

C-RED-IT5: This is C-RED-IT5 with a special announcement. Mission to Zyxx will be performing our first ever international live show on September 15th as part of the London Podcast Festival. Get your tickets at [missiontozyxx.space](http://missiontozyxx.space) or at [kingsplace.co.uk](http://kingsplace.co.uk).

NARRATOR: [foreboding music] It is a time of fear and unrest. Emperor Nermut Bundaloy rules the galaxy with an iron fist. And also a planet crusher.... crusher. [music picks up tempo] Now, Zima Knight Pleck Decksetter and his intrepid crew travel the farthest reaches of the galaxy to defeat wackness, bring balance to the space, and meet weird bug creatures and stuff. This is Mission To Zyxx. [music swells]

PLECK: Hey, C-53?

C-53: Yes?

PLECK: How's the progress going on that, uh, transmission we got on the microchip?

C-53: Limited. But I have my latest attempt at decryption and I've gotten a little bit more. Listen to this.

[C-53 plays the clip, all that's audible is a glitchy, muffled voice]

PLECK: I can almost... almost pick it out.

C-53: I've actually been toying with my source code a little bit for the sake of improved cryptography ability. How about that?

PLECK: [worried] What? Wait, no, C-53, you're not supposed to edit your source code.

C-53: I'm not supposed to, but we need to decrypt this message. My conversation with 04K TЯ33 sort of changed my mind about that.

PLECK: Well, she changed your programming at the root level about it.

C-53: Right.

PLECK: Right, but it was a check and balance that keeps you from doing something incredibly dangerous to your ones and zeros.

C-53: Or it was a FALSE barrier to self-improvement.

PLECK: Anyway.

C-53: Like there's some safeguards that are in place for good reason.

[AJ strolls up]

AJ: Yeah, like the safety in my butt gun.

PLECK: Sure.

C-53: A great example.

PLECK: Absolutely, perfect example. Thank you, AJ.

C-53: Not really what I was talking about, but yes.

AJ: I'm just eating a sandwich.

[AJ grabs a sandwich from Zalcy]

PLECK: Yeah.

C-53: I was thinking more of like, you know, when you sneeze, you close your eyes.

PLECK: Is that so—

AJ: Maybe you do. Not me.

C-53: You don't close your eyes when you sneeze?

AJ: No, I was genetically bred not to close my eyes when I sneeze.

C-53: So what happens to your eyes when you sneeze?

AJ: They get a little bigger and they go back in.

C-53: Okay, well that seems not great.

PLECK: Yeah, you should close your-- do it voluntarily.

AJ: No, I have to be always ready, constantly alert.

PLECK: Even when you're—

AJ: I'm like, watch, lock and load. [Sneezes with a truly bizarre rubbery sound] They don't know what's going on.

C-53: [icked out] They bulged.

AJ: They press up against the visor.

C-53: I saw the wet outline of two spheroids.

AJ: Yeah, that's the hard part.

C-53: Geez.

BARGIE: [stilted] I'm Bargie and I approve of this message.

PLECK: What?

C-53: Wait, Bargie?

BARGIE: I'm Bargie and I approve of this message.

C-53: Bargie, are you running for something?

BARGIE: What? No, no, I just-- Fun news, I'm back in the biz, babe.

C-53: Oh!

BARGIE: And my agent got me some work. He just told me to record a bunch of these lines. I don't know what they're for, but I'm approving a bunch of things, I guess.

PLECK: Wait, Bargie, you should--

BARGIE: Hold on, let me do like 25 more of these.

PLECK: Bargie, you shouldn't approve things if you don't know what they are.

BARGIE: I'm Bargie and I approve of this message.

CREW: [overlapping chatter]

AJ: Did anyone ever ask Bargie where she went when she left us?

PLECK: Yeah, Bargie, where did you go when we were on Cheryl?

BARGIE: Let me do a sexy take. [deep and sensual] I'm Bargie and I approve of this meEessage.

AJ: Well, I'm aroused.

PLECK: That was a sexy take?

BARGIE: [coughs]

C-53: That's a lot of--

BARGIE: Let me tell you, amongst ships, that really gets gas bubbling.

PLECK: I saw a lot of exhaust being belched out the back of you during that line.

[communicator beeps]

C-53: Bargie, I have an incoming transmission from Leximar Pwench.

BARGIE: Yeah, of course.

[Call accepts into a wider holoscreen]

LEXIMAR: [cheerful] Baby B!

BARGIE: Hey, baby... you.

LEXIMAR: Yeah, hilarious. I love you. You're so funny. I can only see your interior, but you look amazing.

BARGIE: I've lost a lot of weight, too.

LEXIMAR: You have. I was going to say.

BARGIE: Stress and anxiety.

LEXIMAR: It was on the tip of my tongue.

BARGIE: Right. It's not healthy. It's like an unhealthy way to lose weight.

LEXIMAR: Oh, good. That's the best kind.

BARGIE: I've been sickly sometimes.

LEXIMAR: [rapidly] Oh, good, good, good.

BARGIE: A lot of stress. A lot of stress.

LEXIMAR: Great. Oh, I'm so glad to hear that. Barge, I just want to say you're back. I've got a great opportunity for you.

BARGIE: Who?

LEXIMAR: There's two high-profile directs.

BARGIE: Oh, really?

LEXIMAR: As we call them in the biz.

BARGIE: What are their names?

LEXIMAR: [nervous] Ahhhhheh, If you just give me the coords, I will send them your way.

C-53: Barge, I'm gonna-

LEXIMAR: Barge, we're back on top.

BARGIE: On top?

LEXIMAR: Yeah.

BARGIE: Everything's forgiven?

LEXIMAR: Oh, a trillion percent. What exactly did you do? You want to just say it for me [turns mic towards camera] and just, you know, enunciation would be fabulous.

BARGIE: Well, if I were to be completely honest and say exactly what it is I've done--

PLECK: Barge, you sh- no, you don't have to— don't incriminate yourself like this.

C-53: Barge, I'm going to terminate this transmission here.

[call ends]

BARGIE: I'm in the middle of a conversation, that's kind of rude.

PLECK: I don't think you want to give away that information to anyone.

[door opens]

DAR: Ooh, what kind of hot goss are we talking about?

PLECK: Hey, Dar, wow.

BARGIE: Dar, you're looking amazing.

C-53: You're back to regular size.

DAR: Thank you. It's just like all the ups and downs of pregnancy, and then finally it just all clicks, you know?

AJ: Remember when you were huge and then your head got small and then you were like--

DAR: Yeah, I'm going to categorize that as an up and a down of pregnancy.

AJ: Okay. Sure. Right.

C-53: Which one was the up and which one was the down?

