

[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]

BARGIE: [operating a projector] And that's a photo of me when I was younger...

PLECK: Oh.

BARGIE: This is me on the red carpet.

PLECK: Hey-hey!

BARGIE: This is me with my date, Chandelier Bidet. He was a great guy.

PLECK: What happened to him?

BARGIE: He was shot to death by a Torklik.

PLECK: Oh.

BARGIE: Honestly, best way to go. [shuts off projector]

DAR: Shot to death is the best way to go?!

BARGIE/C-53: Honestly—/Well, but by a Torklik.

PLECK: Torkliks have sort of, like, those ray guns, right? That just totally vaporize you immediately.

BARGIE: Oh yeah, and they give you immense pleasure, and then you die.

PLECK: Oh. I wanna be shot by a Torklik.

DAR: Bargie, who was that one ship that you used to have that rivalry with?

BARGIE: Ugh... Tiny Toots.

DAR: Yes! Where is she?

BARGIE: Let's just say, uh... you know the number one team of the Federated Alliance? That's the ship.

PLECK: Ohhh.

DAR: Ohhh.

C-53: Oh, you see them on all the posters.

BARGIE: Yep.

DAR: Yeah, in all the—in all the holo news.

PLECK: Turk Manaked. He's the—he's the lead ambassador, Turk Manaked.

BARGIE: Yep. Anyway, Tiny Toots has got like five levels. She can hold like 200 people. Whatever.

C-53: It's ironic that her name is Tiny Toots.

BARGIE: No, she used to be really tiny.

DAR/PLECK: And they just added on?/Oh! Upgrades.

BARGIE: Yeah, added on, added on, added on...

C-53: She's had work done. I understand.

BARGIE: I used to get upgrades. That's why I have that wing.

PLECK/C-53/DAR: Oh yeah, the one wing, yeah./Yeah, just the one wing./Right.

BARGIE: The one wing. Then it stopped.

PLECK: Did you used to not have the wing?

BARGIE: Yeah, I had zero wings.

PLECK: Oh, you were just the tube part.

BARGIE: Mm-hmm. Stealthy. [drawing it out sensually] They used to call me The Sensual Barge.

PLECK: Really?

[incoming transmission beep-boops]

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

[transmission connects]

PLECK: Hey, Nermut! What's up?

NERMUT: [over comms] Hey... team.

PLECK: Hey, did you know that they used to call Bargie "The Sensual Barge?"

NERMUT: Did not see that in her personnel file.

PLECK: Oh.

C-53: Adding it now. [uploading ping]

NERMUT: You can just update the personnel files, C-53?

C-53: Of course! Would you like me to update yours?

NERMUT: Y—uh...

C-53: Do you have anything new to report?

DAR: Ooh!

NERMUT: Wow. Uh... I have been, um... doing an excellent job.

C-53: I'm afraid that's not the kind of thing I can add to a personnel file. That can only be added by a superior officer.

NERMUT: Yeah, that—no, right, that's true, that's true.

DAR: C-53, can you also read excerpts from personnel files?

C-53: Of course!

NERMUT: No, don't, *please* don't.

DAR: I would love to know, um, a little more personal detail about our Junior Missions Operator.

NERMUT: Um—[Nermut sighs as C-53 starts speaking]

C-53: Very well. Junior Missions Operations Manager Nermut Bundaloy has been disciplined a number of times for failing to report for physical examinations.

DAR: Whaaat!

PLECK: [laughing] What, why?

NERMUT: I—[sighs] Those are *very* invasive, I don't understand why those instruments have to read you from the inside.

DAR: Nermut! You're not that much of a prude! Come on!

NERMUT: It's just a *very* large thing to sit on and have go inside you, I...

DAR: [suggestively] How large are we talking?

[Nermut sighs]

PLECK: Yeah, Nermut, I don't think I've ever really... how—how big are you?

DAR: [loudly] Whoa! Whoahohoho! Whoa!

PLECK: No, I'm—I'm just—I don't mean it like that. I'm just wo—

DAR: But really, Nermut, how big *are* you?

PLECK: No, like how *tall* are you?

NERMUT: I'm nineteen inches tall.

PLECK: [laughing] What?! What?!

NERMUT: I'm nineteen inches tall. That's—I'm—

PLECK: You're so much smaller than I thought!

[Dar laughs]

NERMUT: What do you mean? I'm—that's average for my species.

PLECK: I just—I guess you're—the camera that you're on is like, zoomed way in, 'cause I always thought you were sort of, like, Tellurian size.

DAR: Nermut—

PLECK: You should stand next to a ruler so we know!

NERMUT: In my third grade class, I was the *second* tallest person out of four!

PLECK: Okay, that's... okay. Out of four?

NERMUT: Yeah!

DAR: Nermut. Nermut, to go back to his original question though, how big *are* you?

NERMUT: That's not... that's not what he meant, and I'm not gonna answer it.

PLECK: Dar, I really don't care—that's not what I—

DAR: It is what he meant. Is that in his personnel file?

NERMUT: Do not read that part of the personnel file.

[there is a click and a ping]

C-53: Two inches.

[Nermut sighs]

PLECK: [laughs] That's—I mean, for a nineteen-inch—

C-53: Proportionally, that's very large.

DAR: Proportionally—wowee wow!

PLECK: Yeah. Yeah, that's—

NERMUT: I'm slightly embarrassed by how large it is.

PLECK/DAR: Nermut, that's like—/You're embarrassed?!

PLECK: Nermut, you—

NERMUT: On my planet you *want* a small one.

DAR: Not on my planet!

PLECK: Nermut, your genitalia is more than ten percent the size of your body.

NERMUT: Okay.

PLECK: I really wanna meet you now. I'll bet you're adorable!

[Nermut sighs deeply]

PLECK: [excited] What's our mission, buddy?

NERMUT: Okay. It's an exciting one, if we can switch to the ol' mission talk here.

PLECK/DAR: Yeah, great./Okay

C-53: We've been ready for mission talk the entire time.

NERMUT: Okay. This isn't anything like—that you've done before: you're going to retrieve a relic.

PLECK: What?!

NERMUT: Yes. You're going to retrieve a relic that is very important to the Federation, and let me just pull up the file here, you will be finding the... [typing] just looks like its—there's a security clearance here that I haven't—uh, let me put in a password... [typing, error buzz] Uh... it's not letting me—okay, so that's redacted. You will be going to... [typing] this is all redacted. Um, and then you will bring back the... couple paragraphs are all redacted. Apparently I can upload this to C-53, but it's beyond my security clearance, which is strange because I'm your superior officer.

C-53: Receiving transmission now. [download ping]

PLECK: C-53, you have higher security clearance than our boss?

NERMUT: That really shouldn't be...

