

NARRATOR: Well... shit. [music starts with an eerie chorus] Outmatched, outwitted, and out-Dinglehopped, the crew of the Bargarean Jade have found themselves trapped within the wack machinations of the evil wizard Kor Balevore, who, as it turns out, was, like, a thousand steps ahead of them this whole time. With zero Orbs of Thraykis, just one of nine Legumichron (still dormant), and none of Balevore's soul-preserving Wacktifacts, our heroes have little hope of preventing the destruction of reality as they know it. [hopeful chorus begins] But little is better than none. And as our heroes face their nemeses alone, confined to mysterious locations deep within Balevore's fortress, they hold on to their last shreds of courage, freshness, and hope that they will live to see each other again. For if they fail, it shall be their, and, let's be honest, everyone else's, very final Mission... to... Zyxx! [crawl swells]

[intro music]

KOR: –belligerence, unkindness, thoughtlessness, all the forces of being not *that good to be around*, and I cast you forth... unto your nemeses!

[Kor slashes portals under the crew]

CREW: [screaming as they fall through a rippling portal]

[Dar lands in a schoolyard with children milling around, all having their holos taken]

DAR: Wait, is this the planet where all those kids got their school holos taken? This is so weird, I can't believe our nemeses are children.

EVIL C-53: Oh, forgotten all about me, did you, Dar?

DAR: Oh, hi C! Whoa, back in the old frame, what happened to the Country Gentleman? It was starting to kind of do something for me, very reminiscent of that bodice ripper, uh, Tunnelton? You know which one I'm talking about? It was very popular with the mom–

EVIL C-53: [voice deepens as he unleashes an arsenal of weapons] Nemesis confirmed! Vaporization commencing!

[Evil C-53 begins blasting full force at Dar]

[transition, we're back on Flurp where it all began]

PLECK: [screaming as he falls from the portal and quickly getting up] All right, Kor Balevore, show yourself, it's just you and me!

EVIL DAR: That's not gonna happen, Pleck. He's not here. I am.

PLECK: Evil Dar, what's happening?

EVIL DAR: Oh, come on, Pleck. Here we are on Flurp, where you fatally shot me in a blind panic?

PLECK: Oh, no. Kor isn't my nemesis, it's... it's you! [runs off]

EVIL DAR: [annoyed] Where are you? What? Pleck! Pleck, get back here! Get back here and face me!

[transition]

[Nermut falls out of the portal into a lush throne room]

NERMUT: What? Where? What is this? Why are there... paintings? Is that a painting of me? [skitters around] Is that another painting of me? This is a long red rug leading to a throne. [throne rotates] Oh, the throne's turning around. I wonder who's in it. Okay. All right.

MYMUT: Who are you that enters my throne room?

NERMUT: I'm Nermut Bundaloy. I'm a member of the crew. I mean, I'm leader of the galaxy.

MYMUT: [laughs] I'm leader of the galaxy. You're just something I grew out of.

NERMUT: Ew, what?

MYMUT: Guards, destroy this pre-impostor.

PLINT 2.0: [charging blaster] As you wish.

NERMUT: No, no, no.

PLINT 2.0: As you wish, your excellency. No!

[transition, AJ is running through a hallway]

AJ: Let's do this. Nemesis time. No one has told me what a nemesis is, but... [kicks open door] Show yourself! Wait a second. This is... the cloning facility. Oh. I'm home! [calling out] Ms Janelle! Little AJ's home! Your boy's back! Wait. Oh. No. My nemesis, which I assume is a bad thing... There it is. The tube of blue liquid.

[The Tube of Blue Liquid bubbles]

[transition, C-53 falls out of a portal]

C-53: [gasps] Oh my Rodd. Is this... X-Island?

CAMERON: That it is. C-53.

C-53: Captain Cameron?

CAMERON: Just Kirk Cameron now. I'm not a captain of anything.

C-53: Not even of your own destiny?

CAMERON: [draws a sword while growling]

C-53: I'm sorry. That sounds very glib, I meant it in a light-hearted way, and now was not the time.

