

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]

[the crackling of an old holo plays throughout the ship]

JEEJO: [playing on the holo] Bargie, you're the swellest ship I ever saw. And I just want to tell you... I'm in love with ya.

BARGIE: Oh, Jeejo, you know those sweet nothings, they mean nothing to me, not after you left me that time before.

JEEJO: Hey. That happened. I can't erase that.

BARGIE: You don't love me, you never did!

JEEJO: What can I do to make it up to ya? I know I'm just a humble space architect... do you want the moon, Bargie?

BARGIE: If you get me the moon... I'll let you enter my hatch.

JEEJO: Alright then. Initiating space lasso protocol.

[whooshing as the lasso flies through the air]

BARGIE: Oh, you darling boy, get in here! Get in here!

JEEJO: Bargie, you won't regret it!

BARGIE: Oh I love you SO much... [sobbing]

JEEJO: [sobbing] I love you too! I lahve youghhh...

[holo cuts off as music fades away]

DAR: Wow, one of the best endings in history.

PLECK: You know, I always forget LaCraine LaCrosse was SO good.

DAR: And Bargie, you looked so young! Was that one of your first films?

BARGIE: Yeah, it was my first film.

DAR: Wow.

PLECK: It's interesting though, that your voice sounds... I guess I just expected your voice would sound... different.

C-53: Why would Bargie's voice age like a Tellurian voice?

PLECK: I don't know, I really just assumed... but Bargie, you look great. Your paint is so smooth, your hull is very... shiny.

DAR: Oh, wow, Pleck, you were really eyeing her hull in that one.

PLECK: No! I was-

DAR: Shiny.

BARGIE: How would you describe my hull now?

PLECK: I mean it's like, um... it's seen some battle? Like, seen some action?

[beat]

BARGIE: Alright, who thinks I should be offended?

DAR: I think all of our hands are raised.

C-53: I would vote you should be.

PLECK: B-but you literally have been in battles.

BARGIE: I've been in many battles. But does it affect my hull? Honestly, sometimes-

C-53: Ambassador Decksetter, imagine telling a Tellurian woman "Hey, you look like you've seen a lot of battle." Do you think that would go over well, even if she had?

PLECK: As a ship, I feel like-

DAR: Pleck, answer his question.

PLECK: Yeah I would not do that.

DAR: Okay.

PLECK: Also, I should just clarify, I said hull. H-U-L-L. Not... not *whole*.

DAR: Well. It definitely sounded like whole.

PLECK: I have a Rangus accent? So people always say-

C-53: Hull and whole, very close.

BARGIE: My hull is my whole, though. My whole is in my hull.

C-53: Your whole hull can't be whole.

PLECK: Yeah that's... that's a good point.

[incoming message chimes]

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

PLECK: Oh! Hey Nermut!

NERMUT: [weakly] Yeah, uh, hey guys.

PLECK: What's going on, man?

NERMUT: Nothing. Uhhhhm, so we got a mission? Aaaaaaand...

DAR: Why is your face so swollen?

NERMUT: llllllllll... let me look into the- whoa, yeah, okay.

PLECK: Are you alright?

DAR: Yeah, Nermie, what happened?

NERMUT: I'm good, I just have some deficiencies, because, like, uhhHHhhhh there's a bit... of a situation.... where I'm under.... performance review? And you don't get rations... during that time, so I'm... yeah.

C-53: Junior Missions Operations Manager Nermut Bundaloy, when was the last time you ate?

NERMUT: Oh, okay, boy. So the day before yesterday was... two days ago, and then the day before that was three.

PLECK: Wait, Nermut, they're withholding rations from you?

NERMUT: Yeah, they tell me it's normal... just during the... for the process of review, it's supposed to be fast, but then the reviewers are on vacation, so I'm.... uh...

PLECK: That seems, like, cruel. That seems cruel. Especially for someone your size, like, your metabolism is probably pretty fast, right?

NERMUT: I dunno, I found a... I found a.... binder, in my desk, that was made of some kind of skin and I ate that. So I'm good.

DAR: I think you're having an allergic reaction to it.

C-53: You can't just... eat a binder.

NERMUT: Oh, uh, you can. I found out you can. I did it. Ate it.

PLECK: Man, Nermut, I'm worried about you buddy. You want us to send that bean?

NERMUT: You know I was gonna say I wanted to thank you for shipping it but then the box was empty?

DAR: Oh. Haha.

PLECK: Oh yeah, we didn't send it, we thought it'd be funny as a goof.

NERMUT: Oh... it's probably better, I would have justttttt eaten that bean. Anyway! I'm good, my hands are puffy so I can't... ughhhhHHHhhhhfhffff...

PLECK: C-53, is he gonna be alright?

C-53: I'm not a hundred percent certain. Would you like me to dispatch a medical team to his office?

NERMUT: You can dispatch?

PLECK: From here?

C-53: Dispatching now.

NERMUT: Nonononono you know how I'm gonna- I HATE the...

[blaster cocks]

CLINTS: Get down on the ground.

NERMUT: [assorted panic noises]

PLECK: What?! The medical dispatches are CLINTs?

NERMUT: [to CLINTS] Can I end the video before? They don't have to see me-

CLINT: Sedate him! Sedate him on the ground!

