

Episode 104: Assimilation Is Futile [ft. John Robert Wilson]

The crew is in for a surprise as they are deployed to the water planet Q'arf'fenn'. Dar cooks. Bargie gets ghosted. C-53 gives an anatomy lesson. Pleck overestimates his tolerance for moisture.

[Dramatic science-fiction music plays, like the text crawl at the beginning of Star Wars]

NARRATOR: The period of civil war has ended. The rebels have defeated the evil Galactic Monarchy and established the harmonious Federated Alliance. Now, ambassador Pleck Decksetter and his intrepid crew travel the farthest reaches of the galaxy to explore astounding new worlds, discover their heroic destinies, and meet weird bug creatures and stuff. This is [echoing] Mission to Zyxx!

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

PLECK: Hey, C-53?

C-53: Yes?

PLECK: I uh, I have a question for you. You can, like, wear any kind of body, right?

C-53: Yes. My cube can be transferred to any frame you require.

PLECK: Like a - like a vehicle, or...?

C-53: I have been a vehicle in the past, yes.

PLECK: (Aw/augh), that would be so cool. What if you were a vehicle, and I, like, drove you around?!

C-53: Ambassador Decksetter, I do not mean to disparage your driving abilities, but...surely I could drive myself better than you would be able to "manually" steer me?

PLECK: [still in cheerful 'that would be so cool ' tone] Okay, sure. Well, maybe you could just take me for a ride. [back to mildly interested] So what else, have you been in anything, like, really weird, or scandalous?

C-53: I am afraid my restraining bolt [knocks on metal] prevents me from sharing that information.

PLECK: Okay.

C-53: But let's just say I had an extremely varied career before the Federated Alliance.

PLECK: -Hmm. So you don't have any, like, "loyalties" to your past bodies, then?

C-53: Oh; nor even my current body. For instance, this hand -

[sound of metallic whirring and metal being torn apart for a few seconds]

PLECK: Y - [half-stifled laugh]

C-53: I have no particular attachment to it.

PLECK: [shocked] No - you -you just "tore off your hand"! I thought you'd at least - "unscrew" it or something!

C-53: [cheerful] Nope!

PLECK: Just tore it off -

C-53: [casually] Just tore it off. What's the difference?

PLECK: [half laughing] What are you gonna "do?!"

C-53: [shrugging tone] I suspect I will affix a new hand at some point in the future.

PLECK: [half-mumbled] Okay, well, good - good luck, I guess...huh.

C-53: Thank you very much (!)

PLECK: Dar, do you feel your whole body, or do you just think of yourself as your brain?

DAR: [heavy breathing; intense, pained/tired tone] I'm feeling. My "whole" body right now.

PLECK: Oh - [half laughing] What happened?

DAR: I'm in heat.

PLECK: Oh my - oh, Dar, wait, what does that - what do we have to-

DAR: Okay: once every other moon cycle, [internal rumbling sound] my body, just...[frustrated] urgh. "Heats up!" And self-cleans.

PLECK: ..."Oh". Oh, so it's not like a sexual thing.

DAR: No, it's like the "opposite" of a sexual thing (!) [PLECK: Ugh .] Urgh!

PLECK: What gets cleaned?!

DAR: "Everything" inside.

PLECK: Oh.

DAR: To, you know, make sure that no other lifeforms are growing? [laboured tone] Bacterias, or transferred infections. [sharp breath] Very uncomfortable!

PLECK: Yeah, you're, like, "radiating" heat right now(!)

DAR: Yeah, I'm, uh, ugh...I'm a cool 485 degrees right now.

PLECK: "Oh!" 485 degrees?!

DAR: Yeah, you could "crisp 'a' pie" inside of me.

C-53: Ambassador Decksetter, I urge you [Dae: Augh-ugh.] not to touch Dar during this period.

PLECK: I - yeah, I wouldn't - I wouldn't do that.

DAR: [background; in pain] Mmph!

C-53: It would take the skin clean off your hand.

BARGIE: Hey, is, uh, this a bad time to mention I have a date?

DAR: A date?!

BARGIE: Yeah.

DAR: [sincerely; still in pain] No, it's a great time to tell us about that.

BARGIE: So, uh, about 4-4, 8-8 o'clock, [PLECK: Yep.] I'm gonna be goin' on a date,

DAR: Forty-four eighty-eight, time for a date. Uh-huh?

BARGIE: So if you guys don't mind just keepin' quiet, maybe lyin' on the floor, just in case, you know what I mean? [suggestive; jovial] Like just in case somethin' happens, you know what I - you know what I'm tryna get at?

PLECK: ...I kinda don't -

BARGIE: [same tone] Just in case my hatch, it opens, and somethin' - somethin' gets inside of it.

PLECK: [surprised] "Oh."

BARGIE: Anyways, I'm very excited, I'm, um - if you don't mind, I'm just gonna scent myself - [air spraying noises]

PLECK: ...Oh.

BARGIE: Awwww, smell good!

PLECK: Whoof. Wow, that's...I think that's just gas, right? [BARGIE: Yeah.] That's just, just fuel.

BARGIE: Yeah.

DAR: [crosstalk] Whoop! That "is" Bargie's natural musk.

PLECK: Ugh.

BARGIE: That's how I get 'em!

DAR: [slightly laboured breathing again] Oof...now, in a moment here, you will start to smell...what I'm cooking. "Mmh". Which is, of course, my insides.

PLECK: Augh. Do you just "shed" them? Do they just come out?

DAR: Yeah.

PLECK: Man, we've learned a lot about our identities today.

[Transmission alert noise]

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

[Transmission connection noise]

PLECK: Oh, hey. Nermut, what's up, man?

NERMUT: Hey! Hello-o!

PLECK: Oh! You're in a good mood (!)

DAR: Yeah.

NERMUT: Um...Yeah (!) I guess I am. They, um, made a little announcement today, so I guess I...um.

PLECK: What - what was the announcement?

NERMUT: Um... well, they are going to be conducting a round of interviews for Missions Operations Managers.

PLECK: [congratulatory] Hey-hey-hey!

NERMUT: Yeah. So...

PLECK: That is "great!" That's gonna - that's gonna save us so much time, with C-53 saying your whole title.

NERMUT: And also, there'd be a small...pay raise, and, uh, access to different types of missions that might have a little higher propensity for success, so yeah. Uh, I-I-I haven't exactly

figured out which room, uh those interviews are taking place in, or how to sign up, but I did overhear...

PLECK: Wait, what roo- [half-laugh]

NERMUT: that they're happening.