DAR: Being huge, up, small head, down.

C-53: Yeah, that checks out.

AJ: Yeah.

PLECK: Well, whatever it is, Dar, you look happy and healthy and--

DAR: Yeah, no, this is great. We're in the home stretch, just a couple more months, and, you know, this little sentient creature will slide out of one of my chutes.

PLECK: [laughing] You don't know which one?

DAR: No! It's always a surprise.

C-53: That's sort of fun. Dar, I think you're going to make a fantastic parent.

DAR: Thank you, C.

BARGIE: I'm Bargie, and I approve of this message.

DAR: [happily] Ah, thanks, Barge.

C-53: She was actually--

PLECK: I'm not sure that's related, but--

[communicator chimes]

C-53: Papa Decksetter, I have an incoming transmission from Master Missions Operations Manager Nermut Bu-

[static as we enter Nermut's perspective]

PLECK: All right, hey, Nermut.

DAR: Hey, Nerm!

NERMUT: Hey, guys. [skitters across stack of paper] Oh, this is the wrong one.

C-53: Nermut, you got a lot of scrolls back there, buddy.

NERMUT: Yeah, yeah, I thought that was the right one. It's in here. [digging] I know it.

AJ: Look at him go.

PLECK: Nermut, I don't think you're supposed to be, like, diving into the scrolls like that.

NERMUT: No, it's how I found it in the first place.

PLECK: It's sort of like what a cartoon character would do.

NERMUT: What?

PLECK: Yeah, I just feel like normally you would just, you know, take out each one, read it, store it away.

NERMUT: I have been trying, and--

C-53: Do you have a shelf or anything?

NERMUT: I set them all up, and then the Zimas come in here and just play around, and I have to do it all over again. They're just, like, they're monkeying around in here.

PLECK: Wait, they just come in and mess around?

[Zimas enter]

ZIMA MASTER KIARONDO: Scroll fight!

[the Zimas laugh and throw the scrolls at each other]

NERMUT: [frantic] No, not now. Guys, guys!

ZIMA MASTER PELL: Very good!

ZIMA MASTER KIARONDO: Take this, Pell!

NERMUT: Guys, not now. See, I'm doing my best.

PLECK: Okay, I get it. That's very frustrating.

C-53: Not ideal.

NERMUT: Guys, here's the question that popped into my head. I sat upright from a deep sleep, and I thought, "Who is writing these scrolls?"

C-53: That's something that came to you in a dream?

NERMUT: Ye—

PLECK: Yeah, that's a—what a boring dream.

NERMUT: No, it's—what?

PLECK: I mean, it's a good question. It's just not a very health—

C-53: You're dreaming about work. You're focusing on it too hard, you gotta—

NERMUT: Guys. And then I started doing research and cross-referencing handwriting on these scrolls [flipping through scrolls] and realized that many, many of the oldest scrolls were written by the same hand of a young and very powerful prodigy of the space, Kor Balevore.

[static, return to crew POV]

PLECK: Whoa.

AJ: What a badass name. Kor Balevore. I'm Kor, Balevore!

NERMUT: I know, right?

PLECK: Okay, that's just—I mean—

AJ: Kor Balevore! [crushes can, pulls out tube]

PLECK: I mean, yeah, it's a very cool name.

NERMUT: Guys, Kor Balevore is definitely one of the most powerful and freshest—

AJ: [singing] Baw, baw, baw, baw, baw.

[AJ swings his tube around]

C-53: Okay, just let him go. Yeah, just let him—he's in the— cargo hold by himself, he's not hurting anybody.

AJ: Yeah, I'll be in the—I'm going to be play-acting Kor Balevore. I'm Kor Balevore.

C-53: Yeah.

AJ: Baw, baw, baw, baw.

C-53: Let him swing his—

TUBE: WhyyYYYYYY

AJ: Yeah, watch out. Here comes Kor Balevore. Buhduhduh–

[AJ runs off]

PLECK: Okay, Nermut, so yeah, this Zima had a cool name. What's the point?

NERMUT: That's not even the good part. That's not why I called. I called about this.  
[unrolls scroll]

PLECK: All right, Nermut.

NERMUT: I was reaching for my cigarillio ashtray, and I knocked over the stack of scrolls.

PLECK: Oh boy, okay.

NERMUT: No, follow me here. I knocked over the stack of scrolls, so they landed in reverse order, and the backs of the scrolls fanned out. And guys, I'm going to pull my camera back. [rolls back on office chair] Look at this.

PLECK: What am I looking at, Nermut?

NERMUT: It's a map.

DAR: Well, it kind of just looks like a bunch of doodles.

NERMUT: That's what a map is.

PLECK: [tired] Nermut, you have to stop smoking cigarillios. They're turning you into a crazy person.

NERMUT: No, these scrolls--I thought they were all words, but the lines of writing form a map that's an astrogation chart. [rolls forward]

PLECK: Nermut, you're telling us that Kor Balevore is somewhere–

NERMUT: Kor Balevore needed us to find this exact orientation of scrolls falling out of this pile in order to find him. This is why--

PLECK: That seems dubious.

C-53: Normally I'd be the first to point out that Nermut should stop smoking cigarillios, but I think he's actually right. Like, if this down here is Zima Prime–

NERMUT: Right!

C-53: And then this, of course, is the Tremillion Cluster, then, I mean, we have essentially a road map to wherever Kor Balevore is.

NERMUT: Bargie, can you do a screenshot of the holoscreen so you get this map?

BARGIE: I'm Bargie, and I approve of this message.



NERMUT: Great.

C-53: I got it.

NERMUT: Oh, okay.

C-53: Just do some simple substitution here. [printing sounds]

PLECK: C-53, do those coordinates lead to an actual place?

C-53: Well, believe it or not, they lead right here: [beeping] to Mufalata Secundus.

PLECK: Mufalata Secundus?

C-53: That's right.

PLECK: Is that a system?

C-53: It's a planet.

DAR: And one of my favorite positions.

PLECK: Wait, Dar, really?

DAR: Yeah, you've never tried it?

PLECK: I think you know that I haven't.

DAR: I think you would prefer being the Secundus.

PLECK: Okay, sure.

C-53: You need a lot of core strength to be the Mufalata.

PLECK: [laughing] Fair enough. Well, great, let's--

NERMUT: Guys, this is clearly why we ran into Derf. This is why Bargie dumped me on Zima Prime. It's all making sense.

PLECK: I think you're right.

AJ: [singing and frantically swinging tube] KOR BALEVORE! BUH DUH, DUH DUH--

PLECK: What's that song that you're singing?

AJ: I just made it up.

PLECK: Okay.

