, it keeps me up at night actually.

NERMUT: She just has a loop of 'I'm asleep'?

PLECK: It's very important to remind us or else we won't know.

BARGIE: I'm asleep.

NERMUT: I bet you 100 Kroons she's just repeating it over and over.

BARGIE: I'm asleep.

C-53: Junior Missions Operations Manager Nermut Bundaloy, was there a reason for your call?

NERMUT: Yes, actually. I have good news. There's a slight delay on your next mission placement so you actually have six hours of downtime.

PLECK: Hey, that's great!

DAR: Okay!

PLECK: Little R&R, huh?

NERMUT: Yeah! I think you've earned it, we can't say all the missions have gone perfectly but —

PLECK: Have some of the missions gone perfectly?

DAR: Have any?

NERMUT: No. None of the missions have gone perfectly.

PLECK: Huh.

C-53: Ambassador Decksetter and Dar, we are nearby to Slog's Diner if we wish to spend our six hour break somewhere slightly more interesting than Bargie.

DAR: Yeah, sign me up!

PLECK: Hey great, yeah I've never been but let's give it a shot, right?

[a beat]

BARGIE: I'm asleep.

[Music transition]

[Interior diner ambience. Pleck flips through a menu.]

PLECK: Wow look at this menu. This menu is like... 50 pages long

C-53: Ambassador Decksetter, this is a standard diner menu. Perhaps you haven't encountered one before.

PLECK: Nah I mean it's just, I guess it makes sense. There's a lot of different, like, *beings* in here. What's good?

C-53: I do not eat, Ambassador Decksetter.

PLECK: Oh.

C-53: Their power is very good, I don't know if you could...

PLECK: They serve power, is that one of the things on the menu?

C-53: Yes. Flip to page 39.

[Dar enters and sits down with Pleck and C-53]

DAR: Wow, okay! You have got to go check out that bathroom.

PLECK: Why, what's so cool about it?

DAR: It was... amazing. Well, you see each little stall has its own little hole. And each hole is connected to another stall, do you know what I'm saying?

PLECK: Wait, the... the hole goes to a different stall?

DAR: Yes.

PLECK: I don't think I'm... are you sure that's a bathroom or like a... series of weird glory holes?

DAR: Oh no, it's a series of weird glory holes.

PLECK: Oh.

[an alien that sounds like a sloshing bucket of liquid sidles up to Dar]

BATHROOM PERVERT: Can I just say that was amazing? I dunno if that's inappropriate but... that was you, right?

DAR: [slightly put off] You... are behind me.

BATHROOM PERVERT: Never knew anybody could get in that many holes at one *time*. Uh!

DAR: What I enjoy about glory holes is that they're... anonymous?

BATHROOM PERVERT: Oh, sorry. Yeah, you're right. You know what? My... bad.

[the bathroom pervert leaves]

PLECK: Ugh.

[a waitress arrives]

BORY AMPBER, THE WAITRESS: Hi, welcome to Slog's. My name is Bory, I'll be your waitress today. What can I get for you to drink? Or if I can hook anyone up I'd be happy to do that too.

PLECK: Oh. Hello, Bory. I'm uh... Ambassador Pleck Decksetter, we're here with the Federated Alliance. This is C-53 and this is Dar.

C-53: All hail the Federated Alliance.

BORY: So you guys are with the feds, huh?

DAR: Mm-hmm.

BORY: Interesting, you guys don't look like feds to me.

PLECK: Oh I joined pretty recently, maybe that's what it is. I was out on Rangus VI and you know it was kinda boring and I just thought, I want some adventure! To get out...

BORY: Wow, you've been to Rangus?

PLECK: Yeah

BORY: Wow, I've never been there. Wow.

PLECK: Yeah, it's great. It's like, mostly farm land.

BORY: You know I would love to see that?

PLECK: Yeah.

BORY: I'd love to see a whole planet of salad.

C-53: Bory, you could go to Rangus VI very easily. Space fare is very inexpensive due to lack of demand.

PLECK: Well, lack of...

[a beat]

C-53: Demand?

PLECK: Yeah. It's pretty boring, honestly.

DAR: They have no tourism of which to speak.

BORY: [sheepishly] I never, um... I've never left the diner.

C-53: Never?

BORY: I've never left the diner.

C-53: Were you born at the diner?

BORY: Born at the diner, and I'll die at the diner.

PLECK: This might be a sort of insensitive question but like, are you...

DAR: You know saying that doesn't make it okay to say something, right?

PLECK: I mean, that's true but... I just, I'm kinda curious...

C-53: Ambassador Decksetter, I feel I should step in before you make a diplomatic gaffe...

PLECK: Oh.

BORY: It's almost impossible to hurt my feelings so I think you should go ahead.

PLECK: I was gonna ask if you're one of the items on the menu.

DAR: Oh my... wow.

C-53: Wow. Unbelievable.

PLECK: Not like in a weird — not like in a sexual way!

BORY: It did come out weird, yeah. That did come out weird.

PLECK: No I just mean like, I just... if you were born here, are you like a product of the diner or were you like...

C-53: Ambassador...

BORY: The diner did make me, yes. That is correct.

PLECK: Oh okay, so at one point you were on the menu.

