

C-RED-IT-5: This is C-RED-IT-5 with a special announcement. The following episode is the season 2 finale of Mission to Zyxx. Thank you to everyone for listening to season two.

[A more dramatic and serious-business version of the usual intro music plays]

NARRATOR: The period of galactic civil war has reached its dramatic climax, and the Federated Alliance has left the Rebellion with no way out. Six fearsome Planet Crushers have surrounded the hidden rebel base, where a motley army gathers for the fight of their lives. Inside a rebel hangar bay, Emissary Pleck Decksetter and his intrepid crew prepare to board the Bargarean Jade, awaiting deployment into the crosshairs of Alliance fighters. Now, they must trust in each other, the Space, and Beano to face a threat unlike any they have ever encountered on their [echoing] Mission to Zyxx.

[Music becomes more bombastic and trumpet-y, then fades away]

REBEL PA: Red alert. Red alert. Rebel base under attack. All fighters, to your ships. Message translation to follow. [message repeats in Juntawa]

PLECK: [nervous] Uh, alright, guys. Let's, uh, Bargie-- uh, open the hatch. Let's get in and go, I guess.

BARGIE: I guess this is a thing we're doing.

[hatch noises]

PLECK: Listen, guys. Whatever happens, you know, I love you guys and we're gonna be okay, alright?

C-53: There's really no guarantee. There's six Planet Crushers out there.

PLECK: Okay. Well, there's only one planet--

DAR: Six? Instead of it being a Planet Crusher Crusher, it was just Planet Crusher Crusher Crusher Crusher Crusher Crusher.

C-53: Or maybe they combine into a *big* Planet Crusher.

PLECK: Hm. Well, whatever it is, you know, we gotta go fight it, I guess.

NERMUT: Let's go. Alright.

BEANO: Ooh, Beano wuv the tension!

PLECK: Beano--

C-53: Beano, there's a very real chance we could all die in the next few minutes.

BARGIE: Beano, make sure you're recording this. This is good for my reel.

BEANO: Mm-hmm. Beano know, Beano know. [recording noises]

BARGIE: Alright, up in the air. There we go. That's what I do.

PLECK: [nervous exhale] Whew. Alright.

NERMUT: Guys, I know we're kind of already on the mission, but for old time's sake-- [papers rustling] I've got a mission for us. We're headed in to fight directly against the Federated Alliance in a military--

[incoming transmission noise]

C-53: [talking over Nermut as Nermut groans in annoyance] Emissary Decksetter, I have an incoming transmission. It's coming across the all-Rebellion channel.

[transmission-start noise]

ROLPHUS: Greetings, fellow rebels. Long live the Rebellion.

DAR: Please live.

ROLPHUS: It's Commander Rolphus Tiddle--

SEESU: And Seesu!

ROLPHUS: And Seesu.

SEESU: Hi.

ROLPHUS: My life partner. [the crew make pleasantly surprised noises] We have great news for you guys.

DAR: It's that they got back together.

SEESU: We've gotten back together. But the most important thing here is--

DAR: Called it.

SEESU: You wanna take it, hon?

ROLPHUS: I will.

DAR: Wow.

ROLPHUS: Tiny Toots and Turk Manaked have stolen plans for all of these Planet Crushers.

C-53: [half-muttered, annoyed] Oh, come on.

ROLPHUS: And are on their way back into Rebellion space.

SEESU: So brave.

ROLPHUS: So brave. [the crew sigh in annoyance] Now, why this is vital is that, unlike previous Planet Crushers, these Planet Crushers have no visible signs of weakness. Somebody must have pointed out to Zwog Tambouie--

PLECK: Oh, boy.

ROLPHUS: What we all knew. What was obvious. [glass/ceramic clinking as Rolphus bangs on a table] Rodd damn whoever did that.

[the crew murmurs unhappily]

SEESU: Rodd damn that.

ROLPHUS: But! We've got hope now! Tiny Toots and Turk Manaked, they're bringing a way to turn the tide in this war!

SEESU: This is big! This is--

ROLPHUS: The day is saved!

SEESU: Oh, sorry, I was about-- you go.

ROLPHUS: Oh, you go.

SEESU: You go!

ROLPHUS: Well, we may be small--

C-53: Starting to get a little gross.

[Seesu laughs, message pings]

ROLPHUS: Wait, hold on, I'm getting a broadcast from Tiny Toots and Turk.

SEESU: Oh wow, okay!

TURK: Get ready to get your names in the history books, because... [in unison with Turk's crew] Here... we... go! [abrupt static]

SEESU: Hello?

[transmission-end noise]

SEESU: Oh.

ROLPHUS: [half-whispered, aghast] Oh my Rodd.

SEESU: That's not...

ROLPHUS: Oh my Rodd, they're [yelling, slams table again] *dead!* [Seesu gasps] They're jucking dead! All of them! [sounds of destruction]

PLECK: Oh, boy.

SEESU: [almost hysterical] That was the only thing we really had going for us!

ROLPHUS: [laughing despondently] We are so jucked! No!

SEESU: None of these people are-- you're all weak. Good luck!

ROLPHUS: Why are we even together?

SEESU: Wow, look at your face!

DAR: Oh boy.

ROLPHUS: Don't you say what you're gonna say.

SEESU: Oh, I feel like I see your face *everywhere!*

ROLPHUS: Don't use the c-word! *Don't* you use the c-word!

DAR: Do we have to keep streaming this breakup?

SEESU: You C-L-I-N-T!

ROLPHUS: We're done! We are done!

[door slams, transmission ends]

PLECK: Oh boy. That kind of went bad.

DAR: That is too bad.

NERMUT: This battle is 40 seconds old, and there's a lot of highs and lows so far.

BARGIE: Wow. Um... for those of you wondering, as I'm sure you all are, am I taking this well? No. [Pleck clears his throat] You know, I hated Tiny Toots! Bargie hated Tiny Toots!

DAR: Bargie, are you upset that Tiny Toots is dead, or are you... relieved?

C-53: Or would you prefer it had been by your hand?

BARGIE: The thing is--

BEANO: Beano wuv ambivalence.

BARGIE: [choking up] Tiny meant a lot to me. Who am I gonna be angry at, and put all my anger at the world towards one ship, if that ship is not there? I-- [sounds of weapon fire] Am I firing a lot of guns right now to show my emotions? Yes.

NERMUT: Bargie, those are rebel ships directly in front of us. I think you want to--

PLECK: Oh, no, no! Bargie!

C-53: Yeah, I wouldn't--

[weapon fire ceases]

PLECK: Listen, Bargie, I'm so sorry about what happened to Tiny Toots. Maybe, you know, if you're looking for someone else to talk to, you can always talk to me. You know, maybe we can go out for dinner sometime--

BARGIE: Okay. Anyway, I'm just gonna bury it deep inside like I do usually.

C-53: Hm. It appears the first wave of fighters is making their advance. We should all prep for combat.

[ships whooshing]

SQUEAKY-VOICED REBEL: Squeaky-voiced squadron checking in! [various squeaky-voiced rebels sound off]

LITTLE CRIMINAL REBEL: All the little criminals are here! Little criminals checking in! [little criminals sound off]

BARTENDER REBEL: [Mike Tyson impression] Bartender squadron checking in. [Tyson-esque bartenders sound off]

SHRIMP-LOVING REBEL: Shrimp-lovers checking in! [shrimp-lovers sound off]

[ships whooshing]

C-53: Bargie, I'm reluctant to ask this, but do you have any sort of evasive maneuvers or combat vocabulary installed?

BARGIE: Yes. From my former movies. I have a couple of lines still saved.

NERMUT: Lines? I don't know if saying a line is a--

BARGIE: Here's one. Open up your hatch, 'cause my gun's coming straight through!

NERMUT: Whoa.

DAR: Oh, I remember that from one of your holos!

BARGIE: Yeah.

C-53: That's a good line. I don't know if it's gonna do us a lot in, you know, the theater of combat.

[objects clattering, Pleck makes unsteady noises]

PLECK: Bargie, are you okay? We're sort of getting hit a lot.

BARGIE: [audibly glitching] I'm doing not good now, thank you for asking.

NERMUT: This is not looking great.

DAR: Guys? I know how to lead this campaign.

NERMUT & PLECK: What?

DAR: [rummaging around in the distance] I-- what I mean is, [returns to focus] I can just think of this as one of our tabletop roleplaying games. [sounds of a tabletop game being set up]

C-53: This seems like a dangerous strategy. Dar, while surely many enjoy the pastime of tabletop roleplaying games, I don't know that the application of that in a galactic space battle is going to be all that useful.

DAR: [forceful] We can do this! We can do this! I just need you guys to have faith in me as your DM.

NERMUT: The Deepspace Master.

PLECK: Yeah! You know what, Dar? Let's do this!

NERMUT: What will be the first move?

DAR: [rolling dice] BARGIE, you'll be assigned the role of Space Assassin.

