

***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 Bargie!

BARGIE: Yep.

PLECK: Happy X-Marse!

BARGIE: [sighs] Happy X-Marse, yeah.

PLECK: You gonna open your boot? Can you manipulate it, is there like arms that come out-

BARGIE: You know, I'm sorry I'm just not feeling X-Marsey this year...

PLECK: What? No! Bargie, why?

BARGIE: I had to do a lot, you know I had troubles with my son, I feel older I feel like my engine parts just aren't working the way they used to...

PLECK: No, Bargie...

BARGIE: But there's one thing that will make me happy.

PLECK: Oh, okay.

BARGIE: If we all gather around. If we all gather around...

PLECK: Sure, sure.

BARGIE: If we 'all'.

PLECK: Right, I should wake Dar up actually. I always get up really early on X-Marse cause I still feel like a kid, you know? I get up early... Lemme go wake her up.

[Pleck walks to Dar's room and knocks on her door. The door slides open to reveal a very happy Darr]

DAR: Happy X-Marse!

PLECK: Woah-ho-ho! Dar! This is the happiest I've ever seen you!

DAR: Oh I love a paid work holiday!

PLECK: Oh. I get that's what it's about.

DAR: Yeah... Now I get to kick back, open a couple boots, drink a little neg... It's gonna be great.

PLECK: Sure... I never got into eggneg. It's so thick!

DAR: I love it.

PLECK: Obviously the tradition is you open it, you tilt it on X-Marse Eve and by X-Marse morning there's a glass of eggneg for you.

DAR: And I love it.

PLECK: I didn't know you were so festive Dar!

DAR: Oh, yeah!

PLECK: Are you gonna open your boot?

DAR: Oh. Not yet, it's not time!

PLECK: Oh, alright. Lemme just go turn on the electric fireplace. Classic X-Marse tradition.

C-53: Ambassador Decksetter, I am inside this fireplace. I would be happy to activate it for you.

PLECK: Oh, great. So C-53 just go ahead and turn yourself on...

C-53: I feel it's much safer in here than being in the dehumidifier.

PLECK: Sure, thank you for bringing a little warmth and light into our X-Marse morning!

C-53: It's my pleasure! I am happy to be away from the risk of getting water on my cube.

Ambassador Decksetter do you come from a place where you open your boots on X-Marse Eve?

PLECK: No, no, no. First thing X-Marse morning.

C-53: Oh, okay. Some places have a tradition of opening their boots on X-Marse Eve, some do it on the day of X-Marse... In some cultures X-Marse is a 12 day celebration that lasts from X-Marse to Ascension.

PLECK: Wow, what happens on Ascensions?

C-53: People start to ascend, it's a very different culture.

PLECK: Ah, on Rangus 6 on X-Marse everybody just gets drunk.

C-53: That is very common.

DAR: Oh yeah, that's incredibly common. My family always get drunk on X-Marse. And then we fight each other.

PLECK: Woah, really!?

DAR: Oh yeah.

PLECK: Is that like a cultural tradition or is it like, your family's sort of jucked up.

DAR: No, that's a cultural tradition.

PLECK: Okay. I wasn't sure when you said fight it was like a battle? Or if it was like yelling.

DAR: We bury someone by the end of the day.

PLECK: Woah. Someone in your family.

DAR: I mean, the whole planet is people I'm related to.

PLECK: Sure, I guess if you go back far enough...

DAR: No, I mean my whole planet is just people I'm related to.

PLECK: That's a lot of boots.

DAR: That's a lot of boots.

C-53: Are you sad not to be home for X-Marse, Dar?

DAR: Oh. I never really thought about... I guess. Although I guess this year I don't have to worry about dying.

PLECK: Yeah, you're gonna miss the battle.

C-53: That's true, consider the positive.

DAR: Yeah.

BARGIE: Alright, you're all here.

PLECK: Hey.

BARGIE: This is the only thing that'll make me happy right now [music plays]

PLECK: This is the Bargaerian Jade X-Marse Special!

BARGIE: Yes. The seventeenth one I did.

PLECK: Oh wow!

BARGIE: The best one, they say. The one that I think defined X-Marse.

PLECK: Wow, that's very impressive.

BARGIE: Let's go to the scene [fast forwards]

TV: Come on everybody! It's X-Marse! And look, everyone look! Bargie just saved X-Marse!

BARGIE: I just saved X-Marse! Everyone, here is my oil! [Sprays oil] Hooray! We did it!

TV: We did it everyone, we saved X-Marse!

BARGIE: We did it!

PLECK: Is that the whole thing?

TV: Don't forget to buy the Bargie toys, in stores now!

PLECK: oh, thats...

C-53: Crassly commercial.

DAR: Yeah.

PLECK: The 12th X-Marse Special if I remember correctly, that was the one the director was like, "It didn't happen, it's not canon..." it was hard to watch.

C-53: I should be mentioned it did make a lot of Kroon.

BARGIE: Bean Arthur was in it.

PLECK: Bean Arthur?

BARGIE: Yeah.

PLECK: I forgot about Bean Arthur. That one was...

BARGIE: Let's play the clip. [tv plays]

TV: I invented X-Marse. [Guns go off]

BARGIE: I invented X-Marse! Yay!

PLECK: I can see how that... I wouldn't want that to be canon, that seems it would ruin the whole...

C-53: Bean Arthur was shot during this holiday event.

PLECK: That was real!?

C-53: Yeah.

PLECK: You know Bargie, you've got all of these X-Marse movies and I feel like they all tell a different story...

BARGIE: Yeah they tell I didn't spend much time with my family during the holiday.

[Beeps and boops of an incoming transmission]

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

[Dar gasps]

PLECK: Happy X-Marse Nermut!

DAR: Happy X-Marse Nermie!

NERMUT: Happy X-Marse team!

C-53: Happy X-Marse, Nermut.

NERMUT: Wait a second. C-53, your voice is coming from like, the fire place?

PLECK: Oh yeah. We put C-53's cube in there just for X-Marse.

NERMUT: Hm. Festive.

PLECK: Well you know Nermut, it's great to get a call from you especially since we have the day off.

