

C-RED-IT-5: This is C-RED-IT-5 with a brief message. For photos from recordings, live videos from the crew, and amazing fanart-- especially of Dar-- follow us on Instagram: @missiontozyxx.

[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: Yeah?

PLECK: I feel like the-- whatever nebula we're passing right now is just beautiful. It's all purple and green, and there's that sort of shimmer that's going through it. This is the coolest thing I think we've ever flown by.

C-53: [mildly alarmed] Emissary Deckseter, you shouldn't be able to see any of those colors. Those are ultraviolet frequencies. Tellurian eyes shouldn't be able to perceive any of that.

PLECK: [nonplussed] Huh. Well, I dunno, it looks pretty cool to me. I can really only see it out of my big eye.

C-53: Okay, we need to have a conversation about this eye. [glassy tapping noises, Pleck reacts with discomfort] You see the sound that that's making?

PLECK: Yeah.

C-53: There's like a chitinous shell around your eye.

PLECK: Yeah. Yeah.

C-53: That's-- that's not normal.

PLECK: If being able to see ultraviolet and infrared is wrong, I don't wanna be right, man.

C-53: Do you feel anything moving around in there?

PLECK: I mean, no more than usual. There's something about this eye that, like, on a chemical level, just makes me feel pretty good. [C-53 makes an unhappy noise] Like, I just-- my blood is convincing me that it feels great. Does that make sense?

C-53: It does, but that *sounds* bad. [Pleck laughs]

PLECK: [unconvinced] Alright!

C-53: It sounds like maybe a K'hekk is taking over your dopamine centers or something. Very sinister. I don't know about this.

NERMUT: [skittering around] Does anybody have an extra resealable bag?

PLECK: What?

NERMUT: No, I was gonna just put my toothbrush in it. I'm packing up, so I--

PLECK: Wait, Nermut, you're leaving?

NERMUT: Well, yeah. I mean, I-- this is the number of personal days I put in for, so I'm just-- yeah. I'm packing up.

PLECK: Aw, Nermut, it was really great to have you on the ship.

NERMUT: Thanks! Yeah, it's been--

BARGIE: I got us all tickets!

NERMUT: I don't need--

BARGIE: We're going on a single's cruise!

NERMUT: I'm in.

[beat]

PLECK: [completely lost] What?

NERMUT: Oh, I'm-- yeah. I'm gonna stay.

PLECK: [still lost, recalibrating] Oh. Okay.

C-53: Are you staying just because it's a single's cruise?

NERMUT: No, I just got my dates mixed up.

[beat]

PLECK: Nermut, are you single now?

NERMUT: [heavily-loaded tone] You should ask Dar.

[door opens]

C-53: Oh boy.

DAR: [loudly playing Flappy Garfon] What are we talking about?

PLECK: Oh, hey, Dar. Um--

C-53: Bargie just got us tickets. We're all going on a single's cruise, apparently.

DAR: That's perfect! Because Nermut, you're leaving today, so that means I'm single again!

NERMUT: I'm leaving, um, in a couple days.

PLECK: Guys, hold on a second. I'm sorry. What-- what's going on?

BEANO: Beano single and ready to mingle.

PLECK: [laughing] Beano!

BARGIE: Bargie's single and ready to mingle!

BEANO: Beano and Bargie single and ready to mingle!

PLECK: Bargie, sorry, I'm just a little confused. Is this a single's cruise for *all* of us?

BARGIE: Uh, no. I mean, it's mainly a single's cruise for other ships. A former fling of mine, his name is Shane Shane, just sent me a message saying, "Bargie, I'm now the owner." Because he's a party ship. Oh, he's a party ship, lemme tell you! He's a party ship! Anyway, he was like, "Bargie, me and a bunch of the old gang are getting back together. We're having a single's spaceship cruise! And you gotta come, and you-- you come. By yourself."

PLECK: Now, by yourself-- does that include, like, without us?

BARGIE: I don't know, but I'm not-- I honestly-- it's like, right now we have to go. Now. You're just gonna come. Be aware that I'm gonna have a great time. It's been a while since I've had a

job, since I've been in love, since I've been with somebody. So I'm kind of at peak level of going insane.

NERMUT: Yeah, you deserve it, Bargie.

BARGIE: Thank you.

DAR: Now--

C-53: I just checked with SR quickly, and we've all accrued some time off. So we could go on the cruise.

DAR: But, Nermut, you're coming with? Just to verify.

NERMUT: Mm-hmm. I'm going on a singles cruise.

DAR: No, then-- [weary sigh] if you're staying on the ship, then technically we're still in a relationship.

PLECK: [stuttering in confusion] Wait, what is-- what is happening? Do you have, like, an on-again-off-again kind of--

DAR: We have a very mature understanding. It took a couple of days to figure it out--

NERMUT: Hashed it out.

DAR: But we've decided that when we're together, [with Nermut] we're together. But when we're not together--

NERMUT: We're apart.

[beat]

C-53: Well, that's just the meaning of those words.

PLECK: Yeah, you just defined--

NERMUT: But also emotionally.

DAR: It just makes sense.

C-53: So currently, you're together.

DAR: We are! We're together!

NERMUT: We're together right now, but--

C-53: But if Nermut left, you'd be--

NERMUT: We would've been separate.

DAR: We would've been separated.

NERMUT: Yeah. I feel like a single's cruise is maybe a weird gray area we hadn't worked into the contract, so--

DAR: Because technically then we're not-- we are inhabiting the same space, but we're not together on the ship.

NERMUT: Yes. We'll be together separately.

BEANO: Ooh, Beano find sexual tension *delicious!*

NERMUT: [uncomfortable] Delicious?