C-53: I am allowed to receive information that is fully encrypted, so even / don't know the contents.

PLECK: Then what's the point of receiving them?

C-53: I am transmitting destination coordinates to Bargarean Jade now.

[upload ping]

BARGIE: Ugh, here again? Oh boy.

PLECK: You've been there?

DAR: Here *again*?

NERMUT: You've *been* to this place?

BARGIE: I vacationed here a few summers ago.

PLECK: Oh!

BARGIE: But it's—of course, there's no summers here, you know what I mean? This is a place with no summer, it's a horrible place.

PLECK: Oh.

BARGIE: Honestly, I had the worst time there. Also, I had a movie there that tanked, so I'm not really the most favorite person in that place. I'm hated here, so I'm just gonna hover outside. Alright, let's go.

NERMUT: Okay, I mean—can I—

DAR: Alright, see ya later Nermie! Byeeee!

NERMUT: Please, uh, connect if you have anything you want to show me about the relic or anything...

C-53: We will let you know.

PLECK: And Nermut, uh, you connect with *us* if you wanna—

NERMUT: Please don't.

PLECK: Okay. Bye!

[transition music: Meanwhile Glock Transition]

[transmission connects]

CLINT: [over comms] We're hailing the Bargarean Jade.

PLECK: Oh, wow!

CLINT: All hail the Federated Alliance.

PLECK/C-53/DAR: Yeah, all hail the Federated Alliance./All hail the Federated Alliance./Sure, sure, okay.

CLINT: You're speaking to CLINT number 7797.

PLECK: Oh. It's just the last four.

7797: Yeah, that's an easier way to do it.

PLECK: That makes sense. What are you doing in this system?

7797: We're guarding something.

PLECK: Is it the—

DAR: Is it the redacted?

7797: Do you mean the relic?

PLECK: Yeah.

7797: Who—who had that redacted?

PLECK: Our boss.

7797: Al—alright, well nobody usually... has it redacted. But, um... no, there's a gatekeeper... who is guarding the relic. Via a system of riddles.

PLECK: Oh.

7797: And, uh...

C-53: Why have you not just answered the riddles?

7797: Well, y'know, / wanted to, but 7798 is down—have you guys met 7798?

C-53/PLECK/DAR: I don't... think so./No, I don't.../No.

7797: He is an *asshole*.

PLECK: Okay, well.

DAR: Well, I'm sorry to hear that.

7797: No, seriously. Big asshole.

PLECK: Sure.

7797: Juck that guy, seriously.

PLECK: Okay, sure. Fair enough.

7797: He's also got, like—just, his face is just one of those punchable faces, you know?

C-53: Wouldn't he have the same face as...

7797: Eh, I don't think so. I don't think so.

PLECK: Okay.

DAR: What makes your face different from 7798?

7797: It's like a... ridge. I have a different ridge on my nose. Anyway, it doesn't matter, I'm giving you clearance to land.

DAR: Alright.

PLECK: Thank you.

DAR: Thank you.

PLECK: [sighs] It's always a hassle with those guys.

C-53: They really seem to have it out for each other.

PLECK: The—is it just me, or does—this planet is *very* small.

C-53: It's rare that you can see the curvature of a planet.

PLECK: Yeah, very tiny. Is it gonna be weird for—are we gonna throw off the gravity to land on it? Like, Bargie, can we land on this planet?

BARGIE: I'm just gonna throw you guys out, I really don't—

DAR: What?!

PLECK: No, don't—I can't—I can't breathe in space!

BARGIE: I don't feel comfortable landing. I'm wanted, I'm wanted on this planet. Legally, by the law of this planet, I should not be here, so...

PLECK: Okay. Fair enough. Okay—

BARGIE: Goodbye! [Bargie's hatch alarm goes off] Just get out. Just jump—just jump out.

PLECK: [stuttering, protesting] I can't breathe in space! I can't breathe in space! Just let me put on a suit!

BARGIE: [hatch alarm stops] Fine.

PLECK: [getting into a suit] Is there an atmosphere down there, C-53? Can we see...

C-53: There is an atmosphere down there, yes.

PLECK: [suit helmet on, muffled] Okay great. Well, then, I'll just take the suit off when I get there.

[transition music: Cello Theme]

[interrupted by static, into a rebel transmission]

SEESU GUNDU: Attention! This is Rebel Leader Seesu Gundu. Support for our rebellion against the oppressive Federated Alliance comes from HelloFresh. I used to think, "I'll never have time to battle a galactic dictatorship AND cook real meals!" But now with HelloFresh, I can have it both ways. HelloFresh sources the freshest ingredients measured to the exact quantities you need so there's no food waste! Last night in less than thirty minutes I made veggie loaded orzo and sausage that my kids—yeah, I have kids—went nuts for! I had to say "kids, the meal was great, but stop screaming about it! Mom's gotta sleep!" Anyway. HelloFresh costs less than ten dollars per meal, and they deliver food to YOUR DOORSTEP in a recyclable insulated box for free! And check the special offer: for thirty dollars off your first week of HelloFresh, visit [HelloFresh.com](https://www.hellofresh.com) and enter promo code ZYXX30. That's Z-Y-X-X-three-zero at [HelloFresh.com](https://www.hellofresh.com). Do it for the rebellion. Seesu Gundu out!

[static again, transition music plays out]

PLECK: Oof, man. Bargie was not joking, it is *cold* here!

DAR: And weird that they wouldn't build shelters to block out the cold.

C-53: No, there's a lot of—

PLECK: Yeah, there's a lot of sort of open—

C-53: I guess you'd call them canopies?

PLECK: I was gonna say like, gazebos, but I guess canopies is more accurate. Much more bleak than gazebos.

C-53: Yeah, there's—can I be honest? Not a lot of natural light.

PLECK: No!

C-53: Just a couple pinpricks of stars, and that's about all we get.

PLECK/C-53: Hm./Hm.

PLECK: Lot of... CLINTs, though. It looks like an entire garrison is here.

C-53: Yeah.

[a CLINT marches over]

CLINT: Get down on the ground, get down on the ground.

PLECK/DAR: Oh! Yes, hello—/Oh.

CLINT: Show me your Federated Alliance ID Card. Show me your FAIC.

PLECK: Right here, yep. [hands over the card]

CLINT: Alright. That's a good FAIC.

PLECK: Thank you.

CLINT: All hail the Federated Alliance

DAR/PLECK/C-53: Uh-huh./Yeah—abs—all hai—/All hail the Federated Alliance.

PLECK: Ambassador Pleck Decksetter, uh, this is C-53 and Dar.

C-53: Hello.

7799: Hello. I'm CLINT 7799.

PLECK: Oh, great! Great to meet you, we've heard so much about you.

7799: Alright let's—wait. Where'd you hear about me from?

