

[An energetic synth-rock version of the usual opening theme plays]

NARRATOR: It is a period of civil war, but things are still pretty chill. Sure, the Federated Alliance is headed to the hidden rebel base, but as far as the best crew in the Zyxx quadrant is concerned, that just means more asses to kick. Still basking in adoration from having *definitely* blown up the Delegator, rebel emissary Turk Manaked and his attractive-but-super-humble crew travel farther and faster than any other emissary team. To explore rad and exotic new worlds, repeatedly confirm their obvious heroism, and sign holographs for fawning bug creatures and stuff. This is [echoing] Tiny Toots' adventures.

[Music becomes more dramatic and guitar-heavy, then fades away]

TURK: Hey, D-20?

D-20: Yes, Emissary Manaked?

TURK: Do you, like, wake up every day super psyched to be on Tiny Toots like I am?

D-20: Well, I don't wake up. I power up. But every morning I compile data that proves that we are the most efficient, successful, and... may I say, coolest emissary team in the Rebellion.

TURK: High five, low five!

D-20: Initiating high-five protocol.

[electronic beeping, high-five noises]

TURK: Hey, Tiny Toots?

TINY TOOTS: Ahoy-hoy!

TURK: Can you give us some sick words of inspo?

TINY TOOTS: Funny you should mention that. [fake-girl laugh] I was just about to give us all our daily affirmation!

D-20: Fantastic.

[door opens, heavy breathing and lumbering footsteps]

TINY TOOTS: Um, just think about this through the rest of your day. I have been given endless talents, which I will utilize today like I utilize every day.

TURK: Let's all say it together.

CREW: [almost in unison, but not quite] I have been given endless talents that I will utilize today like I utilize every day.

PARKA: Sometimes the daily affirmation makes me feel like I've got fewer scars.

D-20: Security officers Parka and Anorak, as a two-headed Doscabezos, this is usually your time for brooding, is it not?

ANORAK: Yeah. I really find it important to spend a lot of time *brooding*.

TINY TOOTS: We're, like, so happy you came out of the brooding chamber.

TURK: Yeah.

TINY TOOTS: Of course, on this ship, there's a chamber for literally anything you could ever imagine needing and/or wanting.

ANORAK: You know, it would really take a toll on our mental health if we didn't have a special chamber just to [in unison with Parka] brood. But after about 20 minutes a day, we come out of there feeling [in unison] fan-jucking-tastic.

TURK: There's so many rooms in you, Tiny Toots. It's like we're living in our own little palace cruise line. [Tiny Toots chuckles] Sometimes I, like, open a door, and there's somebody new in there. Like this door.

[door opens]

SOMEBODY NEW: Oh, hi, everybody!

PARKA: Hey there, buddy.

SOMEBODY NEW: You guys want a made-to-order omelette? On call whenever you need me!

D-20: Fantastic.

ANORAK: Wow. Well, we might think about it later.

PARKA: Yeah.

SOMEBODY NEW: Alright. Think about it right now, and decide later!

ANORAK: Dark past, bright future. If it got any brighter, it'd burn our juckin' retinas straight out of our skulls.

PARKA: Anorak, I know you've done a lot of stuff we don't wanna think about, but I wouldn't want to be fused to anyone else.

ANORAK: Parka, you're one jucked-up son of a bitch. But I can't help but respect you.

PARKA: Oh, I'm gonna wrap our arms around us.

[manly grunting, sounds of rocks slamming together as Anorak and Parka embrace themselves]

[electronic ding]

D-20: Oh, Tiny Toots, I actually have an incoming voice message from a... 'Beano and Bargie, Bargie and Beano LLC' production company.

[message-start noise]

BEANO: Hey, Tiny Toots, Beano here from 'Bargie and Beano, Beano and Bargie LLC'. Beano just following up, just circling back about a possible attachment to the Bargarean Jade/Beano web project. Beano sent contracts over earlier. Just give a look-see and see if that works out, and we'll have a package deal.

[rocks rumbling, message-end noise]

ANORAK: Alright, enough of this jucking garbage. I need an orange beer.

[bottles rattling in fridge]

D-20: Parka, Anorak, I just want to say... your gruff exterior and anti-heroism is very popular and cool.

ANORAK: Can I just say, your quiet demeanor but otherwise impeccable efficiency is also pretty cool.

D-20: Well, I don't like to brag, but I do think competency is the coolest thing there is.

ANORAK: Amen to that, brother.

D-20: Amen to that.