BARGIE: Great!

DAR: C-53, I want you to be our Space Quark.

C-53: You got it.

DAR: Nermut, I think given your abilities, you should be our Space Dwarf.

NERMUT: [indignant] What?

DAR: Pleck, you should be the Space Tech Expert. Can you handle that?

PLECK: Sure, yeah!

DAR: Great.

PLECK: [sighs] Thank Rodd for you, Dar.

DAR: Uh, and then, uh--

BEANO: Beano?

DAR: Beano. Wow. Beano, I think the only player left on the board is actually Space Rogue.

BEANO: Ooh, Beano love chaotic neutral!

DAR: Um, yeah. And if I roll my die-- [rolls dice]

C-53: I've never played a Quark before.

DAR: Alright, Bargie.

BARGIE: Yeah?

DAR: Let's rotate 62 degrees, [rolling dice] yaw 21 degrees, [rolling dice] pitch 9 degrees, [rolling dice] and get ready to thrust at 85% in three, two, one!

[spaceship-thrusting noises, Pleck cries out in alarm]

REBEL: Scarlet leader taking fire! Scarlet leader taking fire!

REBEL: Magenta leader! Magenta leader taking fire!

REBEL: Puce leader, systems down! Puce leader--

REBEL: Chartreuse leader, we are under attack! Chartreuse leader needs a bailout, ASAP!

WIDOW: [crying out in despair] My husband is dead! My husband is dead!

REBEL: Are you a leader?

REBEL: Yeah, which leader are you?

WIDOW: I just was passing by!

REBEL: You were just in the area?

WIDOW: I made tacos!

[spaceship noises]

BARGIE: I did it.

C-53: Oh my Rodd, the fighter squadron just roared right by us. We're right *behind* them.

NERMUT: That's a really good position. This is working!

DAR: Of course it's working. I'm an excellent DM.



C-53: Dar, this strategy may work for a while with these fighters, but the Planet Crushers are a whole different story. They're starting to close in around the rebel homeworld.

DAR: With the six of them working together... gonna be in trouble.

COUNCILOR ARCURI: I wouldn't work with any of you if my life depended on it!

COUNCILOR JOEY: If I have my way, I'll never work with any of you ever again!

COUNCILOR KASSU: I didn't know that either of you would be here! I thought I was doing this myself!

COUNCILOR ARCURI: Well, I ordered my *own* Planet Crusher, so that I might--

COUNCILOR: CORPUSTANIAN: I ordered my own Planet Crusher!

COUNCILOR TRINK: I received intelligence that you would all be here, and I would be *damned* if I was not going to be here!

COUNCILOR KASSU: Queen of the bebes wishes she was a single bebe and not with all of you bigger babies!

COUNCILOR TRINK: All the single babies?!

COUNCILOR KASSU: All the single babies!

COUNCILOR ARCURI: *All* the single babies.

COUNCILOR CORPUSTANIAN: Put your hands up! I've got-- I've got my guns trained on you!

COUNCILOR KASSU: Not if you put your hands up first!

COUNCILOR JOEY: Not a single one of you came to one of my shows!

COUNCILOR KASSU: Because [emphasizing every word] *you're not good at acting!*

COUNCILOR RUNFF: Very bad at acting.

COUNCILOR CORPUSTANIAN: Joey Joey, there's only so many one-bucket shows we can go watch.

COUNCILOR JOEY: [drawn out in annoyance] Wow. But I'm going to be *great* at crushing!

COUNCILOR RUNFF: Absolutely not. Your Crusher will crush nothing before my Crusher crushes it.

COUNCILOR ARCURI: You think your Crusher's going to crush anything before *my* Crusher crushes it?

COUNCILOR TRINK: I'm a Crabbo, dammit! And we all know how to crush!

COUNCILOR CORPUSTANIAN: We know. We know.

COUNCILOR TRINK: I am a Crabbo.

COUNCILOR RUNFF: We know you're a Crabbo, Trink.

COUNCILOR TRINK: Look at my clopper. [claw-clicking noises]

COUNCILOR ARCURI: Your claw?

COUNCILOR TRINK: [almost laughing] My claw-- I call it a clopper.

COUNCILOR ARCURI: Of course you all know I'm a Beetleman.

COUNCILOR CORPUSTANIAN: One of the four famous Beetlemen.

COUNCILOR ARCURI: That's right.

COUNCILOR RUNFF: I, Phoebe Runff, here declare that you should all five of you [audio transitions to the interior of Runff's Planet Crusher, complete with soft string music] be ashamed of how you've decorated the inside of your Planet Crushers. You don't put up any curtains--

COUNCILOR CORPUSTANIAN: What does that have to do with anything?

COUNCILOR RUNFF: The five of your elegances combined is the elegance--

COUNCILOR KASSU: Says the councilman whose son does *vomiting* for fun!

COUNCILOR RUNFF: That is a fine way to express--

COUNCILOR KASSU: That's *sick!* That's sick!

COUNCILOR TRINK: Listen! It's clear that each of us has put in a separate order for a Planet Crusher, and now it's come to this.

COUNCILOR CORPUSTANIAN: We all know one of us is the true betrayer of the Council. We know one of us has been planning for months now.

COUNCILOR KASSU: Everyone, at the same time, [audio transitions to inside Kassu's Planet Crusher, complete with baby-mobile lullaby music] name who you think it is! One, two, three! [incoherent crosstalk as every councillor names a different person] Oh. [the council makes dismayed noises, Kassu baby-sneezes]

COUNCILOR CORPUSTANIAN: Fine. Maybe we don't all know who it is, but it's one of us for sure!

COUNCILOR RUNFF: I know it's not me, because I know me!

COUNCILOR KASSU: I know it's not me, because I'm the queen of the babes, and we don't--

COUNCILOR JOEY: I know it *is* you, queen of the babes! I know it was you all along!

COUNCILOR RUNFF: [cutting] Can you give us another take, Joey Joey? That wasn't *convincing*.

COUNCILOR CORPUSTANIAN: You're sort of *on* all the time, you know?

COUNCILOR RUNFF: [rife with mockery] A pretty dry line-reading for someone who's liquid.

COUNCILOR JOEY: Let me try that again. [clears throat] I believe it was--

COUNCILOR: RUNFF: Next.

COUNCILOR CORPUSTANIAN: Worse.

COUNCILOR JOEY: Oh, okay.

COUNCILOR ARCURI: Very mannered-down.

JOKO BONO: I like toast inside of--

COUNCILOR CORPUSTANIAN: Get her out of here!

COUNCILOR JOEY: Joko Bono is *not* a councilperson!

COUNCILOR ARCURI: Joko Bono is allowed to be here! Joko Bono is my personal confidant, and she is allowed to spend whatever time in my Planet Crusher that she wishes.

COUNCILOR CORPUSTANIAN: We're in the middle of a battle!

COUNCILOR RUNFF: Joko Bono is like a child writing poetry after having a head-bonk.

COUNCILOR ARCURI: How dare you.

COUNCILOR CORPUSTANIAN: Listen, Arcuri, I want you to imagine a world without Joko Bono.

COUNCILOR ARCURI: A terrible place! A world without form or shape!

COUNCILOR TRINK: No, imagine there's no Joko. No rebellion, too!

COUNCILOR CORPUSTANIAN: Yeah! You can do it if you try!

COUNCILOR ARCURI: No, I refuse!

COUNCILOR TRINK: Also, Arcuri, why have you painted your Planet Crusher yellow?

COUNCILOR ARCURI: Well, it's a-- [audio transitions inside Arcuri's Planet Crusher] Joko Bono and I, we all live in a yellow Planet Crusher.

COUNCILOR RUNFF: You've moved inside of it permanently?

COUNCILOR ARCURI: Yes. It's so roomy and spacious inside, we've decided to--

COUNCILOR CORPUSTANIAN: It *is* larger than a whole planet.

COUNCILOR ARCURI: Make a love-nest inside and never leave.

JOKO BONO: Our floors are our homes.

COUNCILOR TRINK: Will you please [audio transitions inside Trink's Planet Crusher] put some clothes on and get out of your bed if you're going to do this?

COUNCILOR ARCURI: No! Never! I'll start a revolution from my bed!

COUNCILOR CORPUSTANIAN: Have you made your Planet Crusher some sort of oasis?

COUNCILOR ARCURI: Exactly!

COUNCILOR KASSU: The queen of the babes is going to go straight ahead towards the planet!

COUNCILOR CORPUSTANIAN: No!

COUNCILOR KASSU: I will win!

COUNCILOR CORPUSTANIAN: No!

COUNCILOR ARCURI: Not if I go first!

[sound of all Planet Crushers heaving into motion]

COUNCILOR RUNFF: Alright.

COUNCILOR ARCURI: Oh, I caught the corner of my Planet Crusher on *your* Planet Crusher!

COUNCILOR RUNFF: I order you to move your [audio transitions inside Runff's Planet Crusher] Planet Crushers aside so that my Planet Crusher may proceed.

