

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 guys? I was thinking about... You know how C-53 was always like, 'I don't care about my body, I tore off my arm it doesn't matter..' he always acted like his body was a speeder or something.

DAR: Can you get to the point of making me feel better?

PLECK: I'm sorry. No, you don't have to feel bad, you did the right thing!

DAR: I destroyed him!

PLECK: You destroyed his... shell, is what I'm saying. Like, I kept the cube. So I think, if we find another shell to put the cube in...

BARGIE: I got a lot of pots you can put him into. I mean, this isn't something I'm unfamiliar with. I know many cubes back in the day...

PLECK: Oh, really?

BARGIE: Just put him into whatever, it's all about the personality. At the end of the day, it's all about losin' the cube, you know what I mean?

PLECK: Yeah, okay, so... Bargie. [walks over to humidifier] For example, this humidifier. How would I put this cube in this humidifier.

BARGIE: 'Open yourself.'

PLECK: What?

BARGIE: Just tell it to open yourself.

PLECK: Oh, yeah, okay... 'Humidifier, open yourself'

[Humdifier beeps and opens]

PLECK: Huh. I feel bad about taking the cube that's in here out...

BARGIE: Isn't that embarrassing...

PLECK: Really!?

BARGIE: Yeah.

PLECK: It doesn't work very well.

BARGIE: It never works, and you know why? It's intentional.

PLECK: Mmm.

BARGIE: If you put it into anything else it'll ruin it! It's because we've had an argument-

PLECK: What!?

BARGIE: -and he's just not over it.

PLECK: Okay, well I'm gonna put the humidifier cube-

BARGIE: He has a name, it's George.

PLECK: Okay I'm gonna put George on this shelf, here. [Pleck places George on a shelf] Let's all remember this cube goes in the humidifier. I'm gonna put C-53's cube in the humidifier and just see what happens

[Pleck places C-53's cube into the humidifier, a lot of beeps happen]

C-53: Hello?

[Everyone gasps]

PLECK: C-53! This is amazing!

DAR: This is such a relief!

PLECK: Is that you!? It's Pleck!

C-53: Where am I? I can't see anything. I can only sense how damp it is in here.

PLECK: C-53, you are on Bargie, you're safe, everything's fine, I apologize for taking you out of the body you were in before, but it was no good! Trust me!

C-53: 'No good'? You just destroyed my frame?

PLECK: Well, it was kinda acting up. There was a kid that was being weird and you were like 'BERP BERP OVERRIDE' and all these guns kinda came out? I didn't even know you have guns, but you do! Or you did.

C-53: I seem to have a gap missing from my memory storage.

PLECK: Yeah, probably for the best. Not really worth thinking about... Anyway, everything's fine! Got a brand new home for your cube so... Welcome back!

C-53: You mean I'm in a... non-standard frame?

PLECK: I mean 'frame' I would say even is a strong word...

C-53: What am I?

DAR: Here, let me just unfog your uh.. Little...

[Dar wipes off the humidifier display]

PLECK: Display here.

DAR: Display. And now you can see!

[C-53 sighs deeply]

PLECK: Can you see me?

C-53: Yes.

PLECK: Oh, you seem disappointed.

DAR: What's more fun than a... humidifier!

C-53: I can think of a rather long list of things that I think would qualify as more fun

PLECK: Well listen, it's gonna have to do for now. I mean, I've been carrying you around in the pocket of these [pats pants] alliance shorts all day, so...

C-53: You've been carrying me around in your SHORTS? You put me at great risk of getting wet.

PLECK: My shorts are dry.

C-53: Can I point out I'm in a HUMIDIFIER? A device that disperses water?

BARGIE: Hey, since you actually work now... George never worked... Can you humidify the place?

PLECK: Yeah actually, we could use a little... Listen, I'm gonna work on getting you a droid frame, or like a...

C-53: No, no, it's fine. I seem to be able to manifest some rudimentary treads here...

[C-53's humidifier shell pops out some treads, C-53 rolls around]

PLECK: Wow, you can move around?

C-53: Yeah this is a mobile humidifier unit... for large areas.

DAR: It's really doing something for my congestion.

C-53: Yeah?

DAR: Yeah!

C-53: Do you need me to turn on?

DAR: Maybe just like, a couple notches.

C-53: Okay. [Disperses vapor] I would say I have an aromatherapy day here, do you want maybe some Carmex Oil?

DAR: Would love that!

PLECK: That's been an option this whole time?

C-53: Yeah, here you go. [Disperses the oil]

PLECK: Wow, this is living the life. C-53...

DAR: George was really holding out on us.

BARGIE: George would never do anything, you know this.. This is one of the top quality humidifiers. It was donated to me by a ship, it was a token of... Well, actually it sings a love song.

PLECK: Really?

BARGIE: Turn the dial to 5, let's see if it works.

PLECK: Alright. Sorry, C-53 I'm just gonna try this here...

C-53: That's quite alright.

[Pleck turns the dial]

[C SINGS A SONG]

PLECK: Oh... oh boy, okay. Alright. Yeah, that's good. We'll probably do that later.

BARGIE: Ah, loved it. So good.

PLECK: Hey c53, could you just do us a favor when Nermut calls can you just be like, 'Hey sorry I'm off camera just gotta robot it up over here for a second'

C-53: I gotta do what?

