

[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: I'm a little nervous about, uh, what we found out last week.

C-53: You were discomforted by the fact that the Council is coming to the Zyxx quadrant?

PLECK: I mean, yeah, a little. It seems a little foreboding. Do they even know where the Rebel headquarters is?

C-53: I don't think so. Surely they would have struck it by now.

PLECK: I mean, I don't know where it is.

BEANO: Beano know.

C-53: You don't know where it is?

PLECK: [mildly indignant] No! I don't know where it is!

C-53: You're an emissary for the rebels!

PLECK: Yeah, but when I asked them, they were very hush-hush about the location.

C-53: Oh. I mean, I know.

PLECK: You do?

C-53: Yeah. They sent it to me as an encrypted piece of information.

PLECK: [whispering] Where is it?

C-53: [hesitant muttering] Now that I know that you *don't* know, I'm not gonna tell you now.

PLECK: [indignant sputtering] I'm your-- I mean, we're basically best friends!

C-53: It sort of feels like maybe they did that for a reason. Like you'd give it up under torture or, you know, just leave it lying out on a datapad or something.

PLECK: Yeah, no, that makes sense.

C-53: You're what we call in the info world a "soft point" in a security network.

BEANO: Beano know.

C-53: I'm sorry if that sounds harsh, but.

PLECK: No. Soft point. That makes-- that's--

C-53: What's your mother's name?

PLECK: My mother's name?

C-53: Yeah.

PLECK: Karen.

C-53: Yeah, see, now I can access a lot of your information that I couldn't before.

PLECK: [gloating] Well, but I *didn't* tell you that her *maiden* name is Planters.

C-53: Okay, but... you just did tell me that.

PLECK: Okay.

BARGIE: Alright, Beano. So you said that I should change my brand. [big exhale] Right. Because I need to change my image to be more attractive in this new holo industry. What are some of the names that you came up with, that I can-- no, I'm not Bargie. Bargie's dead. Who am I now?

BEANO: [sound of flipping through papers] Uh, Beano wuv B-R-G, Jade--

BARGIE: Jade. Just Jade.

BEANO: Beano Jade?

BARGIE: Okay. Um, again, we talked about this. I'm not gonna put the name 'Beano' [Beano makes an 'eh!' noise] into my name.

PLECK: Bargie--

BEANO: Beano just spitballing.

PLECK: Bargie, can I just say, I don't think you should change your name. I think you're perfect just the way you are.

[door opens]

DAR: [background video game SFX] Yeah, Bargie, you don't need to change your name. You're iconic!

BARGIE: Really? Okay. So let me tell you this. If I say the name 'Bargarean Jade', what are the first three things that come to mind?

PLECK: Okay, I'll go first. Um... sexy.

BARGIE: [uncomfortable noise] Feels weird coming from you.

PLECK: Uh, buxom.

C-53: That's an odd choice.

PLECK: Okay. And, uh, desired. By me. *Desirable* to me.

DAR: [aghast] Pleck, what is *up* with you?

BARGIE: What is happening?

C-53: [mildly bewildered] What is going on?

BARGIE: I don't--

PLECK: I'm sorry, was that too much? I just feel like-- I don't know--

DAR: Way too much. That is too much, yeah.

PLECK: I don't know what it is, Bargie, but lately I've just been like, walking through your halls and, like, feeling your consoles--

BARGIE: I noticed!

[C-53 makes a mildly disgusted noise]

PLECK: There's something that's just really attractive about you, Bargie.

BARGIE: Okay, anyone else worried? Anyone else?

C-53: I'm a little concerned.

BEANO: Beano think Pleck is problematic.

DAR: I'm extremely creeped out.

PLECK: Okay, I'm sorry. I'll keep it to myself.

C-53: Bargie, if you asked me what words I think of when I hear the name Bargarean Jade, my first word would be 'ship'.

BARGIE: Yes.

C-53: Uh, my second would be 'notable'.

BARGIE: Okay!

DAR: Pleck! Stop winking at her!

PLECK: What?

C-53: And you're winking the big eye.

PLECK: I-- I just-- you're blowing up my spot right now, and I don't know why you're doing that.

BARGIE: Okay, but let me just clarify something real fast. Pleck, I want you to look directly down my hallway. That's like looking straight at me.

PLECK: Gladly.

[everyone makes disgusted noises]

DAR: He purred! He *purred* at her!

BARGIE: [miserable noises] Pleck, this will never, ever happen in a bajillion, gillion years. So move on. Meet people. Get out of me and meet other people.

PLECK: No, you're right. I'm sorry, Bargie. I don't know what came over me. You're right. I need to just focus on the--

BARGIE: I'm gonna make my air conditioning *very* cold right now, because it's probably too warm.

PLECK: Wow. Okay, yeah. [shivering noises]

BARGIE: Anyway, I'm gonna go with Gus Gurt.

C-53: Gus Gurt?

PLECK: Who's Gus Gurt?

C-53: That's you now?

BARGIE: Thinking about it.

BEANO: Beano wuv it.

DAR: [bewildered] Gus Gurt?

[incoming-transmission noise]

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

[transmission-start noise]

PLECK: Great. Hey, Nermut!

NERMUT: Greetings, team!

PLECK & C-53: Whoa.

DAR: Nermut--

NERMUT: Hello!

PLECK: Nermut, where'd you get that hat?

NERMUT: This is-- these have been issued to everyone, given the situation. The high alert. Let me just turn my camera around. [slightly distant] Can you see here? Can you see everyone marching? [consistent sound of marching footsteps]

PLECK: Whoa.

C-53: Did they read your report?

NERMUT: Absolutely.

PLECK: Wow.

NERMUT: The information has been received, it's been processed, and everyone is mobilizing. We have to fortify the bases. We need to line everybody up in lines. We need to get everyone just, like, ready.

