

NARRATOR: The period of civil war has ended. The rebels have defeated the evil galactic monarchy and established the harmonious Federated Alliance. Now, Ambassador Pleck Decksetter and his intrepid crew travel the farthest reaches of the galaxy to explore astounding new worlds, discover their heroic destinies, and meet weird bug creatures and stuff. This is Mission to Zyxx.

[Intro music]

PLECK: Hey Dar?

DAR: Yeah what's up?

PLECK: You know, after meeting with that bounty hunter I was thinking, we should try to get you some guns, right?

DAR: I could kiss you.

PLECK: No you don't have to do that.

DAR: I mean I could, every other part of me knows not to, cause you disgust me, but I love the suggestion.

PLECK: Yeah.

DAR: But you have to keep this secret from Nermie.

C-53: I'm afraid that if anyone aboard the ship acquires munitions I am obligated to tell Junior Missions Operations Manager Nermut Bundaloy.

DAR: Ah C, be cool!

PLECK: Be cool!

DAR: Be cool, C!

PLECK: Just be cool, it's for her own protection though, right? And it's for our own lookin cool.

C-53: I'm afraid that this has been designated a diplomatic team which means we are not allowed to carry firearms of any kind.

PLECK: C-53 here, I'm just going to appeal to the logical part of you, as a droid..

C-53: There is no non-logical part of me.

PLECK: See, perfect! Great. Think about the number of missions we've gone on where we've been in legitimate danger. The K'hekk attack, we almost got killed by a Koolah

and the Koolah's daughter. There was the time I was high on dust and my eyeballs were literally on fire.

BARGIE: Sorry to interrupt but it is my monthly cleaning so I'm just gonna self clean my floors and my windows and all of the engines.

PLECK: That's fine what do we need-

BARGIE: Don't mind me, all this liquid is just gonna start washing itself...

[Cleaning liquid begins pouring into the cabin]

DAR: Bargie it's very hot liquid though.

BARGIE: I know, do you want a clean ship or do you want a clean ship? I mean what do you want.

PLECK: I mean I guess so...

C-53: Sure is misty in here...

BARGIE: Bringin' in the soap

PLECK: Bargie can't you just do this when we're on our next mission and we're not on the ship?

BARGIE: I'm sorry, I'm scheduled to do this every month okay? Do you want a dirt ship? Huh? Do you think I'm a dirty ship?

PLECK: No!

BARGIE: You think I'm a dirty ship?

DAR: That's a line from one of your movies.

BARGIE: It is, you got it.

PLECK: C-53, are you okay?

C-53:[Warped] I'm alright there's just some moisture running across my vocal modulator... it's a little unusual for me.

PLECK: Are you not waterproof?

C-53: [coughs] Not 100%

PLECK: That seems..

DAR: That seems like an oversight.

PLECK: That seems basic.

BARGIE: Okay adding in more water.

PLECK: No stop Bargie hold on!

C-53: [Warped] It's a defect that they fixed in the D-series of droids but the C-series is quite water phobic.

PLECK: Oh no. What if you just took your cube out and then let the body sort of do whatever?

C-53: I suppose I could do that. Would you like to take out my cube?

PLECK: Can you do that?

C-53: Removing cube.

[C-53 powers down]

PLECK: Oh no!

DAR: Pleck what have you done!?

PLECK: I dunno! I didn't know he was going to do that right away.

DAR: Obviously you have that control and power over him.

PLECK: I'm just going to put the cube back in.

[Pleck places the cube back in]

C-53: [Warped and glitching] Welcome back!

PLECK: Whoa!

C-53: [Voice fluctuating] Ambassador Decksetter I have an incoming transmission from Junior Missions Operations Manager-er-er-er-er Nermut Bundaloy!

[Transmission begins, glitching]

PLECK: Aw crap. Uh, hey Nermut.

DAR: Hey Nermie!

[Nermut sighs]

PLECK: Um listen-

DAR: Hey wait, you seem a little down.

PLECK: What's wrong?

NERMUT: It's not a work thing, so it's not important.

DAR: I love that it's not a work thing, please tell us what's going on in your personal life.

NERMUT: I dunno, a family reunion over the weekend.. you know how it is. It's just like, when your siblings are more successful and like.. 106 siblings and..

PLECK: Woah!

DAR: Nermie is there something wrong on your end? Your holo is super glitchy.

NERMUT: Uh....

PLECK: I dunno I sort of feel like Bargie's cleaning routine did something strange.