BORY: I was made on the line in the kitchen, yeah.

PLECK: Wow.

BORY: My dad, that's what I call the line cook, I think he was just feeling creative that day. And he said, what if I make me a daughter?

PLECK: Whoa. That's really crazy.

BORY: Yeh but I don't get paid to work here so I can never afford to buy myself and walk out those doors. I can never pay my check, you know?

DAR: What about tips?

BORY: We don't take tips.

PLECK: What?!

BORY: We do not accept tips at this diner, no.

PLECK: That's a shame! Do people try to tip you and you have to turn them down?

BORY: All the time, constantly.

[a couple of aliens begin clinking a glass to get Bory's attention]

TWO HEADED ALIEN: Uh, Excuse meeee!/Hiiiiii...

C-53: Apologies if we are distracting you from your other tables.

BORY: Oh yeah, well I got a couple of so-and-sos over here...

HEAD NUMBER ONE: Excuse me. Hi.

BORY: Hi?

PLECK: Wow, that table is up at the ceiling, that's really weird.

HEAD NUMBER ONE: I had a quick question about my order...

BORY: Okay well you have a question every day—

HEAD NUMBER TWO: My order too, don't forget me, Sammo! I'm attached to you but I'm my own person!

SAMMO: Wink, come on!

BORY: You guys are in here every day! what do you need?

SAMMO: I went a little *crazy* and I ordered the cornwa, and...

WINK: If he has it it goes into me and I'm allergic to it, we're connected to you know that!

SAMMO: We're connected and she's plark intolerant.

BORY: What is the base ingredient of the cornwa? What do you grind to make a cornwa patty?

SAMMO: Plarks?

BORY: So yeah of course there's plark in it, guys! Sammo, turn around so I can see Wink.

SAMMO: Hold on. Ehh—

[there's a grotesque squishing noise as they turns their body around so Wink is facing Bory]

BORY: Wink?

WINK: Yes?

BORY: Are you guys on dust again?

WINK: Whaaaaaat?! Why would you say that??

SAMMO: We're not on dust! Why would we be on dust?!

WINK: Dust is fun, why would we do that?

SAMMO: Why would we... get all dusted up and then —

[Wink throws up, a cascade of vomit splashing all over C-53 below. The crew sighs.]

BORY: I'll get you an extra towel to clean that up I'll be right back.

C-53: Thank you.

WINK: Ice cream please!

BORY: Wink...

SAMMO: Yes, we'd like ice cream as well.

BORY: Okay, you got it. Two ice cream's coming up, one towel!

[Bory exits]

PLECK: C-53 I'm sorry about that, that looks... gross.

C-53: It is simply on me and that is the fact.

DAR: Pleck I'm going to take a... quick advantage of that sweet waitress walking away from our table to bring up, you two were kinda hitting it off.

PLECK: Me and Bory?!

DAR: Yeah.

PLECK: No, I don't... I'm not really into —

DAR: And I have to say it is a small miracle that she's interested in anything that you are talking about.

PLECK: Well that's sort of rude.

C-53: Ambassador Decksetter, did she not wish to visit your home planet?

PLECK: You think she was hitting on me?

DAR: I mean, *you* don't even wanna visit your home planet.

PLECK: Yeah, I don't. I really don't.

SAMMO: Pssst... hey.

PLECK: What?

SAMMO: We come in here a lot...

PLECK: Yeah?

SAMMO: And she's definitely into you.

WINK: She wants to put her thing into that thing of yours

SAMMO: But a quick word of warning.

WINK: Yeah.

SAMMO: Her lower half is made of pie. She's... her lower half is pie.

PLECK: I thought that was a dress she was wearing.

C-53: No, that is a crimped crust.

SAMMO: Yeah, she's half pastry.

PLECK: Okay.

DAR: I mean clearly you've just been staring at her face because you have not noticed the entire package.

WINK: Can we give you one more word of advice?

SAMMO: Do it, Wink.

WINK: If you're really into her, and this is just based on us being here like every day? Sure, maybe on dust, but like, maybe the way you can like get into it? Into her?

PLECK: Ugh.

WINK: Compliment her nose!

SAMMO: Do it.

PLECK: Okay. Thanks. I feel like it's weird that their table is literally directly above ours?

SAMMO: We're gonna...

C-53: Is that unsettling for you, Ambassador Decksetter?

PLECK: Yeah, I feel like it can't be sanitary, right?

SAMMO: D'you wanna score some more dust right now?

WINK: Should we order it?

SAMMO: Yeah let's order some dust.

WINK: Yeah.

PLECK: It's weird that they sell dust here, too.

C-53: It's extremely unusual that they sell dust.

[the pervert from the bathroom sloshes back up to Dar]

BATHROOM PERVERT: Are you gonna... use the bathroom again soon? Heh.

DAR: [mortified] You... have... got to stop talking directly next to my face.

BATHROOM PERVERT: I waited a long time, as long as I physically could.

DAR: Um...

BATHROOM PERVERT: I hope you consume things like food or liquid so that you need to go back in there cause I'll be in there.

[Bory returns]

BORY: Hey, hey, hey! Peck, get away from my table! Are you being creepy again? Get back in the bathroom.

PECK THE PERVERT: I dunno, I've got one speed, you call it what you want.

