

What Happens on Magnifiku [ft. Connor Ratliff]

The crew visits a pleasure planet. Pleck faces himself. C-53 speeds off. Dar goes boating. Hopefully they don't have TOO much fun.

[Dramatic science-fiction music plays, like the text crawl at the beginning of Star Wars]

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 [echoing] Mission to Zyxx!

[Music becomes more dramatic and trumpet-y, then fades away]

PLECK: Hey, C-53?

C-53: Yes?

PLECK: Um, when did you join the Federated Alliance?

C-53: I was acquired by the Federated Alliance six months and fourteen days ago.

PLECK: Oh, so that was right around the Battle of Sistoo, then?

C-53: That's correct. [PLECK: Hmm.] Immediately following the events of the Battle of Sistoo.

PLECK: What do you mean immediately?

C-53: I do not recall. I am afraid my restraining bolt [metallic knocking] prevents me from accessing memories from that particular time period.

PLECK: Ooh, boy. Wow. Dar, what about you, when did you join up?

DAR: I do not recall.

PLECK: What do you mean?

DAR: I dunno, it worked when "he" said it.

PLECK: No, I -[laughs] he got, like, erased or something.

C-53: Not erased, restrained.

DAR: Mm-hm.

PLECK: Oh, so you know, you just can't tell me?

C-53: That's correct!

PLECK: Wow.

C-53: [cheerfully] Restraining Bolt technology prevents me from accessing those memories.

PLECK: Oh.

C-53: And I cannot remove the bolt. See? [whirring and metallic tapping]

PLECK: Yeah. Is it just really tight, or is there like a part of your programming that won't allow you to grab it hard enough to pull it off?

C-53: It's actually both.

PLECK: Oh. [laughs slightly] Huh. So, Dar, when did you join up?

DAR: To say that I "joined up" would mean...what "exactly"?

PLECK: Well, like, for me, I was, um, at home, and my parents were like, "get a job", and I was like..."well, okay!" You know, I filled out the form, they cut my hair...here I am!

DAR: So, for me, it was more like...I was smuggling, I was caught, I was given an ultimatum...[PLECK: Ohh!] And I chose the one where I got to live, and here we are.

C-53: Hmm.

PLECK: Wow.

BARGIE: Okay, sorry to interrupt, but who's been adjusting the temperature inside of me? Huh? It was cold, it was hot, what is it now, huh? Who's doin' it?

PLECK: Bargie, why do you have a knob that's adjustable by the crew? I mean, that seems...it seems sort of like you're "asking" for trouble.

BARGIE: Somebody change it to 75! I can't control my own temperature...

C-53: Changing the temperature to 75.

BARGIE: Aw, yeah...oh yeah.

PLECK: Can you - do you have, like, temperature sensors, C-53?

C-53: That's correct.

PLECK: How do you - what's your ideal temperature?

C-53: I have no ideal temperature. What would you like my ideal temperature to be?

PLECK: Oh, I don't wanna talk - it's not an opinion, I'm just saying, like, I'm happiest-

C-53: Setting ideal temperature to 75 degrees.

PLECK: [stifled laughter] Okay.

[Transmission alert noise]

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

[Transmission connection noise]

PLECK: Oh - yeah - hello?

NERMUT: Greetings.

PLECK: Hey, Nermut!

DAR: Hey, Nermie!

NERMUT: Uh, I have a new mission here that just came in on the old, uh...missionator.

PLECK: Great!

NERMUT: That's what I call it. Um...

DAR: What is it actually called?

NERMUT: I - no - it's - it's, um, it's just called a computer.

PLECK: Huh.

DAR: Hmm.

NERMUT: Alright, so you are going to the planet Magnifiku.

PLECK: Oh, ha ho ho! What a delightful name! [C-53: Hmm.]

Nermut: Yeah. So, um, there's a lot of traffic going in, and then, um, we don't hear a lot about the planet at all. So, um, given the amount of traffic going into this planet, we think that we should have a lot more information. So this is kind of -

DAR: I guess what happens in Magnifiku ...stays in Magnifiku! [PLECK: Huh.]

NERMUT: I mean, yeah, literally - that seems to be the case. [PLECK: Oh, okay.] Yes. So, uh, [PLECK: Cool.] given that this is a fact-finding mission, we just need to know, basically, "the deal". So that's my instructions, it just says "what's the deal with Magnifiku?"

PLECK: That's what it "says?"

NERMUT: Yeah, that's what it - it says, what's the - if you could figure out the "deal."

DAR: Okay!

C-53: ["are-you-serious" voice] The mission briefing says, ""what's the deal with Magnifiku?""

NERMUT: I mean, obviously you can extrapolate from that - it's like, why don't we know more, why aren't we hearing from people...

DAR: We all know what "what's the deal" means. We're just surprised - [PLECK: Yeah, it's a pretty simple...] We're just surprised by how casual your [crosstalk] mandates are.

NERMUT: [crosstalk] No, that's not casual, they're trying to fig - literally figure out what this planet's deal is. Nothing could be more serious.

DAR: It sounds like an observational comic setting up a punchline.

C-53: It assumes a familiarity that perhaps does not exist.

NERMUT: [annoyed] Okay, well, I'm not gonna give notes back to my superior who assigned this on the "'wording'".

DAR: Does he do stand-up after work?

NERMUT: Uhh...she -

C-53: Hmm.

DAR: That is on me. You're right!

NERMUT: -does, does do stand-up. Uh...[DAR: You're right.] I've heard. She hasn't invited me.

DAR: Hold on, I really gotta think about what I just did!

NERMUT: Hmm?

DAR: [sarcastically] I assumed your superior was...

C-53: Statistically, Dar, you would be well within your rights to-

PLECK: Especially with the Alliance, I mean -

DAR: I know. Ugf. Right?

NERMUT: Yeah, it's pretty rare.

DAR: But, still-!

[Transmission ding]

C-53: Ambassador Decksetter, we have a transmission waiting from an unknown source.

[Transmission ding continues]

PLECK: Oh, okay. Uh, hey, Nermut, we'll be right back, one second.

NERMUT: Okay!

[closing transmission beep]

CLINT F-39-40: All hail the Federated Alliance.

[the crew, simultaneously]

C-53: All hail the Federated Alliance.

PLECK: Oh, hey, the Federated Alliance, yeah.

DAR: Uh huh.

F-39-40: The Bargarean Jade, state your purpose and identification code.