PARKA: Amen to that, brother.

TURK: Wait, Tiny Toots!

TINY TOOTS: Manaked?

TURK: We didn't get to say it, but congratulations on your three-movie franchise development deal as part of the Morbel cinematic universe.

[background treadmill noises]

TINY TOOTS: Listen--

D-20: It is incredible that you're part of the interconnected cinematic universe.

ANORAK: The Morbel cinematic universe is easily the best holos you can watch. Exciting. Hilarious. Fun.

TINY TOOTS: Guys, guys! Please! This is so sweet, but I really don't like to brag. Unless it's in front of one of my enemies, like... in which case, then I *love* to brag. I live to brag? I love it.

PARKA: Can I say, I really respect the studios for trusting those young male indie directors they're putting on the blockbusters without a lot of, you know, experience.

TINY TOOTS: I feel like we haven't complimented Manaked enough.

TURK: Yeah, guys, you don't need to, but like... let's do it.

TINY TOOTS: I mean, first of all, you are an Adonis. Your body is just like... if I had eyes, they would pop right out of my ship-skull.

TURK: Quick--quick up. [treadmill noises cease] I got another ab. [shirt-lifting sound; the crew gasps in amazement] I didn't even know you could get an ab here. And I got an ab!

TINY TOOTS: I didn't either!

D-20: I think that brings the count to an even 24.

TURK: Yep. Let's put it on the wall.

PARKA: Y'know, Anorak and I are relentlessly asexual, but... boy, you make it tougher every day, Manaked.

[electronic ding]

TURK: Oh, sick! My new REB Talk came out!

D-20: Fantastic, a new REB Talk.

TURK: Let's put up a clip!

TINY TOOTS: Oh my gosh, let's stream!

D-20: Activating REB Talk now.

[transmission-loading noise; soulful piano]

NARRATOR: Revolutionary ideas worth fighting for. REB Talks.

[applause]

TURK RECORDING: So, if you're ever feeling down, all you have to do is look into your mirror and be like, "Who is that? That's Turk Manaked! I'm Turk Manaked! I'm awesome!" [applause] I'm Turk Manaked!

TINY TOOTS: So eloquently put.

TURK RECORDING: That's who I am!

PARKA: I could talk about your choice of jacket for hours.

TURK RECORDING: Oh sh-- oh snoop! I got another ab!

[applause; end-transmission noise]

D-20: Ah, that's when you got 23.

TURK: That was 23!

D-20: Ah, fantastic. I'm so glad I got to bear witness to both 23 and 24.

ANORAK: And already five billion views.

[electronic ding-ding]

D-20: Emissary Manaked, we've got an incoming transmission from Senior Missions Operations Manager Mel.

MEL: Hey, guys!

TINY TOOTS: Oh, hey, Mel!

ANORAK: Well, if it isn't our favorite Senior Missions Operations Manager.

MEL: [largely unintelligible mission description; 'bring him back' and 'winners' can be discerned]

PARKA: Mm-hmm. Yeah, we got it.

D-20: Succinct as always, Mel. Thank you.

TINY TOOTS: That should be pretty easy for us, Mel.

MEL: [unintelligible save for 'Nermie']

NERMUT: [distant] Hey, guys. What?! [much closer] It's the crew of Tiny Toots! Do you remember--

D-20: Ceasing transmission.

[Nermut makes a disappointed noise; transmission ends]

PARKA: Generally my mind's full of bad, bad memories, but just-- that crystal-clear voice of Mel really pierces through.

ANORAK: One of the most soothing tones in the galaxy.

PARKA: Yeah.

D-20: Emissary Manaked.

TURK: Yeah?

D-20: Since Mel wants us to retrieve a Planet Crusher engineer to question about a possible vulnerability within the plant, how would you like to proceed?

TURK: Same way we, like, always proceed, brah.

D-20: Kicking ass?

TURK: Thas' right.

D-20: Fantastic.

[Parka and Anorak chuckle darkly; sound of laser guns warming up]

ANORAK: Sounds like a plan.

PARKA: Sounds like... a plan. [knives whooshing]

D-20: Uh, fun sidekick Squeegee the sentient mop, do you have any feedback?

[mop noises]

SQUEEGEE: Squeegee never pull focus.

D-20: Fantastic.

[mop noises fade into the distance]

PARKA: Classic Squeegee.