PLECK: [amused] You - you weren't personally invited, you just happened to know that the interviews are happening.

NERMUT: Yep. And I am gonna find out where. Every time I hear someone talking about it, they sort of wal- they scurry away. So.

PLECK: [amused] You know...I don't know how it works at the Alliance, but I "feel" like...if you were up for a raise, they would...tell you, personally.

NERMUT: Really? You thi-

DAR: [clearly fucking with him] I think you should *follow* someone into their interview. "Stalk" them.

NERMUT: Uh...

C-53: Junior Missions Operations Manager Nermut Bundaloy, you -

NERMUT: You won't need to say that for long!

C-53: [astoundingly insincere, fake-sounding laugh] Ha-ha-ha-ha! [back to normal tone] Junior Missions Operations Manager Nermut Bundaloy, how long have you been at your current position?

NERMUT: Uh..just over six months.

C-53: Yes, since the founding of the Federated Alliance.

NERMUT: Yeah.

C-53: You are aware that this is a trainee position designed to last no more than one month?

NERMUT: Well...I mean, I've noticed that a lot of people are kind of moving up faster, but, um...I am...biding my time, and I am on my way to "Senior "Missions Operations Manager.

C-53: Ah, but before that and above you is "Missions "Operations Manager. [NERMUT sighs] Which, it's known, is a minimum ten-year position.

PLECK: [aside; to self] Ooh, wow. [normal volume; cheerful] Well, ten years at Missions Operations Manager isn't "that "bad. I mean, Nermut, how old are you now?

NERMUT: [despondent tone] I'm twenty-two.

PLECK: Oh, great! That's fine, how long does your [reconsidering] species generally live?

NERMUT: [even more despondent] Twenty-six.

PLECK: Oh, no.

DAR: Oh.

C-53: Yikes.

PLECK: [laughing] No-ho-ho! Nermut, we have so little time!

NERMUT: Well, I mean...[silence] [heartbroken tone] So your - so your mission?

PLECK: No, hey - no, listen, I believe in you.

BARGIE: Hey, hologram man? Hello, hologram man inside me, you want some advice?

NERMUT: Y- is that - is that me?

BARGIE: Two words. Drop. Gas. [PLECK: Wh- [laughs]] [knowing tone] Works. Every. Time.

PLECK: That's how Bargie stays young. She just ejects -

NERMUT: That's anti-aging manoeuvre?

BARGIE: Yep.

NERMUT: [blows out air] People make fun of me when I do that.

PLECK: I think it might be a slightly different process for...[NERMUT: Oh.] ships. Yeah.

NERMUT: [sighs] Um...

PLECK: So what's our mission, Nermut?

NERMUT: Your mission today...on to sunnier pastures! Uh, your mission is to go to the planet Q'arf'fenn! It's a water planet, so, uh...

PLECK: So, hey, pack your swimsuits - hey, Dar, maybe you can cool off a little bit!

DAR: Know your role and shut your mouth.

PLECK: ...okay. I'm sorry, I didn't know that was -

[DAR huffs]

NERMUT: Um, so it's a water planet, there's a small atoll where you'll be conducting your diplomatic mission with the receiving team, headed by...her name is K'ef'na [PLECK: Ooh!] and...

PLECK: [curious/intrigued?] Is there an apostrophe in there, or...?

NERMUT: Uh, yes, there are three apostrophes...

C-53: One is at the beginning, one in the middle, and one towards the end.

NERMUT: Yes, "toward" the end. It's, uh,

[Alarms start blaring]

BARGIE: Bargie being attacked! Bargie being attacked! Bargie being attacked! [this continues in background]

DAR and PLECK: [simultaneously] What?

PLECK: [amused??] Wait, what?!

DAR: [pissed] "What?!"

NERMUT: This is not funny. Bargie,

PLECK: How are you being attacked?

BARGIE: [stops repeating alarm] Someone is "touching me", from the outside. [more urgently] Something is "touching" me!

PLECK: [concerned] What is that sound?

BARGIE: - without my consent

PLECK: ...What's happening

NERMUT: [increasingly bad quality and static] I lost - I lost transmission for a moment, what - [garbled static, then cuts off]

PLECK: Hello?

C-53: I have lost transmission from Junior Missions Operations Manager Nermut Bundaloy.

The Grower Mind of the K'hekk: [deep, threatening voice] Attention, all main creatures who have entered the Will Space of the Grower Mind. Prepare to be assimilated to the Swarm.

PLECK: [aside; more annoyed?? Than concerned] Ugh.

K'HEKK SWARM: We are the K'hekk! We are the K'hekk! We are the K'hekk! We are the K'hekk!

PLECK: Oh, man. There are thousands of bug creatures surrounding the ship right now. Um...hey, guys! We're just, we're, um, we're ambassadors, we mean you no harm...[scuttling/roaring noise]...we...[slightly amused??] Oh - that is.../terrifying.]

THE GROWER MIND OF THE K'HEKK: There is no ambassadors. [PLECK: Oh.] There is only the Grower Mind and the Ever-Undying Will of the Swarm.

K'HEKK SWARM: We are the K'hekk! We are the K'hekk! [PLECK: [half-laughing] Okay -]We are the K'hekk! We are the K'hekk!

C-53: Ambassador Decksetter, it seems we are being invaded by 'The K'hekk ', a species with a hive mind.

PLECK: [not especially terrified so much as annoyed at a mild concern] Oh, boy. That's bad. Right?

C-53: [whirring of head swivel] You have spotted the undercarriage of one of their worker drones outside. That is what has made you make that particular face.

PLECK: Yeah, it's really gross (!) [C-53: It's a lot of s-] It's like a carapace of some kind.

C-53: Well, and then there's a lot of...small legs.

PLECK: [more stressed, but also annoyed, towards the K'hekk swarm] Okay, guys, I - is there anything I can - we can do for you...? We're just - tryna get through here...

THE GROWER MIND OF THE K'HEKK: There is only one thing you can do for the Grower Mind.

PLECK: Okay.

THE GROWER MIND OF THE K'HEKK: "Diiiiieeee".

PLECK: [slightly interrupting; disappointed] Oh. No, see, that, okay, is it -

THE GROWER MIND OF THE K'HEKK: "Diiiiieeee."

PLECK: Oh, boy. Okay.

C-53: I should mention [THE GROWER MIND OF THE K'HEKK: [crosstalk] "Diiiiiiiiii".] the K'hekk had a...adversarial relationship with the Monarchy, before we [PLECK: That's -] arrived.