BARGIE: What?

PLECK: Robot it up for a second, I don't know just like, make up a reason for being off screen.

DAR: Lock yourself in the background, that is what Pleck always done.

[C-53 and Bargie laugh]

C-53: That's a good burn!

PLECK: 'A good burn' C-53...

DAR: That's right, you don't have a restraining bolt anymore.

C-53: It would seem I do not.

PLECK: Wow, I guess it's a whole new world, guys.

[Beeps and boops of a transmission]

BARGIE: We got an incoming message from Junior Missions Operator Nermut....

PCDAR: That was pretty good Bargie!/That was good!/That was!

PLECK: Alright, pick it up. Nermut, what's up man?

NERMUT: Greetings.

C-53: Junior Missions Operations Manager Nermut Bundaloy

NERMUT: C-53 I can hear you but like, coming out of the bathroom?

DAR: Yep! That's where he... is currently... he's-

NERMUT: Wait, droids don't use the bathroom...

PLECK: Yeah but it's... You just gotta trust us on this, everything is fine and like, normal.

DAR: Yep, totally... normal.

PLECK: Yep.

NERMUT: Why are you making such a big point out of how normal it is.

PLECK: Just letting you know that everything is nominal, as they say. C-53 is taking a quick shower...

BARGIE: My humidifier works.

NERMUT: C-53 does not shower.

PLECK: No, he just went in there cause he's kinda... C-53 say hey

C-53: ... Hey. [Steam pours out from under the bathroom door]

DAR: See?

NERMUT: Why did all that steam just shoot out under the bathroom door when he said hey?

PLECK: He likes a hot shower.

DAR: He's fixing the shower.

DAR: Maybe we should just skip ahead to you telling us what our mission is.

NERMUT: It seems like something is up.

BARGIE: Hey C-53 that's way too humid can you bring it down a little.

C-53: Kay, I will. [Beeps]

NERMUT: What!?

PLECK: You know what's so great about us is our friendship? And how great we are at hanging out with each other and not asking uncomfortable questions.

NERMUT: Alright... I will live inside the mystery in my brain.. [types] Let's pull up the mission here, you are going to the Asteroid Belt of... Krin-kryn.

PLECK: Okay!

NERMUT: To one particular asteroid 951N. Where there is a mining colony and the Federated Alliance needs an ambassador team to go down here because there is some kind of interseen thing going on between various groups of miners.

PLECK: Yeah, okay.

NERMUT: So it's an arbitration mission. You gotta go separate the dogs.

PLECK: Great, no problem! I think we're just gonna pack up the humidifier and we'll get on our way!

[Long silence]

NERMUT: You're baiting me.

DAR: Goodbye nermut! You have to hang up first cause C's not here to hang up...

PLECK: Yeah you should probably hang up cause I don't know how to do it.

NERMUT: That's fine.

BARGIE: Hang up!

[Long silence]

PLECK: Does Bargie not know how to hang up either?

BARGIE: Don't you just say hang up?

DAR: End transmission!

BARGIE: Hang up!

NERMUT: [sighs] There's probably a button

PLECK: C-53 how do you end a transmission!?

C-53: It's simple, first activate your internal run command, and then from there-

DAR: Nermut hang up on us!

PLECK: Yeah, please hang up!

NERMUT: Barge and I are just gonna be talkin' all day.

[music]

ROLPHUS TIDDLE: Hello rebels, this is your leader Rolphus Tiddle with troubling news. There has been an attempt on the life of my angelic son, Centurion. It's this type of cruelty by the Federated Alliance that show's why our rebellion is so righteous. A rebellion supported by.. MeUndies. Every year millions of people get the least liked gift

of all time, underwear. But maybe it's not the underwear that's the problem! Maybe it's the kind of underwear. As X-Mares approaches, let me tell you about MeUndies. The only underwear that makes an amazing gift. Your man Rolphos here loves that MeUndies are made from natural, sustainably sourced fiber that's three times, I repeat three times! Softer than cotton with a soft, oh so flexible waistband. Do you think I'd even consider settling for some undies that are just twice as soft as cotton? No way, I'd rather freeze in the canyons of Milf, my friends. Anyway, MeUndies made underwear the perfect gift that everyone is gonna love you for. And that's what the rebellion's about, love. And destroying C.L.I.N.T. cloning factories of course. This year, don't give underwear. Give Me Undies! It's a Rodd damn X-Mares miracle! To get your exclusive 20% off the softest underwears and socks you will ever wear, free shipping, and 100% satisfaction guaranteed go to meundies.com/zyxx. That's mundies.com/zyxx. Do it! In the name of young Centurion Tiddles!

[music]

[The crew arrives on asteroid 951N. A miner approaches them.]

MINER: Hey there!

PLECK:Uh..

MINER: [thick accent] Y'all the Ambassador crew!?

DAR: I'm sorry?

PLECK: What?

MINER: Y'all the ambassador crew from Federated Alli'?

DAR: Ye-yeah?

MINERr: Okay great! Welcome to 951N!

DAR: Okay?

PLECK: Thanks.

MINER: Big ol' thang, pink thang, and humidifier. That's great. Glad to have y'all here.

PLECK: [laughing] How did you know this was a humidifier?

MINER: What, it's a big humidifier? We have humidifiers here.

PLECK: I mean...