NERMUT: Barige's.. excuse me?

PLECK: She said it's monthly so...

BARGIE: Monthly. I'm gonna now add some moisturizer.

NERMUT: Bargie that routine means you-

PLECK: No stop!

BARGIE: It's a peppermint flavored! Gotta keep it clean and tight.

C-53: [Warped] Love the refreshing smell of peppermint.

NERMUT: Is...

PLECK: Listen something's wrong with C-53 we gotta do something.

NERMUT: C-53?

C-53: [Warped] Yes?

NERMUT: Okay just first I wanna say, Bargie the class of ship you are was nearly outlawed because of the materials that were used in the cleaning fluid. You know this.

PLECK: What!?

BARGIE: Okay it is true! I will admit I used to do filthy movies, okay! Everybody knows I used to do those filthy films but that does not define me-

PLECK: Should I be concerned that a lot of it got like, in my eyes and mouth?

DAR: Probably.

NERMUT: Oh...

BARGIE: Alright scrubbin down!

PLECK: Oh..

NERMUT: Okay..

PLECK: No..

C-53: Bubbles...

DAR: Here's the thing guys, you guys are so worried but I kinda like this new C.

PLECK: I mean I sort of do too but he gets real close when he talks to you.

DAR: It's honestly very alluring.

C-53: Is my closeness an issue?

PLECK: Yes! Absolutely!

DAR: Oh I love this.

NERMUT: [sighs] Alright I'm gonna send you 30 different droid repair shops. I hope you're near one. Here are all the coordinates.

PLECK: Seems like too many options.

BARGIE: Time for perfume!

NERMUT: Ugh! That's worse than the soap!

DAR: C how are you doing with all those?

C-53: I am 3-50c Protocol and Protomatic Relations Roid!

DAR: Ahh..

PLECK: Shit! It's getting worse!

DAR: You'd be fun to party with,

PLECK: Dar, something's clearly wrong with C...

DAR: We should skip finding the droid repair man-

PLECK: I disagree.

DAR: ...and we should go party.

PLECK: Okay..

BARGIE: Okay shaving my exterior!

PLECK: That doesn't make sense! That does not make sense.

[music]

HARK TARDIGAST: Hello, can anyone hear me? This is rebel pilot Hark Tardigast! I am somehow still alive in my stasis pod after ejecting from my downed fighter. Must have hit some atmospheric winds that are keeping me aloft and I gotta say I'm feeling great!

Because I have a healthy supply of RXBar Whole Food Protein Bars! Tough call but I'd say chocolate seasalt is my favorite flavor! Delicious. No wait, maybe coconut chocolate... hmm... in any case, RXBar's core ingredients are the key. 3 egg whites, 2 dates and 6 almonds. With no BS like added sugar, artificial colors, artificial flavors or preservatives. It turns out real food ingredients actually taste really good. RXBar's are great for breakfast on the go, a snack at the office to throw in your bag for the plane, or if you're me as your last delectible intake before crash landing behind enemy lines on the surface of an alien moon. Let me tell you here this, you can get 25% off your first order at [RXBar.com/zyxx](https://RXBar.com/zyxx). Z-Y-X-X. If you enter promo code 'ZYXX' at checkout that's

RXBar.com/zyxx promo code zyxx! The winds have changed, I'm gonna chow down on one last bar before I meet my end.. Tardigast signing off...

[music]

REPAIRMAN: Hello, hello! Welcome to my shop!

PLECK: Oh.

REPAIRMAN: Yeah, you wanna... what are you here for? You wanna droid? Whaddya want?

PLECK: Hey listen my droid is... I have a question. Are you um. Are you, where are you from? Can I ask you where you're from?

REPAIRMAN: Huh? Wha?

PLECK: I'm asking you where you're from.

REPAIRMAN: Where I'm from?

PLECK: Yeah.

REPAIRMAN: Well I'm a Flurvian, does that answer your question?

PLECK: Oh yeah, yeah yea yea.

REPAIRMAN: Great, what do you want?

PLECK: Listen, we're just here to get our droid fixed.

REPAIRMAN: Oh a C-series! Look at this thing!

PLECK: Yeah.

REPAIRMAN: Yeah haven't seen one of these.. I saw it in a dirty movie.

PLECK: Really?

REPAIRMAN: Yeah... it's disgusting.

PLECK: I didn't know, I thought they were like protocol droids mostly.

DAR: Oh no they used to be sexbots.