PLECK: Oh it's just some CLINT, 7-7...

7799: 9-4?

C-53: 9-7.

7799: 9-7? He was in orbit.

PLECK: Yeah.

7799: Yeah, he's an asshole.

PLECK: Yeah, that's the impression we...

7799: You know what, his face is...

PLECK: Punchable?

7799: Y—yeah! You—I *like* you!

PLECK: Yeah. I mean, I get it. We're all on the same page.

7799: Alright! Man, I—oh. You know what? I'm kinda the... alpha.

PLECK: Sure.

7799: I'm a little bit of the—I'm the smartest one here.

PLECK: Oh, really? Oh.

7799: Yeah, so, uh, I heard you guys wanna solve the—

C-53: Wouldn't all the clones be the same level of intelligence, or...

7799: Ahhh... nah, I don't think so. I don't think so. I—I feel like... I'm like a riddle guy, you know?

PLECK: Oh really, so how is the riddle solving going?

C-53: How far have you gotten in the riddles?

7799: Not great, not great. Well, I'll tell you this, as a riddle guy? The first riddle is... very hard.

PLECK: Sure.

7799: And, like I said—

[another CLINT marches over]

7799: Oh, hey, 7798.

7798: Hey, 7799.

7799: Uh, this is the ambassador team.

7798: Hi, I'm CLINT 7798.

PLECK/DAR/C-53: Great, hello, great to meet you./Okay. Yeah./Oh, yes. Nice to meet you.

7798: You want me to take them around?

7799: Well, I was kinda taking 'em around.

7798: Well I can also—I can take 'em around. You've got garrison duty—

7799: No—

PLECK: Sure.

7799: Well, I mean, yeah, I have garrison duty, but I can also take 'em around...

C-53: If it's easier, we could just go ourselves...

DAR/PLECK: Yeah!/Y'know, it's fine, we can probably just go—

7799: No, nonononono! Okay, 7798, he'll take you around.

7798: I'll take you around.

PLECK: Great. Sure.

[the group starts walking]

7798: So, you guys are here to solve the riddles?

PLECK: Yeah, yeah. We're here to seek the relic, I guess.

DAR: Have you—have you taken a shot at answering the riddle?

7798: Well I don't wanna brag, but... I'm kinda the riddle guy... in the garrison.

PLECK: Really? Of all the—of all the CLINTs here?

7798: Well, yeah. Yeah. I'm kind of an alpha. I'll tell you this much though...

DAR: Yeah.

7798: If I don't solve this riddle... I'll destroy this planet.

PLECK: Oh, that—that seems like—

C-53: Oh, that seems... unnecessary.

7798: I'm gonna—no, I'll call an orbital bombardment and I'll *DESTROY* THE PLANET!

PLECK: No, you can't do that...

C-53: Well—no, we need to get the relic from the planet before you do that.

7798: Yeah... [pause] We'll bomb them all and let the Council of Seven sort 'em out...

PLECK/C-53: Ehh, I don't... that seems like a bad policy./Ah, that's not a great plan... for what we're doing. Hm.

7798: What?

PLECK: Are we close? Are we getting close?

7798: Oh, yeah yeah yeah.

C-53: Yeah, this seems like...

7798: No no no, we're still goin'.

C-53: Okay.

7798: Just a little bit—oop! Aghhh, I went the wrong direction.

DAR/PLECK/C-53: Okay./Sure./Okay.

C-53: [whispering] Ambassador Decksetter, maybe we should just go.

PLECK: We should just—we should just—you know what? Uh, listen, 779 [mumbles last number], we're gonna talk to—

7798: 9-8.

PLECK: 7798, we are gonna make our way to the riddle master, and we will catch you later.

7798: Hey, if you don't get that first riddle, don't worry too much about it

PLECK: Okay, sure.

7798: Because we're gonna blow this planet up if we don't answer it.

PLECK: Okay!

C-53: Not necessary.

[transition music: Horn Transition]

PLECK: [knocks] Hello!

RIDDLE MASTER: Hello?

PLECK: Uh, hi? I'm ambassador Pleck Decksetter, this is C-53 and Dar, we're here with the Federated Alliance, uh—

RIDDLE MASTER: Oh really? Uh, *your mom's* here with the Federated Alliance.

PLECK: Uh...

DAR: Is that the first riddle?

C-53: No she's not. Did we solve the riddle?

RIDDLE MASTER: You—you have a very poor conception of what a riddle is, don't you.

PLECK: That was just a straight insult, I think, probably.

RIDDLE MASTER: Yep. I'll do the riddles when I want. Hello!

DAR: H-h-hello?

RIDDLE MASTER: You've come to seek the relic.

PLECK: Y-yeah. Yeah, we're here to seek the relic.

RIDDLE MASTER: Well, first you must answer my riddles!

PLECK: Umm...

DAR: Right.

PLECK: Sure.

RIDDLE MASTER: I am Chad!

DAR: Chad?

PLECK: Hey, Chad, what's up?

CHAD: And you shall answer my riddles before you pass through to the relic.

PLECK: Sure. Yeah, let's do it. Let's do it.

C-53: Very well.

PLECK: C-53 is very smart, so watch out.

CHAD: C-53's... *mom* is smart. [smugly] Oops!

C-53: That is correct. The B generation of AI cores was noted as being very powerful for its time.

CHAD: [dismissively] Okay. Okay, okay. Great. Anyhoots and hollers, first riddle... if you wish to pass through to the relic.

PLECK: Hm.

CHAD: How old are you?

PLECK: Me?

CHAD: Yeah. This isn't the riddle, it's just something I need to know for the riddle.

PLECK: Oh. Uh, twenty-three. Twenty-three.

CHAD: Twenty-three?

PLECK: Yep.

CHAD: Okay.

PLECK: Standard years, I'm twenty—

CHAD: [annoyed] Okay okay okay hang on! First riddle: you are driving a spaceship.

PLECK: 'Kay, great.

CHAD: You.

PLECK: Me. Yeah, great. See, I like—

CHAD: Yeah. Great.

PLECK: I like this riddle already!

DAR: Nononono, he would—he would *never*—

PLECK: I would never do it?

CHAD: Well, just suspend your disbelief for a moment!

DAR: He would never. I couldn't even *imagine* that happening.

CHAD: Yes, well—

PLECK: I am a very poor driver.

CHAD: You're—okay.

PLECK: When I—when they first put me on Bargie, I was like [laughing] "I don't have to drive this thing, do I?" and they were like, "nah, it's like, sentient."

CHAD: This isn't supposed to be the hard part of the riddle.

PLECK: Okay, okay.

CHAD: You are driving a riddle—a riddle? Dammit. Okay. Hang on, let me just have a little juice. [sips noisily] Sorry, I'm a little... didn't sleep. So! What was I saying? You are driving a spaceship.