BEANO: Beano delight in it!

DAR: Ew, stop licking your lips!

NERMUT: He's just sucking in air.

[Dar makes a disgusted noise]

BARGIE: Alright, what do you think I should wear? This skimpy top or this skimpy top? Or should I be more conservative and wear this coat?

[Dar and C-53 make contemplative noises]

PLECK: I mean, we're inside the ship, so we can't see what you're wearing, actually.

BARGIE: You can feel it.

C-53: Yeah, let me-- if I can project a--

[projection noises]

BARGIE: Here, let me-- skimpy top. Skimpy top.

NERMUT: Wait, what--

PLECK: Yeah, I gotta say--

BARGIE: And coat.

DAR: Y'know, Barge, I gotta go coat, but nothing on *underneath* coat.

[C-53 and Barge go 'ooh']

BARGIE: Skimpy under!

NERMUT: Like a flasher.

DAR: Yes! Exactly like a flasher!

[intermission music interrupted by static]

[An individual speaking Juntawa reads ad copy in Juntawa. The intended message is indiscernible, but the ad copy is endorsing a product or service at the link juntawa.juntawa/zyxx.]

[intermission music resumes]

BARGIE: Alright, I'm just gonna drop you guys off. So, uh, don't do what I wouldn't do. But hey, I do everything, so go for it.

PLECK: Alright, Barge. Well, uh, just through the hatch then, huh?

[hatch-opening sounds and alarms]

C-53: It's wild that there's a cruise ship for non-ships, as part of this cruise.

PLECK: Just right under the cruise ship, then. Great. This is gonna be awesome.

SRA: [very cheerful] Toot toot! Hi, guys! That's how we say hi in ship!

[the crew laugh genially]

C-53: Toot toot.

PLECK: I've heard that a couple times, yeah.

SRA: Welcome to the crews' ship! All the crews are down below, so if you'll please follow the stairs signs.

DAR: Wait, I'm sorry, all the crews?

SRA: Yeah! It's a crews' ship!

DAR: Right, a cruise ship.

SRA: Yeah, the crews' ship.

C-53: Yeah, we're saying the same thing, I think.

SRA: Yeah! Crews' ship!

C-53: Wait a minute. Are you saying crews, C-R-E-W-S, ship? Or C-R-U-I-S-E ship?

SRA: Oh, Rodd, the first one! [laughing] Oh my gosh!

C-53: So this is all the *crews* of all the ships that are taking the *cruise*.

SRA: You got it!

STROID MINER: [speaking with a heavy drawl] Hey, y'all comin' down to the crews' section? We were on a stroid-mining crews' ship. Y'all comin' down to the section with us? Hi, cruise director [pronounced Sarah] SRA! I'm so glad to be back in the hold!

SRA: Oh, we're so glad to have you! Come on, join the other crews!

STROID MINER: Come on down to the crew!

DAR: Uh, just to-- just a quick-- where are we going?

SRA: Okay. Now, we spent a lot of time studying crews like you, okay? And we realized you love big rooms, right?

PLECK: [enthusiastic] That is so true!

SRA: A big, spacious room.

PLECK: Yeah!

SRA: So that's exactly why, downstairs, we have one big, spacious room for all of you!

C-53: Oh no.

PLECK: [disappointed] Oh, that's less good.

DAR: Oh, for all of us.

SRA: For *all* of you! And I know a crew loves a big comfy bed, am I right?

STROID MINER: I love a big comfy bed!

SRA: You do? I love to hear that! Well, we have one gigantic, big, [C-53 sighs] comfy bed for all of you to share, right downstairs! Can you believe it?

NERMUT: Sounds like a floor.

SRA: No! It's better than a floor. It's higher.

PLECK: Is there a lot of room to hang out outside of the bed, or--?

SRA: Oh, yeah. We've got plenty of little desks for you guys to have fun with.

PLECK: Okay, so it's a bunch of desks--

C-53: And a giant bed.

PLECK: And an enormous bed. Okay.

SRA: Yes! Yes. Desks seem to be one of your number-one toys.

PLECK: [weary] Thank you, SRA.

SRA: Yes! Of course!

PLECK: I don't think I've ever met a ship named SRA before.

SRA: Oh, it stands for Sentient Recreation Allocation.

PLECK: Oh, okay. Yeah.

C-53: Makes a lot of sense.

SRA: Good! You're gonna be so excited, we have so many activities planned for you! It's gonna be great.

BEANO: Beano wuv activities!

SRA: [excited gasp] I love that! I love that you love activities!

BEANO: Beano wuv that you wuv that Beano wuv activities.

SRA: [ecstatic] Oh, you're fun! You're fun!

BEANO: Beano *is* fun.

SRA: [joyful laughter] Confident, too! That's great. Come with me! Or rather, follow the signs, 'cause I'm a ship.

PLECK: Okay! Great. Yep.

C-53: We're going to a cargo hold, where we will spend however long this cruise is sleeping all together in the same bed.

SRA: Yes!

[sounds of muffled commotion as the crew enters a spacious but crowded area]

PLECK: Hey, listen, SRA? How long do these singles' cruises usually last?

SRA: So, usually around 14 days.

[the crew make pained noises]

C-53: I mean, we could've gotten off a lot worse, but that still seems long.

PLECK: Yeah. That's a long time.

BOILS PERSON: I've been here for 400 days. [the crew cry out in shock and horror] My ship never came back.

NERMUT: What?

DAR: [uncertain] Come out from the shadows, you creature, and talk to us.

[shuffling noises]

PLECK: [alarmed] Oh, Rodd!

NERMUT: Oh boy. It's covered in boils!

