

[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, Bargie?

BARGIE: Yup?

PLECK: When C-53 and Dar and I go on missions, what exactly do you do while we're gone?

BARGIE: What do I do?

PLECK: Yeah. Like, do you go meet up with friends or--

BARGIE: I'm working on my career 24/7, 8, 9.

PLECK: That's great--

BARGIE: Pleck.

PLECK: Yeah, good! That's awesome!

BARGIE: I have a game plan. I have goals, and I'm doing things to reach those goals.

PLECK: Oh, great.

BARGIE: And currently, Beano is helping me.

PLECK: [completely lost] Oh. Uh...

BEANO: Beano and Bargie make grounded webseries.

BARGIE: We're working on a webseries.

PLECK: What?

C-53: What's the series about?

BARGIE: It's about Beano and Bargie, and the things that they do when the other people are gone.

C-53: Sort of a slice-of-life, kind of.

BARGIE: We have a clip.

PLECK: Oh. Okay.

[playback-start noise; upbeat piano; canned applause]

BEANO & BARGIE: [singing] Beano and Bargie, Bargie and Beano! Beano and Bargie, la-la-la-la-la!

C-53: [aside] Seems a little rushed.

BEANO & BARGIE: [singing] Beano and Bargie, Bargie and Beano! Beano and Bargie!

[piano concludes, applause continues]

NARRATOR: Filmed in front of a live studio audience.

C-53: [laughing in bewilderment] What?

BARGIE: Beano! What's with all this garbage on the floor? Didn't I tell you to clean up after yourself?

BEANO: Beano thought garbage day was yesterday!

[canned laughter]

BARGIE: Beano, I hear you're going out on a date!

[canned audience goes 'ooh!' and cheers]

BEANO: Beano have two dates on the same night!

[canned laughter]

BEANO & BARGIE: [singing] Beano and Bargie, Bargie and Beano! Beano and Bargie, la-la-la-la-la!

[canned applause; playback-end noise]

C-53: Bargie, did you hire a studio audience to be inside you for the show?

BARGIE: You know, you guys are gone for hours at a time. You know, we bring in people, we film a thing, we got a budget.

DAR: But still, how do you load them all in and load them all out?

BEANO: Beano wuv grounded comedy.

PLECK: I-- it seems-- I mean, is it grounded, though, Beano? I mean, how many dates have you been on?

BEANO: Beano wuv comedy that's not really funny, but just sort of somebody's life.

PLECK: But that's--

BEANO: Beano *wuv* that.

PLECK: Okay. You can wuv that, but that's not really what that webseries is. [Beano makes a noncommittal noise] You had a joke about garbage day.

BEANO: Garbage day was yesterday, but Beano no know.

BARGIE: [increasingly annoyed] Whatever. It's not for you. Clearly this is not for you.

PLECK: I guess I just don't get it.

BARGIE: Someone will see it and they'll be like, "you know what? Bargie, she's doing some work." I already have another artist attached to it.

PLECK: Who's that?

BARGIE: It who will not be named.

PLECK: Oh, wow.

BEANO: [quietly] Tiny Toots.

PLECK: Oh, no.

DAR: See, that's what I like to see. Bargie can work with an ex.

PLECK: Yeah. I guess that's good, Bargie. You're sort of burying the hatchet with Tiny Toots.

BARGIE: [loudly] Anyway, moving along!

PLECK: [restraining laughter] Okay!

DAR: Yeah, I really said that as a way to just segue into my own update.

PLECK: Oh, what's your update, Dar?

DAR: Nermut and I have decided that we can be friends and coworkers.

BARGIE: Wow, a theme has risen.

PLECK: Wow. That's great, Dar. Nermut and I decided that also, but just... because we are friends and coworkers.

DAR: [dry] That's beautiful.

PLECK: That wasn't--

DAR: [very dry] I'm very happy for you.

PLECK: That wasn't super relevant, I guess.

DAR: Uh, you know, Pleck, if you ever do have conflicted feelings about Nermut, you should write them down. That's what I do.

PLECK: Hm.

DAR: And then I burn it in a small fire, where I like to see all of my emotions just flare up and [sharp inhale] turn to ash.

C-53: A controlled burn.

DAR: Of course.

[incoming-transmission noise]

C-53: Emissary Decksetter, I have an incoming transmission from Missions Operations Manager Nermut Bundaloy.

[transmission-start noise]

PLECK: Hey, Nermut!

NERMUT: [out of breath, muffled treadmill noises] Hey, guys! Whew!

PLECK: Whoa, Nermut-- Hey, buddy.

NERMUT: Hey, hey, hey.

DAR: Nermut, are you at the *gym*?

NERMUT: Oh, sorry, yeah. I've got my remote transmitter here. I just-- I just did a spin class with Seesu Gundu, and it was... oh man, it's good. She--

PLECK: Nermut?

NERMUT: Yeah?

PLECK: Uh, I just gotta say, you know, Seesu's not really great about, like... breakups. I wouldn't hang out with-- this feels like the wrong time--

NERMUT: No, she actually has a lot of great advice about just, like, when you've-- and it's fine because Dar and I are friends now. It's about, like, doing it for yourself, just looking out for--

SEESU: [distant] Nermut!

NERMUT: Huh?

SEESU: Nermut!

NERMUT: Yeah, yeah, yeah, let me just get out of this wheel.

SEESU: Why don't you chug this?

NERMUT: Okay.

SEESU: Chug it fast.

[chugging noises]

PLECK: Nermut, what are you chugging?

NERMUT: This is-- oh, it looks like it's super vite-y. Ooh.

C-53: Nermut, that can is about a quarter of your height.

NERMUT: Yeah. I feel good that I'm finally thinking about me. Right, Dar? [writing noises] Like, you're probably doing the same thing.

[sound of a match being lit]

PLECK: Oh, she's lighting a fire.

NERMUT: Oh.

PLECK: Hm.

DAR: Yes.

NERMUT: Okay. You know--

PLECK: Dar, what are you-- put that out!

DAR: It's contained.

PLECK: I don't-- I don't think you should be burning things in the trash can.

DAR: [angrily] Pleck, it's as contained as my feelings are contained right now.

PLECK: Okay. Sure. But this is an oxygen-rich environment--

DAR: Everything has been compartmentalized. Just like this flame. We're setting boundaries--

NERMUT: Alright, guys, I'm getting back in my wheel.

BEANO: Ooh, Beano love the drama.

[Dar sighs]

C-53: Nermut, did you call with any particular mission in mind?