PLECK: Yeah. Sure. Great.

CHAD: And four people get on.

PLECK: Okay.

CHAD: Two people get off.

PLECK: Okay.

CHAD: An alien gets on.

PLECK: Right.

CHAD: *Two* aliens get off. *Three* aliens get on—

PLECK: Sure.

CHAD: —two people get off. How old is the driver of this spaceship?

DAR: ...Still twenty-three?

PLECK: Uh... I mean, probably still twenty-three.

CHAD: Okay, good, uh... one riddle down.

C-53: Wow, re—the CLINTs couldn't get past *that* riddle?

CHAD: Really nailed that riddle...

PLECK: That was—wow, cool! I didn't even have to talk to C-53 about that, I knew that one.

C-53: Yeah. I guess I was prepared for a more challenging riddle. Uh...

CHAD: Okay. Let's see... A frantak sits atop a roof.

DAR: Mm-hmm.

CHAD: The roof, uh, is shaped in the shape of an A, so rolling down one side would be north, and the other side would be south.

DAR: Sure.

CHAD: Frantak lays an egg on the dead center of the rooftop. In which direction does the egg roll, north or south?

DAR: Frantaks...

CHAD: Mm-hmm.

DAR: ...don't lay eggs.

[brief pause]

CHAD: [quietly] Okay, well... okay, that's two riddles down pretty fast.

C-53: Wow! That was very quick.

DAR: Woo!

CHAD: We're just kinda zipping through the old riddles here. That's good, I got plenty more where that came from.

DAR: Alright.

PLECK: Alright, ask C-53 one!

CHAD: Hm?

PLECK: He's the—he's the droid.

C-53: That's me.

CHAD: Okay... let's see here. [reading dramatically] What did the zero say to the eight?

C-53: "We're both numbers?"

CHAD: Could've said it, but didn't.

C-53: Hm.

CHAD: Would've made sense in the context of such a conversation but *did not* say it.

C-53: Oh. Now I have it: "I like your belt."

CHAD: Okay that's three riddles down, we're down three pretty quickly.

PLECK: Is that a riddle?

CHAD: Is it a riddle?

PLECK: That's sort of like a *joke*, though...

CHAD: Oh! *You're* the riddle master?

PLECK: I mean... n—I, no.

CHAD: What are you? What are you?

PLECK: No, I just—I just—

CHAD: No, what about my question—

C-53: Ambassador Decksetter, do not insult the quality of the riddles.

CHAD: My question is, what are—what's your job?

PLECK: I'm an ambassador.

CHAD: Okay well do I come to your place and tell you how to do what you do?

PLECK: I guess—

CHAD: No. I don't. [Pleck stumbling through agreement as Chad continues] That was a rhetorical question, not a riddle. Also not a riddle if you want to point that out.

PLECK: Okay. Well, if it were, we'd be four down.

CHAD: Hm?

[pause]

PLECK: I just said we'd be—

CHAD: [interrupting] Okay. Final riddle.

PLECK/DAR/C-53: Oh!/Okay!/Oh. Okay, well.

CHAD: This is one of those riddles where I give you a thing, and you have to ask me a bunch of yes or no questions to finally get to what—y'know, what happened.

C-53: Very standard riddle tactic.

CHAD: Uh... A Tellurian goes to a restaurant.

[Pleck and Dar hum in agreement]

CHAD: Orders a garfon sandwich.

C-53: Hm.

DAR: Hmm!

PLECK: We do that all the time.

CHAD: The chef brings by a garfon sandwich, the Tellurian takes one bite... runs outside... and jumps into infinite space.

PLECK: Hm.

CHAD: Thereby killing himself.

C-53: Extremely low gravity on this restaurant.

PLECK: Hm.

CHAD: Yeah, it's one of those right by the fringe of the gravitational pull.

C-53: Sure.

PLECK: It could be like—it could be like Slog's Diner, for example.

C-53: Oh, yeah.

CHAD: Not familiar. Anyhoots and hollers, you ask a series of yes or no questions to try and determine, y'know, what's afoot here.

PLECK: Okay.

CHAD: This is the one that usually—the people who get through the first few, usually, at this one, they're—at a certain point, they're like, "nah it's not for me".

DAR: He thought the sandwich gave him wings?

CHAD: No. You have literally *no* chance at—you may as well hop back on that—*thing* that shot you out here, and get gone.

PLECK: Okay. Yeah, fair enough. Fair enough.

CHAD: I know—I recognize that thing by the way.

PLECK: Yeah, you recognize Bargie!

CHAD: Yeah, several movies. That—that were released here, I didn't—

DAR: You... you recognize The Sensual Barge?

CHAD: Well. Okay, I wasn't going to give *that* up. Anyhoots... and hollers, we're—got the garfon sandwich. Where are we on this? You asked a far-too-specific question, let's see where we can get.

DAR: I did, I did.

PLECK: Did eating the sandwich make him have a realization?

CHAD: Yes! Good!

PLECK: Okay. Okay.

CHAD: I mean good for you, bad for me, because this is the final riddle.

C-53: Hm.

PLECK: Was the garfon his pet? Like his dead pet?

CHAD: No.

PLECK: 'Kay. How many guesses do we get?

CHAD: We can go on for as long as you want.

C-53/DAR: Oh. Wow./Really?

PLECK: I have a long time.

DAR: How have the CLINTs then not guessed a correct answer? They're here *all*—

CHAD: Did you meet—did you talk to either of those CLINTs?

C-53: We did.

DAR: Yes.

CHAD: Couple o' ridged-faced dum-dums if you ask me.

DAR: Ooooooh!

PLECK: I mean, that's true. That's true.

CHAD: Oh yeah.

DAR: C, do you have a guess on... on the riddle?

CHAD: No, I—I'm telling you, it's way too early to have a guess. I mean, if you were to guess at this point, it would be preposterous. You should continue to ask yes or no questions.

DAR: But guessing doesn't punish you in any way, so...

CHAD: [annoyed] Sure, you could guess! Okay, you know what? You juckin' geniuses can go ahead and guess.

DAR: Ah!

C-53: Was the customer familiar with the chef in some way?

CHAD: No!

[Dar, Pleck, and C-53 all "hm"]

PLECK: Was it the sandwich that made him do it?

CHAD: Do you mean the sandwich had—that it was like a sentient sandwich of some kind? No. Biting the sandwich lead to a realization which *then* led him to commit suicide.

DAR: This feels like a closed-room mystery kind of thing.

CHAD: Hmm, what's a room?

C-53: Yeah, we are in just a... sort of an open...

PLECK: Oh, that's a good point. Yeah, we hadn't really thought about that. It's like—imagine this planet but with like, um...

DAR: Walls.

CHAD: Oh, walls. Sure, sure.