PLECK: Okay -[to K'hekk swarm; trying to be friendly/ingratiating] No, see, we're not with the monarchy! Totally different thing, we're with the Federated Alliance - we "bea"t the monarchy! So, you know, the enemy of my enemy is my friend, probably, right?

THE GROWER MIND OF THE K'HEKK: There is no monarchy. There is no Federation. There is only the Undying Will. [pause; short whirr as C-53 turns his head] Of the Grower Mind.

PLECK: Yeah, Alright. Okay. I guess...I'm starting to [DAR: Uggghhh] see...I'm starting to see where this is going.

K'HEKK SWARM: K'hekk Swarm, prepare to attack! Soldiers, mount your aurochs! Weavers, support the aurochs! Bulls, forward perimeter around the Aurochs and the Soldiers and the Weavers!

C-53: Ambassador Decksetter, you may have trouble understanding some of this. Uh, [PLECK: Yeah, I don't.] There is a very complicated caste system within the K'hekk society.

PLECK: [more blankly than usual] Oh. Okay. So the bugs are different bugs. From, uh, one another?

C-53: [snorts/laughs slightly] That is a very reductive way of thinking [crosstalk] about it, Ambassador Decksetter -

PLECK: [crosstalk] [laughing; defensively] I don't - I do- okay, I'm sorry! I 'm tryna under -

THE GROWER MIND OF THE K'HEKK: Through millions of years of evolution, we've perfected multiple forms of ourselves. By assuming and evolving all other lifeforms we come in contact with, we can genetically induce their most favorable traits inside our own bodies.

PLECK: Wow, that's. Very succinct. That's -

THE GROWER MIND OF THE K'HEKK: Now, weavers!

WEAVERS: Yes!

THE GROWER MIND OF THE K'HEKK: Soldiers!

SOLDIERS: Yes!

THE GROWER MIND OF THE K'HEKK: Beetles!

BEETLES: Yes!

THE GROWER MIND OF THE K'HEKK: Aurochs!

AUROCHS: Yes!

THE GROWER MIND OF THE K'HEKK: Bulls!

BULLS: Yes!

THE GROWER MIND OF THE K'HEKK: Weavers!

WEAVERS: Yes!

THE GROWER MIND OF THE K'HEKK: Royal drones!

ROYAL DRONES: Yes!

THE GROWER MIND OF THE K'HEKK: And the queens.

QUEENS: Yeeeeaaaah!

BARGIE: And Bargie has a date to get to, soooo...

PLECK: [laughs slightly] Okay! Bargie, we are tryna figure this out. Hey, guys, we'll be with you in just one second. [whispering] Hey, Dar? Maybe you should, uh, like

DAR: [in pain/discomfort, very loudly] I don't feel like fighting, I just want to take a [crosstalk] NAP -

PLECK: [crosstalk] Whoa. Dar! No, Dar, you okay?

DAR: No-ho-ho, I'm not [gritted teeth] "okay", ughf!

PLECK: I think Dar - Dar's out of commission. Bargie, do you have any kind of defense systems, or...?

BARGIE: I can play some classic tunes.

PLECK: [laughs slightly] Okay - I mean -

[sound of the K'hekk entering the ship]

THE GROWER MIND OF THE K'HEKK: We have reached the loading bay and are now boarding your ship.

[Bargie groans]

C-53: Ambassador Decksetter, we possess no defensive measures in the loading bay.

PLECK: Ah, boy. That's - this is bad. Bargie, are you okay?

BARGIE: [slightly miffed, kind of] I mean, I was hopin' to keep that area 'clear'. Clear for - you know why? 'Cause I have a date later on, and

PLECK: [crosstalk] No, I know - [laughs slightly]

BARGIE: [crosstalk] I'm gonna be usin' that part. 'Very' heavily! It's been a couple of months, and I was ready to just open it up and let my date have its 'wayyy!' But now -

PLECK: [crosstalk] Okay -

BARGIE: [crosstalk] these strangers are just comin' in,

PLECK: [slightly more urgently] Okay - I mean, Bargie-!

BARGIE: [still in a miffed tone] I mean, at least 'ask' me! Just 'ask' me to go in, and I'll say - I'll say 'yes!' But, like, give 'consent.'

PLECK:[sidetracked now] Yeah, that makes sense.

C-53: Ambassador Decksetter, you may not be aware, but it is extremely uncomfortable for ships to admit that they have...K'hekk.

PLECK: [as blankly as earlier]...Oh yeah, no, that makes sense, it's embarrassing.

BARGIE: I am itching a 'lot 'right now.

PLECK: I'm - I'm sorry.

[Blaring alarm as door opens; DAR and PLECK go 'ugh', and the sound of many marching feet can be heard entering the room.]

DAR: [crosstalk] Wow.

PLECK: [crosstalk] Oh, wow. You guys are...there sure are a lot of you.

[Dar groans again]

THE GROWER MIND OF THE K'HEKK: Prepare to be assimilated.

DAR: [quietly] Ugh.

PLECK: That's not - that is not what I

K'HEKK SWARM: Workers! Form a perimeter! Soldiers! Behind the Workers! Beetles! Get in [slightly faltering] various positions around the workers and the soldiers!

THE GROWER MIND OF THE K'HEKK: Millions of years of evolution have perfected our battle tactics.

K'HEKK SWARM: Weavers! Continue to weave! Aurochs! Bulls! Royal Drones! Queens!

PLECK: ['done but this is still hilarious' tone] Okay, Alright! I mean - it's -

THE GROWER MIND OF THE K'HEKK: You see, we have a very complicated caste system -

PLECK: [laughing]B I know! We talked about that already!

C-53: [whirring as he turns his head] Ambassador Decksetter, we "barely" scratched the surface [PLECK: [crosstalk] [tone] Oh, yeah? Okay.] of the K'hekk.

K'HEKK SWARM: We are the K'hekk!

BARGIE: [tone] They look like "balloons."

PLECK: [half-laughing] Yeah, they do - they're sort of silly -

[consuming sound effect in background]

C-53: [observational, still] They seem to be...eating everything.

THE GROWER MIND OF THE K'HEKK: Prepare for assimilation into the Swarm. All bow before the will of the Grower Mind.

PLECK: [still kind of half-amused tone??] Oh, boy -

THE GROWER MIND OF THE K'HEKK: I am the Consciousness of the Swarm. I am nowhere, but I am everywhere.

PLECK: [blankly again] I don't get it. I don't get what tha-

THE GROWER MIND OF THE K'HEKK: I'm like a brain living on a planet that's communicating psychically through the spawn to you right now.