[synth-rock version of intermission music; electronic ding]

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

[electronic noises; beachy music]

FUNTASIA: Hello, crew of Tiny Toots! It's me, Funtasia FunFun, with your daily deal. That's right, it's time when you, the absolute primo emissary team of the whole Rebellion, receive exclusive offers that other teams don't even get to know about! I know that each of you is famous, attractive, smart, and *busy*! Which means you probably need a whole mess of skilled and loyal personal assistants, am I right? Or at least people to fill random rooms in the ship so it's fun when you open the door!

[door opens]

PERSON: Hi there!

FUNTASIA: Well, you're in luck! Because your deal of the day is... a free trial of ZipRecruiter! There are job sites that send you tons of raw resumes to sort through. That's not smart! But you know what *is* smart? Going to [ziprecruiter.com/zyxx](https://ziprecruiter.com/zyxx) to hire the right person! ZipRecruiter doesn't depend on candidates finding you, it finds them *for* you! Its powerful matching technology scans thousands of resumes, identifies people with the right skills, education, and experience for your job, and actively invites them to apply! So you get qualified candidates fast! That's why ZipRecruiter is rated number one by employers in the US—what is US?—based on hiring sites on Trustpilot with over a thousand reviews. Kind of like how you're the number one ambassador team based on *my* review! You're gonna have all those positions filled by the time old Funtasia is back with tomorrow's daily deal! Hint, hint: one for the price of one at Pierce Anything! So

head over to [ziprecruiter.com/zyxx](http://ziprecruiter.com/zyxx) to try it for free! That's [ziprecruiter.com/zyxx](http://ziprecruiter.com/zyxx). Fun! [less enthusiastic] That's... all I know. Help me.

[transmission ends]

VOICE: End of message.

[intermission music resumes with a fun guitar riff at the end]

D-20: [hushed] Team, everyone be on the lookout. I've scanned, and there are several guards on the perimeter here.

WARDEN: Halt! [guns warming up] You'll never get into this prison! I've got guards all around it!

[synth-rock theme fades in]

TURK: Do you? 'Cause it looks to me like you don't.

GUARD 2: Hey, who goes there? What's going-- [guard cries out in surprise, fading away into the distance]

ANORAK: We don't need to get past all the guards if we throw your guards... at your guards.

[sounds of more guards being thrown]

GUARD 3: Hey, what's going on here?

PARKA: We're throwing your guards at your guards.

GUARD 3: Whoa, wait, what?

ANORAK: You forgot one of your guards. [one last guard goes flying]

WARDEN: Oh, you're throwing my guards at my guards!

TURK: Hey, happy birthday, 'cause--

GUARD 4: Wait, how'd you know it was my birthday?

TURK: 'Cause this candle I'm about to blow out is your life.

GUARD 4: Wait. Whoa, that's so deep.

PARKA: Happy first anniversary. The traditional present is a guard!



GUARD 4: [flying away] No, it's paper!

[music ends with dramatic drum notes]

D-20: The guards have been neutralized. Let's keep going. [door opens] Ah, the bridge is out. There's a lava pool below us!

TURK: I know how to deal with this. Hey, lava pool! Go away!

[sounds of lava draining away]

D-20: [laughing slightly] Well done, Turk! You smooth-talked that lava pool!

TURK: Prepare yourself, team. The greatest obstacle of all: a set of two adorable twins.

ANORAK: Oh, geez.

TWIN: [cutesy kid voice] Um, hi there! Hello!

PARKA: Just leave it to us.

TWIN: It's just that we're the most adorable little assassins!

[loud stomping, subdued sounds of violence]

D-20: Well done.

TURK: Their heads came straight off.

D-20: Well done punting both of their heads.

ANORAK: No problem. We're known for doing the 'jump up once and kick both legs at the same times' kick.

[mechanical noise]

D-20: Oh, the floor has opened. This is a pool of water filled with electric squiggles. Be careful.

TURK: There's nothing that electric squiggles hate most than a bedtime story.

D-20: Parka, Anorak, I believe this is your-- [breaks off laughing]

TURK: Yeah, you guys.

D-20: Your forte.

PARKA: [deep, menacing] Once upon a time, there was a little boy named Billy. He went into the woods.

ANORAK: He didn't like what he saw there very much.

PARKA: Hated the woods so much.

ANORAK: Just came right back out.

D-20: It's working. It's working, the squiggles are falling asleep. Alright, let's go, team.

PARKA: Sleep tight, squiggles.

ANORAK: Don't let the squiggles bite.

D-20: Right, they are--

PARKA: Don't bite each other, Anorak means.

ANORAK: Yeah, that's what I meant.