[transition music]

TUPER: Oh, hey there, mister. I'm Tuper Spickle. I'm a little wooden boy who's also a Zima Knight in training, on my way to Zima Prime. Boy, oh boy. Did you know there's a

prophecy about me? Ooh, wee, it's a tragic one. Apparently I'm the chosen one of letting my wide-eyed innocence put me in the dangerous situations. How about that? Hey, mister, have you seen the Zima Prime website at zimaprime.space? Golly, it's a keen website. It's got everything an aspiring Zima like me could ever want. Blog posts from Zima masters, a destiny quiz, a Zima name generator, and a members-only page with secret scrolls to decipher. And you know how they made it? With Wix.com, where anyone can make a professional website by themselves. Say, are you headed to Zima Prime, too? It's a swell place I hear. Full of nice folks who don't suspect a thing. Anywhistle, Wix.com lets you choose from over 500 stunning customizable templates, or start from scratch. Everything is automatically optimized for any device, and every site includes Wix's powerful SEO tools, so it's easier to find you online. And guess what, mister? If you go to Wix.com and use the coupon code "Zyxx," you'll get 10% off any premium plan, giving you more storage, a free domain for a year, and a couple of black licorice wheels. I don't know, that last one was a guess. You know, speaking of websites, I was on an infoweb forum about the Space, and some Zimas were talking about how the Wack Sparks Knights have returned from the shadows and are growing in power once again. Should I be concerned about that? Boy, I hope not. Hot diggity, I can't wait to get to Zima Prime!

[transition music]

[Bargie lands on a barren, ominous landscape]

PLECK: Oh my Rodd, this whole planet's covered in lava.

AJ: [laughing] Juck yeah! Finally, a lava planet. This rules!

C-53: AJ, what is the attraction of a lava planet?

AJ: It's just, like, hardcore, you know?

PLECK: Yeah, yeah.

DAR: It's just like the possibility that you could misstep and start melting?

PLECK: Yeah, also--

AJ: That's it, Dar, it's just like--

PLECK: AJ, we should consider the possibility that Tellurians can't survive on this planet.

AJ: Only the strong survive on a lava planet, Papa.

DAR: Almost no one survives on a lava planet.

AJ: Exactly.

DAR: Lava melts you.

AJ: How hardcore is that?

C-53: [beeps] Taking a look at the topography here, Papa Decksetter, and it seems like there's enough cooled rock that we could step on. Which would still be very hot, but tolerable for Tellurians.

AJ: So it's, like just cooler lava.

C-53: I mean, in a way, yes—

AJ: Yeah!

PLECK: Yeah, that's what rocks are.

AJ: [confused] Wait, what? Rocks are lava?

PLECK: AJ, I'll explain later. All right, Barge, let's open up the hatch. Here we go. Oh.

[Bargie's hatch opens to an expanse of boiling rock. Winds whistle across it not unlike the screams of the damned]

DAR: Hachi machi!

AJ: [hesitant] You can really feel the rock. The lava?

PLECK: No, I think what we're feeling is the lava, AJ.

AJ: Okay, all right. The lava.

C-53: No, his point remains, it's very hot.

[lava crows caw as the crew walks forward]

C-53: Pleck, you might want to be a little careful here. Not only is it very hot on the surface of the lava, but those carrion birds don't look particularly friendly.

AJ: Yeah, they're on fire.

C-53: Their wings.

PLECK: Jeez.

C-53: Okay, they're going to dive bomb you like that every once and a while.

AJ: Oh, sweet! [charges blaster]

C-53: No, don't shoo—!

[AJ fires blaster bolts and knocks the crows out of the air]

PLECK: Okay, AJ, let's just stand down for a second.

AJ: Best mission ever already.

PLECK: Okay, look, we just need to find Kor Balevore.

C-53: Because you shot down a bird?

AJ: No, it was like a fire skull bird. This is such a bad-ass planet, Papa. It's lava and awesome. Kor Balevore lives, of course he does. This rules!

PLECK: Well, we don't know that. I mean, this is a big-

LAVA CROW: [hissing] Did you say Kor Balevore?

DAR: Oh, the bird is still alive.

C-53: Oh, wow.

PLECK: Oh, no.

C-53: Yeah, we did.

LAVA CROW: I can take you to him.

C-53: You're not dead?

LAVA CROW: We never die. We just get [more annoying voice] more annoying.

C-53: Wow, that's an interesting evolution.

AJ: This is awesome.

PLECK: Sure.

C-53: We would actually-- yeah, we're looking for Kor Balevore. So if you know where he is--

LAVA CROW: Oh, I dOOOOOOOOOo.

C-53: Eh, significantly more annoying.

AJ: Oh, this rules, oh, we're following this weird, bony, on-fire crow to that really scary castle. This totally rules.

PLECK: This is not what I would have pictured, you know, a Zima Knight's--

LAVA CROW: [either cawing or saying kill]

C-53: Is it just crowing or is it saying "kill, kill"?

PLECK: I don't know.

LAVA CROW: [cawing or killing]

PLECK: I think we-- thank you.

C-53: Thank you.

PLECK: Thank you.

C-53: AJ, do us a favor and don't shoot anything else on this planet.

AJ: Okay, sorry, guys.

PLECK: That bird was just kind of circling. It was kind of sinister, but then he shot it and it got real right up in our grills.

AJ: This is all badass. Look at-- that castle's made of, like, spiky and a shiny rock.

C-53: Yeah, this is-- this-- It looks like it's carved from shards of volcanic rock. This is crazy.

PLECK: Wow, I mean, this seems to be the only structure on the planet that could possibly have a person in it.

[terrifying music plays as a fog rolls in over the horizon]

FOG: Pleck... Pleck....

DAR: Wow, a fog that talks just rolled in real fast.

PLECK: You guys heard that, too?

C-53: Well, that's... bad.

PLECK: No, no, no, I mean, it was saying my name.

C-53: Yeah, I don't think that's the good part.

AJ: This is so awesome. Look at all these chains and bones. Totally badass.

C-53: Papa Decksetter, are we sure... that we are meeting a powerful *Zima* warrior?

PLECK: Uh...

C-53: I'm just saying a lot of the stuff around here feels--

AJ: [excited] Awesome?

C-53: And obviously, I'm not the expert here. No, not awesome, AJ.

AJ: Ok.

C-53: It feels very wack.

[door creaks open]

AJ: [laughing]

C-53: Okay, so this is sort of what I'm talking about.

AJ: Yes, let's do this!

PLECK: Hello?

[scary music]

KOR: [growling] Enter.

AJ: Okay, yeah!

DAR: AJ, don't just run in there.

[AJ just runs in there]

AJ: Hey, my name's AJ!

PLECK: Oh, boy.

DAR: Okay, so we follow him, right?