NERMUT: Yeah, I have a mission. Okay, fine, I'll just get out of my wheel. Okay. So, guys, this is-- what?

PLECK: Nothing.

NERMUT: I can't ride a bike!

C-53: You could ride a small bike.

NERMUT: [annoyed sigh] Okay. So, yes, there's a mission. It's actually crazy. You're going to a planet, like you're regularly going to a planet, but [Pleck giggles] a lot of times-- what?

PLECK: Nothing!

C-53: Okay. It just seems like you could've skipped that, but.

PLECK: Yeah.

NERMUT: No! I just--

PLECK: Nermut, if any part of the mission is exactly the same as every other mission, you could just start with the part that is different.

C-53: Drop that.

NERMUT: Okay, you guys are flying in Bargie-- [annoyed noise]

PLECK: How much of this was written down?

NERMUT: No, I just-- I'm just excited because, like, obviously you know that I'm a musician. Have you guys heard of Mehnahnaroo?

C-53: Have we heard of the most famous music festival that exists? Yes.

NERMUT: Well, I don't know! I don't know what you-- you guys are busy. So, okay. You're going to Mehnahnaroo! On Mehnah! And--

C-53: Wait, we're going to-- our mission is to go to a music festival?

NERMUT: Well, it's more specific. You're going to go see... [whispered for emphasis] Pee-nee Gorno.

[beat]

PLECK: Pee-nee Gorno.

NERMUT: Yeah.

PLECK: Probably the hottest pop musician in the galaxy.

NERMUT: Uh, yeah. You're gonna specifically go backstage, because Pee-nee Gorno, who--

PLECK: Wait, our mission is to get backstage to a Pee-nee Gorno concert?

NERMUT: Yeah.

PLECK: Nermut, are you about to get murdered again?

NERMUT: What?

PLECK: Are you about to get murdered again?

NERMUT: Again? Wait, I was *not* murdered.

C-53: You were *almost* murdered.

PLECK: We saved you. You were almost murdered.

NERMUT: No no, this is a real mission. I don't think the--

PLECK: No, this seems very similar to the vacation atoll with--

NERMUT: You say almost murdered, I say almost promoted.

PLECK: Funtasia Fun-fun? Listen--

NERMUT: No, no-- Pee-nee Gorno, who as we know, despite the amazing music that Pee-nee Gorno makes, has had some affiliation with the Alliance in the past. Which, you know, you maybe have to do to make your career work. *But...* [whispering] Pee-nee Gorno is now on the side of the Rebellion.

C-53: Wow, really?

NERMUT: Yes!

C-53: Does that... matter when it comes to music, or...?

NERMUT: No, Pee-nee Gorno is gonna give us information! Pee-nee Gorno is--

BARGIE: I don't like his music.

NERMUT: What--

C-53: You're saying-- you're saying--

BARGIE: I just-- hot take, I don't like his music.

PLECK: Bargie, what's not to like about Pee-nee Gorno?

BARGIE: It's like I've heard it before, okay?

PLECK: He cranks out the jams, Bargie.

C-53: I think the more important fact is that Pee-nee Gorno has [incredulous] *crucial intelligence*? How did Pee-nee Gorno get this?

NERMUT: We don't know! We just got-- we got a message from Pee-nee Gorno's manager-- I guess assistant manager, but still. It's that Pee-nee Gorno wants to share info with the Rebellion!

PLECK: So the plan is for us to go to a concert--

BEANO: Beano!

NERMUT: What?

BEANO: Beano *wuv* the name Pee-nee Gorno. Love saying it. Pee-nee Gorno.

[muffled laughter, various crew members make dismayed noises]

PLECK: Okay.

NERMUT: Do you wanna say it once more, if you--

BEANO: [whispering] Pee-nee Gorno.

NERMUT: Okay.

[Bargie makes a disgusted noise]

DAR: Ugh, Beano--

C-53: That last one got weird.

DAR: Why'd you have to go and whisper it?

NERMUT: He pinched his nips when he--

PLECK: [laughing] Yeah, Beano, please don't touch your nipples when you say Pee-nee Gorno.

[Beano makes a weird noise]

DAR: Pee-nee Gorno.

[intermission music interrupted by electronic beep]

AUTOMATED VOICE: You have received an audio transmission from Rebellion headquarters. Playback will follow decryption.

[static, transmission-start noise]

LATHALU: Greetings, rebels! This is Lathalu-Pramm Ragthalmis--

HEATHER: And Heather!

LATHALU: We are the Rebellion's expert codebreakers, but, well, uh--

HEATHER: We've intercepted a brand-new message that we just can't crack. They've, you know, strained us into making this announcement admitting our failure.

LATHALU: I mean, it's a real head-scratcher! We just can't make heads or tails of it!

HEATHER: And so here we are, hat in hand, asking any rebel to help us decode it. We know its origin is Quantaris, though, which means it's a big deal.

LATHALU: It's a big deal! We've uploaded it to the Rebellion's official website, therebellion.space, built with SquareSpace!

HEATHER: I mean, we have *zero* experience in web design, and we were able to build this site, like... really fast.

LATHALU: It's simpler than code-breaking, let me tell you!

HEATHER: Check it out at therebellion.space, and please grab that pesky, incredibly important encoded message while you're there.

LATHALU: When you're there, click 'make a site', which links to squarespace.com/zyxx, where you'll find this amazing offer.

HEATHER: A free SquareSpace trial, *and* a special discount [Lathulu shouts excitedly in the background] on your first purchase of a site or domain using the code ZYXX, Z-Y-X-X.

LATHALU: Turn your cool idea into a new website! Showcase your work, or sell products and services of all kinds!

HEATHER: Uh, yeah. A service like, you know, code-breaking. Come and crack open that message at therebellion.space. Please, honestly, just give us a hand.

LATHALU: Please help us! And don't forget to make your own site at squarespace.com/zyxx, offer code ZYXX! [Heather repeats 'zyxx'] Oh, you were a little late on that.

HEATHER: Oh, I'm sorry.

LATHALU: Okay.

HEATHER: One more time?

LATHALU: One more time!

HEATHER: Zyxx! [Lathulu comes in late]

LATHALU: Oh, that was my fault. It was my fault!

HEATHER: It's okay, it's okay.

[transmission-end noise]

AUTOMATED VOICE: End of message.

[intermission music resumes; transition to a bustling public space]

C-53: Wow, I've never been to Mehnahnaroo. This is... about what I expected.

DAR: I have to say, though, the three of us look *amazing* in flower crowns.