C-53: Imagine four of them touching each other.

PLECK: And then a fifth one right on top. But you call it a some—you call it a ceiling, most people.

CHAD: Okay.

DAR: I mean, you'd call it a *roof* like that other riddle that you...

CHAD: Ah, well rooves, we have rooves aplenty! Look around, it's rooves for days! It's rooves! There's a roof, there's a roof, there's a roof...

DAR: Wait, wait wait wait, waitwait—

C-53: There's a lot of sort of open air structures on this planet.

DAR: Where do we keep the relic on this planet?

CHAD: Excuse me?

DAR: Where's the relic?

CHAD: It's buried in this little... roof.

PLECK: Like an enclosed roof?

CHAD: Yeah! Right behind me, you see a roof.

PLECK: I think you're describing a room.

DAR: You *are* describing a room!

CHAD: Hmmm... oh, my g—

7798: Alright Chad, I know these ambassadors didn't get it, but... 7798 is here, ready to answer the riddle.

C-53: Ah, actually, we were able to solve that riddle, 7798.

PLECK: Yeah, no, we're—we're—yeah.

7798: *What?*

PLECK: Yeah, we're pretty...

7798: Wait, *what?*

DAR: Yeah, we're on number four right now.

7798: What was the answer?

PLECK/C-53: It was the—/It's the a—

7798: Don't—nonononono! Don't tell me. I don't wanna know. The fun is—

C-53: The answer is you're the same age as you were when you started piloting the ship.

7798: I—I'm—no. I refuse...

C-53: Why would your age change regardless of how many people entered or exited the ship?

7798: Ah... I feel like it *would* though, wouldn't it?

C-53: No, it's a classic misdirect.

PLECK: Almost definitely not, yeah.

7798: It feels like it almost would.

PLECK: Nah, I don't think it does.

C-53: No.

7798: Huh. Wha...

DAR: See, he was so close to getting it! He's the riddle guy!

PLECK: Hmm.

7798: Ambassador Decksetter, a word please?

PLECK: Sure, yeah. Okay, one second. Can I—I'll just be right back.

CHAD: Oh yeah, no problem. I guess I'll just stand over here, twiddling my... t-t-ten... tals.

7798: [aside, with Pleck] Ambassador Decksetter, I'm gonna blow this planet up. It's startin' to really bug me. I feel like an idiot now.

PLECK: [crosstalk] Nah, don't need to do that. Don't need to do that. No, we're very—we're actually very—

7798: Nah, I feel like an idiot. That first one made me feel like an idiot?

PLECK: Yeah.

7798: And I'm gonna call an airstrike and blow this thing to the ground.

PLECK: [crosstalk] Nonononono. We don't need to do that, 'cause we're actually—

7798: Let the Council of Seven sort 'em out, baby!

PLECK: [laughing] No, that's not necessary—

C-53: How would they "sort them out" after you blew everything up? Would the Council of Seven come down to the planet and sort the bits of all the things that were destroyed into—?

7798: [racking rifle] You question the Council of Seven?

C-53: No, absolutely not.

7798: Because that's a riddle you *don't* wanna know the answer to.

C-53: Well, it's a riddle we *do* know the answer to, it's, "we *don't* wanna question the Council of Seven."

7798: R-right. [pause] Yeah, no, I mean, that—that's why I'm the riddle guy, I *ask* riddles.

PLECK: You're a *real* riddle guy.

7798: [stuttering] Yeah, I'm a real rill—riddle guy.

PLECK: Listen, I—I think as ambassadors, we're just here to kinda ease it through these riddles, and I think we're gonna do okay. So give us, like, just a few more minutes. We'll see if it works out.

7798: [sighs] But if it doesn't... you can *bet* that I will be answering a riddle. But MY questions... will be...

PLECK: Bombs?

7798: Nucleoid bombs!

PLECK: Oh sure, yeah.

7798: And also—

CHAD: Sorry, what's—uh, what's going on over there?

PLECK/7798: Ope./Er...

PLECK: Uh, we're just looking at these rooves.

CHAD: Okay.

DAR: So... I have a question, then, for you.

CHAD: Yeah, shoot, go ahead.

DAR: You have *three* tentals?

CHAD: Yeah.

DAR: And you can...

CHAD: Twiddle?

DAR: *Twiddle* them?

CHAD: Oh yeah, sure, watch.

[slightly slorpy sound as Chad twiddles his tentals, singing "Deedle-dee-doo-doo-dee-dee"]

C-53: Oh! A three way twiddle.

DAR: But all three of them... are sex organs.

CHAD: Oh yeah.

DAR: All operating?

CHAD: Oh yeah!

DAR: Two of them aren't just for show?

CHAD: Listen, buddy... I just wanna be friends. At the most. That's as far as you're gonna get.

[Dar attempts to cut in, but Chad continues]

CHAD: I—this happens a lot. This is one of the reasons people don't get all the way through the riddles. At some point, it's like, now they're obsessed with me.

DAR: They fall in love with you?

CHAD: Weeeell, it's more like a...

DAR: A lust.

CHAD: You got it.

DAR: I'll be honest?

CHAD: Yeah.

DAR: I am curious about it, and I'd like to know what it's like.

CHAD: Yeah. Mm-hmm.

DAR: But there's nothing *here*.

CHAD: Yeah but I know—it's fine.

DAR: You think I just am protecting myself now.

CHAD: [deadpan] I think your *mom's* protecting herself. Whoops. Whoops.

DAR: Okay you know what? That one was good. That's actually the first good one.

CHAD: Thank you so much. The other ones were also good.

C-53: I have formulated a question about your riddle. Is the Tellurian secretly a garfon?

CHAD: Wow, good question. *No.*

DAR: Oh! Okay.

C-53: Hmm. I was really sure about that one.

CHAD: What's that paradox when you keep getting' closer to the thing, but you never get to the thing?

PLECK: Uh, the A-51 paradox.

CHAD: Yesss.

PLECK: Yeah.

CHAD: That's it. A-51. This is a real A-51.

DAR: Hm!

PLECK: I have a question.

CHAD: Mm-hmm?

PLECK: How was the sandwich prepared?

CHAD: *How* was it prepared? Irrelevant.

PLECK: Oh. I was thinking like a garfon breast breaded and fried.

CHAD: [hums in disagreement] It's gonna be more like a—

DAR: You know what? Pleck? I was imagining the same exact sandwich.

PLECK: [laughing] Sure.

CHAD: Oh, you two have—you two have some kinda heat there?

PLECK/DAR: No. No, no no./No! No no no no no...

C-53: I can confirm no.

CHAD: Okay, listen. Here's the deal.

DAR: Okay!

CHAD: Once upon a time...

PLECK: Hm.

CHAD: ...two tellurians were stranded on a planet...

