

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

NARRATOR: It is a period of civil war. The rebellion against the sinister and corrupt Federated Alliance grows stronger, and the fate of the galaxy hangs in the balance. Now, Rebel Emissary Pleck Decksetter and his intrepid crew travel the farthest reaches of the galaxy to explore astounding new worlds, discover their heroic destinies, and meet weird bug creatures and stuff. This is [echoing] Mission to Zyxx.

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

PLECK: Hey, C-53?

C-53: Yes?

PLECK: Uh, I've been thinking a lot about what that guy Phoenix Ash said.

C-53: Which part in particular?

PLECK: About that Planet Crusher Crusher.

C-53: Yeah, I've been thinking about that too. The Planet Crusher was already very large. To make another ship capable of crushing a Planet Crusher--

PLECK: Yeah.

C-53: Also, just how many Planet Crushers are out there to crush-- I mean, there's a lot of *planets* out there to crush.

PLECK: Well, and the real question is, like, who-- is that a good guy or bad guy?

C-53: I think we can safely assume bad guy.

[Bargie groans in agony for roughly five seconds]

PLECK: Oh, hey, Bargie. You seem slightly more cantankerous than usual. Everything okay?

BARGIE: [bleary] Uh, I'm a little under the weather.

PLECK: Oh.

BARGIE: I-- everything kind of hurts right now. [sniffles and coughing followed by clattering noises]

PLECK: Whoa, what was that?

C-53: Oh, that's not-- I don't know what that is.

BARGIE: I coughed out smoke.

C-53: [walking over] Yeah, no no, but this is solid.

BARGIE: When my gas gets old, it turns into smoke.

PLECK: Yeah, but Bargie, when you did that--

C-53: Bargie, I'm holding a solid right now.

PLECK: Yeah, something solid fell from the ceiling.

DAR: [walking into the scene] Oh, oh, oh! I'm gonna need that! I've been trying to help Bargie out. Just kind of, you know, [takes the solid] banging things around. Shifting things. None of it's worked.

BARGIE: [groaning] Should I just end it right now? Is this the end? What do I do?

DAR: [urgently] No, no, no! Bargie! I've almost got it figured out. [miscellaneous tinkering noises]

PLECK & C-53: Dar!

PLECK: [bewildered] What have you done?

C-53: Do you remember what happened the last time you tried to fix a ship?

DAR: [tinkering noises continue] Every night when I close my eyes.

C-53: Yeah. It didn't go well.

PLECK: Yeah.

C-53: And you haven't, you know, taken a class or anything in the meantime--

DAR: [more tinkering] No no no, I'm completely unlicensed, but Bargie and I have a special kinship. And I should just intuitively know how to fix her.

PLECK: Okay, we--

BARGIE: Dar told me she could make me look younger, so I was just like, “yeah, okay, let’s do it.”

PLECK: No--

C-53: That’s a real Achilles heel.

PLECK: Okay, well-- I mean, Dar, the difference between Hark’s ship and Bargie is that Bargie can talk to us. So Bargie, how about you just explain to the three of us what’s going on in that, you know--

BEANO: [running into the scene] Beano here too!

PLECK: Okay, sure. The four of us. [Bargie groans] Tell Beano and the rest of us what’s happening in you and we can try to, you know, give it a-- give it a fix!

BARGIE: Okay. My center parts, they’re like a reddish hurt. I don’t--

DAR: The center parts? So if I just open up this--

PLECK: No, Dar--

C-53: Dar, I wouldn’t--

[Bargie groans in agony]

DAR: Now I’m gonna squeeze a bunch of different things--

PLECK: No, don’t!

DAR: And just start shouting when it starts hurting. [alarms blare]

PLECK: What is-- what can you even squeeze--

BEANO: Ooh, Beano love industrial sludge! [slurping noises]

PLECK: No, stop, Beano--

C-53: No, that’s-- Beano, I’m just gonna pick you up here. [Bargie coughs]

BEANO: Beano love ship pus.

DAR: [dismal] Yeah.

PLECK: [miserable] Okay.

BEANO: Beano *wuv it!*

DAR: You heard him. Beano [enunciating carefully] wuv it.

C-53: That's right, he wuvs it.

PLECK: Okay. Listen, Bargie, can you--

BEANO: [running around] Kids love me!

DAR: Wait, kids *love* you, but you *wuv* pus? So you *can* say 'love', [Pleck laughs] you just felt like saying 'wuv'?

BARGIE: We're losing focus! We're losing focus. I am sick. [the crew apologizes]

DAR: Sorry, sorry, Bargie.

BARGIE: We're losing focus.

C-53: You're right, Bargie. We're very sorry.

PLECK: Listen, Bargie--

BARGIE: The one wing I have is about to fall off.

PLECK: [bewildered] What? We need that!

C-53: Oh yeah. If you look out the window, you can see it sort of wobbling.

PLECK: Oh no!

C-53: That's not--

DAR: In my defense, [sparking noises] I thought I was helping.

C-53: Okay.

PLECK: Okay, that's not a--

C-53: We've gotta get somebody in here who knows what they're doing.

PLECK: Do we know any mechanics? Can we call Nermut? Maybe he has a hookup in the Rebellion?

C-53: Yeah, that's possible. Outgoing transmission to Missions Operations Manager Nermut Bundaloy.

[transmission noise]

PLECK: I wonder if he's just sitting in his-- ope, yep, there he is. Hey, Nermut!

NERMUT: [muttering and typing] I don't-- I didn't make it for you, I made it for whoever likes it. I didn't need to read this. I--

DAR: [talking over Nermut's muttering] I really do love that he doesn't have to answer. It just immediately goes into transmission.

PLECK: [also talking over Nermut] Just starts a feed. Nermut!

NERMUT: Yeah? Oh, hey! Whoa, hey, guys!

PLECK: What are you doing?

NERMUT: Huh? Uh--

C-53: Yeah, who were you talking to just now, Nermut?

[Nermut sighs heavily]

DAR: Angrily, under your breath?

NERMUT: I just like-- I made the mistake. I try to never do this. You know how I put songs online and I--

DAR: Bermut Nundaloy?

PLECK: Bermut Nundaloy!

NERMUT: Yeah. I just-- you should never read the comments. I started reading the comments and, oh boy.