PLECK: Yeah!

CONCERTGOER 1: Oh my Rodd, oh my Rodd, oh my Rodd. Are you so excited? I'm so excited! Are you so excited?

CONCERTGOER 2: I'm so excited.

CONCERTGOER 1: We're here to see Gestilmano! She's incredible! She has, like, the best voice in the whole intergalactic place!

CONCERTGOER 2: She's incredible. She's incredible.

CONCERTGOER 1: She's incredible!

C-53: Yeah, I like Gestilmano's music. It's really good.

SLUDGE VENDOR: Hot sludge! Get your hot sludge here!

[burbling sludge noises]

PLECK: Oh, man. You want some hot sludge, C-53?

C-53: I can't really do sludge.

PLECK: It's just a classic festival treat, you know?

C-53: I mean, feel free to avail yourself of some sludge.

PLECK: Yeah, I'll take some sludge!

SLUDGE VENDOR: Okay. What color?

PLECK: Oh, green, man.

SLUDGE VENDOR: Alright, that'll be 45 kroons.

C-53: Wow. Festival pricing.

SAMMO: Hey, guys! This one's on us. It's Sammo and Wink.

WINK: And Wink!

PLECK: Hey, guys! What's up?

SAMMO: Not much.

PLECK: You sure?

WINK: The music, the experience...

SAMMO: And just going to festivals dusted out of our jucking minds.

PLECK: Oh, man. Hey, um, Sammo and Wink, can I talk to you guys for a second?

SAMMO: Yeah, sure.

WINK: You are!

PLECK: I just wanted to sort of--

C-53: He wants to pull you into an aside.

PLECK: A sort of aside.

SAMMO: Okay, whatever, man.

SLUDGE VENDOR: So are you gonna buy the hot sludge or not?

SAMMO: Oh, this one's on us, buddy.

PLECK: Okay, thanks.

SAMMO: What's up, man?

PLECK: You guys know we're here on a mission, right?

SAMMO: Oh, no way!

WINK: Oh! The thing about us is that--

PLECK: Wait, you guys know everything about us! How did you not know?

WINK: Well, the thing is, like, sometimes we don't have time to pay attention to you because we have our own stuff going on. Like, we have our own life.

SAMMO: We have our own stuff going on. This is our jucking vacation, man.

PLECK: Yeah, okay. Who are you guys here to see?

SAMMO: Who aren't we here to see, man? We're here to see the Noobs.

WINK: The Noobs.

SAMMO: Little Jor.

WINK: Giant Bang-Bang.

SAMMO: Giant Bang-Bang *never* tours, it's amazing that they're doing this.

WINK: And Hudson Fever!

SAMMO: Hudson Fever!

DAR: Man, I have never felt so old in my whole life.

WINK: Oh, there's a bright star! Let's go towards it!

SAMMO & WINK: [fading away] Byeeeeeee!

DAR: Do you think I've lost my sense of adventure?

PLECK: No!

C-53: No, Dar.

PLECK: What are you talking about?

DAR: It's just that I didn't know any of those artists. And I didn't even want to do dust!

C-53: Now *that* is maybe a cause for concern.

BOUNCER BOT: Hey.

PLECK & DAR: Huh?

BOUNCER BOT: Hey. You guys here to get backstage?

DAR: Oh, uh, yeah.

PLECK: Are you--

BOUNCER BOT: I'm Bouncer Bot 4000.

PLECK: Oh. Hey.

BOUNCER BOT: You got a pass to get backstage, bro?

C-53: Uh, yes. Our passes.

DAR: These should do it.

BOUNCER BOT: These look good. Who are you here to see?

PLECK: Pee-nee Gorno.

BOUNCER BOT: Pee-nee! Excellent. So hot right now.

DAR: Now, do you think he's *hot*, like attractive?

BOUNCER BOT: Listen, I'm not really supposed to be jawin' with you guys, so.

C-53: Oh, sorry.

BOUNCER BOT: Initiating... allowing protocol.

[muffled laughter]

DAR: Okay.

PLECK: It's a real basic droid.

[knocking on door]

PEE-NEE: [British accent] Come in, luv!

DAR: Whoa.

PLECK: What was that?

BOUNCER BOT: Pee-nee, we're doing it.

PEE-NEE: [loud dust-snorting] Whoa, I jucking love this, man! I jucking love this, man! This is the jucking life, luv!

[muffled clattering as Pee-nee scrambles around the room]

C-53: That was a *lot* of dust.

DAR: Do you see how he's, like, crawling the walls right now?

C-53: Yeah.

PEE-NEE: Excuse me!

PLECK: Uh, yes?

PEE-NEE: Excuse me!

PLECK: Hey, yeah.

PEE-NEE: Who the juck let you in my room?

PLECK: Oh, uh, hey--

C-53: Didn't you just yell at the bouncer to let us inside? Making it you the juck who let us in here?

PLECK: Um, listen, Mr. Gorno, we're here with the Rebellion.

[various objects clattering as Pee-nee makes 'shh' noises with his mouth]

PEE-NEE: I'm a DJ! [laughing, continued clattering]

PLECK: Okay.

PEE-NEE: Did you think I was shushing you? Did you think I was juckin' shushing you?

PLECK: No, I--

DAR: I mean, it sounded like you were telling us to be quiet, but you're... trying to spin non-existent tracks right now?

PEE-NEE: [record-scratch noises] I'm a DJ! Look, look, luvvs. I'm real juckin' jucked up right now, and I just need a-- where's my water capsules?

MIRANDA: [speaking in a harried rush] Oh, Peeno, here we go. Again, you have a very full schedule today, so you can't really mess around, alright?

PEE-NEE: Miranda. Come here. Come here, look at me, Miranda.

MIRANDA: [flipping through papers] You have a VIP section, you have a Q&A, you have to sign autographs, you don't have time to muck around!

PEE-NEE: I don't wanna juckin' do this! I just wanna have a good time! Look at me, I'm on a table! [table clattering] I'm on the table!

MIRANDA: Hi, I'm Miranda. I'm his assistant manager.

PLECK: Hi there.

MIRANDA: Who are you?

PLECK: Emissary Pleck Decksetter. We were sent by the Rebellion.

[Pee-nee shushes loudly]

DAR: Now are you shushing us, or are you trying to DJ again?

PEE-NEE: Miranda, Miranda?

MIRANDA: Yes?

PEE-NEE: Close the door.

MIRANDA: Alright, but if I hear any crashing, I'm coming back in!