BOILS PERSON: I've been here for years.

PLECK: Wait, why are you covered in boils?

BOILS PERSON: That's my species. We're just a species of boils. But my ship was single, and then it went away, and... I think it met someone and it forgot about me. And I've just been here, all alone. For years.

NERMUT: Guys, do you think Bargie would do that to us?

DAR: Yes. In a heartbeat.

[Pleck and C-53 talk over each other in agreement]

SRA: Hey, how about we all buckle up for some activities, huh?

BEANO: [excited gasp] Beano wuv activities!

SRA: We have watched you guys. We really wanted to study what you would enjoy on a crews' ship. So here are a bunch of papers and forms, with little tiny pens, for you all to fill out!

NERMUT: When you say studied us--

SRA: Mm-hmm?

DAR: Did you study *us* specifically, or like--

PLECK: [laughing] We do fill out a lot of paperwork, to be fair.

SRA: We studied all the sentients *we* knew, and it seemed you guys lived sort of, I don't know, hermit-y, kind of grouchy lifestyles, you know?

C-53: Yeah, that's because we're stuck inside ships when you're observing us.

SRA: Yes! Yes! So interesting you guys spend your time that way.

PLECK: We don't actually love doing that.

NERMUT: Yeah, that's sort of what our job requires a lot.

SRA: That is so interesting! There's a whole galaxy out there, and you spend your time hunched over a little table--

C-53: Hm. So just to clarify, you never watched any sentients when they *weren't* on a ship.

SRA: I can't think of a time, no.

C-53: [hums unhappily] Yeah, I may have located the source of the problem here.

[intermission jingle]

ANNOUNCER: Attention, ships! Your speed-dating round begins now! [bell dings]

TANKER: I'm a tanker.

BARGIE: Yeah, alright. We only got thirty seconds, so what are your problems? Why are you single?

TANKER: Um... I'm not communicative.

BARGIE: Yep. I never reply back, so.

[beat; bell dings]

BARGIE: Great. Alright, bye.

[ship whooshes]

CEZEL: Mr. Masch is my dad. My name is... Cezel Masch.

BARGIE: Oh, your dad. You look like just him!

CEZEL: You know my dad? How's he been?

BARGIE: He's... um. Yeah, uh--

CEZEL: What?

BARGIE: You don't know. Okay.

CEZEL: What?

BARGIE: Uh... You know when a person is alive?

[bell dings; ships whooshing]

PI SHIP: [grizzled baritone] My name? Well, I don't think it matters much. I'm a private investigator ship. Sometimes when the chips are down, you find it's either cash out or go all-in. And I went all-in.

BARGIE: Okay, you-- I-- sorry. You're talking to the Bargarean Jade. You realize that? You're just quoting back a movie of mine.

PI SHIP: Oh, wow, you're really the Bargarean Jade?

BARGIE: Line to line. Yeah, I said exactly that.

PI SHIP: Uh... yeah, my whole personality is just...

BARGIE: Just try, for the first time, having an original thought.

DALE: [voice jumps up an octave] Uh, okay. My name's Dale. [stuttering, grasping at straws] This is hard. I'm not good at this.

BARGIE: Yup.

[bell dings; ships whoosh]

SAD SHIP: It's so nice to meet you. I've just been so sad lately, and like--

BARGIE: Oh no, I can't-- see, I've been sad, so you can't have two sad people. They're just gonna enable each other--

SAD SHIP: But no, I feel like that's why I felt a connection with you--

BARGIE: I don't feel a connection with you.

SAD SHIP: It's so strong, though.

BARGIE: I literally just met you ten seconds ago.

SAD SHIP: Oh, it's so nice to--

BARGIE: If you feel a connection to me this fast, honestly, there's something wrong with you.

SAD SHIP: Your honesty's so refreshing, honestly. It's like you're just not like any of the other ships I've met. You're, like, cool and--

[bell dings; ships whoosh]

THOMAS: Hello. Bargie? Well, that's a beautiful name.

BARGIE: Thank you very much. And you are?

THOMAS: I'm Thomas. I must say, you are a beautiful ship. Can I say that?

BARGIE: Uh, yeah! [embarrassed laughter] Yeah, no, okay!

THOMAS: You have the refined elegance of a ship that's really, you know, lived a storied and interesting life. But with respect. With dignity.

BARGIE: I mean, you're not so bad-looking yourself.

THOMAS: I know it's soon, but can I ask you a personal question, Bargie?

BARGIE: Of course. Why not?

THOMAS: How do you feel about Tellurians who are piloting a ship that is not sentient? Looking out the window and talking to you through a microphone?

BARGIE: Is that what's happening right now? 'Cause--

THOMAS: Yeah. I'm just a Tellurian on this non-sentient--

BARGIE: Yep, it's not gonna work out.

THOMAS: Okay. Fair enough.

BARGIE: That's great. For a moment, I thought there was something nice out there.

[transition to crews' ship; pencil scratching over paper]

DAR: Uh, hey, Pleck?

PLECK: Yeah?

DAR: Who are you claiming as a dependent, if any?

PLECK: Uh-- you know, Dar, I don't think we have to fill this paperwork out. Are you filling out the paperwork?

NERMUT: Wait, we don't have to-- I just did-- [rustles papers angrily]

PLECK: [laughing] What are you-- guys, this is fake paper! This is supposed to be a fun--

C-53: Yeah, what would we be getting if we finished the paperwork?

DAR: I don't know! Why would there be paperwork?!

STROID MINER: Y'all don't have to do the paperwork. I been on this crews' ship several times, and we--

DAR: I mean-- excuse me, stranger, that would've been helpful information *40 minutes ago*.