PLECK: Listen, Nermut, Bargie is not feeling very good, and we think it might be--

NERMUT: Yeah, I know how it feels. Listen to this.

PLECK: No, no, no.

DAR: [laughing] No no, I want to hear a couple of these comments.

NERMUT: [reading aloud] Next time, try.

C-53: Mm.

DAR: Next time, try?

PLECK: I mean, to be fair, that's good advice.

NERMUT: But I did try!

C-53: If you think about that review, they're not saying that you *didn't* try this time.

NERMUT: They just, like, they mean, like, "I'm glad you tried this time, and you should again?"

PLECK: Yeah! And you should also continue to try!

BEANO: Beano wuv that art is subjective and constantly evolving! Beano wuv that.

NERMUT: So, alright guys--

DAR: Wait, let's hear a couple more comments.

NERMUT: [groans] I don't know. So this says, "I built a time machine to go back and make your parents not meet."

DAR: Whoa.

C-53: Now that's mean.

PLECK: That seems cruel.

NERMUT: So, anyway, what's going on with--

C-53: Probably didn't pull that off, since you're still around.

NERMUT: Right.

BARGIE: Ugh, my tummy hurts. My engine-- I'm gonna roll over.

PLECK: Whoa, Nermut, okay-- [objects falling and crew members yelling as they slide around] listen, Nermut, we need a mechanic.

NERMUT: Okay.

PLECK: Yeah, I think there's something wrong, like, physically, with Bargie.

NERMUT: Oh, gosh.

PLECK: Not emotionally like usual.

NERMUT: Wait, so like--

BARGIE: Wow. I heard that!

PLECK: [stammering] No! I just meant like--

NERMUT: Wait, I can see out the window. The wing is at, like, a weird angle.

C-53: Yeah, it's not good.

DAR: Listen! That was a mistake!

PLECK: It's partially damaged from the inside because Dar was trying to--

BARGIE: Hold on, hold on.

NERMUT: What's up?

BARGIE: One, two-- [coughing, sounds of things breaking]

C-53: Oh, wow.

PLECK: Oh, that wing is gone.

NERMUT: What!

C-53: Just floatin' free.

DAR: Wow.

NERMUT: Oh my gosh, that's the one wing!

DAR: Um, in my... non-professional... opinion--

PLECK: [laughing] Are you-- what could you possibly say right now, Dar?

C-53: You didn't need to specify non-professional. Nobody was thinking--

DAR: Under that impression?

C-53: Yeah.

DAR: Okay. I... think... [laughing] we need a professional.

PLECK: Oh, cool. Thank you. Great, Dar. Wow. We might need, like, a tow.

NERMUT: A tow?

C-53: Yeah.

NERMUT: Oh, boy. Okay.

DAR: Bargie, this ceiling is surprisingly clean.

PLECK: Yep.

BARGIE: What?

NERMUT: [bewildered] Oh, you guys are upside-down?

DAR: Yeah, since we flipped over. The ceiling, you keep it very clean! It's honestly cleaner than--

PLECK: The floor!

DAR: The floor!

[Bargie groans again]

PLECK: Oh boy, the lights just went out.

NERMUT: Oh no! Okay--

PLECK: Yeah, I think we're gonna need a tow pretty quick, Nermut.

NERMUT: [urgently] Alright, guys, I'm gonna figure it out. I'm gonna make some calls. Expect a tow soon!

PLECK: Thanks, Nermut.

NERMUT: [glitching slightly] Okay!

PLECK: I can see that other window with your comments. Close them for now.

NERMUT: [still glitching] I will-- oh my gosh, this--

PLECK: Bye! [transmission-end noise] Bargie, just sit tight. We're gonna get a... tow-ship, I guess. Um, now that the lights have gone off, like, how long would you say life support systems would have until--

BARGIE: [glitching noises] How long it took me to realize Tiny Toots was too tiny.

PLECK: Okay.

C-53: Great.

PLECK: Let's hope that tow--

DAR: How long if I pull out something like... *this*?

PLECK: Wait! [laughing in despair as sparks fly] What are you doing?! What are you doing?!

[intermission music interrupted by another transmission]

SEESU: [knocking] Centurion, honey?

CENTURION: Mom! Get out of my room!

SEESU: It's totally normal to mastur-- okay.

CENTURION: No, mom! I'm listening to my favorite podcast, Teen Creeps! Because on Teen Creeps, hosts Kelly Nugent and Lindsay Katai dive into the best YA pulp fictions of the 80s and 90s, mom!

SEESU: Okay! That's a fun thing for you!

CENTURION: [teenage groan of distaste] We're talking R.L. Stine, Christopher Pike, Lois Duncan, Baby Sitters Club-- [Seesu goes 'uh-huh'] you wouldn't understand it.

SEESU: I--I don't.

CENTURION: Why don't you go back to the stupid Rebellion or making dad jealous?

SEESU: I'm the leader of the Rebellion.

CENTURION: [needlessly petulant and hostile] I'll be here listening to Kelly and Lindsay's dramatic reenactments from the book of the week. And their awkward high school memories, which they dig up and parade around for everyone to hear, because they're fearless! And there are amazing, hilarious guests on this podcast book club that doubles as a sleepover!

SEESU: [enthusiastic, but confused] That's... again, very fun for you.

CENTURION: You think I'm just a little kid, but I'm a *reader*, mom.

SEESU: I know.

CENTURION: And deal with this: they talk about crazy titles like 'Nightmare Hall #1: The Silent Scream', or 'Fear Street #15: The Prom Queen'. So that's why I'm listening to Teen Creeps on the Forever Dog podcast network. I subscribed to whatever podcast app I wanted to, [increasingly frustrated and hostile] and I'm not telling you which one! Rodd!

SEESU: [placating] Okay! Just use lotion!

[intermission music resumes; truck backing-up noises]

718TONY: Alright, back it up!

CHRIS: Is this good?

718TONY: No, a little more, back it up!

CHRIS: How much more?

718TONY: There you go.

CHRIS: Alright.

718TONY: Keep backing it up.

CHRIS: Alright.

718TONY: Keep backing it up.

CHRIS: I'm backing it up-- [collision noise]

718TONY: You went too far. Alright, alright, move it forward a smidge.

CHRIS: Alright.