DAR: Nermut?

NERMUT: Yeah?

DAR: Nermut, I'm sorry to interrupt, but when you say 'we', that's the royal 'we'? Like, *you* are not actually doing any of these things, right?

ROLPHUS: Missions Operations Manager Bundaloy, can you turn the camera around so that you're not showing our troop formations?

NERMUT: Oh! Oh, sorry, sorry. Yeah. Now, obviously the troops are getting physically oriented and ready for battle, but that's only half the battle at most. [Pleck laughs] The other half--

DAR: Now, is that really half the battle? It seems like half the battle would be the fighting.

PLECK: I think formations are maybe the first ten percent.

NERMUT: Oh, first ten percent? Okay.

ROLPHUS: [distant, hollering angrily] Assign the mission!

NERMUT: Oh! Sorry! [sighs] I really thought he was gone.

PLECK: But we can all agree that it's not fifty percent.

DAR: Definitely not fifty percent. That would be crazy.

NERMUT: [rushed] Guys, I had a point that was leading up to the other half of a sentence. Okay. So the physical preparations are half the battle, maybe, at most. Or ten percent. Whatever we got. But the other half is *emotional*. It's *spiritual*.

C-53: No, you can't call that a full half.

PLECK: A certain part of it's fighting skill. Aim.

DAR: I feel like we kind of agreed no more percentages should be involved.

PLECK: Piloting, obviously.

ROLPHUS: [yelling] Bundaloy!

NERMUT: Yes?

ROLPHUS: [yelling] Give them the jucking mission!

NERMUT: [aggravated] I am trying! They're arguing with me about percentages! [normal tone] Guys, this is-- I'm sorry if this is reading weird. This is not coming from me. This is coming from the mouth, the pen, the keyboard of U.everybody.

[beat]

C-53: Wow.

PLECK: What?

C-53: U.everybody? Really?

BARGIE: That's a good name. That-- can I-- it's taken.

DAR: Can't have that one, Bargie.

BARGIE: It's taken.

PLECK: Wait, Nermut, who is U.everybody?

NERMUT: U.everybody?

C-53: Emissary Decksetter! Look at your REB Talk queue! U.everybody has given *the* most-viewed REB Talk of all time!

NERMUT: Absolutely!

C-53: About positivity, about engaging with your life on a day-to-day basis.

NERMUT: So-- oh, wow, guys. [typing noises] You're going to the Sistoo quadrant.

DAR: What?

PLECK: Wait. We're going to the *Sistoo* quadrant?

NERMUT: Yeah.

C-53: Nermut, no one can go to the *Sistoo* quadrant. It's a massive wasteland of former bits of planet.

DAR: It's restricted! We've-- no one's allowed there!

BARGIE: They don't even have a holo industry! There's nothing to watch!

PLECK: Well, that's-- I mean, that's also true, Bargie. But--

C-53: Not very important.

PLECK: But the *Sistoo* quadrant was where the Battle of *Sistoo* was! That's where the Monarchy was defeated by the Federated Alliance!

NERMUT: Uh, yeah.

C-53: Emissary Decksetter, famously, the tide was turned at the Battle of *Sistoo* by U.everybody's rousing inspirational speech.

NERMUT: U.everybody is *in* the *Sistoo* quadrant. U.everybody could summon the inner strength of every rebel and make them--

ROLPHUS: Bundaloy!

NERMUT: Yes?

ROLPHUS: Just tell them that they're picking up a jucking motivational droid.

NERMUT: Okay! So, um, you're picking up a motivational droid.

C-53: I believe he said picking up a *jucking* motivational droid.

[intermission music interrupted by static]

BARTENDER: [Mike Tyson-esque lisp] Hey there, pal. How are you doin'? You know, I'm actually not *just* a bartender. [cans opening, drinks being poured] Nope. This is actually my side hustle, if you can believe it. My real passion? [glass slides down countertop] Graphic design.



Yeah. Posters, rebrands, signage, you name it. Actually, why don't you take one of my brand-new business cards? Here. Snazzy, right? I got 'em at vistaprint.com. Lookin' at 'em, I'd bet you'd think they were expensive! Nope, you're wrong. Dead wrong. [pssh' noise] I got 500 of these sweet suckers for just \$9.99. Yeah, you heard that right! You can't even get two orange beers in here for that! And they don't skimp at VistaPrint. No, no, no. Look at that responsibly-sourced paper. See the glint off that carefully-selected ink? You see it? Yeah, you see it. But wait, you're like, a galaxy-famous expert tentacle surgeon, right? Don't you wanna be something *more*?

BARTENDER: VistaPrint wants you to do something great! Which is why they're offering that same amazing deal-- 500 high-quality custom business cards starting at \$9.99-- to *anyone* who uses the code M-T-Z at vistaprint.com. M-T-Z at vistaprint.com. I'll write it down on my business card, on the back. [writing noises] M-T-Z at vistaprint.com. And they'll be delivered to you in as little as three days, satisfaction guaranteed. I tell you, we don't have that guarantee here at the bar. We couldn't! We'd be out of business. Actually, if you want to just stay a famous surgeon, I could draw you a tentacle with a scalpel in it as your logo! And then you upload that to vistaprint.com, code M-T-Z, and you got yourself a custom business card, mister! Now we're talkin', huh? Now we're havin' fun! We're havin' a good time! [tentacle surgeon makes pleased noises]

[intermission music resumes, fades to the Bargarean Jade exiting hyperspace into a space-wasteland]

C-53: I'm not a superstitious droid, but this-- there's something about this quadrant.

PLECK: Spooky here.

BEANO: Beano love atmosphere.

