

C-RED-IT-5: This is C-RED-IT-5 with a quick message. Over on our Patreon, Zima-level supporters were given the opportunity to pitch a season 2 episode to the crew, and this episode idea comes from the hilarious mind of listener and generous Patreon supporter Torgamous. Thank you to all of our Zima patrons for sending us such great ideas, and to everyone supporting the show on Patreon.

[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: [a bit hesitant] Um... I don't know if you've noticed, but you know the eye that the Grower Mind laid an egg in?

C-53: [prodding] Yes?

PLECK: It stopped growing. Sort of stalled out after a few inches.

C-53: Well, let's just say those few inches are pretty noticeable.

PLECK: No, I know it's-- I'm just saying, like, it stopped. I sort of thought it would get to a point and then, like, hatch or something. And now what I'm sort of thinking--

C-53: Emissary Decksetter--

PLECK: [a bit rushed] Maybe it's all fine!

C-53: [disturbed] It's not... fine. It's four times the size of your other eye.

PLECK: But it sees real well.

C-53: That might be bad.

PLECK: Okay.

[ship door opens]

DAR: Nermut?

NERMUT: Yeah?

DAR: Okay, I've finished writing down [rustles paper] all of my feelings and past partners.

NERMUT: Wow, the second list is way longer than the first list.

DAR: Um, well--

PLECK: Wow, this is amazing.

NERMUT: I'm just gonna need a little help--

DAR: Here is [large stack of papers being dropped] everything for you.

NERMUT: Okay. This is like a ream.

C-53: Feels wasteful to have printed this out.

DAR: I mean, he asked for it in this fashion.

PLECK: [cheerful] Print is the future!

NERMUT: Yeah. Thank you for honoring that request.

DAR: And do you have yours?

NERMUT: Yeah, um, here's the list of my feelings, which is [paper rustling, Nermut's feet clicking on the floor]--

DAR: Oh, wow.

NERMUT: Oops, I dropped a couple pages of it.

DAR: [hesitant] Okay. Oof.

NERMUT: And I just wrote my partner on this receipt.

DAR: Oh, so you--

PLECK: I know this is sort of a personal moment between the two of you, but can you just-- who is that, Nermut?

BARGIE: Speak up. Can you speak up?

PLECK: We need to hear.

NERMUT: No, it's just Dar.

DAR: Uh-- oh. Oh!

NERMUT: Yeah.

BARGIE: Can I just say something? I'm really appreciating all these interactions that are happening, because it's helping me for my big audition.

NERMUT: Wait, what?

PLECK: What's your big audition, Bargie?

BARGIE: I got a DM after I got a couple more followers on social media. It's from a director.

NERMUT: It's a director message!

BARGIE: Let me play you what he said.

[audio-playback noise]

DIRECTOR: [old-timey, Trans-Atlantic cinema drawl] Bargie! I saw your holos on the hologram, and I wanna tell ya, I think ya got somethin'. You got something, kid. Come on in, read a script. See what we got.

[playback-ends noise]

BARGIE: Of course, he was replying to an image of myself when I was a kid. He does not know my real age. But hey, I'm going in next week for the audition.

DAR: [unsure] What's the audition?

BARGIE: It's for a script.

C-53: But what's the role?

DAR: [still hesitant] What's the script?

BARGIE: I don't... know. But I am so excited. So keep talking. I need to become everybody, I need to know everything.

NERMUT: So anything we say is just-- you're soaking it in for the audition?

BARGIE: Yep. For whatever it could be.

C-53: Bargie, but--

PLECK: [laughing] So you're just indiscriminately--

BARGIE: [firmly] It's for a script.

PLECK: You just want to hear words come out of our mouths?

BARGIE: Yep. Because it's helping as an [accented] *acteur*, so it doesn't matter how I look like now.

PLECK: What *did* you used to look like, Bargie?

BARGIE: I had no wings.

PLECK: No wings at all?

BARGIE: Nope. I was just a single vessel.

PLECK: Wow. How did you fly around?

BARGIE: I just went up and down.

PLECK: [laughing] Oh. Wait, Bargie, were you an elevator? Like--

BARGIE: [rushed] I don't want to talk about it.

PLECK: Wow.

BARGIE: So I'm really excited. So just continue walkin' and talkin'.

[incoming-transmission noise]

C-53: Hmm. Emissary Decksetter, I have an incoming transmission from Commander Rolphus Tiddle.

PLECK: Oh!

[transmission-start noise]

ROLPHUS: Attention, crew of Bargarean Jade. Long live the Rebellion.

PLECK: Yeah!

DAR: Sure.

C-53: Long live the Rebellion.

PLECK: What's up, Rolphus?

DAR: Hey, Rolphus, is 'hasty' a feeling?

[beat]

ROLPHUS: [already annoyed] What?

DAR: Hasty. I don't think this is a feeling.

[Rolphus sighs wearily]

NERMUT: Commander Tiddle, when you feel hasty, you are like, "I gotta get somewhere, but I gotta get somewhere else even earlier."

ROLPHUS: It's not a feeling.

DAR: Thank you! It's not a feeling!

ROLPHUS: It's an adverb.

C-53: [pedantic] Well, no. 'Hastily' is an adverb.

ROLPHUS: Well, 'hasty' is-- is it a gerund?

PLECK: It's an adjective.

NERMUT: It's like, I feel--

ROLPHUS: [frantic, indignant] Okay, why are-- no. I'm not doing this with you.

C-53: It's an adjective. Don't *be* hasty. Hasty is an adjective.

ROLPHUS: Right, that's it-- [urgent] Don't! Don't make me do this. Crew of the Bargarean Jade, I have an incredibly important mission for you.

NERMUT & DAR: Okay.

PLECK: Ooh!

NERMUT: You seem like *you're* feeling hasty, honestly.

ROLPHUS: I'm not-- what?

DAR: What are *you* feeling right now, Rolphus?

C-53: Well, he wouldn't *feel* hasty, he would just *be* hasty.

SEESU: [distant, maybe down the hall] Rolphus? Rolphus!