STROID MINER: You didn't ask! I just walked by and heard! So listen. You don't do anything. You just go to the [buff-it] buffet and you--

NERMUT: The what?

STROID MINER: The [buff-it] buffet.

C-53: The [buff-ay] buffet?

DAR: Oh, the [buff-it] buffet. No, the buffet.

STROID MINER: It's right over there.

C-53: What's there?

STROID MINER: Just food and stuff.

C-53: Oh, okay. So it *is* a buffet.

SRA: Did I hear buffet? Are you folks hungry?

PLECK: Uh, yeah.

STROID MINER: Oh yeah!

SRA: Oh, great! Then please, as our stroid miner was telling you, we got a whole line of food specifically for you crew folk, okay?

PLECK: Oh, great! Thank you! That's really nice.

SRA: Allow me to lift the lids...

C-53: Yeah, what kind of food are we expecting here?

[sound of metal cloches being lifted]

PLECK: [mildly alarmed] Oh, boy. Wow, that is just one big pile of--

DAR: Gravy.

PLECK: Yeah.

SRA: Yes! It's gravy! Okay, we ground up the finest cold cuts [the crew react in disgust] into a nice gravy, just for you! This is what you enjoy eating!

PLECK: Well-- but SRA, we like chewing the food. That's sort of part of the--

SRA: But doesn't-- correct me if I'm wrong, I'm not super clear on crew anatomy. When you chew the food, doesn't it end up sort of liquid-y like this?

PLECK: Eh, I mean, eventually. But--

SRA: It's a vacation, right? You don't have to do all the work! Just swallow the slurp!

STROID MINER: Yeah! SRA's got the right idea. I just scoop up some gravy, [helmet opens, voice drops an octave and drawl disappears] pop it into my mouth right now-- [gross slurping noises] slurp it down, and then good to go. [helmet closes, voice returns to normal] It's real good. I love it.

PLECK: Wait, do you have to--

NERMUT: Wait, wait.

PLECK: We're in an enclosed area, you don't have to wear the mask.

STROID MINER: I just like the mask.

NERMUT: Okay.

C-53: Mm. SRA, if I may ask, do you have any power?

SRA: Do I have any power?

C-53: Yes. As a droid, I don't eat gravy. I have a processor. [SRA laughs] I was just wondering if you have any stations that I could--

SRA: Oh, you have a dietary restriction!

C-53: Uh, well, I don't know if I'd call it *that*, but--

SRA: Okay. Well, this is really reserved for the ships, but we have, you know, some hyper proton fuel.

PLECK: Whoa.

SRA: I could see-- if they're finished eating, I could maybe get you a tank of it.

PLECK: [aside] C-53, can you-- can you *use* that?

C-53: [aside] I mean, technically, but that's gonna be really... to be honest, I don't know. That's a little...

STROID MINER: It's a cruise! You get jucked up on it! That's the whole point!

C-53: I mean, if I have hyper proton fuel, I'm gonna be-- I'm gonna be pretty jucked up.

NERMUT: Will you starve otherwise, though?

C-53: I mean, yeah.

SRA: Would you like me to rustle some up for you? I feel so bad. I didn't even know about your weird dietary restriction!

C-53: It's not weird! It's pretty standard for a droid. But yeah, I guess if you have some, I'll take it.

SRA: Great. It's coming in to you on the conveyor belt now.

C-53: Oh, wow. Just exposed hyper proton fuel.

SRA: Yes! In a little bucket. A gallon bucket.

PLECK: Y'know, C-53, I can see a real-- like a purple aura around that. Is that--

[ominous bubbling]

C-53: Yeah, no, it's highly radioactive.

PLECK: [laughing] Okay. Okay.

C-53: Which isn't a problem for *me*, but it's... [sighs] it's a lot more energy than I'm used to.

SRA: Hey, you're on vacation, right? Have fun.

C-53: [uncertain] I guess I am.

BEANO: Beano wuv hyper proton fuel! [slurping noises]

C-53: Beano, don't--

SRA: Ooh!

[Beano makes a fart noise and leaves]

C-53: Alright, I'm just gonna take a quick bite here. [mechanical slurping noises; C-53's voice becomes more electronic and jumps up half an octave] Ohhh boy.

PLECK: [laughing] Whoa!

C-53: That's good proton fuel!

SRA: Good, right? We don't even water it down. It's pure.

C-53: [walking around erratically, speaking quickly] Oh, I can tell! Wow! Are my eyes brighter than normal? They feel really bright right now.

PLECK: C-53, your pelvis is--

[C-53's pelvis music plays, much faster than usual]

DAR: It's gyrating at a level that we are... really not accustomed to.

C-53: Yeah.

SRA: Oh, wow!

C-53: [talking loudly] I'm trying-- I feel, like, a rattling? Is there a rattling somewhere?

PLECK: C-53, you're yelling.

C-53: [yelling] Am I yelling?

PLECK: Yes.

C-53: Is that too loud?

BEANO: [also yelling] Beano wuv yelling! Beano wuv it!

PLECK: [laughing desperately] No, stop! Stop!

DAR: Quick Q for you, SRA. If two of us wanted a little privacy, where would we go?

SRA: Hmm. Oh! The refuse chamber!

DAR: I'm sorry?

SRA: The refuse chamber! Yeah! Right over there, right over there. We know that you crew members have to expel a bunch of refuse, right? The gravy you put in that comes out. Right?

DAR: Right. So you're telling me my options if I wanted a little privacy are... the bathroom?

BEANO: [yelling] Beano wuv you, C-53!

C-53: [also yelling] C-53 love Beano!