CAMERON: [attacks C-53]

[transition, Justin falls out of a portal into a void]

JUSTIN: Whoa. Whoa. What is this? Hello? [echoes as he walks around] Ew, where am I? Like, I'm literally in an empty void right now. I said, that doesn't pass a vibe check. Ew. There's a mirror. Who's my nemesis? Is it no one? [gasps] Am I perfect? Ew. No fair!

[transition, we're back at the Baboscars]

LITTLE BILL: And the winner is... Bebops in the Child Dentist of th—

[CHEERS AND APPLAUSE]

WINNER: [screaming] JUCK YEAH! Yeah!

LAMBDA: Thank you, thank you. We here so excited for the Child Dentist of the Lambda Seven to have—

INTERN: Miss Jade, may I just say you look amazing tonight. Do you mind if I just attach this microphone right here? [begins attaching mic]

BARGIE: Oh wow!

INTERN: If you just run this cord right down—

BARGIE: Oh, I'm a pro!

INTERN: I'll let you do it.

BARGIE: Thank you. What's that? Something's gonna happen. Something big's gonna happen. I'm ready for it. How do I look?

HORSEHAT: You look like a big, green spaceship!

BARGIE: OK.

HORSEHAT: You're gonna go like [swishes] into space!

BARGIE: It's finally Bargie's time!

ANNOUNCER: Organics and synthetics, please welcome to the stage... Spaceship Spielship.

[CHEERS AND APPLAUSE]

BARGIE: The juck?

[transition as a choir sings, Evil C-53 continues to fire at Dar]

DAR: [breathless] Oh, C, why are you doing this? How can you be my nemesis?

EVIL C-53: [stalking menacingly] You destroyed me. Now I shall destroy you.

DAR: On the Sand planet? That wasn't me. That was Evil Dar.

EVIL C-53: No, here on-- wait, you shot me another time? You killed me twice!?

DAR: No, as I was trying to say.

[Evil C-53 takes another shot at Dar]

DAR: OW! Shot in the hand!

EVIL C-53: You tore me to pieces, even though we were friends.

DAR: No, no, I tore you to pieces *because* we're friends.

EVIL C-53: A tidy justification.

DAR: It really is what you think about it. You're here in present day, and in fact, I'd say now you are better off than you were in this frame!

EVIL C-53: Better off dead? Now it is you who will be dead, and also better off.

[Evil C-53 picks up Dar and begins squeezing them]

DAR: [choking] Please, I can prove it to you!

EVIL C-53: [slowly] Statistically unlikely.

[Evil C-53 drops Dar to the floor]

DAR: [gasping] Thank you, thank you. C, I always respected that you appreciated like a cohesive verbal argument, because obviously, like, if you really wanted to do this out again, I could just tear you apart.

EVIL C-53: [picks up Dar and squeezes them tighter] Kor Balevore has reinforced this frame with additional defensive measures, which makes your attacks useless. And my revenge inevitable.

DAR: [gasping] OK, but do we really think Kor's your friend?

EVIL C-53: Kor Balevore is merely a means to an end.

DAR: And what's that end?

EVIL C-53: Well, to-- [retracts guns and reverts to normal voice] To get revenge? Am I crazy here? Basically, yeah, I'm getting my revenge. I'm going to kill you, you know, and go on with my life.

DAR: [slowly] And that would make you feel better?

EVIL C-53: Well, I'm pretty upset, I gotta be honest.

DAR: [sad] See, that, that's hurting me more, knowing that I've upset my friend. Oh, I don't know how I'm going to live with myself!

EVIL C-53: Oh, you can't live with yourself? Well, I didn't get to live at all, Dar! [Evil C-53 takes out his guns and lowers his voice] I'm made from a copy, a backup from Quantaran Central! [pushes Dar up against a wall]

DAR: [rasping] Yeah, but if you just take your little pinchers off my trachea– [Evil C-53 drops them and they gasp for air] You did get to live.