MINER: It's dry here, you feel the air?

PLECK: Yeah, I mean I guess so...

MINER: That is dry.

PLECK: Yeah. I'm surprised you guys even have an atmosphere here.

MINER: It's a very thin atmosphere until we have to wear these breathin' masks. Wait, watch, hold on I can't do it very long. But if I take off my mask -[Removes mask, accent disappears and voice deepens] you can feel that it definitely affects my speech.

PLECK: Oh wow! Wow! Yeah it does!

MINER: Yeah so I can't breathe without that mask on. Listen, all day long...

DAR: Uh-huh

MINER: We mine asteroid scabs.

PLECK: [laughing] What are those?

MINER: You know, when bits of [unintelligible] hit an asteroid and it grows a scab and you mine it.

C-53: You mean a crater?

MINER: No, I'm talkin' scabs! I'm talkin the thing on top of the crater! We mine that, don't we Sal?

SAL: Yeah we do! [goes off on unintelligible explanation]

MINER: that's right, we put it inside and ship it out.

DAR: I'm sorry, what do you do with the scabs?

SAL:[takes mask off, voice becoming much easier to understand] We harvest it, and we mine it, and we take it to the highest bidder.

MINER: That's what we do, we take those scabs and we just send 'em right out.

DAR: But for what?

[C-53 mutters in the background]

MINER: Listen, welcome to the asteroid! I hope yall can help us with our arbitration!

PLECK: Oh yeah, happy to. [stammers] I'm Pleck Decksetter, this is Dar, this is our humidifier C-53.

MINER: Wait...

PLECK: What?

MINER: You're Pleck Decksetter?

PLECK: Yeah!

MINER: You're Pleck Decksetter?

PLECK: Well, ambassador...

MINER: I don't give a juck about whether you're an ambassador or not, you're Pleck Decksetter?

PLECK: Uh, yeah? Yeah.

C-53: Ambassador Decksetter, do you know this person?

PLECK: I don't think so...

MINER: Hey Sal!

SAL: Yeah?

MINER: This is Pleck Decksetter!

SAL: That IS him!? Wha!?

MINER: That's Pleck Decksetter we got here!

SAL: Mighty me mommy mo mo mo! That person, that mighty man Derf talks about all the time!

MINER: Old Derf! Old Derf talks about you all the time, Decksetter.

PLECK: Derf? Who is Derf?

C-53: I believe his name is 'Old Derf'

MINER: He's Old Derf, he's pretty old. Old Derf lives further out on the 'stroid. That's what we call astroid, we call it the 'stroid.

PLECK: Does that save you a lot of time?

MINER: It saves us a little bit a' time! But listen, Mister Decksetter.

PLECK: Yeah.

MINER: Pleck Decksetter

PLECK: Yeah, yep.

MINER: Pleck. Deck. Setter.

PLECK: That's good.

MINER: Yeah, you need to go find Old Derf is what you need to do. This big ol' alien and this humidifier can handle this arbitration.

DAR: Sure why not.

PLECK: Alright.

MINER: Hey, Poot! Hey, Poot!

POOT: Is this the aliens sent here, what, to explain why you been stealin' my scabs?

MINER: These are our guests!

PLECK: I'll see you guys later!

MINER: We'll show you some 'stroid hospitality- Poot! Get your feet offa that!

C-53: This may take us some time, Ambassador Decksetter.

PLECK: Yeah, okay, good luck guys. I guess... where should I go?

MINER: Yeah, Pleck Decksetter you gotta go that direction, just keep on goin' and Old Derf's cabin is not far. If you miss it you'll go all the way aroun' cause that's how 'stroids work.

PLECK: So, pretty much how everything works.

MINER: Yeah, that's how most things work. But 'stroids it's a lot faster.

[music]

[Pleck is walking the rough terrain of the asteroid in search of Old Derf]

PLECK: Wow, this is uh... This is pretty inhospitable terrain out here. Who would live on an asteroid if they weren't here mining it?

[Pleck approaches a dilapidated hut and knocks on the door]

[Door creaks open]

OLD DERF: Hello...

PLECK: Ah! Hello.

OLD DERF: What'r you doin here?

PLECK: Uh... I'm looking for Old Derf.

OLD DERF: Thas me, I'm Derf.

PLECK: Well I'm-

OLD DERF: What business do you have here?

PLECK: I'm actually looking for you, I was sent by one of the miners.

OLD DERF: There're only three.

PLECK: Okay. Great. My name's Pleck Decksetter

OLD DERF: WHAT!? You're... You're Pleck Decksetter?

PLECK: Uh, yeah. Yep. Pleck Decksetter... I'm an ambassador with the Federated Alliance.

OLD DERF: I... I've been waiting for you here for so long...

PLECK: Why?

OLD DERF: My name is Derf.

PLECK: I know that.

OLD DERF: Young Derf Dinkleson.

PLECK: 'Young' Derf?

OLD DERF: Yes, Young.

PLECK: Why do you-

OLD DERF: What do you mean? You callin' me old now!?

PLECK: Well, I mean...

OLD DERF: I'm ol.. [stammers] Watch this! [Jumps and lands a perfect backflip] Backflip.

PLECK: Wow! That was pretty good. The gravity is pretty low...

OLD DERF: Don't I know it! But would Old Derf be able to do a fun little trick like that?