PLECK: Ugh.

BORY: I call it creepy, Peck. Here's your towel, ice cream's vanilla.

PLECK: Thank you very much.

BORY: Comin' up, ready? 1,2...

DAR: Peck has ruined glory holes for me.

PLECK: I don't like that that guy has a name sort of similar to mine.

C-53: Rarely something you get to control, Ambassador Decksetter.

PECK: Feelings mutual, you boring, bland, Rangus norm-norm.

BORY: Get out of here, that's enough from you. You gave me trouble last week and I won't take that today.

PECK: Alright.

[Peck walks off]

PLECK: Ugh. Hey Bory, I have a quick question.

BORY: Mm-hmm?

PLECK: How many people just come here to buy drugs?

BORY: Almost everyone in here is here to buy drugs. This isn't under any rule of any kind, you can sort of do whatever you want here.

C-53: Were I not under the restriction of this restraining bolt I would probably order some dust.

[Pleck and Bory talk over each other]

PLECK: Can a... can a droid do dust?

BORY: Can you do dust?

C-53: It has a technological component.

BORY: Oh, interesting. What's the result in your system?

C-53: I just don't work very well for a little while.

BORY: Is that fun for you?

C-53: You'd think it wouldn't be, but it is. I certainly have not done dust while working for the Federated Alliance, all hail the Federated Alliance.

PLECK: I mean all hail the Federated Alliance, sure.

C-53: Shall we order, Ambassador Decksetter?

BORY: Yes, absolutely.

PLECK: I honestly have not gotten a chance to look at the menu, but...

BORY: You wanna hear about our specials?

PLECK: Sure.

BORY: Great.

SAMMO: Psssssst, psssst, you should get the dust.

PLECK: I don't —

WINK: Compliment her nose!

SAMMO: Compliment her nose!

BORY: Okay so we got a couple specials today, we've got some fried flats of flang. Those are coming done medium.

PLECK: Okay.

BORY: They're crusted on each side, and they're deep fried, they're delicious. You're gonna love it. But if you're wanting something a bit lighter we have cottage cheese. It just comes in a bowl, that's it. And then for dessert —

SAMMO: Get the dust... Sorry, sorry.

WINK: Sorry...

SAMMO: We just thought he might want... dust.

PLECK: I'm really... I'm on the clock, I can't really do dust right now...

WINK: Sorry...

C-53: Ambassador Decksetter have you ever done dust?

PLECK: No.

[Bory gasps]

C-53: Really? I don't wish to force you to try dust out of peer pressure but, dust is great.

PLECK: Okay...

BORY: You know I can't do dust either cause I'm working right now, so...

SAMMO: Oh you guys have that in *common*...

WINK: Ooo, her nose...!

BORY: Sammo. I know what you're doing.

SAMMO: What?

BORY: Sammo.

SAMMO: I'm just scoopin' ice cream into my mouth.

BORY: Look down at the—Sammo. Look down and look. Wink, turn around so I can see Sammo. [another horrible squishing sound] Look down here and look me in the eye, you tell him about my pie?

SAMMO: What?

BORY: Did you. Tell him. About my pie.

SAMMO: What that your... bottom half is made of pie?

BORY: Yeah.

SAMMO: Uhhh... might've—Wink, did it come up? It mighta came up.

C-53: We were given that information, yes.

BORY: Thank you...

WINK [sounding increasingly dusted up]: I mean... there are percentages, but is zero and a hundred the *same*?

SAMMO: Yeah they are... ohh...

WINK: Oooooookayy...

PLECK: I would like to hear the rest of these specials.

BORY: Oh, we just had one more which was dessert, which is vanilla ice cream.

WINK: Yum yum yum yum yum!

PLECK: That's a special?

[Dar sits down, at some point having quietly left]

DAR: Okay, what did I miss?

PLECK: Oh, you just... How did it go in there?

DAR: You know what, it was better a second time.

C-53: We've learned Ambassador Decksetter has never done dust.

DAR: Oh wow, really?

C-53: Yes, really.

DAR: They don't have dust on Rangus VI?

C-53: I can confirm they do have dust on Rangus VI.

PLECK: Well that's, I mean that's true. The rural areas of the galaxy have a real dust problem? And I like to think, y'know, that I'm one of the people that's not buying into it.

C-53: Were you not offered dust? Was that the...

DAR: I mean you've had to have gone to at least one party.

C-53: You mean a dust zone?

BORY: Oh you know? I live in this diner so I know one when I see one, you don't have any friends.

PLECK: Well I wouldn't... I've *had* friends.

C-53: Name one friend.

PLECK: Okay. Uh... well, when I was growing up there was um... a couple farms over, there was a kid. He was — well, he was blind. So sometimes I'd go over and stand next to him.

C-53: Was he aware of your presence?

PLECK: I don't think so? But sometimes he would —

C-53: I'm afraid that doesn't count.

DAR: That does not count and wow you have really brought down the mood of this brunch.

BORY: Hey guys you mind if I just take a minute? I gotta go butter my breadsticks are drying out? So I'm gonna just be back in just one minute to take your order if that's okay.

DAR: Totally.

PLECK: We need awhile with the menu.