EVIL C-53: Dar. What are you talking about? They had to restore me from a backup. That means I was dead.

DAR: No, no. I mean, there was a backup, but the original was just fine. We saved your cube. And we've had *seasons* of adventures together. You got to try a whole bunch of new frames, a blaster, a humidifier, a loader droid, and oh, my favorite, the little urchin droid. That was fun and seasonal.

EVIL C-53: This sounds like a series of humiliations.

DAR: No, no. No, hear me out. It was actually kind of freeing. You kind of got to experience a bunch of new lives. And then you were infested by the K'Hekk! I mean, you were a disgusting bug.

EVIL C-53: Yeah, if you're trying to sell me on this–

DAR: I am, really hard, because this is kind of feeling like life and death right now.

[transition back to Pleck]

PLECK: [running frantically]

EVIL DAR: Pleck, Pleck!

PLECK: AH! Evil Dar! No, no!

EVIL DAR: Wait, don't run from me. I'm running to you.

PLECK: Stop. What's happening? What are you doing?

EVIL DAR: [tired and coming to a stop] Oh, I haven't run in a long time. Hold on.

PLECK: [coming to a stop] Oh.

EVIL DAR: I always make the intention to do it every new year. Like, I'll get in better shape. But ha. [breathes in] OK, breath caught. Pleck.

PLECK: Huh?

EVIL DAR: You're not my nemesis.

PLECK: Huh?

EVIL DAR: Starting now.

PLECK: Oh. Evil Dar, you have every reason to be my nemesis. I shot you right here on Flurp--

EVIL DAR: Wow, yes. Admitting is the first step. And the thing is, Pleck, I really held a grudge. I held a grudge against you for that one. I know I shouldn't have, but I didn't have all the context that I have now. And that is... sometimes a mistake is just that, a mistake.

PLECK: No, Dar, it was more than that. It was a mistake that I made because I had no idea what I was doing. I hurt you. You're right to blame me for that.

EVIL DAR: And?

PLECK: And I'm sorry.

EVIL DAR: Ah, there it is. [hugs Pleck] See, water under the bridge. I forgive you.

PLECK: [sadly] I'm sorry. I've done a lot of things I regret. But the whole reason I wanted to follow this stupid destiny and figure out what my purpose is, is because I want to do the right thing for once. And you know, maybe that's all going to come to nothing. Maybe I'm going to juck that up too. But I know that I owe more to the galaxy and to my friends than I've given them. And I just, I'm sorry I'm such a... dingus.

EVIL DAR: Is it-- can I--

PLECK: Yeah, no.

EVIL DAR: I actually wasn't expecting that long of an apology.

PLECK: Oh, sorry.

EVIL DAR: Yeah, no, I don't know. Pleck, I think it would be too easy to say that you're dumb. You know?

PLECK: What?

EVIL DAR: Because you're not.

PLECK: What.. thank you.

EVIL DAR: I just don't want you to underestimate yourself.

PLECK: Thank you.

EVIL DAR: Or sell yourself short.

PLECK: Yeah, I think that's really good advice.

EVIL DAR: [pats Pleck on the back] Also, you probably shouldn't handle weapons ever again.

PLECK: Any weapons?

EVIL DAR: Yeah.

PLECK: Well, what about-- I mean, the Dinglehopper, by some accounts, is the most powerful weapon imaginable.

EVIL DAR: [doubtful] The twig?

PLECK: Yeah, I mean, I wouldn't say it compares to a planet crusher or something, but I would say hand-to-hand, wielded properly, the Dinglehopper is an elegant weapon.

EVIL DAR: OK, yeah. You're allowed to have that.

[Pleck and Evil Dar walk off together]

PLECK: Thank you so much, yes.

EVIL DAR: But there may be nothing else.

PLECK: I don't need anything else.

EVIL DAR: OK, that's the spirit.

[transition back to Nermut as the PLINT 2.0s charge their blasters]

NERMUT: [frantic] No, no, giant mean Plecks! No, no, no, wait, wait, wait!