C-53: [whirring as he turns his neck] Do you not "really" not understand what that is?

PLECK: [laughs self-consciously; rushed] I get it " now!" It's very clear, but I was, like, looking at him, and he looked sorta the same as the other guys -

K'HEKK SWARM: The Grower Mind! [] the Workers! The Soldiers! [PLECK: [laughing slightly] Okay -] The Beetles! The aurochs! The Weavers, the Royal Drones, and the Queens (!)

DAR: [not anxious at all, just kind of curious] But why "this" body?

THE GROWER MIND OF THE K'HEKK: Because it is the closest in proximity to you. Watch: I can jump from this body to another one (!) [tearing/squelching sound]

C-53: [quietly] Oh, now he's...

THE GROWER MIND OF THE K'HEKK: Now I'm in a Soldier body! [unintelligible] Is this better? Now I'm not a little worker, I'm a Soldier, I'm on your level now, and can talk to you?

PLECK: Yeah, that - that - that's pretty cool -

DAR: [impressed] Alright.

C-53: Is that...[whirring sound] a more fun body for you to be in?

THE GROWER MIND OF THE K'HEKK: Everything is fun when you are the Grower Mind.

PLECK: [laughing] Okay, that's a very - that's a very optimistic view!

THE GROWER MIND OF THE K'HEKK: I have an incredible amount of fun all the time. [Pleck chuckles/laughs quietly] I already have planned places for all of you among my brood.

DAR: Mm-hm.

THE GROWER MIND OF THE K'HEKK: You, young soft meaty pink one:

PLECK: Hey, that's me!

THE GROWER MIND OF THE K'HEKK: You will be the worker, carrying eggs and food from hive to hive.

DAR: Mm-hm.

PLECK: Yeah, that makes sense.

DAR: [appreciative] He's got you pegged.

PLECK: I guess I wouldn't mind working for the K'hekk for a "little" while...right?

C-53: [whirring sound] Ambassador Decksetter, are you not familiar with the K'hekk assimilation process?

PLECK: [quieter??] I guess...I guess not.

C-53: It involves the Queen laying an egg inside your eyeball.

PLECK: ...Hmm.

C-53: That egg would then grow to assume control of your brain, manipulating you like a...[whirr] giant Tellurian puppet.

PLECK: [quieter??] ...Oh. Okay. Well, never mind.

THE GROWER MIND OF THE K'HEKK: You, large muscular one:

DAR: Yeah.

THE GROWER MIND OF THE K'HEKK: You will be a Royal Drone, protecting the Queen on the nearest planet.

PLECK: [impressed] Hey!

DAR:

C-53: That is actually a highly valued position within K'hekk society, Dar, you should be flattered.

DAR: [tone] I...I am! Thank you so much.

THE GROWER MIND OF THE K'HEKK: You, shiny one:

C-53: [immediately] [whirr] Yes (?)

THE GROWER MIND OF THE K'HEKK: You are not warm, nor is there life inside of you.

C-53: [crosstalk] Well, there's a -

PLECK: [crosstalk] Ah, that's - that's mean.

THE GROWER MIND OF THE K'HEKK: I have no interest in you.

C-53: [disbelieving/surprised]: "None?"

THE GROWER MIND OF THE K'HEKK: None.

DAR: [tone] So then, he just gets to [crosstalk] go...free...?

C-53: [crosstalk] That's a shame.

THE GROWER MIND OF THE K'HEKK: He may go free.

PLECK: [surprised] Oh!

BARGIE: What about me? Huh? I mean, you're already inside of me, you might as well label me too...[high-pitched] oh, hey! [normal pitch] I know you, [familiar/friendly/?? Tone] I can - I know you inside of me! You've been inside of me before, right?

THE GROWER MIND OF THE K'HEKK: Yeah - [suppressed laugh] Yeah, I've been here before! [wing sound] Once/what you - this is a recommissioned ship (!)

BARGIE: [crosstalk]Yeah, that's right!

THE GROWER MIND OF THE K'HEKK: [recognition and appreciation/reminiscence??]
[crosstalk] Oh, I remember fighting you in three other systems!

Both, simultaneously: Aww!

BARGIE: [verbal version of grinning] The memories...

THE GROWER MIND OF THE K'HEKK: Aww.

BARGIE: It's so good to have you inside of me again.

THE GROWER MIND OF THE K'HEKK: No, that -thank you!

PLECK: That's great - [quieter/whispering] Bargie, this is awesome! Does this mean I don't have to have eggs, like, laid in my eyes, and be controlled like a puppet?

THE GROWER MIND OF THE K'HEKK: The Grower Mind has a proposition.

PLECK: Oh - Okay (!)

K'HEKK SWARM: Whoooooo!

[sound of coins hitting the floor]

PLECK: Whoa!: [crosstalk]Wow, look at - Are these -

DAR: [in awe] [crosstalk] Whol-hop-hop-hoo! Whoa, that bug just burst open, and those Kroons spilled out of it!

THE GROWER MIND OF THE K'HEKK: Take these coins back to your planet, and live rich, plentiful lives. Add these coins to the money supply.

PLECK: [surprised in a good way] That's great - I - yeah, thank you! Wow!

C-53: [disappointed/judgy because this must seem really obvious] Ambassador Decksetter, the Grover Mind is not an authorised distributor of Kroons.

PLECK: Oh, is this - this is like counterfeit money?

C-53: [in a tone that indicates this is obvious] "Yes."

DAR: I mean, money - I mean, some kind - [crosstalk] money is still money...

PLECK: [crosstalk] Yeah, who would, who would know that-

THE GROWER MIND OF THE K'HEKK: Bring these Kroons back to your planet and devalue the currency.

PLECK: [] Ohh, "that's" what this is about. [conversationally; not even slightly nervous, and more familiar/friendly??] You guys - you guys were, like, a big - I remember when I was growing up, the Monarchy always talked about you guys as, like, an existential threat.

THE GROWER MIND OF THE K'HEKK: The Grower Mind is unstoppable. The Grower Mind is unkillable. There are one, yet billions, of us.

C-53: [] ...Well, you are an organic being. [whirr] Surely you are killable. For example, [walking whirrs] it's well documented that the Royal Drones have weaknesses here [splorch] [Royal Drone: Ugh!] and here. [splorch]

PLECK: [impressed, amused??] Whoa! You just tore off that bug's "arms!"

C-53: Their design has "many "flaws.

[Sound of organic bug material being torn apart, and 'ugh' noise from a K'hekk]

PLECK: [cross between 'urgh' and 'whoa']

THE GROWER MIND OF THE K'HEKK: [tone] Then I can just manifest myself in this one. You "can't" kill me.