NERMUT: [gasps] Augghenhhhh? Ehnnnnnnnnn...

[NERMUT falls down on the ground]

PLECK: Nermut?

NERMUT: Mmmmmmmmmmmmmommy.

CLINT: Hello, crew?

PLECK: Hi.

DAR: Hi.

C-53: Hello.

CLINT: I've sedated your Junior Missions Operations Manager.

DAR: We watched you do it.

PLECK: Yeah, we saw that, it was-

CLINT: It was pretty great.

C-53: If there is a transmit button-

CLINT: Hmm?

C-53: If there's a transmit button on his console, you could just send whatever mission he was-

CLINT: Right, I was... so do I have to hold something when I hit transmit, or is it just transmit?

C-53: Just transmit.

CLINT: Because I'm looking here, and there's a few buttons here-

NERMUT: DaaaAAAAAAAaaaaaAaaaarr... hey Daaaaar?

DAR: Yes, Nermut?

CLINT: Does it say transmit on the button, or-

PLECK: Hold on just one minute, is he saying something?

NERMUT: DaHhhr...

DAR: He's saying... Dar.

NERMUT: Dar...

DAR: Nermut, finish that sentence?

CLINT: Shoot him up again with the sedative.

DAR: No!

NERMUT: AughHHh!

C-53: Seems like a lot, for such a small creature.

CLINT: He's out.

DAR: I really thought I was gonna learn something, but...

PLECK: Yeah, me too.

CLINT: Okay, so “transmit.”

C-53: Just press the transmit button on the console, and it should deliver that information to us right away.

CLINT: Okay, I get your tone. I’m not A-2574, you know, he’s a real idiot.

PLECK: Yeah, we don’t know who that is.

CLINT: Have you not met him before?

C-53: Nope.

DAR: No...

CLINT: He’s an IDIOT.

PLECK: Yeah... I think I have an idea- I can conjure an image of what kind of an idiot he might be, yeah.

CLINT: Huh. Was it a round button, or is it a square button? Oh! Okay!

C-53: Is it the big red one?

CLINT: Yeah! Yeahyeahyeahyeahyeah.

C-53: There it is.

NERMUT: I think I’m in a... inside that flaAap.

DAR: [gasps]

CLINT: Hit him again. Down on the ground. Taser him too!

DAR: NOOOO!

CLINT: Okay, big red button and... transmit.

[chime as the file transfers]

PLECK: Great. Thanks?

CLINT: All hail the Federated Alliance.

C-53: All hail the Federated Alliance.

DAR: But take care of-

[call disconnects]

DAR: -Nermut for me?

PLECK: Hey Dar I think your... I think your concern for Nermut is really sweet. Just wanna say that.

DAR: It's not so much that I care for Nermut, it's just that I've NEVER, you know, jucked someone of his species? And that would be a real coup, to check that off the list.

PLECK: Dar, listen-

C-53: His species is very fragile.

DAR: Incredibly. Can you imagine nineteen inches of him, and me?

PLECK: They have hollow bones, though.

C-53: The risk to Nermut would be considerable in that situation.

DAR: You know, I think he'd die doing what he liked, though.

[printing noises]

BARGIE: A bunch of papers just fell.

PLECK: Oh!

C-53: We are receiving printouts of our mission.

DAR: Huh!

[transition music]

Hark Tardigast: Hello? Does anyone copy? This is rebel leader Hark Tardigast, I've ejected from my stasis pod, and only this badly torn parachute is keeping me aloft above the vast sea of lava below. As I descend to my fiery demise, my final consolation is that I will die wearing my favorite t-shirt. Sure, it features a ship from the fleet of the PATHETIC Federated Alliance, but I don't care because it's the Bargarean Jade, my favorite movie star of all time! Wait, what's this on the label? It says "you too can possess this shirt by simply visiting <https://missiontozyxx.space> and clicking Merch?" Amazing! [ripping sounds] Ah! There goes a parachute cord! NooOOOOO! Well, if I have encouraged just one person to acquire a t-shirt this stylish my life will not have been in vain! Hrngh... the heat! My boots are catching fire! As I am consumed by this

alien inferno I shall declare with my final words that this t-shirt makes the perfect X-Marse gift! Order now, at <https://missiontozyxx.space>.....

[transition music]

PLECK: So, C-53, can you explain to me what we're supposed to be doing here?

C-53: Yes, we are making contact with the dominant species of Do'Jamn.

PLECK: Oh, and what is that?

C-53: Well, it is a sentient form of moss. You can see it growing here, and here, and... here.

PLECK: Huh.

C-53: Here.... Here...

PLECK: Okay.

C-53: And here!

PLECK: Great.

DAR: Pleck, it's everywhere.

PLECK: Yeah! Uhhhh... I guess let's get started. Dar, you brought a koozie, or...?

DAR: Yes, I brought a koozie.

[squelching sounds]

PLECK: Alright! People of Do'Jamn!

C-53: Hmf.

PLECK: Sorry, mosses...? Is it, like, one moss, or...?

C-53: Ambassador Sugarcane, if you had read my report about Do'Jamn you would know that speaking to them will have no value, they cannot hear.

PLECK: Oh.

C-53: They are moss.

PLECK: Uh, okay.

C-53: Does moss on Rangus 6... hear?