D-20: Watch out, team, there's a laser grid ahead of us. We'll have to step *very* lightly.

LASER GRID: So, hey, what's up? Listen, um, I'm a laser grid. There's, like, uh--

TURK: Hey, laser grid? [talking over the laser grid] Hey, laser grid?

LASER GRID: There's a--

TURK: Hey, laser grid?

LASER GRID: I'm sorry, there's like 0.001% success rate on passing through this grid, 'cause I'm like--

TURK: Hey, laser grid?

D-20: [talking over the laser grid] Everyone, just let Turk out-alpha this laser grid.

TURK: Hey, laser grid?

LASER GRID: Ugh--

TURK: Hey, laser grid?

LASER GRID: What is it? What?

TURK: Hey, laser grid.

D-20: It's getting confused.

LASER GRID: Okay.

TURK: Hey, laser grid.

ANORAK: The lasers are starting to sputter.

[the laser grid groans]

TURK: Hey, question, laser grid--

D-20: There it goes. It's done.

TURK: Great. Alright, moving along.

PARKA: Wow.

D-20: Brains and brawn. That's the Turk Manaked way.

ANORAK: Amazing.

ENGINEER?: Let me out of here! Let me out of here!

PARKA: Wait, guys. That's a hologram. That's not the real engineer.

ENGINEER?: Let me out of here!

ANORAK: See what happens when we throw this kroon at it?

ENGINEER?: Ow! Augh, my head!

D-20: Alright, let's find the real engineer.

ENGINEER?: No, please! [increasingly distant] I was real!

D-20: That's not the one we want!

ENGINEER?: [distant] No!

TURK: Man. Sometimes this job's real hard. But it's real humbling, because you know what? I'm doing it with my best friends. [D-20 chuckles; synth-rock theme fades in] Take that back. I'm doing it with my only friends. Take that back. You're my family. Take that back. I'm in love with all of you.

PARKA: Couldn't have said it better myself.

D-20: Affirmative.

TURK: Best way to celebrate this new emotional awakening? Everyone, shirts off, skin to skin, high five.

CREW: [chanting] Skin to skin! Skin to skin!

[music fades out]

ENGINEER: Hello? Help me, please! Help! Let me out of here!

D-20: Hello, engineer. We've got you, engineer.

[metal creaking, Parka and Anorak grunt in exertion]

ENGINEER: Oh, you've come to save me!

TURK: Hey, don't be afraid, engineer. It's just me, Turk Manaked.

ENGINEER: Did you free my twin brother?

D-20: No, we--

TURK: Honestly doesn't-- no.

PARKA: He was gone before we got here, unfortunately.

ANORAK: Might've been a hologram.

PARKA: That too.

D-20: Almost positive he was a hologram.

ENGINEER: He was, like, right inside the first door? Past the laser trap?

D-20: There were a lot of doors.

ENGINEER: Straight up right after the first-- right after the laser trap. On the left. Can't miss him.

D-20: [mildly stressed] Team? I don't want anyone to panic right now, but the only way out of here is across a giant puddle. We're gonna need something absorbent.

ANORAK: Yeah, our rocky skin isn't absorbent at all.

[mop noises]

SQUEEGEE: Maybe Squeegee can help!

D-20: Squeegee?

[synth-rock theme fades in]

SQUEEGEE: Maybe Squeegee can help and then return to ship and be quiet!

TURK: Alright!

D-20: Oh, fantastic, Squeegee. Just do the purpose and then leave.

[sounds of mopping]

TURK: Mop it up! There he goes!

D-20: We don't know anything different.

SQUEEGEE: Squeegee knows exactly how much Squeegee is enough Squeegee!

ANORAK: You moved that water perfectly, and now the floor is bone-dry.

SQUEEGEE: Squeegee's purpose been clear from beginning! So long!

[mop noises fade into distance; dramatic drum beat]

PARKA: Bye, Squeegee.

D-20: Thank you, Squeegee.

PARKA: Love that guy.

[synth-rock intermission riff]

D-20: Emissary Manaked?

TURK: Yeah?

D-20: Would you like me to hail Tiny Toots?

TURK: You're the best one in the biz!

ENGINEER: I'm sorry, is Tiny Toots a ship or, uh...?

D-20: Oh.

PARKA: Wow.

TURK: That's a joke.

ANORAK: Wow, you're really--

[sounds of ship landing]

D-20: It's *that* ship.

TINY TOOTS: Boopity-boop-boop-boop! I'm right here!