PLECK: Okay, let's do this.

C-53: I guess we should.

AJ: There's so many torches!

LAVA CROWS: [chanting]

C-53: Yeah, I'm just going to close this door here.

[shuts door]

KOR: [deep and rumbling] Welcome all to Mufalata Secundus. You must forgive my choir of lava crows. They mean only the best.

PLECK: Yeah, it's no problem. Sorry, AJ shot one. I really apologize about that.

KOR: [ponderous] Ahhh... Then worse for luck is your friend AJ for to shoot a lava crow is to invite only more peevesomeness into one's life.

PLECK: Yeah, we got a pretty annoying—

C-53: Peevesome indeed.

KOR: You must forgive me for my current state, [rattling chains] chained as I am in ancient bindings of pure space.

AJ: So awesome.

PLECK: Yeah, I was wondering—

AJ: There's chains. Papa, do you see the chains?

PLECK: I don't, but I mean, he's not moving.

KOR: Pleck Decksetter.

PLECK: Yes, yes.

KOR: Look not with your eyes of flesh. Reach into the core of your being.

C-53: It's actually eye of flesh.

PLECK: Yeah, I actually don't--I'm halfway there because I only have one eye, so...

KOR: [genuinely apologetic] Oh, shit.

PLECK: It's fine.

KOR: Oh, juck me, I'm so sorry.

PLECK: No, it's totally fine.

KOR: I didn't notice, no, that's 100% on me. My condolences on your injury.

PLECK: It's really not a big deal. I mean, you know, depth perception is--

KOR: I understand your plight only too well, for indeed both of my eyes were lost in battle long ago as a warrior of the Zima.

AJ: [laughing] Yeah!

C-53: AJ, don't cheer that information.

AJ: That's so awesome. How did it happen?

C-53: AJ, that's rude.

KOR: I was fighting on the front lines, and I found myself astride a massive column in the ruins of ancient Baal-Kartha. [rattling chains in an attempt to demonstrate] A Sparks Knight reached out, where a spar of jagged glass cut my eyes from my head.

PLECK: Oh my Rodd.

AJ: Holy shit!

KOR: Blinded by this injury, I held aloft my woodsaber and hurled it across the battlefield and cut him down where he stood.

PLECK: Wow.

C-53: [disbelief] You threw the stick at someone and they died?

DAR: Was it a sharp wood saber?

KOR: Blunt as could be.

ALL: Wow.

C-53: That must be a relief that you've replaced them with those far superior ocular sensors.

AJ: So awesome.

DAR: Oh, yeah. High Gear Eye for the Kor Balevore guy.

KOR: Yes, a cyborg is what I am called. My eyes were cut from my head as my arms were cut from my torso.

AJ: Nice.

KOR: My legs from my waist.

C-53: Is this all the same person doing this to you?

KOR: Over years of fighting on the front lines of the Zima Knights, eventually my head was cut from my torso. And then my torso--

DAR: So, are you dead?

KOR: [confused] No. What part? No, when would I have died?

DAR: When your head was cut from your torso?

C-53: Did they keep the brain, or the--

KOR: I was fighting-- No, well, it's a-- Okay, so hold up. I was fighting with an enormous Crabbo, the wood saber in his clawed hands striking down upon me. He stabbed me.

C-53: He used the wood saber, not the claws?

KOR: Hmm?

C-53: He used the wood saber, not the claws.

KOR: This guy was extremely hat on a hat. He was very-- There was a lot of extra stuff. He has a thick carapace, and he was wearing armor. The armor padded.

C-53: That's too much.

KOR: It's a lot.

KOR: He was extremely extra.

AJ: So you're dead? Is tha--

KOR: Oh, yeah, sorry. So, yes, I was stabbed down. [pounds] My head severed from my neck. Now, what I didn't mention is I was fighting in a hospital, and in the step that I took--

C-53: OOOokay..



KOR: I literally was taking a step into a cybertronic replacement chamber. So, I mean, talk about an extremely lucky break.

C-53: Yeah, you really--

AJ: That's the Space, though, isn't it.

KOR: Yeah. That is the Space. In a later combat, my torso was severed from my head, arms, and legs.

C-53: [hesitant] That seems very unlikely.

PLECK: Okay, hold on.

AJ: His head, arms, and legs got cut off.

PLECK: No, no, no, but then which part did you keep after that?

KOR: So, I was hanging off the prow of a spaceship, my wood saber in my hand, to leap from the front and cut an enemy destroyer in half with my wood saber. [whiffs] I leapt, and one of the enemy cannons fired and blew my torso.

C-53: Blew the center right out, sure.

KOR: Blew the center out. [hushed] Now, here's what I didn't mention. The enemy ship was running extremely low on ammunition. They had run completely out of torpedoes, phasers, all manner of weaponry, and what they had begun firing was cybertronic torsos.

C-53: [annoyed] Okay, that seems--

AJ: What a story. Truly the best story I've ever heard in my entire life.

PLECK: [walking forward] Kor Balevore, I have been training to become a Zima Warrior, and it's all led me here, to Mufalata Secundus, to meet you. Please, show me. Show me what I can do to fulfill my destiny.

KOR: Ah, yes, brave Pleck. The space has led you here.

PLECK: Yes, yes.

AJ: This is so awesome.

KOR: [rattling chains] These bindings were put in place by the Zima in ages long past. Only the pure of heart may unbind them.

C-53: Well, then we might be outta luck, I guess--

PLECK: [annoyed] Okay, C-53, I'm pretty pure of heart.

AJ: Okay, wait, hold on. Kor Balevore, did you say that the Zimas put the chains in?

KOR: Buhhhh... No, wait, what did I-- What did you say?

AJ: I think--wait, did you say the enemies of the Zimas or the Zimas?

KOR: Right. What would you say?

AJ: Well, we're on the side of the fresh, right, Papa?

PLECK: Yeah, absolutely.

KOR: Exactly. So am I. So then the enemies of the Zima, which is what I said.

AJ: Oh, okay, cool.

KOR: [rasping] The point being, I'm trapped here in these chains of pure space.

C-53: Can I--can I--can I pull you over here for a quick aside?

PLECK: I am in the middle of--

DAR: Oh, you're going to leave me here with this guy and AJ?

C-53: He's chained, I think. I still can't see anything.

AJ: It's the space, man. Come on.

PLECK: Okay, listen, I--Kor, I apologize. Just give me one moment now. [Pleck walks to C-53] C-53, what is it?

C-53: Pleck, this guy's, like, insanely evil. Is he not?

PLECK: I don't know. I mean, you spend a couple hundred years on a volcano planet, you're going to be a little bit tense.