ROLPHUS: [weary] Seesu, what?

SEESU: [distant] I just want to know where you are!

ROLPHUS: I'm... in my office.

SEESU: [distant] Okay! I'm ready to have that talk!

PLECK: [laughing] Oh no!

ROLPHUS: Uh, great.

PLECK: Rolphus, what is goin' on, buddy?

ROLPHUS: Listen. You don't-- [indignant] I don't want to tell you *what's going on!*

PLECK: You can trust us, Rolphus!

ROLPHUS: You are my-- I am your superior officer.

NERMUT: Commander Tiddle, have you, before this talk, considered writing out your separate lists of feelings and ex-partners?

PLECK: You could say 'joy' and 'Joy', maybe!

[furious silence from Rolphus]

ROLPHUS: [forcefully normal] Crew of the Bargarean Jade. [Pleck laughs] Due to a garfon flu outbreak, most of our emissary groups are under the weather. Therefore, you are undertaking an incredibly important mission.

PLECK: Oh!

NERMUT: Okay.

DAR: How did the flu spread so quickly through all the emissary groups?

ROLPHUS: We had a karaoke night.

PLECK: [laughing] Oh no! What?

NERMUT: Enough said.

C-53: We didn't get invited to the karaoke night.

ROLPHUS: Uh, I dunno why, it must've gotten-- anyway, point is--

C-53: Mm.

DAR: Woof.

ROLPHUS: I need your help.

PLECK: Yeah, just say the word! We're-- we're here for you! We're here for the Rebellion!

ROLPHUS: I want the crew of the Bargarean Jade to infiltrate and destroy a CLINT-making facility. [everyone oohs and ahs] A cloning facility.

C-53: This is big league.

PLECK: Isn't this sort of a job for a spy, or like--

ROLPHUS: Yeah. It totally is.

C-53: Or an airstrike, or--

ROLPHUS: Yeah. All that. But everyone has been laid low, thanks to garfon flu.

PLECK: Wait, are we--

C-53: So you're sending an *emissary team* to--

ROLPHUS: This is the one day of the year that it's gonna be easy to get into a CLINT cloning facility, because it's CLINTillion.

NERMUT: Huh?

PLECK: What?

ROLPHUS: The special day where all the CLINTs go out on parade and it's easy for the public to go in and show their appreciation. It's easy to infiltrate.

C-53: Mm.

NERMUT: [unnerved] We're gonna destroy it while it's full of visitors?

ROLPHUS: No, you won't destroy it. All I need for you to do is to find the main cloning facility mainframe.

C-53: Okay.

NERMUT: [typing] The main mainframe. Got it.

ROLPHUS: [deeply tormented sigh] The main mainframe of the cloning facility.

DAR: CLINTillion.

C-53: And destroy it.

ROLPHUS: No. Take the DNA sample.

NERMUT: Uh-huh. Of you.

ROLPHUS: What? It's not me.

NERMUT: Huh?

ROLPHUS: Huh?

DAR: Uh... we just figured that--

ROLPHUS: The CLINTs are not me. Why would you think that?

[collective stammering]

C-53: Have you ever seen a CLINT without its face mask on?

DAR: Yeah.

ROLPHUS: [clipped] Yeah, I've seen that. I'm better-looking.

DAR: Right.

ROLPHUS: Anyway. Take my-- ugh, well, take *the* DNA sample--

NERMUT: Uh, that was-- 'mmkay.

ROLPHUS: Take the Rodd-damn DNA sample. That will disable the cloning facility without hurting anyone. But I will tell you to watch out for the facility manager. Anyone who can clone those killing machines must be hard-boiled. You might have to take them out.

PLECK: Okay.

C-53: Geez. Alright.

ROLPHUS: Security Officer Dar, we'll be counting on you there.

PLECK: Oh, Dar--

DAR: [mildly surprised, but not too uncomfortable] Oh. Okay.

PLECK: You don't have a single sniper pilot who didn't sing karaoke with you last night?

ROLPHUS: It was a big party.

C-53: And we weren't invited at all.

PLECK: Why weren't we there?

[Rolphus makes a noncommittal noise]

DAR: Hurtful! That is a feeling. Hurtful is a feeling.

SEESU: [distant] Rolphus? Will you be finished soon? I have to go on a date!

[intermission music interrupted by static]

COUNCILOR RUNFF: [bangs gavel] My fellow councilors, one more order of business. I have--

COUNCILOR CORPUSTANIAN: Yes?

COUNCILOR RUNFF: I have troubling, if unsurprising, news. My beloved son Tillion Runff has gone missing again. [other councilors make dismayed noises]

COUNCILOR BALLWHEAT: That's-- that's really bad!

COUNCILOR RUNFF: It's true. On Thursday he was due to compete in an Orse-riding event on Vifius III, and he never showed. [more dismayed noises] Yes. I fear I must convene a search party. And CLINTS are of no use, he'll just present his FAIC and they'll be at his command.

COUNCILOR CORPUSTANIAN: Of course.

COUNCILOR RUNFF: But how do I find skilled trackers? Kassu, wasn't there some amazing hiring service you used to fill vacancies among the babies?

COUNCILOR KASSU: Oh, yes! [rattle rattling] ZipRecruiter! ZipRecruiter posts the job to more than a hundred of the infoweb's leading job boards!

COUNCILOR RUNFF: Amazing!

COUNCILOR KASSU: And as applications come in, ZipRecruiter analyzes each one and spotlights the top candidates so you never miss a great match! [Runff sighs in relief] In fact, ZipRecruiter is so effective that 80% of the employers who post on ZipRecruiter get a quality candidate through the site within the first day!

COUNCILOR RUNFF: Oh, perfect. [Kassu makes a crying noise] What a relief. It sounds worth whatever incredibly high price they must charge.

COUNCILOR KASSU: That's the thing! Anyone can try ZipRecruiter for *free*! [rattle rattles] That's right, for free! [councilors gasp] By going to this exclusive web address: ziprecruiter.com/zyxx. That's [ziprecruiter.com slash Z-Y-X-X](http://ziprecruiter.com/zyxx).