ANORAK: You really must be out of the loop, fella, if you don't know who Tiny Toots is.

ENGINEER: I'm saved! Could we quickly go grab my brother--

TURK: Tiny Toots, give your biography so this little numb-nut knows who you are!

TINY TOOTS: [soulfully, as though narrating her own documentary] Tiny Toots was born in a small but beautiful auto shop. I was small. Some would say I was... *tiny*! And then I booked a couple substantial roles [giggles] and, you know, then things stuck. But the star kept rising!

PARKA: Story never gets old.

ANORAK: Arguably a perfect story.

PARKA: Yeah.

ENGINEER: Listen, I can't thank you enough for breaking me out of that prison. It was terrible.

PARKA: Hey, what's your name, son?

ENGINEER: Karn.

TURK: Corn?

KARN: K-Karn.

TURK: Corn?

KARN: My name is Karn.

TURK: [overlapping] Corn?

ANORAK: Listen, we'll call you Corn. It's for your own safety.

CORN: I don't understand how. But that doesn't matter now! I'm free! And I have you to thank.

TURK: Whose autograph do you want first? 'Cause, uh--

CORN: Uh--

ANORAK: Here, I'll sign this glossy holo first.

CORN: Okay.

ANORAK: [writing, muttering aloud] 'To Corn, stay cool.'

CORN: Uh, it's actually not Corn. It's Karn.

ANORAK: Oh. Uh...

D-20: We're gonna be calling you Corn from now on.

CORN: Okay.

ANORAK: Listen, Corn, uh--

CORN: Okay.

ANORAK: If people hear that Karn is aboard Tiny Toots, they're gonna get suspicious. And then you're gonna get found.

CORN: Ah, yes, I see. Okay. Yes, I see what's happening.

ANORAK: And then you're gonna be dead.

D-20: We never make mistakes. It's just part of the protocol.

CORN: Okay. Great. I feel like we should use a-- like, Jeff is a real name. Corn just, I think-- Corn is a vegetable usually, and--

D-20: Emissary Manaked, shall I begin the interrogation?

CORN: That's not necessary, I'm actually totally willing to give you guys information.

TURK: Yeah.

D-20: Fantastic.

[menacing whirring noises]

CORN: No, you don't-- oh, wow. That is-- [threatening electric hum] yeah, don't put that anywhere near me. Listen, can I just say something? The Planet Crusher Crusher, I made against my will. I was held prisoner at the facility. I built the Planet Crusher Crusher over the course of 60 years inside of a pocket universe. To your time, in your universe, it was about a two-week period. But for me, it was 60 years.

ANORAK: 60 years?

CORN: I was actually born in the pocket universe. Maybe six months ago. And then, over the course of--

PARKA: And your mother named you Corn.

[beat]

CORN: It was actually-- [Parka makes an annoyed noise] it was actually Karn.

TURK: It's Corn.

D-20: I have to correct you.

CORN: Why don't we just say Jeff? How about we just say Jeff?

ANORAK: Why is Jeff better than Corn?

CORN: Jeff is a real name. Corn is not a real name.



TURK: Um, I know eight Corns.

[beat]

CORN: You know acorns?

TINY TOOTS: You know eight Corns, or acorns?

TURK: I know eight. I know Bill Corn. I know Dale Corn. I know Sarah Corn. I know Corn Corn. I know Jeff Corn.

ANORAK: Are you counting Corn Corn as two Corns?

TURK: Now I know Corn.

CORN: I don't have to tell you anything about the Planet Crusher Crusher if you don't want me to. It seems like you're sort of not interested.

ANORAK: Listen, Corn. [fabric rustling; Corn makes a scared noise] If you think you're gonna get out of here without telling us *every single* weakness of the [in unison with Parka] Planet Crusher Crusher--

CORN: No, I'll tell you right now!

ANORAK: You're out of your [in unison with Parka] mind.

CORN: No, I'll tell you right now! First, though-- when you grab me, do you control the right arm and you control the left arm?

PARKA: What? No.

ANORAK: Um--

D-20: Are you--

ANORAK: Actually, you know, it's kinda weird, because I actually control the left arm.

CORN: Oh, wow.

PARKA: Yeah. Yeah, it's right arm, left leg.

CORN: Okay. Wow. Does that get confusing to you? Or I guess it's just sort of--

PARKA: No. Memorized it.

CORN: That's very impressive.