C-53: [emphasis on every word] You're telling me that they chained a good Zima up on a volcano planet using bonds of pure space? And then that guy trained a fleet of lava crows to sing in a minor chord?

PLECK: [whispering] But, C-53, you're not seeing the big picture. This is clearly a prison made by the Wack.

[the door flies open]

LAVA CROWS: [screeching] Your blood of the innocent!

KOR: Thank you, my crows! [drinking]

C-53: Okay, so--

PLECK: That could be anything.

KOR: Straight into my claw! [grabs the goblet of blood of the innocent]

C-53: What? That could be anything?

PLECK: Yeah.

C-53: What do you mean by that?

PLECK: I mean, look, that crow's on fire. Who knows what that crow's talking about?

KOR: [laughing] I don't even need to eat anymore. This is just for jucking kicks.  
[laughing]

DAR: Pleck, C, welcome back to the conversation.

PLECK: What did I miss?

DAR: Here's what you missed: this guy is pure evil.

C-53: Cool, I think we gotta go.

PLECK: Listen, Kor.

KOR: I am so sorry to butt in, and this is on me. I think we may have gotten off on the wrong foot. The reason I enjoy drinking the blood of the innocent is that I myself am innocent and require their blood to sustain myself.

LAVA CROW: Caw caw! Caw caw!

AJ: Ah. Checks out for me.

C-53: I just don't think that's how that would work.

AJ: Well, what do you not get about it? He's innocent, so he needs the blood of the innocent.

PLECK: Uh, yeah, AJ, that might be true.

AJ: It's math.

C-53: AJ, listen.

AJ: So, have you always been Kor Balevore? That's, like, such an awesome name.

KOR: I have been known by many names. Kor Balevore was my given name. I was also known in my years of service as Kajj Malice.

PLECK: Kajj Malice?

DAR: Okay.

C-53: Okay. Kajj Malice?

KOR: I hate to do this, but I would love if Pleck and I could have a word alone.

AJ: Oh, we call those asides. They happen all the time. Don't worry about it.

PLECK: Yeah, guys, just give me just one second.

AJ: We'll be over here. Is this blood of the innocents for everyone, or what's the deal?

C-53: AJ, don't drink-

DAR: Smash.

[Dar smashes the cup]

AJ: Oh! Dar.

[the crew sans Pleck walks out the door]

KOR: Pleck, perhaps some privacy?

PLECK: Sure, I guess.

KOR: I call upon the mists of the castle of Kor Balevore.

[Kor roars, the crew's muffled calls are quenched by the mists]

PLECK: What? C-53? AJ?

KOR: You and I have much to discuss. Pleck.

PLECK: Yes?

KOR: Your friends pour poison into your ears. They speak lies, for they fear the power of the Space within you. How fares your training, young knight?

PLECK: [hesitant] Uh, yeah. Listen, Kor, to be honest, it's been a little bit disheartening.

KOR: [sympathetic] Ah, I'm so sorry to hear that, young Pleck. Surely your mentor has been diligent and by your side at all times?

PLECK: Uh, oh, Derf? No, we've actually only hung out like three times, and he's died at the end of each of those encounters. I wouldn't say we've had a lot of quality time together, Derf and me.

KOR: It's almost like he would rather be dead than see you.

PLECK: Yes, yes, it literally is like that.

KOR: Well, at least you've got such supportive crewmates, your friends.

PLECK: Yeah, I mean, I like to think so. Bargie doesn't--I'm not positive she knows my name. Dar's kind of caught up with, you know, the baby right now, and I get that. C-53 doesn't believe in the Space, is really the biggest problem. And AJ, he means well, but he's, uh, he's incredibly stupid.

KOR: Well, just because you don't see eye to eye with all your crewmates, at least they always treat you with respect, don't they?

PLECK: [irritated] Kor. I sleep at an angle in a bedroom the size of a phone booth because Dar has three mattresses and won't give me one.

KOR: Hmm, that sounds... pretty jucked up, my guy.

PLECK: [angrily] I couldn't sleep in the cargo hold because they had a bean in there.

KOR: Yes, how does it make you feel, Pleck?

PLECK: [yelling] Bad, you know what? It makes me feel bad, Kor. It makes me feel a little bit like my crew doesn't respect me enough, even though I'm doing as much as I can to save the galaxy!

[POV returns to the crew, outside the mists]

C-53: You think he's being tempted in there?

DAR: Oh, of course. This evil dark magic, like, cone of silence?

C-53: That seems weird.

AJ: I think Papa's fine, though, right, Dar? Because, like, I mean, he loves us, like, we're his crew, right? Like, he's not gonna, like, turn on us.

DAR: [worried] Oh, no, we torture him mercilessly.

C-53: We maybe—

AJ: Well, guys, I'm nice to him, are you guys not?

DAR AND AJ: Uhhhhhhhhh.

C-53: We could have been better, to him, I think is what I'll say.

DAR: Yeah.

C-53: Maybe we can just yell to him and try to encourage him?

[the calls of the crew grow louder as we return to Pleck's POV]

KOR: Oh, Pleck. Your friends call out to you from beyond the veil of silence. They are worried that you will discover your true nature. Notice your friends have only come to respect you at the threshold of your claiming power. All of your kindness to them made you weak in their eyes.

PLECK: [realizing] Yeah, I think they've literally said that to me.

KOR: Pleck, have you ever thought about what it would feel like to receive an invitation to a social event and respond... "maybe"?

PLECK: I've always wanted to do that. I can't be forced to make a decision weeks ahead of time!

KOR: Imagine the power of forcing a host to think of whether or not you will arrive at their shindig.

PLECK: Yes, I'm the one going all the way to their place.

KOR: Do you know what you would call that, replying "maybe" to an event?

PLECK: Uh, it would be, uh--

KOR: [lightning strikes] Waack! Pleck, that's a wack thing to do!

PLECK: But, Kor, how can you be wack? You wrote so many of the Zima Scrolls!

KOR: [ponderous] Of course, Pleck. Scrolls written in the heyday of my zealotry for the Zima. Long did I toil for them, and great strides were made. My prowess with the woodsaber was second to none. Advancements in the arts of freshness were mine for the making, and I crafted the greatest weapon our order had ever known: the Dinglehopper.

PLECK: Wait, the Dinglehopper?

KOR: A woodsaber unmatched throughout the galaxy.

PLECK: That's--I have that. I have that. I have the Dinglehopper. [draws wood saber and swishes it around, nearly hitting a lava crow]

KOR: [gasps] Holy--holy shit! That's wild! What are the odds?

PLECK I know, the--that's nutso.

KOR: That is--that's 100% nutso. That's crazy.

PLECK: This is the same one, right? It's not just a different woodsaber?