COUNCILOR RUNFF: Oh my goodness.

COUNCILOR CORPUSTANIAN: Wonderful!

COUNCILOR RUNFF: Such relief. I'll go there immediately. [typing] So [ziprecruiter.com slash Z-Y-X-X](http://ziprecruiter.com/zyxx). And I'll find a team of heroic rescuers who will bring back my troubled baby!

COUNCILOR KASSU: I'm a baby!

COUNCILOR RUNFF: [unsure how to respond to that] Uh... right.

COUNCILOR KASSU: ZipRecruiter! The smartest way to hire!

COUNCILOR BALLWHEAT: Wow, I really hope people use the code. That would really help us out a lot, wouldn't it?

COUNCILOR CORPUSTANIAN: [bangs gavel] Indeed. Thank you, Councilor Ballwheat. Don't you have someplace to be?

COUNCILOR BALLWHEAT: [chair scraping] Uh, yes. Okay, bye, guys!

COUNCILOR ARCURI: Yes, goodbye, Ballwheat.

COUNCILOR RUNFF: Goodbye, Ballwheat.

[the rest of the council laughs maniacally; intermission music returns, fades into quiet crowd-commotion]

C-53: Wow. A lot of people come out for this CLINTillion.

PLECK: I didn't know people, like--

DAR: Really support the CLINTs.

PLECK: Really loved the CLINTs, yeah.

TOURIST 1: This your first CLINTillion?

PLECK: Yes, it is!

TOURIST 1: Oh, my wife and I, we come every year.

TOURIST 2: They have amazing shrimp!

TOURIST 1: It's really good.

TOURIST 2: We're here for that.

TOURIST 1: Well, we're also here to see the CLINTs, because we support our CLINTs.

TOURIST 2: Yummy!

PLECK: [flat, unconvincing] Yep. Absolutely. Us too. We're just three civilian--

TOURIST 2: What's your itinerary? What are you hitting up today?

C-53: Well, this schedule is so full of events--

TOURIST 2: Yeah, you gotta go-- you gotta go to the tap dance comp.

TOURIST 1: And then you're gonna wanna go to CLINT cuisine.

NERMUT: Her hands are *full* of shrimp.

TOURIST 2: Yup! Now, you can get a fast pass. If you get a fast pass--

TOURIST 1: You're gonna want to get a fast pass.

TOURIST 2: Yeah, you gotta get a fast pass.

C-53: Okay.

TOURIST 1: Oh, oh, oh, and you cannot miss a close-up magic CLINT. That is amazing. They do close-up magic. It is amazing.

TOURIST 2: Or the CLINT haunted house.

TOURIST 1: I love it!

PLECK: You guys seem to know this-- the whole CLINTillion--

TOURIST 1: We come [with Tourist 2] every year.

TOURIST 2: And the shrimp? Have I told you about this shrimp?

C-53: You have mentioned the shrimp, yeah.

TOURIST 1: You have, honey.

PLECK: Can I just ask you guys-- is there sort of, like, a cloning facility?

TOURIST 1: That is not on the map. The only one who knows that is the manager.

PLECK: Um--

TOURIST 1: Oh my Rodd. [Tourist 2 gasps] Oh my Rodd.

TOURIST 2: Oh my Rodd!

TOURIST 1: [whispering] There's the facility manager.

C-53: The-- the facility manager?

PLECK: Oh boy. Okay. Alright.

TOURIST 1: Just be cool! Be cool!

C-53: [hushed] Emissary Decksetter, stay cool. Dar, be ready for anything. This could turn ugly *fast*.

[high heels clicking]

JANELLE: [kindly Texas drawl] Oh, hello! It is so nice to see you again this year!

TOURIST 2: The shrimps this year are [emphasis on each word] out of this universe!

JANELLE: I remember you from last year!

DAR: Wait, wait, wait, I'm sorry. So you--

JANELLE: Oh! Hello! What lovely color of... your aura!

NERMUT: Dar! Don't get so close! This is-- [whispering] this is the villain!

JANELLE: How are you? Come here and give me a hug.

NERMUT: Dar, no!

DAR: [uncomfortable] Okay.

[hugging sounds]

JANELLE: Oh, you feel wonderful!

DAR: [quietly] Thank you.

JANELLE: Well, it is so nice to meet you. You must be new this year! My name is Janelle Fitzmeyer, I'm the facilities manager.

DAR: [strained] So nice to meet you, Janelle.

JANELLE: Oh, what a lovely hug. Thank you so much.

C-53: Janelle, did you--

JANELLE: Oh, who are you! [heels clicking]

C-53: Oh, uh, hello. I'm, uh, C-53, protocol and diplomatic relations.

JANELLE: Oh, I can tell that. What a lovely demeanor you have!

C-53: [laughing] Oh, that's very kind of you.

JANELLE: [small laugh] You know what? I meet kindness in the face. Would you mind giving me a hug?

C-53: I would not mind giving you a hug.

JANELLE: I love--

[C-53's pelvis music plays]

C-53: Oh, sorry. That's, uh--

PLECK: Uh, sorry, C-53, sorry.

C-53: If you could just turn that off.

NERMUT: His pelvis.

PLECK: He used to be a sex droid. [pelvis music stops] Uh, it's not a--

NERMUT: He's technically probably still a sex droid.

JANELLE: Oh, well, that is alright. No need to be embarrassed. It is all part of the sentient experience.

C-53: That's very understanding.

JANELLE: I love to meet new faces.

NERMUT: [scampering over] Hi!

JANELLE: [pleased gasp] Oh! Well, look at you! You are tiny and lovable!

NERMUT: Oh, wow, I mean--

JANELLE: What a *sprite*! Wonderful! Well, give me a hug! I'm sorry, I'm wearing my high heels-- they click and--

NERMUT: No, it's fine, I'll just hug your calf.

JANELLE: Please do. Oh, what a wonderful calf hug!

PLECK: Oh!

JANELLE: Well, hello, face! [Pleck laughs] What a nice face! And who are you?

PLECK: Oh, I'm Pleck! Civilian Pleck Decksetter.