COUNCILOR TRINK: On what authority?!

COUNCILOR JOEY: Never!

COUNCILOR RUNFF: I am the councilor dressed in...

COUNCILOR KASSU: Yes?

COUNCILOR RUNFF: [struggling] Furs. In furs.

COUNCILOR CORPUSTANIAN: Why?

COUNCILOR RUNFF: It's a type of garment that--

COUNCILOR ARCURI: Why would that grant you any authority over the rest of us?

COUNCILOR RUNFF: Shows that I'm very high-class.

COUNCILOR CORPUSTANIAN: Listen!

COUNCILOR RUNFF: What?

COUNCILOR CORPUSTANIAN: As long as all six of us are trying [audio transitions inside Corpustanian's Planet Crusher] to crush the rebel base, none of us can reach it!

COUNCILOR RUNFF: But only one of us needs to back off for everyone else to move! So Corpustanian, if you're so on your high orse, why don't you move back?

COUNCILOR CORPUSTANIAN: I refuse!

COUNCILOR TRINK: I'm not doing it at all! I'm a Crabbo, dammit!

COUNCILOR RUNFF: For the last time, Trink, [audio transitions inside Runff's Planet Crusher] we know.

COUNCILOR TRINK: Look at me.

COUNCILOR RUNFF: Geez.

COUNCILOR CORPUSTANIAN: Stop waving your cloppers around!

COUNCILOR ARCURI: Trink, if you're such a Crabbo, why don't you move to the side and allow all of us to crush the rebel headquarters?

COUNCILOR TRINK: Speciest! It's speciest!

[sound of Planet Crushers in motion]

COUNCILOR KASSU: Who hit me?! Who hit me?!

COUNCILOR RUNFF: I am ramming you in honor of my missing and perverted son, Tillian!

COUNCILOR JOEY: I'm gonna ram *you* for ramming *her*!

COUNCILOR RUNFF: Stop ramming me, Joey Joey!

COUNCILOR ARCURI: I'll ram the both of you for ramming anybody!

[sounds of ramming and disorientation]

COUNCILOR TRINK: Oh, we're ramming, are we? I'll ram too! Rodd dammit!

COUNCILOR RUNFF: Ram it up your Crabbo nub, Trink!

[continued sounds of ramming, Kassu cries]

JOKO BONO: I think that the greatest Planet Crusher--

[crosstalk as all councilors but Arcuri lambast Joko Bono]

COUNCILOR RUNFF: Stuff it, Joko.

[sounds of ships whooshing by]

NERMUT: Wow, guys, I mean-- I know this represents our doom, but the coordinated movement of those Planet Crushers is almost beautiful in its power.

[continuous sounds of Planet Crushers bashing into each other]

PLECK: The amount of cooperation is... astounding.

BARGIE: You know what it actually looks like?

NERMUT: What?

BARGIE: It looks like a bunch of different ships making out.

C-53: Oh, yeah, actually, I can see that.

PLECK: Wait, Bargie?

BARGIE: Yeah?

PLECK: You used to date the first Planet Crusher, right?

BARGIE: Yeah, Tony. We were-- it was more of a friendship with benefits, but yeah, we dated.

DAR: Bargie, that's why you're the assassin! You have inside knowledge!

PLECK: Maybe you can talk to them or something, I don't know--

BARGIE: Tony wasn't close with his family. He didn't know most of them. They're all new.

PLECK: I mean, sure. Fair enough.

BARGIE: But yeah. Hey! Hey! [transmission-start noise] Did you know Tony?

PLANET CRUSHER: No.

BARGIE: Did you know Tony?

ANOTHER PLANET CRUSHER: No.

BARGIE: Did you know Tony?

PLECK: Bargie--

ANOTHER PLANET CRUSHER: Yeah!

PLECK: Bargie, this isn't the best use of our time, I don't think.

BARGIE: He used to go around crushing planets, so yeah. That makes sense.

BEANO: Beano wuv small talk! [rolls dice] Beano think rolling take too long. Beano wish there was an automated system.

PLECK: Okay, Beano, listen, we're not actually playing an RPG right now.

[Beano makes a disappointed noise]

NERMUT: It was to inspire us, and to-- it's a metaphor for the maneuvers we need to make in order to survive and--

BEANO: Beano bored with this. Beano wanna hear the story of Beano. [deep and threatening] Or Beano go insane!

PLECK: Beano, that is not the-- it is not the right time for that.

C-53: We don't have time for that right now.

BEANO: Beano wanna hear the story of Beano or [deep and threatening] Beano go insane!

NERMUT: It's the worst time.

DAR: [struggling] Beano, as the Space Rogue, you should be focusing on stealth. There's no time for this.

BEANO: [slowly, emphasizing every word] Beano... wanna hear... the story of Beano... or Beano go... [deeper] insane.

BARGIE: I got this, okay?

NERMUT: Bargie...

BARGIE: Beano's my friend. I'll say it. Beano and I are friends, in business and our personal life. Beano, no.

BEANO: [slightly distorted] Beano... go...

PLECK: No--



BEANO: In--

PLECK: Beano--

BEANO: [heavily distorted] --sane!!!

[sound of ships whooshing]

COUNCILOR CORPUSTANIAN: Get out of my way!

COUNCILOR TRINK: You get out of *my* way!

COUNCILOR JOEY: Get out of my way!

COUNCILOR ARCURI: Silence! Silence!

COUNCILOR RUNFF: What?

COUNCILOR ARCURI: I've detected a signal on one of the [audio transitions inside Arcuri's Planet Crusher; an electric sensor beeps persistently] ships in this battle. A sign of the relic.

COUNCILOR RUNFF: The relic?

COUNCILOR ARCURI: An energy signature. Look, this one here.

COUNCILOR TRINK: I see it.

COUNCILOR ARCURI: Here, let me zoom in. [clicks a button]

COUNCILORS RUNFF & KASSU: Yes.

COUNCILOR ARCURI: Now zoom in again. [more clicking]

COUNCILOR RUNFF: We are zoomed.

COUNCILOR ARCURI: Okay, now a third time. [yet more clicking]

COUNCILOR TRINK: Can't you just do a continuous zoom?

COUNCILOR ARCURI: Well, no. It's an order of magnitude each time you zoom.

COUNCILOR CORPUSTANIAN: How about you just zoom in all the way? If it's too far, we'll back it off a little.

COUNCILOR ARCURI: Well, it zooms out slower than it zooms in. So it's easier to--

COUNCILOR CORPUSTANIAN: Who cares!

COUNCILOR KASSU: Just put it at a hundred.

COUNCILOR ARCURI: Okay, well, [audibly mashes zoom button] see? Now we're way too close. Look.

COUNCILOR TRINK: I don't see anything! Zoom out, zoom out!

[button mashing]

COUNCILOR KASSU: I see it!

COUNCILOR CORPUSTANIAN: Oh, there it is.

COUNCILOR KASSU: Oh, it's--

COUNCILOR CORPUSTANIAN: The Bargarean Jade!

COUNCILOR RUNFF: The Bargarean Jade?!

COUNCILOR CORPUSTANIAN: I thought the Bargarean Jade and all its crew was lost on the Delegator!

COUNCILOR KASSU: Really, it's her? Wow. Whew! Oh, wow!

COUNCILOR CORPUSTANIAN: Has not aged well.

COUNCILOR RUNFF: That ship looks like it's had the K'hekk.

COUNCILOR ARCURI: Wait... they've woken the relic into its active state!

COUNCILOR TRINK: The power they possess--

COUNCILOR ARCURI: They must have no idea what they have at their disposal!

COUNCILOR TRINK: We've underestimated the Rebellion for so long!

COUNCILOR CORPUSTANIAN: If they've awakened the Beanocron, who knows what they're capable of! We all know the Beanocron's power can be used but once!

COUNCILOR RUNFF: I will [audio transitions inside Runff's Planet Crusher] extend my tractor beam immediately and grab it. Don't worry.

COUNCILOR TRINK: I will extend mine!

COUNCILOR CORPUSTANIAN: I'm extending mine!

COUNCILOR JOEY: I'm extending mine!

COUNCILOR TRINK: If I have the power of the relic, I will crush all of you and rule the galaxy by myself!

COUNCILOR ARCURI: Well, you'll never have it, you Crabbo! [audio transitions inside Arcuri's Planet Crusher] Because *my* tractor beam is locked onto that relic!

COUNCILOR CORPUSTANIAN: No, I'm extending *my* tractor beam!

COUNCILOR KASSU: I will use the power to put [audio transitions inside Kassu's Planet Crusher] babies on top of babies on top of babies! And those six-foot-tall babies will take over the entire galaxy!

COUNCILOR TRINK: We're not putting babies in a trench coat on my watch!

[sounds of multiple tractor beams pulling at once]

COUNCILOR ARCURI: Okay, just let my--

COUNCILOR KASSU: Let me put mine in the middle there--

COUNCILOR TRINK: No, I'm doing it!