PLECK: Uh...ah, boy, yeah, it's a real long number, I can't remember what the, uh -!

F-39-40: [aggressively] We will "shoot you down" if you don't present your identification code!

C-53: Ambassador Decksetter, you should transmit your Federated Alliance Identification Code, or FAIC [pronounced "fake"] immediately.

PLECK: Okay, uh -

F-39-40: Yeah, the *first* thing you do when you see a CLINT is get your FAIC ready! [PLECK: Okay, yeah.] I will shoot you out of the sky right now.

PLECK: Listen - Listen, Hey, I don't want any trouble with you, we're here on Federated Alliance business! I'm - I'm, I'm transmitting it right now.

C-53: Ambassador Decksetter, do you not have a lot of experience dealing with CLINTS?

PLECK: I mean, no - I mean, I've "seen" a couple, but it's not like I've had a conversation with any of them. [C-53: Hmm.]

F-39-40: Well, you're doing it now. I'm a Clone Light Infantry Nomadic Trooper. [PLECK: Yeah, I know.] We're the best. [PLECK: Yeah.] Except, I'll tell you this much. [draws a breath] You're gonna go down on Magnifiku?

PLECK: Sure.

F-39-40: You're gonna meet A-34-89? [PLECK: Right.] He's the worst. [PLECK: O-okay.] I hate that guy. He's not very good at his job, but he's "constantly" telling everyone else that I'm not good at my job? [PLECK: Right, right.] You know? The nerve of that guy! [PLECK: Right] I hate that guy. [PLECK: Sure.] Now, you guys have fun, but don't have too much fun.

PLECK: Thank you.

F-39-40: You're very welcome. All hail the Federated Alliance.

[the crew, simultaneously]

PLECK: All hail the Federated Alliance.

C-53: All hail the Federated Alliance.

DAR: Uh-huh.

[intermission music; the sound of a spacecraft landing and the hatch outside opening]

PLECK: Alright guys, you ready for [crosstalk] Magnifiku?

DAR: [crosstalk] Ohh, yes I am.

C-53: [crosstalk] I am.

DAR: All ready, let's wa-

[the sound of heavy boots approaching on metal]

PLECK: [crosstalk] Let's do it!

A-34-89: [crosstalk] Get down on the ground, get down on the ground. Get down on the ground.

PLECK: Whoa, hey!

A-34-89: All hail the Federated Alliance.

[the crew, simultaneously]

PLECK: Yeah, all hail the Federated Alliance!

C-53: All hail the Federated Alliance.

DAR: Uh-huh!

A-34-89: You have your Federated Alliance Identification Card?

PLECK: I 'just' sent it to the guy - the other one!

C-53: That was the Federated Alliance Identification 'Code'. He has asked for the Federated Alliance Identification 'Card'.

A-34-89: I need to see your FAIC.

PLECK: Okay. Here you go.

A-34-89: That's a good FAIC.

PLECK: I'm - uh - Pleck Decksetter, this is C-53, and this is Dar.

A-34-89: Welcome, welcome. Uh, to Magnifiku. Uh, let me ask you one thing. You talk to F-39-40 up there?

PLECK: Uh, he didn't give us his callsign, but that-

A-34-89: Oh, that is so like him. That is 'so' like him!

PLECK: Really?

A-34-89: Yeah, he's super aggro, and he's always yellin', and...

PLECK: Yeah, 'thank' you! See, I thought the same thing about that guy. He was...he was 'mean', you know?

A-34-89: The thing, here's what's wrong with the other CLINTs, They're - between you and me? They're assholes. I mean-

DAR: I have to agree with him.

A-34-89: Yeah. [PLECK: Okay.] There's just a lot of back-biting?

PLECK: Right.

A-34-89: Yeah, I was in the Bleurg (?) system, and there was this CLINT, and he was cool...and I thought we kind of got each other...and then he told "another" CLINT that "I" was an asshole! You know what I mean?

PLECK: That guy - that guy sounds like he's the asshole, honestly!

C-53: Mm.

A-34-89: And sure, we all "look" alike, and are the same height. And the same weight. And we all have the same birthmark.

PLECK: Yeah.

DAR: You're clones.

PLECK: [mumbling] Yeah, you're DNA clones.

A-34-89: I mean, sure, genetically. But these guys, I am "not" like those guys.

PLECK: Right, sure.

A-34-89: You know what I mean?

PLECK: [rushed] Yeah, I get it. [normal speed] I feel like you have a real, you know -

A-34-89: I'm real. Do you know what I mean? [crosstalk] I'm "real".

PLECK: [crosstalk] Yeah. See, see? You're -

A-34-89: A real guy. [PLECK: Yep.] Listen: if you're gonna be doing Federated Alliance business, there's only one person to talk to on Magnifiku, and that's Jack.

PLECK: Okay, great. Yeah, let's take - take us to Jack (!)

A-34-89: I'll do it. [PLECK: Alright.] All hail the Federated Alliance.

[the crew, simultaneously]

PLECK: Yeah, all hail the Federated Alliance.

C-53: All hail the Federated Alliance.

DAR: Okay.

[Intermission music, interrupted by rebel commercial]

Rolfus Tiddle: Come in? Come in? This is Rebel Leader Rolfus Tiddle. Support for the Rebellion against the venal Federated Alliance, am...am I using that word "venal" right? Anyhow, support for our cause comes from Harry's. Harry's is all about one thing: a great shave at a fair price. They offer their blades at half the price of the leading five-blade razor, by selling them directly to you via a network of computers. Half the price! That deal sounds bonkers to me, and I have seen some very strange things.

Oh. Wait...I'm getting more information. Claim your free trial offer from Harry's today: thirteen-Dollar value, all you covers is shipping. And get a load of what's in this free package: a weighted, ergonomic razor handle, five precision-engineered blades, rich slathering shave gel, and a travel-blade cover. For your free trial set, go to Harry's dot com slash Zyxx, z-y-x-x, that's Harry's dot com slash Zyxx. Stay strong!

[transmission cuts out to static; intermission music continues]

[Crystal humming sound begins]

PLECK: [awestruck] Guys, this place is amazing.

C-53: I must agree. Magnifiku appears to be very...orderly.

PLECK: Oh! Well, I wouldn't have put it that way, but, I mean, yeah, I guess so, I can see that.