718TONY: Alright, good. Now lock us in. Alright. [towing noises, Bargie groans] Ugh, this ship's a mess.

PLECK: Hey, sorry about having to get the tow, but--

718TONY: Nah, nah.

PLECK: Glad you were so close. Thanks for taking us in.

718TONY: No, please, it's my job. What are you gonna do, you know?

PLECK: Yeah.

718TONY: There's no good time for a tow, you know?

PLECK: I mean, that's true. That's true.

DAR: That's a good point.

718TONY: Never a good time for a tow. I'm just happy that you guys are pretty happy. So, by the way, hey, how you doing? My name's 718Tony.

PLECK: Hey, 718Tony.

718TONY: Here, shake my big hand.

PLECK: Oh, wow. You have a big hand. Okay, great.

C-53: Quite a disparity in the size of your hands.

PLECK: You have one really big hand and one really small.

718TONY: Yeah. I was born to be a mechanic, so my body has evolved that way. So I got one big hand to, like, remove big objects. I got one little tiny hand to stick in little holes, you know? Look at my pinky. You see that little pinky?

DAR: Oh, this is what I'm doing wrong! I don't have one tiny hand.

PLECK: I mean, I guess.

C-53: [muttered] Not sure that's the problem.

718TONY: I got a Philips head pinky, and then the ring finger? Flathead.

PLECK: Sure. Gotta be.

718TONY: Of course. Because you know, back in my ancestors' day they only had one Philips head, and then they'd get screwed over if they didn't have the flathead. So then we evolved.

PLECK: Do you have a hex somewhere, or?

718TONY: Oh, no, no, but hoping in a couple generations we got a hex on our body. So, yeah. Absolutely. So I could get out there, I could fix this all up for you. You know, it's pretty routine, so don't worry about it.

PLECK: Okay!

C-53: This is routine?

718TONY: I mean, it's routine for a mechanic like me. Is this ship a disaster?

PLECK: You mean like emotionally? Personality-wise?

C-53: What angle are you coming at that from?

718TONY: I'm speaking physically, but uh, if the ship's emotionally a disaster, I have a buddy that's a psychiatrist.

PLECK: Oh, sure! Ship psychiatrist?

718TONY: But I would never go to a-- I would never go to a psychiatrist.

PLECK: [placating] Oh, sure.

DAR: But why?

718TONY: Because that's not part of my culture, okay? That's not part of my culture, I don't give a damn. I keep my feelings inside, okay?

PLECK: Sure. Well, listen, Tony, you know, I gotta say--

DAR: 718Tony.

PLECK: 718? Oh, sorry, is 718Tony your whole name?

718TONY: Yeah. That's my full name, yeah.

PLECK: Okay, great. What are you--

C-53: Are you the 718th Tony?

718TONY: No, this is-- I've repaired 718 ships.

DAR: Wow! Bargie, you're in great hands! And one of them is small, and one of them is very big.

PLECK: Two great-- [Bargie groans] oh boy.

718TONY: Oh, that does not sound good. But don't worry.

PLECK: She sort of always sounds like that, but usually the sighs are shorter.

C-53: It is *technically* worse now.

PLECK: Yeah.

718TONY: Don't worry about it. I'll take care of this, no problem at all.

PLECK: Okay!

718TONY: Lemme go to the central controls.

PLECK: Oh yeah, absolutely, it's just right up the ramp.

C-53: Just follow me.

PLECK: Kinda down the hallway-- yeah, C-53--

718TONY: Slow down, slow down, I got a bad foot. [everyone goes 'oh']

C-53: Sorry.

PLECK: So it's just right in here.

718TONY: Cool. Oh, okay.

PLECK: Are you okay?

718TONY: Oh, yeah, yeah, yeah. Whaddaya gonna do, y'know? It's my gas foot.

PLECK: Sure. Sure, sure, sure.

C-53: Your foot is just a cloud of vapor.

718TONY: Yeah, yeah, it's my gas foot. Yeah. Don't worry about it. Alright, it's this right here?

C-53: Yep, this is it.

[hatches opening, mechanical noises]

718TONY: Oh, no. Ugh. [Bargie groans] Okay, yep. Okay.

DAR: Yeah, you can see--

C-53: Dar's been pulling parts out indiscriminately.

718TONY: Yeah.

DAR: I was gonna say, you can see here where I first thought the diagnosis was that Bargie just needed a couple of wires pulled.

718TONY: No, you actually reversed the alternator, and now we're gonna have to go in there and make sure that we get those charges back to negative and positive where they should be.

PLECK: Yeah.

DAR: So I just kind of intermittently pulled wires. Mostly based on color.

718TONY: Okay. Can I tell you a secret?

DAR: I would love to know a secret.

718TONY: Okay. Don't do that ever again, okay?

DAR & PLECK: [laughing] That's a secret?

718TONY: That's a secret! Hey, hey, don't listen to my secrets over here, okay? If I wanna tell you something, I'll tell you something!

PLECK: Sorry. You're right, you're right. I'm sorry.

718TONY: I'm just gonna pop in here, I'm gonna reverse this. [718Tony makes pained noises, Bargie sounds less miserable]

PLECK: Whoa, what? [718Tony continues to suffer] Are you alright?

[718Tony cries out in pain]

C-53: [perturbed] Ugh, just a-- a big wound just opened on his back.

[718Tony continues to groan]

PLECK: Yeah, what-- everything okay? What happened?

718TONY: Everything's good. That means it's working. That means the ship's working, you know?

DAR: [horrified] What just happened?

C-53: What do you mean, that means the ship's working?

718TONY: Oh, come on. The ship takes my energy. Every ship I repair takes energy from my being.

PLECK: Wait, what?!

718TONY: Yes. And I get a little bit weaker with every ship.

DAR: [aghast] But it, like, actually physically takes a piece of you!

718TONY: Yeah! What, did you think I had a gas foot because I thought it was cosmetically fun?

DAR: I don't know! Maybe you were in a war or something?

718TONY: Hey, can I tell you a secret? [Pleck laughs]

DAR: [meekly] Yeah.

718TONY: Can I tell you a secret?

DAR: Uh-huh.

718TONY: Never assume somebody's in a war. Because either they are and they don't wanna--

PLECK: Yeah, that's a good--

718TONY: Hey, hey, hey!