DAR: Oh!

CHAD: ...with nothing to eat but a garfon.

DAR: Okay!

CHAD: The garfon's only enough to feed... one of them. And besides the garfon is their dead friend, another Tellurian.

DAR: So three Tellurian *bodies*?

CHAD/C-53: Well, two living Tellurians/Two living Tellurians.

DAR: Three *bodies*.

CHAD: A dead Tellurian and a garfon.

DAR: Okay.

CHAD: Fine, three bodies. If you wanna—okay, I guess I *screwed it up* and there're three *bodies*. Are you happy now? I'm a big idiot!

DAR: Yeah... Wow, you're saying there's nothing here? But this feels like a lot of unnecessary tension.

CHAD: Hahaha, okay, your mom—it doesn't matter. So...

PLECK: So two living Tellurians, one dead Tellurian, and one garfon.

CHAD: There we go. You got it. And they're stranded, okay?

DAR: Yeah.

PLECK: Wait a second... is this relevant to the riddle, or is this a different riddle?

CHAD: You dummy, I'm explaining the riddle. [low, gritted teeth] I can't leave this planet until someone gets the riddle and I don't wanna be on this planet anymore. I don't wanna be—you understand? I don't wanna be here.

PLECK: Yeah, no, I get it.

CHAD: [quietly, with emphasis] I don't want to be here any more.

DAR: Where do you wanna be?

CHAD: Any place. There are no summers here. Not one summer! *None!*

DAR: And this place is kind of a bummer.

C-53: And you've been here for 400 years.

CHAD: I've been guarding this relic for 400 years and have never *once* left this planet.

C-53: Would explain why you're so pale.

CHAD: Yes.

PLECK: Oh, is that not normal for whatever you are?

CHAD: Excuse me?

C-53: Ooh...

DAR: Oooh, "whatever you are?"

CHAD: Excuse me?

C-53: Ambassador Decksetter...

DAR: Eek.

PLECK: I'm sorry, your species.

CHAD: Normally we are opaque. I'm virtually translucent.

PLECK: Yeah.

CHAD: It's not natural.

PLECK: Oh, I'm sorry.

CHAD: Not as sorry as I am. Not as sorry as... your mom was.

PLECK: Okay.

DAR: Hahahaha! Okay!

PLECK: That's true.

CHAD: Oops.

C-53/DAR: That—that one got me. Hahaha!/I'm really starting to like these.

PLECK: That's true, that's true.

CHAD: Listen, I'm gonna explain the riddle to you, and all you have to do is say it back to me, and then you can have the relic, d'you understand?

DAR/PLECK: Okay./Great.

CHAD: That'll be the deal.

C-53: I will stay out of your way.

CHAD: So you got two Tellurians that are alive, one dead Tellurian, and a garfon.

DAR: Right.

PLECK: They can't split the garfon?

CHAD: Listen, *man*, I wasn't there at the time. Okay?

7799: It seems like there would be enough for both...

CHAD: Who the *juck* asked you to come in here? Okay, listen, there's two—

7799: I just wanna know... I just wanna know what happens.

CHAD: There's two Tellurians, one of them—okay, so what di—how far did I get?

C-53/DAR: There were two Tellurians.../They were fighting over who gets to eat—

CHAD: [very quickly] Okay, one gets—okay, there's a garfon, and one—okay, one of them has to eat the w—they can't split the thing, I don't know why, I wasn't there at the time, okay? It's—

7799: So wait, are two of them dead, and one alive? How many—

CHAD: Mother of—

C-53: No, *one* is dead, and *two* are alive.

7799/CHAD: Oh, okay./Two are alive—

DAR: 7797, you are not a part of this right now.

7799: What? 7797 is transmitting from space.

DAR: Oh, I'm so sorry. 77... 98?

7799: I'm 7799.

CHAD: Listen to me...

7799: Okay

CHAD: I wanna get gone! Two alive ones, a dead one, and a garfon. Okay?

DAR: Okay!

7799: How big of a garfon?

CHAD: [angry] MRAGHH! I dunno, regular size, I guess! It's a regular size garfon. [Dar tries to cut in, but Chad continues] *Don't* ask a follow up—DO NOT follow up!

7799: So there're two dead Tellurians—

PLECK: Two dead Tellurians.

DAR: No, *one* dead Tellurian!

7799: And one alive—what—

CHAD: Mother... [growling] *listen to me.*

C-53: I believe I have solved the riddle.

DAR: Oh!

CHAD: Oh. My. WORD. Whaddayou think the riddle is, droid?

C-53: So, there are two living Tellurians, and one dead Tellurian, and a garfon. The two living Tellurians agree that one must eat the garfon and one must eat the dead Tellurian to survive until they are rescued. So, they agree that one Tellurian will prepare food, and the other one will not be the wiser whether he has eaten Tellurian or garfon. He eats the meal prepared by the other Tellurian, and then after they are rescued decides, "perhaps I should find out what a garfon tastes like." Goes to a restaurant, orders a garfon sandwich, eats it, discovered he was the one who ate the Tellurian, and decides, "I can't live with the idea that I've eaten another of my species," and casts himself into space.

[silence]

CHAD: [low, dramatic] You have unlocked the relic.

[Dar gasps]

PLECK: Hey, good job, C-53!

C-53: There's still a lot of holes in this riddle that I wish to discuss.

CHAD: Doesn't matter, couldn't matter less.

PLECK: They shoulda split the garfon, straight up.

C-53: Seems like...

CHAD: Could not matter less, couldn't matter less.

C-53: Why would they not have shared the responsibility of eating the Tellurian?

CHAD: GO-LLY!

C-53: Also, how would he not know what a garfon tastes like?

CHAD: [enraged] Shut—SHUT—ACK—GAH—SHUT IT!

[Chad attempts to strangle C-53]

C-53: I cannot be choked. This... wrapping your hands around my neck serves no purpose.

CHAD: [calmly] Sorry, I'm a little amped up. I'm going to tell you what it is before you go in there, just so you're not surprised.

C-53: Very well.

CHAD: It's a big hot bean.

[pause]

C-53: You're telling me about it, but I'm still surprised.

CHAD: You've seen beans before, right?

C-53: Sure. Surely, yes.

CHAD: Okay, well this one's super hot.

C-53: How big?

CHAD: Okay, so imagine a regular bean?

C-53: Got it.

CHAD: About four times as big as that.

DAR/C-53: Alright./That's large.

CHAD: And it's *crazy* hot.

PLECK: Do you mean like, spicy?

CHAD: No, no, not spicy. Like *hot*.

DAR: Like, to the touch?

CHAD: Ooh yeah, don't touch it—y'know, *he* can touch it 'cause he's a droid. Big hot bean.

DAR: That you've been guarding for *400* years?