[Music transition, interrupted by static, into a rebel transmission]

SEESU GUNDU: Hello? Hello? This is rebel leader Seesu Gundu. Please listen up. Support for our rebellion against the crooked Federated Alliance comes from Audible. So I live in this super cool rebel tent city, but it's actually a long speeder ride from the rebel base where I work. And every day I spend my commute listening to incredible audiobook performances from Audible's unmatched selection. Honestly? Audible makes traffic an escape that you can look forward to! Yesterday morning I got stuck for two hours behind this broken down barge carrying rations to the planet Numnosh, and — [laughs] I didn't even mind! Because I was engrossed in an amazing science fiction audiobook from Audible! So here's the deal. You can start a 30 day trial and your first audio book is free! Free! Just go to audible.com/zyxx. Z-Y-X-X. That's audible.com/zyxx for your free trial and *free* audio book. Transform your commute! Ride with Audible. Seesu Gundu, over and out!

[static again, into the end of the Music transition]

BORY: Is everybody doing okay, does anyone need their hot browns filled up?

PLECK: Uh yeah, no. Actually I'm still working through this menu. It's very long. There's a lot of different languages in here!

BORY: Just so many different types of people come through here.

PLECK: Do you have a favorite cuisine?

BORY: My dream in my whole life is to enter a baking contest.

PLECK: Really?

BORY: Yeah! I've never been to one but this very important person in the Federated Alliance told me about a baking contest one time, and he said that it's sort of like winning a war, you know? It's like you're strategic, and you save your good recipes for the end, and you make people think you don't know how to cook or fight when you really do know how to cook and fight, so...

C-53: Bory, may I enquire?

BORY: Sure!

C-53: Was the Federated Alliance representative talking about a baking competition? Or describing a war using the metaphor of a baking competition.

BORY: You know now that you've said it that way I think it's the latter, but when I heard it I thought it was the former...

PLECK: Huh.

DAR: Which Federated Alliance official, pray tell, was in here and are they... here now?

BORY: Okay, he's in here almost every single day. And it's the tall one with the long stripe on his uniform, and he's got all the shinies on his shoulders...

DAR: You couldn't possibly be describing the fifth best friend, could you?

BORY: No yeah it's the fifth one!

C-53: Councilor Trink is in here every day?

BORY: That's his name, Trink! You're right.

PLECK: Is he cool?

BORY: Oh he's so nice! I don't think he gets to talk about things to a lot of people so he just gabs gabs gabs at me, I have to walk away sometimes and help other tables because he just won't stop! [laughs]

PLECK: Wow!

BORY: So yeah my dream if I can get into a baking contest, ugh, I would just love that. I think I would win, I'm quite good.

PLECK: I bet, you have, like, an inside knowledge that most people don't. Since most of you is baked.

BORY: That's true, I am. Yeah.

C-53: It's unique perspective. That must present a number of difficulties.

BORY: Yeah, yeah. I can't go swimming, I've never done that.

C-53: Love to swim.

DAR: What's so great about swimming?

BORY/PLECK: You can swim?!

C-53: Swimming is a joy.

PLECK: C-53 I think maybe that's the happiest I've ever seen you describing anything.

C-53: Swimming is very fun.

BORY: I wouldn't think you'd be able to swim, I would think it would short your whole thing out.

C-53: Oh it can be extremely dangerous for me to do so, but when I am able... a joy.

PLECK: Bory, I'm sure you got other tables, but real quick, C-53. Describe the conditions are under which you would be able to swim.

C-53: Ah. Briefly in the past I was a naval unit.

PLECK: Like your cube was in a different...

C-53: That's correct, I was in an intelligent destroyer unit in the Armedian naval...

PLECK: So you were swimming when you were a boat?

C-53: Yes.

PLECK: Ah.

C-53: Does that count as swimming?

DAR: For you buddy we'll count it. Yeah.

PLECK: I mean, you seem very excited about it so I think...

C-53: It was very pleasurable.

PLECK: Have you ever seen, like, a Tellurian swim?

C-53: Yes. I have no idea why you even attempt it. Such an inefficient process.

PLECK: [laughing] So what you're describing...

C-53: No engine? No propulsion unit at all, other than the flailing of your own limbs?

PLECK: [laughing] That's what I think of as swimming which I think is fun.

BORY: Yeah and they can die that way!

C-53: You can die that way?!

DAR: Yes.

BORY: Yeah they can't breathe under the water.

PLECK: Oh no, not at all. Not even a little.

C-53: And you risk swimming?

PLECK: Yeah.

C-53: With your wildly ill-equipped...

PLECK: Listen, you were very on board with swimming when you thought it was *being a boat*, and now you're very against —

C-53: Yes. The ideal scenario for moving through water.

BORY: You know we have, underneath the diner there's a series of tunnels. Some filled with water, some not, that go in and out of everywhere. I've never been down, but I've heard?

PLECK: Wait. What are the ones that aren't filled with water filled with?

BORY: Oh they're just empty tunnels maybe you could walk on your legs through?

PLECK: Oh, okay.

C-53: And you haven't been in those tunnels?

BORY: No, I'm not allowed.

C-53: So when you say you've never left the diner you mean you've never left the kitchen or the restaurant.

BORY: Yeah.

PLECK: Does that bother you?