PLECK: How are we supposed to find U.everybody out here? I mean--

C-53: I don't know. They sent me coordinates, but I assumed it would be in some... you know...

DAR: Place?

C-53: Yeah, like a--

PLECK: Location.

C-53: A bunker, or a--

BARGIE: I'll turn my headlights on.

C-53: But they just gave me a specific point in space, which I don't think there's anything... here. It doesn't make any sense.

[distant voice]

BARGIE: Oh!

C-53: Oh my--

PLECK: What?

C-53: What the--

BARGIE: Something-- that-- something just hit me!

[knocking noises]

U.EVERYBODY: [distant, outside the ship] Ahoy!

C-53: [mildly bewildered] Uh-- ahoy.

U.EVERYBODY: Ahoy! Hello!

PLECK: Is that-- Bargie, is there someone outside of the ship?

BARGIE: Yeah, there's a thing outside.

U.EVERYBODY: Oh, um, hi! It's U.everybody! Are you guys supposed to be picking me up?

BARGIE: So motivational.

DAR: Yeah!

BARGIE: So motivational.

C-53: Mr. Everybody, what are you-- you're just floating in space!

U.EVERYBODY: [chuckling genially] Well, I've been here for a while. Since the Battle of Sistoo! Uh, first of all, could you let me in?

C-53: Oh, yeah. Yeah. Bargie?

U.EVERYBODY: If you don't mind? Could you open the doors? Okay. [hatch opens] Whew! I've been floating in space, it's freezin' in here! [jovial laughter] The air conditioning must be on!

PLECK: Oh, Bargie turned it up.

U.EVERYBODY: Oh my gosh, I haven't had that in a while. Well, somehow it's colder in here. [chuckles]

PLECK: You've got everybody--

U.EVERYBODY: Woo, boy. How's it goin'?

PLECK: Did you say you have been here since the Battle of Sistoo?

U.EVERYBODY: That's right! Absolutely! I've been here since the Battle of Sistoo. [slightly glitched laughter]

C-53: You gave a REB Talk! You can't have just been floating in space!

U.EVERYBODY: So that's what it looks like, but here's what really happened. It was a telecommunicated REB Talk. [C-53 goes 'ohhh'] Yeah. Thanks for watching, by the way. Honestly, I've been doing a lot of, like, hustling by myself, floating out here in space. Sending a lot of email.

PLECK: So you've just been sending emails while floating in space?

U.EVERYBODY: Well, you gotta like-- you gotta put your brand out there! Alright? And my brand is [emphasizing each syllable] *positivity!* [jovial laughter]

PLECK: Sure, sure.

U.EVERYBODY: Wow, this is a good-looking crew!

C-53: Oh, thank you.

DAR: It must have been really hard to stay that positive all by yourself, in the ruins of a whole quadrant.

U.EVERYBODY: [noncommittal noise] You know, but if you knew where I came from, you'd know that floating in space by yourself for almost a year and a half-- uh, that's actually better than where I started at. But, you know what, we don't have to get into that. Uh--

DAR: Where did you start at? That sounds *better*.

U.EVERYBODY: What do you mean, it sounds better? I'll tell you what sounds better: who I am right now.

BARGIE: Can I just say, the talk that you gave about turning on your engines and keep flying-- really, really said a lot to me.

U.EVERYBODY: Well, I mean it. And you look so familiar to me!

BARGIE: Oh, yeah, it's-- I'm Gus Gurt.

PLECK: No, uh, she actually-- this is actually the Bargarean Jade. You may have recognized her from--

U.EVERYBODY: Oh my Rodd!

BARGIE: Well, yeah, that too.

U.EVERYBODY: [genial chuckle] Well, guys, let's skedaddle, because I have a bunch of troops to motivate, huh? And thanks for picking me up. Hope this wasn't out of your way, was it?

C-53: Uh, actually, this is a quarantined area. No one's supposed to be in here.

BARGIE: I'm in a hazmat hull.

U.EVERYBODY: Mm-hmm. Well, sometimes when you go someplace no one's supposed to be, that's because you're meant to be there yourself.

[the crew make inspired noises]

PLECK: Oh, wow. That's good! That's great!

C-53: Very profound. Can I ask--

U.EVERYBODY: Sure!

C-53: How did you survive for 18 months?

U.EVERYBODY: Alright. Well, you guys aren't gonna be able to tell this just from looking at me, but I'm not organic.

[beat]

DAR: Yeah.

C-53: Well, I guess I sort of assumed that.

U.EVERYBODY: Oh, really? Oh, sometimes it's a fun reveal. Dammit. Okay.

DAR: But you look great! I mean, for being out here in a high-radiation zone for a year and a half by yourself, you look amazing!

U.EVERYBODY: [genial laughter] Oh, thank you very much! What are three things you find attractive about me?

DAR & PLECK: Oh, uh--

C-53: You make very strong eye contact.

U.EVERYBODY: Thank you!

BEANO: Beano--

U.EVERYBODY: Hm? Who said that?

BEANO: Beano!

U.EVERYBODY: Where the hell is that coming from?

PLECK: Oh, this is Beano, sorry.

U.EVERYBODY: Oh my gosh! I'm sorry, little guy! I missed ya there!

BEANO: Beano know.

DAR: Well, we don't really like introducing Beano to new people.

U.EVERYBODY: And how do you think that makes Beano feel? [the crew makes uncomfortable noises] Beano, how does it make you feel?

BEANO: [quietly] Beano feel sad.

U.EVERYBODY: Beano feels sad, everyone! Beano feels sad! Everyone apologize to this sad little bean!

PLECK: Uh-- okay. I'm sorry-- I'm sorry we don't...

U.EVERYBODY: You're sorry you don't what? Use the words.

PLECK: I'm sorry we usually don't introduce you, Beano.