[door closes]

PLECK: Hey, Pee-nee--

PEE-NEE: [British accent disappears] Oh my Rodd, I can finally take a breather.

PLECK: Wait. Pee-nee, that accent is fake?

PEE-NEE: One hundred percent. Yes.

DAR: But couldn't you be honest with your assistant manager? She clearly has an affection for you. She refers to you as Peeno.

[muffled laughter]

PLECK: Yeah, she definitely trusts you. You have a working relationship.

C-53: You have a fun nickname.

DAR: A portmanteau for your name! [laughing]

PEE-NEE: You need to understand something. First of all, everybody mispronounces Pee-nee, okay? It's what you get when your name is Pee-nee. But... [sigh] people think I'm this crazy, stuck-up pop star. I'm just a normal gully guy.

PLECK: Yeah.

PEE-NEE: With gully fins. And I'm-- you know, I just wanna relax.

PLECK: That's cool, man. Yeah. You know, you seem like a real sort of salt-of-the-space dude, and-- you know, like, I came in here, you were doing that big line of dust-- how are you feeling, by the way?

PEE-NEE: I am... literally exploding. My brain and my genitals are just vibrating. Hey, can I get you guys anything? Dust, yogurt-covered raisins?

PLECK: Uh, I'm having some green sludge, and it is [clicks tongue] hitting the spot, so.

PEE-NEE: Oh, green, huh?

PLECK: Yeah.

PEE-NEE: Good choice.

[sludge-slurping noise]

DAR: I mean, I wouldn't say no to a raisin.

PEE-NEE: Okay.

[sound of raisins being shaken out of a container]

PLECK: Just one raisin, Dar?

DAR: Yeah, I don't-- I don't know why I said that.

PEE-NEE: Wait! Dar! Do I know you?

DAR: Um... maybe?

PEE-NEE: Didn't you used to go by Norm?

DAR: Wait, how do you know that? I'm Norm, but I don't remember a Pee-nee.

PEE-NEE: Oh, well, I went by-- [bashful laughter] I went by Peter back then.

DAR: [gasp of realization] Peter! Oh, that's right! Of course! Peter!

PEE-NEE: Yeah, yeah, yeah.

DAR: Wow!

PLECK: You guys know each other?

DAR: Yeah, um--

PEE-NEE: We used to go to this George R. R. Martian convention called RRRRR You Excited For The Convention.

DAR: Yeah! Wow.

PEE-NEE: Those were some crazy days.

DAR: So fun! I never missed a single one!

PEE-NEE: Yeah. Well, you look good.

DAR: You look different.

PEE-NEE: Yeah, yeah. I got a giant fin as a mohawk.

C-53: It looks cool.

PLECK: Yeah.

DAR: Yeah, it's so great to see you again, Peter.

PEE-NEE: Yeah, yeah. I was Peter back then.

PLECK: You changed your name?

PEE-NEE: Well, you know, I'm just trying to make it in this business. Peter's such a ugly name, you know?

PLECK: Well, Peter is a euphemism for a penis sometimes.

PEE-NEE: Yes.

PLECK: So Pee-nee's much better. You're definitely avoiding that.

[knocking sounds, door opens]

PEE-NEE: [panicked shushing, accent returns] Oh, look who it is! It's my hotties with the bodies!

MIRANDA: I'm sorry, I couldn't keep them out! They kept trying to get inside!

[cameras flashing]

GROUPIE: Pee-nee! I've got this tattoo of you! Sign it!

PEE-NEE: Oh, I'll sign it! I'll sign it!

GROUPIE: Oh, Pee-nee, I loved your set!

PEE-NEE: Thank you! What was your favorite song I sang?

GROUPIE: Oh, I love Bilbop.

PEE-NEE: Oh, yeah.

GROUPIE: Bilbop is so great.

PEE-NEE: And you didn't think that was, like, too over-the-top? You didn't think that was crazy?

GROUPIE: It was an interesting choice, but I loved it.

GROUPIE: Pee-nee, sign my forehead genital!

PEE-NEE: Oh, now this I like! Are you a Gorno or what?

GROUPIE: Sign it, please!

PEE-NEE: Alright! [incomprehensible noises] Oh, yeah! I love me fans. I love my juckin' fans.

C-53: [whispering aside] Emissary Decksetter, I'm not sure that we're here for a legit Rebellion mission.

PLECK: Yeah, I dunno. This seems-- I don't know.

C-53: What possible information could this man have?

PLECK: Yeah, he seems pretty--

PEE-NEE: Alright, alright, alright. Get-- get the juck outta here. [the groupies cry out in dismay] Miranda, get these jucks outta here!

MIRANDA: I'm doing my best! Please, get away! Just a reminder, you're onstage very very soon!

PEE-NEE: Yeah.

[door closes]

PLECK: Oh, wow.

C-53: You're playing *again*?

PEE-NEE: [sans accent] Yeah. This is Mehnahnaroo, alright?

C-53: Yeah.

DAR: Sure.

PEE-NEE: Well, uh--

PLECK: You know, Pee-nee, we're actually here--

PEE-NEE: Oh, yes, yes, yes. The information.

C-53 & PLECK: Yes.

PEE-NEE: Alright. [prolonged pause] Can I ask you something? I'm working on some new stuff, and uh-- you're with the Rebellion. [guitar-case snaps being undone] I feel like you guys could give me, like, an honest... an honest take on these songs. I'm surrounded by yes-gullies all the time, always saying yes, yes, yes, yes. If I sang some new songs, do you think you could give me honest feedback on them? [idly plucks guitar]

DAR: Oh, yes, absolutely.

PLECK: Sure, I mean, yeah.

PEE-NEE: That really means a lot to me, thank you. Fantastic. [strums guitar] Alright, so this new stuff is called Spacetown.

C-53: Do you need a beat?

PEE-NEE: No!

C-53: [placating] Okay, okay.

PEE-NEE: [strums guitar once, slaps guitar body for rhythm] Spacetown! Goin' to-- me and my friend know it's true! We got galaxies all around us, sexy star ladies, don't you know? It's good to be a space guy in a space town! [smacks out final beat]

[C-53 makes a noise of trying to let someone down gently]

PLECK: Wow. That is--

DAR: Now, do you want the feedback now, after each song, or--

PLECK: No, Dar--

DAR: Or should we just do all the songs at once, and then we'll give you the feedback at the end?

PEE-NEE: I want your feedback on that song right now.

PLECK: Okay, uh, it's a little different than most of your stuff.

PEE-NEE: What??