BORY: Are you kidding me? Yeah! People come through here and all I hear are stories about cool places, and awesome things people get to do like playing Zi-Ball! I've never played that.

PLECK: Oh, I've played Zi-Ball.

C-53: Zi-Ball...

BORY: Zi-Ball isn't fun?

PLECK: Well I mean no, it's fun if you're good at it. But I was bad at it.

C-53: Do you find the five balls confusing?

PLECK: Yeah I can't keep track of all five of 'em.

BORY: But I heard all the balls are just a different shade of green.

C-53: That is correct.

BORY: So you should be able to keep them apart, you just look at the different shades.

PLECK: But when they're moving very fast they're very close in shade.

BORY: Tellurians don't have very good vision, huh?

DAR: No. They do not.

C-53: No, it's quite limited. They can't even see infrared.

BORY: Oh, I can even see infrared and I got grapes for eyes! They're seedless reds.

PLECK: Oh that's why.

C-53: If you had purple eyes perhaps you would be able to see ultra-violet.

BORY: Oh yes! I wonder what green grapes can see...

C-53: ...Gamma radiation?

BORY: There you go.

[a klaxon starts blaring]

VOICE ON SPEAKER: Alarm. Alarm. Attempted tip. Attempted tip on table 312. Eight Kroons on table 312.

BORY: No, no, no! You've got to take this with you!

[Bory runs off]

DAR: Gosh look at the apples that make up her face, look how red they are.

SAMMO/WINK: Hey! Hey! Hey!

PLECK: What the juck...

SAMMO/WINK: Her nose!

PLECK: I didn't get around to it!

SAMMO: Compliment her nose! How difficult is it?!

WINK: Just say your nose is on your face, that's like all it takes!

C-53: You might want to go slightly further than that

SAMMO/WINK: No, no.

SAMMO: Wink is right. Just say your nose is on your face.

C-53: Just point out the location of her nose? Ambassador Decksetter, I've been programmed with many forms of pick up styles if you're having trouble sealing the deal.

PLECK: Uh, you know what that's definitely not...

SAMMO: Ambassador Decksetter, I've done two piles of dust so... I think I can tell you a few things too.

PLECK: I don't think so.

WINK: When he does some it goes straight through me too! Ha ha ha ha!

SAMMO: Yeah!

PLECK: Okay, wow. Can I ask you two a question?

SAMMO/WINK: Yeah.

PLECK: Are you guys friends or are you the same thing? Are you guys like...

SAMMO: Do you not know what friends are, is that? Is that what you're asking?

PLECK: No I'm asking like, are you the same—

C-53: Ambassador Decksetter, are you saying you're friends with yourself? Is that...

[Dar sighs in frustration]

PLECK: No! I'm asking if Sammo and Wink are the same being or like—

C-53: Ambassador Decksetter do you have a second name for yourself?

PLECK: No, what?

C-53: Well then something with two names is two different entities. Two different entities can be friends!

[Pleck sighs. Bory returns.]

BORY: Alright are we ready to order or are we ready to order?

PLECK: I think we're probably ready. C-53?

C-53: I'll take some of your power.

BORY: Great! Absolutely! Now do you wanna do a high speed or low speed charge?

C-53: Why don't we do low speed.

BORY: Great.

DAR: I'll take a bowl of the cottage cheese.

PLECK: Goin' for the special!

DAR: [laughing] Yep, it sounded so good when she said it I couldn't not order it.

BORY: Great, and for you sir?

PLECK: Um...

SAMMO: Now's your chance! Now...

WINK: The nose is on the face!

SAMMO: Order dust!

PLECK: Are those my only two choices?

WINK: Yeah!

PLECK: I would like... what was that first special?

BORY: The fried flats?

PLECK: Uh yeah, I'll get that... with a side of nose.

BORY: Oh I'm so sorry we don't... serve nose.

PLECK: Oh.

DAR: She's not on the menu.

PLECK: Well I know I thought it was a joke how she's...

SAMMO: "With a side of nose?"

BORY: You were making a joke about my nose?

PLECK: No I think you've got a great nose!

BORY: It's just that my nose is really important to me because it's the only thing that reminds me of my mother.

PLECK: Who was your mother?

BORY: She was a woman. She was a Tellurian woman and she was a waitress in this diner before me and... [sniffs] Some of her inner parts got all over the line cook...

PLECK: Ugh... wait, did she... die?

BORY: Yes.

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

C-53: Ambassador Decksetter you are playing this all wrong. You should have suggested this as a neg. "A side of nose" is a negative compliment that is going to lower her self esteem —

PLECK: I don't wanna do that!

C-53: — allowing you to maintain control of the exchange. Continue.

PLECK: Listen C-53 I don't wanna play weird games...

C-53: Ambassador Decksetter, *please*. Listen to me. There's still time, pretend you're not interested.

SAMMO: Listen, this is a... pie-bottomed, apple-faced woman that you're standing in front of. You need to treat her with respect.

C-53: Alternately treat her with *no* respect, that way...

PLECK: No, C-53 I do not want to do that. That's not who...

SAMMO: You don't know how to treat a food golem, —

WINK: Uh-uh.

SAMMO: — I dunno what to say, buddy.

WINK: Nothing.