PLECK: What!?

REPAIRMAN: Yeah, they were sex bots!

PLECK: I didn't know that!

REPAIRMAN: A c-series!? You got a good sexbot there.

PLECK: Oh okay.

DAR: And uh.. our C is pretty old so...

REPAIRMAN: It probably was in a bunch of sex films.

C-53: [Leaning in close] I must warn you Ambassador Decksetter I have not had that function in many years.

PLECK: You don't have to worry about that, that's actually a good thing.

DAR: Wow he said that right in your ear.

REPAIRMAN: Yeah alright I see what's going on here. Just give me a second with this C.

PLECK: Okay sure.

REPAIRMAN: Stefai! Stefai! Take him in the back!

PLECK: Who's Stefai?

REPAIRMAN: It's my assistant.

PLECK: Okay yeah that makes sense.

STEFALI: I'll take him in the back.

REPAIRMAN: Hey so while you're here, you strike me as a guy that might need a loader droid!

PLECK: Uhhh..

REPAIRMAN: Yeah!

PLECK: A loader droid?

REPAIRMAN: Yeah! Like a lifter! Like a lifty loader droid!

PLECK: Yeah I mean, I don't like lifting stuff, and the droid's whole job is lifting stuff?

REPAIRMAN: He doesn't have to be a lifter droid. What about a gun droid? You guys want a gun droid?

DAR: Sounds good!

PLECK: Now we're talkin!

REPAIRMAN: I'll put some guns on the droid!

PLECK: We were just talking about-

REPAIRMAN: Yeah?

DAR: Also if you just had guns minus the droid we could talk about that

REPAIRMAN: No it comes with the droid, it's part of the droid.

DAR: Sure sure sure.

REPAIRMAN: Here is is...

DROID: Good morning mother juckers! Hahahaha! Genital shot! Genital shot! Genital shot! [The droid punches Pleck and Dar in the genitals]

PLECK: Ow! How did he know where your genitals were Dar, I don't even know where they are!

DAR: And you wouldn't know where they are.

DROID: Of course you don't know where genitals are, you virgin!

PLECK: Okay that's..

DAR: Hahaha! Now I like it!

REPAIRMAN: What a gun droid, right!? What a gun droid...

PLECK: I guess so.. I dunno...

REPAIRMAN: Let me put it this way. I'll give you the gun droid and I'll fix your friend all for the same, like for one price.

DROID: Don't trust this Flurvion mother jucker. These big nosed Flurvians are all cheap as hell!

PLECK: Okay that's a Flurvian stereotye a little bit.

DAR: Uh just curious, what's this bots name?

DROID: That name is B-69-420! Hahahaha!

PLECK: Is that an actual name?

B-69-420: Suck my wires!

PLECK: Okay.

REPAIRMAN: It's not.. it's a gun model! It's a gun model!

DAR: It's a gun model!

PLECK: I mean okay I guess we'll take him.

REPAIRMAN: I'm givin' you a deal here! You know?

PLECK: We're just gonna-

STEFAL: Boss, you sellin' the roast droid?

REPAIRMAN: Shut up Stefai, shut up

STEFAL: Just looks like you're selling the roast master droid that you're trying to get rid of.



REPAIRMAN: I'm selling the loader droid and the gun droid, why don't you go get the C-model?

STEFAL: We have a loader droid!? And a gun droid!?

REPAIRMAN: Stefai..

DAR: Hey it looks like you guys are having a personal moment.. We're just gonna take this droid.

PLECK: Yeah we'll take this droid and leave you alone.

REPAIRMAN: Oh and uh, Stefai? You wanna bring out the C-Model?

STEFAL: Alright I'm done.

REPAIRMAN: Yeah we're all done.

PLECK: You fixed him already?

DAR: What was the problem with C?

REPAIRMAN: Water.

DAR: Oh, okay.

STEFAL: Real wet inside.

REPAIRMAN: He was a wet, wet robot. A water wet robot.

STEFAL: You can't put a cube wet back in the frame.

DAR: I was gonna say, would you say taking out the cube was the issue?

STEFAL: Yeah.

REPAIRMAN: Only a jucking idiot would do that.

PLECK: Okay.

REPAIRMAN: The fame itself is pretty water type but you can't take the cube out.

B-69-420: Which one of you mother juckers took the cube out?

PLECK: That was definitely me.

B-69-420: Where'd you put the cube? Lemme guess, in your defecation hole? Hahaha!