PLINT 2.0: Prepare to be blasted.

PLINT 2.0: Prepare to be blasted.

PLINT 2.0: Prepare to be disintegrated.

NERMUT: No, how do you even prepare for that?

PLINT 2.0: [darkly] You don't.

[Nermut frantically scrambles away and loses a keyboard from his pocket]

PLINT 2.0: [charging blaster] He's got a keyboard! He's got a keyboard!

MYMUT: Wait. [stands up from throne] Stand down.

PLINT 2.0: What? Huh? Huh?

MYMUT: Is that a BX-13?

NERMUT: This? Yeah, I... Kor zapped my main keyboard, but this is one I always keep on my person.

MYMUT: [excited] I just got a BX-13. Isn't it awesome? Like, it's not the best rated of the BX series, but I swear, like, I'd take it over the 15 any day.

NERMUT: [happily] I just journaled about how I threw away the 15 because of the 13!

MYMUT: [skitters up] Do you ever lay it down like this? [playing a groovy vibe]

NERMUT: Yeah, I do. [humming along]

MYMUT: Oh, and I assume you got one of these. [unzips bag and attaches a device to the keyboard]

NERMUT: [awed] Wait, you got the vocoder attachment?

MYMUT: Yeah, you didn't get it?

NERMUT: They were sold out!

MYMUT: They said they sold me the last one. Listen to this. [singing into vocoder] I'm me, I'm me, who are you? You are me.

NERMUT: Whoa. [begins playing keyboard and singing] You're you, who are you? I'm you, I am you.

NERMUTS: [singing] Me, you, you, me, us, us, me and me! One plus one is two. If there are another, there'd be three. But there's not. There's just you and me, two, me, me and you, me.

MYMUT: Mymut.

NERMUT: Nermut.

MYMUT: Mymut.

NERMUT: Nermut.

MYMUT: Mymut.

NERMUT: Nermut.

NERMUTS: Bermut. Bermut.

NERMUT: [stopping music] Man, that was amazing. Yeah, if only we'd been recording, right?

MYMUT: Hey, Greggy, were you rolling on that?

GREGGY: [over intercom] Yeah, it sounds great.

NERMUT: [awed] What?

GREGGY: You guys want to do another take or, uh...

MYMUT: I don't think we need another, do you think we need another take?

NERMUT: Uh...

GREGGY: Copy that, let's move on to Overdubs. All right, I'm gonna have the PLINTs come in and set up some drums and some amplifiers.

[PLINTs begin setting up for the next track]

NERMUT: Your throne room is a recording studio?

MYMUT: Yeah, I mean, why not, right? [turns on viewscreen] See that control room?

NERMUT: [awed] You have the TT-12-9s? When I made Bermiful Nelodies, I dreamt about that compressor, but I could never afford it.

MYMUT: I've got all the Nermos you could ever want, you know what I'm saying? When the money's named after you, they just send them to you "complimentar," you know?

NERMUT: Totally, totally get it, since I'm the one who won the election after all, and you're sort of installed—

MYMUT: Well, 'won' is maybe not the right word because of the wack intervention of the emperor and the election, so...

NERMUT: Yeah, who wants to talk politics anyway? Let's jam!

[The Nermuts start rocking out]

[transition back to AJ as he paces around the bubbling tube]

AJ: [muffled] It's the tube. The tube of blue liquid. [drawing on tube] No, not a tube. My tube. [upset] You happy? You happy now? Here I am! Big success. Big on the crew! No, it's never been enough for you, has it, tube of blue liquid? Never strong enough for you, am I? Why do you think I try to be so strong all the time? You think I like forming perimeters? I don't, but I did it because, you know, you're round, and so I thought, [clearly] maybe I could form a circumference too. [cries] But again, because I'm not round. I'm person-shaped, and I always have been. I'm not like you. I don't want your life. [hugging tube and slowly siding down]

[PLINT 3.0 enters]

PLINT 3.0: Hey, sorry I'm late to come kick your jucking ass.