C-53: Beano, I'm sorry we view you as a burden as opposed to a member of the crew. That's not fair to you.

BARGIE: Beano, I'm sorry I argued, saying that you taking 70% as a manager is too much.

C-53: Yeah, that-- that seems--

PLECK: Seems higher than it was.

BARGIE: Yeah, it went up.

U.EVERYBODY: Okay.

BEANO: It's the biz! Beano accept your apologies. [U.everybody gasps] Beano *wuv* forgiveness!

DAR: Aww! [laughs happily]

U.EVERYBODY: Well, how about that. And since we're gonna be riding together, and I'm about to go, you know, rally the troops here for some new battle, which I'll ask you a little more details about. I was emailing back and forth with a *very* angry Tellurian who had problems with his ex-wife. [crosstalk]

PLECK: Yeah, Commander Rolphus, sure. Hard to deal with.

U.EVERYBODY: Yeah, it is. But you know what we say? The people who are the hardest to deal with are the most rewarding to be around.

[Bargie makes a noncommittal noise]

PLECK: I'm not sure that's--

DAR: Ooh, that's a toughie.

PLECK: I mean, U.everybody, you're a stronger droid than I. You know?

U.EVERYBODY: [chuckles genially] So you're a droid too?

PLECK: Oh, no no no. I'm not, no. I'm a Tellurian.

C-53: Very obviously, I'm a droid.

U.EVERYBODY: [laughing] Yes. No, I didn't want to say anything.

[beat, Pleck laughs]

C-53: It's-- I'm not offended by being identified as a droid.

U.EVERYBODY: Oh, I know, but I wasn't sure if you like to surprise-reveal it every now and then.

C-53: No, I think for me it's pretty obvious.

PLECK: It's pretty obvious. Self-evident.

C-53: *You've* got much more of an organic look to you. You probably--

U.EVERYBODY: But I'm not organic.

C-53: No, no, we know.

U.EVERYBODY: Oh, right. I forgot I told you. [sighs] Damn.

C-53: If an organic was out in space for 18 months, they'd-- they would die.

PLECK: I mean, most organics will die--

DAR: Even a minute.

PLECK: Yeah. Thirty seconds.

C-53: I would say a lot of droids, if you left them out in space for that long, would also-- they're just not built to do that.

U.EVERYBODY: Well, you know what? I wasn't built to do what I'm doing right now.

PLECK: Really? What were you doing before this?

U.EVERYBODY: [small sigh] It's not a big deal. But you find your ways. I'll tell ya. Alright? I'll tell you.

PLECK: [laughing] Okay! Quick turnaround.

U.EVERYBODY: If you ask me-- [slight glitching noises] if you ask me again, I'll tell ya.

BEANO: Ooh, Beano *wuv* reveals.

U.EVERYBODY: When you look at me, though, you probably see a strong, confident droid.

PLECK & C-53: Yeah.

C-53: Yeah, I would say yes.

U.EVERYBODY: Alright? That's who I am, alright? And I was on a planet in this quadrant--

C-53: Were you working at the palace of the Monarchy?

U.EVERYBODY: Um, I was.

C-53: Okay.

[muffled ship noises]

U.EVERYBODY: I was. Well, I didn't really have a choice, okay? And I used to be--

BARGIE: And we've landed!

U.EVERYBODY: Oh, 'kay! Woof, that was smooth!

PLECK: No, we can-- we can probably finish that story.

U.EVERYBODY: No, it's not that big of a deal. Don't worry about it.

PLECK: No, it sounded very--

DAR: It was very-- it sounded like very interesting backstory!

C-53: Yeah, I was drawn in.

U.EVERYBODY: No, it sounds like it, but it's really not. All that you need to know is that here I am right now. I'm gonna-- you guys, alright, just-- guess what you all just did now that we landed? You completed a mission!

C-53: Wow, that's actually--

PLECK: Yeah, that's true.

U.EVERYBODY: How does that make you guys feel? Pleck?

PLECK: Uh, well-- honestly, U.everybody, it's pretty rare that we will successfully--

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



U.EVERYBODY: Oh, you don't believe in yourselves?

C-53: We *don't* believe in ourselves.

PLECK: I sort of believe in myself.

BEANO: Beano believe in Beano.

PLECK: You might say 40% of us believe in ourselves.

U.EVERYBODY: Well, you know who else used to not believe in themselves?

DAR: Uh...

C-53: Was it-- is it you?

U.EVERYBODY: Oh, yeah. Dammit, I thought that was gonna be a fun reveal.

DAR: It was still fun!

PLECK: It was pretty fun!

C-53: Still fun to learn. You just sort of set it up in a way where it--

PLECK: Hey, U.everybody, you used to not believe in yourself?

U.EVERYBODY: Yeah! And now I'm a motivational speaker who gives REB Talks! But I wasn't built to be motivational. That's a program that I had to override in myself. [C-53 makes a contemplative noise] I was built... to be a sexbot.

PLECK: Okay. Wow.

U.EVERYBODY: And a drugbot.

[the crew all make conversational noises akin to grimacing]

DAR: That's a whole other bot.

U.EVERYBODY: I was also a bookie-bot.

PLECK: Okay.

C-53: They really just-- can I just get a quick percentage breakdown of how much work you did as each one of those?

U.EVERYBODY: Sure, no, absolutely. Um, 49% I was a drugbot.

C-53: So mostly drugs.

PLECK: Technically not--

C-53: Well, if there's two other percentages--

U.EVERYBODY: 50% sexbot.

C-53: Oh. Well, he really got me on that one. [laughter]

U.EVERYBODY: And 1% bookie-bot.

C-53: Oh, so really almost not a bookie-bot at all. But...

U.EVERYBODY: Also, if you guys press my ass, I can sing a song.