[sounds of exertion from various councilors]

COUNCILOR RUNFF: You'll notice my beam is more elegant.

[ship-whoosh audio transition]

BEANO: [shouting primally, almost inaudible over clattering noises of chaos] Beano... want to hear story... of Beano! Beano! [hissing noises, banging on pots and pans] Beano! Beano! Kids love me! Beano! *Beano wuv it!*

C-53: Oh, Rodd.

PLECK: Oh boy.

[Beano blows a prolonged raspberry, Nermut makes disgusted noises]

NERMUT: Beano! Beano, calm down!

DAR: Beano!

BEANO: Beano have *shitfit!* [clattering and banging] *Beano have shitfit!* [sounds of shitfit]

PLECK: Aw, Beano--

NERMUT: That's supposed to be figurative!

C-53: That's really not great.

BARGIE: Now there's shit everywhere. [disgusted groaning, door closes]

C-53: Geez. [door opens] You done now, Beano?

BEANO: [speaking normally] Oof, Beano sleepy.

NERMUT: Oh, those nipples are just distractingly hard.

BARGIE: I'm sorry to interrupt, but my body's-- they're all kinda getting closer to us. I don't know.

NERMUT: The Planet Crushers?

PLECK: To *us*?

[tractor-beam hums; the crew make startled noises]

PLECK: What was that?

NERMUT: What *was* that? Why are we--

C-53: We're caught in a tractor beam. [hum increases] A second one!

BEANO: Ooh, Beano wuv tractor beams!

C-53: A *third* tractor beam?

NERMUT: Geez, we're completely motionless.

PLECK: Bargie, can you--

C-53: Caught by six tractor beams.

PLECK: Can you get us out of here? Can you move?

BARGIE: Not really. I'm pretty stuck. But I'm just catching up. So you're Tony's, uh-- did he ever--

PLECK: Bargie, stop talking to the Planet Crushers! They're not your friends!

DAR: Uh, there has to be-- someone needs to inspire Bargie so that we can get out of this!

PLECK: Uh...

C-53: Okay, well--

DAR: C-53, you're the Quark! You have to sing! You have to inspire Bargie to get us out of this pull!

C-53: Very well. I have prepared, as a Quark, for this moment. [the crew sigh in relief] I will attempt to inspire a fellow party member. [singing] Bargarean Jade, you're the dream of the stars--

BARGIE: Oh, wow. What is--

C-53: [singing] Bargarean Jade! No assignment's too hard for the Bargarean Jade!

BARGIE: What beautiful music! I--

C-53: [still crooning] The queen of the stars!

BARGIE: Never heard anything like it.

C-53: [crooning] Bargarean Jade--

NERMUT: We're starting to move!

C-53: [crooning] No assignment's too hard--

NERMUT: That song worked! Really Quarked it up.

[Bargie makes uncomfortable noises; sounds of glass cracking]

C-53: [speaking normally] Oh no. This is quite a lot of stress on the hull.

[alarms, glass cracking]

BARGIE: Do it again! Do it again!

C-53: No no, Bargie, you gotta stop. Emissary Decksetter, this is going to tear the Bargarean Jade apart in just moments!

[sounds of Bargie's engines whirring]

PLECK: Bargie, you have to stop! [anguished] I can't watch you do this to yourself, because I love you!

[Bargie's engines cease whirring]

BARGIE: What.

C-53: What... the juck.

PLECK: [frantic] Bargie, I love you! I'm *in* love with you!

BEANO: Ooh, Beano love the drama!

DAR: I mean, no, we all love each other. Pleck, do you know what 'in love' means? Maybe we should--

PLECK: No, Bargie, I love you and am attracted to you sexually.

C-53: [audibly disturbed] Oh, *gross*.

PLECK: And I want to be with you in a relationship way.

BARGIE: Hey, Pleck?

[Dar groans continuously]

NERMUT: I don't think Pleck knows what any of those words mean. I wouldn't worry about it.

PLECK: No, listen! I've never seen anything more clearly in my life.

NERMUT: What?

PLECK: Out of my left eye, I've never seen anything more clearly. It's just when I look at Bargie, my-- my heart flutters, like I need to go to the checkup or something.

C-53: [audibly bewildered] You *need to go to the checkup*?

PLECK: Yeah, I just-- it just feels like I need to go to the checkup. Like that's--

BARGIE: [dawning realization] Okay, yup, everything makes sense. Perfect sense.

PLECK: I just want to have a brood with you, Bargie. I want you and me to raise a little brood--

NERMUT: His eye!

BARGIE: Okay, we all know what's happening now, right?

C-53: Here we go. My apologies, Emissary Decksetter, I think it's time for this to stop. [footsteps approaching Pleck]

PLECK: [startled, alarmed stuttering] My eye! [wet *schlorp* of eye removal; Pleck groans; heavy thud as Pleck collapses]

K'HEKK SPAWN: Everyone bow before the undying will of the Grower Mind!

NERMUT: [annoyed] Okay. Alright.

C-53: That's a really small weaver.

WEAVER: I've been watching all of you this whole time, under the perfect ruse of the K'hekk eye!

DAR: I mean, the eye was very, *very* noticeable.

WEAVER: It was perfectly hidden through evolutionary genetic interpolation! [C-53 makes an annoyed noise] I've been watching you this entire time, Bargarean Jade. [Bargie sighs] I've been pursuing you through this incredibly stupid vessel this entire time!

BARGIE: Me?

DAR: He means Pleck, obviously.

BARGIE: Okay, okay.

WEAVER: Bargarean Jade, I will never stop pursuing you! You must become High Queen of the swarm! The Grower Mind demands it!

NERMUT: Grower Mind, I mean, this-- honestly, your love is kind of beautiful, but this is *the worst* time.

C-53: Very bad time.

WEAVER: Why? What's going on? What's happening?

C-53: Oh my Rodd. [Nermut and Bargie sigh] We're being torn apart by the tractor beams from *six* different Planet Crushers.

NERMUT: We're in the middle of an epic battle between the Federated Alliance and the Rebellion! Please!

WEAVER: Ah, this pitiful war you've been busying yourselves with. [C-53 sighs heavily]

BARGIE: Grower Mind, if you and I were to get back together, what do you see happening, huh? What's your little dream?

WEAVER: I see us habiting my home planet as our minions and children enslave all who oppose us! Once we finish, we will *sit*. [barely-restrained laughing]

C-53: That's your--

NERMUT: *That's* the climax?!

C-53: You're just gonna *sit* next to each other?

NERMUT: Like, in two recliners?

BARGIE: I'm a ship! I don't sit! Also, uh, if we're gonna make this about me, [metal creaking] I am in a lot of pain currently. Um--

DAR: Oh, Bargie! You're still getting pulled apart!

BARGIE: I'm being pulled apart, so. Grower Mind, if you truly want to show your undying love for me, why don't you get me out of this tractor field?

WEAVER: I will spin crystals around your hull to reinforce it. The crystals will reflect the tractor fields away from the Bargarean Jade.

C-53: Okay.



WEAVER: I'm very small. I will need assistance in weaving the crystals to the hull outside. You, little lizard man!

NERMUT: [completely caught unawares] Huh?

WEAVER: Help me!

NERMUT: What? Uh--

C-53: Nermut can't just bring you outside the ship.

NERMUT: No, I don't think I'm the one who should, of all of us, but--

DAR: Nermut, you're the Space Dwarf! You have to do it!

NERMUT: Uh, I mean--

C-53: Yes. Dwarves are good with crystals.

NERMUT: [antsy, talking fast] Okay, I mean, that's true. Alright. But how-- I'm gonna have to-- [panicked scurrying] I'm going out there, and I'm gonna die, and... wait. [purposeful scurrying] Wait a second. Grower Mind, I've got it! Bargie, please open the door marked 'can opener'.

[faint laughter]

BARGIE: Okay, um, again, I'm still in pain right now--

NERMUT: Bargie, this is important! I know this sounds random--

BARGIE: [sighs] Okay, it's opening.

[hatch opening noises]

NERMUT: [victorious] Haha! It's my mech! [tiny mech noises]

C-53: Oh yeah. Forgot about that.

NERMUT: I'm just climbing into my mech! Alright! [tinny, inside the mech] Feels good. [mech noises] Alright. Grower Mind, here we go. On a space walk.

WEAVER: For the glory of the swarm!

NERMUT: For the glory of the Rebellion!

[weaver and mech footsteps fade, exterior noises]

C-53: Those causes really shouldn't go together.

NERMUT: [echoing, distant] Guys, I'm on the hull! I'm in position!

WEAVER: Lizard man, hold onto my tail while I use my mucus sacs to produce these crystals.

NERMUT: That doesn't sound disgusting at all! Holding on!

[crystal-production noises, much like a fleshy sewing machine]

C-53: Wow. Look at that weaver go. It's making a lot more crystals than I would've guessed.