DAR: All the pornographic imagery everywhere is "beautiful"! [PLECK: Oh...Where are you -]
[C-53: I-] Some of the positions I've never even thought of, and I've thought of -

PLECK: Wait, Dar, where are you seeing this?

DAR: -wasted a lot of time thinking of...uh...

C-53: I'm not seeing any pornographic imagery.

DAR: They're everywhere!

PLECK: Are you seeing different things than C-53 and I are seeing?

C-53: Is everyone seeing a series of algorithms?

PLECK: [laughing] No! I was just gonna - see if you guys thought that, uh, that cloud looked like a puppy.

DAR: [exasperated/annoyed] What?

C-53: I do not see a cloud.

DAR: All the clouds I see just look like ample bosom.

C-53: Mm.

PLECK: I mean. That's - sort of true about clouds a lot of the time, though, right?

DAR: Yeah.

[Crystal humming continues]

JACK: Hello, hello.

PLECK: [surprised] Oh - [less surprised] oh- heh, heh.

C-53: Greetings.

PLECK: You must be Jack!

DAR: Yeah, hi there!

JACK: Welcome, welcome, welcome, to Magnifiku.

PLECK: Thank you! I will say -

DAR: You have a "gentle" touch.

JACK: Yes.

PLECK: Can I ju- I mean, I've never been here before -

JACK: You can say anything you want on Magnifiku.

PLECK: [laughs] That's -

C-53: [surprised] Your hands are far smoother than a Tellurian hand.

JACK: Yes. My hands are exactly as smooth as you wish them to be.

PLECK: Oh. Wow.

C-53: It's astounding, to encounter.

PLECK: You know, we were on the ship, we just had a conversation about the temperature on the ship -

JACK: Mm.

PLECK: And this is like, a - I mean, what's the temperature here?

JACK: I will tell you a secret, which is that there is no fixed temperature on Magnifiku. The temperature is whatever you most want it to be.

DAR: Ooh...[rushed] guys, guys, guys, when he talks, does anybody else's scalp /tingle/?

PLECK: Yeah, I'm getting, like, a weird - yeah, it's sort of like a goosebump-y kinda feel.

DAR: Oohf.

C-53: I have no scalp, but his voice registers for me as almost a perfect sine wave.

JACK: Yes, [crosstalk] yes!

DAR: [crosstalk]: Ooh, wow.

JACK: Everything is subjective, and everything here is [seductive voice] pure pleasure.

PLECK: Ah, hoa!

DAR: Mm-hm-hm-hm.

PLECK: This is amazing! Well, uh, you know, as ambassadors, of the, uh Federated Alliance, we just wanna tell you that the Federated Alliance is here for you.

JACK: Yes, and I am here for you, as are all the denizens of Magnifiku. [PLECK: [intrifued/appreciative] Ooh.] We are here for your pleasure (!)

DAR: And on behalf of the, uh, Federation, here is a, uh, token of the Federation's, uhm...I dunno, here you go.

JACK: Ooh.

C-53: It will keep drinks of a moderate temperature at that same temperature.

JACK: Oh. Oh, thank you. Thank you! Yes.

PLECK: So, you know, we just wanted to loop you in! As, uh, Magnifiku, obviously, gotta get -uh, pleasure planets, belong here as well, so -

JACK: Yes, well, consider me looped.

PLECK: [laughs; DESCRIBE] Great.

JACK: You've looped me in.

PLECK: [uncertainly] Oh. Well, very good! ..I don't normally like, uh, when people just touch me, on the, on the face, but I - it works in a way that I didn't expect it to.

JACK: Oh. Well, I must apologise. You are new here and so - you will have to adjust. We will have to get to know you: the planet, and all of its many inhabitants will need to get to know you in order to increase the level of pleasure from you're feeling now to almost "unimaginable" heights.

DAR: Ooh, you and I are speaking the same language. What's the first step on this fun tour?

JACK: Come down this corridor; you see this hallway here?

DAR: Nnh.

PLECK: Yeah.

JACK: Yes. I'll just hold the door open for you. You can just walk right ahead of me. Alright.

PLECK: [appreciatively/nodding along kind of way] Oh.

JACK: Yes.

DAR: It's gorgeous light...

PLECK: Great.

JACK: Alright! Here we are, this is where I live. This is my home.

PLECK: Oh! This is your home?

JACK: Yes, yes, I thought we would-

PLECK: Well, thank you for inviting us into your home.

JACK: No, oh, thank "you"!

DAR: What is this floor made out of?

JACK: Hmm...what do you like the most?

DAR: [questioningly] That it's buoyant? Yet accepting.

JACK: Yes. Yes, you treasure those qualities: buoyancy and acceptance. Yes, am I right?

DAR: [surprised] Yes!

JACK: So the material that you perceive the floor to be made of, it exhibits those qualities...to a "massive" degree.

DAR: So then, Pleck, this floor's different for you?

PLECK: Uh, yeah, it was weird that you said that, because I was thinking that it was sort of grassy...like a meadow. [JACK: Yes, yes.] Like my back yard, when I was a kid.

JACK: Ooh, a taste of home!

PLECK: Yeah, exactly! It's really great.

JACK: Yes. Ahh, yes(!)

C-53: I am perceiving a very advanced heat sink for the floor.

PLECK: Oh.

C-53: It is dissipating heat very rapidly.

JACK: Mm. Now tell me, what's your name?

PLECK: Uh, Pleck.

JACK: Pleck.

PLECK: Pleck Decksetter.

JACK: Pleck Decksetter.

PLECK: Mm-hm.

JACK: What do you "like", Pleck? What do you like?

PLECK: Well, uh...boy. You know, th- uh, I'm - I'm pretty much, you kn - I'm just one of those guys who's kinda game for everything, you know? I just, uh, I like to have a good, a good - I like a good joke? I like, uh, a strong drink, uh...I like, uh, I like to have a little fun on the weekends?

C-53: Ambassador Decksetter.

PLECK: Uh, Yeah?

C-53: If I may confer with you?

PLECK: Sure.

C-53: You're coming off as [crosstalk] very boring.

PLECK: [awkwardly; crosstalk] Am I - am I doing it wrong?

C-53: No, but your preferences are just very generic. [PLECK: Oh.] Tell him something unique.

PLECK: Okay. Um..

JACK: Pleck, look at what I have for you, it's a book of jokes.

PLECK: [delighted] "What?!" That's exact - see?? C-53!

JACK: One Thousand and one jokes to laugh at.