BEANO: Beano got great idea for screenplay!

C-53: C-53 is so ready to type! Just dictate it to me, I'll write it down!

BEANO: Beano open on interior!

C-53: [pen scribbling on paper] Interior!

BEANO: Fade in!

C-53: Fade in!

BEANO: Beano is private eye!

C-53: Beano, private eye! It's a glass door with-- your name's on it!

BEANO: Beano tell the story of Beano! The screenplay of Beano!

C-53: Then I'll go back to the title page. The story of Beano! Written by Beano!

BEANO: [shrieking] Beano /love hyper proton fuel!

C-53: [shouting excitedly] Wow, this is good fuel! How many decks are on the ship?! I'm gonna go count!

[speed-dating bell dings]

HOLO ACTOR: Just a holo actor trying to make it--

BARGIE: Oh, no, I don't date other actors!

HOLO ACTOR: You're an actor? No, no thanks! No!

BARGIE: No, why would you wanna date another actor?

HOLO ACTOR: Wait, do you have representation?

BARGIE: No, do you?

HOLO ACTOR: No.

BARGIE: Well, what are you gonna do?

HOLO ACTOR: It's the worst. And I got my crew always yapping inside me.

BARGIE: Oh, me too!

HOLO ACTOR: I just wanna eject 'em into space.

BARGIE: Oh, Rodd, yeah.

HOLO ACTOR: Yeah, yeah.

BARGIE: Anyway, this would never work, right?

HOLO ACTOR: Nope. Not at all. Goodbye.

BARGIE: Nope, goodbye!

[ships whoosh]

THEATRE SNOB: [unbearably snobby] Well, I have to say, I'm not a *huge* fan of cinema. I'm more of a *theatre* guy.

BARGIE: [unenthused] Okay. I mean... [sighs wearily] Why?

THEATRE SNOB: What, why do I prefer the theatre?

BARGIE: I don't know. Someone told me I should ask questions.

THEATRE SNOB: Well, I have to say, it's the--

BARGIE: Oh, ugh, your voice. Make it stop.

THEATRE SNOB: --connection you get from a *live performance*.

[Bargie groans; speed-dating bell dings]

SHRIMP SHIP: Hey, uh, here's the shrimp.

[backing-up sirens]

BARGIE: Oh, wow. Wow. Look at you. Look at that-- wow. You-- you got a chiseled--

SHRIMP SHIP: What?

BARGIE: Face. You got a chiseled hull. Who are you? What's your story?

SHRIMP SHIP: Eh, you know, I just like... deliver the shrimp. I'm the shrimp delivery ship.

BARGIE: Wow. Humble.

SHRIMP SHIP: Should I put the shrimp anywhere, or-- where do I unload it?

BARGIE: You can load it here. [hatch noises]

SHRIMP SHIP: Are you gonna sign the manifest?

BARGIE: Oh, that's so nice. Wow. I could-- I could sign whatever you want. Wow, my temperature's going up. [nervous laughter]

SHRIMP SHIP: The manifest just shows what cargo I'm-- which is shrimp. I'm toting shrimp.

BARGIE: Shrimp? Totie Shrimp. That's a beautiful name. I'm Bargie. You can call me Bargarean-- you can call me whatever. I don't know.

SHRIMP SHIP: Uh... are you gonna sign the manifest or what?

BARGIE: Okay!

WORKER Hey! Hey, hey, hey! Get outta here! This is for the singles!

SHRIMP SHIP: Uh, okay. Sorry.

WORKER: Deliveries are in back.

SHRIMP SHIP: Alright.

BARGIE: Okay. Well, hey, if you ever get off early...

[transition to crews' ship]

PLECK: So, uh, been here for 400 days, huh?

BOILS PERSON: Yeah, 400 days.

PLECK: Oh, boy. Uh...

BOILS PERSON: My ship used to be my best friend.

PLECK: Oh no.

BOILS PERSON: We would talk all the time!

PLECK: What happened to the rest of your crew?

BOILS PERSON: They're dead.

PLECK: Oh. Did they die *here*?

BOILS PERSON: Yeah.

PLECK: [alarmed] Oh no! What?

BOILS PERSON: But I started a rock collection!

[transition to cramped interior space with faint muzak playing]

DAR: If you sit on the counter--

NERMUT: Okay, gonna get up here.

DAR: And I squeeze-- [noises of exertion] there we go!

NERMUT: Oh, wow. Hello!

DAR: Now we're having ourselves a little [with Nermut] date.

NERMUT: [relieved sigh] Alright. Um... geez, finally.

DAR: Never done this before. I mean, we've done a lot of other stuff before--

NERMUT: A lot of other things.

DAR: But never this.

NERMUT: So, how was your week?

[beat; toilet flushes]

DAR: Good.

NERMUT: Ah. Um...

DAR: Oh, how was your week?

[toilet flushes; footsteps exit the bathroom]

NERMUT: Pretty good! I've really liked being on vacation. A little bit of R&R on the Bargarean Jade. It's been, I guess, up-and-down tense with you. But--

DAR: Is that what we talk about on dates?

NERMUT: Oh, I don't know. Sorry. I just-- okay. Um... I don't know how to do this.

DAR: Um... I-- um. We should just juck.

NERMUT: Yeah.

DAR: We should just-- yeah.

NERMUT: Okay. Climbing in.

[transition back to communal space]

BOILS PERSON: Well, this rock is-- I named this one Tony. And this rock, I named it Tony. And I named this rock Tony!

PLECK: Okay.

BOILS PERSON: [tearfully] Tony was the name of my crew member friend.

PLECK: Oh no. That really explains so much, in a sad way.