C-53: [walking whirring sound; tone is just as casual and informative] Oh, but what if I kill this one? On the Workers, there are eye sockets here [squelch] and here;[squelch; Pleck makes an

'ugh' sound] If you apply just a minimal amount of pressure, [ripping sound of exoskeleton] you can remove the entire faceplate as I've just done.

PLECK: [somewhere between amazed/impressed and horrified] Oh, my -

C-53: And then this bug?

[splorching sounds]

PLECK: [tone dull from shock] That was a Weaver.

C-53: And this bug? [splorch]

PLECK: Soldier.

C-53: And then this bug.

PLECK: [less horrified; as though learning something interesting/studying through tests] Auroch?

K'HEKK SWARM: [encouraging] You're getting it!

C-53: And this one.

PLECK: [perking up] Beetle!.

C-53: And this bug.

PLECK: Oh - uh, Weaver again.

C-53: And then this bug -

PLECK: [laughing] Okay, no - stop! We have too - we - C-53,

C-53: Oh. I can no longer move my arm.

PLECK: Yeah, no, wow. Gosh.

THE GROWER MIND OF THE K'HEKK: [upset and annoyed] I really wish you would stop doing that, I thought we got the point of it the first time I demonstrated the death thing.

C-53: I think I understand now.

THE GROWER MIND OF THE K'HEKK: Okay. There's another -

C-53: But what if I killed 'this' one?

PLECK: [amused but also horrified] No - stop - C-53!

[sound of Grower Mind manifesting itself in another K'hekk]

PLECK: Listen...Grower Mind...um, do we have to fight? What's going on?

THE GROWER MIND OF THE K'HEKK: [pause] [awkwardly/hesitantly] You could come peacefully, too.

PLECK: To your planet?

THE GROWER MIND OF THE K'HEKK: Yes.

PLECK: [tone] I - uhh...it's not really a good time? I don't think we can be assimilated right now. What if we, sort of, don't..do that?

THE GROWER MIND OF THE K'HEKK: [pause] My children, seize them!

PLECK: Oh no! No, don't -

K'HEKK SWARM: [sound of many marching feet] Weavers, seize them! Prepare to be assimilated!

DAR: Whoof. Okay. [laughs nervously] I wouldn't get that close to me if I were you.

K'HEKK SWARM: Ahh! [unintelligible] The massacre! It's radiating heat! Do not -

PLECK: Yeah, Dar's very hot, you don't want to get too close to her right now.

[THE GROWER MIND OF THE K'HEKK growls]

[Dar groans]

K'HEKK SWARM: Our thorax is burning! We must go - leave, leave!

THE GROWER MIND OF THE K'HEKK: We will return in greater numbers. My children, retreat. To the docking bay!

[sound of many marching feet again]

K'HEKK SWARM: Alright! [buzzing noise of wings] Workers, [buzzing noise of wings after each group is addressed] go first! [PLECK: [laughing] No, that's -] Then Soldiers, then the Aurochs, and the Soldiers riding on the Aurochs. Then the Bulls, then Weaver Group One! Dismissed. Weaver Group Two, wait until the Royal Drones and the Queen has left. And then - Okay, Bulls, you guys are in the back (!) Okay, on three; one, two, three. Workers, go.

[PLECK laughs quietly]

THE GROWER MIND OF THE K'HEKK: Another perfect maneuver, executed by the Swarm.

[sound of hatch/docking bay closing]

[Intermission music plays; static cuts to rebel advertisement]

Hark Tartigast: Mayday, mayday! This is Rebel Pilot Hark Tartigast, and before my Star Fighter crashes on this distant moon I have an emergency message from Rebel HQ. Support for the Rebellion against the cruel Federated Alliance comes from ...Wordpress dot com! Every day, millions of people go online to search for local businesses - but does your small business show up? In addition to being a rebel pilot, ['boom' from plane] -argh! - I also carve small wooden figurines and sell them from a little storefront. Before I had a Wordpress site with a beautiful design, search engine optimization and social sharing, I didn't get any business! [more excited/intensely??] But 'now' they really fly off the shelves, which is ironic because I carved wooden 'bird' figurines! [inspirationally] You don't need to hire someone to build you a website. You can do it with Wordpress, the same way we built this Rebellion...with our bare hands. Your business needs an online home; it needs a Wordpress dot com website (!) [explosion outside] Argh, [unintelligible] a thruster! So get started today, with fifteen percent off any new planned purchase. Just go to Wordpress dot com slash Zyxx, Z-Y-X-X to create your website and find the plan that's right for you. That's Wordpress dot com slash Zyxx to for fifteen per cent off your brand new website. Wordpress dot com slash Zyxx, ejecting stasis pod!

[sound of giant explosion, channel-switching ?? Noise and then intermission music again]

PLECK: [quieter; worried] Guys...when do you think the K'hekk are gonna be back?

C-53: [head swivel whirr] If previous attack patterns show any consistency, the K'hekk will likely return within the next 24 hours.

PLECK: Oh. That's - [sighs] what are we gonna do? We don't have any guns-

C-53: That's correct.

PLECK: And Dar is...sort of unable to fight right now; she's in a...she's in a weird mood.

DAR: [sounding out of breath] I...

C-53: [perplexed] Dar 'repelled' the K'hekk.

DAR: [upset] ...did the 'best' I could!

PLECK: [laugjs slightly??] I know, but I sort of thought that we would 'fight' them! I-

C-53: We were lucky that their carapaces were geared for deep space travel - they were not able to bear Dar's heat at all.

PLECK: ...Yeah, that's true. Hey, Bargie, maybe we should just - maybe we should just get out of here, right? Bargie, can we...can we just go to a different section of this system or something, maybe they won't find us?

BARGIE: Absolutely not. This is where uhh, I'm meetin' my date. [PLECK: [tone] Oh.] I'm just gonna stand here, it's gonna happen any minute now - it's [crosstalk] gonna be here.

PLECK: [crosstalk]But the K'hekk are gonna come back and - they're gonna destroy us! You know that, right?

DAR: [tone] Also, Bargie, it is well past 4488.BARGIE: I know, but it's gonna show up. You know, the ship will show up.

C-53: [concerned?] It's 5123.

BARGIE: [as trying to convince herself] It - it will show up. It's gonna be magical, we've been texting'.

DAR: [tone] Bargie, listen.

BARGIE: It's gonna be here.

PLECK: [tone] Bargie.