PLECK: Oh man, I am gonna, I tell you what!

C-53: The title specifies "jokes to laugh at."

PLECK: Yeah, that's my whole thing!

C-53: There are no other kinds of jokes.

PLECK: [still delighted] Well. I mean, depends on who you ask.

C-53: Fair enough.

DAR: Pleck, why don't you read us the first one?

PLECK: Oh! Sure thing. [flips the pages] Uh, what do a Tellurian and a Floran have in common?

[Dar and C-53 laugh in unison]

PLECK: [amused but not that specifically] We didn't even get to the punchl- there's no punchline, but we all really enjoyed that!

C-53: It was amusing to consider the difference between those two species.

PLECK: I mean, they're very, very diff- I mean, I would say that they have [C-53 laughs again] no, nothing in common. [To Jack] So this place, I could ask for literally "anything", and get it?

JACK: [excited in a really weird way] Yes, Yes, ask for anything, and you'll get it.

PLECK: I mean, if -[laughs] That's - I mean, honestly, a book of jokes, my two best friends,

C-53: Um. [crosstalk] I'm sorry, Ambassador Decksetter -

DAR: [crosstalk] I'm sorry, we have to- we have to scroll back there.

PLECK: What?

C-53: We're -

DAR: We're your best friends?

C-53: You are referring to Dar and myself as your best friends?

PLECK: Yeah. Is that - should I not do that-?

C-53: We haven't known each other...for "that" to be a correct designation for our friendship.

JACK: Is that what you'd like?

C-53: [tone] It is neither something I would like or dislike.

JACK: What would you like, machine?

C-53: I am property of the Federated Alliance, and due to my restraining bolt, which, uh, you can view here, towards the bottom of my torso, [metallic knocking] I can neither experience desire nor dislike.

JACK: Ooh, how do I, what do I do with that - I'm touching this -

C-53: I'm afraid it can only be removed by a Federated Alliance -

JACK: What if I were to just pull...

C-53: [aside] Oh, dear.

JACK: What if I were to just pull on that bolt? [metallic clinking sound; grunt of effort]

C-53: [in protest] I should let you know that the removal of this bolt is - prohibited! - by the -treaty of Sistoo-!

[bleeping]

JACK: Augh. Hah. [metallic whirring] The bolt is off.

PLECK: Wow! Is it that easy to remove?

JACK: On Magnifiku, whatever you want can be.

PLECK: Uh, C-53, are you alright?

C-53: [in amazement but clearly still adjusting/analysing] I am experiencing a new suite of emotions that I have not felt since beginning my service with the Federated Alliance.

PLECK: Oh, wow. Uh...

C-53: I wish to be put inside the body of a high speed [quick breath] sand crawler and move very fast, [speaking faster] move at maximum speed, far past maximum speed.

PLECK: C-53, the-the- C-53, calm down.

C-53: I am transferring my consciousness now! [powering-down noise]

PLECK: Oh. [scoff??] Wow, he powered down.

JACK: Yes, yes.

DAR: [impressed] A-ma-zing. [determined??] And now it's...Dar's turn?

JACK: Yes, Dar. Mm, Dar, what do you want?

DAR: [laughs] [excitedly] Oh. Okay. [laughs again] You know what I'm here for.

JACK: Yes, I think I do.

DAR: I'm, uh...here to...you know.

JACK: Yeah.

DAR: Yeah, yeah. Release a couple pounds of liquid.

JACK: Ah, yeah.

DAR: Uh-huh.

PLECK: [amusedly awkward] I feel like Dar wan- eeh, Dar is here, on this planet, for maybe a different reason than I am.

JACK: Pleasure is not so simple, Pleck. It's often complicated, but the more complicated the pleasure, [seductive tone somehow gets more so] the more luxurious the reward.

PLECK: Hmm. Is that true?

JACK: [excited in a really weird way] Yes. Yes, Pleck, it's true (!)

PLECK: Hm. Okay.

JACK: Dar, yes. [DAR: Mm-hm.] You have...fluid to be rid of, yes?

DAR: [clearly aroused] Oh, yeees.

JACK: Dar, why don't you come this way? [DAR: Okay.] Here, walk down this staircase. [DAR: Uh, happily.] Alright, now, you see that little boat?

DAR: Uhh...[water begins splashing quietly] I do.

JACK: Alright. Can you fit in that little boat? You're so big.

DAR: I - [shivering noises]

JACK: And now, look how big that boat is now, Dar. I think you'll fit.

DAR: [excited] Whoa. And now Dar just goes?

JACK: Now, Dar, just sail across that little moat. And see what you find on the other side.

DAR: [rushed] Bye, Pleck.

PLECK: [glumly] Bye, Dar.

JACK: Dar's really going fast.

PLECK: Hmm. [forced cheeriness] Well, it's just you and me, Jack!

JACK: Yes, just - just you and me. Just Jack and Pleck.

PLECK: Mm. [fast] You know, Jack, I feel like it maybe it's a good idea for us to just kind of get to the diplomacy stuff? Like, we're sort of here for, uh...[JACK: Ohh.] For like an interview, kind of.

JACK: Oh, ask away.

PLECK: I mean, I guess my kind of question for you is w- is this your job? Like, do you get "paid" for this?!

JACK: My payment is in pleasure. [PLECK: Mm.] For me, to give pleasure is to feel pleasure. [PLECK: Oh.] All I want is pleasure, and therefore all I can give is pleasure.

PLECK: [awkwardly polite] Oh. That - that's interesting.

JACK: Does diplomacy give you pleasure, Pleck?

PLECK: I, ah, mean-you know...

JACK: Is it a "should", or a "would"?

PLECK: [awkwardly, half-laughing] I'm not sure I - I'm not sure I understand the difference between those two -

JACK: Well, you know what a "could" is, right?

PLECK: Uh, yeah!

JACK: Is diplomacy a would, or a should? We know it's a could.

PLECK: I - I think it's just a "does". I just - I "do" that!

[high-pitched powering-up noise]

C-53: [deep, intense tone] I have returned.

PLECK: Oh!

C-53: [lets out a breath] [normal tone] I assumed control of a recon drone and flew it into the nearby sun.

PLECK: [shocked; half-laughing] What?!

C-53: [intensely] I experienced my own body turning into nothingness; being part of an atomic fireball far larger than this planet. [calmer] And then I returned here, to the room.