PLECK: [laughing] Sorry! I'm sorry!

718TONY: If I wanted to tell you that little piece of advice, I'd pull you over aside, okay, mister?

PLECK: Sorry, I--

DAR: [indignant] That secret was for me!

PLECK: You're right, you're right.

718TONY: That was for you. Lemme finish telling you.

DAR: Okay.

718TONY: So-- You know, I forgot my secret because of this damn idiot over here. [pained noise] My back!

PLECK: Never assume somebody was in a war, was the secret.

DAR: Now you're gonna correct him on his secret?

718TONY: You're correcting me on my secret?!

PLECK: I'm gonna go. I gotta go.

718TONY: Okay. That's good. So never assume anybody's in a war. Because either they don't wanna talk about it, or they wanna talk about it too much. [laughs]

C-53: Mm. That's a good point, actually. Yeah.

DAR: You're right, honestly. Yeah.

[718Tony makes pained noises and wet coughs]

C-53: Whoa. That is colorful.

718TONY: Sorry about that.

C-53: That's alright.

718TONY: 718 ships, you're gonna cough up a little shit sometimes, you know?

PLECK: Yeah, I mean, I guess so. How many do you have in you?

718TONY: My father only repaired 34.

C-53: Wow.

DAR: Whoa!

PLECK: Sure, yeah.

C-53: You're--

718TONY: I'm playing on the house money right now, so I don't know. And don't worry about payment, either.

DAR & PLECK: What?

718TONY: There's no payment. This is what I'm born to do.

C-53: 718Tony, we could hardly ask you to fix Bargie for no kroon at all. That would be--

DAR: Weird.

C-53: Yeah.

718TONY: Don't you dare give me a kroon. That would be an insult, okay? I was put out in the universe to repair ships, and I will do that 'til I die.

DAR: So give us one quick second? We just love to talk in little asides.

718TONY: Sure.

PLECK: Sure.

DAR: [aside, urgent] Bargie's gonna kill him.

PLECK: [laughing] No, what?

DAR: [desperately] Bargie's gonna kill him! He's gonna run out of pieces of himself! There's so many things to repair!

C-53: I didn't notice this until he turned around, but he doesn't have a lot of, um... back? Like, a lot of his back is exposed.

PLECK: It seems to be.

DAR: And think about not just the things / jucked up on Bargie. Think of Bargie in general.

C-53: The things that were already wrong.

DAR: Yeah.

C-53: Yeah.

PLECK: Hey, listen, 718Tony, I feel like, y'know, especially we're not paying you--

C-53: It seems like a big job, and maybe we could just call someone else and--

718TONY: Don't you dare! [fabric rustling, Pleck makes strangled noises]

DAR: Wait, wait, wait! Take your really big hand off of Pleck's neck! It's fine! We'll--

718TONY: [Pleck gasping for air] I'm so sorry, I have anger issues. Which I will never address.

DAR: [spluttering] But you could!

718TONY: [strangling Pleck again] No!!

DAR: But you have a friend who's a psychiatrist!

718TONY: [still strangling Pleck] And I love that guy so much, but we never talk about issues. [Bargie groans, Pleck gasps for air] Okay, we're gonna need to take this back to my garage. We're gonna fix this up. Chris!

CHRIS: [over radio] What?

718TONY: Chris, we're gonna need you to back it up a little bit!

CHRIS: Like this? Is this good?

718TONY: No, you're going forward! You gotta back it up!

CHRIS: I'm going back!

718TONY: No, you're facing me and you're going back. Face forward--

CHRIS: I'm going back!

718TONY: No, Chris, you gotta face forward and go back! You can't look at me--

CHRIS: Well, tell me what you want! You want me forward or back? Which one?

718TONY: Put your back to my face-- [frustrated noise] oh my--

CHRIS: Tony, I am going back right now.

718TONY: No, you gotta--

CHRIS: What about this doesn't look like back?

718TONY: You know what? My nephew made this stupid bot and I said, "you know, I'm gonna use it. I'm gonna use it because I'm a good guy." And my nephew, he wants to learn this shit, you know?

PLECK: Sure, sure. Oh, he built this--

718TONY: He built the bot. Yeah. So now I got my nephew's bot with me, and he can't do nothin'. [on the radio] Hey! Chris!

CHRIS: What?

PLECK: Have you ever thought fixing-- can you fix a robot?

718TONY: Oh, no.

C-53: He's a *ship* mechanic.

718TONY: Yeah, I'm a ship mechanic. Yeah.

C-53: Totally different.

718TONY: Yeah. Would you ask a toilet plumber to fix a sink?

PLECK: [laughing] I would, but maybe--

718TONY: [outraged] You would?!

C-53: That's a terrible idea.

718TONY: Don't you dare-- hey, finally you get a secret. Come over here!

PLECK: Yeah, yeah.

718TONY: Come over here!

PLECK: Lay it on-- [slap noise] ow!

718TONY: You like secret time?!

PLECK: No!

DAR: Give him more secrets, please!

718TONY: You want another secret? Come over here! Come over here! [slap noise, Pleck yelps] See, you're lucky I'm slapping you with my little hand.

PLECK: [laughing] Yeah, your little hand.

C-53: Yeah. You would not want a slap from that big hand.

CHRIS: I'm still moving back, is-- do you want it back, or--

[collision noise]

PLECK: Oh, man. He backed right into Bargie.

CHRIS: Uh, you want me to go forward or back right now?

718TONY: Just shut up. [laughter]

CHRIS: Alright. Commencing shut-up protocol.

718TONY: Okay. So it seems that-- what's the name of this ship that you guys got?

PLECK: This is the Bargarean Jade.

BARGIE: [barely coherent] I can introduce myself. I'm the... Bargarean...

718TONY: Oh no.

BARGIE: [bleary] Ship of the stars... [glitching noises]

DAR: Usually she's far more eloquent. She has a very long resume.

718TONY: Oh. That's wonderful.

BARGIE: [glitching speech, sparks, powering-down sounds]

718TONY: Okay, we're gonna need to get this ship back to my garage ASAP. I would say this ship has a two to three-hour lifespan left before--

PLECK: What?! Two to three hours?!