PLECK: I don't really know what Young Derf was capable of, so it's hard to tell...

OLD DERF: I just tell you I've been waiting for you so long and you come in and insult me, are you ageist?

PLECK: I mean you've been waiting long enough that you're old now. I'm just sayin' I dunno.

OLD DERF: is that what you see before you!?

PLECK: Listen were you out here on an asteroid looking for me!? Because that's clearly the wrong-

OLD DERF: I was waiting for you!

PLECK: Okay fine. I was on Rangus 6 for like, 22 years! You coulda come there at any time.

OLD DERF: Okay send me a map then! I don't know, I'm just waiting for you!

PLECK: Why are you waiting for me!?

OLD DERF: Because of the prophecy.

PLECK: What?

OLD DERF: You're the one.

PLECK: I'm the one?

OLD DERF: A great galactic force flows through you, the Space.

PLECK: What space?

OLD DERF: The Space. The Space is all around you, it's within you, and mostly outside. Look around, look up.

PLECK: Okay.

OLD DERF: Space.

PLECK: That's space.

OLD DERF: Look over that way? More space.

PLECK: Yep.

OLD DERF: It's everywhere, see?

PLECK: I don't- what does that have to do with... That's a force?

OLD DERF: Yes! It's like a force, but it's empty. The Space.

PLECK: Okay...

OLD DERF: You've never felt the space around you?

PLECK: Yeah, I mean- all the time. It's all around me.

OLD DERF: See? Exactly, thank you you're getting it.

PLECK: I think everybody sort of gets that.

OLD DERF: The space flows through you. It's within and without you, it's at the end of your fingers, it's in your toes, it's in your peehole!

PLECK: In?

OLD DERF: It's inside, it's in the very tiny space in the middle of your peehole.

PLECK: Huh.

OLD DERF: It's what first comes out when you pee and then fills in the gap at the end.

[Uncomfortable silence]

OLD DERF: And you can feel you are a powerful being.

PLECK: Being? I'm powerful?

OLD DERF: Yes! That's why your coming has been foretold. How did you get here? With a group of great warriors brought you here? Perhaps a princess or something like a... Queen?

PLECK: Well sort of. I came up on a washed up celebrity with-

OLD DERF: You 'came on' a washed up celebrity?

PLECK: Yeah, it's a ship.

OLD DERF: You 'came on' a washed up celebrity.

PLECK: I- no. No, you've got it all wrong.

OLD DERF: I'm just trying to hear what you're saying. Look, I've been waiting for this moment for like enough time to go from Young to Old. So that's like, a jucked up amount of time.

PLECK: Listen. I came in a washed up celebrity ship with a furry, sort of omnigendered security officer that doesn't like me, and a humidifier.

OLD DERF: Oh, cause I have a de-humidifier if you wanna swap.

PLECK: I'll let you know... Why do you have a dehumidifier on an astroid?

OLD DERF: Cause it gets wet here!

PLECK: There's barely an atmosphere.

OLD DERF: I'm going to train you! I'm going to train you in the ways of the Space!

PLECK: Okay, yeah. No.

OLD DERF: I have an ancient weapon passed down from many-

PLECK: What!? You have an ancient weapon?

OLD DERF: An ancient weapon passed down from generation to generation amongst the great Zima Warriors.

PLECK: Zima Warriors?

OLD DERF: You're a Zima Knight!

PLECK: I am?

OLD DERF: It's a great ancient group of knights who would protect the galaxy and all these different people in it. They fought in all the great wars. The Shit Wars of Rangus...
Terrible

PLECK: Yeah I remember those. I mean, not personally. People talk about em all the time. That was when the population of Rangus 1 got into a big civil war and everyone dispersed on the next 5 planets.

OLD DERF: Cause they were fighting like monkeys in shit.

PLECK: That was a long time ago, we've moved way on past that.

OLD DERF: Oh I still keep in touch, there's still people playing around.

PLECK: What does the prophecy say about me?

OLD DERF: About you?

PLECK: Yeah.

OLD DERF: You will unite the two sides of the Space, bring about a galactic peace.

PLECK: You know I've always really felt like I was destined for greatness, for something bigger than myself!

OLD DERF: You have been all along! You're a Zima warrior!

PLECK: Yeah. You know what? I'm gonna do it- what's the next step?

OLD DERF: Lesson number one, dress better.

[Pleck laughs]

OLD DERF: I mean your pants are COVERED in stains.

PLECK: What does that have to do with anything!?

OLD DERF: I dunno, I mean most good guys who are like, havin' a chill time have clean pants.

PLECK: I mean, I like to think these are each a mark of a good story. And also these are Federated Alliance shorts, so.

OLD DERF: Why are you wearing shorts? You're out on a mission.

PLECK: It's a uniform! I have to wear these. I prefer pants!

OLD DERF: Shorts is a uniform?

PLECK: Yes!

OLD DERF: Dress up. Dress better.

PLECK: Okay.

OLD DERF: You can't pull up like you're some sort of camp counselor.

[Old Derf walks across the room, fetching a wooden staff]

OLD DERF: This is an ancient weapon. It's called the wood sabre.

PLECK: Huh. So it's... it's looks more like a stick.

OLD DERF: That's a wood sabre. It's an ancient weapon of the Zima Knights

PLECK: Okay. Does it turn on or...?