PLECK: Not to my knowledge, but-

C-53: No. They can't.

PLECK: Well I guess, uh... hmm. Chalk it up to a wash, I guess?

C-53: [irritated] If you had READ my REPORT, you would know that manipulating the moss with your hands in a soothing manner is how you win their trust.

PLECK: Okay!

C-53: Allow me to demonstrate.

[C-53 strokes the moss]

MOSS: Yeah! Yeah! Yeah!

DAR: Oh I think I'd be really good at that, let me give it a shot.

[DAR caresses the moss]

MOSS: Yeah... yeah!

PLECK: Huh...

DAR: Yeah, I'm really good at it.

C-53: Yeah, it's just that simple.

PLECK: Alright, so just... like this?

[PLECK manhandles the moss]

MOSS: Ugh! Augh! Uuuugh!

DAR: What are you doing?!

PLECK: I don't know! I was just pressing on the moss!

DAR: Have you never touched something else?!

C-53: Did you just push down?

PLECK: What am I- I was supposed to-

C-53: You need to caress!

[C-53 caresses the moss]

MOSS: Ooh, yeah! Yeah!

PLECK: Okay, let me try this again: so, caress, you say?

C-53: Yeah.

PLECK: Mmmkay.

[PLECK plecks up the moss]

MOSS: Urrghh! [sobbing]

PLECK: Listen, I feel like I'm making this moss uncomfortable.

C-53: Ambassador Sugarcane, what are you *doing*?

DAR: If you could just-

C-53: Let me guide your hand.

DAR: Yeah, see how C is doing it?

[C-53 gently guides PLECK'S hand]

C-53: Not too much pressure...

PLECK: Okay.

C-53: Let yourself be guided by the curves of the moss.

PLECK: You know, when I was a kid, C-53, I always thought a robot would teach me how to love, but... this is not how I pictured it.

C-53: Hmm... is there something I should be doing to help you-

PLECK: NOnono I think we're good. If you guys got it all figured out, then I guess let's, uh, I'm sorry I didn't read your report, but... what's the-

C-53: Should have expected it by now.

PLECK: What should we be looking for here?

C-53: On Do'Jamn?

PLECK: Yeah.

C-53: Well, you have a mattress aboard the Bargarean Jade, don't you?

PLECK: I'm supposed to, but it hasn't arrived yet.

C-53: Well, when you do, it will be full of Do'Jamn moss.

PLECK: Really!

C-53: That's correct.

PLECK: It's a- So, mattresses are filled with sentient moss?

C-53: No, of course not. [laughs] They've long since deceased by the time they become mattresses.

PLECK: Oh, I feel weird about that, I think.

DAR: Pleck, does this mean you'll cancel your mattress order?

PLECK: I have to sleep on something, I can't get non-sentient mattresses?

C-53: Well, Do'Jamn mattresses are not only some of the most comfortable mattresses in the galaxy, but also the most affordable.

PLECK: Really. So, C-53, wait, there's no other intelligent life on the planet?

C-53: Well, if you had taken the time to read my report...

[C-53 beeps]

C-53: Actually, I seem to be getting a sensor reading, there is another life form.

PLECK: Really?

C-53: Yes.

LIFEFORM: Excuse me! Excuse me, which one of you has been agitating the moss?

DAR: This guy.

PLECK: No, I was just trying to caress it but I don't know what I'm-

LIFEFORM: Yeah, you don't look very likeable, but it is nice to see another Tellurian.

PLECK: Yeah, hey, likewise! What are you-

LIFEFORM: You live here?

PLECK No, do you live here?

LIFEFORM: No, I'm just here for work.

PLECK: Yep, us too! We're with the Federated Alliance.

C-53: That is correct. This is Ambassador Sugarcane.

PLECK: [stammering] I- M- No- My name's Pleck. Pleck Decksetter.

LIFEFORM: Ah, but on the street's you're real sweet.

PLECK: Nah, I updated my personal file because I thought it would make me feel cool, but actually now that someone I don't know is hearing it it seems [laughs] dumb.

LIFEFORM: I'm into it!

PLECK: Yeah, okay, well... this is Dar.

DAR: Hello.

MAGINAK: My name's Maginak!

PLECK: Oh, Maginak! What are you doing here on Do'Jamn?

MAGINAK: I work for the Federated... well, the REGIONAL banking system.

PLECK: You work for the bank?

MAGINAK: Yeah!

PLECK: Oh, that's really... fun, right?

MAGINAK: Weeeeell, you know, it takes me from here to there. It's not fun right now, because this planet is in a *heap* of a financial crisis.

C-53: Do'Jamn is in a financial crisis?

MAGINAK: Look around, the economy's falling apart.

C-53: All I see is moss.

MAGINAK: Well just... okay, scratch under the moss real quick.

C-53: Okay.

[C-53 scratches]

MAGINAK See that?

C-53: Mmmhmm.

MOSS: Yeah!

DAR: Okay.

MAGINAK: Okay just, Plep, scratch under the grass.

PLECK: It's... it's Pleck, actually.

MAGINAK: Pleck?

PLECK: Yeah.

MAGINAK: Where you from?

PLECK I'm from Rangus 6, it's a farm planet.

MAGINAK: Ohhhh, right. I know where it is.

PLECK: You've been there?