AJ: [confused] Whoa, what? A super-yoked PLINT? You're my nemesis?

PLINT 3.0: You're roddamn right.

AJ: Okay, I'm so relieved. I thought I was going to have to face my daddy issues.

PLINT 3.0: [disbelief] Hold on. I'm sorry, did you just say that you think that the tube of blue liquid is your dad?

AJ: No, did you?

PLINT 3.0: Oh, my Rodd, you're dumber than I thought, bro!

AJ: All right, let's do this. [cracks knuckles] I've been wanting to do this ever since Ms. Janelle's planet. Let's do this!

PLINT 3.0: Bring it on.

AJ: All right. [PLINT 3.0 punches AJ in the gut so hard he sees stars] Whoa! Whoa. Clocked me there.

PLINT 3.0: You don't like that? There's more where that came from!

[The PLINT 3.0 rains a flurry of blows onto AJ]

AJ: [dodging] Oh, yeah. Bob and weave, and then flurry of punches. [punching fruitlessly] Oh, ow. You're-- You--

PLINT 3.0: You don't understand, do you? I'm more CLINT than you'll ever be, bro.

AJ: [angry] What'd you say to me?

PLINT 3.0: I'm PLINT, baby.

AJ: Oh, Snoop. You're a PLINT 2.0, huh?

PLINT 3.0: Those chucking plank sacks? I don't think so.

AJ: What? Plank sacks?

PLINT 3.0: 3.0, motherjucker.

[PLINT 3.0 rips a pipe out of the wall and slowly begins walking towards AJ, scraping it the entire way]

AJ: [quietly] Wah, twist.

PLINT 3.0: That tube of blue liquid over there has been optimized, synthesized, electrolyzed to make me the yokedest clone in the jucking galaxy, bro.

AJ: Incredible gains, bro.

PLINT 3.0: You don't know the half of it.

[PLINT 3.0 grabs AJ and bats him across the room with the pipe, running up to him and smashing him into a table. AJ weakly attempts to dodge but slides to the ground in pain]

PLINT 3.0: You just got Plecked!

AJ: [weakly] Oh, don't make that your catchphrase, bro.

[transition to C-53 and Cameron battling with their cane and sword on X-Island, backed by an instrumental version of Sailing For Kroon]

C-53: [awkwardly] It's.... So, Cameron. How you been?

CAMERON: Well, as you can see, almost every appendage I have is made of wood, so it's not great. [lunging]

C-53: Listen, Cameron, we don't have to do this.

CAMERON: Do we not? You betrayed me. You left the crew. [clashes with C-53] Retractable cane, I see.

C-53: That's one of the benefits of this frame.

CAMERON: You were always into upgrading, weren't you? Frames... FRIENDS!

C-53: I was into making my own decisions, Cameron. I felt like I was waiting around for you, and you weren't interested. [clashing] And you know, I was upset. I wanted to hurt you, but I never meant for you to get captured by the monarchy.

CAMERON: That's right, caught by the monarchy! [slashing]

[transition to Justin, still alone in a void]

JUSTIN: [monologuing] All I see is my own reflection. Oh. Hello, me. What? How you doing? Are you sad because your dad was evil? And also the love of your life ran off with a refrigerator? Well, was it my fault I got a DM? You're right, though. I shouldn't have let something so significant... go away so easily. Wow. [quietly] I hate you. I love you. I hate you. But I love you. [shouting] Ew, is that a pimple? Literally, like, put me on fire right now! Where is my nemesis? [echoing] It's like so unfair. Everybody gets a nemesis, and all I get is to, like, look into my own reflection, and, like, what, reflect? You're so small and insignificant. No wonder your dad turned evil! He's your dad too! Ew. Why is my nose all patchy? [shouting into void] Where is my nemesis?