718TONY: Two to three hours. This is actually a disaster. Can we get this back to my garage as soon as possible?

PLECK: I mean, yeah. Absolutely.

C-53: Absolutely.

718TONY: That's fine with you guys?

PLECK: What do we do in the meantime? Because, I mean--

718TONY: You wanna ride up with me in the tow truck?

PLECK: I mean, I guess so.

C-53: Sure.

718TONY: Cool. We're gonna need to do laps, then.

PLECK: What-- what does that mean?

DAR: Laps?

718TONY: [laughing] People sit on other people's laps.

C-53: Oh.

718TONY: We're gonna need to do laps. You already said yes, so we gotta do laps. [crosstalk, the crew agrees] Okay?

PLECK: Maybe C-53 could stay on Bargie, because he doesn't have to breathe or anything.

718TONY: No, I don't want to-- why not include him?

DAR: No, we should all be included, Pleck.

PLECK: Okay. You're right.

C-53: There's four of us, so two and two if we're on laps.

[intermission music]

PLECK: I guess I just don't understand why I have-- why C-53 is sitting on *my* lap.

DAR: Well, I wasn't gonna sit on your lap.

PLECK: Well, thank you for that.

718TONY: I wasn't gonna--

BEANO: Beano wuv laps.

[Pleck laughs]

C-53: And Beano's in *my* lap.

PLECK: Sure.

C-53: So everyone's got somebody on their lap, except for Beano.

DAR: And I'm in 718Tony's lap.

PLECK: How is--

718TONY: I'm on Chris' lap!

CHRIS: Yeah! Getting crushed! You're too big for me. I can't see anything.

DAR: I'm directing you, okay? Keep going.

CHRIS: Where? How far?

DAR: Just keep going.

CHRIS: I'm going.

DAR: Keep going!

718TONY: My goodness.

DAR: More!

CHRIS: More?

DAR: Yep.

C-53: Just seems like if your nephew had programmed some sort of distance sensor--

DAR: Stop! Stop stop stop stop stop--

[Chris makes a frantic noise]

718TONY: You're telling me. I wish my nephew did a lot of things. I wish he'd remember my birthday.

PLECK: Sure.

DAR: Alright, keep going.

CHRIS: Keep going.

DAR: Maybe a little over to the right, you're drifting a bit.

718TONY: So what do you guys do?

C-53: Oh, we are an emissary team for the Rebellion. I don't know if you dabble much in galactic politics, but--

718TONY: Oh, no, I turned off that crap, you know? Keep your nose out the dirt and your asshole stays clean [laughter].

PLECK: What does that mean, exactly?

718TONY: Hey, lemme tell you a little secret. Come over here. Come over here! Move your big body, come over here! Let me get this little pink guy [laughing]! Come over here!

PLECK: Okay.

718TONY: Uh oh, the big hand's coming for ya!

PLECK: Oh no! Oh no! Listen--

718TONY: No, no, I would kill you with that.

PLECK: Okay, you're right, yeah.

718TONY: Oop! [slapping noise]

PLECK: Okay.

C-53: Got you with the little one.

718TONY: Got you with the little hand!

DAR: Alright, more to the right.

CHRIS: Uh-huh.

DAR: And we're here.

PLECK: Oh!

DAR: Is that your beautiful wife out front?

718TONY: Yeah.

SUZANNE: Hello.

718TONY: Suzanne, c'mere, gimme a kiss.

SUZANNE: Oh, Tony-- [horrible makeout noises] Tony, you have a new wound! Are you fixin' somethin'?

718TONY: You better believe I'm fixing something.

SUZANNE: Oh, that's my Tony.

718TONY: Of course.

[chorus of children yelling 'daddy!']

718TONY: Oh my goodness!

SUZANNE: Veronica and Tony Jr.!

718TONY: C'mere, c'mere! One on each shoulder! Come on!

SUZANNE: Aw, geez. Somebody take this camera, get a family photo.

718TONY: Oh, I love my family. [the crew makes dismayed noises] Family's the most important thing in this world.

PLECK: C-53, Dar, can I talk to you guys for a second?

DAR: Yeah.

PLECK: Hey, listen, guys. I felt bad when 718Tony told us that he was like-- but--

DAR: Now that you see his family--

PLECK: Now that I've met his family-- he's got two little kids! This seems--

718TONY: [sound of many children approaching] Oh, here's my nieces and nephews, 'cause all my brothers and sisters are dead! [Pleck laughs in despair] Yes! Come over here, all of you! You little box of galoops, I love the poop out of all of you! Yes! Tony! Uncle Tony! [the children cheer 'uncle Tony!'] Yes! I will love all of you, and I will see you all to university.

PLECK: Listen, 718Tony, your family seems lovely. I gotta--

DAR: Yeah, all 47 of these beautiful children.

PLECK: Dozens of these--

718TONY: They are so nice. You have to see the bill when we go out to eat, though. Oh, it's through the roof!

PLECK: I bet.

718TONY: I say no sodas! No sodas! We get one soda, we do the free refill for everybody! We do one soda, 48 free refills. I get two. Tony gets two, 'cause I'm picking up the bill! But they're the best things in my damn life.

PLECK: Oh, man. That's really--

C-53: Tony, that is a beautiful--

DAR: We can't have you fix Bargie. We can't.

718TONY: What?

PLECK: Listen, I feel like-- surely there's another mechanic around. I don't want to say you're not a good mechanic, I just feel like--

C-53: You're clearly an extremely gifted mechanic, we're just worried that Bargie's so damaged that it would kill you to fix her.

718TONY: And if it does, that's my time.

DAR: No, I-- there's gotta be another way.

718TONY: [forcefully] If it does, that's my time.

DAR: Maybe you could just teach me, and then I could fix Bargie.

718TONY: You-- hey, lemme tell you a secret.

PLECK: Oh boy.

718TONY: That was a great idea.

DAR: Oh!

718TONY: [enthusiastic] That was such a-- I like you! You got a lot of spunk, a lot of spontaneity, a lot of spizazz!

DAR: Thank you! Could you do me a favor?

718TONY: Of course.

DAR: Could you give Pleck another secret?

718TONY: Of course! [Pleck cries out in terror] Hey, come over here! Actually, actually, what's your name?

DAR: Dar.

718TONY: Hey, actually, Dar, why don't you give him a secret for me?