JANELLE: You have a nice right eye.

PLECK: Oh, well--

JANELLE: A couple of 'em!

PLECK: Well, one of them is, um, an egg.

JANELLE: I hope you're not embarrassed, because I think that's a wonderful feature.

PLECK: Thank you! See, C-53?

C-53: It's not how your eye should look, Emissary Decksetter.

NERMUT: A K'hekk's ovipositor pierced his eye.

JANELLE: Oh. That must have been an adventure.

PLECK: [laughing] Yeah! I like to think so.

JANELLE: Well, sometime you should write me a letter and tell me all about that experience.

PLECK: You know what? I would love to do that.

JANELLE: Well, and I love penpals! Why don't you come over here and give me a-- I like hugs.

PLECK: Oh, great! Yeah! Me too!

JANELLE: Don't be shy. I'm sorry I have a large bosom.

PLECK: Oh, that's-- no problem at all.

JANELLE: It's never been a problem in the past.

PLECK: No, it shouldn't be.

C-53: Janelle, are you-- can I ask a quick question?

JANELLE: Of course.

C-53: Are you new here? Have you only just joined the facility?

JANELLE: Oh, no. I go way back.

DAR: So you've been the facility's manager from-- from the get-go?

PLECK: The beginning of the CLINT program?

JANELLE: Absolutely! From the very beginning! I actually helped design it!

CLINT 4125: Ms. Janelle! Ms. Janelle! CLINT 4125.

JANELLE: Yes?

4125: I just wanted to let you know that I, uh-- I just cleaned my weapon, and I-- what do you think?

JANELLE: Oh, it's wonderful and shiny, and you have done a wonderful job.

4125: Do you think I'm maybe the best one at cleaning my weapon?

JANELLE: [small laugh] You know I can't play favorites.

4125: Oh, that's right. But what do you think? Maybe it's me?

JANELLE: [amused] Alright, I'll give in this one time.

4125: [laughing] Thanks, Ms. Janelle.

JANELLE: You're welcome!

PLECK: All the CLINTs really seem to love you. Can you just tell us what your job is as a facilities manager?

JANELLE: Oh, of course.

C-53: Does that just mean maintaining the--

JANELLE: Oh, yes. I do a little bit of this and that. I love to clean, and I love to teach. What makes a wonderful warrior, a wonderful fighter, is a fighting spirit. And one thing that we [heavily accented] do, is-- every morning we get up and we learn songs. And we love to bring everyone together. And we do some play-fighting. [laughing]

CLINT 6874: Ms. Janelle! Ms. Janelle! Look at me play-fighting! [exertion, sounds of something being swung]

JANELLE: Very good, 6874!

6874: Thanks! Do you think I'm maybe the best at play-fighting?

JANELLE: [laughing] You know I don't play favorites!

6874: [laughs] I know, but maybe I am, though?

JANELLE: Okay, just this one time.

6874: Yeah! Thank you!

JANELLE: You're so welcome.

6874: I love you, Ms. Janelle!

JANELLE: Oh, I love you too! Oh, what a wonderful job I have.

DAR: Does that work every time?

JANELLE: Oh, yes! You know, one time I played a practical joke. You don't mind me telling you my favorite practical joke?

PLECK: Not at all.

NERMUT: Course not.

JANELLE: I put a lemon under a seat cushion. And it was a-- it was-- [barely restrained laughter]

PLECK: [giggling] Was that it?

JANELLE: Yes.

CLINT: [aggressively] Hey, what, did you think it wasn't funny? Are you saying it wasn't funny?
[gun-charging noises]

PLECK: No, no!

JANELLE: Oh, oh, oh!

PLECK: [panicked] It was great!

JANELLE: Oh, oh! Now calm down.

CLINT: Okay. [Janelle sighs] I'm sorry.

C-53: Ms. Janelle, you've mentioned a number of songs? I don't think I've ever heard a CLINT sing a song.

JANELLE: Well, that's what's so wonderful about CLINTillion. Once a year, in the autumn of the moons, we come together and we show the community just what we're about.

TOURIST: [running through the scene] Oh, wow! Oh, wow! The music is about to start!

JANELLE: That's right, everyone! Right this way!

CLINT: [taps mic] Okay, uh, we are the CLINTs. Um... this one is--

C-53: [muttering] They named their group 'the CLINTs'? [Pleck laughs]

PLECK: Is that the--

NERMUT: That's your band name?

CLINT: What?

NERMUT: Your band name is 'the CLINTs'?

CLINT: Yeah, we're the CLINTs. What's-- what's--

NERMUT: No, that's--

CLINT: What other name would we be called?

C-53: No, no, it's a great name.

CLINT: Ms. Janelle, uh, this one we wrote for you. [drumsticks tapping out time]

JANELLE: Oh, how wonderful.

[music plays]

CLINT: [singing poorly] Get down. Get down. Get down, on the ground! Get down, get down. Get down, on the ground! Everybody get down, it's regulation time! You have to give a FAIC, or it's gonna be mine. Everybody get down, it's regulation time! That's a nice FAIC. That's a nice FAIC! Get down!

PLECK: C-53, I feel like most of these lyrics--

CLINT: [singing] Get down! Get down! [audience cheers]

PLECK: [laughing] Most of these lyrics are just things CLINTs say.

CLINT: [over applause] Uh, Ms. Janelle, what'd you think of the song?

JANELLE: Oh, wow!

CLINT: What'd you think?

JANELLE: I was blown away!

CLINT: Really?

JANELLE: I am, year after year after year, so touched by your talents. [heartfelt] I think you have so much potential.

CLINT: Thank you.

JANELLE: All of you, each and every one of you.

CLINT: I don't know, I think maybe-- [CLINTs start arguing about who has the most potential] I mean, I'm the drummer, so, without me--

JANELLE: You are a very talented drummer.

CLINT 4276: Ms. Janelle! Ms. Janelle?

JANELLE: Yes?

4276: Uh, I just wanted to let you know that I'm gonna go mop the main mainframe facility right now.

JANELLE: Okay. Wonderful. That's great. You're right on time.