NERMUT: I know! Isn't it amazing? I just wanted to call and say hey, happy X-Marse.

PLECK: I appreciate that, happy X-Marse.

DAR: Happy X-Marse Nermie!

NERMUT: Wait a second, something's coming through. I bet it's an X-Marse card.

Lemme just check this out... And this is your-

PLECK: I feel like it's a little cheap to email an X-Marse card.

[Dar laughs]

NERMUT: Alright. So here is our X-Marse card and it says: "Your mission..."

PLECK: Oh.. No. What?

NERMUT: What!?

C-53: Does it have the traditional structure of an X-Marse card where we would be wished happy X-Marse at the beginning?

NERMUT: No, not at all. It says "as is customary, the lowest ranked ambassador team is sent on a mission on.." No way!

DAR: We're the lowest ranked team!?

NERMUT: That's not possible!

C-53: No, we're definitely the lowest ranked.

PLECK: I think that's possible.

NERMUT: So here's the mission we're going on... We are going to the planet Chimnasia in the Zyxx Quadrant.

P/DAR: Chimnasia...

PLECK: Cool!

NERMUT: and the purpose is to... Wow. You are supposed to find the true meaning of X-Marse. That sort of like, makes it okay, right? That you have to work?

C-53: Junior Missions Operations Manager Nermut Bundaloy, I must stop you. Is this one of those missions where we're going to go down to the planet, search around, come back to Bargie, and then realize the true meaning of X-Marse was aboard the Bargarean Jade all along?

PLECK: Oh man... We have had so many missions like that.

C-53: If so I will not be party to it.

BARGIE: Lemme guess the meaning of X-Marse is like, love or friendship or something. Right?

NERMUT: I mean literally it doesn't say, they're saying you have to go figure it out. If they said it on the mission instructions they probably just.. Would say...

BARGIE: Ughh.. I have my day planned. I will turn off one of my engines. Go in a slow circle and let some oil drip.

NERMUT: That seems..

DAR: That's a big day.

C-53: Make a ring of oil? Just suspended in space?

BARGIE: That's a tradition I'm doing.

NERMUT: Well. I guess save that for tomorrow.

DAR: Do we have tomorrow off instead?

NERMUT: Uhhh, let's look here- Nope. There's another mission. Anyway, this seems like an honor! Right?

PLECK: Sure.

NERMUT: You get to find the true meaning of X-Marse!

PLECK: Alright, well let's give it a shot I guess.

NERMUT: Get out there! I'm excited to know what it is!

PLECK: Alright let's head out Bargie, hey C-53 wanna join us on this mission?

C-53: I suppose you could carry my cube around in the carrying case until you find a suitable receptacle.

PLECK: It has a carrying case?

C-53: Have you just been free-handing my cube?

PLECK: Sorry.

[music]

[The crew dock on Chimnasia]

PLECK: Wow, this is... This is a very smokey docking bay.

DAR: [coughs] Sooty.

PLECK: Sooty.

[A droid approaches]

ART\_DODGA: Oy there guv'nah! My name is ART\_DODGA!

PLECK: Hello!

ART\_DODGA: That's me model, right?

PLECK: Sure, I mean you're telling me I don't know.

DAR: That's a very quaint hat you have on.

ART\_DODGA: Oh thanks very much! You spare a spare kroon or two, eh?

PLECK: Actually, I will give you 3 Kroons if you will eject your cube for me.

ART\_DODGA: Well. You would end my consciousness but I do need them Kroons, don't I?

PLECK: Just for a little while!

ART\_DODGA: Listen uh, I won't take my cube out but I got a friend who will, TINY\_TM. I'll take his cube out for 3 Kroon.

DAR: No, that seems...

PLECK: No, no, no.

ART\_DODGA: Let me do it, he won't feel a thing!

PLECK: No, I don't want you to...

TINY\_TM: Did you finally find me friends!?

[ART\_DODGA smashes open the droid to retrieve it's cube]

PLECK: Oh no!!

ART\_DODGA: It's done! You might as well give me the Kroon!

DAR: Give him the Kroon.

ART\_DODGA: At your service, ART\_DODGER.

PLECK: Okay great. Listen, ART\_DODGER can you just promise me you'll find another frame for that cube.

ART\_DODGA: Oh um... Yeah, I'll definitely find a frame for this cube. I will not throw it in the river!

PLECK: No, stop.

ART\_DODGA: I will not!

DAR: Okay but see you winked and you crossed like, two of your little pincher digits so... It feels like...

ART\_DODGA: Right! And that's the ol' urchin's honor!

DAR: Oh..

PLECK: Okay.

ART\_DODGA: Bye then! May your X-Marse be the freshest!

[ART\_DODGA walks off to the river]

PLECK: Okay, thanks...

DAR: Thanks.

PLECK: Oh boy. Alright C53, here you go.

DAR: Alright I'll put it into the frame of the robot... We just... paid to murder...

[Dar places the cube inside TINY\_TM]

PLECK: I don't feel like that's what I wanted to happen.

C-53: [with a thick cockney accent] I say, this is rather a small frame, innit?

DAR: Oh... You even get the accent!

PLECK: C-53 how'd you get the same accent?

C-53: This is some effect of the vocal modular aboard this droid frame!

PLECK: Oh boy, that might get obnoxious after awhile.

C-53: You're tellin me, mate!

DAR: Alright, well.. C, can you move in that frame?

C-53: Oh dear, this leg seems to be a bit shorter than the other one.

DAR: Um...

[C-53 hobbles]

C-53: Is there perhaps a small..



DAR: Crutch?

C-53: Yes.

PLECK: You know guys, we gotta stop screwing around, we gotta get to the missions.

C-53: I'm feeling a bit humbled in this frame to be perfectly honest with you.

PLECK: I'm sorry C-53, but sometimes it's important, especially on X-Marse to..

C-53: [coughs obnoxiously] Don't mind me Ambassador Decksetter, the climate on this particular planet is awfully sooty.

PLECK: It seems like for a droid...

C-53: I'll be alright.

PLECK: Oh boy.

DAR: It seems like the vacuum on this droid is completely clogged.