CHAD: That's right. For four hundred years I've been guar—

C-53: Are we—are we *sure* the bean is still as hot as it was, as when it was put in there 400—

CHAD: I mean, I can't make any promises, they don't let me peek under the roof.

C-53: Fair enough.

CHAD: When I put it there, it was a ssssspicy hot bean. I shouldn't have said spicy. I shouldn't have said—it's just the first word that came to my mind when I thought of hot, but it's *not* spicy.

[pause]

CHAD: The droid can enter.

C-53: Very well.

DAR: Alright so, stroll right into that roof.

[C-53 retrieves the bean]

C-53: Um. The bean is... still fairly warm.

PLECK: How warm?

C-53: About 140 degrees.

DAR: Oh! Okay. Yeah.

PLECK: Oh, so I could hold it, then.

C-53: Yeah, it wouldn't burn you.

PLECK: Alright. Can I hold it?

C-53: Yeah.

[Pleck picks up the bean]

PLECK: Huh. Yeah, warm. Dar?

[Pleck hands Dar the bean]

DAR: So... um—okay great, thank you. Um... [small laugh] hoo-hoo!

CHAD: Listen, you got the bean, I'm getting' outta here. I'm goin' to someplace where it's summer all the time, baby.

7798: [racks rifle] Alright, this is over. This is over.

PLECK: Yeah, hey, we did it!

7798: Riddle time is over!

PLECK: Great, yeah, well, we—we succeeded.

C-53: 7798, we were able to acquire the relic. It is a... moderately warm bean.

7798: But you didn't answer all the riddles, did you?

C-53/PLECK: We actually did answer all the—/Yeah, we did.

7798: Okay, well, you cheated. You cheated.

PLECK/C-53/DAR: Um—that's not—/No.../No.

7798: No, juck this! *Juck* this, and juck you, Chad!

CHAD: Juck *your mom*.

7798: No! *Your* mom, Chad! *Your* mom! I'm calling in an orbital bombardment on this planet *immediately*. I've dialed it in.

C-53: Oh, wait. No no, don't do that.

PLECK: No. We're all still—we are all still here...

7798: Game over, man!

PLECK: Uh...

DAR: The game *is* over though, we...

PLECK: Yeah, we literally...

[air raid sirens start going off]

7798: No, *I'm* saying the game's over.

PLECK: No, it was over before—

C-53: I'm *holding* the relic.

7798: The game is done, Chad! You will stay on this planet.

CHAD: What do you mean? Once someone has the bean I can leave! Those are the rules of my confinement!

7798: The rules have changed, Chad.

CHAD /PLECK: [spluttering] GAH—SHUT IT—/Okay, listen—

7798: Try to make me look like an idiot, *I'm* the smart one!

PLECK/C-53: Huh./Indeed.

7798: I'm the smart one. All the rest of these guys have these faces that are so...

PLECK: You should probably keep your voice down on that, 'cause people are gonna...

7798: No, I don't care. We're all gonna be dead in a few minutes anyway.

[distant booms]

PLECK: [laughing] *What?!*

DAR: Wait, you're gonna be *on the planet* when it... is destroyed?

7798: Yeah. No, of course. Yeah, of course. That's the...

C-53: No. No no no.

7798: What?

DAR: What do you mean, "of course?"

C-53: An orbital bombardment, you should be in orbit when you bombard the planet.

7798: No. It's our duty to go down with the planet.

PLECK: Is that true?

[another distant boom]

CHAD: Okay, I'm gonna try and jerk these tentals one last time before they blow me to smithereens. [moist tental sounds]

C-53: Ambassador Decksetter, I suggest we do an immediate evacuation of this planet.

PLECK: Yeah that's... Listen, man, we just—

7798: I'm also gonna stick around, 'cause I just wanna... what's the second riddle? What is that again?

C-53: Oh boy.

PLECK: [laughing] Oh boy.

7798: I feel like I can get it.

PLECK: Okay. It's a frantak, it's on a roof—

C-53: Imagine an A-frame house. You know a house, is sort of...

7798: I don't...

C-53/PLECK: Frantak—/Frantak lays an egg...

7798: The house is a riddle?

DAR: Yes.

CHAD: [still doing tental stuff] You guys don't wanna be around when this comes to it's... finish. Gonna shoot out a buncha spicy sauce.

DAR: Just sit here, and...

7798: So a house is a riddle... huh.

C-53: Ambassador Decksetter, please. Please.

PLECK: You know what? We're gonna go. We're gonna go.

DAR: Yeah. You're gonna get it though.

PLECK: Yup.

DAR: [calling out] Barge?

PLECK: [dialing comms] Bargie?

BARGIE: Yeah?

PLECK: Hey listen, can we get a real hasty exit down here?

[loud distant boom]

BARGIE: Uh, just a reminder, unfortunately there is that restraining order they have, so I can't technically touch the ground.

7798: [lost in thought] So it's an A-frame roof...

DAR: I mean, Barge, they are distracted.

7798: Maybe if I draw it...

C-53: Yeah, they're pretty distracted, Bargie.

BARGIE: I—fine, I'll just land. I'll just land.

PLECK/C-53: Yeah, I think you could probably just land./Okay. That would—I think that's best.

7798: So the egg hits here...

DAR/PLECK: Yep./Uh-huh.

CHAD: [Chad... ejaculates?] HUUUUahaghgahgah... [splurt] Oh boy. Oh...

7798: Which way does it break?

CHAD: Oh dear.

[sound of Bargie's engines as she comes in for a landing]

7798: Has to go down one side or the other...

PLECK: Yeah.

7798: And I know that if a garfon or a florak...

PLECK: Chad—

DAR: D'you wanna just hop on?

PLECK: Yeah, we can give you a ride.

DAR: Just pop right on—

[Bargie's gangplank comes down]

CHAD: No no no, I don't—no, I don't want anybody to touch me. Please don't touch me now. My tentals are retracted. This is not a time when I wanna be touched.

C-53: Okay, I believe we're all aboard Bargie, if you wish to... leave this planet.

BARGIE: Alright, toot toot toot!

PLECK: Chad, thank you.

CHAD: Fare thee well.

7798: Okay maybe if I get an egg... then get a roof...

[Bargie gets ready for takeoff]

DAR: [hurriedly] They don't lay eggs! They don't lay eggs!

PLECK: Bye!