MAGINAK: No, I'm from Rangus 2, so I get-

PLECK: Oh ho whoa!

MAGINAK: Welllll, they're pretty different.

PLECK: [dejected] Well, I just... it's cool to be neighbors.

MAGINAK: I wouldn't say that we're neighbors, I mean, we're four planets apart.

PLECK: Yeah... it's hot there though, right?

MAGINAK: Oh, it's hot and it's beautiful. The grass is as blue as the sky is orange, [chef's kiss].

PLECK: Uh huh. Yeah. Yeah, I've heard it's really great. I never got to go because when I was a kid, when my family had enough money to travel, we'd just go to the other side of Rangus 6 to visit family.

MAGINAK: Okay, yeah. We don't *let* you come.

PLECK: That was the other part of it.

MAGINAK: I guess that would be the main lock, because we have a very strict immigration policy. Anybody from Rangus 4 and above is not allowed.

PLECK: Yeah, yeah.

MAGINAK: Yep.

PLECK: Uh, well, it's great to... meet you.

MAGINAK: Yeah, no, it's great to meet one of you.

PLECK: One of me?

MAGINAK: Yeah, one of you. On Rangus 2 we do feel like you're a little bit sub-Tellurian.

PLECK: [through gritted teeth] Huh, interesting.

MAGINAK: Yep. So how did you become a big ambassador with the Federation? Do you have some sort of disease, that they feel sorry for you, or...?

PLECK: Oh yeah, no, it's nothing like that, I enlisted. And they took me. Yeah.

MAGINAK: Huh.

PLECK: I got this cool security officer, this great droid follows me around...

C-53: Maginak, you said Do'Jamn has a financial crisis?

MAGINAK: Do'Jamn does have a financial crisis, because if you... okay, back to the moss. If you scratch underneath it, you can see that there's-

C-53: I'm scratching.

MAGINAK: And just... you feel that? That's a Kroon. If you dig deeper, you'll find more and more.

PLECK: Wait, this planet is covered in Kroons?

MAGINAK: It's covered in Kroon.

PLECK: Wait, when you say Kroon...

MAGINAK: Kroon.

PLECK: I've been saying Kroons like it's plural.

MAGINAK: [deep sigh] You Rangus 6 idiot.

PLECK: No, everybody says that!

MAGINAK: Everybody on Rangus 6!

PLECK: No, I'm pretty sure almost everyone says Kroons.

MAGINAK: Oh really? Your "friends" who are paid to work with you?

DAR: Yeah, we're paid in Kroon.

PLECK: Okay, anyone who works with someone is paid to work with that person. That's just what a coworker is.

MAGINAK: But most coworkers would hang out outside of work.

PLECK: Well, we hang out outside of work.

DAR: Yeah, and if I don't hang out with you I'm just on my two mattresses, hanging out alone in my room.

PLECK: You have two mattresses on the ship?!

MAGINAK: Ooh, that's a lotta moss. Nice!

C-53: That must be extremely comfortable, Dar.

DAR: It is, I sleep like a dream.

PLECK: Dar, are you *sure* that one of those mattresses is not mine?

DAR: Positive.

PLECK: ...is the other mattress mine?

DAR: They're both MINE. I sleep on both.

MAGINAK: Give it a rest, Pluck, I don't think-

PLECK: It's *PLECK*.

MAGINAK: Okay. Okay, anyway, back to the Kroon-

PLECK: Listen, I just feel like we need to agree to disagree about what the plural of Kroon is.

MAGINAK: Okay, well I disagree to agree because it's Kroon.

C-53: Yes, in my dictionary "Kroon" is the preferred word but "Kroons" is noted as a informal popular version.

PLECK: C-53, you're the expert on everything, *you* say Kroons.

C-53: To make you more comfortable.

PLECK: Me personally?

C-53: Yes!

PLECK: C-53, are you programmed to cater to my ignorance?

C-53: Ambassador Sugarcane, have I not been performing up to your standard?

PLECK: [angrily] You know what? Change the name back, reupdate the file, I just want to be Pleck Decksetter again.

C-53: Updating file.

[a pleasant chime sounds]

PLECK: [sighs] Dar, how do you say Kroons? Am I an idiot? Not- don't answer that, DON'T ANSWER THAT-

DAR: Okay, let's see: are you an *idiot*. Ummm... hmmm.... hoo boy, where do I begin? You shot me, you've insulted nearly every person we've visited on any planet-

PLECK: Okay, listen, Dar, I have heard you say Kroons before.

MAGINAK: Do you even know what Kroon *are*?

PLECK: Yes! OBVIOUSLY I know what Kroon are.

MAGINAK: I don't think you do.

PLECK: Okay! It's a- It's a coin, minted by the Federated Alliance out of a precious metal, and it can be also be used in, y'know, electronic chip cards that we- that we transfer electronically-

[MAGINAK tsks]

PLECK: -or over an...

C-53: You're tscking pretty severely.

MAGINAK: No, no, that's not at all what Kroon are. Kroon is the alliancewide standard of currency that we use, it's based on gold, but it can also be uploaded to a credit chip so it gives dual use of either a soft currency and a hard currency, that's then distributed planet to planet depending on their economy, and can then be used by THOSE planets and THOSE individuals to shave off and operate their own gold standard. So it's sort of a double decentralization system that keeps the economy afloat. So, if I'm the central bank, I can make the Kroon you have, like the one you have in your pocket, or you can become your own central bank and shave off the precious metal portion of your Kroon and... I guess you would call them BITkroon. Your initial Kroon is the basis of that financial system. You're sort of the arbiter of the whole thing. DUHHHHHH.