[C-53 coughs]

PLECK: Ugh... Oh boy. Why would they make a robot with one leg shorter than the other? That seems sort of pathetic for the sake of it.

C-53: Hurts my feelings a bit, Ambassador Decksetter to hear you say that.

PLECK: No! I, okay. I'm sorry.

[A man approaches the crew]

MAN: 'Ello travelers.

PLECK: Oh, uh. Hello!

MAN: What brings you to Chimnasia, then?

PLECK: Um. Greetings, I'm Ambassador Pleck Decksetter here with the Federated Alliance.

MAN: Oh, greetings Ambassador Decksetter. A joyous X-Marse to you, sir.

PLECK: Oh, yeah, of course. Happy X-Marse to you!

MAN: Thank you, thank you.

PLECK: Wow. Listen, we're here sort of on a mission to kind of explore Chimnasia and kinda get just a sense of what this planets all about.

MAN: Oh, a mission! I do beg your pardon sir! I didn't realize you was on a mission... I do apologize for standing in your way...

PLECK: Actually it's totally fine. We're just kinda here to explore so this is as good a place to start as any

DAR: Can we ask you a question?

MAN: Yeah.

DAR: What to you is the meaning of X-Marse?

MAN: Well. X-Marse... First, perhaps I should introduce myself.

PLECK: Yeah.

RIP SEESO: My name is Rip Seeso.

PLECK: Rip Seeso?

RIP SEESO: That's right

PLECK: Wow. That's a cool name.

RIP SEESO: Fank you sir, fank you.

PLECK: What do you do here on Chimnasia?

RIP SEESO: Well, like everything does here in Chimnasia, I clean out these Chimnoids. Those are the stacks you see just sticking up out of every line in the horizon. You just see these tubes comin' up and the soot comin' out of em.

PLECK: Right.

C-53: Begging your pardon sir, but did you say every citizen of Chimnasia does this?

RIP SEESO: Oh, TINY\_TM! As I live and breathe!

PLECK: Uh actually this is C-53, this is our protocol droid but uh... His body got jucked up so long story, but anyway we just borrowed this urchin droid.

RIP SEESO: Well, all are welcome here. Yes, every citizen of Chimnasia must clean out these tubes because otherwise the planet will die.

PLECK: Oh.

RIP SEESO: There's a great beast at the center of our planet and it expels this sort of sooty cloud and if the passageways aren't cleared, well then the beast could choke on it's own soot

PLECK: What would happen if that happened?

C-53: Seems like it might be best to let the beast pass on.

RIP SEESO: Why is that, sir?

C-53: Well, then you won't have to worry so much about scrubbin' out all them chimnoids!

RIP SEESO: Well the legend has it, if we don't scrub out it's chimnoids, and the great beast dies, well the planet will... It will sort of like, roll over. See? And everyone standing on the top they'll just like, fly off!

PLECK: Huh.

[Dar laughs]

C-53: That does sound bad.

PLECK: Well I don't know how that works on Chimnasia, but on most planets sorta anywhere you're standing is fine? Cause like, it's sort of like a gravity thing.

C-53: No, no, no Ambassador Decksetter!

RIP SEESO: No, no, not on Chimnasia, sir!

C-53: Not here on Chimnasia, no!

RIP SEESO: Not here on Chimnasia, sir!

C-53: Weird gravity.

PLECK: Oh. Weird gravity.

DAR: So, at what point on this street for instance would one of us fall off into space?

RIP SEESO: Right, you see that chimnoid? It's like... um... I wanna say... 500 paces from here.

PLECK: Sure, right.

DAR: Uh-huh.

RIP SEESO: If you go over there you might just fly off into space.

[Pan over to man walking down the street, "Good day to you sir, good day.. NOOO" he then flies off into space]

RIP SEESO: Oh no!

PLECK: Oh no! Does that happen a lot?

RIP SEESO: I mean, every once in awhile...

PLECK: We've only been here for a few minutes and that's already happened once while we were staring at this...

[A woman runs out after the man, "It's my husband! Come back to me-aaahhhh!" she also flies into space]

PLECK: Oh no!!

RIP SEESO: It's usually a case of marital squabbles.

C/PLECK: Sure, sure.

[Another random man walks down the street: "I just learned the real meaning of-  
aaahhh!!" he also flies off into space]

C-53: he could have just learned the real meaning of anything

P/DAR: Yeah, that's true...

PLECK: that could be anything at all.

C-53: Not necessarily X-Marse

RIP SEESO: Probably not X-Marse.

C-53: No guarantee.

PLECK: That seems like a very stressful job cause like, if you mess it up you're putting everyone at risk.

RIP SEESO: I don't like to complain sir but yes, it's very stressful. Cause a lot of time you're falling in one of the chimnoids. And then you'd be inside the belly of the great beast.

PLECK: Oh wow. That's even worse. So basically, everyone on the planet just goes around cleaning them trying not to fall into them, and also trying not to go to the end of that street...

RIP SEESO: That's right, sir. That's right. It's a simple existence but we like it.

C-53: Rip Seeso, if I may say, you've got to work even on X-Marse day.

RIP SEESO: X-Marse day we have to work double hard, don't we?

C-53: Aw, that's just terrible.

PLECK: Why is that?

RIP SEESO: Well because we've got a tradition of... pouring eggnegg down the chimney as an offering to the great beast...

DAR: Ohhh...

PLECK: Right, right. Yeah, that stuff takes forever to...

RIP SEESO: It clogs the system something terrible, it does! It's quite thick!

C-53: You sort a' ask yourself, you're like, "Why did I make it so thick!?"

RIP SEESO: Right!

C-53: And then you take...

PLECK: Why do they make it so what?

C-53:/RIP SEESO: Thick! Thick, sir. Thick!

C-53: Thin and thick.

PLECK: I guess so. Sure.

RIP SEESO: You can try to thin it out but it'll still end up pretty thick!

PLECK: Huh.

RIP SEESO: Huh indeed, sir!

C-53: That does sound like quite a lot of trouble for you lot here on Chimnasia.

RIP SEESO: Ah, it's no trouble I mean... that's life, innit? Everyone's got their burden to bear!

D; And that's the meaning of X-Marse! Okay, let's wrap it up!