DAR: I think -

BARGIE: [tone] I am ''worth'' it!

DAR: [crosstalk] You ''are worth it!''

PLECK: [crosstalk] You are worth it, Bargie.

BARGIE: [tone] We were exchangein' pictures of our engines before, I mean,

PLECK: Whoa.

BARGIE: You don't just do that with someone [DAR: You don't!] and then not follow through -

DAR: Bargie, I...''I ''- a thousand per cent agree.

PLECK: [quieter] Yeah.

BARGIE: Anyway, I'm just gonna stay here.

PLECK: [sighs] We're very vulnerable from where we ke-

BARGIE: [tone] Am I old? Do I...seem old to you? Is it - is that the thing?

DAR: [outraged/??] No, you're refurbished, you're beautiful!

BARGIE: Okay, okay.

PLECK: Yeah, you look great, Bargie. [BARGIE: Thank you.] You're still fast, [BARGIE: Thank you.] and there's - your couches are still comfortable,

BARGIE: Aah, well -

C-53: [awkwardly/aside] Well, some of the couches were consumed partially by the K'hekk, so...

[PLECK: groans]

DAR: [tone] And they ate all of our food.

PLECK: Have we - have we got the transmitter back up and running? We should probably tell Nermut what's going on.

C-53: [whirring noise] Hmm. I'm afraid the transmitter remains inoperative.

[PLECK groans/ugh]

BARGIE: I turned it off. You know? You know?

PLECK: [laughs in shock] That was a choice?! [C-53: Yeah, that's...] Why did you turn it off? [C-53: Hmm. I had wondered.] What if you get a text from your date?

BARGIE: [tone] I need it to be off "so" my date knows exactly where I am, no more interference. The only thing that's emitting from me right now is oil, and my location.

DAR: [crosstalk] Okay, but -

C-53: [crosstalk] In fairness, Ambassador Decksetter, it's very rude to have a transmitter on during a first date.

PLECK: I mean, I guess that's...[defeated] that makes sense.

C-53: Just, you're both trying to enjoy each other's company, but...

PLECK: [muttered] Sure, yeah, you don't wanna spend all your time on a [crosstalk] transmitter, yeah, exactly.

C-53: [crosstalk] Someone received a transmission, and then the other person gets a transmission...

PLECK: Bargie, you know the Grower Mind, right?

BARGIE: [tone] Yeah, they're one of my old best friends.

PLECK: Can you just tell them to, like, lay off, cause -

BARGIE: We had a falling-out. [PLECK laughs quietly] That was the first time I actually seen one of them them in - [crosstalk] in very long.

PLECK: But you seemed to be on pretty good terms, you - [crosstalk] Yeah, you seemed to be -

DAR: [crosstalk] Yeah! You both said "I love you"!

PLECK: Yeah!

BARGIE: [tone] It means "nothing."

PLECK: Aww, that seems-

BARGIE: You know who I "want" to say that to? My date! But are they here for me to say it to? No. Love is dead, it doesn't exist, it's a facade -

PLECK: [tone] No, Bargie!

DAR: Ahh, okay, so we're on the "other" side of this now. I see.

PLECK: So you don't think they were being genuine when you, like,

BARGIE: Nope, no one's genuine, everyone's like "ohh, I'll meet you at a certain location -"

DAR: Ah.

PLECK: Here we go.

BARGIE: -send me more pictures of your engine -

DAR: [sympathetically] Bargie!

BARGIE: -and it's like, oh, finally, someone who gets me, we have a connection, doesn't show up.

C-53: Hmm. [head whirring]

BARGIE: [tone] I'm leaking gas for fun now.

PLECK: No, stop - [DAR: Barge.] Barge, come on. In case we need to get out of here, we need "some "gas.

[alarm blaring in the background]

BARGIE: Oh! Oh - oh, good news! I think he's - I think it's here. I think -

PLECK: Your date?

BARGIE: I think it's here! [crosstalk] Oh, wow. I'm so excited.

PLECK: [crosstalk] Oh, well, congratulations-

DAR: Barge, don't just throw open the doors like that!

[sound of marching feet again]

C-53: [groans] The K'hekk have made their way into our loading bay.

BARGIE: I'm so happy. Oh. No, yeah, it's just the K'hekk.

[Dar groans]

PLECK: [laughs slightly] Oh, no, they're back "already?!"

THE GROWER MIND OF THE K'HEKK: We have returned in much greater numbers.

THE K'HEKK SWARM: We are the K'hekk!

THE GROWER MIND OF THE K'HEKK: Controlled -

THE K'HEKK SWARM: We are the K'hekk!

THE GROWER MIND OF THE K'HEKK: Controlled by the undying will of the Grower Mind.

PLECK: [tone] Yeah, hey, welcome back.

BARGIE: Hey, Grower Mind! Guess who stood "me" up?!

THE GROWER MIND OF THE K'HEKK: [concerned/??] Where - where -where is your date?

BARGIE: Good question. I hope he exploded on the way here.

[awkward silence]

THE GROWER MIND OF THE K'HEKK: You know, now that I think of it, I think I did assimilate a cargo ship on my way here? [sucks in a breath; sound of wings beating together] [contrite]
Sorry, oh, gosh...

DAR: Barge, see? You weren't stood up at all!

PLECK: He wanted to be here!

BARGIE: [tone] He's "dead!"

THE GROWER MIND OF THE K'HEKK: If it makes you feel any better, all of the eggs that hatched from all of the resources we stole created all the children that you see before you.

K'HEKK SWARM: [quieter; almost whispering] We are the K'hekk. [wings buzz]

PLECK: Yeah, so, Barchie, your date's sort of here, in a way...

BARGIE: [silence] Yeah, I guess...

C-53: In a way, your date has gone...very well.

BARGIE: Yeah, I guess children were made.

PLECK: Yeah!

BARGIE: Life was created.

K'HEKK SWARM: Workers, and soldiers...

PLECK: [half-laughing] We know, we know...

THE GROWER MIND OF THE K'HEKK: We have a very complex, efficient caste system
[PLECK: No,] that I will explain to you right now.

PLECK: [same tone] No, we know what they are.

BARGIE: If you guys don't mind, I'd like to just turn the lights off and reflect in solitude for a bit.
Enter

D a if you guys don't mind, I'd like to just turn the lights off and reflect in solitude for a bit. Let Bargie be sad.

PLECK: [tone] Okay,

DAR: Uh, when you say in "solitude", you mean...

BARGIE: Everyone off the ship.

PLECK: [half-laughing] No - I can't -

BARGIE: Everyone off. Bargie needs a moment. Get off the ship.