TURK: This is taking way longer than all of our interrogations take. [threatening noises]

CORN: No, please--

TURK: Usually someone gets on the ship, and they're like--

CORN: Please put your gun away--

TURK "Whoa! Sweet! It's Turk Manaked! I know your REB Talk, because your REB Talks are amazing! Whoa!"

ANORAK: Yeah. What's your deal, *fella*? [shoving noises]

CORN: [frightened] Listen! I've never been to this universe before! I don't know anything about it!

TINY TOOTS: [gasps] Oh my Rodd, you don't know that we're all famous! And that's why you're not giving us what we want!

ANORAK: That explains so much.

CORN: I'll tell you anything!

TURK: Wait, crew? This is, like, a really humbling experience right now. So let's all, like, take a moment. [crew gasps] Realize maybe being successful isn't always about being *famous*.

[Anorak rumbles in agreement]

TINY TOOTS: Manaked, you are so spot-on! We should really appreciate this very rare instance where someone didn't instantly know and appreciate us.

[the crew sigh thoughtfully]

D-20: Accessing humility subroutines. [beeping] Wow. I'm so grateful for this experience.

TURK: Me too.

CORN: Would you guys like to--

TINY TOOTS: Corn, thank you so much.

CORN: It's Karn. Or Jeff. Either one is fine.

D-20: We're going to call you Corn.

PARKA: It's Corn.

CORN: Okay, fair enough.

TINY TOOTS: Corn, if we can be humbled by this experience, you can too.

CORN: Um. Okay.

TURK: Yeah, give him the humble experience, D.

D-20: Initiating humbling experience now.

[continuous semi-light slapping sounds]

ANORAK: Just slappin' him.

CORN: Ah! Wait! I thought you were going to be-- oh, you're humbling *me*. Okay. Alright.

D-20: Be humble.

CORN: Ow!

D-20: Be humble.

ANORAK: Isn't that what you asked for?

D-20: Be humble.

PARKA: That's a fast-laid slap.

D-20: Be humble.

[slapping ceases]

CORN: Listen, listen. I have a vested interest in bringing down the Federated Alliance.

[beat]

TURK: Okay.

PARKA: Guess how many abs that guy's got. Then double it. You're still low.

CORN: Okay. I was gonna say, like, probably 18 total?

ANORAK: Yep. Way off.

PARKA: Way off.

CORN: Okay. Wow.

ANORAK: You thought he had *nine* abs?

CORN: Well, there's one right at the base of his neck! I thought, "no, there's no way those are abs--"

TURK: I was *born* with nine abs. That's offensive.

CORN: Okay. I'm sorry.

D-20: Uh, permission to discontinue conversation and merely scan his brain for the information needed?

TURK: Yep.

CORN: I'll tell you! I want to tell you! [mechanical whirring noises] Okay. [surprised, pained yelps]

TINY TOOT: Oh, sorry. Part of this is also that we have to shave all the hair off of your head.

D-20: We have to shave your head.

CORN: Why does that have to-- why is that part of it?

D-20: It's part of the scan.

CORN: No!

D-20: Now I'm scanning.

CORN: Wait, hold on. So my skull is not a barrier for your scanner, but hair is?

D-20: Just the hair. Just the hair.

ANORAK: Hey, what are you, a droid, buddy? You know how scanners work all of a sudden?

CORN: I actually engineered several scanners that see right through hair.

D-20: No, no.

CORN: Okay.

D-20: Listen, this just eliminates us having a long, drawn-out conversation where we all talk to you. We just do a quick scan, and we're in and out.

CORN: But don't you want to know my backstory about how I was--

D-20: No, it's not about the journey, it's about the destination.

TURK: Also, we have a Pilates class that we have to do starting right now.

D-20: Oh, space Pilates.

ANORAK: 45 minutes.

TINY TOOTS: Initiating Pilates mode!

D-20: Zero-G Pilates, everyone.

[soothing music plays, Corn makes alarmed noises]

ANORAK: [grunting with exertion] Really working the core.

TINY TOOTS: Now tuck and breathe. [noises of exertion and controlled breathing from the crew]  
Tuck and breathe.

D-20: Tiny Toots, our ship, is our instructor.

TINY TOOTS: And now, quick breaths! [quick breathing from the crew] Corn, I cannot hear your quick breaths.

CORN: [completely lost] What am I supposed to do?

D-20: Quick breaths.

TINY TOOTS: Pilates mode over.

[loud thunks and grunting as the crew returns to the ground]

ANORAK: Corn, why are you constantly bewildered?