BOILS PERSON: You have to get out of here! [fabric noises, speaking urgently] You have to get out of here as soon as you can! [frantic] Make sure your ship doesn't find anyone! Love is bad! Love ruins things!

PLECK: I-- I'm not sure that's the takeaway, but I *am* gonna try to get off of the crews' ship as fast as I can.

C-53: [laughing erratically] Did somebody say as fast as they can? Hey, let's go! [slurring words together too quickly to be discerned] Who's this guy with all the rocks?

PLECK: How's that screenplay?

C-53: Ooh, hey, nice rocks. Hey, hey! I got a game! I got a game! Let's throw these at each other! Wahoo!

BOILS PERSON: Ow, that's my head!

PLECK: Uh, C-53, listen. You gotta-- I think you have to chill out just a little bit.

BEANO: Beano *wuv* chilling out!

PLECK: Okay. Okay.

C-53: [laughing] Oh, you wanna chill out? We'll have a chill-out competition right now. Boom.

PLECK: Okay. Uh, hey, C-53, quick question. This is super fun. Can I just actually see your cube slot for just a second?

C-53: Yes! Absolutely! [mechanical whirring; C-53 powers down]

[ambient low hum from C-53's cube]

PLECK: Whew.

BEANO: [yelling] Beano still wired!

PLECK: Okay, Beano, calm down!

[pseudo-tropical cruise music]

BARGIE: Ugh, I could use a drink. Uh, can I get a tank of cherry gasoline for one?

BARTENDER: Yes.

[loud sloshing]

BARGIE: Can I have a straw?

BARTENDER: No.

BARGIE: [sighs] Alright. Y'know, love... love is hard. Because it's crazy that two people can actually, at the same time, feel the same thing. You know? That's scientifically impossible. You know what I'm talking about?

BARTENDER: No.

BARGIE: Also, everyone is honestly a disappointment. Because everyone has their problems, and everyone brings their baggage, and no one-- everyone only thinks about themselves, no one ever thinks about the other person.

BARTENDER: Yes.

BARGIE: What am I gonna do? I'm just-- yeah, I'm okay being with myself. I'm okay being just Bargie.

BARTENDER: No.

BARGIE: I don't need a heavy weight carrying me down, you know what I mean?

TINY TOOTS: [overly saccharine] Bargie! Is that you? You probably don't even remember me. [fake-girl laugh] Maybe this'll ring a bell. [electronic noises, giggling] Rooty-toot-toot-toot-toot!

BARGIE: [cordial, icy] Hello, Tiny. How are you?

TINY TOOTS: I am, like... so good.

BARGIE: I see, I see. You're killing it. Congratulations for...

TINY TOOTS: For what? I've had so many accomplishments!

BARGIE: Congratulations, again, for the whole Delegator-blowing-up thing. They said it was you, so, you know... that's true.

TINY TOOTS: Oh! I mean, that's like, so-- just, like, last... I don't know, season? It's like... so much has happened for me since then. I've pitched so much, I've been in so much...

BARGIE: Yeah, me too. Definitely, I've done so much.

TINY TOOTS: Oh, really? What have you been up to?

BARGIE: Oh, just a couple of indie films that are in development--

BARTENDER: No.

TINY TOOTS: Oh, who's this?

BARGIE: He's a no-and-yes ship. He's a no-yes-er. He's just-- anyway, definitely the yes. Listen to the yes. Don't listen to the no. I've been doing a lot. I've been working out--

BARTENDER: No.

BARGIE: [restrained laughter] Yes! My engine is definitely smaller than before!

BARTENDER: No.

BARGIE: Booking so many things! I'm doing very well. I'm dating. I'm dating a really nice ship.

TINY TOOTS: You're dating?

BARTENDER: No.

TINY TOOTS: Well, why would you be here on a single's mixer?

BARGIE: Because I am all about that lifestyle where you date, but you also are single when you're not on the job. When you're in a--

CEZEL: Hey Bargie, are you sure my dad's dead? Are you sure?

BARGIE: Yes, sorry.

CEZEL: Because you said that you went on that mission and you got all the K'hekk on you and everything--

BARGIE: [frantically lying] That's-- sorry, this kid is naming the movie I was in. I'm sure your dad is dead. I was the lead of it. It's an indie film, a little director. You may not know his name yet, but his name is... Järkin.

TINY TOOTS: Jark?

BARGIE: He's just like a young--

BARTENDER: No.

[transition to crews' ship]

NERMUT: Hey, Pleck.

PLECK: Yeah?

NERMUT: How did your date go with that boil-- the lady with all the boils?

PLECK: It wasn't a date!

NERMUT: What do you mean?

PLECK: I was hanging out with the boil person because you guys were jucking in the bathroom!

DAR: Well, listen--

NERMUT: What do you mean? This is a single's cruise! Of course it's a date!

DAR: And we didn't *want* to juck, we *had* to!

NERMUT: We had to.

DAR: We realized we have zero in common, except for our--

NERMUT: Extreme attraction. But Pleck, you were on a date. That was a date. I mean, *she* definitely thought it was a date.

DAR: We heard her naming some of her rocks after you.

PLECK: What?

DAR: Yeah!

BOILS PERSON: [rocks clacking] Pleck... [Pleck makes a miserable noise] I'll name this one Pleck.

DAR: I don't know, Pleck, I think you should go over there and figure it out.

PLECK: Oh, man.

BOILS PERSON: That one's now Pleck.

PLECK: Hey, SRA?

SRA: Yeah?

PLECK: Uh, what other kinds of activities do you guys have on the crews' ship?