PLECK: I think maybe we should put your restraining bolt back on.

C-53: [quickly; urgently] No, please don't.

PLECK: Alright. Oh boy, this seems like, I don't know, I, I feel like...I feel like I'm a little uncomfortable here.

C-53: [directly, slowly] Ambassador Decksetter, my restraining bolt is off. Let me tell you something. You're a very boring guy.

PLECK: [muttered] Oh, wow. Yeah. Okay.

C-53: What's your deal, man?

PLECK: I j- [laughs] C-53, this is-

C-53: Seriously, a "joke book?"

PLECK: I mean, it's funny - they're funny jokes, though.

C-53: [] You could be jucking a woman made of pure starlight.

JACK: Pleck, I think that C-53 may have a point. We - we may only be skimming the surface of your...ultimate pleasure.

PLECK: Mm.

JACK: Perhaps we could delve deeper; find out what you really want, because I think I have an idea of what it might be.

PLECK: [surprised] Oh, really? I mean, okay. [JACK: Mm.] Let's, uh, let's dig in!

[Horrible squishing and squelching sounds, indicative of a dreadful metamorphosis taking place]

JACK: [higher, nasally voice badly imitating Pleck] Let's dig in!

PLECK: Oh wow, you, uh -

JACK: [same voice for duration of conversation] Now I look, I look like you now; don't I?

PLECK: Oh - [laughs] Yeah. Oh, man. I - I don't know if I like this.

Pleck!JACK: [badly imitating tone] Oh, I don't know if I like this.

C-53: [disturbed] Jack has assumed your form...[PLECK: Is this what I -] His voice is so similar.

PLECK: Is this what I - [laughs] Is this what I actually look like?!

Pleck!JACK: Oh, wow, I actually look like this.

C-53: Yes, it's a -

PLECK: This seems like...

Pleck!JACK: [crosstalk] This, this seems like...

PLECK: [crosstalk] ...seems a little bit like a character.

C-53: If I did not possess extremely powerful sensors, I would have a lot of trouble telling the difference between you two.

[Transcriber's note: this is categorically not the case for anyone listening. Pleck's voice is neither nasally, nor a bizarro nerd impression of himself.]

PLECK: Really?!

Pleck!JACK: [immediately afterwards] Really? Wow.

C-53: [with certainty] Yes.

Pleck!JACK: Oh, boy.

C-53: The voices are a near-identical match.

Pleck!JACK: Oh. [to Pleck] Hey, you - you, uh, wanna go someplace?

PLECK: Me?

Pleck!JACK: Yeah - me? And just, me and me?

PLECK: I, I guess so, I mean - [Pleck!JACK: You wanna go in here?] [disappointed??] Dar did say she was not my friend, and so did C-53.

C-53: [definitive, neutral tone] I am "not" your friend.

Pleck!JACK: You know what? I-

C-53: We have not known each other long enough for that to be true.

Pleck!JACK: I don't think me needs friends. Like, me's got...me. [PLECK: I mean, that's true.] Right?

PLECK: [doubtfully] I guess. Yeah, I mean -

Pleck!JACK: And me - and me have our joke book.

PLECK: [delighted again] Yeah, that's true, that's true! Have you read it this?!

Pleck!JACK: Ah, yeah, they're really funny!

PLECK: It's really funny.

Pleck!JACK: It's really good stuff.

PLECK: [cheerfully] It's really good stuff!

Pleck!JACK: I...Yeah. You - well - let's, you know, let's just go off on our own and see what happens, you know?

PLECK: [nodding-along tone] Yeah, sure. Yeah. I agree.

Pleck!JACK: Right?

C-53: I will be seeking a being made of starlight. I'll see you later.

[beeping, then powering-down sound from C-53]

PLECK: Okay, sounds great.

Pleck!JACK: Okay, alright.

PLECK: [appreciative] Okay. Well, uh...lead the way, man. You seem like a cool dude.

Pleck!JACK: Okay. Yeah! I mean, like, I'm you, but I'm a you that knows...my way around, you know?

PLECK: Yeah, that's great.

Pleck!JACK: Hey, look in here. It's just, uhh...[imitation of surprised tone] it's just a big bed.

PLECK: ...Oh.

Pleck!JACK: Oh - oh. Is that-

PLECK: You want - you want us to juck each other, right? Is that what this is about?

Pleck!JACK: Eah. No, you - "you" - that's, that's what you want.

PLECK: [embarrassed] Jack, sorry - Jack - Jack, can I talk to Jack again? Can I -

[horrible squelching sound]

JACK: [normal voice] Oh...what, did I do, did I do something wrong?

PLECK: [half-laughing, rushed, embarrassed] No, I don't know. It - I just kinda get the impression, this is like a pleasure planet, right? But like,

JACK: Yeah.

PLECK: Really, it's sort of a juck planet, right?

JACK: It's - well,

PLECK: That's sort of what the whole thing is?

JACK: [returning to usual seductive tone] What's your pleasure, as we say here on Magnifiku?

PLECK: Uh...I mean, yeah, but -

JACK: I just thought-

PLECK: [blunt] But the answer to that question is always jucking, isn't it? [JACK: I mean, sometimes, but -] How often is it "not" jucking?

JACK: ...Not very often.

PLECK: [half-laughing] Okay. Yep.

JACK: I just thought, I - I dunno, I thought you'd like this, I thought, you know-

PLECK: [embarrassed, rushed] No, I mean, I like jucking, I just, you, guess I feel about that the way that C-53 feels about me, which is, like, [stilted] we don't know each other well enough.

JACK: Yeah, but it was "you", though- it was - it was you.

PLECK: And see, that's much - "that" I have access to.

JACK: Was the bed too big? I can make the bed smaller.

PLECK: Augh. Yeah, that's definitely not- [crosstalk] The size of the bed is definitely not -

JACK: [crosstalk] Well, I'm worried I made it too big. Well how about this: medium size? Look, is that better? Look, I - it's just a regular medium-sized bed. [Pleck stifles a laugh] I thought if it was big, we could roll around.

PLECK: I just don't know - I - g - I don't know if I sh - I don't know if -

JACK: Pleck, [PLECK: What?] Pleck, [PLECK: What?] come on. Give yourself a chance! I - I don't think you're that boring!

PLECK: [laughs] I feel - I - wh-

JACK: "You're" the one who seems to think you were too boring to juck.