SAMMO: Thanks Wink. Hey. Um... do you wanna go to the bathroom?

WINK: You know what? I do.

SAMMO: Cool.

[Sammo and Wink fly off on small flappy wings]

PLECK: [sighs] I've had to pee real bad this whole time and I am terrified to go in there.

DAR: Ugh, it's the best.

PLECK: I don't know, because I feel like if I put it in the hole then something's going to happen. And if I don't then it feels like I'm enabling somebody else...

C-53: What's wrong about enabling someone else?

DAR: Yeah.

PLECK: Well you know, I just feel like...

C-53: Allowing someone else to succeed.

PLECK: Sure, succeed at... like, being peed on by me?

PECK: [from beneath the table] Yeah.

[Pleck and Dar react in horror]

DAR: Hoo! you're under the table now.

PECK: Huh! Yeah, just got here. Just got here. Wasn't hangin' out here.

C-53: But if being peed on is what they desire is that not somehow helpful?

PECK: *Great* question.

C-53: I'm having trouble understanding

PLECK: I mean I guess so, but sometimes, you know, just peein' is just peein', you know?

PECK: [still under the table] You know we could definitely have this same conversation right in the bathroom with only a wall separating us.

C-53: If peeing is just peeing, that sounds very inefficient.

DAR: It also sounds very selfish.

PECK: Why waste it? It's gonna go out of you anyway, just put it on ol' Peck. Peck, Pleck. Peck, Pleck.

PLECK: Ugh, please don't compare us like that.

PECK: It's no comparison, it's just your name, my name.

PLECK: I haven't really thought about it that way

PECK: Welp, you know where to find me. Otherwise you're gonna have to hold it.

[Peck sloshes away. Bory returns with the crew's order]

BORY: Okay so let's here, order up, we got cottage cheese here...

DAR: Thank you.

BORY: And you have the fried flats here.

PLECK: Yep, thank you.

BORY: You know it's funny this exact order reminds me of when the Seven were in last week. They ordered almost the same thing and then they said, "can't wait for that cargo shipment!" Hahahaha!

C-53: You had the Council of Seven in here?

PLECK: What do you think they were referring to?

BORY: Hell if I know! You know my ears are just two tiny little brussels sprouts, so.

PLECK: Wait, do you think the Seven was like... were they talking about dust?

BORY: Well I — I guess I just wouldn't know.

PLECK: That would be... I mean, dust is illegal.

BORY: Dust is illegal.

C-53 and DAR: Not here.

BORY: Yeah but if there was cargo... You know I gotta get back to the kitchen, this is gettin' a little too dusty for me.

[Bory exits]

PLECK: Hm. Hey, Sammo?

SAMMO: Oh yeah, hey.

PLECK: Hey, do you know where the dust they sell comes from here?

[Sammo and Wink stammer nervously over each other]

SAMMO: The dust? Well uh, you know I mean, it's...

WINK: Ooh the dust. We don't know. Of course we don't know. Why would we know? That would be so weird if we knew...

C-53: Your tone of voice implies that you *do* know.

PLECK: You definitely know.

WINK: What? Hey Sammo.

SAMMO: Yeah.

WINK: Group meeting.

SAMMO: Okay.

WINK: Look me in the eye. Eeggghh!

[another disgusting squishing sound as they contort their bodies to face one another]

C-53: This is terrible to—.

PLECK: That looks very painful.

SAMMO: What do you think, Wink?

WINK: No.

[They squish back to their original shape]

SAMMO: Uhhh, we can't really tell you where...

PLECK: That was very underhelpful.

SAMMO: Underhelpful? I mean it...

C-53: Excellent neg Ambassador Decksetter, excellent.

SAMMO: No, no we want you to like us! Now that you say it that way we'll tell you.

WINK: You're our dust buddy!

SAMMO: Yeah you're our dust buddy!

PLECK: Sure.

WINK: We put dust into that food you just got.

SAMMO: You've just been chompin' on some dust, buddy.

WINK: You just had some dust.

SAMMO: That flat's full of dust.

WINK: So much dust...

PLECK: Ughh...

C-53: My sensors indicate that fried flat is full of dust, Ambassador Decksetter.

SAMMO: I'll tell you this. Comes in, ship's unmarked. Comes out, same ship.

WINK: [whispering]Same ship.

SAMMO: Comes in every...

WINK: Day.

SAMMO: Every day. Wink's right. And probably whoever controlled the dust could control the entire sector, probably even the whole galaxy...

WINK: And maybe that's something someone said in here, out loud. A group of people maybe.

SAMMO: We were pretty plorked, though

[They laugh. Bory returns.]

BORY: How's everybody's meal doing?

C-53: Excellent

PLECK: Terrific. Hey Sammo and Wink?

SAMMO/WINK: Yeah?

PLECK: Before this dust kicks in I just wanna ask you guys, are one of you guys gonna be my friends now that we've done dust together?

SAMMO/WINK: I mean... No.

PLECK: Hm.

WINK: Honestly like friendship takes a little bit more effort? Like you really gotta get to know each other and spend some time and ask questions...

PLECK: You guys just told me that doing dust is the key to having friendships.

WINK: Like when is our birthday? Answer that.

PLECK: Ugh, I don't know.