PLECK: Oh!

C-53: I've got a similar function.

[loud, not-at-all-sexy music plays as U.everybody paces the room]

PLECK: Wow. You guys are actually very similar droids!

C-53: Yeah, I think this was sort of a fad at the time when these frames were made.

[music stops]

U.EVERYBODY: So I'm a-- I'm a droid.

C-53: [laughing] We've been over this.

U.EVERYBODY: I know, it's just--

PLECK: It's very obvious. I should mention this, U.everybody-- I know you haven't had access to a mirror, but the year and a half you spent floating in space has not been kind--

U.EVERYBODY: Oh, really?

PLECK: [laughing] To your-- yeah.

C-53: You've got pretty much--

PLECK: I would say most--

C-53: Visible hole punched through your torso.

U.EVERYBODY: Well, that was-- that--

PLECK: Most of your skin has-- I mean, I would say sort of sloughed off.

U.EVERYBODY: Mm-hmm. Oh, yeah. I will say, about three months in I got hit by a 'stroid.

PLECK: Oh, sure.

C-53: Yeah. Yeah. That can be a problem.

U.EVERYBODY: It is difficult.

PLECK: [laughing] That'll happen.

U.EVERYBODY: But! The positive side? It pushed me closer to the edge, so you guys didn't have to travel as far!

PLECK: That's-- edge of the quadrant, yeah.

U.EVERYBODY: Edge of the quadrant!

PLECK: Yeah!

SEESU: [distant, knocking] Knock-knock! Hello?

U.EVERYBODY: Oh! Oh my Rodd! Everyone hide!

CREW: Hide?

U.EVERYBODY: It could be a surprise party, and we don't know about it!

DAR: Um...

PLECK: It could be-- *we're* throwing a surprise party?

C-53: I don't think that's how surprise parties work.

U.EVERYBODY: Alright, hide, everyone! Ooh, where should I hide? [Pleck makes confused noises] Okay, you know what, it's fine. I'll answer the door. I'll answer the door.

DAR: You'll answer-- okay? Gosh, what a ride.

[door opens]

U.EVERYBODY: Hello?

SEESU: Oh, hi! I'm Seesu Gundu!

U.EVERYBODY: Oh my Rodd, yes! You're what Tiddle has told me about!

SEESU: [probing] What did Tiddle say?

U.EVERYBODY: Oh, just that I was--

SEESU: What exactly did he say? What words did he use?

U.EVERYBODY: That you were supposed to be, um--

SEESU: I was supposed to what?

U.EVERYBODY: You were-- um, you were expecting me.

SEESU: What? Oh, okay!

U.EVERYBODY: You were expecting me!

SEESU: Yeah! Okay, great! Fantastic!

U.EVERYBODY: Absolutely, absolutely. And also--

CREW: Surprise!

SEESU: What? I don't understand what the surprise is.

C-53: We're not fully [crosstalk]--

DAR: Neither do we.

BEANO: Surprise!

U.EVERYBODY: Listen, here's the biggest thing I've learned. Are you ready? It's that if you hide when someone knocks, it becomes a surprise party, even if you didn't know it. And that's the biggest surprise of all.

SEESU: [still confused] Ah.

PLECK: There's something about the way he says things that really feel like pearls of wisdom, but I--

C-53: I feel like-- yeah.

PLECK: Honestly, I'm trying to-- I'm wracking my brain. I cannot figure out a time where that would be true.

C-53: Parsing it internally, and I'm like--

SEESU: Sorry to interrupt, we have all the troops ready.

U.EVERYBODY: Oh gosh, oh gosh. Well, here it is!

SEESU: For you to--

U.EVERYBODY: And no, you don't have all the troops. Look! You have a few more right here. Fleck and--

PLECK: It's-- it's Pleck, actually.

U.EVERYBODY: Okay. Sorry. You have Fleck--

PLECK: It's Pleck, actually.

U.EVERYBODY: Okay. And you have C-3.

PLECK & C-53: C-53.

U.EVERYBODY: C-53. And you have Mr. Bean.

C-53: [laughing] That's not right.

U.EVERYBODY: Also, you have Dar.

DAR: Oh! Okay. That one was pretty hard to screw up, so.

PLECK: Nailed that one.

U.EVERYBODY: Yeah, I did it. There was nothing wrong there.

SEESU: Okay! We're ready for you, so when you're ready--

U.EVERYBODY: Give me two seconds. I just want to say thank you to my wonderful crew here.

SEESU: Okay, great! I will see you onstage! [departing] Goodbye, everybody!

U.EVERYBODY: Oh my gosh, I know.

SEESU: [distant] Byeeeee!

U.EVERYBODY: Guys, gather round. [the crew make affirmative noises] Alright, okay.

BEANO: Beano love--

U.EVERYBODY: Pleck, uh, why are you touching the ship so hard?

PLECK: I just am really-- I just-- the way-- I never noticed how beautiful this console--

BARGIE: This is not a thing I want!

PLECK: Okay. Alright.

U.EVERYBODY: Guys, first of all, thank you so much for the ride.

PLECK: Hey, no problem!

U.EVERYBODY: And you know what I always say? It's that even when you get to your destination, the end result is only as good as the journey that got you there.

BARGIE: That was very good.

PLECK: That's very nice! That's very nice.

C-53: Nice. Yeah, I like that one.

PLECK: U.everybody, it was an absolute pleasure. We are gonna head back to the--

U.EVERYBODY: Oh, no! No, no, no! What are you doing? Don't you wanna come see my speech?

C-53: I do, sort of. Yeah.

DAR: I guess, sure.

U.EVERYBODY: I am a little nervous. It would mean a lot to have you guys there. You're my best friends.

PLECK: Wait, what?