PLECK: That might be... Rip Seeso, would you say that that's the true meaning of X-Marse as far as you're concerned?

RIP SEESO: Sorry to say, no. That's not the true meaning of X-Marse. That's just the fact of life, everyone's got a burden to bear. I dunno why that would be the true meaning of X-Marse.

PLECK: Oh, I mean... Yeah. What other traditions do you guys have on X-Marse?

RIP SEESO: Well. [sighs] We have a tradition of... We wake up in the morning. And before we do anything we throw open a window. And we look out for any urchin bots that are scuttling around...

C-53: Like me?

RIP SEESO: Well, yes! Like TINY\_TM here!

PLECK: Oh, yeah. Speaking of which, do you know why the urchin bots have one leg that's shorter than the other.

RIP SEESO: Oh yes I do, sir. It's a terrible story, sir. Oh... I don't even like to tell it.

C-53: Please would you tell it Rip Seeso [coughs] Please..

RIP SEESO: Poor little urchin droid, of course I will... I can't resist the mechanical coughing of a TINY\_TM

C-53: Bless you sir, bless you.

RIP SEESO: [sighs] Years ago there was a... A very cruel man who lived here. He was a man of great power and great influence on Chimnasia. He lived right in the dead center of town, right in the center of the street!

DAR: That seems like the safest place to live here

RIP SEESO: It has got the most gravity of all!

DAR: Yeah, yeah!

RIP SEESO: He used to flaunt it, he used to take a kerchief from his pocket, throw it to the ground, it would stay there.

PLECK: He'd flaunt his gravity?

RIP SEESO: He'd flaunt his gravity!

PLECK: That's rude

RIP SEESO: He sort of hoarded gravity, like a gravity miser. And everyone despised him, except me. I sort of felt sorry for him. He must have been awful lonely all by himself in his castle of gravity.

PLECK: Mm-hmm.

RIP SEESO: And then one day, I think it was... I think it was X-Marse day!

PLECK: Really!?

C-53: What are the odds!

RIP SEESO: Now that I recollect...

PLECK: That's crazy!

C-53: What. Are. the. Odds!

RIP SEESO: If I'm getting the story straight, it was X-MArse day many years ago! And he was visited in the night by three... ghosts.

C-53: No, never.

RIP SEESO: Three spirits of The Space.

PLECK: Wow. I should say, just to let you know, Rip Seeso. I'm sort of like... in tune with The Space.

RIP SEESO: Is that so, sir?

PLECK: Yeah.. The fresh side of space.

RIP SEESO: The fresh side?

PLECK: I was told very recently by a Zima Warrior that I am sort of... You know, gonna do something great with The Space.

RIP SEESO: Right... Did they happen to say what it was?

PLECK: Uh, it was pretty vague but I feel like it was kinda for me to figure out.

C-53: He's not carrying a cane around, this is his wood sabre.

DAR: A very small piece of wood.

PLECK: You know, it still gets the job done theoretically. If I'm in danger it will definitely pay off for me to have been carrying around this wood.

C-53: So if I did this to you right now.. [C-53 kicks Pleck]

PLECK: Ow!

C-53: Didn't stop that.

PLECK: You kicked me right in the shin with your long leg.

C-53: it was a bit of a challenge for me to be perfectly honest.

RIP SEESO: It was rather impressive, actually

C-53: I can balance on the short one...

[Random urchin droids begin to swarm Pleck. "Oh we hitting this big one!?!"]

PLECK: Where did all these urchin droids come from!?

[Urchin droids kick the shit out of Pleck]

DAR: This is what X-Marse is all about... Beating the shit out of each other.

RIP SEESO: Now, now! You urchin droids, leave this nice gentleman alone... I'm sorry sir.

URCHIN DROID: Tryin to try balancin on me short leg.. Ay i got him! [He kicks Pleck]

PLECK: Ow!

URCHIN DROID: We won't leave until you tell us a story!

PLECK: You know he was in the middle of his story when you came up and started beating me...

URCHIN DROID: Was he!? He did look like he was doing it.

URCHIN DROID 2: Start from the beginning then! All the way from the beginning!

PLECK: No, no, no, no.

URCHIN DROID: We want the beginning!

PLECK: Get outta here! Get outta here! Don't you have chimnoids to sweep?

URCHIN DROID: Yeah.... good bye...

C-53: Aw, Ambassador Decksetter... Forcing orphan bots to go back to work on X-Marse day.

DAR: Oh you should have seen what he did earlier, C. He murdered a droid so you could be in that frame.

C-53: Oh...

RIP SEESO: Is that true sir?

PLECK: I did not murder the droid.

DAR: No, he paid someone to murder the droid.

PLECK: For all I know the cube is still totally healthy and fine.

C-53: What did they say they were gonna do with the cube?

DAR: Throw it in the river.

PLECK: No he said he-

C-53: Throw it in the river!?

RIP SEESO: Throw it in the river!?

PLECK: He specifically said he was NOT going to throw it in the river.

DAR: With a wink and by crossing two of his little pinchers.

RIP SEESO: Wait a minute... was this ART\_DODGER?

PLECK: Yeah.

C-53: The droid that right now is wiping his hands across each other? At the edge of the river!?

[They look to see ART\_DODGA by the river doing a little jig]

PLECK: Look at that little dance he's doing.

RIP SEESO: He's a scamp that one, he's a bit of a rascal.

PLECK: I'm sorry Rip Seeso, can you continue your story? I was very compelled by this.

RIP SEESO: Yeah.

PLECK: Visited by three space ghosts?

RIP SEESO: Yes this gravity mizer... Ordolono Squeege.

PLECK: Wait. What?

RIP SEESO/C-53: Ordolono Squeege.

C-53: Did you not hear that the first time he said it? Ordolono Squeege.

[The urchin droids return. "Oh he's telling the story of Ordolono Squeege!" "We're all back!"]

PLECK: Okay fine you can listen just don't kick me anymore.



URCHIN DROID: I cleaned the chimnoid, now I'm back!

PLECK: That's fine... [laughs] Is this one broken?

URCHIN DROID: Me!? I'm from the very edge of Chimnasia. See?