PLECK: But doesn't the Bitkroon... isn't that just pieces of Kroon?

MAGINAK: Well, yeah. Or a lot of people call them Kroons.

PLECK: Tha- grr- THAT'S what you call Kroons?

MAGINAK: Yeah, Kroons!

PLECK: You acted like what I was saying was *insane*.

MAGINAK: We were talking about Kroon!

PLECK: I don't- what is *this*? What is this coin that I am holding in my hand right now?

MAGINAK: Wait... let me see that Kroon?

PLECK: There you go.

[MAGINAK inspects the Kroon]

MAGINAK: Uh oh... oh, no, this is counterfeit.

C-53: Hmm, this appears to be a K'hekk.

MAGINAK: This is a K'hekk Kroon, you see on the back of the Kroon? There's the council? All seven of them? You notice anything different about this one?

PLECK: Oh, yeah, one of them's a weaver. Yeah, I'd recognize one of those anywhere.

MAGINAK: So we'll just toss that one out [MAGINAK hucks the K'hekk Kroon]

PLECK: [dejectedly] Okay. Listen, your job sounds really interesting, congratulations.

MAGINAK: Well, it is very interesting, but this is a very stressful situation right now, because the problem with this planet is that the moss can't physically manipulate the Kroon. So the whole economy is completely out of wack.

PLECK: How does the money- how do the Kroons get here?

MAGINAK: They're delivered by the regional representative of the central bank, who you are looking at right now.

C-53: You don't think the alliance just takes the moss to make mattresses out of it, do you?

MAGINAK: Yeah, we're not gonna just strip a planet of its moss.

PLECK: So you harvest the moss-

MAGINAK: I don't harvest the moss, the mattress companies harvest the moss. What would a banker be doing stealing mattress filling from a planet? *Man*.

PLECK: This is... listen, Maginak, I guess I still don't understand why this constitutes, like, a financial crisis. Why can't the moss just keep the Kroon?

MAGINAK: Well, why would they do that when they have much better opportunities?

PLECK: Much better opportunities than...?

MAGINAK: On Do'Jamn they have much better opportunities.

PLECK: How?

MAGINAK: Well, take me, for instance.

PLECK: Okay.

MAGINAK: Okay, here we go: give me two Kroon right now. Give me two of your own Kroon right now.

DAR: Do it, Pleck.

[coins clink together as they fall from PLECK's hand into MAGINAK's]

MAGINAK: Okay, thanks. So here's where it gets interesting: so now that I have two of your Kroon, what you need to do is go to two of your friends and ask them for two Kroon.

PLECK: Uh-huh...

MAGINAK: So then you have four Kroon, and minus the two Kroon you gave me...

PLECK: Uh-huh, uh-huh...

MAGINAK: And then you tell them to get two of their friends, and so on and so forth. That's a very exciting business opportunity and the growth just multiplies.

PLECK: Uh-huh. That sounds like a tetrahedron scheme to me.

MAGINAK: A tetrahedron scheme? Wow. No, a tetrahedron scheme is when *four* people ask *four* of their friends. [mockingly] That's what tetra comes from, that's what tetra comes from.

PLECK: It's the same thing!

MAGINAK: That's not the same thing! Words *matter*.

PLECK: [sighs]

C-53: Ambassador Decksetter, I would advise you not to get involved in Maginak's scheme.

PLECK: I know that! That's very obvious!

MAGINAK: I just don't see why this is so hard. I mean, you have two friends right here, you can ask for two Kroon right now.

PLECK: I'm not gonna-

DAR: Oh no, no. I would never give him money.

C-53: I will not give.

PLECK: I guess I'm just out two Kroons now.

MAGINAK: *KROON*.

MOSS: Yeah! Yeah! Kroon!

PLECK: [in the deadest voice imaginable] You know, I'm having a great time here. On this moss planet.

MAGINAK: Are you?

Pleck: No.

MAGINAK: *Are* you?

PLECK: [even deader, somehow] No.

MAGINAK: You know why? Because you've never *lived*.

PLECK: Yeah, I [mumbles]

MAGINAK: You've never lived, alright? Do you even know how many Kroon I have? I've taken a Kroon bath. On a *space yacht*.

C-53: Doesn't sound particularly comfortable.

MAGINAK: It was not comfortable, but I got some great photos from it.

PLECK: Okay. Well, congratulations-

MAGINAK: Have you ever bought a space yacht just so you could crash *your* space yacht into it? Have you ever jet snorked over both space yachts while they both crashed, just dusted out of your damn mind?

PLECK: No, no I haven't.

C-53: Did you really jet snork over two yachts crashing into each other?

MAGINAK: Yes I jet snorked over two yachts crashing into each other.

DAR: That you owned?

MAGINAK: Yes, I bought the second yacht so I could crash my first yacht into it.

C-53: Maginak, if I may, that seems somewhat wasteful to do with your Kroon?

MAGINAK: Aw, yeah! Are you kidding me? It's all wasteful.