PLECK: This guys funny!

DAR: Yeah, I like this guy.

REPAIRMAN: He's yours now! Goodbye!

PLECK: Okay thanks! Much appreciated!

DAR: Bye!

PLECK: Wow, what a nice couple a guys.

DAR: Oh yeah.

[music]

PLECK: C-53 how are you feeling?

C-53: It is good to be back to normal Ambassador Decksetter.

PLECK: well that's great. I dunno if you saw but we picked up this loader and gun-droid!

C-53: Ah, a B-class droid.

B-69-420: Oh yeah, B-69-420! Time to start loading or lifting! Yeah!

C-53: That numerical designation is not included with B-class droids...

B-69-420: Oh yeah! Pump it! Pump it! [Begins to flex]

PLECK: B-69-420...

C-53: He's really flexing his arms a lot.

B-69-420: Pump it! [Starts thrusting his hips]

C-53: Now he's thrusting his hips along...

PLECK: B-69-420 do you like, work out?

B-69-420: I load for fun recreational purposes only, bruh!

PLECK: Cool. How does that work? You're a robot so like your strength is the same so there's no reason to do that

B-69-420: [mockingly repeats Pleck] Come on, hahaha!

C-53: Hahaha!

DAR: His impression of you is so good!

C-53: He got you good, Ambassador Decksetter. That is on target.

PLECK: Well, in any case, B-69-420. I'm happy to have you on board, we're gonna go on missions together, we're gonna go to different planets, it's gonna be great.

B-69-420: We're gonna go to different planets? It's just like homework! Who is this jucking guy over here!?

C-53: This is Ambassador Pleck Decksetter, a Tellurian ambassador for the Federated Alliance. All hail the Federated Alliance.

B-69-420: if only you were wearing underwear I would hang you on the wall, haha.

PLECK: Haha, oh man.

C-53: I do not have underwear.

PLECK: But what if you did, though? That's what's hilarious about it.

C-53: Well I wouldn't wear any pants over it so it would look fairly unusual.

PLECK: Oh yeah.

B-69-420: Not to mention he'd leave some oil skids in there!

PLECK: Is that how that works?

C-53: No, I don't have an oil port in that particular location.

PLECK: Hmm.

B-69-420: I'm just kidding C-53, let me get a high five! Too slow!

PLECK: Oh man!

DAR: Hahaha!

C-53: I only just initiated my high five protocol...I..

B-69-420: Way too slow! Way too slow!

C-53: Hmm...

PLECK: Hey B-69-420, what were you doing before you were in that droid shop?

B-69-420: Oh I dunno I've been rebooted so many times I can't tell you where I start and where I end. But as far as I'm concerned I used to hang in a smoke filled bar and rip people new defecation holes.

DAR: Haha.. Very cool

PLECK: We usually..

B-69-420: Metaphorically speaking!

PLECK: Sure sure.

B-69-420: But there was a brief period of time where I was putting new defecation holes in people, I was a medical droid first.

PLECK: Woah! That's..really?

B-69-420: Yeah my job sucked! Shit everywhere!

PLECK: Oh jeez.

C-53: Some species are born without defecation holes and need to have them installed.

PLECK: Is that true!?

C-53: That is true.

BARGIE: I had one installed.

PLECK: Wait..

DAR: Bargie!

C-53: There is no reason for Bargie to have one installed but she did have one installed.

B-69-420: Bargie!? I've been polishing my lower half to your videos forever

BARGIE: Haha I got a fan right here! I knew it, I knew it was a fan, how you doin, how you doin?

B-69-420: This narrow hallway makes you feel nice, I can hit all of your walls at once.

PLECK: Okay, alright

DAR: Hey C, how is it that you have a bolt but B-69-420 has like literally no filter?

C-53: I was assigned a restraining bolt upon my inclusion into the Federated Alliance. All fail the Federated Alliance.

EVERYONE: right right right

B-69-420: Enough with the restraining bolt! Knock it off and cut loose every once in a while!

PLECK: That's good advice! That's good advice, C-53. When you got wet I was definitely worried about you, but like, you were pretty cool

B-69-420: Oh Pleck got somebody wet!? Fat chance! Oooohh!!!

BARGIE: Oh wow what a guy!

[Beeps and boops of an incoming transmission]

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

[Transmission begins]

PLECK: Oh! Hey Nermut!

DAR: Hi Nerm!

NERMUT: Hi!

PLECK: Hey guess what?

NERMUT: What?