4276: What do you think of the mop? [mop splorching noises] Is it-- is it pretty good?

JANELLE: [amused] I know where you're going with this.

4276: Right.

JANELLE: And you are my favorite for right now.

4276: Thank you very much. Thank you.

DAR: Oh, hey, 4276?

4276: Yeah, that's me.

DAR: You know, if you really wanted to make a mark, you'd probably mop your way all the way to that mainframe.

C-53: Yeah, from here to the mainframe.

4276: Ms. Janelle, do you think that would--

JANELLE: [small exhale] Well, I have to say, it would definitely be against protocol.

DAR: Oh.

JANELLE: But since this is the one day that we open our doors to visitors, to appreciate what we do here, you know what? I will... allow it.

4276: [mop noises] Mop down on the ground. Mop down on the ground. Mop down on the ground.

PLECK: You know, Janelle, I noticed that you really take time with each of the CLINTs to build their confidence.

JANELLE: Every CLINT is special.

[Pleck stammers]

C-53: They are clones, are they not?

PLECK: They are clones, though, right?

JANELLE: Well, yes, but... [wobbly] it's a little bit more touchy than that. Uh-- I never talk about this, but... but I had a son, many years ago.

PLECK: What?

[Janelle clears her throat]

C-53: Ms. Janelle, if this is upsetting to talk about--

JANELLE: No, uh, it is upsetting, but--

DAR: Sometimes--

JANELLE: Sometimes you have to share your emotions.

DAR: [speaking to herself as much as Janelle] Yeah, it's okay to talk about your feelings.

JANELLE: It is okay. I'll talk about my son. I lost him. We were-- you know when you go to the store, and you just have a moment of forgetfulness and leave your child behind? I went into the store and I bought some bebops and some zuzus, and [sighs] I forgot that I left my son.

PLECK: Oh no!

DAR: And your son stole your speeder?

JANELLE: He stole my speeder, yes. [laughter] And I never saw him again.

PLECK: Wait, so Rolphus was an adult when this happened?

C-53: Yes, I believe he would have been in his early thirties at this point. Sitting in his mother's speeder, waiting for her to buy some zuzus.

JANELLE: [tearful] I have created all of these CLINTs in the image of my missing son. So there is something in each of them that is close to me.

TOURIST: [running through the scene] Hey everyone, sorry to interrupt, but it's time for the CLINT tush-shaking contest!

JANELLE: Oh, I apologize for being so sentimental--

PLECK: No, no.

C-53: Ms. Janelle, absolutely not.

PLECK: You lost your son!

JANELLE: I did.

DAR: And your speeder.

CLINT: [distant] Hey, listen up! We're shaking our tushes!

DAR: While Ms. Janelle is distracted, we have to keep following this wet trail before it dries up.

4276: [muttering quietly] Mop on the ground. Mop on the ground.

C-53: Wow, he's really taking his time mopping, so.

DAR: Oh, phew. I thought he had gotten further away, but now I see he's still very close.

C-53: He's just sort of-- yeah.

NERMUT: The mop has a FAIC!

4276: [muttering] Mop on the ground. That's a good FAIC.

[intermission music]

C-53: [murmuring] Alright, Emissary Decksetter, I believe this is the main mainframe.

DAR: Yeah, the wet mopping leads right up to this door.

PLECK: [whispering] Alright. Well, we just gotta get in--

JANELLE: [distant] Oh! [entering the scene] I am back! I'm sorry, y'all, I had to tinkle. [everyone makes uneasy noises] I don't mean to be so crass, but sometimes it's best to be honest. [Pleck laughs] What are you lookin' at?

DAR: This--

C-53: Uh, nothing!

PLECK: Nothing, we just--

C-53: We just were--

JANELLE: Oh, were you curious about the mainframe door? [alarms, electronic voice says 'do not enter!' repeatedly] Let me turn that-- it's okay, it's an alarm and it comes on sometimes. Let me just turn that off. [buttons beeping] 4-6-2-9-7-5-4-4-pound-pound-key-key-pound. [alarm stops, electronic voice says 'please enter'] Alright, yep.

PLECK: There's a 'key' key on the-- on the keypad?

JANELLE: Oh, yes. Absolutely. [electronic voice says 'you are the best, please enter'] Would you guys like to come on in and see the--

NERMUT: Into the [with Pleck] main mainframe?

JANELLE: You know, I normally wouldn't let anyone in here, but I trust all of you.

PLECK: Oh boy.

JANELLE: So why don't y'all come on in!

C-53: [whispering] Emissary Decksetter, I'm starting to feel very guilty about this.

JANELLE: And if you would like a treat, I love to teach people how, here at the facility, I make a CLINT! Would you like to see that?

PLECK: Uh, yeah! Absolutely!

C-53: We actually very much would.

JANELLE: Come on in! Okay, everybody--

PLECK: Wait, now, when you say *you* make a CLINT--

JANELLE: Well, I run the machine. Yeah, myself!

PLECK: Who else works at the facility?

JANELLE: Oh, why, it's just me.

PLECK: Wait, you make *every* CLINT yourself?

JANELLE: Absolutely.

PLECK: Wow.

JANELLE: From CLINT 0001 to-- oh, goodness, how many do we have now? I guess that would be CLINT 9,627,488.

PLECK: Oh, wow.

C-53: Two eights.

PLECK: Congratulations. Now, what happens when you make a CLINT?

JANELLE: Oh! Well, right here's the main unit, okay? And now you see that we have these four buttons here on the right, okay? This is the zabulator right here. And then the parratpaltz. Then we have the zenith beam here, and then right down here we have volume.

PLECK: Volume? [laughter] Yeah, what happens when you change the volume? Is it just the volume of the--

NERMUT: Actual volume of the machine?

JANELLE: Well, isn't it fun to turn up the volume?

PLECK: Sometimes, yeah. That makes sense.

JANELLE: [button noises] I push these buttons in a certain sequence here, and you can see exactly how it comes together.

MACHINE: I make a CLINT!

JANELLE: The whole entire process takes about two and a half minutes, and then we have a fully-formed CLINT.