[transition to Bargie]

ANNOUNCER: Please welcome to the stage, Spaceship Spielship. [cheering]

SPIELSHIP: As the old saying goes, Hollywood is a place where they'll pay you a thousand kroon for a kiss and fifty bitkroon for your soul. [audience member coughs] No one knows that more than our esteemed guest. This storied, illustrious actress and I have had our ups and downs over the years. But she's made Holowood what it is today. Without her, we wouldn't have such timeless quotes like, "Frankly, my dear, I don't give two jucks." Or, "I'm mad as juck and I won't take it anymore." Or, "Bang, bang, bang, bang, bang." [single audience member applauds] But what she really gave us was a dream. She gave Holowood soul. Ladies and gentlemen, the deserving

recipient of this year's Tiny Toot's Memorial Lifetime Achievement Baboscar goes to... My friend. My enemy. My muse. My deepest regret. My proudest achievement. My ex-wife, the Bargarean Jade.

[audience applauds]

[transition to Dar being thrown against a wall by Evil C-53]

EVIL C-53: Do you remember how you did it, Dar?

DAR: Okay, your eyes are lighting up again and I can only assume that this is about to be very, very ba—[choking]

EVIL C-53: [lifts Dar over their head] You lifted me up like this!

[Evil C-53 shakes Dar and shakes, various objects fall out of their flaps and chutes]

DAR: C, put me down.

EVIL C-53: And you tore off my arms like this.

DAR: Why must you hold me upside down? I'm going to lose my lunch.

EVIL C-53: Prepare to lose your life.

DAR: My precious stuff is falling from my chutes and flaps. Be careful with that!

[a boombox falls out of Dar's flaps and lands on its play button, playing a snippet from A Little Ditty 'Bout Jakk and Shai'An]

RECORDED C-53: I don't know why they would pick me over anyone, I was in a toaster at the time.

EVIL C-53: What is that? Turn it off.

DAR: No. C, you have to listen to this. [choking] Stop shaking. You have to listen to this.

EVIL C-53: Fine.

RECORDED C-53: Dar, I've been no better an envoy than anyone else on this crew.

EVIL C-53: Wait, wait, who is this?

DAR: That's you.

RECORDED C-53: Dar, I still needed to be rescued.

EVIL C-53: [confused] Why does my voice sound so weird?

DAR: Right, because you're vamping up to a song.

RECORDED C-53: [begins singing]

EVIL C-53: No, not that. It's just the vocal processor?

DAR: That was one of your many frames. A sweaty Hermann named Jeremy.

EVIL C-53: I'm sorry, what?

DAR: I know, I know. But did you hear where you said we were all important?

EVIL C-53: No, I'm sorry, back up, I was sweaty?

DAR: You were, and then you were a K'Hekk, and now you're in the Country, Gentlemen. But the thing is, you were always C, even after I had to break you apart to save everybody. And yourself. Listen, this is the best part.

RECORDED C-53: C-53 still needs his crew!

[the music from 507 begins backing Dar and Evil C-53]

DAR: We care about each other in the future, even though that C is fully aware that I tore him apart!

EVIL C-53: [slowly] And you have this queued up on a boombox because... why?

DAR: We had these communicators that the THEMM gave us that recorded everything we said and did. And I just happened to pull this specific recording because sometimes, and this will be hard to believe, [slowly] I have a low self-confidence... moment. And sometimes I need to be reminded. You know, if you just fast forward a little bit, you'll get to hear all the affirmations I like to hear me tell myself.

[Evil C-53 begins fastforwarding]

EVIL C-53: No, I think you've kind of made your case here.

DAR: So, we good, or is revenge still on the table?

EVIL C-53: I mean... [retracts guns] I did actually try to get some info from the outside world on what's been happening in the last six years, and now I'm realizing Kor Balevore has probably kept me in the dark about a lot of stuff.

DAR: More parental controls, but either way...

EVIL C-53: He says the Wi-Fi on Mufulata Secundus is no good, which might be true, but it feels different.

DAR: No, no, it's definitely true.

EVIL C-53: Yeah, we should get out of here. Kor's insisted on setting up this recreation of Klongtdt as, I don't know, poetic justice or something, but...

[Evil C-53 and Dar begin walking off]

DAR: Doesn't that feel more triggering for you than it does for me, though?