DAR: You're from 500 paces away?

URCHIN DROID: Aye, we have to tie ourselves down.

URCHIN DROID 2: Yeah he's from a different part of Chimnasia.

URCHIN DROID: Yeah!

C-53: That's a part of Chimnasia that's underneath, down under Chimnasia.

PLECK: Oh...

URCHIN DROID: Yeah we kinda fly like kites.

DAR: They have to clean out very different chutes for the beast on the bottom of this planet.

PLECK: Sure.

RIP SEESO: It's true, it's true.

URCHIN DROID: Tell us the story of....

RIP SEESO: Ordolono Squeege?

URCHIN DROIDS: Yeah!!

RIP SEESO: Terrible Gravity Mizer he was... he hoarded all of the gravity for himself.

He didn't understand what it was like to share gravity with others so that all could partake of the bounty. Well, one night he was visited by three deceased Zema warriors.

PLECK/URCHIN DROIDS: Oh...

RIP SEESO: There was two good ones, and one bad one.

PLECK/URCHIN DROIDS: Oooo..

URCHIN DROID: Two fresh, one wack then!

RIP SEESO: Two fresh, one wack. The first one was a freshie and he was all, "Ordolono Squeege, look how you used to be when you was young! You was always sharing gravity and having parties and being nice to people! You was full of life!"

PLECK: That's like me now.

RIP SEESO: Is it, sir?

C-53: Ambassador Decksetter you haven't got any gravity at all.

PLECK: I'm just trying to relate! I'm trying to relate to Rip right now.

URCHIN DROID: Didn't you kill my cousin?

PLECK: Okay...

URCHIN DROID: It was you!

PLECK: No I-

URCHIN DROID: I seen his cube floatin in the river!

RIP SEESO: Did you fish it out?

URCHIN DROID: Yeah!

PLECK: Oh, okay there! There you go!

URCHIN DROID: It's broken...

RIP SEESO: Oh it did get wet.

URCHIN DROID: Yeah... Maybe into this chimnoid scrape stick..

[Cube screams]

URCHIN DROID: Oh he has a little bit of life.

PLECK: Okay I'm sorry. Listen, Rip Seeso I wasn't trying to make it about me, I was just trying to tell you I'm invested in your story.

RIP SEESO: I apologize sir, I didn't mean to imply you was making it about yourself.

DAR: No, no, no. You were absolutely making this about you.

PLECK: Okay, alright.

RIP SEESO: You did say 'that's like me'

DAR: Yeah.

C-53: Yeah you said, "kinda like me"

PLECK: Well I didn't say it was about me!

URCHIN DROID: Shut up, pink one!

URCHIN DROIDS: Yes yes yes!

URCHIN DROID: What happened to the next ghost!?

URCHIN DROID 2: Hurry before we all expire!

RIP SEESO: The next Zema warrior said, "Hey look Ordolono Squeege! Look how you're like right now in the present day! No one likes ya! You're hoardin' gravity all for yourself! People are flying off 500 paces away, it's a terrible thing!"

URCHIN DROID: This one's wack, or this ones fresh? Number 2?

RIP SEESO: This was a freshie.

URCHIN DROID: [unintelligible]

RIP SEESO: The last one.

[Urchin droids gasp]

RIP SEESO: He was wack he was...

URCHIN DROIDS: Yeeeaah.

URCHIN DROID: Process of elimination, that is.

RIP SEESO: He was wack as they come. He appears to Ordolono Squeege in a long cloak with an hood. And he doesn't say a word. He just stares at him. And Ordolono Squeege, he fills in all the blanks. He's like, "Are you here because I'm a bad guy? And you're gonna show me the future? Cause I seen the present, and I've seen the past." And then this Zema warrior he don't say a WORD. He just stands there! Than Ordolono Squeege he's just layin out more rope with which to hang himself! He says, "So now you're gonna show me how it turns out because no one likes me and this is how I end up?" The Zema warrior he don't say a word!! Then all of a sudden the Zema warrior points. And Ordolono Squeege looks. And he sees... A pile of dirt.

[Urchin droids and Pleck gasp]

RIP SEESO: The pile of dirt slowly, particle by particle...

C-53: Liftin up from the ground, oh no!

RIP SEESO: Now don't get a head of me, TINY\_TM!

C-53: I'm sorry! I'm so into the story and what's happening with Ordolono Squeege!

RIP SEESO: Particle by particle the dirt pile starts liftin up... He's got no more gravity, Ordolono Squeege... And we see his corpse just suspended in the air. And Ordolono Squeege sees this vision of himself and he says, "Oh no!! I don't want that to be true! Please spirit, take this vision away from me!" And then he wakes up! He throws open the window, falls out the window... Splat! Onto the ground!

PLECK: Wow!

URCHIN DROID: It must have been real fast because of all that gravity, eh?

RIP SEESO: That's right

URCHIN DROID: If only he hadn't hoarded all the gravity..

PLECK: Irony.

URCHIN DROID: He probably exploded or something!

RIP SEESO: He was only on the first floor! But that's how much gravity he had!

URCHIN DROID: Too much!

RIP SEESO: Too much gravity!

URCHIN DROID: And that's the meaning of X-Marse

PLECK: I guess... is that the meaning of X-Marse?

RIP SEESO: I mean... No.

URCHIN DROID: She says that over and over, we don't know why.

URCHIN DROID: That's the meaning of X-Marse!

RIP SEESO: She does that all year round, it's true.

C-53: She might be a bit broken, it sounds like.

URCHIN DROID: That's the meaning of X-Marse!

RIP SEESO: There she goes again

PLECK: Yeah, right.

RIP SEESO: So now every X-Marse morning we throw open the window as a nod to Ordolono Squeege and a sort of, there but for the Space go I.

PLECK: Really makes you think.

URCHIN DROID: Rip Seeso? Will you tell me the story of Fartsie The Rednose Sleezak?

URCHIN DROID: Oh yes please please please!

RIP SEESO: Alright, alright you little urchin bots! Years ago...

URCHIN DROID: And that's the meaning of X-Marse! [Droid crashes]

RIP SEESO: Getting a little ahead of the story!