PLECK: We got a little bit of help on the ship, we got a free droid! Can you believe it? From the Flurvians at the shop! They gave us a free droid?

NERMUT: Uhhhhhhh...

DAR: Introduce yourself B-69-420.

B-69-420: What's up mother jucker!? It's me, B-69-420! I do guns, I do loading, and most of all I rip new defecation holes! Now whose this new douche on the video over here!?

PLECK: Sorry, that's our boss! This is Nermut Bundaloy! Hey, Nermut, we got a new droid!

NERMUT: Have you ever heard the saying there's no free smunch?

PLECK: There's no such thing as a free smunch?

DAR: What?

NERMUT: You took a free droid? Obviously this is not a loader droid! Look at it!

DAR: Look at the guns on this guy?

B-69-420: What!? Look at these juckin things!?

NERMUT: Gosh...

B-69-420: Yeah! Pump it!

C-53: He's just moving his arms up and down..

NERMUT: B-69-420!? You know that is not an actual droid specification! C, you knew that, right!?

C-53: I informed everyone of that immediately and everyone chose to ignore it

NERMUT: Well at least you're fixed! You're fixed!

C-53: I am.

B-69-420: Hey Nermie suck my restraining bolt for jucks sake! Hahaha!

NERMUT: This guy's on the ship!?

PLECK: For what it's worth Nermut, he's pretty funny. We're having a good time!

DAR: Yeah he's great.

NERMUT: Okay, this is not authorized. If my superiors find out you have an unauthorized droid without a restraining bolt- we don't even know his specifications!

B-69-420..

B-69-420: Nermie you aren't the boss!? Why the juck are we listening to this guy?

NERMUT: Obviously I have a boss, everyone has a boss, even uh..

B-69-420: Not I, B-69-420!

NERMUT: Oh great. I'm gonna call you back and you better have dealt with this.. Okay?

[Transmission ends]

PLECK: Okay Nermt! You gotta excuse Nermt, he's not usually that uptight. i think he's having a hard time with his family.

B-69-420: Ugh.

PLECK: Ugh B-69-420- can I shorten your name or do I have to say the whole thing every time?

B-69-420: I know, 69's a mouthful, huh!?

PLECK: Ugh...

BARGIE: I got that one! I understood that one! You're funny, this is a funny bot.

DAR: Yeah.

B-69-420: You can call me Big Papa Lover if it's easier.

PLECK: Uh... yeah, might be a little easier.

BARGIE: That was a reference to one of my films.

PLECK: Oh, is that what that was?

BARGIE: Yeah.

B-69-420: I guess organisms have a thing called incest? It's exciting.

PLECK: Yeah I guess so..

BARGIE: I fell in love with another ship that was my brother.

PLECK: Really?

BARGIE: It was in a movie.

PLECK: Oh, right. Okay, yeah.

DAR: You would guess from the title though that you would fall in love with someone who was your father?

PLECK: Right yeah, Big Papa..

B-69-420: That's what I would say but when you watch the movie it makes sense cause the father is there and he's a lover. But he just inspires his two brother and sister ships to get at it. It's a really hot moment where they're just smashin their hyperdrives together

BARGIE: Oh yeah. It won a Kookoo award.

PLECK: Really?

B-69-420: You know when you get two pliers together and you kind of twist one 90 degrees and kidna smash them together a little bit?

PLECK: I guess I can picture that yeah.

B-69-420: Yes I can picture it too. Uh oh temperature rising!

BARGIE: Let's put up a clip!

C-53: Showing clip from "Big Papa Lover"

[A holo is displayed showing a much younger Bargie and another ship]

SHIP: Oh, is it... your room was unlocked

HOLO BARGIE: Oh was it? Why don't you come inside?

SHIP: Oh goodness should I?

[They begin to have raunchy sex]

DAR: Woah, you get right to it!

PLECK: Stop! C-53, no, turn it off!

C-53: I am blurring out the most objectionable parts of the film. This is still unacceptable.

DAR: Very acceptable!

B-69-420: look at how young Bargie is..

PLECK: No stop turn it off turn it off!

BARGIE: Thank you! There's also the director's commentary.

PLECK: No turn it off...

BARGIE: Now let's hear the director's commentary

COMMENTARY: Yeah this scene we really wanted to make sure that they knew we were brother and sister...

[Holo Bargie moaning]

SHIP: We have the same parents

HOLO BARGIE:; You and me

COMMENTARY: And Bargarean Jade.. she is just barely legal in this thing.