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

ROLPHUS TIDDLE: This is Rebel Leader Rolphus Tiddle with a very important message. Support for the rebellion comes from... Warby Parker. I remember missing an entire raid against the Federated Alliance because I had to travel two systems away to go to a glasses store! Not anymore. With Warby Parker's home try-on program, you can order five pairs of glasses online, try them on for five days, and there's no obligation to buy. Head to warbyparker.com/zyxx, Z-Y-X-X, to order your free home try-ons today. Honestly, as I record this, I am wearing Crane frames in whiskey tortoise. And I'm getting tons of compliments from all the other rebels. Glasses start at just ninety-five dollars, including prescription lenses. Plus, for every pair you buy, a pair is distributed to someone in need! And here's a tip: after you order your home trial kit at warbyparker.com/zyxx, download the Warby Parker app from the iTunes app store. It lets you take photos wearing all the frames, make a video, and share it with your friends to help you pick out the best pair. Nice! Friends... are great! Rolphus Tiddle, signing—

[static again, transition music plays out]

PLECK: Alright Bargie, probably should make a... pretty, uh, quick getaway here. And let's call up Nermut, let him know we got the relic, right?

C-53: Establishing communications with Junior Missions Operations Manager Nermut Bundaloy.

[transmission connects]

PLECK: Hey, Nermut, heh...

NERMUT: Hello!

PLECK: Well, Nermut, I have good news and bad news.

NERMUT: Well, you should always start with the good news, so what's—

[several explosions]

NERMUT: What...

C-53: That is the bad news [another explosion] Ambassador Decksetter mentioned.

PLECK: [optimistically] Buuut... *buuut*—

NERMUT: Wait a second. You were—you were sent there to get the relic. You blew up the *planet*?!

C-53/DAR: No no—/No...

C-53: The *CLINTs* blew up the planet.

NERMUT: What?!

C-53: But Junior Missions Operations Manager Nermut Bundaloy, I am happy to report we have obtained the relic!

NERMUT: [sighs] Thank goodness. Alright, I'm so excited. I've been trying to crack the code on these redacted documents for the whole day, and I can't do it, and what is it?

C-53: Well, you are looking at it.

[brief pause]

NERMUT: [sighs] Can you please just show me the relic? I know I wasn't technically supposed to know what it is, but.

PLECK: Nermut, I hate to break it to you—

C-53: Junior Missions Operations Manager Nermut Bundaloy, this *is* the relic.

DAR/PLECK: Yeah./Yeah, this is the relic.

C-53: It is this large hot bean.

PLECK: Warm.

DAR: It's warm.

C-53: Warm bean.

NERMUT: Wha—

DAR: We had to answer *riddles* to get this relic.

NERMUT: A *warm bean*?

BARGIE: Are we all talking about the holograms man's... two-inch thingy?

PLECK: No, we're kind of past that, but I'm glad you brought it up again.

DAR: Oh Barge, Barge, I would like to revisit. You are right.

BARGIE: [crosstalk] I didn't get to be involved in that conversation.

PLECK: That's good!

NERMUT: We're not talking about that, okay? [sigh]

C-53: Junior Missions Operations Manager Nermut Bundaloy, I've been thinking about your genitalia—

NERMUT: What?!

C-53: When you experience a state of arousal, do you experience any dizziness or nausea?

NERMUT: Yeah, of course. Both.

C-53: Hmm. Yeah, I suspected the resulting loss of blood would cause you some sort of discomfort.

NERMUT: Oh, come on! Are you just saying because so much blood has to drain from my body because it's nineteen inches tall?

C-53: You're very small.

DAR: Yeah.

NERMUT: I'm *not*!

BARGIE: Would you call it a warm bean?

[Nermut sighs twice]

DAR: What *would* you call it?

NERMUT: I *wouldn't* call it.

C-53: Has anyone called it a warm bean?

NERMUT: No!

BARGIE: Can we call it a warm bean?

NERMUT: No! No one has ever said the words "warm bean" until this relic was so dumb.

BARGIE: I'm gonna call it a warm bean.

NERMUT: What?! Why do you have to call it anything?

DAR: Me too, Nermut.

NERMUT: No—

BARGIE: Can we put that into his files?

NERMUT: No—absolutely—

C-53: Updating file. [upload ping]

NERMUT: No, how is that something you can update and you can't say I'm doing a good job?

C-53: Well, that is a—

PLECK: That's subjective.

C-53: Whether you are doing a good job is a subjective pronouncement.

BARGIE: Listen hologram man, it's—it *is* your own relic. Be proud, be happy. You have a warm bean. Huh?

PLECK: Well said.

DAR: Yes. Mm-hmm.

NERMUT: Well, A, we're not gonna refer to my genitalia. And B, if we do, it's not a warm bean!

DAR: What is it then?

NERMUT: [shyly] It's—it's—it's Num-num.

C-53: You could call it your—I'm sorry, say that again?

DAR: It's Num-num?! It's NUM-NUM!

NERMUT: What?! No, we don't have to—nothing!

C-53: Num-num?

BARGIE: Num-num...

NERMUT: It's not—

C-53: Updating file. [upload ping]

DAR: *Thank* you, C.

C-53: You're welcome.

[Nermut sighs]

PLECK: ...What is "Num-num?"

NERMUT: It's just a nickname!

PLECK: *That's* your nickname for your genitals?

DAR: Sel—self-given?

NERMUT: What? Of course! Come on guys, you don't have one?

PLECK: You know what mine is?

NERMUT: What?

PLECK: The Rangus Dangus.

[stifled giggles]

[outro music plays: theme from *Episode 101: Crawl*]

[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.

Cloned Light Infantry Nomadic Troopers were played by Winston Noel.

Riddle Master Chad was played by special guest Michael Cruz Kayne, who has been seen on *Crashing*, *The Chris Gethard Show*, and at South by Southwest [SXSW]. He's currently writing for an animated children's show on Netflix. Look for him around New York at What I Did For Love, Sabonis, and on Twitter and Instagram @mjckayme.

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. If someone would like to show us how to Snapchat, please follow us on Instagram.

[credits music fades out]

[outtake begins]

[everyone is mid-conversation]

DAR (ALLIE): Never...

CHAD (MICHAEL): Okay. It's probably T-minus ten seconds before this whole satellite is just covered in pizza sauce. Not—not—I don't want you to get confused with a pasta sauce, it's a lot smoother. You know what I mean?

PLECK (ALDEN): Sure.

7799 (WINSTON): It's a thicker sauce, isn't it? Wouldn't it be a thicker sauce?

CHAD (MICHAEL): It's a thicker sauce, you dummy.

DAR (ALLIE): It is... [Allie laughs]

7799 (WINSTON): Is a pizza sauce thinner than a pasta sauce?

CHAD (MICHAEL): Okay, well, listen, my pizza sau—it doesn't—I'm—I—

7799 (WINSTON): Well, pasta sauce seems more spreadable. Like, more—

CHAD (MICHAEL): Yeah, but it's gonna have, like, probably, some hunks of stuff.

C-53 (JEREMY): Ambassador Decksetter, we may wanna leave...

DAR (ALLIE): WHY are we still here?! They're going to blow up this planet!