PLECK: No! [impact noise] Ow! On the top of my head?!

DAR: Wow, did you like that secret?

PLECK: [begrudging] I guess so.

718TONY: Come on, let me show you on the ship. I'll teach you how to do this, so when I'm not there, you can take care of it yourself.

DAR: Thank you. That's perfect.

PLECK: Okay, great! So, Dar, you're gonna learn how to fix Bargie!

DAR: Yeah! And then it'll be like I never ruined her in the first place!

718TONY: And can you do me a favor while we do that? They all have math homework we need to go over, and they're all in different grades.

PLECK: Okay, I'm standing next to a droid. I think-- you chose me to--

DAR: Pleck, he chose you!

C-53: Directed that question to you.

KID: Hey, pink one?

PLECK: Yeah?

KID: What-- what-- what is death?

PLECK: What is-- oh-- death?

KID: Yeah, that's our math homework.

[Pleck laughs; intermission music]

DAR: Okay, tell me where to stick my hands in first.

718TONY: Okay, okay. So you see how we got seven mufflers on this back right here, right?

DAR: Yeah.

718TONY: Great. So now I want you to look in all of them. You see one is clogged, right?

DAR: [echoing inside the muffler] Yeah.

718TONY: How can you tell what's clogged?

DAR: [echoing] Uh... there's the kerchiefs that I stuffed in one of them.

718TONY: Exactly. Look for where you stuck shit in.

DAR: [echoing] Yeah, okay.

718TONY: Wherever you stuck stuff in, that's the one you wanna fix, right?

DAR: Undo it?

718TONY: [pained breathing] Okay. So--

DAR: Are you okay?

718TONY: Yeah, yeah, yeah. I'm great, I'm great. This is so good. You're helping me with the ship right here. Cool. So I want you to reach your hand. Great. Now make sure you put on the gloves, because a muffler is *hot*.

DAR: Oh, I should actually just be totally fine. My body runs at, like, 500 degrees normally.

718TONY: Egg on my face! [he and Dar laugh] Egg on your face, it'd be a fried egg! [laughing]

DAR: Exactly! [718Tony laughs uproariously] I guess I'll just touch this-- [718Tony sounds increasingly pained] Letting go.

718TONY: Ooh, yeah.

DAR: Okay, so I am doing all the work--

718TONY: Yes.

DAR: And you're just instructing me, and yet--

718TONY: I'm still hurting?

DAR: Yeah, half of your face is now... gone?

718TONY: Yeah. Uh, yeah, the left half. My right's my better half, as Suzanne always says.

DAR: [somewhat forced laughter] Sure, but the whole reason I'm doing this is because I didn't want you to die!

718TONY: Well, here's the thing. If I teach you how to fix the ship, I'm hurt even more.

DAR: [horrified] You're hurt even *more*?!

718TONY: I'm hurt even more!

DAR: Oh no...

718TONY: Yeah. Because I'm not only giving you the knowledge to do it now, but I'm giving you the knowledge to do it in the future. [Dar groans miserably] Why are you stressed?

DAR: Because I did so many bad things to the ship!

718TONY: Well, we're gonna have to get through that together. Come here, lemme tell you a secret. [sounds of a chair or stool being wheeled over]

DAR: Okay.

718TONY: Aren't secrets weird when it's just two people in a room? It's just talking closer. [laughs a little]

DAR: I mean, you are *very* close to my face right now.

718TONY: I'm so sorry, we'll back up.

DAR: No no no, it really brings into focus that only half of your face is there.

718TONY: Lemme move to the other side. Oh, yep, check out those pearly blues.

DAR: Wow, that really is your better side!

718TONY: Yep! My teeth were blue when I was born, and my parents were never more excited.

DAR: Oh yeah, they're beautiful blue teeth.

718TONY: Thank you. Hey. The secret is--

DAR: Uh-huh?

718TONY: This is my job. This is what I do.

DAR: Do you feel like if you had talked to somebody about your feelings, you wouldn't just derive all of your self-worth through what you do for work?

[beat]

718TONY: [stammering] Whoa, too much for the brain! [Dar laughs] Too much for the brain! Lemme fix stuff! [pained yelling]

DAR: No no no! Please!

[transition to Pleck and C-53]

PLECK: Ooh, hey C-53?

C-53: Mm-hmm?

PLECK: Bargie has stopped smoking. I think that's a good sign!

C-53: That's positive.

PLECK: I bet they're having a great time in there.

KID: [stuttering] Pink one?

PLECK: Yes?

KID: What is... afterlife?

PLECK: Oh boy. I mean, that's a-- definitely don't ask C-53 that, because he'll give you an answer that's gonna make you unhappy.

KID: C-53?

C-53: Yes?

PLECK: [laughing] No, I told you *not* to do that.

KID: What is afterlife?

C-53: Oh, well, that's a fiction--

PLECK: [laughing] Okay, alright--

C-53: That many sentient species tell themselves to--

KID: [dismayed noises]

[transition to 718Tony howling in agony]

DAR: [horrified, panicked] No! You didn't even-- how could you be in pain?! I'm doing things behind your back! You shouldn't even know that I'm trying to fix these things in the first place!

718TONY: [pained] I used to have an outie belly button! [wails] Now it's even bigger! [more wailing]

DAR: Why does it look like it's gonna burst?!

718TONY: [shuddering] Oh my-- okay, okay, now flip the on switch--

DAR: No!

718TONY: We gotta get this alternator running--

DAR: [forcefully] No!

718TONY: Flip the switch!

DAR: I won't! I won't [angrily, exertion] let you do it either!

[718TONY grunts angrily]

BEANO: Beano flip switch!

DAR: [screaming] No!

[ship-powering-up noises]

PLECK: [happily] Oh! Do you hear that? That sounds good!

C-53: Yeah, sounds like her power's running again.

PLECK: Hey, Bargie? Bargie, can you hear me? [Bargie groans incoherently] Okay, well, everything alright? Do you feel any better?

BARGIE: Feel a lot better, actually. I'm not 100 yet, I'm like 17%.

PLECK: Oh, great. Hey, we'll take 17!

C-53: That's not bad.

PLECK: You know, it's honestly great to hear your voice again, Bargie. I was worried about you. But, you know, whatever's going on inside there, it's two-- two people care about you a lot.