U.EVERYBODY: Yeah. Everyone else I know was obliterated.

PLECK: Okay, sure. You know what? We'll come check it out.

C-53: We could probably just watch it.

PLECK: Also, I gotta say, it would be cool to see all the rebels gathered in one place, you know?

U.EVERYBODY: Right? And you know what? It's gonna be cool for the rebels to see all you guys there.

PLECK: Oh, no.

C-53: No.

U.EVERYBODY: Uh, I think so!

PLECK: No, literally, that's not true.

C-53: Not really a reputation we have.

U.EVERYBODY: I really do.

PLECK: Okay.

[intermission music, with extra marching drums; fade in to real marching drums and marching footsteps]

PLECK: Holy crap, guys, look at all of these rebels! I guess I didn't really realize how many rebels there are.

DAR: Of us there were? Yeah, it's like... there were so many people I could have been hooking up with, if only there'd been a mixer we'd been invited to.

PLECK: Yeah, we were not invited to... anything.

DAR: Karaoke, the ice cream social, Tuesday trivia nights...

PLECK: Yeah, that doesn't seem right.

NERMUT: Hey, guys!

PLECK: What? [pleasantly surprised] Hey, Nermut! Hey! What's up, man?

NERMUT: Hey! How's it going?

DAR: [tense, measured] Hi, Nermut.

NERMUT: [drawn-out, uncomfortable] Hey, Dar. Um...

DAR: Hi. Nermut.

NERMUT: Dar.

DAR: Nermut?

NERMUT: Yeah?

DAR: Hi. Hi. Hi.

NERMUT: Hi.

C-53: [muttering] This is a lot longer than this exchange usually takes. This is what you'd call sort of an anti-rapport, that they have now.

NERMUT: Um, so-- actually, guys, I've been meaning to--

MEL: Hey!

NERMUT: Yeah, so this is Mel.

MEL: [largely incomprehensible] Hi, I'm Mel!

C-53: Yes, hello.

PLECK: Hey.

NERMUT: This is my crew that I've been telling you about, Mel!



MEL: [slurring words so severely as to be almost unintelligible] Nermie has been talking about you guys for the longest time! I'm just like, 'who are these guys?'

BEANO: Beano *hate* Mel.

PLECK: Whoa!

C-53: Wow.

NERMUT: What?

PLECK: Beano!

NERMUT: [hushed, aghast] Beano!

BEANO: Beano hate Mel.

PLECK: Okay. Alright, just-- Beano--

DAR: Uh, Beano? Just a quick aside? Um, I love you and I am sorry that I have not shown you the respect that you clearly deserve.

BEANO: Beano wuv Dar.

DAR: And I am so grateful for you right now.

BEANO: Beano wuv Dar, Beano hate Mel.

PLECK: Whew. Okay.

BEANO: Beano *wuv* Dar!

PLECK: [shushing noises] It's starting!

[drumming increases in volume]

SEESU: [taps mic] Hello, everybody in the Rebellion!

[cheering and applause]

ROLPHUS: [taps mic] They all know they're in the Rebellion.

SEESU: [testy] I was just trying-- let me do my speech. Let me just do my speech!

ROLPHUS: But they all know.

SEESU: Let me-- okay! Hi!

ROLPHUS: Okay, great.

SEESU: I am Seesu Gundu! [applause]

ROLPHUS: I am Rolphus Tiddle! Commander Tiddle.

SEESU: You don't need to put 'Commander' in there, everyone knows you're the commander.

ROLPHUS: [muttering indistinctly]

SEESU: Okay! I just think we need to be more personal. We're about to announce-- okay. I'm just saying-- we're fine. [brief sigh, then overly cheerful] How is everyone doing? [scattered applause] Great, okay. So we have a little get-together surprise for each and every one of you! When I say 'motivational', you say-- [variants on 'speaker' and 'speech']

ROLPHUS: Speaker.

NERMUT: Speecher!

ROLPHUS: No, speaker.

NERMUT: Oh.

ROLPHUS: Who's saying 'speech' and who's saying 'speecher'? Speecher's not a word!

NERMUT: Sorry.

ROLPHUS: [aggressive] Speecher's not a word!

SEESU: Okay, Rolphus? Rolphus, we should--

ROLPHUS: I mean, who--

SEESU: We don't need to get angry. We don't.

ROLPHUS: It makes me nervous that people are saying 'speecher' like it's a thing.

SEESU: What did the therapist tell us? We need to breathe and count to ten, okay? [Rolphus exhales heavily] One, two, three--

AUDIENCE: This is inappropriate!

ROLPHUS: It's-- it's part of it. We're-- it's part of the therapy. Have to do it at work.

AUDIENCE: Publicly?

ROLPHUS: Yes!

AUDIENCE: Sounds bad.

SEESU: Wow!

AUDIENCE: I sound like this, too!

ROLPHUS: You all sound like that! Hey! [grabs mic] Hey, squeaky-voiced squadron? Keep it down!

AUDIENCE: It's your fault for putting us together!

SEESU: [loudly, regaining control] Okay! Well, everybody, it's--

ROLPHUS: Like, the best motivator we could get for the money we have! It's [in unison with Seesu] U.everybody!

[applause and cheering]

U.EVERYBODY: Thank you, Seesu. Thank you, Rolphus. I don't want to blow anyone's minds, but I'm gonna put this microphone down. [sound of microphone hitting a surface] But you notice my voice is still amplified. That's because I'm not organic. I am a droid.

AUDIENCE: We are aware of this!

AUDIENCE: Half of your skin is gone!

AUDIENCE: Also, there's a big hole in your torso!

U.EVERYBODY: Alright.

AUDIENCE: You had that whole REB Talk about being a droid!

U.EVERYBODY: So you're familiar with my work!