CORN: I was in a prison for a decade! They put me to work on the Planet Crusher Crusher, and once they finished it, they threw me in a jail cell and took the Planet Crusher Crusher to your universe! [Parka and Anorak make an unhappy noise; slapping sound] Ow!

D-20: There might be other rebel groups that want to hear this kind of backstory--

CORN: This is very important!

D-20: But not us!

CORN: I thought it was important on some level for me to explain that I put them there on purpose. I made two of the three vulnerabilities so that it would be easier from any angle, with any sized fighter, to fly in and destroy it.

D-20: Why?

CORN: I despise the Federated Alliance. I despise Zwog Tambouie. They have my son!

PARKA: Oh, that's good. Someone's looking after your son.

CORN: No, that's not how it works!

PARKA: Oh, okay.

CORN: No.

TURK: We all have sons.

PARKA: Yeah.

CORN: Do we?

D-20: Most of us.

PARKA: Most of us have sons.

ANORAK: Yeah, we got a couple sons.

[laughter]

TINY TOOTS: Just a couple!

CORN: Okay, then surely you understand how important this is, that I'm able to rescue my son.

ANORAK: Everybody's got at least five sons.

CORN: That doesn't-- that doesn't... that's not true, though, I don't think.

PARKA: Eh, I'm pretty sure that's true.

D-20: Everybody's got a son.

ANORAK: Can't remember meeting someone without a son.

TURK: My son's name is Corn.

CORN: Your son-- you have a son named Corn?

D-20: Corn Manaked.

ANORAK: Just one of the many Corns Manaked knows.

TURK: I know eight.

CORN: You already listed eight. None of them were your son.

TURK: I listed *six*!

ANORAK: But were you counting--

CORN: So Corn Corn was just one Corn, then.

ANORAK: Yeah.

CORN: Okay.

ANORAK: Okay. That answered my question.

TURK: Guys. Do you understand? We're not only the best, coolest, hottest team-- skin-to-skin right now-- [fabric rustling; the crew chant 'skin to skin' repeatedly]

CORN: I don't think so, I'm not really--

D-20: Get in here, Corn.

PARKA: Get in here, Corn!

CORN: [quietly] I appreciate that.

TURK: But now we have the information to help the Rebellion kick ass against the Federated Alliance!

PARKA: Wow.

[electronic ding]

D-20: Emissary Manaked, we've got an incoming transmission from Senior Missions Operations Manager Mel.

[transmission-start noise]

MEL: [incomprehensible greeting]

ANORAK: We're doing great.

D-20: Very well, Mel.

MEL: [unintelligible relaying of information]

PARKA: Oh, geez.

ANORAK: Well, isn't this convenient.

PARKA: Wow.

D-20: Mel? We will be heading to your coordinates as soon as possible.

MEL: Alright! Bye-bye!

[transmission-end noise]

ANORAK: Listen, Corn. It's about to get real hot up in this ship, so we're gonna put you on an escape pod out of here.

CORN: Can you-- will your escape pod go back to my universe?

TURK: [distant] Alright, team!



CORN: If you want to know the vulnerabilities of the six Planet Crushers, my brother was able to--

ANORAK: Rodd save you, Corn.

[sound of escape pod being ejected]

TURK: Let's suit up into our super-sick victory outfits.

D-20: Let's suit up.

ANORAK: We might be the only ship out there, but they forget we've got the keys to the castle with these plans.

PARKA: Guys, you know, the Rebellion's all about a collective. But that's never been our thing. We've always known we're number one.

TURK: And yeah, maybe sometimes we doubt that we were the ones who destroyed the Delegator, because we were all blacked out from that moment from doing too much Pilates.

PARKA: Right. Could've been us.

TURK: Could've been us, could've been somebody else. But it probably was us.

ANORAK: I like to think it was us.

TURK: Yeah, me too.

D-20: What's our move, Turk?

TURK: Tiny Toots, set a course for Rebel HQ, 'cause it's hero time! And as we're making our way to victory, why don't you play us a clip from your greatest holo of all.

TINY TOOTS: I am so glad that you suggested that. Commencing clip now.

[playback noise]

PAPA: Tiny.

TINY TOOTS: Papa?

PAPA: Tiny, before I go off to war, I want you to take this. It's my--

TINY TOOTS: I--

BARGIE: Bang bang. Bang bang bang.

PAPA: Here they come for me, Tiny.

TINY TOOTS: But this is--

BARGIE: I'm a rock. Bang bang bang.

TINY TOOTS: No! Those rocks can't get you! They can't get you, I promise!