SHIP: I can't believe you were just licensed as a ship!

PLECK: Okay C-53 I think we got the gist of this C-53.

C-53: Ending projection

[Film ends]

B-69-420: Yeah, Bargie's barely licensed baby..

PLECK: What does that mean exactly?

BARGIE: it means I was barely lice- I don't understand.

PLECK: But aren't you like built and-

C-53: Yes, when a ship is constructed of course it's not immediately sent out into space. it needs to get the proper license and certification before it's space worthy.

BARGIE: I had my final parts.

B-69-420: Not to mention a ship doesn't become a real fully blossomed ship until you smash a bottle of dust against it's haul, am I right Bargie?

BARGIE: Yes you know how it is!

B-69-420: You guys wanna do dust and telecommunicate with our parents for hours talkin' non stop?

PLECK: Not really, I had a bad experience with dust a couple weeks ago, and I don't feel like I'm gonna do it again anytime-

BARGIE: Let's make prank phone calls!

B-69-420: Alright!

C-53: I could for instance initiate a transmission to Junior Missions Operations Manager Nermut Bundaloy.

DAR: Let's prank Nermie!

B-69-420: Woa-oh! C-53 turning the whole thing around! I like this jucking guy over here! Hit me up!

C-53: I will disguise our call sign as a different ship.

PLECK: I'm learning all these abilities that you have, C-53, that I never knew about.

DAR: B-69-420 is bringing out the cool side of C.

C-53: I feel I have always been very cool.

PLECK: I yeah I mean in a way, you've been very cool in the way like a teacher is cool.

DAR: Yes.

PLECK: When your teacher's like-

C-53: I think mentor's are considered extremely cool.

PLECK: Exactly, that's what I'm talking about.

C-53: Initiating transmission to Junior Missions Operations Manager Nermut Bundaloy.

[Transmission begins]

DAR: Everyone get down get down.

NERMUT: Uh, Federated Alliance Mission Operation Department



B-69-420: Uh yes, hello? I'm looking for Junior Missions Operation Manager Nermut Bundaloy?

NERMUT: Speaking, yes? Go for Bundaloy

B-69-420: I have a delivery here for Junior Missions Operation Manager Nermut Bundaloy?

NERMUT: Wow I didn't order anything- can you tell me what might be in there?

B-69-420: Yes it is over 51 metric tons of defecates! Now, open your mouth to receive it!

C-53: Ceasing transmission!

[Transmission ends]

BARGIE: Hahahaha!

DAR: That was great!

B-69-420: We killed it!

PLECK: Guys.

B-69-420: I would jucking love to fill that guy up with defecate.

BARGIE: Here's an idea, let's call the top.

PLECK: The top of what?

BARGIE: Let's call the top of the top.

C-53: The Council of Seven?

BARGIE: Yeah.

B-69-420: It goes all the way to the top, baby! Let's get those mother juckers.

BARGIE:Let's have fun!

PLECK: How are we gonna...

DAR: C you have their number?

C-53: Initiating transmission to Council of Seven

[Dar gasps]

BARGIE: You just pressed number one...

PLECK: This is crazy, can we do this!?

[Transmission begins]

ARCURI: Hello? Hello? You have reached the Council of Seven

B-69-420: Hello! What is up Council of Seven! I have some information that might be important to you!

ARCURI: Well please share it!

TRINK: Yes!

B-69-420: Junior Missions Operations Manager Nermut Bundaloy is currently neck deep in defecate!

TRINK: Who?

B-69-420: Junior Missions Operations Manager Nermut Bundaloy.

TRINK: I'm not sure that I know who that person is...

B-69-420: Search him on the database and determine whether or not this Nermut Bundaloy is juck full of defecate!

TRINK: We aren't really involved in our galactic governance. I feel this is a bit below our pay...

ARCURI: Multiple systems, yeah

B-69-420: So is the galaxy running correctly?

ARCURI: So far yes

TRINK: I feel it is!

B-69-420: Then why don't you catch it!? End transmission!

BARGIE: Yeah!

B-69-420: Wait I didn't hang up! How do we hang up!?

TRINK: Why are you still talking?

B-69-420: I just said- end transmission! C-53!

C-53: Ceasing transmission.

[Transmission ends]

B-69-420: Oh, you left me hanging out there! Not too long though, just hanging a little like a Tellurian genital! Hahaa!

C-53: Haha!