PLECK: Is this money that you earned through your job?

MAGINAK: [laughs] No!

PLECK: Where did you get the money?

MAGINAK: Where do you think? From the council! I'm managing a lot of money from the council into my pockets.

PLECK: How is that- I mean, that's illegal.

MAGINAK: Because the- yeah, well, and I'm just the regional representative of the bank. If you think I'm wasting money, you should just see the council.

PLECK: The Council of Seven.

DAR: Yeah, how much are we talking here?

MAGINAK: Trillions. The whole system, from top to bottom. There's a mound of space yachts crashed right outside of Alliance headquarters.

PLECK: [bitterly laughs] It's funny, because, you know, when I was growing up I always thought it was unfortunate that I, a Rangus 6 normie, grew up poor... stuck on that farm planet. I couldn't visit any other Rangus planets, and you know, all these people in the core worlds are just flying yachts into each other.

MAGINAK: We're just- I took a bath in dust.

PLECK: In dust!?

MAGINAK: In dust. And I was already high on dust when I did it. I didn't even do any of the dust in the dust bath!

C-53: Now see, that sounds wasteful of you.

MAGINAK: It's very wasteful! Which is why I'm here.

PLECK: Wait, why *are* you here?

MAGINAK: To take some of these Kroon!

MOSS: Kroon! Kroon!

PLECK: Just take them from the moss?

MAGINAK: Yes!

C-53: I thought you said you were regulating the local economy?

MAGINAK: Yeah, I say a lot of things to a lot of people.

PLECK: But see, Maginak, the Kroon on this planet belongs to this moss. I can't believe I'm saying this, but you can't take Kroon from a sentient plant.

MAGINAK: Of course I can!

MOSS: Yeah! Yeah! Yeah!

MAGINAK: That's consent, isn't it?

PLECK: No, I just think that's the noise they make, I don't think-

MAGINAK: No, that counts. This whole thing's a Kroon grab, baby! Come on, stuff your pockets! Take all you want!

DAR: Take *all* I want?

MAGINAK: All the Kroon you can fit- oh juck juck juck everybody shut up. Shut the juck up.

PLECK: What?

MAGINAK: *Shutthejuckup.*

C-53: Is that a loan shark?

MAGINAK: SHUT THE *JUCK* UP.

PLECK: A loan shark...

DAR: Wow.

LOAN SHARK: Maginaaaaaak... MaginaaaaAaaak... I know you're heEEEEeere...

MAGINAK: Yeah, Finniford?

FINNIFORD J. RYAN: Yes, it's me! Finniford J. Ryan!

MAGINAK: Yeah, I know your full name. We know each other, you don't have to say-

FINNIFORD J. RYAN: Oh, we know each other! You owe me *a lotta Kroon*.

MAGINAK: Here you go, take this. I have a lot of Kroon, you can take it.

FINNIFORD J. RYAN: Is that decentralized Kroon?

MAGINAK: You're the arbiter of that.

FINNIFORD J. RYAN: Okay, so if I take this, now I'm the central banker?

MAGINAK: Yeah.

FINNIFORD J. RYAN: Right.

MAGINAK: So now could I borrow some Kroon? Just shave off however much you think I deserve.

FINNIFORD J. RYAN: Right, okay.

[FINNIFORD J. RYAN begins walking away]

MAGINAK: So I- I just want you guys to know, loan sharks are very aggressive but very, very gullible.

C-53: Interesting.

MAGINAK: He's tracked me down throughout most of the galaxy.

DAR: Right, he has a scent on you.

PLECK: Well, loan sharks... if there's one Kroon in a whole system, they can smell it.

C-53: Sort of puts them into a frenzy.

[FINNIFORD J. RYAN walks back]

FINNIFORD J. RYAN: Alright, yeah, this is good. I got some shavings here.

MAGINAK: Okay, so Finniford, we're good?

FINNIFORD J. RYAN: Yeah, yeah, we're good, because what I'm gonna do is give this to two of my friends, right?

MAGINAK: Yeah.

FINNIFORD J. RYAN: And then I'll get the- wait a minute...

MAGINAK: And then they ask for the-

FINNIFORD J. RYAN: Wait a minute!

MAGINAK: Okay, guys, we have to go.

FINNIFORD J. RYAN: We've done this before...

MAGINAK: You guys, we *have to go*.

FINNIFORD J. RYAN: *Nobody* scams Finniford J. Ryan twice!

PLECK: Maginak, I think I'm gonna leave you to this, I don't want to get involved.

MAGINAK: No no no, just hold on, give me one second. Finniford?

FINNIFORD J. RYAN: Yes?

MAGINAK: I owe you some Kroon, don't I?

FINNIFORD J. RYAN: That's right, Maginak. You owe me a *lotta Kroon!*

MAGINAK: Okay, here you go, take this Kroon.

FINNIFORD J. RYAN: Okay. Now, is this decentralized, or...?

MAGINAK: You're the arbiter of that now.

FINNIFORD J. RYAN: Alright, so I'm the central banker now?

MAGINAK: Yeah!

C-53: I feel like we saw this happen just a moment ago.

MAGINAK: So you just shave off whatever you need and then we'll be square.

FINNIFORD J. RYAN: Alright, let me go shave off some right now...