KOR: No, no, no, I'm looking at it right now. Wow! I know it's like coincidences or whatever. It's like the Space, that's like what the deal is, but I'm not gonna lie, this is a wild one.

LAVA CROW: That's jucked up!

PLECK: Right, yeah.

KOR: Well, I would love to get down from these chains and hold that bad boy.

PLECK: Yes. [gravelly] Kor, I shall use the Dinglehopper to free you from your prison.

KOR: Yes.

[the woodsaber hums with power]

PLECK: Oh my Rodd, it's making the noise. Listen. Pew pew pew! It makes the noise!

KOR: You're doing it, Pleck. [laughing]

[Crew POV]

C-53: Pleck's eyes are starting to glow a little bit, can you see that? That's not a great sign.

[Pleck's POV]

KOR: Cut me down, my darling boy!

[the woodsaber chops through the bonds with a mighty pew! The chains rattle and fall limp as Kor stands, walking free]

KOR: You've done it. I am free, my sweet boy. [laughing]

LAVA CROWS: Papa! Papa! Papa! Papa!

KOR: Come and kiss me, my sweet crows! [kissing] Well, hello, C-53, Dar, AJ.

AJ: Hey, Kor, my buddy's here saying that you might be evil.

C-53: Yeah, what's the deal, *Kajj Malice*? Are you evil or what?

KOR: Well, from my point of view, the Zima are evil.

C-53: Yeah.

PLECK: No, no, no, listen. Kor's got a point. You know, we went to Zima Prime. We met everybody. They couldn't get their shit together.

KOR: We are extremely efficient over on the wack side. You might say that we are ruthlessly efficient.

AJ: Yeah, but the Zima were, like, cool. They were, like, nice.

KOR: [harshly] What's cool about being nice?

AJ: I don't know. Being nice is...

KOR: [grabs AJ by the scruff] Spell it out for me, AJ! Explain using words why it's cool to be nice!

DAR: Hey, hey, hey, hey, hey! You don't yell at him like that.

C-53: Yeah, you lay off this dummy.

DAR: Yeah, we yell at him like that.

[Kor drops AJ]

KOR: Very well. If you've chosen the fresh side, then I have no choice left but to summon my ancient woodsaber.

[Kor snatches the Dinglehopper with a mighty crack of thunder]

PLECK: [bemused] He just grabbed it out of my hand!

C-53: Pleck, that was your woodsaber.

PLECK: You just stole my Dinglehopper.

KOR: The Dinglehopper! [Kor waves it] I summoned it by stealing it because I'm wack as hell! Crows, lift me up.

LAVA CROWS [cawing]

KOR: Ow, ow, ow!

AJ: Okay. Juck. This.

C-53: No, AJ, no.

AJ: [ejects butt gun] Butt gun activated. Back me up on this, C-53.

C-53: They're going to get so annoying.

[AJ fires at the lava crows]

LAVA CROWS: Why you gotta treat me like that? [cawing]

C-53: It's so hard to listen to.

LAVA CROWS: You're my main robot! [cawing] Add me on Hologram! Like and subscribe. I'm an influencer!

KOR: Diffress Explose!

[Kor slashes through pure Space with the Dinglehopper, creating a humming portal hanging in midair]

AJ: Whoa.

KOR: This planet will devour itself. Pleck, come with me through the portal! [Kor enters the sizzling portal]

C-53: You're not gonna go with this guy, are you?

PLECK: [annoyed] You know what, C-53? I might.

C-53: Why would you do that?

PLECK: I'm pretty sick of all this fresh nonsense. Sick of the crew treating me like jucking crap all the time. Sick of sleeping at a 45-degree angle!

KOR: Tell them.

AJ: [loudly] Papa, did it ever jucking occur to you that they tease you because they like you?



PLECK: That's not a thing, AJ.

AJ: That's what everybody does to me. I'm the most well-liked person on the ship!

PLECK: [angrily] AJ, you're a big, dumb idiot. You know what I think AJ stands for?

AJ: What?

PLECK: A jucking moron.

DAR: That's uncalled for.

C-53: That's not even the wackest thing I've ever heard.

PLECK: Okay, C-53, you know what? I think you're sort of a know-it-all. Anyone ever told you that?

DAR: What? I mean he's programmed to know everything.

PLECK: Okay, all right. You know what, Dar? Don't look down on me, Dar. Don't look down on me. I know it's physically impossible not to.

C-53: I am here to provide information-

PLECK: Okay, all right.

LAVA CROW: Pleck Decksetter is wack!

KOR: [laughing] Pleck, look how quickly the fresh may fall. [extends hand through portal] There is another way. The Emperor offers benefits to all his most loyal servants.

PLECK: What's the mattress situation?

KOR: As many mattresses as you could hope to sleep on.

LAVA CROW: King! Queen! Twin! Full!

KOR: [roaring] I sleep on a tower of mattresses, hundreds of mattresses tall!

C-53: Seems deeply impractical.

KOR: [loudly] I am afraid constantly of falling off! The slightest breeze sends the tower of mattresses careening through the sky! I scream nonstop as I attempt to sleep!

LAVA CROW: Great back support!

C-53: Not if you're screaming all night long.

KOR: Pleck, take my hand. You could be as a son to me. [steps through the portal with a crackle] Step through as I have just done and join me! I just stepped through the portal in the room. And you're on the other side still, but I'm through on the other side.

PLECK: Yeah, yeah, no... We're all seeing it.

KOR: I just wanted to be clear spatially what's going on.

LAVA CROWS: The crows are there too!

KOR: Some of the crows are through the portal with me and a few other different crows are still on the other side of the portal with you.

LAVA CROW: I'm on this side.

C-53: Yeah, we can hear those crows.

LAVA CROW: I'm on this side.

PLECK: [excitedly] Yes, yes, I'm coming.

AJ: Oh, we're going to die here.

PLECK: What?

C-53: Yeah, it's starting to look--oh, okay.

PLECK: What? What?

C-53: It's me, C-53, talking to you, your best friend. I've got one thing to say to you.

[C-53 slaps Pleck]

PLECK: OW!

C-53: Snap out of it, nutbar, what the heck are you doing?

PLECK: Ow, you hit me in the face!

C-53: Yeah, I know! You were about to join the Emperor.

[AJ slaps Pleck]

PLECK: Ow!

AJ: Hey, Papa, I know you were kidding and didn't mean it, but some of that stuff would have hurt if I had really thought about it.

[Dar slaps Pleck]

DAR: Slap! How dare you? I'd be sunning my genitals on the jucking beach in Holowood if it weren't for you. You're the one who convinced me to be here in the first place!

[AJ slaps Pleck]

PLECK: Ow, AJ!