PLECK: Okay yeah. For sure. Yeah, that's pretty true

C-53: That is an accurate assessment of your genitals.

B-69-420: Famously small! Famously small!

DAR: I cannot believe I am the one who has to say this but do you think Nermut's gonna get in trouble?

PLECK: Oh.

C-53: Hm. It is a possibility.

PLECK: I hadn't thought about that. I guess I am a little bit worried about that.

B-69-420: You guys wanna play Drethian Roulette?

PLECK: Uh, what is that?

BARGIE: Yes we do!

B-69-420: I have this I40 ion blaster model cannon here... [Holds up gun]

PLECK: What!? How did you get that?

C-53: He is a gun droid.

BARGIE: I'm a gun droid!

PLECK: I sort of thought that was like if we had a gun you'd know how to shoot it.

B-69-420: No I brought one, I got an i40 series ion cannon here. it can load it up with one ion capsule, it has 8 chambers, we can pass it around, point it at our heads and pull the trigger.

PLECK: I dunno... B-69-420 this seems like, outside of the realm of like a roast droid.

BARGIE: Is this a bad time to mention that my ventilation system is full of dust?

DAR: Full of dust!?

PLECK: What?

C-53: The dust concentration in the atmosphere aboard the ship has increased ten fold.

PLECK: Ohh that makes sense...

B-69-420: You're welcome juckers!

PLECK: Wait you did this?

B-69-420: I dropped a little dust into the O2 canister, now we're flying hiiiiigh!

DAR: That's a higher concentration than if we just snorted it ourselves!

C-53: It is indeed, that's very true!

DAR: Yeah!

BARGIE: Yeah!

B-69-420: We're gonna live forever!

C-53: Let's play some Drethian Roulette!

DAR: Let's do it, who's going first!? Who's going first!?

B-69-420: I'm up first! [B-69-420 loads the capsule, points it at his cube and pulls the trigger. An explosion goes off as he is shot point blank. Silence echoes the ship.]

C-53: Oh dear...

PLECK: Oh boy.

C-53: He aimed it right at his cube.

PLECK: Oh man this really snapped me back guys.

C-53: This is a very sobering moment.

PLECK: Hey Bargie can you shut off your ventilation system for just one second? Guys, guys listen.

DAR: Ugh.

PLECK: This is serious. We have to get rid of this droid.

C-53: If I may, Ambassador Decksetter. We don't have to get rid of B-69-420. We need to memorialize him.

DAR: Yeah

C-52: he was a very special droid that brought happiness and fun into all of our lives. In this job I don't get to spend a lot of time with other droids and sometimes I worry I come off as very uncool.

PLECK: Makes sense.

C-53: He made me feel very accepted...

DAR: You know around him you were a lot cooler.

C-53: Oh.

BARGIE: As is the honored tradition, I want you to dismember all of his parts and put them into descending order.

C-53: I am deconstructing him now, seperating his parts by size... [C-53 begins to dismantle the droid's body]

DAR: Quick Q. Maybe we could keep the gun parts of him?

C-53: Technically by Federated Alliance regulations this gun falls under 'spare droid parts'.

PLECK: Really?

C-53: Well, it was originally part of a gun droid..

DAR: Thank you so much C. I will never say you are uncool ever again

C-53: Thank you.

BARGIE: I'm still chock full of dust.

PLECK: Oh boy..

BARGIE: So I'll do the final song and just let it free

C-53: Bargie I'm ready to eject his miscellaneous parts into space

[Bargie begins to sing as she opens her airlock, shooting B-69-420 into space, his final resting place]

DAR: It is not just the dust talking but that was beautiful.

C-53: That was beautiful.

[music]

RT: Attention rebels, it's your fearless leader here Rolphus Tiddle here with an important announcement. The security of the message we send here at the rebellion is of the utmost importance. If even a single one of our transmissions were intercepted by the cruel federated alliance it would mean certain death for our operatives. But, if the idea of your private messages in the hands of complete strangers actually interests you then boy oh boy do I have a podcast for you to check out. It's called Inbox and it's a brand new show from the hilarious minds of Nicole Dressbell, writer on [unintelligible] and Netflix's Wet Hot American Summer, and [unintelligible] Emmy award winning sports tv writer. Would you let two strangers go through your most personal messages and broadcast them to the world? Well that's what Nicole and Matt do every week with some brave soul bearing their inbox for all to hear. Sharing embarrassing nicknames for significant others, reading unsent emails to crushes, and exposing their weird middle of night [unintelligible] orders. I can't imagine being on this show, I only communicate over this highly secure encrypted radio signal. Wait, this is encrypted right? Anyway, check out Inbox on Apple Podcast or wherever you find your favorite shows. Stay strong, my rebels! Rolphus Tiddle out!