[FINNIFORD J. RYAN walks away]

MAGINAK: You need to take me with you, because this cycle will continue. I've been trapped on this planet, doing the same thing with this loan shark.

C-53: Maginak, why don't you just return to your own ship?

MAGINAK: I sold my ship.

C-53: [baffled] To.... who?

MAGINAK: A dust dealer! How do you think I took a dust bath without having a ship's worth of value?

DAR: Ohhh.

FINNIFORD J. RYAN: So I'm gonna take this, and give it to two of my friends, and they'll give them to two of their friends, right?

MAGINAK: Yep, that's right.

FINNIFORD J. RYAN: ...hey.

MAGINAK: Okay, we need to go. Take me on your ship.

FINNIFORD J. RYAN: Wait a minute...

DAR: I feel like you just gotta stay here and figure this out with this guy.

PLECK: Yeah, I feel like I can't get into-

FINNIFORD J. RYAN: **MAGINAK!**

MAGINAK: [nervously] Hahhhh, Finniford!

FINNIFORD J. RYAN: **NOBODY** SCAMS FINNIFORD J. RYAN!

MAGINAK: Yeaah, I know your full name, you don't have to say it all the time. Alright, so I owe you some Kroon?

FINNIFORD J. RYAN: So I'm the central banker?

PLECK: Finniford! Finniford!

FINNIFORD J. RYAN: What?! Who are you?

PLECK: I'm Ambassador Pleck Decksetter, I work for the Federated Alliance.

C-53: Formerly known as Ambassador Sugarcane.

PLECK: That's not- It's not normally-

FINNIFORD J. RYAN: Oh, Sugarcane? You like to give it up sweet, huh?

PLECK: No, I don't, st-stop, no. Listen, Finniford-

FINNIFORD J. RYAN: FINNIFORD J. RYAN!

PLECK: How- can I ask you, how does your species ever collect a debt?

FINNIFORD J. RYAN: Well, we're... I'm in this kind of suit that's filled with water...

PLECK: No no no, I don't mean how can you survive out of water, I just am wondering, like, how do you generally go about collecting a debt.

FINNIFORD J. RYAN: We pursue, and pursue, and pursue.

C-53: Yes, loan sharks famously never stop moving.

FINNIFORD J. RYAN: We gotta keep moving, baby.

PLECK: But if you don't- how much does Maginak owe you?

FINNIFORD J. RYAN: He owes me a *LOTTA KROON!*

MAGINAK: Alright, hey Finniford, how much Kroon do I owe you?

FINNIFORD J. RYAN: You owe me a *lotta Kroon*, Maginak!

MAGINAK: Alright, well here are some Kroon, are we square?

FINNIFORD J. RYAN: Alright. So wait, is this decentralized?

MAGINAK: Well you're the arbiter of that.

FINNIFORD J. RYAN: Okay. Alright. Well, let me go and I'll scrape some of this Kroon off right now.

MAGINAK: Alright.

[FINNIFORD J. RYAN walks off]

PLECK: Where is he going every time?

C-53: He seems to keep turning around, just making a loop.

FINNIFORD J. RYAN: Alright, this seems square.

MAGINAK: Alright, so we're good?

FINNIFORD J. RYAN: Seems like it.

MAGINAK: Alright, great.

FINNIFORD J. RYAN: ...*wait a minute*... MAGINAK!

MAGINAK: Guys, come on, I'm begging you, take me with you. I need to get off this planet.

PLECK: No, listen, we gotta go, Maginak.

MAGINAK: No, come on.

PLECK: You know what? Imagine that I'm Rangus 2, and you're Rangus 6. You don't get to get on my ship, because you're not a good person!

MAGINAK: No, come on, where are you going? No, please please please please please-

PLECK: So long, Maginak! Good luck with-

MAGINAK: I'll give you anything.

PLECK: ...anything?

MAGINAK: Yeah. You want some Kroon?

[FINNIFORD J. RYAN returns]

FINNIFORD J. RYAN: MAGINAK!

C-53: We should go.

[transition music]

[BARGIE flies away from Do'Jamn]

PLECK: I guess I still don't really understand how Kroon works.

DAR: Oh here, I'll show you. Watch out, because all these chutes are evacuating.

[thousands of Kroon pour out of DAR's chutes onto the floor of BARGIE]

PLECK: Oh, wow. Oh. How is that-

C-53: Now that... is a lotta Kroon.

DAR: Whoof! Heh! Wow, oh my, I was *filled* to the brim. [laughs]

PLECK: Dar, can I just ask, how... how much of you is empty space?

DAR: Empty space inside?

PLECK: Yeah.

DAR: I would say half. Half. Fifty? Fifty percent.

PLECK: Fifty percent.

DAR: Whoa, I think there was a little bit of something on those Kroon, I feel *crazy* right now.

C-53: Well, it's a well-known fact that all Kroon contains traces of dust.

DAR: Oh, sure, that makes sense!

BARGIE: Hey, I uhhhhhHHhh time for your mail! Delivery time!

PLECK: Oh!

BARGIE: Dar, you got a letter...

DAR: From who?

BARGIE: How am I supposed to know? I don't open your mail. C-53, you got a couple of cords in the mail.

C-53: Oh, excellent.

BARGIE: Pink one, you got the-

PLECK: Pink one?!