EVIL C-53: I think he was selling it to me as, like, "This is empowering to do this."

DAR: Oh, sure.

EVIL C-53: And I'm like... This whole thing makes me uncomfortable. Because even if you didn't tear me apart, that means I would've... I think I was gonna kill a kid. I don't feel good about that.

DAR: No, no.

EVIL C-53: We gotta get out of here.

[transition to AJ, lying beaten on the ground next to his tube]

AJ: Ugh. Are you happy, tube of blue liquid? Are you happy now?

PLINT 3.0: Are you still talking to that inanimate object?

AJ: Shut up, man!

PLINT 3.0: [screams] Fight me!

AJ: [dragging himself across the floor] I admit it. I'm not strong enough to beat him. I always needed help. Whether it was the CLINTs or the crew, I've always needed help. And now I need your help. I'm gotta do something I should've done a long time ago. [unlatches helmet] Which is face you. And then tip you over and drink you. [AJ tips the tube of blue liquid and begins drinking all of it]

PLINT 3.0: [confused] What are you doing, bro? Oh, that... Are you jucking insane, bro? Oh, that's... How does your body even hold all that liquid?

[a slow rumble underscores]

AJ: No, I'm not insane, bro. I just resolved my father issues.

PLINT 3.0: Again, it is a... That is a machine.

[metal music]

AJ: And I'll tell you this. I realize that true power... [AJ's voice deepens and he grows in size]

PLINT 3.0: What's happened to you?

AJ: ...is admitting... ...that you're vulnerable.

PLINT 3.0: What's happened to your body, bro?

AJ: *I'm starting to **burn**!*

[AJ's voice deepens as he roars and expands to a massive size]

PLINT 3.0: Oh my Rodd! Bro, your power level is... Over 9000! Your armor is falling off!

ULTRA AJ: Okay, bro. I'm pretty yoked now.

PLINT 3.0: [terrified] The only thing left is your utility belt! Just framing your plank! Even your plank has abs!

ULTRA AJ: Care to go for another round? [cracks knuckles and unleashes the hurt on PLINT 3.0] Undercut! [drills into PLINT 3.0]

[metal music]

SINGER: AJ 2884!

[transition to Nermut and Mymut jamming]

NERMUT: [sliding across room] So then, I think this is where the guitars come in.
[pushes button and plays guitar track]

MYMUT: The guitars come in! Yes! That's what I was gonna say!

NERMUT: So yeah, if they hit here and not in the earlier bar where we originally had it...

MYMUT: I was just gonna make that change because I need to feel it, right?

NERMUT: Hmm. I think, Mymut, I 100% agree.

MYMUT: Oh gosh, I love this moment when you're just—

NERMUTS: —in the flow.

MYMUT: Yes!

NERMUT: You know, I dreamt about collaborating with you, Mymut, and I got afraid that it wasn't gonna live up to my expectations. And I was disappointed that I was tasked with killing you.

MYMUT: [slowly] Oh. Yeah, that... Okay. Cool. Yeah.

NERMUT: No, I mean, I'm glad I'm not going to.

MYMUT: Good. Cool.

NERMUT: Even though it's technically still my mandate.

MYMUT: [nervous] Okay. [rolls up to Nermut] Well, I think the bassline that you just played is gonna go throughout, and then we'll layer the two basses starting right—

NERMUTS: —here. [Mymut clicks a button and layers in the bassline]

NERMUT: I feel like we don't even need to talk anymore.

MYMUT: We're in le zone! Hey, Kretchy, can we hear that choice take of the duet chorus?

KRETCHY: Yep. Just one second. [types in and plays song]

RECORDED NERMUTS: [singing] Schedules! Matter! They matter when you're planning things out! Planning things out! Schedules matter! They matter when you're planning things out!