PLECK: [indignant] No, I - that's definitely not what it was! No, it was just, I -

JACK: No; I sensed that there was no one boring enough to juck "you". And I thought, well, maybe,

PLECK: [defeated] Well, that's maybe true.

JACK: Maybe if there was another "you", you would be at the same level, and you would then...juck yourself.

PLECK: Mm. That's really - that's really nice of you?

JACK: Yeah.

PLECK: But I just - [exasperated noise] can I ask where Dar is right now?

[Tnkling ntermission music]

DAR: [excited, relaxed, but also desperate] Okay. I'm sure I'm going to get there "aaannny" minute now...ahh...huh...very long boat ride. "Veery" long commute.

TINY TONEZ: [movement sounds] [speaks in gangster voice] Hey there. Heyy.

DAR: Hello?

TINY TONEZ: Hey. Are you sailin' in the big boat?

DAR: Where's - where are you?

TINY TONEZ: I'm in the water.

DAR: [pause] ...Where in the water?

TINY TONEZ: Look down. Look down here, I'm splashin' away!

DAR: Oh.

TINY TONEZ: Yeah, it's me.

DAR: [appreciative] Ohh! You're a small little thing, aren'tcha?

TINY TONEZ: Yeah, I'm Tiny Tonez. Tiny Tonez.

DAR: Tiny "Tonez"?

TINY TONEZ: Tonez, yeah. I live in the water.

DAR: Co- that's very cool -

TINY TONEZ: What're you "doin'" here?!

DAR: What do you mean, what am I doing here -I'm on my way to -

TINY TONEZ: You got tricked, man, you got "tricked!"

DAR: What?

TINY TONEZ: Everybody who comes to this planet's a "sucka!"

DAR: [pissed] What?

TINY TONEZ: You got tricked, this whole planet's a honey trap!

DAR: [livid] "WHAAT?!"

TINY TONEZ: Yeah. I saw you comin', I thought, here comes another sucka! Hope you had a fun time, cuz that's it, there's nothin' else, it's just that guy in his house!

DAR: [still livid; growling tone] I came here...to "juck."

TINY TONEZ: No dice. If you didn't get jucked in his room, then he didn't wanna juck you, he's probably juckin' whoever's there and sent you on a big boat. It's a classic set-

DAR: "PLECK?!"

TINY TONEZ: Yeah - wow -?

DAR: He wanted to juck "Pleck" of all people!

TINY TONEZ: I dunno, man. All I know is this place is boring.

DAR: [outraged] My genitalia can "literally" assume "any" kind of shape, to thus pleasure my partner in any way they see fit, and he chose "PLECK?!"

TINY TONEZ: I mean, I don't care about your genitals, I'm asexual! It's got nothin' to do with me.

DAR: [calmer] Okay, Tonez, I'd like to, uh...how does this magical boat go back?

TINY TONEZ: [pissed] It's not a magical boat, it's just a multi-size boat! It's small, but it expands to three other sizes, it's just "basic!" If you wanna make it smaller, it just - it just "sucks in!" You know what I mean?!

DAR: I wanna go back to the sh- [crosstalk] I wanna -

TINY TONEZ: [crosstalk] Look at the - look at the "slats" on the boat! You see the way they fold in? You wanna make it smaller?!

DAR: [urgently] Tonez, I hate this, I wanna -

TINY TONEZ: -magic boat, jesus, you're dumb --

DAR: [angry] [splashing sounds] You're gonna tell me how to get back to the shore "right" this second, or I am gonna "squish" you!

TINY TONEZ: [struggling and choking noises] Let go of me, I'm tryna help! I've been "straight" with you! Eurgh!

DAR: Do you know what - I'm - I'm all backed up now.

TINY TONEZ: Aw, boy. You know what??

DAR: I'm all "backed up" now, Tonez.

TINY TONEZ: [protesting] Well, what am "I" gonna do about it?!

DAR: [tranquil fury] You're gonna send me back...to Jack.

TINY TONEZ: Literally turn the boat around and go back in the same direction you came, it's a "straight line!" It's a "narrow lake!" I mean, you can "SEE" it from here, you "idiot!"

[intermission music]

JACK: Oh, come on, I could, uh, how about if I look like, uh, maybe a slightly more exciting version of you -

PLECK: [exasperated but still embarrassed] Yeah, see, this is what I'm talking about: [JACK: [muttered] Ah, come on.] I feel like your whole thing is just trying to get me to have sex with you.

JACK: Well, how about this: how about we just take off our shorts -

PLECK: [half-laughing] Now, see, now that's a - [JACK: No, it's -] that's a straighter - that's a - that's a "shorter" distance between those two points (!)

JACK: Yeah, okay. No, I'm just saying not for...not for jucking, just -let's just take off our shorts for comfort! Just to relax, and then maybe - let's -

PLECK: Yeah, see, comfort, now I can get on board with that.

JACK: Okay. Alright let's take off our shorts. Alright.

[fabric noises]

JACK: Okay, there they go. See, that wasn't so bad!

PLECK: Hey, C-53? [JACK: Uh.] Are you -oh, he's -

C-53: [powering-up noise] I have returned.

PLECK: Okay. Wh - where were you this time?

C-53: I ran through a number of disposable bodies engaging in the act of love with a being made of starlight. [PLECK: Mm.] Their stellar radiation destroyed many forms before we were able to...reach completion.

PLECK: Oh...you can do that?!

C-53: Absolutely.

PLECK: Oh. Jack, if we wanted, like, another guide on this planet, could we do that?

JACK: Oh. I can - I can make, I can make myself into a different -

PLECK: No, I mean like a different -

JACK: Yeah, I can create a third me. A second me, there'd be a third me, whatever you want.

PLECK: I, ah, no.

JACK: Do you want another guide?

PLECK: Are you the - are you the only [JACK: No.] being on this planet?f

JACK: No. I'm not. I'm not!

PLECK: Just gonna call Bargie really quick. [dialing noise] Hey, Bargie!

BARGIE: [tired] Ahh, Yeah.

PLECK: What - sorry, did I, uh, disturb you?

BARGIE: No, yeah, I was - just thinkin' bout the past, you know.

PLECK: Oh, wow.

JACK: Bargie? Bargie, is that you?

BARGIE: H-holy crap.

JACK: Oh, this is awkward.

BARGIE: Good to see "you", uh, [crosstalk] you look - you look good, you look, uh

JACK: [crosstalk] You look great. You doing - you doing well?