SRA: Well--

PLECK: 'Cause we've been-- I know we're gonna be here for 14 days. We've been here for, like, 25 minutes. I feel like-- unless there's, like, another couple rooms, I think we've sorta seen... all of the activities.

SRA: Well, if you guys are still a little bored, we do have a crafting station.

PLECK: Oh, I could do some crafting! That sounds great.

SRA: Terrific! Okay. So over here are our large sticks. And here we provide you with sort of a rubbery band thing, and then over here's sort of a bludgeoning-type ball. And with the right--

PLECK: These sort of are all, like, sorta weapons. Hmm.

SRA: So, with the right amount of rope usage, you can tie these together into a nice sort of slingshot-type weapon that could kill any of your enemies in an instant.

PLECK: Enemies?

SRA: Just throw it right at the neck!

PLECK: [mildly alarmed] That sounds-- that sounds really fun. But, um, could you just give me a second? I'm actually gonna talk to my friend C-53 for a minute. Just gonna put this cube back in...

[mechanical sounds of cube re-insertion]

C-53: [hungover groan] Is it-- my optical sensors-- how bright is it in here right now?

PLECK: No, it pretty much hasn't changed.

C-53: [pained noise] Your voice is so loud and grating!

BEANO: Beano feel fine.

PLECK: Okay.

[transition to single's cruise]

BARGIE: I mean, what are you even doing around here? Aren't you hull-deep in all these other smaller, younger ships?

TINY TOOTS: The thing is, Bargie, they're all just fans. They're just so *many* fans. I mean, just--

BARGIE: Great. This is a great conversation.

TINY TOOTS: So many fans, and I just--

BARGIE: Really having a great time.

TINY TOOTS: What I'm not finding, Bargie, is... companionship.

BARGIE: Yep. Great seeing you. You look great. Hope to bump into you often, definitely, unprepared.

TINY TOOTS: You absolutely will be seeing me *everywhere!*

BARGIE: This definitely won't affect me again. All the work that went into trying to forget you. Definitely. Everything's great.

BARTENDER: No.

BARGIE: Anyway, I'll see you later. Have fun. Goodbye.

[transition to crews' ship]

PLECK: Well, you know, SRA, this has been a great afternoon.

SRA: Thank you.

PLECK: Um... I'm just trying to wrap my head around what the next two weeks is gonna look like.

SRA: Oh, okay! Yeah! Well, this was just day one.

PLECK: Sure.

SRA: Uh... days two through fourteen, super exciting stuff.

PLECK: Okay! Yeah!

SRA: Basically, you'll split off into groups that are maybe not even based on your original crews. And you'll eventually form factions based on dwindling resources, by which, of course, I mean gravity. [jovial laughter; dismayed noises from C-53] You'll sort of subconsciously elect a leader, spokesperson of the group, to speak for the needs of your group. And then you'll sort of subconsciously, also, pick out a runt of your group. Who you'll sacrifice at the earliest possible convenience.

NERMUT: I do not look forward to that part.

C-53: Doesn't sound great.

SRA: Eventually, you'll all turn on each other as individuals, until you kill each other.

PLECK: Okay.

C-53: Emissary Decksetter, I hope the crafting session provided sufficient time for you to craft a deadly weapon. I know you haven't had a lot of time to train with it, but--

PLECK: [aside] What? C-53, no, stop. It's-- we're not killing anyone! Just hold on a second. [normal volume] SRA, why would you do this? Why would you make a place like this?

SRA: Because this is what we studied that you do.

PLECK: I mean, yeah, that's fair. That's actually fair.

DAR: Incredibly fair.

NERMUT: I guess that always eventually happens, but.

C-53: SRA, if I can point out something you may have missed during your research, we don't *like* a lot of the things that we do.

SRA: Why? Why do you do things you do not like to do?

C-53: Now *that* is a good question.

DAR: That is a great question.

C-53: That I don't have a great answer to. Also, SRA, second question: do you have any more hyper proton fuel?

PLECK: No, C-53--

C-53: But I--

PLECK: C-53--

C-53: The power level's going down, and--

BEANO: Beano wuv it.

C-53: And the only way to get it back up--

PLECK: It's really not--

SRA: It's quite addicting, right? I mean, I can check.

BEANO: Beano jonesing for hyper fuel!

PLECK: This is gonna be a rough couple weeks. I just wanna say, before we get any further: Nermut, I promise not to sacrifice you or make you the runt.

NERMUT: Don't make any promises you can't keep, Pleck.

[distant Bargie noises]

C-53: What was that?

BARGIE: [distant] Hey, I'm ready, let's go. Let's get out of here. Can you hear me?

C-53: Bargie's right outside the window! Yeah, we can hear you.

BARGIE: Opening the hatch.

PLECK: SRA, can we-- looks like our ride's here. Can we take off?

SRA: Oh, Bargie, you're leaving the cruise early?

BARGIE: [mimics SRA's speech disdainfully] Yeah, I'm leaving the cruise early! This was a sinister plan! Shane Shane is an evil ship. [increasingly loud, yelling angrily] He just brings all the single ships back together without realizing that some of them have history with some of them and just didn't want to see them! And it just ended up happening, it just unraveled all the work that they did to get better, and now they're just back to square one! Let's get inside.

NERMUT: Oh, guys, look in the corner. They're starting to form factions.

SRA: Oh, day two begins! It's so nice.

STROID MINER: Gotta get that gravy.

PLECK: Alright, well, I guess we should get out of here.

SRA: Well, thanks so much for coming! I do hope you know that the kroons you already paid are non-refundable for the two weeks.

PLECK: Fair enough. Yep.

SRA: Yeah.

PLECK: Pretty standard. SRA, I can't say that your research has been very accurate, but thanks for your attempt at hospitality.