[music]

PLECK: Oh man I have a wicked, wicked headache right now.

[Beeps and boops of an incoming transmission]

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

[Transmission begins]

PLECK: Hey, Nermut.

NERMUT: Hey Guys!

DAR: Hey Nerm!

NERMUT: Hey!

DAR: Anything going on?

NERMUT: Um, you know, stuff's good, you know? I mean uh. Members of the Council of Seven looked at my file.

DAR: And that makes you happy?

NERMUT: Yeah. I mean, obviously this is gonna lead up to something big. Like they don't just look at Junior Missions Operations Managers files if it's not like you're gonna get some-

C-53: No they would have no reason to do that

NERMUT: I'm surprised they even knew who I am? I'd hoped. I was worried about this loader gun droid but- what's the deal?

PLECK: He is dead.

C-53: Technically it was suicide.

PLECK: Yeah so we don't have to file a form!

NERMUT: Great! Oh man, this day really turned around!

DAR: Yeah, everything's really coming up Nermie, huh?

NERMUT: You know honestly? I'm gonna call my parents and I'm gonna have some seriously good news.

PLECK: Yeaah.

DAR: We're rooting for you Nermut.

NERMUT: I mean hey, who needs luck, right?

C-53: Don't discount the importance of luck.

NERMUT: Yeah so.

DAR: Bye Nermut!

NERMUT: I love you guys!

C-53: Ceasing transmission.

[music]

[Scene changes to Nermie in his office on call with his parents]

NERMUT: I know you've been worried about me but okay, stuff has seriously turned around today.

NERMUT'S MOM: Nermie, Daddy and I are always worried about you! You're always a disappointment!

NERMUT: No well listen. Today, members of the Council of Seven looked at my profile today.

NETMUT'S DAD: Nermut, the Council of Seven!?

NERMUT: Yes!

NERMUT'S DAD: Your profile!

NERMUT: Yes!

NERMUT'S MOM: Really?

NERMUT: Isn't that amazing?

NERMUT'S DAD: Well that's wonderful!

[A knock on the door]

NERMUT: Sorry, you know what? This is probably related to some big news...

[Nermut opens the door, revealing a package delivery]

DELIVERY DRIVER: Uhhh hey...

NERMUT: Hey, hey, how's it going?

DELIVERY DRIVER: I got a delivery for Junior Missions Operations Manager Nermut Bundaloy?

NERMUT: Yeah that's me, yeah!

DELIVERY DRIVER: Uh yeah this is 51 metric tons of defecate.

NERMUT'S MOM: Did he just say defecate?

NERMUT: mom and dad, I'll call you back later-

DELIVERY DRIVER: I'm just gonna let it go- [The box opens spilling 51 Metric tons of defecate onto Nermut, directly into his mouth.]

NERMUT: No- Noooooo!!!

DELIVERY DRIVER: Oh, it's getting in your mouth..

NERMUT'S DAD: Straight into his mouth...

[outtro]

C-RED-IT5: C-RED-IT5 credits and attributions droid, commencing outro protocol.

Ambassador Pleck Decksetter was played by Alden Ford

C-53, Stefai the Droid Repair Assistant and Councilor Arcuri were played by Jeremy Bent

Security Officer Dar was played by Allie Kokesh

Bargie the Ship was played by Moujan Zolfaghari

Junior Missions Operations Manager Nermut Bundaloy was played by Seth Lind

Footoo the droid repair man and Councilor Trink were played by Winston Noel

B-69-420 was played by special guest Jon Gabrus. He has appeared in such shows and movies as Guy Code, Younger, and The Little Hours. He performs regularly with ASSSSCAT at UCBLA. And you can listen to his podcast High and Mighty.

Mission to Zyxx is recorded at Braund Studios in Greenwood, Brooklyn by engineer Shane O'Connell

This episode edited by Seth Lind with sound design and mix by Shane O'Connell

Music by Brendan Ryan

Opening crawl narration by Jeremy Crutchley

Ship design for the Bargarean Jade by Eric Geusz

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

Have you noticed a critical error in our canon? Send an email to

[crew@missiontozyxx.space](mailto:crew@missiontozyxx.space)