BARGIE: -giant package.

PLECK: OH! Hey! Haha! It's from the Federated Alliance. Maybe my mattress has finally arrived!

C-53: That does appear to be a mattress box.

PLECK: Yeah! And.. [PLECK opens the box] Huh. It's... empty.

[incoming transmission chimes]

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

PLECK: Hey, Nermut.

NERMUT: Hey guys! HeeEEeyyyy...

DAR: Oh, you're looking better!

NERMUT: Thank you, yeah, yeah! I'm keeping liquids down, I finished my review so I'm technically allowed to eat if I can physically pull it off. So...

PLECK: Well, congratulations.

NERMUT: Thanks. Did the swelling go down? I haven't, uh...

PLECK: Yeah, mostly.

C-53: Certainly.

NERMUT: What about my hands?

C-53: Oof.

PLECK: Not those, still-

DAR: No no. Cool cool cool cool cool, do you remember anything that you were trying to say before you were, I don't know, shocked for the third or fourth time?

NERMUT: [sighs] I remember eating part of a bulletin board, I don't remember saying anything. I ate, uhhhHhhh, I ate a cloak.

PLECK: A cloak?

C-53: Where did you find a cloak?

NERMUT: It was in the cloak room.

C-53: Checks out.

PLECK: Hey, thanks for the mattress box, by the way.

NERMUT: [laughs]

PLECK: Yeah, why did you-

NERMUT: Burned you back!

PLECK: Why did you send me an empty mattress box?

NERMUT: Because you guys sent me the empty bean box.

DAR: Wow, Nermut, good prankback!

C-53: Excellent prankback.

NERMUT: Thank you!

C-53: Ambassador Decksetter, perhaps you can fashion the box into a sort of mattress.

PLECK: Yeah, yeah. Maybe I'll do that.

BARGIE: Hey, speaking of pranks, you guys want to see the blooper reel for *Ships Ships, Into the Ship*?

PLECK: Yeah, sure. Yeah.

BARGIE: Alright. It's the only thing remaining of the movie, they burned the rest of it.

NERMUT: There's- only the blooper reel remains?

C-53: Yes, famously the movie was very controversial. They were forced to burn all copies.

DAR: This sounds like a movie I'd watch during my private time on my pile of mattresses.

PLECK: [confused] Pile of mattresses? Dar, how many mattresses do you have in your room?

DAR: I really have never bothered to count.

BARGIE: Anyways, here's a scene in which LaCraine LaCrosse was *incredibly* drunk and aggressive.

PLECK: Oh wow.

DAR: Nermut, if you want to stay and watch, you're more than welcome.

NERMUT: Can we keep the transmission going? I'll make some zincorn, see if I can hold down a solid?

DAR: Yeah, you can sit right next to me!

NERMUT: I mean, I, uh, hmm, I'm obviously here on a different ship. So that's-

C-53: I will position the hologram right next to Dar.

DAR: Yeah, and if you feel like you want to tell me anything during the movie, y'know, feel free.

NERMUT: A-anything?

PLECK: Shh, it's starting.

[holo begins]

C-53: Oh, LaCraine looks in very bad shape.

DAR: Oh, wow.

LACRAINE: [drunkenly slurring] I've never seen a shiPpp like you at a (hic) high society party.

NERMUT: Is he wearing a shirt as pants?

C-53: He's vomiting *while* he's speaking.

LACRAINE: You'll never- (hic) I'm a nehwspaper man, and I'm alwaaaaays have been. For a ship you can really put down a martini.

DAR: Eugh.

NERMUT: Pretty serious... bloopers.

BARGIE: Oh, this is the- He adlibbed this part!

PLECK: *These* are the bloopers?

BARGIE: Yeah, I'm in this part.

DAR: Okay.

LACRAINE: I can tell by the waaay your afterthrusters wiggle out the room... that you're a whore.

PLECK: Okay!

DAR: Boooy oh boy.

BARGIE: That one's just about me!

[outro music]

C-RED-IT-5: C-RED-IT-5, credits and attributions droid, commencing outro protocol.

Ambassador Pleck Decksetter was played by Alden Ford.

C-53 was played by Jeremy Bent.

Security Officer Dar was played by Allie Kokesh.

Bargie the Ship was played by Moujan Zolfaghari.

Junior Missions Operations Manager Nermut Bundaloy was played by Seth Lind.

Clone Light Infantry Nomadic Troopers, LaCraine LaCrosse, and Finniford J. Ryan the Loan Shark were played by Winston Noel.

Maginak was played by special guest Josh Patten. Josh is a writer for Saturday Night Live and a performer with UCB Weekend team Grandma's Ashes. He has also written for: the Emmy Awards, the White House Correspondents' Dinner, the Espy Awards, Comedy Central roasts, and various other TV things that hopefully made you laugh. Follow him on Twitter at <https://twitter.com/thejoshpatten>.

Mission to Zyxx is recorded at Braund Studios in Greenplay, 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!

[outtake]

WINSTON: Alright, this seems square.

JOSH: Alright, so we're good?

WINSTON: Seems like it.

JOSH: Alright.

WINSTON: *Wait a minute....*

[everyone breaks down laughing]

ALDEN: Oh my GOD! I can't do this! We literally did that, like, eight times!

[end]