URCHIN DROID: She'll be down for at least 4 minutes.

RIP SEESO: Well, everyone knows the story of Fartsie the Rednose Sleezak.

URCHIN DROID: But still tell it!

RIP SEESO: No...

URCHIN DROID: Does that mean you're not gonna tell the story!?

RIP SEESO: No, I was going to! It's a story telling device!

URCHIN DROIDS: Oh.. We do know the story but we still want to hear it!

RIP SEESO: Exactly!

PLECK: I actually don't think I've heard this story!

URCHIN DROIDS: You know the other Sleezaks?

PLECK: yeah!

RIP SEESO: Crindy, and Drindy

PLECK: Yeah

RIP SEESO: And Bittle and Mitt..

PLECK: Yeah.

RIP SEESO: You know...

URCHIN DROID: Pimple!

PLECK: Pimple, and Scormax, and Windel...

RIP SEESO: And Zits!

PLECK: Yeah!

RIP SEESO: But is this familiar? The Sleezak what you've never heard of before?

PLECK: No, cause it wouldn't be familiar if I'd heard of him.

RIP SEESO: Right, it's a rhetorical question, sir.

PLECK: Okay.

RIP SEESO: In the early days of Chimnasia, there was a system where by gifts were distributed by this great fat slug creature. Red and white and just... gelatinous.

C-53: Sounds horrible.

PLECK: Sort of like a flarn, maybe.

RIP SEESO: it was sort of like a flarn, yeah.

C-53: But infected sores for the red and the white.

RIP SEESO: Yes exactly, like a Flarn that has been suffering from some terrible disease. And this creature was the source of all food. He would excrete these colorful cubes. You'd take the top off them and you could eat what was inside, you'd scoop it out. But he didn't excrete it from the place you'd think. He had a sort of sack that was on his back. And from this sack would fly these excreted cubes.

C-53: Sort of a pouch.

RIP SEESO: Sort of a pouch. We thought of it as a sack.

C-53: Oh that...

RIP SEESO: And so the Chimnasians would wake up and they would see these colorful gifts, and they'd say "Why don't we try to eat it?"

PLECK: Sure

DAR: Naturally!

RIP SEESO: After the first one did, the all clear was given. Turns out this was food, good news everyone! Anyway, it became a burden for this X-Marse slug to deliver all these excretions year after year. And so he called upon the sleezaks to assist him. They would drag his gelatinous body all over the place.

C-53: Powerful creatures, sleezaks. Very powerful.

RIP SEESO: Powerful creature, sleezaks, yeah. And then there was one. [sighs] He had a crippling alcohol dependency.

PLECK: Mmm..

RIP SEESO: That was Fartsie, the Rednose Sleezak.

PLECK: Oh...

URCHIN DROIDS: Yay! [cheering]

PLECK: That's the end of the story!?

RIP SEESO: Yeah he was, you know, the sleezak had a red nose.

DAR: And the alcohol dependency...

RIP SEESO: They should have called him...

PLECK: Fartsie The Alcoholic?

RIP SEESO: Fartsie The Alcoholic Sleezak!

PLECK: It seems like the red nose is more of a symptom than a...

RIP SEESO: Right, I think they were trying to be subtle maybe.

DAR: Ah, sure.

URCHIN DROID: Some of the older model urchin bots make fun of me for still believing in the old slug...

DAR: This is another urchin bot that's happened upon us.

URCHIN DROID: Yeah, yeah. He's part of a gang.

RIP SEESO: Speak up little fella!

URCHIN DROID: Some of the older model droids you know, the SINY\_TMS, they... they uh-

PLECK: That's one letter earlier

URCHIN DROID: They, yeah. They make fun of me for still believin' in the space slug but I believe in him!

C-53: I believe. [cough]

RIP SEESO: Well you know you're never too old to believe.

URCHIN DROID: [turns on] And that's the meaning of X-Marse!

DAR: Oh, she's up!

URCHIN DROID: Back online she is!

C-53: Rip Seeso, if I may say, you know a lot about X-Marse

RIP SEESO: Well, we're a bit of an X-Marse-y planet, dontcha know. It's sort of our thing, you know? Because it's always so.. X-Marsey feeling down here

DAR: Yeah with the cobble stone streets..

PLECK: and the fluctuating gravity...

[A person walks down the road, saying: "Happy X-Marse! AHHH" And flies into space]

DAR: Oh when you trip on one of those cobble stones...

C-53: I was also gonna comment early on how it's snowing all the time but now I realize it's just ash falling from the sky.

RIP SEESO: That's right.

[A new urchin droid runs up to Rip Seeso]

URCHIN DROID: Rip Seeso! Rip Seeso help!

RIP SEESO: What is it little bot?

URCHIN DROID: I hope I'm not interrupting one of your wonderful stories, but the great beast from within is rumbling...

RIP SEESO: Oh dear.

URCHIN DROID: Yeah, it's happenin.

RIP SEESO: For what...

C-53: Oh no, we've been talkin to you so long you forgot to pour the eggneg in the chimnoids!

RIP SEESO: Oh dear...

DEEP SHAKING VOICE: I'M HUNGRY, I'M HUNGRY.

RIP SEESO: Oh, that's new...

PLECK: Does it not usually talk?

RIP SEESO: Never.

URCHIN DROID: What could it mean?

RIP SEESO: Well it means I've been shirkin my responsibilities talkin to you lot when I was supposed to be pourin eggneg and scourin out the chimnoids!

PLECK: Listen I'm so sorry, whatever's going on right now I apologize.

DAR: You should Pleck.

PLECK: Okay.

URCHIN DROID: [in a New Zealand accent] You're all gonna have to lend an hand, everybody grab a pitcher of eggneg!

[silence]

PLECK: What part of the planet are you from?

URCHIN DROID: I'm from the very edge!

RIP SEESO: He's from 490 paces away!

URCHIN DROID: We tie ourselves and because it's so far the grivity is so little, voices get...

PLECK: Did you say grivity?

C-53: Why does it affect the accents?

URCHIN DROID: I'm not a scientist!

RIP SEESO: He's from a different part of the planet.

C-53: Seems very weird.