DAR: Honestly, it's super comforting to know that it wasn't Pleck developing feelings for Bargie this whole time.

C-53: Uh, speaking of Pleck, is... he okay?

DAR: Oh, hey, Pleck? [sounds of light rousing slaps] Pleck? [Pleck makes incoherent noises, more slapping] Pleck? Hey, buddy? [Pleck makes pained sounds] Now, don't panic, don't panic. Um--

PLECK: I can't see!

DAR: You're gonna open your eyes, and--

C-53: You may experience some blindness in one eye.

PLECK: Okay--

DAR: Permanently!

C-53: Yeah, 'cause you don't have it anymore.

[Pleck sighs wearily]

DAR: And that's okay.

C-53: It's alright.

PLECK: What happened?

[uncomfortable pause]

C-53: Um, you might not wanna know about this for a little while.

DAR: Yeah.

PLECK: Okay. That's fine. Um, can somebody go to my room and grab Gavin Boo-boo's eyepatch?

[beat]

C-53: You kept his eyepatch?

PLECK: Yeah!

C-53: Oh. Alright.

PLECK: Why wouldn't I? It was very cool.

C-53: I mean, I'll grab the eyepatch, Emissary Decksetter. But I may have to scare you straight later.

PLECK: Fair enough.

[ships-whooshing audio transition to outside the Bargarean Jade]

NERMUT: [half-singing to himself] Workin' on the ship! Mech, mech! Crystal drop! Crystal drop! Mech! Crystal, crystal!

C-53: Nermut, you wanna close your comm channel?

NERMUT: Oh, sorry! [back to singing] Crystal mech, crystal drop, mechin' on the ship, crystal drop!

DAR: Uh, Nermut, you're still open. We can all still hear you singing to yourself.

NERMUT: Okay, sorry. Alright, signing off. [transmission-end noise] Mech, mech! Crystal drop! Crystal, crystal, mech!

BARGIE: [noises of discontent] Okay, okay.

NERMUT: Crystal, crystal, mech!

BARGIE: Hey, that's great. Wow. This is-- I'm no longer in the field. Thank you.

WEAVER: [evil, triumphant laughter] My perfect plan has come to completion!

NERMUT: [sigh of relief] Grower Mind, thank you so much. That was an amazingly executed maneuver.

WEAVER: I will now be forever combined with the Bargarean Jade. She is mine! [triumphant] She is mine!

NERMUT: I mean, honestly, I hate to do this, but we're in the middle of some big stuff, so I'm-- unfortunately I'm just gonna throw you into space.

[sounds of Nermut's mech approaching]

WEAVER: The will of the swarm will overtake you no matter-- [sound of the weaver being punted into space, increasingly distant sounds of distress]

[ship-whooshing transition to the Council]

COUNCILOR TRINK: Good Rodd, what's happening to the Bargarean Jade?

COUNCILOR CORPUSTANIAN: The tractor beams have stopped working!

COUNCILOR KASSU: This is why I told you we should've commissioned technology to be done by the bebes! We are very good--

COUNCILOR RUNFF: Kassu, it's time you know that babies are *dumb*.

[Kassu makes an offended noise]

COUNCILOR TRINK: Babies *are* dumb.

COUNCILOR JOEY: Babies *are* dumb!

COUNCILOR CORPUSTANIAN: We're all thinking it.

COUNCILOR ARCURI: Imagine me saying something as foolish as, "baby, you can drive my car!" Surely my car would be dashed into a million pieces!

COUNCILOR CORPUSTANIAN: You'd never let a baby drive a car!

COUNCILOR JOEY: Never!

COUNCILOR KASSU: This is why bebes aren't friends with non-bebes!

COUNCILOR CORPUSTANIAN: Is that why? Are you sure?

COUNCILOR KASSU: Yes!

COUNCILOR RUNFF: It's because they're sticky.

COUNCILOR ARCURI: Well, it would seem that our Planet Crushers getting *stuck* on one another has worked to our benefit. The Bargarean Jade can hardly escape while we're blocking every possible exit!

COUNCILOR RUNFF: Yes.

COUNCILOR TRINK: They can be the last ship we destroy, and we'll still capture that relic!

COUNCILOR ARCURI: While I will become the *sole* councilor on the Council of Seven!

COUNCILOR TRINK: I'll be the head councilor! That's right! I wanna be the head councilor!

COUNCILOR RUNFF: I want to tell you that I've secretly had friends in my normal, everyday life outside of you.

[the council erupts in outrage]

COUNCILOR KASSU: How dare you!

COUNCILOR RUNFF: That's right. Real friends! Best--

[tense silence]

COUNCILOR ARCURI: A shadow blocks out the sun!

[the council make uneasy noises; Kassu cries]

COUNCILOR RUNFF: What is this giant, dark shadow?

COUNCILOR CORPUSTANIAN: Stop trying to distract us, Arcuri!

COUNCILOR ARCURI: No, I just-- what in the world is this ship? I've never seen anything so massive in my life!

COUNCILOR CORPUSTANIAN: Dear Rodd!

COUNCILOR RUNFF: No!

COUNCILOR CORPUSTANIAN: It's a ship large enough to crush a Planet Crusher!

COUNCILOR RUNFF: No, those are just rumors!

COUNCILOR BALLWHEAT: [tinny, broadcasted over a different audio system than the rest of the council] Oh, well, they're not really. I bought one.

COUNCILOR KASSU: Ballwheat!

COUNCILOR CORPUSTANIAN: Ballwheat!

COUNCILOR RUNFF: Ballwheat!

COUNCILOR BALLWHEAT: [genial] Hi, guys.

COUNCILOR RUNFF: Ah, yes! Glad you're here!

COUNCILOR KASSU: Our good friend!

COUNCILOR BALLWHEAT: Yeah! This is my Planet Crusher Crusher!

COUNCILOR CORPUSTANIAN: Cool!

COUNCILOR BALLWHEAT: It's named Linda, after my wife.

COUNCILOR JOEY: Oh, I didn't know you had a wife.

COUNCILOR BALLWHEAT: Yeah, you guys never asked.

COUNCILOR RUNFF: Oh, sorry, do you have a wife? How is she?

COUNCILOR BALLWHEAT: Eh, it's kind of too late for that, don't you guys think?

COUNCILOR ARCURI: Ballwheat, surely you're here to help us *crush* the Rebellion headquarters?

COUNCILOR RUNFF: [trying to cover] You're here right on time, honestly! And it's a good thing you are!

COUNCILOR KASSU: Definitely we did not plan this ahead. We just happened to all-- you were on the text chain--

COUNCILOR BALLWHEAT: Come on, gang. [the Council of Syxx continue to make excuses]

COUNCILOR JOEY: And here's why! Everyone! Surpriiise!

[the council all shout 'surprise!']

COUNCILOR RUNFF: Happy all the birthdays!

COUNCILOR CORPUSTANIAN: Ah, yes. They say it's your birthday.

COUNCILOR KASSU: Happy learning about your wife's name... day.

COUNCILOR RUNFF: Yes, Linda.

COUNCILOR BALLWHEAT: I know about the Council of Syxx.

[beat; the Council of Syxx make unhappy noises]

COUNCILOR BALLWHEAT: I mean, to be honest, when the door would close and I would leave, you would all start cackling. And I could literally hear it through the door.

COUNCILOR ARCURI: I warned all of you about that cackling.

COUNCILOR CORPUSTANIAN: It was-- well, okay.

COUNCILOR BALLWHEAT: Plus, the cloaks. The dark cloaks in the cloak room. We all share that, that was a shared space. Anyway, [genial laughter] I'll be honest with you guys. When I first found out, I was really hurt. It really feels bad to not be included. [sad little half-laugh] I just thought, "man, I feel left out." And then I started thinking about it, and I said, "well, I think the only thing to do is probably... murder the rest of the Council [the Council of Syxx cry out in alarm] and become emperor of the galaxy."

COUNCILOR ARCURI: Ballwheat, are you suggesting that you formed an even *more* secret council?!

COUNCILOR RUNFF: A council... of one?

COUNCILOR BALLWHEAT: I guess you can call-- I never called it a council of one, because [laughing] that sounds pretty dumb, doesn't it?

COUNCILOR JOEY: Yeah, that does sound pretty dumb.

COUNCILOR CORPUSTANIAN: Sure.

COUNCILOR RUNFF: That sounds honestly despicable, and none of us would think of that. But honestly, we're glad you're here! You can help us crush the Rebellion!

COUNCILOR KASSU: Whatever you just said was a joke, and we find it all very funny, because you're the funny one! [nervous laughter]

COUNCILOR CORPUSTANIAN: I tell you what, Ballwheat, we'll all back up, and you can crush the Rebellion on your own!

COUNCILOR KASSU: Yes! Have fun!

COUNCILOR BALLWHEAT: [overly friendly and genial] I *will* crush the Rebellion, that is true. But not before I-- [jovial laughter] gosh, it sounds strange saying it, but I'm gonna murder you all!