BARGIE: That screaming is not from me, though. That's--

PLECK: Wait, who's screaming?

C-53: Screaming?

[transition to 718Tony screaming]

BEANO: Beano wuv fixing the ship! [718Tony howling in pain] Beano wuv fixing the ship.

DAR: Beano, you stop it right now!

BEANO: [muffled under 718Tony's screams] Beano wuv changing the sub-alternator. Beano wuvs fixing the circuit board!

718TONY: [weakly] Listen. You listen to me. Everything's fine inside now. We just have to get that wing on.

BEANO: Beano know how to put the wing on!

DAR: Yeah! What if Beano already had that knowledge?

718TONY: Beano, did you have that knowledge?

[beat]

BEANO: [knowingly] Beano know.

718TONY: Wait. Know or no?

DAR: Beano know, as in--

BEANO: Beano know. [scampering around] Beano couple alternating internal coil 7 to fusion thruster 5.

718TONY: [delighted] Beano know!

BARGIE: I'm feeling really good, actually.

PLECK: That's great!

BARGIE: You know, I've never felt so-- I don't know how to say this. Healthy, in a way. You know, that never really happens to me.

PLECK: Bargie, this is amazing! I think whatever Dar is doing--

C-53: Bargie, I'll be honest. You look ten--

PLECK: Radiant!

C-53: Twenty years younger.

BARGIE: Wow. Oh, wow. Maybe this is a good thing that this is happening. Maybe everything is--

[ship hatch opens, 718Tony can be heard groaning]

718TONY: [agonized] Where are my kids?

KIDS: Daddy!

718TONY: Yes! Oh, everyone come here and touch my ear.

SUZANNE: Tony! Tony!

718TONY: Suzanne!

SUZANNE: Oh my-- oh.

CHRIS: Just back him up. Back him up, back him up--

DAR: Christopher, I--

CHRIS: Back him up!

DAR: [annoyed] I have it.

C-53: [quietly, aside] Pleck, there's barely anything left of 718Tony.

SUZANNE: Children, children, gather round. Gather round your uncle, father. Put your hands together. Let's stand in a circle around 718Tony.

718TONY: [weary sigh] This is what it's about. Life is about giving yourself and being with your family while you do it.

[beat]

SUZANNE: And kissing. [horrible makeout noises]

C-53: Still has all the parts for that, I see.

PLECK: Yeah, no, that's--

718TONY: Those are the last to go, baby!

SUZANNE: Your best side of your face is still there! Oh my gosh.

718TONY: You better believe it! These pearly blues are all for you, mama!

SUZANNE: So blue!

DAR: Can I-- can I put him down, while you two are doing that?

SUZANNE: No, hold him.

718TONY: Please hold up.

SUZANNE: Hold him up, yeah.

718TONY: Do you mind just, like, running your hands through her hair as we kiss?

SUZANNE: Yeah. He doesn't have--

DAR: I can do that. I can do that.

SUZANNE: Yeah. Make one of 'em real big and one kinda tiny, so it feels like Tony.

DAR: Wait, I'm holding him and also-- okay.

718TONY: [howling in pain] Oh, you dropped me!

DAR: [frantically] I'm sorry! You wanted me to run both of my hands, I was trying to make one of them feel small--

SUZANNE: You're right, it was complicated instructions you couldn't do physically.

[transition inside the ship; miscellaneous repair noises]

BEANO: [singsong] Beano love to work! Beano love to work!

BARGIE: Thanks, Beano. I've never really appreciated you. Thank you for putting the wing back on.

BEANO: Beano love fixing ship.

BARGIE: Ship is currently okay. Thanks, Beano.

BEANO: Beano wuv ship.

BARGIE: Okay. This is kind of awkward now.

[transition back to outside]

C-53: 718Tony, I have to admit, we're very concerned for you. Are you going to be okay?

718TONY: Pull out my identification card.

PLECK: [stammering] Oh.

718TONY: Pull out my identification card.

PLECK: Okay, yeah.

718TONY: What's the name on it?

[beat]

PLECK & C-53: 719Tony.

719TONY: [weakly] I'm gonna be okay. I'm gonna be okay. [coughing] Is someone wearing cologne? I have allergies. [wet coughing]

PLECK: I think maybe we should-- we should probably go.

719TONY: Where you goin'? You're not gonna stay for dinner?

PLECK: I mean, I guess--

DAR: What are you having?

719TONY: We're going out to eat. One soda, fifty people!

C-53: I feel like it would be rude to leave before dinner.

DAR: I agree.

719TONY: [weirdly raspy] No way you're leaving my planet without me feeding you.

PLECK: Listen, 719Tony, you are-- you are too-- I mean, literally too kind!

719TONY: That's fine. [laughter]

PLECK: Okay. I mean, I guess we'll go get dinner.

719TONY: Hey. Lemme tell you a secret.

PLECK: Uh-- yeah. Absolutely.

[beat]

719TONY: [whispering hoarsely] I noticed your watch is broken.

PLECK: Uh... [panicked] No! No! [719Tony screams] Don't fix it!

[719Tony's screaming fades; heavy thud]

C-53: Well, I hope you're happy with that watch.

PLECK: [laughing in bewilderment] What?! I didn't ask for that!

KID: Pink one? Pink one?

PLECK: Yeah?

KID: What is guilty conscience?

[laughter; intermission music]

PLECK: Bargie?

BARGIE: Yep?

PLECK: So glad to have you back. How are you feeling?

BARGIE: I'm feeling great. You know, I've never felt this youthful before. I never had this much energy, for years! I feel amazing! Like I could do anything, be anything, you know?

PLECK: Yeah!

BARGIE: I'm goal-oriented now. I'm all about reaching goals.

PLECK: I mean, that's great! I'm just-- I'm so glad you're feeling better.

BARGIE: Yeah. You know, I saw the end. I saw it in front of me.

C-53: Mm.

PLECK: Whoa. Really?

BARGIE: Yeah. As I was coming to what I believe was my end, I saw another dark ship. Completely dark. And it came up to me, and it was like, "Bargie, I can help you."

PLECK: Yeah.

BARGIE: "Ease the pain." And I was-- I was ready! He said, "I can increase your social media presence."