URCHIN DROID: I'm from 490 paces over here. Just to warn ya, the place is a rumblin! Now pour some of this eggneg in them chimnoids!

PLECK: You know actually I heard on Chimnasia you can actually figure out where on the planet someone's from down to the street based on their accent.

RIP SEESO: is this a good time for trivia, sir?

PLECK: I am so sorry.

RIP SEESO: Please grab that bucket of eggneg.

PLECK: Yep, you got it. [Pleck picks up a bucket of eggnog]

RIP SEESO: Pour it in the nearest chimnoid.

PLECK: Okay, great.



C-53: [C-53 struggles to lift the eggneg] I'm trying to lift this bowl of eggneg but.. [cough cough] it's quite heavy.

DAR: I can help you C.

ART\_DODGA: Would lift that for you! That'll be 3 Kroons!

PLECK: Oh no, actually it's fine..

DAR: ART\_DODGER We're okay...

BEAST: I'M HUNGRY

PLECK: Listen we gotta pour this eggneg in these chimnoids or something terrible is gonna happen.

RIP SEESO: Right right right, everyone just pour pour pour.

C-53: It's pouring quite slowly.

PLECK: This is gonna take most of the day, I think.

URCHIN DROID: It is so thick!

RIP SEESO: It's thick.

C-53: It's very thick.

URCHIN DROID: And that's the true meaning of X-Mares!

PLECK: is the thickness of eggneg related in some way to the true meaning of X-Mares?

RIP SEESO: Do you think it is?

PLECK: I don't know!

RIP SEESO: This one is broken, all it can say is "the true meaning of X-Mares"

PLECK: you're right, sorry.

C-53: Sir, you've heard it nearly half a dozen times and it's never been the true meaning of X-Mares.

RIP SEESO: Feel free to discount it everytime you hear it from her

PLECK: Okay, you're right. Yeah, you're right.

RIP SEESO: That seems to have calmed the great beast down a bit.

PLECK: Man.

RIP SEESO: Alright, well. I hope I was helpful in some way to you all.

PLECK: Ehh.. I mean, I liked the stories? We're really here to learn the true meaning of X-Mares.

RIP SEESO: Well. I'm no expert sir, but I do come from a very X-Maresy planet.

PLECK: Mmhmm

RIP SEESO: And I can say, what I've personally have always considered the reason for the season of X-Mares.

PLECK: Mhmm

RIP SEESO: [sighs] Is the time to gather with the ones that you love.

PLECK: Wait a minute.

RIP SEESO: What.

PLECK: I feel like...

DAR: He was just about to tell us, Pleck!

C-53: Why would you stop him in the middle of the description of the thing that we're supposed-

PLECK: Alright. Rip Seeso, continue. I'm so sorry.

RIP SEESO: I've gotta know, what was the issue you had with what I barely said?

PLECK: Back on the ship we were like, "Is it a time to gather with friends and loved ones and remember your relationships" and Nermut definitely said that was NOT what it was.

RIP SEESO: Right. If I could finish. The true meaning of X-Mares is you've got to gather with the ones you love, you've gotta reflect on what's happened from last X-Mares to this X-Mares. You've gotta look up in the sky, look at the stars, realize you're a part of something vast and immense. You're just a little bitty thing, but you have your place. And then, hope that the great black beast doesn't turn over and throw you off the planet.

PLECK: Hmm.

RIP SEESO: Mostly it's like survival.

PLECK: Sure.

RIP SEESO: It's, please don't let me fly off the surface of the planet.

DAR: Yes! Survival is the true meaning of X-Mares!

PLECK: I mean that's certainly true on your planet, Dar.

DAR: Wait, survival is the true meaning of X-Mares. That's true of my planet where we fight each other, it's true of this planet where gravity could boot you off of the planet.

PLECK: Boots.

DAR: Pleck. It's true of.. You know, the sleezak story!

C-53: They needed the gifts from the slug to survive.

DAR: Mmhmm!

C-53: And Ordolono Squeeze survived the meeting with the three Zema warrior ghosts

RIP SEESO: Only to die the next morning.

C-53: Yeah which is quite ironic, really.

DAR/RIP SEESO: Yeah.

PLECK: Oh. Survival, I guess.

URCHIN DROID: Thats! The! True! Meaning... of [coughs]

DAR: Oh she's running out of batteries, she's running out of batteries.

RIP SEESO: So close! It would have been perfect!

PLECK: It would have been the right time.

RIP SEESO: It would have been perfect!

C-53: Someone's poured eggneg in her cube.

PLECK: You know Rip Seeso, I really... I really appreciate-

RIP SEESO: It's Rip Seeso.

PLECK: You know Rip Seeso, I really

RIP SEESO: It's Rip Seeso, sir.

PLECK: Did I pronounce it wrong?

RIP SEESO: No.

PLECK: Oh. Good, good. So listen, Rip Seeso. These stories have really illuminated X-Mares for me. We've learned a lot, thank you.

RIP SEESO: I hope so, sir.

PLECK: I do have one last question, though.

RIP SEESO: What is it sir?

PLECK: Why is it that the urchin droids one leg is shorter than the other?

RIP SEESO: It was a flaw in the mould.

C-53: The leg mould? [Kicks pleck]

PLECK: Ow! That's it?

RIP SEESO: Yeah.

[music]

Hark Tardigast: Hello, this is rebel pilot Hark Tardigast. My parachute gave out but by some stroke of luck I've landed on a tiny slab of rock floating in this vast ocean of lava. Any direction I look there's nothing but boiling fire all the way to the horizon. Well there's no question how I'll spend my last hour before I'm devoured by the inferno, listening to Spontaneanation with Paul F. Tompkins of course! Everything in the Spontaneanation podcast is improvised. From the opening monologue, to the celebrity interview featuring guests such as Dave Foley, Kristen Shawl, [name?], Rachel Bloom, Ira Glass [these names need fixed, sorry!]. The hilarious narrative improv featuring Paul's incredible improviser friends inspired by the aforementioned celebrity interview to the completely improvised musical score from master pianist Evan Schleiter. Ahh! This rock has split into two between my legs! And I was never much of a different. Gotta choose a side... ah! [laughs] You know I realize this is no laughing matter but I just remembered a great bit from the last Spontaneanation episode. Really fun stuff. That's Spontaneanation with Paul F. Tompkins, from Fear Wolf, wherever you get your podcasts. Hark Tardigast, signing off for one last time. Long live the rebellion!