PLECK: [tone] We can't get off the ship, Bargie. We can- "I "can't breathe out there.

THE GROWER MIND OF THE K'HEKK: Enter one of the carrier beetles and breathe inside there. There's a natural atmosphere inside the carrier beetles. Everyone inside.

PLECK: Okay. Alright. [whirring sound; organic ??] I guess, let's get in these beetles and leave Bargie alone.

C-53: Unfortunately for you, Ambassador Decksetter, it is very moist inside these beetles.

PLECK: [tone] Ah, it's fine.

C-53: You "say" it's fine, but I'm telling you now, you're not going to enjoy it.

THE GROWER MIND OF THE K'HEKK: Future children, inside the beetles now!

PLECK: Oh...uh - We don't have to be assimilated, like, if we get into the beetles, right?

THE GROWER MIND OF THE K'HEKK: [obviously lying, badly] Uh.../no/, no you won't get assimilated if you get into the beetles...

DAR: Whooooa...[crosstalk] hold on...I don't think -

PLECK: [crosstalk] Yeah, I dunno. Yeah, that sounds -

BARGIE: [from far off] Just get in the beetle!

PLECK: Okay, fine, just - [C-53: Very well.] open the hatch, I'm sorry, [C-53: Get into the beetle.] I'm sorry. Okay, I'll just get into this beetle...

[squelching sounds; all three's voices are muffled]

PLECK: Ooh! It is "very" moist in here.

C-53: [passive-aggressively chastising] I tried to make that as clear as I could.

[PLECK sighs]

DAR: We are "absolutely" about to be assimilated.

[sound of hatch closing; voices no longer muffled]

PLECK: [in alarm/fear] Whoa - Whoa -whaaaaa!

[hatch closes]

BARGIE: [crying/yelling] Why? Whyyyy? Aaaaah! Why is this happening "again?" I was married once! Twice. Four times...eighty times. Do my engines reek of sadness?

THE GROWER MIND OF THE K'HEKK: [wings beating] I have left a single ambassador in the cargo bay. Bargie, I -

BARGIE: Why?

THE GROWER MIND OF THE K'HEKK: Because I wanted to speak to you one-on-one. Just you and me. Remember before you were refurbished? A week before you were decommissioned when we fought in that big battle?

BARGIE: Ooh, yeah.

THE GROWER MIND OF THE K'HEKK: Millions of my children were killed.

BARGIE: I'll never forget that time.

THE GROWER MIND OF THE K'HEKK: Before you had all your weapons un-retrofitted from your hull?

BARGIE: That was a great time. [Pause] Did you...ever think...we could've been something?

THE GROWER MIND OF THE K'HEKK: I always thought there could have been something there.

BARGIE: What happened? Why didn't you make it happen? Why were you...so quiet?

THE GROWER MIND OF THE K'HEKK: I was just..preoccupied with my family, you know?
[Pause] It wasn't the right time, and now...

BARGIE: Maybe now is. [tone] Maybe - all of this was supposed to happen so we'd meet again, you ever think about that?

THE GROWER MIND OF THE K'HEKK: The Grower Mind doesn't believe in fate, but...yeah.

[Pause; someone snickers quietly in the background]

BARGIE: Wait. Wait, maybe I'm not sad. This all makes sense!

THE GROWER MIND OF THE K'HEKK: Maybe I "was" supposed to assimilate that cargo ship. Maybe the universe is -

BARGIE: Ah, wait, hold on. Now I'm remembering all the bad things. That you would [meangle?] around with other people...

THE GROWER MIND OF THE K'HEKK: I have to assimilate everything that has superior [crosstalk] genetics to the Grower Mind!

BARGIE: [crosstalk] I was one of many ships! I was one of many ships.

THE GROWER MIND OF THE K'HEKK: You can't punish me for what I am (!)

BARGIE: You know what you are? You're a small mind. A commitment-less mind.

THE GROWER MIND OF THE K'HEKK: Augh. Ugh. You're a cantankerous, old, bitter ship.

BARGIE: Whoaaa, okay, is that how we're going to [crosstalk] do?

THE GROWER MIND OF THE K'HEKK: [crosstalk] And - and you used to be "fun."

BARGIE: I used to be fun? Oh, well, [crosstalk] excuse me!

THE GROWER MIND OF THE K'HEKK: [crosstalk] But now this is "way" too heavy of a situation for me.

BARGIE: "You "used to be young, and smaller, and you had muscles, now look at you! Now look at you, you "literally "look like a balloon.

THE GROWER MIND OF THE K'HEKK: I had billions of children to take care of!

BARGIE: Oh, wow, from - who's the mothers? Who's the fathers? Who even knows? Get your life together!

THE GROWER MIND OF THE K'HEKK: The Queens at the top of my caste system are the mothers!

BARGIE: Okay.

And they are cared for by the Royal Drones, [crosstalk] and the Soldiers protect the -

BARGIE: [crosstalk] Yak yak yak, yak yak yak, yak yak yak!

THE GROWER MIND OF THE K'HEKK: Okay, this is way too much for me, this is way too heavy, I'm gonna go assimilate another planet and get as far away from you as I possibly can.

[sound of hatch opening]

BARGIE: You gotta fix yourself!

[sound of vacuum sucking out into space]

THE GROWER MIND OF THE K'HEKK: Children, to me!

K'HEKK SWARM: We are the K'hekk!

BARGIE: [calling after them] You're dead to all life. [more to herself] Get outta here...

[hatch closes; vacuum fades away]

BARGIE: I feel better. Okay, everybody back in here, let's have fun. [Pause] Hello? Oh. Oh, crap. Well...[silence; self-pityingly] I guess I was just meant to fly alone! [sighs] I can just do whatever I want with my gas...

[sound of hatch opening; PLECK gasping for breath]

C-53: And so you see, just by pulling that nerve cluster there, [PLECK: Augh.] you can effect the release almost instantaneously.

PLECK: It was /very/ moist in there!

C-53: [much more cheerfully] I tried to warn you.

DAR: C-53, I usually hate being taught things, but that was...

PLECK: That was...

DAR: Genuinely very interesting.

PLECK: Well, guys, I think we did it. Bargie, how are you feeling?

BARGIE: You know what? I feel good.

PLECK: Yeah?

BARGIE: I'm happy I spoke to that low-life.

PLECK: You /really/ gave him a piece of your mind!

BARGIE: You know what I'm gonna do? I'm gonna only have /fun/ from now on(!)

PLECK: Hey, you know what? You /are: fun, Bargie.