PLECK: Yeah.

C-53: Yeah, it sort of feels as though it was written by somebody much younger than you. It feels a little simple.

PEE-NEE: Well, did you not understand--

DAR: And I want to say, I completely disagree with my two friends here and I loved it.

PLECK: Really, Dar.

DAR: Don't change a thing. Let's hear the next song. [laughing]

C-53: You're literally laughing in his face, Dar.

[Dar laughs uproariously]

PEE-NEE: I want to believe you, but you literally are just laughing. Do you not like Spacetown?

DAR: Oh, I'm so sorry. I couldn't help myself.

PEE-NEE: Do you guys think I referenced space too much?

DAR: Yeah, that might be the issue.

PEE-NEE: Here, I'll just write this down. [pencil scribbling]

C-53: I mean, just running a simple analysis of the lyrics, it's a pretty big percentage of the words in the song.

PLECK: Well, I mean, in Pee-nee's defense, I mean-- he's *from* space.

C-53: Yeah, we're all in space, Pleck, I don't know if you've noticed that.

PEE-NEE: I like this guy.

PLECK: Yeah! I don't know, Pee-nee, it's a kind of earworm. I'm thinking about it.

PEE-NEE: [singing] Spacetown!

PLECK: Spacetown!

PEE-NEE: We're goin' to space!

PLECK: I think there's something there.

PEE-NEE: And you're not lying to me, right? You're being completely honest? You're not just saying that because I have secret plans and you're just giving me positive feedback so you can get those plans?

PLECK: Uh, no. I mean, either way, I'd--

C-53: Well, you know what would be a good way, is you could tell us the secret plans. And then we'd know for sure whether we, you know, were being honest with you or...

PEE-NEE: Alright, metalhead. [brief laughter] Alright. Come closer.

[door opens]

MIRANDA: Peeno, sorry--

PEE-NEE: [accent returns] Oh, juck me, juck me right now! [incoherent yelling]

MIRANDA: Sorry to interrupt, we have a very special young child who's here to meet you. [sounds of a wheelchair being rolled in] They won a contest, so... this is Little Bill.

PEE-NEE: Little Bill!

LITTLE BILL: [very small voice] Hello. I'm Little Bill.

PEE-NEE: Little Bill, you gotta speak a little louder. I don't really have ears, 'cause I'm a gully guy. Can you come a little closer, luv?

LITTLE BILL: Hi, I'm Little Bill. [speaking even more quietly] I'm terminally ill.

[muffled laughter]

PEE-NEE: Wait, wait, Little Bill, say that again.

PLECK: No, no, Pee-nee--

C-53: Pee-nee--

LITTLE BILL: I'm Little Bill.

PEE-NEE: No, no, hear me out.

LITTLE BILL: I'm terminally ill?

DAR: No! It rhymes! It rhymes!

PEE-NEE: Hey, robot boy! That beat you said you could get!

C-53: Yes?

PEE-NEE: Play that beat!

C-53: You got it.

PLECK: I beg you not to do this.

[C-53 plays a basic tech beat you might hear on a cheap synthesizer keyboard]

PEE-NEE: Little Bill, say what you just said to me.

LITTLE BILL: [speaking in time with the beat] I'm Little Bill. I'm terminally ill. I'm Little Bill. I'm terminally ill.

PEE-NEE: [singing over Little Bill's beat] Spacetown!

PLECK: No! It's the same song from earlier?!

PEE-NEE: Space guy!

DAR: Yeah, I wouldn't-- I wouldn't say that these two tracks meld as beautifully as you think they do.

PEE-NEE: This is--

[music dies down]

PLECK: Pee-nee, listen. I was-- I was almost on board when it seemed like you were about to write a song for Little Bill, but then when I realized you were using-- you were gonna use him saying he was terminally ill as a *sample* for your Spacetown song--

PEE-NEE: That's the thing about me. I hear music *anywhere*, at all times.

LITTLE BILL: Can I get a holograph or something?

PEE-NEE: Oh, right. [camera flash] Thank you, luv.

[sounds of a wheelchair being rolled away]

MIRANDA: Okay, alright, thank you. Alright, closing the door.

LITTLE BILL: Was that it?

MIRANDA: That's it, get out. Okay, bye.

C-53: Kicked him.

MIRANDA: Closing the door, closing the door.

PLECK: Bye, Little Bill.

PEE-NEE: Get out, get out. Thank you for the song.

PLECK: Rodd bless you, Little Bill.

PEE-NEE: [accent disappears] Oh my Rodd, I *hate* this job.

PLECK: Can I ask you a question, Pee-nee? Why do you do the accent?

PEE-NEE: You see, growing up-- as you know, I was part of the Gorno Six.

PLECK: Yeah, the Gorno Six! Great band!

C-53: Yeah, they were... the Gorno Six were great.

PEE-NEE: Me and my brothers. Ah, those were the days. But my father, Go Gorno, every day he would just whip us into shape. Tell us how to perform. I knew deep down that I didn't wanna do this. And one day my dad pulled me aside, and he says, "if you wanna survive in this

business, you need to create a fake identity, and *that* is how you'll survive." That is what Pee-nee Gorno is. It's a creation. And it makes me live this-- this tough life.

PLECK: Yeah. But Peter-- Peter wants something else, right? It's Pee-nee who wants all the dust.

PEE-NEE: Pee-nee wants the dust. Peter just wants... [deep sigh] Anyway, let's get to what I'm here for.

C-53: I think that would be...

PEE-NEE: Alright. Last week, I was hanging out with the [heavy with meaning] Council.

C-53: As in the Council of Seven.

PEE-NEE: Mm-hmm. It was a big gala event. People love a good Pee-nee party.

PLECK: Sure.

PEE-NEE: So I threw the biggest party in town. Invited all the bigwigs there.

PLECK: You invited the Council of Seven to one of your parties?

PEE-NEE: That's right.

PLECK: Wow.

PEE-NEE: They got my e-vites, six showed up.

PLECK: That's pretty good!

C-53: Six out of seven is pretty good.

PEE-NEE: Yeah. And I had an extra pair of ears listening to what they were saying. [deep inhale] Can I play you something? This is just a--

PLECK: Is it a recording of the conversation you had with the Council?

PEE-NEE: No, it's a new track I've been working on. [C-53 makes an unhappy noise] It's in the back of my mind. I really want you to hear it. Can you just-- please, just--

PLECK: Yeah! No, yeah, absolutely.

C-53: We've got time. Absolutely.

PEE-NEE: Lemme just put this in.