PLECK: They come out fully formed?

JANELLE: Almost. Their bodies are that of a grown CLINT, but their minds are still very undeveloped.

MACHINE: New CLINT in 3... 2... 1. [beeping noises]

CLINT: [incoherent grunts]

JANELLE: Oh, isn't it so precious? Come, come! Oh, this is my favorite moment. If you don't mind--

PLECK: [laughing] They come off the assembly line with their helmets on and everything?

JANELLE: Yes, they do. And they usually come waddling over to me, where I give them a cuddle and--

DAR: [uncomfortable] Wait, why is it walking towards me?

JANELLE: Oh! Well, this is unusual!

DAR: Uh... I don't want this.

CLINT: [babbling noises]

JANELLE: You must have feelings.

DAR: I-- What?

CLINT: [mindlessly, forming words without thought] Get down-- get down on--

DAR: What do you mean, I must have *feelings*?

JANELLE: Well, sometimes our CLINTs are in need of nurturing when they come off of the line. And they're naturally usually drawn towards me. I am a maternal spirit for most of them.

NERMUT: Dar, were you not honest about your list of feelings?

DAR: I-- I--

CLINT: Up! Up!

DAR: What?

CLINT: Up!

NERMUT: Dar, lift the baby CLINT!

C-53: I think he wants to go up.

DAR: Why are you so demanding?

NERMUT: It's a newborn!

PLECK: [laughing] He has the body of a man, though!

DAR: I mean, I could physically lift him, but--

C-53: Dar, I think that's what he wants.

DAR: Fine!

NERMUT: Lift the baby!

CLINT: Wheeeeeee!

JANELLE: What a wonderful moment to witness! What a glorious moment to witness.

PLECK: Now Janelle, how long does it take a CLINT to go from sort of fresh off the-- I don't wanna--

[laser gun warming up noises]

CLINT: Get down on the ground! All of you get down on the ground!

NERMUT: Okay, that answers that.

DAR: Okay.

JANELLE: Oop, oop, oop! Calm down!

PLECK: Pretty fast.

JANELLE: Pretty quick process.

PLECK: Yeah.

[door opens]

TOURIST: Ms. Janelle, Ms. Janelle!

JANELLE: Uh, yes?

TOURIST: The CLINTs are having a CLINT-off outside, and it's getting really competitive!

JANELLE: Oh, well--

TOURIST: They're too competitive!

PLECK: What is a CLINT-off?

JANELLE: [rushed] Oh, what happens is they stand opposite each other and they kind of jab at each other's sides. It's the beginning of learning how to spar. And sometimes they get a little bit too rough. If you don't mind, I could run down--

C-53: Oh, absolutely.

JANELLE: I will be right back. Just make sure you don't touch anything. And if you do, put it exactly back where you found it. [the crew make various noises of agreement] Okay. I'll be right back.

PLECK: Fair enough.

[door closes]

C-53: [hushed] Emissary Decksetter, this may be a perfect opportunity to take the DNA sample out of the cloning machine.

PLECK: Okay. Did you-- now, was that the servonator or the zenith ray, or-- where do you think the genetic sample is kept?

C-53: I assume right here, in this slot on the panel.

PLECK: Oh.

C-53: See that slot?

PLECK: Yeah.

NERMUT: [awed] Wow. That's the origin of all the CLINTs.

PLECK: Okay.

C-53: Alright, Emissary Decksetter. Now, I'm gonna pop it out. We'll only have a few seconds because the alarm is going to go off, right? So use this chemical wipe [wipe-dispensing noise] to be thorough.

PLECK: Uh-huh. Yeah.

C-53: Re-insert the slot as quickly as possible.

PLECK: Sure.

C-53: And then boom, we're done.

PLECK: Great. Right. Here goes. [quick exhale; alarm blares; electronic voice says 'it is out!' repeatedly] Oh, geez-- oh boy. Okay. Alright. [squeaky noises] Back in! Okay!

NERMUT: Wow. Nice job.

PLECK: And I'll use the chemical wipe to clean my hands, and we're good to go.

NERMUT: What?

C-53: No, no, no, no no, no.

PLECK: What? I have Rolphus juice on my hands! I'm not gonna--

C-53: The wipes are to clean the slide! Rolphus could easily still be on the slide! You can't just wipe off--

[door opens]

JANELLE: Well, I am back! Thank you all for waiting so patiently.

NERMUT: Sure. Everything we moved, we put back, and we didn't touch anything.

JANELLE: Did you have a good time while I was away?

NERMUT: Yeah! I think we had a pretty good time.

JANELLE: Looking at everything? Just looking?

PLECK: Is the CLINT-off-- how is the CLINT-off going?

JANELLE: We unfortunately lost a couple.

PLECK: [laughing] You lost a couple CLINTs?

JANELLE: Yes. It was--

NERMUT: They jabbed each other's sides to death in the CLINT-off?

JANELLE: Yes, it does happen. And it is always so sad. But it is part of all of Rodd's process, you know?

PLECK: I mean, I guess.

NERMUT: Seems like a process distant from Rodd's.

DAR: [hesitant] Yeah, it's like you're the Rodd.

JANELLE: Yeah, a tiny bit. So let me play a little Rodd here, and push some buttons, and make some more CLINTs, and--

C-53: [vaguely alarmed] Oh. With the machine.

JANELLE: Yes! Of course with the machine!

C-53: Yeah, we should-- we don't want--

PLECK: Actually, we should--

JANELLE: You don't wanna stay?

PLECK: Yeah, no, actually, we are just tuckered out after all that CLINTillion-ing. Just get back on the ship.

DAR: Yeah. And we haven't had any shrimp yet, so--

JANELLE: Oh, you have to try the shrimp buffet!

[intermission music]

C-53: Alright, Emissary Decksetter, I think we should probably leave as soon as possible.

DAR: So we're actually not gonna get any shrimp?

PLECK: Dar, come on--

C-53: Not sure that's the best use of our time.

[transmission-starting noise]

PLECK: Hey, Bargie?