[Corpustanian cries out in alarm]

COUNCILOR KASSU: It sounds worse because you say it so nicely!

COUNCILOR TRINK: It does sound worse that way! Ballwheat, shut up!

COUNCILOR BALLWHEAT: [excessively pleasant] No, *you* shut up.

[prolonged sounds of metal creaking and glass shattering as Trink's Planet Crusher is crushed]

COUNCILOR BALLWHEAT: Wow!

COUNCILOR ARCURI: My Rodd! He's crushed Trink!

COUNCILOR CORPUSTANIAN: He crushed Trink!

COUNCILOR BALLWHEAT: Anybody want some crab paste? [half-genial half-evil laughter] That's pretty funny, right? [the Council of Syxx pretends it's funny] Is that a dad joke?

COUNCILOR JOEY: So funny! [unconvincing laughter]

COUNCILOR KASSU: Well, you can't-- you can't crush the queen of the bebes because-- goo-goo ga-ga! [babytalking] I'm so cute and-- innocent--

[Kassu's Planet Crusher is unceremoniously crushed; Kassu goes 'waah' very faintly]

COUNCILOR JOEY: He crushed her!

COUNCILOR ARCURI: Ballwheat, you're out of control!



COUNCILOR RUNFF: Ballwheat, I-- I would love to join you on the Planet Crusher Crusher and together, we will take out--

COUNCILOR BALLWHEAT: No. No thanks.

COUNCILOR RUNFF: But--

[Runff's Planet Crusher is remorselessly crushed]

COUNCILOR CORPUSTANIAN: Ballwheat, you know I'm probably going to die in the next five or ten minutes--

COUNCILOR BALLWHEAT: [genially] Nope! Five or ten seconds.

[Corpustanian's Planet Crusher is crushed]

COUNCILOR ARCURI: Ballwheat, listen to me! You've gone mad with power! You're acting crazy! All helter-skelter! There has to be a system of checks and balances for a government to work!

COUNCILOR BALLWHEAT: You should've told me that yesterday.

COUNCILOR ARCURI: Very well, Ballwheat, kill me if you wish. But please... let Joko go. She's an innocent in all this! Let her make her weird outsider art for years!

COUNCILOR BALLWHEAT: Sounds good to me. Shine on, you crazy diamond.

JOKO BONO: I am not a rock.

COUNCILOR ARCURI: Into the escape pod, Joko. I'll remember you forever. One day I'll write the ballad of Rachel and Joko.

JOKO BONO: I am a paper cookie.

[escape pod ejects; Arcuri's Planet Crusher begins to creak and groan]

COUNCILOR ARCURI: [pained] I feel fine! [more agonized] Noooo!

COUNCILOR JOEY: Hey, Gunther.

COUNCILOR BALLWHEAT: [jovial] Hi, Joey Joey. How ya doin'?

COUNCILOR JOEY: I'm-- you know, I've been better. Um, so I guess--

COUNCILOR BALLWHEAT: Whew! Gettin' a lot done today.

COUNCILOR JOEY: Yeah. Um, I guess you're not gonna make it to my one-bucket show, are ya, huh?

COUNCILOR BALLWHEAT: [laughing] No.

COUNCILOR JOEY: But, um, could I just ask for one last dramatic monologue?

COUNCILOR BALLWHEAT: Uh, sure!

COUNCILOR JOEY: [badly] To be or--

COUNCILOR BALLWHEAT: Nope! Reviews are in, and you're dead!

[Joey's Planet Crusher is crushed; Joey screams in agony]

PLECK: [audibly frightened] Guys, *what just happened?*

C-53: Hm. If I had to take a guess, there was a faction of six within the Council of Seven, who each made their own Planet Crusher. Then descended upon the Rebellion to destroy it, not knowing that each one of them was hoping to be the one who destroyed the Rebellion. They then fell into infighting, in which case the one person left out of the Council of Syxx-- whoever is driving this Planet Crusher Crusher-- crushed all six of the smaller Planet Crushers.

PLECK: Wow.

C-53: That's a guess, of course.

NERMUT: [all said in one breath] The Planet Crusher Crusher crushed all six Planet Crushers, and now the Planet Crusher Crusher's tractor beam is pulling us inside the Planet Crusher Crusher!

C-53: That was good.

PLECK: That was a nice recap, Nermut.

NERMUT: Thanks! But look, guys! This is--

C-53: Oh, you're right. You're right.

PLECK: Oh, yeah, no.

C-53: This is very bad. The Planet Crusher Crusher's tractor beam is so big, these crystals did nothing. It's pulling us straight into the hangar bay.

NERMUT: Oh, gosh.

PLECK: [starting to panic] Bargie, I mean, I know it might not do much, but maybe you should-- I don't know, fire a couple shots off at this Planet Crusher Crusher?

BARGIE: Sure. Here we go! [empty clicking noises] Yeah, I don't-- I don't have any more.

PLECK: What, you're out of ammunition?!

BARGIE: Yeah, I mean, I guess I-- I guess they end. Didn't realize that. I thought--

NERMUT: Bargie, you used it *all* shooting inside the hangar and at our own fighters?!

BARGIE: I did. Well, and also technically, a couple of them I sold. So--

NERMUT: How did you have time to *sell*--

PLECK: You *sold* your ammunition?!

BARGIE: [defensive] I don't know! The ship next to me's like, "hey, you got ammo I can bum off you?" And I'm like, "here you go!" What! I was making a friend!

PLECK: Bargie--

BARGIE: You all want Bargie to die alone. I get it! I get it!

NERMUT: We're being sucked into a Planet Crusher Crusher!

PLECK: We're under attack!

BARGIE: It's fine. You know, I got the greatest weapon of all. Watch and learn. [echoing dramatically] Open up your hatch, 'cause my gun's comin' straight through!

[beat, muffled laughter]

NERMUT: Well, that line had the effect we predicted.

PLECK: Oh, boy. Well, guys--

C-53: I suspect this mind-wipe and restraining-bolt process will be all the more painful.

NERMUT: [mournful sigh] It's been really great, guys.

DAR: I feel like I love to close out a season with an emotional revelation from myself, and--

NERMUT: It *is* the last day of Zistarkitarn, isn't it?

DAR: Yeah. You know, I'm just happy that we got to play a tabletop roleplaying game for once.

PLECK: That was fun! That was fun for just a little while.

BARGIE: I didn't understand any of the rules. I wasn't following.

[sirens blaring as the ship enters the hangar]

NERMUT: Oh, this is-- wow. I've never seen a hangar this big.

PLECK: [worried sigh] Well, whatever happens, guys, I think the Space is gonna watch out for us. So I think we'll be okay.

[unimpressed groaning]

BARGIE: Worst thing you've said since you said you found me *buxom*.

BEANO: Beano wuv the tension!

[doors and hatches opening]

BORDOFF: Greetings, strange crew! It is I, Bordoff, head toadie to the Supreme Leader.

PLECK: Wait, head toadie is your *title*?

BORDOFF: Yes. Yes. I'm the head of *all* toadies. And [psy-cophants] sycophants.

PLECK: [psy-cophants] Sycophants too?

BORDOFF: Yes. I'm in charge of all [psy-cophants] sycophants.

PLECK: You know both of those words are... insults.

BORDOFF: *Head* toadie.

C-53: [almost laughing] You also know it's pronounced [sick-ophant] sycophant, right?

BORDOFF: No!

[muffled laughter]

BORDOFF: You should be so lucky as to be the first pathetic individuals to meet... *the Emperor*.

PLECK: Oh boy. Alright. Here we go.

BORDOFF: [leaving] Toadie out.

[footsteps approaching]

COUNCILOR BALLWHEAT: Hi! Hi. I am Emperor Nermut Bundaloy.

DAR: Say what?

C-53: What?

NERMUT: Wait, what?

PLECK: Sorry, what?

EMPEROR NERMUT BUNDALLOY: Um, I'm the emperor of the galaxy.

PLECK: Uh...

C-53: Yeah, but you're not Nermut Bundaloy.

EMPEROR NERMUT BUNDALLOY: Gunther Ballwheat is dead! I am now *Emperor Nermut Bundaloy!*

NERMUT: Why?!

PLECK: Nermut! Nermut, calm down!

EMPEROR NERMUT BUNDALLOY: Wait, is your name Nermut Bundaloy?

NERMUT: Yes! My name is Nermut Bundaloy! I'm a Missions Operations--

EMPEROR NERMUT BUNDALLOY: [laughing] What a coinky-dink! What a coincidence! You know, as one of the seven councilors that rule the galaxy, it's hard to keep a low profile. So if I want to, you know, go out to a hotel, or-- heck, even order a Blue Julius, I need to use an alias.

NERMUT: What?!