[sound of something being loaded into a music player; synth-pop beat plays]

SONG RECORDING: [Pee-nee singing] Moons, moons, moons! Moons, moons! [autotuned] How many moons does it take to get to the next moon? So many moons in space, every planet has at least five moons! Why does it take so long to get to the other moon when you're already on a moon?

[track ends]

PEE-NEE: So did you like that?

C-53: Oh, that's the whole song?

PLECK: Wow. I'm pretty sure we've been to planets with fewer than five moons.

PEE-NEE: I mean, there's just-- I mean, don't you think it's, like--

C-53: Is that a metaphor, or--

PEE-NEE: [taking an easy out] Yes!

C-53: No, that's not how you should respond if I ask if it's a metaphor.

PEE-NEE: Yes, thank you. Finally, someone who gets it.

C-53: Uh, I don't know that I do.

PEE-NEE: Yeah. You *get it*.

C-53: Okay.

PLECK: How many moons does it take to get [with C-53] to the next moon?

[muffled laughter]

DAR: It's amazing, though, that you were able to create a song out of literally nothing.

PLECK: Pee-nee, can I ask, is this the process you use to write your big hits like Comet Girl and--

C-53: And Baby Googoo?

PEE-NEE: Well, producers write those lyrics, and then I just lie and say that I wrote 'em, and--

DAR: [dawning realization] Oh.

PEE-NEE: But what you're hearing right now--

DAR: Oh, Peter.

PEE-NEE: Is the first time that I wrote my own music. And this is what music--

DAR: Oh, Peter--

C-53: That's--

PEE-NEE: No, no, no!

C-53: That makes sense, yeah.

PEE-NEE: But you like it! You like it!

[C-53 and Pleck make uncertain noises]

PEE-NEE: I have-- I have to tell you the plans.

[beat]

PLECK: Yes! And it's great.

C-53: So we love it.

PLECK: And it's great.

PEE-NEE: You know what, can I just play you *one* more song?

PLECK: Uh... sure.

DAR: If you have to, sure.

C-53: Sure.

PEE-NEE: I love this attitude. [muffled laughter] This is called Knobs and Switches. Alright.

[slightly more electronic synth beat plays]

SONG RECORDING: [Pee-nee singing, autotuned] This knob is too big! I don't understand what it does! This switch is a little too short! I probably shouldn't touch it! I'm flying on a spaceship, and I honestly don't know what I'm doing here. I think it's best that I just sit back and kind of just hope that I get to my destination.

[track ends]

DAR: Did you just write this on your tour ship? This sounds like you were in the back of your tour ship, just looking around, trying to figure out how to write a song.

PEE-NEE: Well, you know the expression 'write what you know'?

C-53: Sure.

PEE-NEE: Well, what if you wrote what you saw?

PLECK: That's... less good. That's less good.

C-53: I don't think that's what that statement is implying, yeah.

PEE-NEE: Can I-- [Pleck laughs] play you just *one more* song?

C-53: Okay, yeah. You know--

PLECK: You know what? Sure.

C-53: We're in it for the long haul, so.

PEE-NEE: Lemme just play one more song.

[8-bit synth beat plays]

SONG RECORDING: [Pee-nee singing, autotuned] Stars and lasers. ['lasers' echoes at a higher pitch] Stars and lasers. ['lasers' echoes at a higher pitch] All I see is stars and lasers. ['lasers' echoes at a higher pitch] Stars and lasers. ['lasers' echoes at a higher pitch] Stars and lasers. Some are big.

[track ends]

PEE-NEE: [exhales heavily] Okay.

PLECK: Uh... wow.

C-53: Oh. That one--

PEE-NEE: Did you like how I ended the song--

C-53: Just kind of out of nowhere?

PEE-NEE: Yeah! I don't think that's-- I don't think that's a thing that happens in songs.

C-53: Yeah, I think there's a reason that that doesn't happen. Dar, any opinions on this one?

DAR: Um... I just feel like--

PEE-NEE: Lemme write this down.

DAR: Maybe Peter *isn't* the pop star. That's Pee-nee. Peter's just a sweet, nerdy gully guy who left the music business and loves fantasy novels and--

C-53: Pee-nee, are you-- are you crying?

PLECK: No, Pee-nee--

C-53: Pee-nee...

PEE-NEE: My entire life, I've been living a lie. I've been living a Pee-nee lie. You know what? Thank you.

PLECK: Uh...

PEE-NEE: You know what? You inspired me. I'm gonna go out there, and I am going to perform not as Pee-nee, but perform as Peter!

C-53: Well, these people paid a lot of money to see Pee-nee, so I--

PETER: No! No, no, no, no! No! There's a Peter behind this Pee-nee, and these people need to see the real Peter!

[beat]

C-53: Um, you know what? That's great. But *before* you do that, can-- could we just get the information?

PETER: Alright, yes.

C-53: Because it seems like this might be important.

PETER: Alright. Come closer.

C-53: Alright. Very close.

PETER: Closer.

C-53: Closer than now?

PETER: Just a little bit closer.

C-53: Alright.

PETER: [small sigh] At the Pee-nee party... [muffled giggling] I overheard that the Council--

[door opens]

MIRANDA: I'm so sorry to interrupt-- [multiple people cry out in alarm] Should I leave? I'll leave. Sorry.

PEE-NEE: [accent returns] Miranda!

MIRANDA: Yes?

PEE-NEE: I've got something to get off me-- my gills.

MIRANDA: Yes? Is it-- the lunch wasn't good enough? Do you have everything you need in your room?

PEE-NEE: No, no, no! It's not anything that I need. Well--

MIRANDA: You're in love with me.

PEE-NEE: No.

MIRANDA: Oh, 'kay. Nope, never mind! [urgent pencil-scribbling] Not that! Nix that idea! [paper tearing] I never said that! Hoho, wow! [paper being crumpled up]

PEE-NEE: I-- is that something--

MIRANDA: No!

PEE-NEE: That we wanna talk about?

MIRANDA: Nope! Talk about what?

PLECK: [whispering] Stay strong, Peter.

MIRANDA: Talk about what?

PEE-NEE: Okay, well, I mean to tell you that my name isn't Pee-nee. [accent drops] It's Peter. And this is my real voice.

MIRANDA: ...What? [confused laughter] What?

PETER: I'm--

MIRANDA: [stammering] I've been working for you for nearly ten years now--

PETER: Wait--

MIRANDA: And you've been lying to me this whole time? I've been doing the most unfathomable tasks for you! [flipping through papers] I had to divorce your wife, I got rid of your children--

PLECK: Got rid of your children?