OLD DERF: It's on always. If it ever goes off, I dunno man no one's ever turned a stick off. So hold the wood saber.

PLECK: [Pleck takes it and swings it] Wow. I can feel the power... I can feel the power flowing through this wood sabre.

OLD DERF: You look more powerful- I thought you'd be like, thinner but you're more powerful holding that.

PLECK: You know I- the rations they give you on the ship are high calorie...

OLD DERF: Fatty rations.

PLECK: Most of the time it's just been travelling. I sort of thought there'd be more athletics happenings on the missions but it's mostly like, talking.

[Beeps and boops of an incoming transmission]

PLECK: Oh, hold on.

OLD DERF: You haven't asked me very many questions but that's fine

PLECK: I should probably take this...

OLD DERF: I told you a pretty big thing, you're pretty cool with it so far.

PLECK: I'm just processing, one second... Hello?

DAR: WHAT IS TAKING YOU SO LONG

C-53: Ambassador Decksetter this 'stroid is not that long

PLECK: Guys, I met...

C-53: Have you met Old Derf?

OLD DERF: Wait, are those your- look I can see them! I'm waving at them, they're right there. [Old Derf waves enthusiastically at the transmitter]

DAR: Are you waving at us right now?

OLD DERF: Tell them I'm waving.

PLECK: Yeah, that's Derf.

C-53: He is pretty old.

OLD DERF: What did they say about me?

PLECK: They said you seem cool. Listen, do you-

C-53: That's not what I said. I said he looks old. Just worried I'm not coming through.

PLECK: Yeah, no, the reception is- Listen, Derf, do you wanna come with us?

DAR: I would love to, let me change into my like, 'seeing people' robe.

PLECK: Oh, sure. Oh... wow, you are-

MINER: They done figured out our arbitratin' cause there's only 3 of us on the 'stroid... so...

C-53: Turns out there's only 3 miners on the... 'stroid.

PLECK: We should probably go back over there with them.

OLD DERF: I would love to meet this great group of people who have brought you to me finally.

PLECK: Well like I said, they sort of... One of them doesn't like me, the other is a humidifier.

OLD DERF: Sounds like a merry band!

PLECK: Well, it's possible that the humidifier likes me it's just he hasn't been allowed to have opinions until just now?

OLD DERF: Ah, yes. The prophecy foretold that the great Pleck Decksetter would talk about if the humidifier liked him or not.

PLECK: That was in the prophecy?

OLD DERF: Yes, it's a great sacred text. "Will the appliance like the Great One"?

PLECK: Oh man, I really feel like it's all lining up.

OLD DERF: Should I bring my dehumidifier? Are we gonna do that swap we talked about?

PLECK: Yeah, no bring it along.

OLD DERF: Oh, boy.

PLECK: You should probably bring everything but do you wanna come back here later?

OLD DERF: I mean I've sort of made a home here. I have a family there in my little mud hut.

PLECK: You have a family!?

OLD DERF: They know my job is you.

PLECK: Oh, should I say hi to them?

OLD DERF: Don't talk to them, we've been stuck here for so long and the kids are weird and...

[awkward silence]

PLECK: Well just give them my best, I guess...

OLD DERF: So let's see, dehumidifier, dress robes...

PLECK: Are you gonna say goodbye to them?

OLD DERF: Nah, I'm gonna sort of pop in pop out, you know?

PLECK: Sure.

OLD DERF: Just get my wood sabre-

[Door creaks open]

CHILD: Dad!

OLD DERF: Oh shit. Run!

PLECK: What!?

OLD DERF: Just go go go go! Sorry, one of my kids called me...

CHILD: Dad!?

OLD DERF: Hey! Hey... Young Derf.

DERF JUNIOR: Derf Junior.

OLD DERF: Yeah... I know.

DERF JUNIOR: I'm Derf Junior.

OLD DERF: Why are you so cocky, you live on a stroid.

DERF JUNIOR: Cause my dads one of the Zima warriors. And I'm gonna be a Zima warrior too.

OLD DERF: No, you don't have it.

DERJ JUNIOR: What!?

OLD DERF: You don't have it in you

DERF JUNIOR: What!?

OLD DERF: Young Derf do you feel the space?

DERF JUNIOR: No.

OLD DERF: See? [child groans] I'm gonna go with this pink stranger. [child groans]

PLECK: I'm not pink.

OLD DERF: You look pretty pink.

PLECK: Yeah I'm pink as opposed to any other color but I'm not pink-pink

OLD DERF: What line are you drawing? It was foretold the great one would be very pink.

PLECK: Okay, well, fine I'll take it.

OLD DERF: You are so easy... Hey, Derf Junior grab the humidifier.

PLECK: You just made that up so I'd let it go!

OLD DERF: What?

PLECK: "This is the prophecy!!"

[Old Derf laughs]

PLECK: Alright let's go back to the ship

[music]

[Back on the ship, Nermut and Bargie are still talking]

NERMUT: And here's another picture here of me and my sisters...

BARGIE: Wow!

NERMUT: They're kinda ignoring me but you can see the family resemblance, right?

BARGIE: You know what, this is a beautiful picture-

PLECK: Hey guys!

NERMUT: Hey.

PLECK: You guys are still transmitting?

NERMUT: Yeah we sorta couldn't figure out how to disconnect.