BARGIE: Yeah, hey, hey. Sorry, I was in the middle of memorizing any word to get ready. I'm just looking at all the words.

BEANO: [quietly] Beano. Beano. Beano.

BARGIE: Yeah, that doesn't help.

PLECK: Okay. Bargie, we're all good here, so you could just-- any time you could come in for a pickup--

BARGIE: A pickup. [weird brash tone] Come in for a pickup! I'm a villain! I'm gonna be picking you up!

PLECK: That seemed-- no, that seemed--

C-53: I don't know if that's gonna be in the script, Barge.

DAR: No, no, wait, that's actually great!

BARGIE: Oh, wait, wait, you actually want me to-- sorry.

PLECK: Yeah, if you could actually come and pick us up.

BARGIE: Alright, yeah. I'll get there when I get there, because I will be there.

NERMUT: Is that just a nonchalant character, or you're really not coming?

BARGIE: [mocking Nermut's voice so severely as to be unintelligible] Wow. Wow! Did you just see what happened? A new character just came! Wow! I would book myself. I would book myself night and day.

PLECK: We're sort of a little bit under a time crunch, 'cause we--

C-53: Yeah, we need--

BARGIE: Can I just pitch-- let me just pitch a new character for you. [clears throat] Rub-dub, rub-dub, rub-dub.

DAR: Is that the character?

NERMUT: The character's--

BARGIE: It was! It's called Rub-dub.

NERMUT: Huh. You're sure this was a director?

BARGIE: Yeah. His name was @director-in-holos.com.

DAR: Did he ask for money upfront?

BARGIE: Yeah, I gave him-- I gave him a couple kroon.

PLECK: Hey, Bargie, I'm sorry to interrupt. We just sabotaged a facility on a planet that is literally *crawling* with CLINTs, so we need to get out of here.

BARGIE: That's a great script! Is that a script? I love it. I would do it. No nudity. I would do nudity, I'd do nudity. What am I saying? I would straight-up just take all the hull off and just show bare engine!

NERMUT: Don't do that as practice.

DAR: They call it rehearsal.

CLINT: [oddly high-pitched] Hey, what are you guys doing? [laser gun warming up]

PLECK: Uh, what?

CLINT: [high-pitched] Get down on the ground.

PLECK: Uh, yeah, sure. Absolutely. Of course.

C-53: [faintly horrified] Oh my Rodd.

CLINT: [high-pitched] Get down on the ground, guys.

DAR: Wait, I'm sorry, could you say that again?

CLINT: [high-pitched] I-- I said-- I said, get down on the ground.

DAR: [almost laughing] But, um-- could you say it with your mask off?

CLINT: [high-pitched] I don't-- listen, I'm just asking you politely to get down on the ground!

PLECK: [whispering] Guys, this CLINT--

DAR: It's just that you don't sound like--

PLECK: [whispering] This CLINT is, like, a little-- a little weird, right?

CLINT: [high-pitched] What's that supposed to mean?

[Dar groans]

C-53: Yeah.

PLECK: I'm just saying, because most CLINTs sort of have a deeper voice--

CLINT: [high-pitched] Okay, sure, yep. Great. Thanks. I'm the one with the gun here. [gun noises]

CLINT 2: [high-pitched] Hey, is there a problem over here?

NERMUT: Yes. Absolutely.

[multiple high-pitched CLINTs inquire as to whether there are problems over here]

[helmet-removal noises]

CLINT: [high-pitched] Hey, come on!

[the crew gasps in horror]

NERMUT: Oh, boy.

C-53: It's a PLINT!

PLINT: Yeah. I'm a Pink Light Infantry Nomadic Trooper.

C-53: [quietly horrified] Oh, no. No, no, no.

DAR: You used the wipe in the wrong order!

PLECK: What?! What are you talking-- I used the wipe!

NERMUT: Look at that--

C-53: [through gritted teeth] You're supposed to use the wipe on the *slide*, dummy!

NERMUT: Look at-- look! Look! Do you see?!

PLECK: Yeah, no, I see.

NERMUT: Okay.

C-53: But do you *get it*?!

NERMUT: Are you still defending that you did this right?

PLECK: I get it. I think I get it.

PLINT: Hey, guys, are you gonna get down on the ground or what?

NERMUT & C-53: No!

PLINT: Okay. You know what? That's fine.

CLINT: Hey, get down on the ground. [laser gun warming up]

[PLINTs get down on the ground]

CLINTs: Get down on the ground! Get down on the ground, nerd! These guys bothering you?

C-53: Sort of, yeah.

DAR: Yes.

CLINT: Sorry about that. Shrimp buffet's that way.

DAR: Thank you.

PLECK: Okay. Thank you very much.

CLINT: Have a good one.

PLINT: Can-- can we get up off the ground?

CLINT: We're giving you swirlies.

PLINT: Swirlies?!

CLINT: Yeah.

PLINT: Oh, that seems--

CLINT: Yeah.

PLINT: Okay.

C-53: Oh, we *really* gotta get out of here.

PLECK: Uh, C-53, are they just gonna keep making CLINTs that are based on me now?

C-53: I don't know! Oh, oh no, it's Ms. Janelle, it's Ms. Janelle. Be cool.

JANELLE: [moderately distressed] Uh, excuse me. Uh, before you leave-- oh, pardon me if I seem a little rattled. I was just, uh, leading some of the new CLINTs in a--

NERMUT: We saw some of them. They seemed great and normal.

JANELLE: Did they?!

NERMUT: [strained] Mm-hmm.

DAR: Very special boys.

JANELLE: Something seems a little off, but--

PLINT: Ms. Janelle, Ms. Janelle!

JANELLE: Uh, yes?

PLINT: Um-- I have a gun! I didn't polish it or anything, I just-- I'm holding it now.

JANELLE: Oh, well--

DAR: [quietly, distressed] C-53, am I gonna have to kill her?

C-53: No. Oh, Dar, please don't.

PLECK: That's not--

C-53: She's got punishment enough. [Dar laughs]

PLECK & PLINT: What's that supposed to mean?