MIRANDA: I've been feeding you for--

PETER: It was-- you do not know the situation, alright?

MIRANDA: And you're telling me this entire time was a lie?!

PETER: Wait--

MIRANDA: No, let's not change the subject!

C-53: Yeah, what about those children?

PETER: No, no, no, no, no. That was-- I do *not* wanna go back there.

MIRANDA: Well, I guess I'll leave. I don't work for liars!

[door closes]

PLECK: She got rid of his kids, but she doesn't work for liars?

[laughter]

PETER: Look--

PLECK: What does that-- how do you get *rid* of kids?

PETER: Hey! She's a good person, alright?

PLECK: I didn't say she wasn't!

PETER: She's a good--

DAR: I don't know, that seems pretty questionable at this point.

PLECK: Yeah, I don't know. I don't know.

PETER: You don't know her. Alright.

C-53: Okay.

DAR: Now let's hear this intel.

PETER: Alright. I overheard, at the Pee-nee party--

C-53: Yes.

PETER: That the Council... plans... on coming to Zyxx.

PLECK: What?!

C-53: The Council is gonna come from Quantaris *to* Zyxx?

[knocking, door opens]

MIRANDA: They're ready to have you on stage.

PETER: Okay, great. Alright guys, this is gonna be huge. Thank you for inspiring me. [strums guitar] Spacetown, here we go!

PLECK: Oh. Oh boy.

C-53: Oh, I don't know about this plan.

[uproarious audience cheering]

SAMMO: Y'all, welcome to Mehnahnaroo.

WINK: Hi, everyone!

SAMMO: It's us, Sammo and Wink.

WINK: We're back!

PLECK: Why are *they* introducing?

C-53: This is the main stage!

SAMMO: How's everyone doing?

WINK: Who wants to party with us afterwards?

[audience cheering]

SAMMO: Who wants dust?

[more cheering]

SAMMO: Alright, guys. This act, as you know, needs no introduction.

WINK: But we're gonna do it anyway!

SAMMO: Give it up for your next act, [with Wink] Pee-nee Gorno!

[audience goes wild]

PEE-NEE: [accent returns] What's up, Mehnahnaroo?! Thank you, thank you, thank you! Shut up! Shut up! Shut up! Thank you! Shut up! Shut up, all of you! Thank you and shut up! Shut!

[audience noise dies down]

PEE-NEE: Before I begin, I have a very important announcement for all my Peens out there. [audience members cry 'that's us!'] Shut up! Peens, listen up. [accent drops] My name is Peter Gorno. I was born in South Glonners. [mic feedback] That's right. This accent is fake.

DAR: He's really going for it.

PETER: And I'm performing the music that I want to perform, because *yes*, Peter Gorno *can* survive in this industry!

PLECK: Oh boy.

PETER: Alright! [strums guitar]

PLECK: Oh no. I feel like this is gonna backfire.

PETER: Fans, this next is an original Peter Gorno song!

PLECK: We should go.

DAR: Pleck, for once, I agree with your instincts.

PETER: One, two! One, two, three, four! [singing badly] Spacetown! So much fun when you bring your space girls and your galaxy guys! [audience cheering turns to boos] Spacetown is a crazy place, with the lasers-- [glass shattering] Ow! [still singing as the audience boos more vehemently] That's really big! Could be a big laser, and hopefully it's--

AUDIENCE MEMBER: He's different! I don't like this!

PETER: Why are you making loud noise? Shut up!

AUDIENCE MEMBER: Play Baby Googoo!

PETER: Shut up!

AUDIENCE MEMBER: Sucktown! Population you!

[audience members demand Baby Googoo and Pee-nee Gorno]

PETER: No! Stop! Shut up! Why aren't they shutting up?

AUDIENCE MEMBER: We're a mob!

PETER: Hey! [glass shatters] Ow! My Pee-nee!

[intermission music interrupted by beeping]

AUTOMATED VOICE: One new message. No encryption detected.

[transmission-start noise]

BORDOFF: Your Eminence, it is I, Bordoff. But a humble tool in your blooming garden of wackness. I'm most pleased to announce that I have secured for you that which any all-powerful leader must possess: extremely high-quality business cards. Henceforth, after you meet

someone, they will reach in their pocket and remember, "ah yes, that was the Emperor." And fear not! I have spent barely any of our precious kroon. You see, I made these cards using VistaPrint. At VistaPrint, they want us to do something great with our... business. Which is why they offer 500 high-quality custom business cards starting at just \$9.99! Can you believe it? What an incredibly low price to have the confidence that you're always ready to make an impression!

BORDOFF: And it was fast! I started with one of their professionally-designed templates, picked the paper stock and style-- with responsibly-sourced paper and carefully-selected inks, of course-- and zap! We will have the cards in as little as three days! But wait, there's something else. As we fill our glorious ranks, everyone can get this amazing deal simply by using code M-T-Z at vistaprint.com! That's code M-T-Z at vistaprint.com! M-T-Z at vistaprint.com. And your satisfaction is 100% guaranteed! The only thing I can think of that's more than 100% guaranteed is that you will satisfy your destiny as the [hushed] merciful, all-powerful emperor of the universe. Your servant, bowing low in your shadow, signing off. M-T-Z at vistaprint.com. [muttering to self] And then I just hit send. Send. Okay. Probably fine.

AUTOMATED VOICE: Message deleted.

[intermission music resumes]

PLECK: Oh man.

C-53: Wow. Did not end well for Pee-nee. Or Peter.

PLECK: It also didn't really end well for the Rebellion, I don't think. The Council is headed to the Zyxx quadrant.

C-53: That can't be a good sign.

DAR: I managed to grab some sludge for everybody.

[Pleck and C-53 make pleased 'oh!' sounds]

PLECK: Thanks, Dar. Silver lining.

[incoming-transmission beeps]

C-53: Emissary Decksetter, I have an incoming transmission from Missions Operations Manager Nermut Bundaloy.

PLECK: Hey, Nermut.

NERMUT: Hey, guys. [pained noises]

PLECK: Nermut, are you okay?

C-53: Did you injure yourself somehow?

NERMUT: Well, I just have a stress fracture. I fell out of my wheel, and I--

PLECK: Oh, Nermut.

NERMUT: I think I went a little too hard. I don't know if the Seesu Gundu school of breakups is really the way to go, but.

PLECK: Yeah, you gotta take it easy.