C-53: Oh.

PLECK: That can't be-- no, that can't be right.

C-53: Doesn't sound right.

BARGIE: If I give him my kroon card--

PLECK: No, no, no.

BARGIE: He'd give me five million followers.

DAR: Wait--

C-53: Bargie, you didn't.

DAR: No.

PLECK: Did you give it to him?

BARGIE: Yes.

C-53: Bargie, these followers are just bots. And by that I mean droids that do single-purpose actions.

PLECK: Listen, Bargie, it kinda sounds like you maybe got scammed there right at the end.

C-53: I think you did.

DAR: Beano, how did you learn all that stuff about ships?

BEANO: [knowingly] Beano know.

C-53: Mm.

PLECK: Okay.

DAR: It's like I set him up for that.

PLECK: Yeah. Beano, you know, I guess we all really-- we owe you a debt of gratitude, Beano.

BEANO: Beano?

PLECK: Yeah. Yeah, to you, Beano.

C-53: Beano, these are a bunch of broken parts that Dar took out of Bargie.

BEANO: [scampering over] Ooh! [mouth noises]

DAR: No, no, no! We thought you would know where to put them!

BEANO: Beano--

PLECK: You were supposed to-- you set up this whole thing like, "I'm good at fixing ships, Beano good at fixing ships."

BEANO: Beano know!

PLECK: I gotta say, it's weird that every time--

[incoming transmission noise]

C-53: Emissary Decksetter, we have an incoming transmission from Missions Operations Manager... [deeply confused] Plume Targland?

PLECK: What?

DAR: Plume Targland?

[transmission noise]

PLECK: Who is *that*? Hello?

PLUME: Hey, my dudes! What's up?

PLECK: Uh--

DAR: What? Where's--

PLECK: Hi, sorry, have we met?

PLUME: [laughs] Pleck, you're always pulling Plume's leg! Alright guys-- oh, the Bargarean Jade, looks like it's back in action! Cool, man!

PLECK: Wait, Plume, Plume--

PLUME: Yeah?

PLECK: Sorry. Who are-- who are you?

[Plume laughs]

DAR: And what have you done with Nermut?

PLECK: Yeah, where's Nermut?

PLUME: What are you talking about? Let's do our normal cheer with the end of a mission when ol' Missions Operations Manager Plume brings it back in at the end of a mission, so we go, "One, two, three, [triumphant noise]!"

PLECK: I don't know what that is.

[Plume laughs]

DAR: [deeply aggrieved] Never in my *life* would I join in a *group cheer*.

PLUME: Oh man, Dar, you're always--

PLECK: How do you know our names?

PLUME: What do you mean? I've been managing this team since the get-go!

PLECK: C-53, what [whispering] the juck is happening?

C-53: [aside] I don't know, but--

[Plume's laughter distorts into Nermut's voice]

C-53: Nermut?

NERMUT: [breathing heavily] Oh, guys. Hey.

PLECK: Nermut, what happened?

NERMUT: Oh, man. I just came out of, like, a void. [relieved sigh]

PLECK: A *void*? What are you talking about?

DAR: Who is Plume?!

NERMUT: Plume?

PLECK: There was a guy! Plume! The Missions Operations Manager was a guy named Plume! Do you work with--

C-53: Do you know a Plume?

NERMUT: No, I don't know a Plume.

BEANO: Beano know!

NERMUT: What?

DAR: Wait--

BEANO: Beano think that commenter on Nermut Bundaloy's video decided to rewrite history by making his parents not meet, causing a rift in the multiverse. [Nermut makes a bewildered noise] Because Nermut Bundaloy no longer existed, the video no longer existed, which meant the comment no longer existed, which mean there was a [singsong] time paradox! [Nermut sighs] Which made Nermut Bundaloy parents meet again, and Nermut Bundaloy brought back into this multiverse.

C-53: Right. But now the video exists again, and now the commenter made the comment--

NERMUT: [panicked] Wait, someone's typing! Someone's typing in a comment! I'm gonna delete it! Ah!

C-53: Yeah, disable comments immediately, Nermut.

NERMUT: Oh, I could've just disabled the comments? Oh, that was my best track!

C-53: Well, it did cause you to not exist briefly, so I don't know if it's your *best* track.

NERMUT: That's really a good point.

PLECK: Nermut, I'm glad you're back.

NERMUT: Yeah!

PLECK: Bargie, I'm glad you're healthy.

BARGIE: Yep!

NERMUT: Whoa, guys, this is crazy. I have Plume-- Plume's ID card is here.

PLECK: Beano?

[beat]

BEANO: Beano think you should destroy it immediately.

NERMUT: Okay! Yeah!

BEANO: Beano know.

DAR: Wait, no-- Nermut, don't eat it, that's not how it--

C-53: That doesn't destroy-- Nermut!

NERMUT: It's the only way to do it! [eating noises]

DAR: It's too late.

[Pleck sighs; finale music]

---

BARGIE: Oh, I've also done a lot of films I'm not proud of. I've ruined marriages and friendships--

718TONY: What films?

BARGIE: The Hatch That Was. Leaking on Sunshine.

718TONY: Leaking on Sunshine, you said?

BARGIE: Yeah.

718TONY: Excellent.

BARGIE: Battlefield Tellurian. [laughter]

718TONY: Okay. Well, I'm not much of an art guy, so I haven't seen a lot of these films, but you know--

BARGIE: Sherk 2.

718TONY: Sherk 2?! Are you kidding?! Oh-- [Shrek impersonation] 'ello, Donkey! [laughter] Hey, Donkey, how you doin'?

BARGIE: That was me! I don't want to talk about it. That was me. I don't want to talk about it.

718TONY: You were the ship that kept talking to the donkey! [laughter]

BARGIE: Yup.

718TONY: Oh, my kids are gonna go nuts when they find out.

BARGIE: I don't wanna talk about it!

718TONY: You're gonna have to, [Shrek voice] Donkey! 'Ello!

BARGIE: I don't want to-- don't even do it--

718TONY: Do the voice with me! Do the voice!

BARGIE: No! I hate it so much!

718TONY: Oh, there it is! There's the voice! I hate it so much, *Donkey!* [laughing]

BARGIE: I feel worse.

718TONY: You are a star!

[all laugh]