BARGIE: We been catching up, honestly we never really had a heart-to-heart. Now I see- I understand things from your side.

NERMUT: Likewise, I see things in your movies, the layers in some of those less successful movies...

BARGIE: Thank you!

NERMUT: That I like now.

PLECK: Hey guys?

NERMUT: Yeah

PLECK: This is Derf.

NERMUT: Hey!

OLD DERF: Who is that?

PLECK: It's uh...

NERMUT: I'm Junior Missions Operations Manager Nermut Bundaloy of the Federated Alliance.

OLD DERF: He's... he's written about in the texts, the prophecy. He's... let me just- get over here. [Old Derf pulls Pleck aside]

DAR: Nermut while they have a quick aside

NERMUT: Mmhmm

DAR: Mission? A plus plus!

NERMUT: Oh that's great!

C-53: We are happy to revale that the arbitration is complete.

NERMUT: Why... C53 why are you underneath a table? I can only hear you.

C-53: uh... I'm attending to some ship maintenance. This table.

NERMUT: [Sigh]. Alright.

DAR: Mmhmm. So now you can end transmission!

NERMUT: I just wanted- before I sign off, you can see that I've shown Bargie my legs. I don't really volunteer to show anyone my legs.

BARGIE: It brings a certain trust in our relationship.

NERMUT: ... you'll see that they're bird legs, though my body is a lizard body.

BARGIE: Show off.

DAR: Nermut, we've all seen your legs before! There was that whole week you couldn't figure out how to position the camera.

C-53: Yeah, we were talking to your legs exclusively.

BARGIE: That's why I wasn't so shocked when he showed me, I knew about it. I was like yeah, those are your legs.

[Nermut protests in the background.]

NERMUT: So... We'll write up this mission as a success.

DAR: We will! Goodbye!

BARGIE: I dunno how to turn this off.

NERMUT: Yeah we still don't know how to turn it off.

C-53: Ceasing transmission

[call ends]

PLECK: How did you do that?

DAR: How DID you do that?

C-53: Well, first I [mumbles technical description]

PLECK: Okay, I just mean are you connected to the rest of the ship?

C-53: The humidifier is.

PLECK: Oh.

C-53: And so, I am.

DAR: Oh.

PLECK: Derf, what's going on with Nermut?

OLD DERF: Nermut? Nermut Bundaloy?

PLECK: Yeah

OLD DERF: He's... There are two sides to the Space. They are.. The fresh side, that's what you are the avatar of. And there's the totally wack side.

PLECK: What?

OLD DERF: The fresh side is all the good things, like a great sandwich, a sweet kick flip, great olly. Then of course there's the wack side of the Space... That's the side where you like, stub your toe, drink your last frosty bev, try to do a kick flip but you totally epic fail.

PLECK: Huh.

OLD DERF: And Nermut is... he's on the wack side of the Space.

PLECK: What!?

OLD DERF: He's wack. He's totally wack. He's been seduced by the wack side of the Space.

PLECK: How?

OLD DERF: The Space must always be in balance. It's like you know how there's inner space and outer space?

C-53: Well I know an inner space.

PLECK: Well I know outer space.

OLD DERF: See, it's a balance. You know one, you know the other, it's why you guys are buddies.

PLECK: What is 'inner space'?

C-53: Inner space, the internal life, the life of the mind, Ambassador Decksetter.

PLECK: Yeah, okay.

OLD DERF: Listen, you are the avatar of the inner space because you're always focused on your pinkness, your inside parts, you're like really-

C-53: Is the Ambassador of the inner space?

PLECK: Oh yeah, sorry-

DAR: Yeah, I know you're trying to have a private moment here but: What!?

PLECK: Listen, Derf's been saying a lot of stuff that's kinda really making sense to me, you know? He told me about the Space right? So if I look at you, Dar, there's like space between us, but that space is all around us!

C-53: So... air?

OLD DERF: No... Space!

PLECK: Cause like, outside in space there's no air out there but it's still space.

OLD DERF: That's outer space. See how quickly he's picked this up?

BARGIE: I don't wanna alarm anyone but I sense some bullshit happening inside of my spaceship.

PLECK: What!?

BARGIE: I dunno I just sense it. It's on the radar.

C-53: Ambassador Decksetter if you could come down here to my interface...

PLECK: Kay... uh...

OLD DERF: Take my dehumidifier and plug it next to that to see what happens

PLECK: Uh, okay. I thought you want the humidifier?

OLD DERF: I'll take the humidifier.

PLECK: I'll just swap the cubes, probably.

OLD DERF: Okay, swap the cubes.

PLECK: Hey C-53 do you mind swapping to a dehumidifier?

C-53: Uh... I guess not.

PLECK: Okay, just gonna... [Pleck quickly opens and swaps cubes]and here we go!

C-53: Ambassador Decksetter um...

PLECK: How do you like the dehumidifier?

C-53: Functionally its nearly identical to the humidifier, I'm still monitoring ambient humidity and still have a tank of water but now it's going in instead of going out.

OLD DERF: The space flows through you, C-53.

C-53: Ambassador Decksetter, a moment please...

DAR: Why don't you and I catch up while they have their little pow-wow.

OLD DERF: Yes, so you are Plecks... mate.

DAR: No...

OLD DERF: Oh. Uh... Okay. Body guard, protector.