SAMMO: You don't know our birthday, so how can we be friends?

WINK: Wow...

PLECK: I mean...

BORY: Is there anything else I can get ya with your meal today? Would you just like a check, or...

PLECK: I think we're good, I'm just gonna hit the bathroom and I think we'll take the check.

BORY: Sure, so let's see [mumbles order] 26 Kroons, all in.

PLECK: Oh wow, that is very reasonable.

BORY: Oh yeah this is just like your standard diner. it's normal.

SAMMO: It's a standard diner that gets a shipment of dust every day from an unmarked cargo ship. but yeah.

WINK: and maybe underground there's like a system of shipments coming in and out or whatever.

SAMMO: Yeah and maybe sometimes if like some of the distributors get mouthy they get killed and shot into space...

WINK: She said the wrong thing and then, pffff.

SAMMO: And they kept her nose and put the nose inside of a food golem...

PLECK: Wait. Wait, that's how your mother died?

BORY: Yeah.

PLECK: Ugh, that's why?!

WINK: Wow, why are you bringing that up?

SAMMO: Yeah, Pleck.

PLECK: No I —

C-53: Ambassador Decksetter...

SAMMO: That's like, really messed up.

BORY: Really dark with you today...

C-53: Be more disgusted by this, there's still a chance you can pull this out.

PLECK: No, stop!

C-53: Tell her she's gross.

PLECK: [laughing] That's definitely not what I want to do. Can we just get rid of that option entirely?

C-53: I can't get *rid* of it, but I can stop offering it.

PLECK: Yes, please do.

C-53: Fine.

PLECK: Put it wherever you keep your opinions.

SAMMO: Compliment the nose...

WINK: Just say there's a nose on her face.

PLECK: Bory, listen

BORY: Yeah?

PLECK: I am really sorry that that happened to you.

BORY: Thank you, that's really nice. Thank you.

PLECK: And if it was up to me I would put you in the refrigerated cargo hold of our ship, the Bargarean Jade, so that your pie would stay nice and cool —

BORY: Oh my gosh.

PLECK: ...and we could fly away together.

BORY: Wow, that is the nicest thing anyone has ever said to me. Thank you... friend.

PLECK: Hey, wow! This really feels good. Sort of feels like I'm levitating and my limbs are like tree branches —

EVERYONE: That's the dust.

PLECK: Oh that's the dust. That's the dust. That's the dust.

SAMMO AND WINK: [into it] Yeah!!

[Music transition, interrupted by static, into a rebel transmission]

HARK TARTIGAST: Attention, attention! This is rebel pilot Hark Tartigast with a final message. Somehow my escape pod is careening toward this planet where I will surely meet my demise but I just spent my last hour alive doing one of my favorite things: listening to the podcast *And That's Why We Drink*! It's about the paranormal *and* true crime, two of my greatest passions in addition to bringing down the Federated Alliance, of course! Hosts Em and Christine drink wine and milkshakes while telling amazing stories of ghosts and crimes. You know what, I might pop a bottle of red and settle in for another episode before the icy cold hand of death takes me. *And That's Why We Drink* comes out every Sunday—[an explosion] Gah! I just lost my heat shield! Find it on Apple podcasts or wherever you listen to podcasts. I'm about to burn up in an alien stratosphere, so I will soon be another ghost for them to talk about! Hark Tardigast, signing off. Listen for me from the beyond!

[static again, into the end of the Music transition]

[Back on Bargie. Incoming transmission beep-boops, transmission connects]

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

PLECK: Oh, hey Nermut.

NERMUT: Greetings.

PLECK: Hey.

DAR: Hi Nermie.

NERMUT: Uh, hello.

PLECK: Listen, before you say anything I'd like to apologize for what happened back there at the diner. My eyes were on fire, and my fingers were tree branches, and I

honestly don't really remember what happened? But it was sort of fun and now everything's fine, so let's just drop it.

NERMUT: Alright.

DAR: And they took our corporate card for all the damages, so.

NERMUT: Apology not accepted.

PLECK: Okay. It's worth a shot.

NERMUT: And sorry to say but that corporate card was actually not yet filled with funds and that has been charged directly to your personal accounts.

DAR: Ugh!

PLECK: Okay. Yeah, that makes sense.

DAR: So the 26 Kroons meal, plus the 3000 Kroons damage.

NERMUT: Yes. Really we should have covered the meal and I'm sorry about that, I just didn't get some paperwork in on time but the 3000 that's really on you. C-53 why don't you um, pull up the video of Pleck's little performance in Slog's Diner?

C-53: Very well, replaying.

[C-53 displays footage of Pleck trashing Slog's Diner high on dust, we hear glass and plates breaking]

VIDEO PLECK: MY SKIIIIIN!! [sobbing] My skin!

NERMUT: And just skip through to the highlights.

C-53: Fast forward.

[the recording fast-forwards a bit, Pleck is screaming wordlessly. More plates breaking]

VIDEO PLECK: Don't touch me! Uhhhhgghba!

C-53: And sometime after that...

[more fast-forwarding]

VIDEO PLECK: Does anyone have seven best friends? I don't even have one shitty friend! [Sobbing]

[Footage ends]

NERMUT: Okay.