C-53: I mean--

DAR: [unhappy noise] Thank you, Ms. Janelle!

[intermission music]

PLECK: Well, guys, I think it's safe to say we *did* sabotage the CLINT cloning facility.

C-53: We certainly didn't *stop* their ability to make new CLINTs. We just ruined the CLINTs.

NERMUT: That's kinda harsh.

PLECK: [laughing] I mean, 'ruined' is a strong word. They're just sort of different now.

DAR: Different?

[transmission-start noise, distorted audio]

PLECK: Um, hey, guys.

PLINT: How's it going?

PLECK: Uh, good. Can we help you?

PLINT: Nah, just seein' what was goin' on.

[door opens]

PLECK: Cool, cool.

CLINT: What are you doing in here?

PLINT: I'm just hailing the Bargarean Jade.

CLINT: What? Why?

PLINT: Well, 'cause they were leaving, and I just sort of thought--

CLINT: You did it after they left?

PLINT: Yeah! No, I just-- I don't know--

CLINT: Listen. Just hang up. Hang up. What are you doing?

PLINT: Okay, yeah, sure, fine. Okay. Bye, guys!

[transmission-end noise]

DAR: Different?

C-53: I think worse is okay to say.

BARGIE: Oh, oh, the director sent me a new video! I think it's the script! It's gotta be the script!

[audio-loading noise]

DIRECTOR: [old-timey Trans-Atlantic drawl] Hey there, kiddo. [Pleck laughs]

BARGIE: Ah, he thinks I'm still young.

DIRECTOR: Listen, uh, we found another elevator for this one. They gave a great elevator pitch, and so we had to take 'em. Eh, that's the game, those are the breaks, thanks for the kroon. Bye-bye!

[audio-end noise]

NERMUT: [sympathetic] Oh, Bargie.

C-53: Oh, Barge.

PLECK: Bargie!

C-53: Really sorry.

BARGIE: I'm gonna memorize exactly what he said and go to the audition.

PLECK: Oh, boy.

NERMUT: You think you--

C-53: Bargie, I don't think he's still--

BARGIE: I know! I'm just trying to find some positivity in a jucking situation.

NERMUT: Wow.

PLECK: You know, Bargie, I gotta say I think I learned a little bit of something about positivity--

BARGIE: Wow, can you stop talking? I do not care anymore.

PLECK: Fair enough. Yeah, you're right.

BARGIE: I see no benefit.

PLECK: Fair enough.

[incoming-transmission noise]

C-53: Emissary Decksetter, I have an incoming transmission from Commander Rolphus Tiddle.

NERMUT: Yikes.

ROLPHUS: Hey, crew. How did everything go?

C-53: Oh.

PLECK: Good!

DAR: Perfect.

PLECK: Yeah!

NERMUT: Depends on the-- yep.

ROLPHUS: Great.

DAR: They do not have *your* DNA anymore.

NERMUT: Right.

ROLPHUS: Terrific. Well, it wasn't my mine to begin with, but--

DAR: Okay.

NERMUT: Wiped that slide.

C-53: That DNA, we can confirm, is gone.

ROLPHUS: Fantastic.

PLECK: I think it's safe to say they won't be making any... CLINTs--

C-53: That are like the ones they made.

PLECK: Yep.

NERMUT: And also, we got a really strong dose of maternal love.

ROLPHUS: [instantly annoyed] I-- I don't care.

NERMUT: Alright.

DAR: Okay.

ROLPHUS: Why would I-- why would that be part of the debrief?

DAR: Because she's your mom? But it's fine.

[beat]

ROLPHUS: She's *your* mom.

DAR: What?

C-53: Mm. No.

ROLPHUS: [rushed] It's not my mom. Thank you for getting it done. We don't have to talk about it anymore.

NERMUT: Great.

DAR: Sure.

ROLPHUS: Alright.

SEESU: [distant] Rolphus, what are you doing in the closet?

[intermission music]

[electronic ding]

C-53: Emissary Decksetter, I have an incoming... letter, from Ms. Janelle Fitzmeyer?

PLECK: Oh no.

NERMUT: Like a recorded letter?

PLECK: Do you think she knows what we did?

NERMUT: Oh no.

DAR: I mean, yes.

C-53: I can play the recording.

PLECK: [stressed] Okay. Alright, here it comes.

[audio-loading noise]

JANELLE: [pen-scribbling noises, speaking slowly as though writing aloud] Dearest ones, and new friends. Pleck, Dar, Nermut, C-53, Bargie, and Beano, who I have not had the pleasure of meeting, but I look forward to one day. Ha ha ha. I just want to tell you what a pleasure it was to meet you, become your friends, and I think by the end of our journey together, love each and every one of you. Things have been a little bit off since you were here, but that is okay.

PLECK: That was like five minutes ago!

[laughter]

JANELLE: I'd like to say that I am plugging along. Things are all well, and I hope to see you all. Please write soon. Ta-ta, love love, kiss kiss, hug hug. Ms. Janelle Fitzmeyer.

[audio-end noise]

C-53: She's just so kind.

PLECK: Wow. I expected there to be some sort of threat at the end, or some kind of shoe to drop, but--

NERMUT: She was described as a villain!

PLECK: That's just straight-up nice!

C-53: I think their intel is bad.

DAR: Eh, you know how people feel about their mothers.

C-53: Mm. Yeah, fair enough.

PLECK: That's a good point.

[finale music]

PLINT: Hey, guys, are you gonna get down on the ground or what?

NERMUT & C-53: No!

PLINT: Okay! You know what? That's fine.

CLINT: Hey, get down on the ground.

PLINT: Oh, yeah, of course.

CLINT: Get down on the ground.

PLINT: Yeah. No, absolutely.

NERMUT: Yeah, yeah, yeah.

CLINT: These guys bothering you? [laughs quietly] No, that doesn't-- [all laugh] Go ahead, forget it. [all actors encourage the bit] Get down on the ground!

PLINT: Oh, yeah, of course.

CLINT: Get down on the ground, nerd!

PLINT: Okay. Yeah, no, absolutely.

CLINT: These guys bothering you?