BARGIE: Bang bang.

PAPA: Don't you worry about me, Tiny. I hear those rocks a-bangin'.

BARGIE: I'm a rock. Bang bang.

PAPA: Time for me to go.

[playback ends]

ANORAK: Tiny, you *were* that little girl. Wow.

TINY TOOTS: I really was.

PARKA: Not even a scene-chewing rock can ruin that scene.

[synth-rock intermission music]

D-20: Emissary Manaked, get ready. We're exiting hyperspace in 3... 2... 1!

TINY TOOTS: We're out!

[the crew cheers excitedly]

D-20: Oh, goodness, there are *six* Planet Crushers.

TURK: I don't like this.

[dismayed noises]

D-20: Many fighters, many fighters.

ANORAK: Oh, wow.

TURK: This makes me feel bad.

D-20: Emissary Manaked, I don't detect any Rebellion fighters. It seems like they haven't scrambled yet. But I do detect twelve squadrons of Federated Alliance fighters.

TURK: Great.

D-20: Plus six Planet Crushers that are armed to the teeth.

TURK: Whatever.

D-20: Seems like the odds of our survival are 794,521 to one.

TINY TOOTS: We're the big number and they're the small number?

D-20: I'm afraid not, Tiny Toots.

[tense electronic music fades in]

TURK: Hey, team? The odds are bad, but you know what's good? We're all together right now.

ANORAK: Yeah.

PARKA: Yeah. The thing about numbers is, in those odds, we're the *one*. We're *number one*.

TURK: And I didn't hear a zero. Did you guys hear a zero?

D-20: There's no zero in the calculation, no.

TURK: So I say, let's beat these bobos.

D-20: Emissary Manaked, just to clarify, we won't be taking a direction towards the base? We will be engaging the fighters?

TURK: Yeah! I mean--

ANORAK: D-20, you said there's only *six* Planet Crushers?

[Turk blows raspberries disdainfully]

D-20: Uh, yes, that's correct.

PARKA: Huh. They must not know Tiny Toots was comin'. [laughter]

D-20: The fighters are scrambling towards us. The laser cannons have a lock on us. Things are quite dire.

[sounds of space combat]

TURK: Why are they shooting at us? Don't they know who we are?

D-20: Shield strength down to 54%.

PARKA: Oh, we're taking a lot of hits.

TINY TOOTS: I'm taking, like, a serious beating. Really hurts.

TURK: Hey, guys? What are we doing?

D-20: Shields at 48%.

TURK: We're the crew of Tiny Toots!

D-20: Shields now at 32%.

[synth-rock theme fades in]

TURK: We're number one in the Federated Alliance and now with the Rebellion! And sometimes I don't even care who we're with, because all that we're with is together.

D-20: Shields at 20%.

TURK: Is that a sentence that makes sense? No. But it doesn't matter because I believe in it. And I believe in you!

D-20: Emissary Manaked, shields are at 5%. Even if we made a retreat now, we would not be able to return to base.

PARKA: Pretty soon those shields are gonna be *number one* percent.

D-20: [laughing] Not a good thing.

TURK: I've never been afraid of life, and I'm not afraid of death.

[distant clatters and cries of pain]

D-20: Omelette station obliterated.

TURK: So bring it on, death! 'Cause death is just life continuing on!

D-20: That's--

PARKA: Not true.

D-20: Not true. That's categorically false.

TURK: So let's just fly straight into that Planet Crusher and tell it who's [heavily lilted] boss!

PARKA: Wow. We're [same inflection] boss.

ANORAK: Let's show it who's [same inflection] boss.

TURK: Hey, crew? Everyone get in a circle. Squeegee?

SQUEEGEE: Squeegee here!

TURK: Everyone's here. Alright, everybody. It's time to skin-to-skin for the last time. Remember, you're all my best friends. And the loves of my life. And get ready to get your names into history books, because...

CREW: [in unison] Here... we... gooooo!

[crew's voices fade out; soundscape of ship flying off into the distance; single distant explosion]

[finale music]

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JEREMY: I feel like Parka and Anorak could show up in season three. And we'd be like, "didn't you guys get incinerated?" [in Anorak's voice] "Takes a lot more than that to kill Parka and Anorak." [all laugh] We're like, "what?"

ALDEN: How?

JEREMY: What 'more'?

ALDEN: [laughing] What more?

SETH: You literally got killed by a Planet Crusher.

PARKA: We pay rent inside a fireball. [laughter]