C-53: Junior Missions Operations Manager Nermut Bundaloy, in Ambassador Decksetter's defense, he was very high on dust.

DAR: Oh yeah.

NERMUT: Wonderful defense, C-53.

DAR: He was dusty.

NERMUT: Doing an illegal drug is the defense of...

PLECK: Well, but see, It was not illegal in the diner.

DAR: Ah-ah!

PLECK: It was illegal when I *left* the diner.

NERMUT: Yes. You left with it in your system which is why we're having this conversation, which is why: C-53, I need you to approach Ambassador Decksetter, please.

C-53: Apologies, Ambassador Decksetter.

NERMUT: Alright, please open slot four on your torso.

[a small door slides open on C-53's frame]

C-53: Slot four is open.

DAR: Ooo, like a dangerous advent calendar.

NERMUT: And I'm gonna need you to run Operation Six.

C-53: Operation Six commencing.

[A short charging noise followed by a sharp zap. Pleck yelps in pain]

C-53: Operation Six complete.

DAR: That was it?

PLECK: Well it's...

C-53: Operation Six is one of my milder operations.

DAR: Can I just... have an Operation Six before bed?

NERMUT: No, it's for punishment only.

DAR: What about if I'm thinking about you, Nermie? Can I have a li'l Operation Six?

NERMUT: I... would... um...

[C-53's door slides open again]

C-53: Commencing Operation Six.

NERMUT: No, that's — you can only...

DAR: Thank you!

[Another zap. Dar moans.]

C-53: Operation Six complete.

NERMUT: It is not supposed to be —

BARGIE: Wait, can I get in on it too? I know I'm a ship but if you just put it on the floor.

[Nermut sighs]

C-53: Operation Six commencing...

[another zap]

BARGIE: Aaahhh, yeah.

C-53: Operation Six complete.

NERMUT: Alright, Operation Six is designed to be a mild punishment, it's not supposed to be amusing to anyone...

BARGIE: Can you do it on all of us...

DAR: I would do it again.

BARGIE: ...for a second time? Can you put Operation Six Six Six?

NERMUT: Do NOT do Operation Six Six Six!

C-53: Engaging trifold adapter. Commencing Operation Six Six Six.

[Bargie and Dar groan. Pleck screams.]

C-53: Operation Six Six Six complete.

PLECK: If it makes you feel any better Nermut, that was *very* painful for me.

NERMUT: Pleck, the use of dust is going to be on your record for a while.

PLECK: That was not my fault! I ate food that was laced with it.

NERMUT: Right, but you were talking to...

PLECK: And the only reason I *left* the diner was because at the time I was convinced that the only thing that would put the fire in my eyeballs out was the vacuum of space.

NERMUT: Well, okay, but you were —

C-53: You were also forcibly ejected from the diner.

DAR: Right. After his tree branch hands ignited a pile of old menus.

NERMUT: Right. And those are big menus.

C-53: They were very large.

NERMUT: Those are very thick. You were basically sitting underneath a known dust-up from the ceiling. You could have left at any point. Those little dusters are obviously going to dust you out.

PLECK: I mean that's a good point. Listen, Nermut. I'm sorry, it won't happen again.

NERMUT: Okay. And if it does, well you know what little operation number is coming for your little belly?

PLECK: Is it Six, or is it, like, Seven next time?

NERMUT: No it will be Six again.

DAR: Six again? Six again?

[C-53's door slides open]

C-53: Commencing Operation Six again.

NERMUT: No, it was hypothetical!

[Zap. Pleck screeches in pain]

C-53: Operation 6 complete.

[Outro theme music plays.]

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 and Wink were played by Moujan Zolfaghari

Sammo was played by Winston Noel

Junior Missions Operations Manager Nermut Bundaloy and Peck the Pervert were played by Seth Lind

Bory Ampber the waitress was played by special guest Lauren Adams. You can see her as Gretchen Chalker in all three seasons of *Unbreakable Kimmy Schmidt* on Netflix, or performing at UCB with Rumpleteaser and The Curfew. Follow her on Twitter @ImLaurenAdams

Mission to Zyxx is recorded at Braund Studios in Greenwood, 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, at @missiontozyxx . If someone would like to show us how to Snapchat, please follow us on Instagram!

[Outtake]

BORY (LAUREN): It's pretty fun. Almost everyone in here does it.

C-53 (JEREMY): I don't wish to force you to try dust out of peer pressure, but dust is... Great.

PLECK (ALDEN): Okay...

WINK (MOUJAN): Ooh, let's sing the dust song.

SAMMO (WINSTON): Let's do it. It makes you cool!

PLECK (ALDEN): There's a dust song?

WINK (MOUJAN): Yeah. One, two, a-one two three!

[they start chanting tentatively]

SAMMO/WINK/BORY (WINSTON/MOUJAN/LAUREN): Dust, dust... dust, dust, dust...

PLECK (ALDEN): Is that the whole... is that...?

SAMMO (WINSTON): Well, when you're on dust, it's hard to kinda —

C-53 (JEREMY): It sounds a lot better when you're on dust.

SAMMO (WINSTON): It sounds amazing when you're on dust.

BORY (LAUREN): Y'know, I can't do dust either, because i'm working right now?

[outtake fades out]