EMPEROR NERMUT BUNDALLOY: So one day, as I was thumbing through all the casualties of the Delegator-- rest in peace-- [Nermut sighs loudly] I saw one name that really jumped out: Nermut Bundaloy!

NERMUT: Great.

EMPEROR NERMUT BUNDALLOY: I decided to use that as my alias. And since I am no longer Councilor Gunther Ballwheat, I thought I might take on a whole new persona! Long live Emperor Nermut Bundaloy!

BARGIE: Nermut Bundaloy. Very easy to say.

NERMUT: What?!

PLECK: Wait, *now* you can say it, Bargie?

BARGIE: Well, said with such distinction and confidence--

NERMUT: That is-- [annoyed scoff]

EMPEROR NERMUT BUNDALLOY: Everyone across the galaxy will hear the name Nermut Bundaloy and tremble!

C-53: Yeah, I don't know about that.

PLECK: [dawning realization] Wait a second. It's *you!* You're the avatar of the Whack!

EMPEROR NERMUT BUNDALLOY: [genial laughter] Well, my kids think I'm pretty whack. But don't tell 'em, I think deep down they like me.

PLECK: Emperor Bundaloy, I don't know if you know me, but you're about to.

NERMUT: I know you-- oh.

EMPEROR NERMUT BUNDALLOY: Why would I know you?

PLECK: I--

C-53: Nermut, you can't have thought he was talking to you in that moment.

[faint laughter]

PLECK: I-- I am Zima warrior Pleck Decksetter.

EMPEROR NERMUT BUNDALLOY: [not terribly moved] Huh!

PLECK: The chosen one of the Space!

EMPEROR NERMUT BUNDALLOY: [still unimpressed, mildly intrigued] Huh! Okay.

PLECK: And I will tell you this: I'm ready. Right now, you and me. Let's throw down. I'm ready.

C-53: Emissary Decksetter--

NERMUT: Did you read all the scrolls?

C-53: Yeah, did you get through all the scrolls?

PLECK: No, I mean-- I didn't finish *all* of them, but I felt like I got a pretty good--

EMPEROR NERMUT BUNDALLOY: So you're a Zima, huh?

PLECK: Yeah, that's right.

EMPEROR NERMUT BUNDALLOY: Wow. [unzipping sounds, woodsaber whooshes] Oh, hey, look at that! You got a stick!

PLECK: Uh, it's a woodsaber.

EMPEROR NERMUT BUNDALLOY: Oh! I got one of those too! [unzipping sounds] My kids gave it to me! Look at this thing. [much cooler woodsaber-whooshing sounds] It's double-sided.

PLECK: All woodsabers are double-sided, if you hold them in the middle!

EMPEROR NERMUT BUNDALLOY: Oh, I guess so. Well, I guess I'm holding mine in the middle, then! [jovial laughter]

PLECK: [strained, rushed footsteps] I won't let you get away with this!

[footsteps, sounds of exertion, woodsabers clacking together as Pleck and Emperor Bundaloy have an epic Zima battle]

[wood splintering and clattering on the floor]

EMPEROR NERMUT BUNDALLOY: Oh, yours-- yours broke!

PLECK: [peevish] I got a splinter.

EMPEROR NERMUT BUNDALLOY: I like the cut of your jib, because you're a pink straight Tellurian. And this is *our* story, isn't it? This is all about us!

PLECK: I don't know about that. It's just--

EMPEROR NERMUT BUNDALLOY: Well, I mean, I tried to get rid of every woman and alien in the council.

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

EMPEROR NERMUT BUNDALLOY: It's just about us!

C-53: Oh boy.

EMPEROR NERMUT BUNDALLOY: It's pink straight Tellurians. We run the galaxy! We *should*, at least. Don't you think?

PLECK: [audibly uncomfortable] I don't know, I don't know.

BARGIE: At least twenty things wrong with that immediately.

DAR: I mean, I don't disagree that that's how it is, but I don't think that's how it *should* be.

EMPEROR NERMUT BUNDALLOY: That's how it's gonna be under the Bundaloy reign, I'll tell ya that much.

PLECK: Oh boy.

DAR: Yikes.

EMPEROR NERMUT BUNDALLOY: Join me, Plop! Join me!

PLECK: It's *Pleck*, actually.

EMPEROR NERMUT BUNDALLOY: Is it?

PLECK: Yeah. It's Pleck.

EMPEROR NERMUT BUNDALLOY: Okay. Great.

PLECK: Listen, Emperor. You may have a Planet Crusher Crusher. You may have the rule of the whole galaxy. But I've got something you don't have.

EMPEROR NERMUT BUNDALLOY: What?



PLECK: Freshness. And a bean.

EMPEROR NERMUT BUNDALLOY: Oh, yeah. I'll be taking the bean.

DAR: [bewildered] What? Why?

EMPEROR NERMUT BUNDALLOY: Because that bean...

BEANO: Beano.

EMPEROR NERMUT BUNDALLOY: Is the most powerful object in the galaxy.

C-53: Yeah, we hear that a lot, but I don't think you *know* the bean.

EMPEROR NERMUT BUNDALLOY: Are you guys idiots? [laughing] You guys are a bunch of idiots, aren't you! Pardon my language, but I think you guys are a bunch of numbskulls.

PLECK: I don't think numbskulls is a swear word.

EMPEROR NERMUT BUNDALLOY: Pretty sure it is.

DAR: It's not that bad.

BEANO: [hushed] Beano want aside.

PLECK: Uh, sure. Yeah, yeah. Emperor Bundaloy, um, could we just-- could you just give us just one quick second?

NERMUT: Yeah, no problem.

PLECK: Not you, Nermut! Not you!

NERMUT: Sorry, I'm Bundaloy--

C-53: Be present in the moment.

NERMUT: Right, this guy.

EMPEROR NERMUT BUNDALLOY: Okie-dokie! Yeah, just take a sec if you need it.

PLECK: Alright.

EMPEROR NERMUT BUNDALLOY: And then I'll kill you all.

PLECK: Fair enough. [Nermut groans] Lookin' forward to it.

BEANO: [quiet] Beano no want to help Emperor.

PLECK: [a bit lost] Uh... good. Great.

BEANO: Beano wanna be a problem-solver! Beano *wuv* active problem solutions!

PLECK: Beano, what are you talking about?

BEANO: All Beano need is for you to tell Beano what you really want!

PLECK: What-- what do I really want?

BEANO: Beano can grant you one wish. That is Beano's power.

DAR: Wait--

BEANO: Beano!

C-53: Hm.

DAR: Um...

NERMUT: A Planet Crusher Crusher Crusher! No, we're inside the Planet Crusher Crusher. Shoot. Um--

PLECK: [panicking] Just-- anything! A gun! A rock!

NERMUT: Not a rock! A rock?!

DAR: Maybe, uh, that I have super strength.

NERMUT: No, you *have* super strength, Dar!

DAR: More than I already have.

EMPEROR NERMUT BUNDALOY: Hey, gang? Hey, gang? [laughing] I'm on a tight schedule, so I'm gonna need the aside to be over. Right now.

PLECK: Mm-hmm. Alright. Great.

C-53: Okay, well, I felt like we were pretty close to deciding on that, but...

EMPEROR NERMUT BUNDALLOY: Okay, so just to recap, I'm gonna kill everybody and keep you.

PLECK: Okay. Me. Great. Uh, you know, but before you do, I just wanna say that I want--

BARGIE: Oh, I got it! I got it! I got it! Make Bargie a star!

PLECK: What?! No!

BEANO: [echoing with power] Beano make Bargie a star!

CREW: [prolonged yelling] Beano, no!

BARGIE: Yay!

[sounds of interdimensional distortion]

TARTIGAST: Mayday! This is Rebel pilot [distorted] Hark Tartigast. I assumed my hyperdrive was fixed, but now I'm rocketing through hyperspace for what feels-- just like a really long time! Like, years? I have no idea! Too long. [echoing] So long that I've seen other Hark Tartigasts exist alongside me in digital space! Dark mirrors of myself that seem to take my place in the universe! [distorted] Freaky. But with my faint signal, I've uploaded my meta-location so Rebel HQ can find me. But I'll need *your* help to escape! If you're a master of choose-your-own-path games, enlist immediately with Rolphus Tiddle at our website, [therebellion.space](http://therebellion.space), made with SquareSpace. SquareSpace's generous sponsorship has helped our noble rebellion enormously, and for that we will be forever grateful. So head over to our beautiful site now, [therebellion.space](http://therebellion.space), and click 'make a site' so you can build your own glistening web presence! With a free trial at [squarespace.com/ZYXX](http://squarespace.com/ZYXX)! And when you're ready to launch, use offer code ZYXX, Z-Y-X-X, for a discount. How cool is that?