NERMUT: Yeah. I actually snapped a-- I mean, my bones are hollow, so it's not, I guess, that surprising, but I--

PLECK: You *snapped* one of your bones?

NERMUT: I snapped a leg bone, so I've got a little splint here.

C-53: Well, they're hollow. They grow back pretty quick.

NERMUT: They grow back fast. Actually, speaking of, guys, growing back-- I wanted to give you a little nub-- nubdate.

PLECK: Oh, hey!

C-53: Oh, whoa.

PLECK: You're almost at full tail!

NERMUT: Yeah! It's coming back!

C-53: It's like three-quarter tail.

NERMUT: I know! Ow.

C-53: It's like a tai'.

NERMUT: It's a tai', yeah. So yeah. Down a leg, up a tai'. Phew.

C-53: So we got some--

PLECK: Not great news.

C-53: Yeah.

NERMUT: What?

C-53: Pee-nee Gorno was party to a conversation of most of the Council of Seven, where they--

NERMUT: Yeah, that's great! That's great! What's happening? What do we got?

C-53: They're coming to the Zyxx quadrant.

NERMUT: Uh... no. What?

C-53: Presumably to crush the Rebellion.

NERMUT: Uh...

C-53: It's not looking great, Nermut.

NERMUT: I have to deliver this news? I mean, on one hand, it's great that we're the team that figured out this exciting, terrible news. But--

PLECK: That feels like... way less cool than bad.

C-53: I don't think that's gonna--

BARGIE: Is this a bad time to interrupt? There's a new episode of Bargie & Beano, it just dropped!

NERMUT: Are you serious? I've been watching 'em!

BARGIE: And it's the one that Nermut is in!

NERMUT: What?!

C-53: Nermut is *in* an episode of this? When did you shoot this?

BARGIE: He doesn't know. And to the clip!

[playback-start noise; upbeat piano; canned applause]

BEANO & BARGIE: [singing] Beano and Bargie, Bargie and Beano! Beano and Bargie!

[piano concludes, applause continues]

NARRATOR: Filmed in front of a live studio audience.

BARGIE: Beano, if you're pregnant, just tell me.

[audience gasps]

BEANO: [sighing] Beano know.

[canned laughter]

BARGIE: I'm just saying, I'm your friend. You can tell me anything you want. Except if you got gas!

[canned laughter, door opens]

NERMUT: Guys, what are you doing?

[audience boos]

BARGIE: What? Get out!

BEANO: Get out!

BARGIE: This is a--

NERMUT: Sorry!

BARGIE: You're not supposed to-- you did not even sign a union contract--

NERMUT: I don't-- I didn't have-- nobody gave me a contract!

BEANO & BARGIE: [singing] Beano and Bargie, Bargie and Beano! Beano and Bargie, la-la-la-la-la!

[canned applause; playback-end noise]

BARGIE: Anyway, that was it! That was a really-- honestly, we need to re-edit it. Very bad episode.

BEANO: Beano wuv it.

NERMUT: [sigh] Honestly, guys, I'm honored to be in the episode. I didn't know--

C-53: Did you just wake up and wander into the recording?

NERMUT: Yeah, yeah. I was trying to sneak into Dar's room, and they happened to be filming at night, and I-- but I looked good onscreen, right?

PLECK: Yeah!

BEANO: Eh, Beano think that the camera adds... eh, fifteen pounds.

PLECK: *Fifteen* pounds?

NERMUT: *Fifteen* pounds?! I weigh two and a half pounds!

BEANO: Beano know.

DAR: What are the view counts on that series at this current state?

BARGIE: Beano?

BEANO: Beano know. Beano *wuv* analytics. Beano *wuv* them!

PLECK: Mm.

C-53: Um, Emissary Decksetter, it's worth mentioning that our backstage passes to Mehnahnaroo give us access to the live feed from the concert stages, if you'd care to enjoy the remainder of the concert.

PLECK: Oh, sure, yeah! Absolutely.

NERMUT: Oh, I'm gonna stay on.

C-53: We've missed most of Jordan B'Korkan's set, but I believe he's just coming back to the stage for an encore.

NERMUT: Oh wow.

PLECK: Yeah, I'll watch that.

[transmission-start noise, audience cheering]

JORDAN: Alright! Y'all sure do know how to make a simple boy from Outer Gainsborough feel real welcome. We got one more for ya. Save some of that energy for those rebels! We're gonna

be stickin' lots of boots up their asses, if you know what I mean! [the crew make uncomfortable noises] Rodd *damn*, bless the FA!

[Pleck makes an annoyed noise]

C-53: This might be... this might be a little pro-Federated Alliance.

PLECK: Yeah.

JORDAN: Speakin' of the Council, I have it on authority that they're about to bring the hammer down on those rebels here in the Zyxx quadrant! In fact, they might just be on their way this very moment! Each one, in their own Planet Crusher!

NERMUT: Wow.

C-53: This... honestly seems very similar to what Pee-nee told us.

JORDAN: Matter'fact, they're gonna be here in exactly three weeks. And at that time, the rebels will be no more! A new season of the Federated Alliance will rise again! Not right away, maybe three or four months after that, we'll be ready. That's why I wrote this song. Here we go!

PLECK: Wow, that's very detailed.

NERMUT: Wow. So I can just update them about the actual day.

C-53: Yeah. If anything, this is much more involved.

PLECK: Yeah, we actually did not need Pee-nee Gorno at all.

NERMUT: Wow. This is patriotism bordering on treason, really.

PLECK: Mm.

C-53: There's no accounting for taste.

[Pleck laughs; finale music]

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PEE-NEE: This one's called Nebula Nips.

PLECK: Nebula Nips?

C-53: Oh boy.

PLAYBACK: Nebula nips, now!

PEE-NEE: Oh, sorry. Sorry, I pressed play too early.

PLECK: Oh, that wasn't so bad.

PEE-NEE: No, that's the middle of the song. I'll just fast-forward. Sorry, my bad.

DAR: You played it too early, and you played it from the middle. Okay.

PEE-NEE: Yeah, sorry. Alright, here it is. [singing in a deeper tone] Jungle vines don't exist on this planet. [muffled laughter] But you know what does? This sexy lady! [less-muffled laughter] Sexy lady, can you come over here? Sexy lady, won't you tell everybody what you are? Wait, no, sexy lady, come on. Come on. I'm sorry, I'm sorry. I'm sorry, sexy lady.

PLAYBACK: Nebula nips, now!

C-53: Much later than I thought it would come in.

[laughter]