[music]

BARGIE'S SON: What, what mom?

BARGIE: Well I just... I hope you enjoy the boot I got for you, happy X-Mares.

BARGIE'S SON: Yeah..

BARGIE: It's good to see you!

BARGIE'S SON: It's fine. I appreciate the gift cards...

BARGIE: You use em for education, you can do other things... I'm proud of you either way.

BARGIE'S SON: I'm an amusement park, mom. It's what I am.

BARGIE: Are you gonna introduce me to your girlfriend or what?

BARGIE'S SON: [sigh] This is Briana, my girlfriend. She's the log flume at the park. Yeah, I'm dating at work.

BRIANA: I'm like the 18th log flume in the galaxy.

BARGIE'S SON: You hear that mom?

BARGIE: Wow...

BRIANA: That's out of 20

BARGIE: Fantastic. I'm very excited for this development.

C-53: That makes her better than 2 other log flumes, Ambassador Decksetter.

PLECK: Yeah, right I get that.

C-53: That's not that hard to do.

PLECK: To be fair it's better than we're doing.

BARGIE'S SON: Yeah, Mom, I mean... Thanks for coming in, you know I appreciate it.

BARGIE: You're now gonna go visit your father, right.

BARGIE'S SON: [sighs] I guess. I hate having two X-Mares, it sucks.

BARGIE: I'm sorry, just...

BARGIE'S SON: You'd think I get double boots but I don't.

BARGIE: Okay... it was good seeing you, good bye...

PLECK: Sort of ungrateful...

BARGIE'S SON: Mom

BARGIE: Yeah?

BARGIE'S SON: Happy X-Mares.

BARGIE: Happy X-Mares.

BARGIE'S SON: Here's to surviving another one.

BARGIE: Here's to surviving which is what X-Mares is all about, and we knew it the entire time.

BARGIE'S SON: We've always said back and forth that the true meaning of X-Mares is surviving.

BARGIE: Surviving, right.

C-53: Almost seems like we could've stayed on the ship.

PLECK: Hey C-53, could I call Nermut?

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

[Beeps and boops of transmission]

NERMUT: That's why you, Ambassador Bundaloy... should have the best X-Mares ever...

PLECK: Hey Nermut!

NERMUT: Huh!?

DAR: I do love that we can just interrupt you...

PLECK: Yeah it's crazy that we get to answer when you call but if we connect to you it's just bang!

DAR: Instant!

NERMUT: Yeah, I wish...

DAR: Direct line!

NERMUT: I wish there was some sort of ring or indicator... a light, anything...

C-53: Surely that's something that you control Junior Missions Operations Manager Nermut Bundaloy...

NERMUT: Oh, no, yeah. Here, let me... There we go.

PLECK: Okay, well. Next time.

NERMUT: Yeah.

C-53: Junior Missions Operations Manager Nermut Bundaloy we are pleased to report-

NERMUT: What?

PLECK: Oh yeah, sorry.

DAR: Oh, right...

NERMUT: What's going on with your...

PLECK: We put C-53's cube into an urchin droid...

NERMUT: Yeah?

DAR: Yeah we'll work on the whole shorter leg thing.

NERMUT: Sorry, you were saying you're happy to report?

C-53: That we have discovered...

PLECK: The true meaning of X-Mares!

NERMUT: Oh my gosh, are you serious!?

PLECK: Yeah!

NERMUT: That's what the mission was!

PLECK: Yeah, it's survival.

C-53: That's right, we done learned it.

NERMUT: Survival!?

DAR: Yep. Survival.

NERMUT: Survival. Every day we've been celebrating X-Mares without knowing it cause we've survived!

PLECK: Yeah I mean that's true! In a way we keep X-Mares in our hearts as long as those hearts are beating. Well, in Dar's case... How many hearts do you have?

DAR: Four.

NERMUT: Yeah. Everybody, I kinda wanna open the door and yell down to the X-Mares party what the meaning is.

PLECK: You're just gonna fling open the door and scream the word "Survival!" at a group of people?

NERMUT: Alright, hang on...[Nermut exits the view of the camera and opens his office door] "SURVIVAL!!!" Should give a little context... "THE MEANING OF X-MARES IS SURVIVAL"

SOMEONE OFF CAMERA: We know!

OFF CAMERA PERSON: It's self evident from all the stories about x-mares! Quiet!

OFF CAMERA PERSON: we already knew that! We just didn't want you at the party!

OFF CAMERA PERSON: Close the door!

NERMUT: Wait, this wasn't a real-

OFF CAMERA PERSON: Close the window, Bundaloy!

NERMUT: [sigh] They said they already knew! It was a fake mission to not invite me to the party and... [sigh]

PLECK: Guys what do you think TINY\_TM would say if he was here right now?

C-53: Well I can... Some of his residual memory in the droid frame... I think if I can decrypt this.. Yeah. He'd probably say: Space Freshest, Everyone!

PLECK: Huh. That's a nice little message.

NERMUT: Huh. Yeah.

C-53: Also apparently that was his last thoughts..

DAR/PLECK: Oh no!!!

[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 and Briana the Log Flume was played by Allie Kokesh

Bargie the Ship, a broken urchin bot, and the Beast of Chimnasia was played by Moujan Zolfaghari

Junior Missions Operations Manager Nermut Bundaloy and the urchin bot with the weird accent were played by Seth Lind

ART\_DODGA and the third urchin bot were played by Winston Noel

Rip Seeso was played by special guest Paul F. Tompkins. You can catch him in TV shows like Bojack Horseman and Bajillion Dollar Propertie\$, on his podcast

Spontaneanation and Super Ego. Or on instagram @pftompkins

This episode of Mission to Zyxx is recorded in Argot Studios in New York City by engineer [name?]

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!

Do you have a pressing question for the crew? Send an email to [crew@missiontozyxx.space](mailto:crew@missiontozyxx.space)