BARGIE: Every day a new ship inside of me. [crosstalk] I'm putting on [???].

PLECK: Okay, no - nonono, see,

DAR: [tone] /Yes!/
[crosstalk]

BARGIE: I'm no longer about love, I'm about /fluid exchange/,

PLECK: [half-laughing] No - Bargie -

BARGIE: gas mixing...I'm just gonna keep my back hatch open, and anything that wants to slide on in can slide on in. No more commitment.

PLECK: No, nonono. No, now -

DAR: Alright!

PLECK: now I think that's too far, that's -

BARGIE: Commitment-less Bargie. Open for business. Anything; planet, object, ship, [PLECK laughs] go on in!

PLECK: No, Bargie, come on -

DAR: Bargie, I. Sup. Port this!

BARGIE: It's my summer of love!

[Pleck makes half-groaning sound??]

[intermission music, turning to static]

ROLFUS TIDDLE: Attention, this is rebel leader Rolfus Tiddle. Support for the Rebellion against the Federated Alliance comes from Harry's. What's Harry's about? Rolfus Tiddle: A great shave at a fair price. Harry's sent us a razor to try, and first of all...[worried/scared] How did they find us?! It's a secret base! [regular tone] Anyway, we got these high-quality razors from Harry's, and I tell ya, it's a close, smooth shave. Before using Harry's, a lot of our rebels had patchy, weird-looking stubble(!) Honestly, they looked more like /dissidents/ than rebels. And yeah,

there's a difference! Now, with Harry's, even the (doo-leagues?) look neater. And you wouldn't think a shaved (doo-league?) would work, but...it really does. So here's what you do: claim your free trial offer from Harry's today. It's a thirteen-Dollar value for free when you sign up at Harry's dot com slash Zyxx, you just cover shipping. Your free trial includes a weighted, ergonomic razor handle, five precision-engineered blades, rich lathering shave gel, and a travel-blade cover for any covert missions. To get your free trial set, go to Harry's dot com slash Zyxx, z-y-x-x, that's Harry's dot com slash Z-Y-X-X. Clean-shaven Rolfus Tiddle, over and out!

[cuts to static; intermission music]

PLECK: Listen, Bargie, I'm glad you're - I'm glad you're feeling better, but can you do me a favour?

BARGIE: Yeah.

PLECK: Can you turn the transmitter back on?

[high-pitched chirp]

BARGIE: It's on.

[incoming transmission alert]

C-53: Ambassador Decksetter, we have an incoming transmission from Junior Missions Operations Manager Nermut Bundaloy.

PLECK: Oh. Wow. Hey, Nermut!

NERMUT: Oh, thank goodness. I've been trying for an hour to get through to you, and it seemed like the transmitter was broken, I am so relieved...

PLECK: Yep.

DAR: It wasn't broken, it was just off.

PLECK: It was just turned off.

NERMUT: ...'Scuse me? [scoffs] My boss was on me for a broken transmitter for an hour, and you turned it off - [PLECK sighs/groans??] Okay, well, I'm just glad it's fixed...Did you guys make it to the planet? I think I managed to at least tell you the name of it before we got cut off.

C-53: We were invaded in the meantime.

DAR: Yeah!

PLECK: Uh, yeah, there were some K'hekk aboard the ship, and uh, it was a long story.

NERMUT: No - no no no no no no no. The K'hekk were an enemy of the Monarchy.

PLECK: Yeah, it turns out they don't really give a shit, they just wanna assimilate everybody.

DAR: Yeah.

NERMUT: But...Okay, since the transmitter was broken, literally the mission that I'm overseeing represents the -the start of a battle between the K'hekk and the Federated Alliance?

PLECK: [casually] Uhh...yeah, I mean, I guess so, [crosstalk] guess you could call it that, yeah.

C-53: [crosstalk] Yes; with no more reviously recorded K'hekk attacks, then yes.

NERMUT: Ughh... you know how this is going to look in my interview for Missions Operations Manager?

DAR: [delighted] Nermut. You got an interview?

NERMUT: No...I didn't get an interview, but, like, when I /have/ one, this is not the type of thing I lead with!

DAR: I...see. Nermie, Nermie, they ate all of our food, we're gonna need a new shipment of that...

PLECK: Can you se-

NERMUT: [annoyed] Okay.

DAR: [crosstalk] ...pronto.

C-53: [crosstalk] And some of our furniture. But not /all/ of our furniture.

NERMUT: Yeah, it looks like a lot of it was actually burnt?

PLECK: Oh, that may have been-

C-53: That is a separate issue.

PLECK: -That may have been Dar, she was, she was kinda in heat for a while.

DAR: Oh, way to throw me under the ship!

PLECK: No -

NERMUT: Okay, we can get you food, but -

C-53: Junior Missions Operations Manager Nermut Bundaloy, would Now be the appropriate time to request a new hand?

PLECK: Yeah, send it with the food(!)

DAR: And the furniture.

BARGIE: I need oil.

PLECK: Bargie ejected a lot of oil.

NERMUT: C-53, your hand was destroyed by the K'hekk?

C-53: Um...[whirring head turn sound] Yes.

DAR: Yes.

NERMUT: Okay, we'll send an autonomous shuttle with the food, with a droid hand, with some, uh, cold sacks, for Dar,

DAR: Thank you!

C-53: Packs or sacks?

DAR: N - both. I would like both.

NERMUT: I'll see what we have. I'll try to send a lot of both, packs and sacks.

C-53: Send a pack of sacks and a sack of packs.

NERMUT: You can't put the cold packs inside a cold sack.

C-53: Well, you could put it in a /regular/ sack.

NERMUT: We could put...the-

C-53: Put some packs in a regular sack -

DAR: And could you get the brand name Colds de-sack? (Transcriber's note: Pronounced like cul-de-sac, but with "cold")

NERMUT: [annoyed] Yes, I can request Colds-de-sack cold packs /and/ cold sacks. I can put them in a /regular/ sack, I can't make them -

PLECK: Colds-de-sack doesn't make cold sacks. It only makes cold packs.

NERMUT: You're right - Colds-de-sack brand cold packs, do you have any specification on the cold sack brand? Or I mean - sorry, cold [draws in a breath] Okay.

DAR: I like the ones with the husky puppies on the outside.

NERMUT: I think that is...

C-53: That's cool pack.

PLECK: Cool pack cold sacks, and Cold-de-sacs' cold sa-[breaks off half-laughing]

BARGIE: I used to date a hacky sack.

[outro music]

[[Category:Transcripts]]