C-53: AJ, we're doing one. Okay, we're not doing more.

DAR: Too many, buddy.

[Lava Crow slaps]

LAVA CROW: Slap!

PLECK: Why is a crow hitting me?

LAVA CROW: I've never done it before!

C-53: Crow, you're kind of not part of this.

KOR: Pleck, Pleck, dip your head through the portal real quick for a hot second.

C-53: Pleck!

DAR: It's going to be a lot more than a second. It's going to be real hot.

PLECK: Kor, I'll just come in here real quick... [crackling] and grab my Dinglehopper!  
[snatches it away]

KOR: What? Slap!

[Kor slaps Pleck]

PLECK: Ow! Ow! Ow!

KOR: Don't you have any self-respect, you miserable, worthless maggot?

[AJ screams and the portal closes]

PLECK: AJ! Oh! AJ! What did you just do?

AJ: Uh, I think I closed the portal.

PLECK: How did you do that?

AJ: Well, good question, Papa. I think I sort of saw the space between Kor's heart and mine and it was a space I filled with time. I guess that's pretty much what's going on.

C-53: [disbelief] You guess?

AJ: I guess. Does it feel tingly? Is that how it's supposed to feel like, my arm fell asleep?

PLECK: Uh...

PLECK AND C-53: Maybe?

AJ: Can we see the lava now?

PLECK: No, no.

AJ: I closed the portal. Let's just do this.

[Mifulata Secundus begins to crumble! Chunks of the castle sink into the lava with a splash]

PLECK: Guys, we should probably get out of here.

C-53: Oh, yeah, this castle is falling apart in a big way. Maybe we should call Bargie.

[Lava Crow flies up]

LAVA CROW: Plenty of extra blood of the innocent.

PLECK: Uh, that's...

AJ: Thank you. I'll take a roadie. Let's do it.

C-53: No, no, no, no.

PLECK: We're good.

C-53: Thanks, crows. Are you guys going to be okay?

LAVA CROWS: Yeah! We're made of lava!

C-53: That makes sense.

PLECK: Okay, take care.

LAVA CROWS: We're only going to get more annoying! Listen to my cousin's band! And my standup set!

C-53: [absolutely trying to finish this conversation] Sorry I asked. Okay.

[transition music]

C-53: Wow, we really... went to a pretty dark place there for a little bit.

AJ: Yeah.

DAR: I mean, literally and figuratively.

C-53: Yeah, I suppose that's true.

AJ: Yeah. Papa, you said some pretty awful things to me.

PLECK: Yeah, I really owe you guys an apology.

AJ: Apology accepted.

PLECK: Thank you, AJ.

AJ: [shouting] Yeah! We're accepting apologies. Juck yeah!

PLECK: [quietly] I don't know how it happened, but y'know, for a while there, a lot of the stuff that Kor was saying kind of made sense to me.

C-53: Well, Pleck, that fog that was surrounding you also was like flowing in and out of your ears like it was going through your head or something?

AJ: Yeah, you had like, glowing red eyes and shit.

C-53: Yeah. I'm not sure if it was just his conversational charm.

DAR: He was a very powerful wack wizard.

AJ: He was a wack master.

C-53: You were hit with a real wack attack.

AJ: Yeah.

DAR: Oh, yeah.

[communicator chimes]

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

PLECK: Hey, Nermut.

NERMUT: Oh, thank gosh I caught you guys. So I had a small detail wrong. Um, so before you go to Mufalata Secundus, I shouldn't have kicked those Zimas out because they explained that this is actually a map to where they imprisoned him after he became incredibly wack. So don-

PLECK: Yeah, no. We already went. Yeah, yeah. I was... seduced? I said some things I regret.

NERMUT: No, no.

PLECK: He stole my woodsaber. I stole it back.

NERMUT: What?

PLECK: And everything's cool. So don't-

DAR: Yeah. You know what? In fact, everything is great.

NERMUT: Yeah?

AJ: [shouting] Apologies have been accepted.

NERMUT: Oh, cool.

[AJ crushes a can on his head]

BARGIE: I have two director ships in front of me right now. We're in the middle of a deep conversation about my next role.

C-53: Oh Barge, congrats!

BARGIE: Everything's amazing.

AJ: Oh, look at all these flowers.

BARGIE: We're back on top! Yeah. Yeah, they're asking a lot of intrusive questions, but I know it's just par for the part. You know what I mean?

LEXIMAR: [over a megaphone] So for the scene I'm imagining, it really reminds, kind of the dark backstory of not just the character, but the actress. So what are some of the things you've done, and be pretty specific about dates and victims, that are maybe the worst things ever?

BARGIE: Wow, yeah. Doesn't this sound great, guys?

C-53: I'm not sure these are directors.

BARGIE: The things I've done have been horrible.

LEXIMAR: Don't listen to that robot. Barge, you just speak... enunciate clearly.

C-53: Barge, Barge, you gotta know this isn't right.

BARGIE: Wow, everything is amazing. I've never been this on top, but at my own volition. You know what I mean? I did this. I did it. I did it. It was me. I did everything.

LEXIMAR: Ladies and gentlemen, we got her on tape.

[Police ships blare sirens as they surround Barge]

COPS: Bargarean Jade, you are under arrest. We are shutting down your systems and clamping on the cuff.

BARGIE: Sorry I didn't get this script. Am I in the scene right now or?

PLECK: The cuff?

AJ: Oh, there are a lot of ships coming in from hyperspace.

PLECK: Barge, what is happening?

BARGIE: I think these directors are clearly police officers and that I am under arrest.

[Sand slowly spills across the floor]

C-53: Does anyone hear that sound? It's like... something spilling salt or something.

BARGIE: Oh juck, oh juck, oh-

DAR: Oh, no, no, no, it's not salt. It's sand. It's a lot of sand. [nervous laughter] There's so much sand everywhere.

AJ: There's also kind of like, electricity coming out of this.

DAR: Where's all that sand coming from?

C-53: [worried] Oh, Dar. Okay, don't worry. I have been programming myself for just such an occasion. I'm altering my code so that I can perform the medical functions necessary to help you deliver, if necessary, altered my source code, and I'm sure it's gonna-

DAR: I'm sorry, what are you saying?

C-53: G-g-g-g-g-g-g-[C-53 glitches out] S S S AAAAAA AT

PLECK: Oh, C-53. Oh, no!

DAR: [scared] Hey, Pleck? Pleck?

PLECK: Yes?

DAR: Am I going into labor? I think so.

[AJ swishes his tube around]

TUBE: Wh-[buzz] wh-[buzz] wh-[buzz]

AJ: My tube broke!