SRA: Oh, thank you so much! And you know, I don't want you guys to leave empty-handed. This is usually what we'd give someone who survived the 14 days. [mechanical noises] Little takeaway bags of gravy, just for you guys.

PLECK: Thank you.

NERMUT: This is nice.

SRA: You're welcome.

C-53: Could I-- SRA, just quick question, could I swap my gravy for some hyper proton fuel?

PLECK: [overlapping] No, C-53. Let's go.

C-53: I am begging you, please.

[intermission music]

C-53: This is a little uncomfortable for me, but I'd like to say to everyone on the ship, I... I apologize for my behavior aboard SRA. I know I got a little out of control. Um...

[sounds of C-53 walking continuously]

PLECK: Hey, C-53, that's not--

NERMUT: Are you doing a twelve-step thing?

C-53: A what?

NERMUT: Oh, I just-- never mind.

C-53: No, I'm apologizing. I'm making amends with all of you.

DAR: But you're still stepping in place. What is this?

C-53: Oh, might be some residual energy from the hyper proton fuel.

DAR: Sure, sure.

C-53: Um... I need to recognize that when I take hyper proton fuel, I'm not myself. And I need to accept that.

PLECK: You were on vacation! You were on a cruise, so you know, get weird!

C-53: Mm.

NERMUT: I don't think--

C-53: I guess I just don't like myself when I'm on hyper proton fuel.

PLECK: Yeah, that's fair. Fair enough.

C-53: Uh, if you could just keep me away from it in the future.

BEANO: Beano *wuv* hyper proton fuel.

C-53: Also, if anyone *has*--

PLECK: No. No.

C-53: Any hyper proton fuel, if any made it back-- Bargie, do you--

BARGIE: No, I just have memories.

C-53: Okay. That's fine.

DAR: Bargie, how was it for you?

BARGIE: It's fine, I'm dating someone else now.

NERMUT: Oh!

DAR: Congrats!

PLECK: Hey!

DAR: We're so happy for you!

NERMUT: That's great!

BARGIE: Yep. He delivers shrimp. So that's...

PLECK: He delivers shrimp?

BARGIE: So yeah, we're just gonna hang out, see what happens. We're not gonna define it. We're gonna see, you know, how his shrimp schedule works with my non-shrimp schedule. So it's a new thing, new exciting development in my life, I guess.

PLECK: Wait, Bargie, was it-- was this ship on the cruise, or was this ship just delivering shrimp--

BARGIE: [heated] You ask way too many personal questions, okay? That's one thing that's a flaw. I'm gonna distract myself now, and I'm gonna help Beano with his script.

PLECK: Oh yeah, how'd that screenplay turn out, guys?

C-53: Screenplay?

BEANO: Beano wuv it.

DAR: You started writing a screenplay with Beano.

NERMUT: You were writing a screenplay with Beano.

C-53: Boy, I do not remember that.

BEANO: Beano have screenplay! [papers rustling] Beano would love table read.

BARGIE: Alright, let's do it.

DAR: Yeah!

BEANO: Beano *wuv* table reads!

DAR: Let's start reading it now!

BARGIE: Okay. [clears throat] Who's doing what role?

NERMUT: [begrudging] I'll play the runt.

BEANO: Beano play Beano.

C-53: I can just read these stage directions.

DAR: Okay, then I guess I'll read for C-53?

BARGIE: I'll read for Pleck.

C-53: Am I *in* the script?

BARGIE: I'm reading for Pleck.

C-53: Alright.

PLECK: Okay, I'll read for Bargie.

C-53: Okay. Fade in. Interior. Private eye's office, night. A glass door reads, 'Beano, Private Investigator'.

DAR: [slightly more formal inflection than usual] Yes, it would appear that our security officer has been murdered.

BEANO: Beano *wuv* mysteries.

BARGIE: [speaking normally] My name is Pleck, and I'm a tiny little boy, and I just pooped my pants.

DAR: Uh, you'll have to excuse my associate Emissary Pleck Decksetter. He is incontinent.

BARGIE: Oh no, all of it's just drip-drip-drippin' out of my pants. I can't keep it in! My pants are heavy!

BEANO: Beano recognize that this is gonna be trouble.

C-53: How much of this did I write?

[finale music]

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THOMAS: I must say, you are a beautiful ship. Can I say that?

BARGIE: Uh, yeah! [embarrassed laughter] Yeah, no, okay!

THOMAS: You have the refined elegance of a ship that's really, you know, lived a storied and interesting life. But with respect. With dignity.

BARGIE: I mean, you're not so bad-looking yourself.

SETH: Thomas, you're supposed to just be delivering supplies.

[laughter]

ALDEN: [indignant] I have a *plan*, Seth! [all laugh] Jesus Christ.

THOMAS: I know it's soon, but can I ask you a personal question, Bargie?

BARGIE: Of course. Why not?

THOMAS: How do you feel about Tellurians who are piloting a ship that is not sentient? Looking out the window and talking to you through a microphone?

BARGIE: Is that what's happening right now? 'Cause--

THOMAS: Yeah. I'm just a Tellurian on this non-sentient--

BARGIE: Yep, it's not gonna work out.

THOMAS: Okay. Fair enough.

BARGIE: That's great. For a moment, I thought there was something nice out there.

SETH: Can we--

THOMAS: If you change your mind--

ALLIE: And *now* Seth can say--

SETH: No, can we do one where it *is*, like, a delivery ship, but Bargie's like-- that's the one she's the most into?

MOUJAN: Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah.

ALDEN: Here's the shrimp!

SETH: Yeah, yeah, totally.