DAR: Maybe sure?

OLD DERF: Best friend?

DAR: Haha, way off base!

C-53: Ambassador Decksetter... what has Old Derf said to you?

PLECK: He said that I am the chosen one of the Space.

C-53: Okay.

PLECK: There was a prophecy about me to harness the fresh side of the Space.

C-53: Okay. This prophecy said your name specifically? Pleck Decksetter?

PLECK: Yes!

C-53: Ambassador Decksetter, has Old Derf made any mention of the Zima Knights?

PLECK: Yeah, yeah! The Zima Knight! He said I was gonna be a Zima Knight!

C-53: Yes, the Zima Knights come back every few years. Everyone's always like, "Oh look! The Zima Knights are back! This is great! I love Zima!" but then they realize, oh boy.

PLECK: No, no, listen. If this is all nonsense, then... what is this?[Pleck pulls out the wood sabre] This is an ancient Zima weapon [swings] It's on ALL the time. How is it powered? If it doesn't turn off it's endless power! [Pleck swings it around]

C-53: That's a stick. You're waving a stick.

PLECK: It's a wood sabre. And I'm not waving it, I'm wielding it. [Pleck swings it more]

C-53: Okay Ambassador Decksetter could you just put that wood sabre in front of me.

PLECK: In front of you!?

C-53: Yep.

PLECK: I would never! I would never raise it-

C-53: i am going to move closer to you on my treads. [C-53 moves toward Pleck]

PLECK: Hey- hey! Back off! I do not want to have to use this thing, I am only going to use it in defense.

C-53: No, go ahead use it. I am attacking you, I am ramming you. [C-53 rams into Pleck repeatedly]

PLECK: Ow! Stop it!

C-53: Oh what are you gonna do? Hit me with your wood sabre?

PLECK: No I wouldn't do that! You're my friend C-53!

C-53: Do it! Hit me!

PLECK: Okay! [Pleck strikes C-53 with the wood sabre. It snaps in half and falls to the ground]

C-53: Oh you've broken your wood sabre. Because you hit it against a metal object.

PLECK: Okay.

C-53: It's a stick!

PLECK: Well now I have two. Twice as powerful as I was before...

C-53: Now you have two short sticks.

PLECK: Well better not get close, better not get close to me. [Pleck swings the two sticks]

C-53: What will happen if I get close to you, huh?

DAR: Pleck!? Pleck, can you please tell your weird friend what our relationship is!? He's been guessing for minutes!

PLECK: It's sort of like a-

OLD DERF: You guys have hooked up a couple times.

DAR: No!

PLECK: No no no, It's sort of-

OLD DERF: I'm totally misreading this, the sacred texts have said that Pleck Decksetter is a very profound lover.

PLECK: Uh...

C-53: That can't be right.

BARGIE: The bullshit alerts going on.

DAR: This makes sense now. You have found the wrong Pleck Decksetter.

C-53: There's another Pleck Decksetter somewhere.

PLECK: No, I'm pretty sure it's me...

OLD DERF: It's obviously him, the space is flowing through him

PLECK: See? Thank you.

OLD DERF: Wait. What's wrong with your wood sabre?

PLECK: Oh, I have two now

OLD DERF: That's now how it works...

PLECK: I was just doing some training with C-53

C-53: He broke his stick.

OLD DERF: You broke... it's a wood sabre, dehumidifier.

PLECK: Well know I was training, and I-

OLD DERF: How were you training, I wasn't there?

C-53: Uh-huh, and here comes the sales pitch. How much will it be to start training with you?

OLD DERF: There's no- I'm not asking for money.

C-53: Really?

OLD DERF: Do you not believe? Do you not believe in the Space?

C-53: No.

OLD DERF: Watch this. Put on this blast shield.

PLECK: Oh- okay. [Pleck puts on the blast shield]

OLD DERF: Now, hold your stick up

PLECK: Which one?

OLD DERF: The longest one

PLECK: Okay

OLD DERF: It's a wood- it used to be a wood sabre, now it's fallen from grace

C-53: Yeah now it's fallen from grace.

OLD DERF: You're real- is his sarcasm- can you turn it down a little?

PLECK: You know it didn't used to exist at all until yesterday, now it's full force.

OLD DERF: Is there a restraining bolt we can put on this?

PLECK: I don't know if you can get a restraining bolt that fits on a dehumidifier but I wouldn't do that anyway because he's my friend

OLD DERF: Oh, cool. You're friends with a de moisturizer.

C-53: I'm a dehumidifier.

OLD DERF: What's the difference?

C-53: I'm not some sort of skin product

OLD DERF: Why are you so high and mighty?

C-53: I dunno!

OLD DERF: We just moved you from one thing to another!

C-53: Why are you so high and mighty?

OLD DERF: Just wait and watch this demonstration.

C-53: Alright.

PLECK: Listen Derf, my blast shield has been down for a little while, I have no idea what it's gonna...

OLD DERF: The space is throwing through you, this is excellent.

PLECK: Alright.

OLD DERF: Hold up the longer end of your wood sabre.

PLECK: Okay. [Pleck holds up the wood sabre]

OLD DERF: Oh, nope the other longer end.

PLECK: Okay, sure, I can't tell which ones longer cause my blast shield is down.