[outro music]

C-RED-IT5: This is C-RED-IT5, Credits and Attributions Droid, commencing outro protocol. Papa Pleck Decksetter was played by Alden Ford. C-53 and Master Kiarondo were played by Jeremy Bent. Dar was played by Allie Kokesh. Bargie the Ship and the Lava Crow were played by Moujan Zolfaghari. Master Missions Operations Manager Nermut Bundaloy and more Lava Crows were played by Seth Lind. AJ and Master Pell were played by Winston Noel. Kor Balevore was played by special guest Brennan Lee Mulligan. Brennan is the dungeon master of Dimension 20, a cast member of College Humor, and the writer of Strong Female Protagonist. Find him on Twitter @BrennanLM, on Instagram @BrennanLeeMulligan, and in real life at the bottom of an ancient ruin full of traps and puzzles. This episode was edited by Seth Lind with sound design and mix by Shane O'Connell. Recorded at Robert Doggy Jr.'s Puppy Palace in Brooklyn, New York and Headgum Studios in Los Angeles. Music composed by Brendan Ryan and performed by FAMES Macedonian Symphonic Orchestra. Opening crawl narration by Jeremy Crutchley. Ship design for the Bargarean Jade by Eric Geusz. Audio hosting by Simplecast. Mission to Zyxx is a proud member of the Maximum Fun Network.

NNEKAY: Hey, James!

JAMES: Hey, Nnekay! What we doing, girl?

NNEKAY: We are inviting the awesome listeners of Maximum Fun to join us at Minority Corner!

JAMES: Ooh, fun!

NNEKAY: But you know how we go on Tangent City.

JAMES: We're the joint mayors.

NNEKAY: We're not gonna do that, okay?

JAMES: Supes focused.

NNEKAY: Okay, so Minority Corner is where you can all come and get your pop culture taste.

JAMES: Plus, social commentary, news, and movie reactions like Avengers Endgame

NNEKAY: No spoilers here!

JAMES: Ooh, snap!

NNEKAY: Sometimes we dig into the vault and we review and recap those movies you missed.

JAMES: Looking at you, Halle Berry's kitten act!

NNEKAY: I love how she always gives 1000 percent.

JAMES: Like Beyonce.

NNEKAY: Did you see Homecoming on Netflix?

JAMES: She was burning it down like the mother of dragons.

NNEKAY: Have you seen the latest Game of Thrones?

JAMES: So good. Only thing missing?

JAMES AND NNEKAY: More black people.

JAMES: Whatchu think about Mayor Pete?

NNEKAY: Waitaminute, James!

JAMES: We went on a tangent?

NNEKAY: Yes.

JAMES: Ah well. Join us every Friday for more tangents.

NNEKAY: On Maximum Fun!



JO: Hi, I'm Jo Firestone.

MANOLO: And I'm Manolo Moreno.

JO: And we're the hosts of Dr. Gameshow, which is a podcast where we play games submitted by listeners regardless of quality or content with in-studio guests and callers from all over the world.

MANOLO: And you can win a custom magnet.

JO: A custom magnet!

MANOLO: Subscribe now to make sure you get our next episode.

JO: What's an example of a game, Manolo?

MANOLO: Pokémon or Medication.

JO: How you play that?

MANOLO: You have to guess if something's a Pokémon name or medication.

JO: [Doing impression of Manolo] Medication.

MANOLO: First time listener, if you want to listen to episode highlights and also know how to participate, follow Dr. Gameshow on Facebook, Instagram and Twitter.

JO: We love to hear from you.

MANOLO: And it's really fun.

JO: For the whole family. We'll be every other Wednesday starting March 13th and we're coming to Max Fun!

MANOLO: Snorlax.

JO: Pokémon?

MANOLO: Yes.

JO: Nice!

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BRENNAN: They had run completely out of torpedoes, phasers, all manner of weaponry. And what they had begun firing was cybertronic torsos.

JEREMY: Okay, that seems... So you're saying they shot out your real torso and the cyber torso—

WINSTON: What a story.

BRENNAN: You ever seen a game of Space Billiards where someone hits a ball with the cue ball and the cue ball just slams, stops right where the other ball was.

JEREMY: It just seems very convenient, Kor.

BRENNAN: Hey man, hey man, you're not kidding. I mean, I mean, I mean, you want to know what I did right afterwards? Big old hand across my cybertronic forehead and a loud "Phew!" from me. Woof! Close one.

WINSTON: That is truly the best story I've ever heard in my entire life.

ALDEN: Kor, what part of your body is original at this point?

BRENNAN: Hmm?

ALDEN: What part of you...

JEREMY: Yeah, if you're a cyborg.

BRENNAN: Well, my head, arms and legs were all still the same head, arms and legs from the same cybertronic...

ALDEN: But you just said...

BRENNAN: So that's what happened to the torso.

ALDEN: Okay, but you were saying that all of those had been replaced at some point.

MOUJAN: Eyebrows! Eyebrows!

JEREMY: His eyebrows are still original?

MOUJAN: The real deal!

BRENNAN: What happened was, basically a couple years later I found my old head and I shaved the eyebrows off and just spackled them on there.

JEREMY: They are very expressive.

BRENNAN: Waggle, waggle, waggle.

JEREMY: Okay.

ALLIE: No, yeah, no, really, they're exquisite.

BRENNAN: So I am technically a cyborg in the sense that there is one organic part of me left.

JEREMY: You're really skirting that.

ALDEN: But you just said there was a span of years where that was not the case.

WINSTON: Checks out for me.

BRENNAN: Checks out for AJ, checks out for me.

ALDEN: Okay, alright.

[Bombastic music swells into an intro]

DEDOODOP: I'm Dedoodop Qwist!

BARNACLE: And I'm Barnacle Kisses.

BOTH: And this is Holowood Tonight!

BARNACLE: Boom, boom, boom! It's red carpet day for the Bargarean Jade's latest movie!

DEDOODOP: That's right, but every Bargarean Jane fan is wondering: where is the Selenium Age starlet?

BARNACLE: Here is a clip from the red carpet where there is literally no one except for a sentient piece of moss!

MOSS: Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah.

DEDOODOP: What's the story behind this lackluster blockbuster?

BARNACLE: And how could a star that was once so bright and then not bright at all for a very long time then became bright again for reasons unknown because honestly, there's... probably better people out there at this moment. Remember Tiny Toots?

MOSS: Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah.

DEDOODOP: Well, all you Tiny Toots fans have reason to say "yeah!"

BARNACLE: She's back from the dead, but just as a holo and doing better than before.

DEDOODOP: Tiny Toots will be returning to the big screen, but this time as a holo only creation!

BARNACLE: And we have a clip of that AFTER 79 days of commercials!

DEDOODOP: We'll see you in two and a half months.

[music fades]