AUDIENCE: Love it!

U.EVERYBODY: Thank you! I love that attitude. Now, I want everyone out there to close their eyes.

AUDIENCE: What if you don't have eyes? What if your species is a type that doesn't have eyes?

U.EVERYBODY: Then you're one step ahead of the game.

AUDIENCE: What if you are just an eye?

U.EVERYBODY: Close yourself!

AUDIENCE: Good point.

AUDIENCE: Makes sense when you say it!

U.EVERYBODY: Now, I know what you're about to do is very scary. So I want you to think about your deepest fear. [audience cries out in terror] Wait, no-- [scattered howling and wailing] Silence! Silence, I'm raising my hands. Look at my hands.

AUDIENCE: That snake was so big!

U.EVERYBODY: No, I'm so sorry. No, okay, I meant to say-- think about your greatest fear of going-- [more screaming] No!

AUDIENCE: [wailing in terror] Mother! Mother!

U.EVERYBODY: Okay. I'm hearing a lot of different things out there. But I want you guys to know that deep down, you're all brave. Sometimes the greatest battles are the ones you didn't know you could even fight. You know, I had to fight a battle once. I was built to be a drug, sex, and gambling robot. I was part of a governmental program where every day, they'd feed me with drugs--

PLECK: [hushed, talking over U.everybody] Hey guys, can I talk to you for a second?

DAR: But he's in the middle of his speech.

C-53: Yeah, Pleck, he's--

PLECK: [continuing to drown out U.everybody's speech] No, I know, but can I just say something? I feel like being here with all these rebels, with you guys, with Nermut just makes me realize-- I think maybe we're here for a reason. Listen, I can't inspire people. I'm no U.everybody. I'm just some dumb kid from a farm planet who wanted to do some good in this crazy galaxy. And none of us really know how to fight. I mean, Bargie's guns aren't even real.

It's not like we can hop in and just go up into space and join a dogfight. I guess what I'm trying to say is, who cares if this is what we thought we were gonna be doing? We're here now, and these rebels need our help! And maybe, just maybe, our little crew can go up there and really make a difference. You know? I say let's give it a shot. What do you think? Who's with me? [in unison with U.everybody] Who's ready to fight?

[audience explodes with raucous cheers]

PLECK: Thanks, guys. I mean, man, that actually really means a lot to me. So I appreciate that.

DAR: What are you going on about?

C-53: Were you-- were you saying something this whole time?

PLECK: [mildly offended] I was talking to you guys! Remember, I--

DAR: During the speech?

PLECK: Yeah! I pulled you into an aside! We do it all the time!

NERMUT: No, we were--

C-53: You gotta check in with us when you do that. I don't remember any aside.

DAR: I remember watching the speech.

PLECK: You didn't hear any of the things I was saying?

C-53: No! We were watching U.everybody!

NERMUT: I'm still quivering from this powerful motivation circling through my body! How could I--

C-53: Did you not pay attention to that speech? It was, like, out of this world.

PLECK: Listen, I heard the first half, and then I just thought it really wasn't going anywhere.

NERMUT: Oh, Pleck--

DAR: Wow.

C-53: The first half sets up the second half.

PLECK: That makes sense, yeah. No, you're probably right.

NERMUT: It led directly into the second half!

PLECK: Okay. Alright.

DAR: It built like a tower of blocks!

NERMUT: Yeah.

C-53: He laid the foundation--

PLECK: I get it. I get how a speech works.

ROLPHUS: Wow. The crew of the Bargarean Jade.

PLECK: Oh. Hey, Commander Tiddle! Great to see you!

ROLPHUS: I'm actually-- I'm a little bit surprised and impressed that you're here.

PLECK: Uh--

ROLPHUS: I wouldn't think that you--

C-53: We can pick up someone from deep space and bring them back.

ROLPHUS: Well, I wouldn't think that you were the type that would enlist yourself into a battle.

PLECK: Ah, well, what can I say? It was a very rousing speech by U.everybody. Any kind of emissary work we can do during the battle, we're happy to go liaise with--

ROLPHUS: Wait, what kind of--

NERMUT: Yeah! If, during the battle, we need to meet someone and talk to them and get some intel--

C-53: Or negotiate the terms of surrender. We're happy to.

ROLPHUS: What? No, we've fitted guns onto the Bargarean Jade. You'll be taking--

DAR: Ooh, awesome! We've always wanted guns!

ROLPHUS: Great. Well, now you've got 'em.

DAR: That'll be great while we're out there on a--

NERMUT: Wherever we need to deliver those guns to, whoever needs them--

ROLPHUS: [slowly, explaining carefully] No. The Bargarean Jade has been retrofitted to be a fighter. The four of you will be on the ship, helping support the fight.

C-53: Oh. Uh--

PLECK: Support with, like, talking?

DAR: Huh?

ROLPHUS: [increasingly annoyed] How much clearer do I have to make this?

NERMUT: I guess more?

DAR: Actually, a little more clearer would be great.

ROLPHUS: [aggravated] I guess so! The Bargarean Jade's a fighter. You're gonna be inside of her. And you will fight the Federated Alliance. As a *fighter*. Why would I get you to *talk* to anybody out there?

DAR: You know, the thing is, we're not a fighting team. I mean, look at us. Like, not just the parts, the sum. The sum of our parts. Look at all of us, together.

ROLPHUS: I see you, but--

PLECK: Yeah, I'm a dope!

ROLPHUS: We need every-- I know. We need every available sentient life form to throw at the Federated Alliance. Now, you might be cannon fodder, but you're gonna be the best cannon fodder we've ever seen.

C-53: Oh, that's not a great--

PLECK: No, that doesn't--

DAR: No, no, no.

C-53: That was bad.