OLD DERF: That's, again, foretold. Now I'm going to throw a series of crater pieces at you.

C-53: Scabs

OLD DERF: First off it's craters, those people are nightmares.

C-53: Yeah, no kidding.

OLD DERF: So don't use their words. I'm gonna throw these pieces at you, and you feel the space around them

PLECK: Oh, okay, so how do I do that, just like-

OLD DERF: Just feel it flying toward you- [Old Derf throws a chunk of space rock at Pleck, smacking him]

PLECK: OW

[Old Derf throws more while Pleck futilely swings his wood sabre trying to block it, failing every time]

OLD DERF: Just feel it!

PLECK: What am I guessing?

OLD DERF: Exactly where the piece of crater is gonna hit you.

PLECK: Over here!

OLD DERF: Don't say it, use your wood sabre!

PLECK: Okay...

DAR: Yeah, bat it away dummy.

OLD DERF: How do you not.. Pull up your blast shield. You don't get the basic concept here?

PLECK: Of guessing!?

OLD DERF: Yeah.

PLECK: How am I supposed to guess?

OLD DERF: You must look deep within yourself and you'll just feel a tingle

PLECK: Okay... like in my brain?

OLD DERF: You'll know where it's coming from.

PLECK: Are you talking about- is it... Is it like a genitals thing?

OLD DERF: Eugh... No! Come on, no! This is serious!

PLECK: He said a tingle...

OLD DERF: You just go right to the genitals!?

PLECK: I said my brain first! So I went to my genitals second, okay!

OLD DERF: Well pin a metal on this little Pleck! He went to his genitals second!

[Pleck laughs]

PLECK: That's pretty good!

OLD DERF: Pretty good compared to what, some pervert!?

[Old Derf throws another piece of rock]

PLECK: OW

OLD DERF: Sorry, I shouldn't have thrown that one...

PLECK: Yeah I never would have guessed you were gonna do that then.

PLECK: Listen, Derf. I think the prophecy was wrong.

OLD DERF: No. It's you, I know it's you. I believe in you.

PLECK: Yeah?

OLD DERF: You know, I'm just gonna take this humidifier. It's worth like 18 Kroon- do you have like a, like a jucked up cube I could put in this?

PLECK: Bargie mind if we put George in the...?

BARGIE: Honestly you can throw him outside.

PLECK: No!

BARGIE: What he did was unforgivable, we haven't spoken-

OLD DERF: What could a humidifier do that's unforgivable? I'll just take this humidifier and I'll walk out of this airlock.

C-53: No! Don't do that!

OLD DERF: It's time for me to go to the Space.

PLECK: Go to the.. You mean shot into space?

C-53: Die in the vacuum of space?

PLECK: Yeah, you mean die in space?

OLD DERF: I may be struck down but I will only get more and more powerful.

DAR: We can at least drop you back off at 951N

PLECK: We actually haven;t even dropped to hyper space yet, we're right next to the asteroid.

OLD DERF: I will jump myself into the hyperspace. The freshest of hyperspace.

PLECK: Okay.

OLD DERF: The last thing I need to tell you is beware the wackness that is Nermut.

PLECK: Huh.

DAR: Nermut?

OLD DERF: He will try to seduce you.. To the-

DAR: Seduce Pleck!?

PLECK: You mean like sexually!?

OLD DERF: I can't say. You'll know it when it's happening. That's the Space.

PLECK: Hmm.

OLD DERF: The space betweeeeen your heart [singing]

PLECK: No. What is that?

OLD DERF: It's an ancient song. A beautiful song. It's like a later period song, but it's still dec-

PLECK: A later period of ancient?

OLD DERF: Ues, it's like, there's ancient when it was pretty good but then it got a little later and it was still alright.

C-53: I'll be honest that's when the ancient music... I kinda checked out on it.

OLD DERF: You checked out of that?

C-53: Yeah...

OLD DERF: There's a couple good songs after that.

C-53: Really?

OLD DERF: Yeah just one or two.

C-53: I like those first second age albums, I'm into.

OLD DERF: Yeah. Anyway, I'm just gonna jump out this airlock.

PLECK: Oh no, don't do that! No Derf, listen I've learned so much!

OLD DERF: No. Pleck. Just... keep it fresh.

[Old Derf opens the airlock. It sucks him out into space, and he vanishes into the darkness of space]

C-53: Old Derf is gone.

PLECK: Huh. He was he only-

C-53: Not outside the ship at all.

PLECK: Wait. Where did he go? He's completely- he's disappeared.

C-53: Pleck, your wood sabre.

PLECK: Wha- it's in one piece! [Pleck waves his wood sabre]

DAR: NERMUT and PLECK?

[outro music]

C-RED-IT5: C-RED-IT5 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

Old Derf was played by Justin Tyler. Justin is an actor, writer, and director in New York.

He is currently writing for the Opposition with Jordan Klepper. He is co-creator of the

UCB Character Showcase: Characters Welcome, and hosts the weekly variety show

Gentrified with Alden Ford and Brandon Scott Jones. He also co-hosts Comic Book

Club, a weekly comic book show and podcast in NYC. Follow him on twitter @jtsizzle

This episode of Mission to Zyxx is recorded at the Stately O'Connell Mansion in

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Opening crawl narration by Jeremy Crutchley

Ship design for the Bargarean Jade by Eric Geusz

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