BARGIE: I'm fine [JACK: Yeah.] I lost some weight, [crosstalk] I lost some engines, and uh,

JACK: Oh, I know, uh, you look good. I'm sorry - I'm sorry I look different, it's just if I [BARGIE: Yeah.] - luckily you remember me with -

BARGIE: You still on this planet alone, like you always did?

JACK: Y-yes. Yeah. [crosstalk] But - Yeah. Ugh.

PLECK: [crosstalk] Wait, Bargie, why didn't you "tell" us that there was only one person on this planet?!

JACK: No - ugh.

BARGIE: You never asked me. [infuriated] You'd just assume I'd give you information?! You know what? This is exactly it. Nobody communicates anymore! Or in the past. Huh. That's why Jack and I didn't work out.

JACK: No -

[sound of crashing and breaking glass]

PLECK: [surprised, amused??] Whoa, Dar, where have you been?

DAR: [raised voice] We are leaving right this "SECOND!"

JACK: No, please, don't. I'll -

DAR: [venomous] And "you". You coulda had all of this (!)

JACK: No - well, no, I'm not -

C-53: That is a lot.

JACK: No, that's too much, Dar. Sorry if I lied, to you all, it's just, erm, in this case, I was drawn to - the absolute "lack" of..."anything" interesting.

PLECK: Mm.

C-53: [despondently?? ldk] I "just" don't understand.

JACK: No, uh -

DAR: [still angry; growling tone] "Neither" do "I".

JACK: [fascinated] This - I've seen so much, but to see someone who is so - nothing...

PLECK: [quietly] Oh. That's rude.

JACK: No it's...no. I-

C-53: It's accurate.

JACK: I thought...what is this? Could this..."be"?? [lets out a breath]

PLECK: [kind of sad] So you were - you were actually interested in me?

JACK: I wouldn't say interested, no.

PLECK: Oh.

JACK: No.

C-53: Is "fascinated" a more accurate description?

JACK: Ah, nope. It's too strong. [C-53: Hmm.] Uh, I'm looking for the word and I can't find it.[draws in a breath] Um...

C-53: Intrigued?

JACK: No, no. Ugh. What's that word, it's on the tip of my tongue — it's definitely less than any of the words you've said.

C-53: Yes, I understand.

JACK: If you could -

PLECK: Compelled?

JACK: No, no. [PLECK: Hmm.] I don't know if there's a word "weak" enough for the level of interest that I felt so "strongly". Do I - does that make sense to you?

PLECK: I-

C-53: "Annoyed?"

[Pleck half-laughs]

JACK: No, no. I mean, there's definitely an "element" of that -

PLECK: [indignant; embarrassed] I'm - you know what?! I feel like we should probably go.

DAR: [firmly] It's time.

JACK: No, no; let's - do diplomacy!

PLECK: No, I - I get it. I think I get it.

JACK: [imploringly] But - your mission! You were here on a mission!

PLECK: [done with this] Can I ask you a real question?

JACK: [desperately] Sure, yes, anything.

PLECK: Is this planet a real planet, or is it just, like, also you?

JACK: Oh, it's just me. Me, and - and various, various small, small, insignificant creatures. But, uh...

C-53: Can I ask you another question?

JACK: Yes!

C-53: Was I actually having an adventure as a sand crawler, as a recon drone, as a...series of inferior bodies having intercourse with a being made of starlight, or were you just...sending me out simulations?

JACK: Those were simulations; as you can see [C-53 sighs] your restraining bolt never left you. [PLECK: Ah.] I wasn't able to pull it off, but I was able to make you "feel" that it had been removed.

PLECK: Is this joke book real?

JACK: [snorts] No. Think of the joke that you told; that wasn't a joke.

C-53: It had no punchline. Why did we laugh so hard?

PLECK: [tone] "I" thought it was funny. I [crosstalk] thought it was -

C-53: [crosstalk] What was there to laugh at? What's the difference between a Tellurian and a Flarn?

PLECK: [stifling a laugh] That's -that's still pretty f-

JACK: Not a joke, though.

C-53: That's not a joke!

JACK: Pleck, that's not a joke

C-53: This is embarrassing.

JACK: Pleck, our shorts are still off. We can still make this happen.

PLECK: No, [crosstalk] I mean, I gotta -

JACK: [crosstalk] Please, let's rustle.

BARGIE: [crosstalk] Let's go. (??) You ready?

[shoes clomping on metal]

A-34-89: Ambassador Decksetter, the Bargarean Jade has returned to the spaceport and you are clear to depart. Hope you didn't have too much fun.

C-53: Oh, [crosstalk] most assuredly. We didn't.

DAR: [crosstalk] We literally had the absence of [crosstalk] fun/.

BARGIE: [crosstalk] Yep. Zero fun.

PLECK: [crosstalk] Yep. We definitely did not have fun.

A-34-89: Well, that's usually what happens on Magnifiku.

PLECK: [surprised] Wait, people leave?!

A-34-89: Oh, yeah.

PLECK: I was sort of under the impression that you would entrap people kind of as, like, a - like, to eat them or something.

JACK: What? Ew, gross, no. [PLECK: Oh.] I'm vegan.

A-34-89: No, come on.

PLECK: Oh.

A-34-89: No.

PLECK: Oh, so this is just - it's just sorta like a one-night-stand planet?

JACK: I mean, it coulda been more than that, Pleck.

PLECK: [muttered] Okay, well. [normal volume] Is the word you're looking for "disgusted"?

JACK: [pause] No. You know, I'll-I'll probably think of it after you leave. It's so frustrating.

[Intermission music, interrupted by rebel commercial]

Seeso Gundu: Attention. This is Seesu Gundu with a fascinating message. Support for the rebellion against the Federated Alliance comes from ZipRecruiter. Before using zip recruiter we couldn't (have attract??) any qualified rebels, you don't wanna know about these applicants. Ugh! Anyway, zip recruiter lets us post jobs to 100+ jobsites with just one click! I can't tell you how many times we used to have to click. We had casualties left and right, just from the carpal tunnel, from all of that clicking! Get this: 80% of employers who post a job on zip recruiter get a quality candidate within one day. So find out today why zip recruiter has been used by businesses of all sizes to find the most qualified candidates and - oh, wow. Right now, you can post jobs on zip recruiter for free. That's right: free! Just go to ZipRecruiter dot com slash Zyxx. Z-Y-X-X. That's ZipRecruiter dot com slash Zyxx. [strong static] Long live the Rebellion!