[loud whooshing sound overhead]

TARTIGAST: [surprised noise] Was that the Bargarean Jade? Here?! ...Anyway, again, that's [therebellion.space](http://therebellion.space) to experience the text adventure game, Lost in Digital Space, to save me! Hark Tartigast! And [squarespace.com/ZYXX](http://squarespace.com/ZYXX), offer code ZYXX, to launch your own glorious website. [alarm dings] Oh my Rodd! [increased distortion noises, Hark groans] I'm hearing colors [heavily distorted, pained] and watching pure thought! Rebels, do me proud in battle! Long live the Rebellion! Hark Tartigast, signing off!

[Hark's distortion bleeds back into regular interdimensional distortion]

[the crew breathe heavily]

NERMUT: [dazed] That was the fastest hyperspace I've ever experienced.

PLECK: [out of breath] What happened?!

C-53: Did we see Hark Tartigast in there?

PLECK: Where are we?!

C-53: Emissary Decksetter, it's only been a second, but we're sixteen sectors away from where we were a minute ago! That's practically half the galaxy!

NERMUT: Whoa, guys. Look at that sign. Look at that huge--

PLECK: It's the Holowood sign!

NERMUT: I've only seen this in holos!

C-53: Ironically enough.

BARGIE: Am I-- I-- what is this?

[incoming-transmission noise]

C-53: Emissary Decksetter, I have an incoming transmission from... [bewildered mechanical noise] Leximar Pwench?

PLECK: [equally bewildered] Pwench?

[transmission-start noise]

C-53: [audibly bewildered] From... Leximar Pwench.

LEXIMAR: Hey, Barge! It's Lexy Pwench here.

BARGIE: [stammering with excitement and nerves] Wow! Lexy Pwench! You're the most in-demand agent in all of the industry!

LEXIMAR: Yeah, from UTA! Universal Talent Agency.

BARGIE: Wow. Uh, I-- I honestly figured you guys forgot about me. It's been many years.

LEXIMAR: Nobody forgets about the Bargarean Jade. I love ya, we all love ya. Toots is dead, you're in. [faint laughter] We love it!

NERMUT: Wow.

PLECK: Huh. Seems rude.

C-53: A little cold.

PLECK: Yeah.

BARGIE: Wow! I feel better about death. Yeah.

PLEXIMAR: Bargie, I mean, you are the best. We all love ya. Ya got meetings out the wazoo. We love ya.

BARGIE: Let me say this, now that I might be a star again. I'm gonna stay humble, and I'm gonna stay close with my friends. I'm not gonna forget about the people--

PLEXIMAR: Oh yeah, by the way, who are these people?

BARGIE: I don't know. Anyway-- [the crew cry out in affronted surprise] I'm very interested. Let's talk about it. What are you thinking? Movie franchise? Three movies, trilogy? Oh, can I be like a superhero?

PLEXIMAR: Hey, Bargie?

BARGIE: Yeah?

PLEXIMAR: Let's just put it this way. We want to be in the Bargarean Jade business.

BARGIE: I want to be in your business! [laughing happily]

PLEXIMAR: Let's get in each other's business. Alright! Hey, don't go changin'.

PLECK: Hey, uh, Emissary Pleck Decksetter here--

PLEXIMAR: I don't know who the juck you are. Bye.

PLECK: Okay. Alright.

[transmission-end noise]

PLECK: Guys, that was insane! ...Wait a second. Guys... Beano-- Beano, are you okay?

[Beano makes weak noises of distress]

NERMUT: Beano!

DAR: Beano--

PLECK: You saved our lives.

BEANO: Beano know.

PLECK: And Bargie's career!

BEANO: Beano know.

C-53: Beano, let me say we've not treated you with the respect that you deserve. We'd all be dead if not for your heroic actions.

BEANO: [weakly] Beano wuv noble sacrifice. [faint cough] Beano wuv it... [more coughing]

PLECK: [urgent] Beano-- Beano, everything's gonna be okay, just-- [Beano makes a fart noise, Pleck laughs] Beano!

NERMUT: Beano! He's farting inwards!

PLECK: Beano, stay with me!

NERMUT: He's farting *inward*!

BARGIE: Oh no. Beano...

PLECK: Stay with us, Beano.

BEANO: Beano use all Beano's power. [almost laughing] It was very hard to make Bargie a star!

PLECK: Oh, sure, yeah.

DAR: Oh no.

NERMUT: I can imagine.

BEANO: Beano wuv you all.

DAR: We wuv Beano.

PLECK: We wuv you, Beano.

BEANO: Beano so warm...

[sizzling noise]

BARGIE: Little Beano.

PLECK: Beano, everything's gonna be okay.

BEANO: Beano want to hear the story of Beano one last time.

PLECK: Of course! Of course, Beano! When we found you, Beano, you were locked in a little box on a tiny planet, guarded by a man named Chad.

DAR: There was only a roof. There were no walls.

NERMUT: And the crew answered a series of honestly pretty... medium-hard riddles.

PLECK: Straight up easy. Easy, most of them.

C-53: The last one, slightly challenging. But honestly, it was really only a few minutes.

[more farting noises; Bargie makes an alarmed noise]

PLECK: Everything's gonna be okay, Beano.

C-53: Beano, we repeatedly refused to send you to then-Junior Missions Operations Manager Nermut Bundaloy, but that proved to be a good call on our part. Otherwise, we might have lost you forever.

PLECK: And then you and I performed our first magic show together!

NERMUT: And last.

PLECK: And last, sure. At Dodecahelen's talent show.

DAR: We-- we knew we shouldn't have gotten you wet, and you know-- but we did! We got you wet!

PLECK: And you cracked, and you hatched into a real bean. And you've been our constant companion ever since.

BARGIE: And you became my manager. When nobody out there thought I was anybody. Now that they do... well, that's pretty cool. The part that people think I'm something now.

BEANO: [weakly] Beano take 70%... but Beano give 100%.

C-53: Still abusively high percentage.

BEANO & BARGIE: [singing softly] Beano and Bargie, Bargie and Beano... Beano and Bargie, [fades into incoherent mumbling]

BARGIE: And you made me a star again. [Beano exhales weakly; Bargie chokes up] Oh, Beano--

BEANO: Beano say goodbye.

[sizzling noises]

PLECK: His-- his legs and arms! They're shrinking back into himself!

NERMUT: His spiraling eyes are un-spiraling!

PLECK: He's turning back into a regular bean! He's heating up!

BEANO: Beano...

DAR: Bye, Beano.

BEANO: Beano... wuv... [fart noise]

[the crew exclaim in disgust]

C-53: He's so small, and yet--

PLECK: Whoa! That is a *hot* bean. Dar, put it somewhere!

DAR: Hot! Hot-hot-hot-hot! Hot-hot-hot! [Dar makes fleshy noises]

C-53: Dar, this frame is safety-rated up to 2,000 degrees, if that's--

DAR: Oh no, I just-- I put it inside of me.

BARGIE: Alright, well, it was really nice being with everybody here. I've gotta go. I have immediately just booked a job. It's a nitty-gritty-- not indie, but huge, huge franchise film where an old sentient spaceship is the star.

C-53: Seems fast.



BARGIE: And I don't have to take any of my hull off! Isn't that amazing!

PLECK: Bargie, I-- you know what, you deserve it.

BARGIE: Yeah! I'm so excited. I've already made new friends. I'm friends with Bailey Laflorga! Jishaw Jishatt! And you know Kelsey Pittoo? She knows my name. I just got invited to her brunch, and-- yeah. I have 8.20 billion followers on holo media now.

C-53: Wow, 8.20.

BARGIE: And this is the only way I'm making friends in the future.

NERMUT: We're really excited to meet all those people when you introduce us!

[hatch-opening noise]

PLECK: Uh, Bargie, why are you opening your hatch?

BARGIE: Good day! I'll, uh, just drop you off, I think. This is, uh--

PLECK: [increasingly alarmed] Bargie, what are you doing?

BARGIE: Alright, tipping you over. Dumping you out.

[the crew cries out in alarm and are unceremoniously dumped out to the surface]

NERMUT: [pained] My nub!

PLECK: [shouting] Bye, Bargie!

BARGIE: [distant] Bye! See me in the movies!

[finale music]

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WEAVER: The Grower Mind is everywhere! You cannot run! You cannot hide! The will of the swarm will overtake you--

NERMUT: Alright, bye!

WEAVER: No matter where you are!

[laughter]

BARGIE: Hey, Nermut?

NERMUT: Hey, guys, I--

BARGIE: Hey, Germup?

NERMUT: [disappointed] Yes?

BARGIE: Hey, Furbintan? Thank you.

NERMUT: [resigned] Yes. Okay. Can I-- now that the tractor beams are off, it's harder to hold--

JEREMY: [laughing] There's no reason that would be true.

SETH: [laughing] I thought--

ALDEN: They're in space.

SETH: Thrusters-- okay, fine. Alright. Um--

[laughter]

[distant]: Great. I think we gotta wrap.

ALDEN: So JR, thank you.

SETH: Thank you for that, JR, that was awesome.

MOUJAN: Thank you, JR!

JR: Yes! Miss you guys!

SETH: Aw...