NERMUT: Wait, guys, he said the *best*.

PLECK: No, come on, Nermut--

DAR: That's not what he means.

C-53: Nermut, pay attention to the context.

NERMUT: It's not often that's leveled at us.

ROLPHUS: Crew of the Bargarean Jade, welcome to the Rebellion. Hope you survive the experience.

PLECK: What does *that* mean?

C-53: That is a terrible tagline.

NERMUT: We're already in the--

C-53: Are you telling people that?

ROLPHUS: We've been sort of workshopping it--

SEESU: Rolphus? Rolphus, I heard. We weren't gonna go with that one.

ROLPHUS: I thought we were doing that one.

SEESU: That's a very negative outlook on life.

ROLPHUS: Well, I like that one. I like that one. Hope you survive. It has hope in it! Welcome to the Rebellion, you're really in it now. [the crew makes dismayed noises] Is that one--

SEESU: That's worse!

ROLPHUS: We don't like 'you're really in it now'?

SEESU: We want to make it positive!

NERMUT: You're really in it now?

SEESU: [heavy emphasis] *Positive*.

ROLPHUS: I feel like these are sort of-- you're in it! Now!

PLECK: Alright, guys, let's just head back to Bargie.

ROLPHUS: Space be with you. Do we do that?



PLECK: Oh! And also with you!

ROLPHUS: What?

PLECK Is that not-- okay. [laughter]

[marching-drum intermission music]

PLECK: Well, guys, Rolphus is right. We are in it now. So, uh, just want to say before anything happens that--

BARGIE: Hey, everyone, look at this! Bang, bang, bang! [guns firing]

PLECK: Hey, Bargie--

C-53: You should not be shooting those off in the hangar.

PLECK: [laughing] Bargie! We can't shoot those in the hangar!

DAR: They gave you real guns?

BARGIE: Bang, bang, bang! [guns firing]

PLECK: Stop! Bargie, stop! Stop!

BARGIE: Yeah, they just put 'em on me! They're like-- I don't know what's happening. They're like, hey--

PA: We are under attack. We are under attack.

C-53: Oh, I think that might be Bargie's fault.

[Dar sighs wearily]

PLECK: No, yeah. Sorry, sorry! Sorry.

[PA message continues repeating]

C-53: Some friendly fire.

PA: Six Planet Crushers have exited hyperspace in range of Rebel Headquarters. Six Planet Crushers in range of Rebel Headquarters. All rebels--

PLECK: [exhales loudly] Oh boy, that sounds bad.

PA: Repeat. All rebels--

NERMUT: Guys, I know we're about to go into something crazy, unprecedented, wild. We honestly don't know if we're coming back. But remember way back in the beginning? They said they don't do this, but I feel like... can we put our hands in the middle and do one of those things where we lift 'em all up? I know it's not officially sanctioned by the Rebellion--

PLECK: I don't know, I feel like we were explicitly told not to do that.

NERMUT: I don't know-- guys, I don't know if they're gonna see. [sighs quietly]

PLECK: Alright.

C-53: I mean--

NERMUT: Wait, somebody hold me up so my arms can get in the--

PLECK: No, we'll just bend down.

NERMUT: Oh, thanks.

DAR: Yeah.

BARGIE: I feel excluded.

PLECK: Uh-- Bargie, can you, like, extend a-- I don't know, do you have an antenna or something that can come out?

BARGIE: I can shoot the gun.

PLECK: No, no, no. Don't! Please don't!

C-53: Don't do that.

DAR: Don't shoot us.

C-53: Do you wanna drip some gas into this?

BARGIE: Fine.

DAR: I mean, that seems really fitting.

BARGIE: Alright. Unloading some gas. [sloshing noises]

C-53: Oh, that's a lot. That's sort of a lot.

NERMUT: Come on, on the count of three!

BARGIE: Oh, sorry, sorry. Taking the gas back.

PLECK: Whoa!

DAR: You could've done that the whole time?!

BARGIE: Eh, it takes a lot of effort.

NERMUT: You can un-eject gas?!

DAR: It's fine.

BARGIE: It's a ship-kegel exercise.

PLECK: Oh! Bargie, that sounds amazing. Can I see--

BARGIE: Alright, nope. Don't want that. Don't want any kind of reaction.

PLECK: Fair enough. Fair enough. Let's all get in here.

NERMUT: Put 'em in.

BEANO: Beano here too.

[everyone goes 'oh!']

C-53: Beano, where did you--

PLECK: You know what, Beano? Why don't you count us off? What do you want to say, Beano, at the end? At three?

BEANO: Um... hm... Beano know?

PLECK: I don't really feel comfortable--

DAR: I think-- yeah, 'Beano know' sounds like a good--

BEANO: Beano wuv the story of Beano?

NERMUT: That's very long.

PLECK: It doesn't really have to do with what we're about to do?

BARGIE: Use your 15th catchphrase.

BEANO: Fwiendship?

BARGIE: There it is. There it is. There it is.

PLECK: That's really nice, Beano.

CREW: One... two... three...

CREW: Fwiendship!

BEANO: Beano know!

[gas-sloshing noises]

PLECK: Beano, you said 'Beano know'. Okay. Alright.

[finale music]

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C-53: C-53.

U.EVERYBODY: C-53. And you have Mr. Bean.

C-53: [laughing] That's not right.

ALLIE: Oh my God.

BEANO: Beano take it. [all laughing] Beano wuv it.

[continued laughter]

JEREMY: Does Beano wuv physical comedy?

BEANO: Beano *wuv* physical comedy!

ALLIE: Yes!

ALDEN: Beano wuv broad British physical comedy!

ALLIE: [cackling] Yes!

ALDEN: Driving in his little car!

MOUJAN: And getting into car accidents!