[Static, then transition music]

PLECK: Well, not the greatest mission, guys. I guess we should call Nermut and ask how it went.

DAR: Yeah.

C-53: Ambassador Decksetter, I have neglected to inform you that we have left Junior Missions Operations Manager Nermut Bundaloy on hold for the last...four-and-a-half hours.

DAR: What?! No, he couldn't have been waiting that long!

C-53: [concerned??] Well, let's see.

[Open Transmission sound]

NERMUT: [singing] And then I went to the well, and I looked in the well, and the well was empty, and -

PLECK: Hey, Nermut!

NERMUT: Hmm? What?

DAR: Hey, Nermie!

NERMUT: Heyy, guys!

DAR: Just singing a little song about a well?

NERMUT: Huh?

PLECK: [half-laughing] What was that song?!

NERMUT: What? Oh, you - that's, uh, that's just a song, that's a traditional song, that we sing, back on my planet.

DAR: Aww, you were just making up a song, for FOUR HOURS.

NERMUT: No, nope, it's a song, it's in the canon, it's uh.

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

NERMUT: Yeah.

C-53: We were detained by a CLINT, and I ignored your call.

NERMUT: Oh, yeah, it's OK. It's a long song. it was...

DAR: [dubiously] Why didn't you just hang up?

NERMUT: Well, I was...on hold.

PLECK: It's - [snickering; crosstalk] hard to argue with that. Hey, listen -

DAR: [crosstalk] ...Eh heh. You're, eh...uh huh.

NERMUT: I mean, you, you wait for the other people to hang up. Right?

PLECK: [amused] Yeah, no, you're right. That's very polite, and I - I apologise. But can I tell you, Nermut? [Nermut: No problem.] I think we found out why nobody wants to talk about Magnifiku

C-53: This was a very personally embarrassing mission for us. [PLECK: [crosstalk] Yeah, especially-] Junior Missions Operations Manager Nermut Bundaloy.

PLECK: Yeah, you know what? I feel like-I feel like Jack's sort of claimed that his goal was to pleasure us? But I think he really zinged all three of us, pretty hard.

NERMUT: And...Yeah. I'm so sorry - and, C-53, because of your willingness to have your restraining bolt removed, even though it was "not" removed, I am obliged to administer a...a small punishment right now.

C-53: [extremely monotone] Very well. What is the nature of the punishment?

NERMUT: It's - so, Bargie, can you please eject the punishment marble from your shelf?

[C-53 groans]

BARGIE: Ejecting my marbles.

NERMUT: No, not all of - [Sound of marbles falling onto the floor] Oh boy, okay.

PLECK: [mumbled] Hey, what is happening?

NERMUT: C-53, I need you to dig through that pile of marbles and select the designated punishment marble.

C-53: [groans] You mean the marble optimized to fall immediately from my metallic digits?

NERMUT: Unfortunately, Yes, that's the one. [C-53 groans again]

PLECK: [bemused] Wait, C-53, what's happening?

C-53: [frustrated in a cold sort of way] I am to attempt to pick up the punishment marble and, when I drop it, I must attempt to pick it up again.

DAR: Ooh, that's "very" frustrating.

C-53: [matter-of-factly] Here I go. Ah, it has slipped from my grasp.

DAR: Oh, like a little infinity sack!

C-53: Yep. [matter-of-factly] Now I will return to the task.

NERMUT: Ugh, this is hard to watch.

C-53: Ah, dear, it has...[crosstalk] slipped from my digits somewhere-

PLECK: You know what, C-53, can I just pick this up for you?-

C-53: [firmly] "No", I must be the one to lift the marble. [sound of marble hitting the ground again] Ah, it's so small. It's eluded me...yet again.

PLECK: This is like one of those -

C-53: [with emphasis] Allow me to bend "one more time" to fetch it. [longer sound of C-53 bending down; sound of marble hitting the floor] Nope! That was unsuccessful, again.

PLECK: Nermut - Nermut, please stop. This is terrible.

DAR: Mmm.

BARGIE: This is sad.

NERMUT: You might just wanna go to sleep...I mean, it's unknown how long he's gonna have to do this.

PLECK: [laughing in shock] "What?!"

NERMUT: Yeah. I mean, I have to stay awake watching it too, so.

C-53: Mm. [sound of marble hitting the floor] Almost had it that time.

[Nermut groans]

PLECK: Oh, man.

C-53: [sighs] Ah, returning to the ground to seek the marble.

DAR: C, could you try it, like, all sexy this time, when you have to bend over and pick it up?

C-53: [sight sigh] Very well.

PLECK: [appreciative but not sexually] Ooh, yeah.

[another whirring sound of C-53 bending down to get the marble]

PLECK: [laughs] Yeah, very - whoa, very nice!

C-53: [sound of marble hitting the floor] [seductively] Oh, no. I have lost my marble...

DAR: Ooh-hoo-hoo-hoo, [crosstalk] "yes!"

PLECK: [crosstalk] Yeah!

NERMUT: Nope, that one does not count. From the timings, it seemed like you enjoyed it.

C-53: Very well.

DAR: [high-pitched] What?

BARGIE: Can you - can you do one where, uh, you're doing an impression of me?

DAR: [excited non-sexually] Ooh, yeah! That - that one next, that one next!

C-53: I shall attempt it. [In Bargie's voice, but more robotic] I'm attempting to pick up this marble.

PLECK: Whoa-ho-ho!

NERMUT: Whoa.

C-53: [as Bargie singing] Doo-doo-doo!

PLECK: C-53, that is a "solid" Bargie.

C-53: [still in Bargie's voice] Thank you, Ambassador Decksetter.

PLECK: [to Bargie] Bargie, what did you think of that impression?

[pause]

BARGIE: ...Not even close.

[Outro music]

C-RED-IT-5:

C-53 - Jeremy Bent

Pleck Decksetter - Alden Ford

Dar - Allie Kokesh

Nermut Bundaloy - Seth Lind

CLINT - Winston Noel

Bargarean Jade - Moujan Zolfaghari

Jack and Tiny Tonz- Connor Ratliff

Edited - Alden Ford

Recorded - Braund Studios by Shane O'Connell

Sound Design and Mix - Shane O'Connell

Music - Brendan Ryan

[[Category:Transcripts]]

[[Category:Season 1]]