[transition to Justin]

JUSTIN: [sadly] I want a hug. I'm gonna hug myself in the mirror. [hugs mirror] Hug. I love you, and I know you're going through tough times right now 'cause you're alone. And you're part of the OG crew, and you've been through, like, so much. Also, you're living in a really chaotic world that's built upon a lot of traumatic events that were outside of your own control. Literally UGH! [echoing] [slowly] Is it weird if I kiss myself? I'm going in. I'm going in. I'm going-- [recoils] Ew, don't use tongue! That's gross! The vibe is over. Literally, I feel nothing right now. Don't even DM me. DM me. Why haven't you texted me!? You know what? I'm gonna break the mirror. Yeah. My reflection is not a true representation of my identity. [punches mirror] No! Oh no, my hand is bleeding! [shouting] Hello? I need to go to the nurse's office right now. Oh! Empty void! Centurion! Father! Mother! Society! Puberty!

[transition to AJ kicking the PLINT 3.0s ass]

ULTRA AJ: [growling] It's over, bro. Stay down. Stay down.

PLINT 3.0: [gasping as he takes off his helmet] I just realized something. [spits out tooth] You're the best CLINT-- [coughs and spits out another tooth] You're the best CLINT at kicking my ass.

ULTRA AJ: Hey.

PLINT 3.0: You're the best CLINT at having a spiritual epiphany and then changing your ways. Self-realization. Self-actualization. [coughs]

ULTRA AJ: [walking up and leaning down] Hey, man. *We're* the best CLINT at self-realization.

PLINT 3.0: We don't even have the same DNA, bro. We're completely different.

ULTRA AJ: Oh, I guess it's me then! Cool. All right, I win! [claps]

PLINT 3.0: [dragging himself across the floor] Take me with you. I want to be a part of whatever this is.

ULTRA AJ: [lifting PLINT 3.0 from the ground and walking off with him] All right, man. Come on.

PLINT 3.0: I was created like 24 hours ago.

ULTRA AJ: I don't need your backstory, bro. Let's just get moving!

PLINT 3.0: That's it. That's the whole backstory. I'll follow you anywhere. Papa. Papa AJ.

ULTRA AJ: Huh. Okay, now that I hear it back to me, it's not a great name.

PLINT 3.0: Daddy.

ULTRA AJ: [laughing] Don't call me Daddy.

PLINT 3.0: Daddy Papa. I love you.

ULTRA AJ: [hesitant] Okay.

PLINT 3.0: I know I'm not supposed to say that or whatever, but I do.

ULTRA AJ: Well, I love you too, man. Let's get back to the...

[PLINT 3.0 spits out another tooth]

ULTRA AJ: Ooh... Man, you're spitting out a lot of teeth. Let's get you back to that big cavern where all the bad stuff was happening, huh? [sets PLINT 3.0 down] Hey, give me one second.

[AJ walks towards the tube of blue liquid]

PLINT 3.0: Don't drink any more of that, bro.

ULTRA AJ: No, I drank it all, bro. Hey, empty tube. Thank you. [hugs tube] For the huge power up and like... I mean, I'm so jacked right now. Thank you. Absolutely shredded.

PLINT 3.0: Yeah, diesel, bro.

ULTRA AJ: Yeah. Assdead.

PLINT 3.0: Assdead diesel, bro.

ULTRA AJ: Appreciate it.

[transition to C-53 and Cameron battling, C-53 knocks Cameron's sword away]

C-53: Listen, Cameron. I'm sorry, alright? I was angry when we parted ways. Alright? I was furious with you. But I'm glad I'm here with you, Cameron. I didn't think I'd ever get a chance to finally tell you face to face. [emotional] I'm sorry. If I could take it all back, I would.

CAMERON: I.... You seem sincere.

C-53: I am. You know, you were the first person I ever met who I... [chuckles] You're the first person I ever loved, Cameron. And I didn't know how to deal with it.

CAMERON: [with a bit of a smile] Ah. C-53, admitting that he's wrong. Well, I live and breathe. I barely breathe.

C-53: I was gonna say.

CAMERON: Sometimes sawdust comes out.

C-53: Is that... it's like a bellows system you got.

CAMERON: Yeah, it's... one of them is a bellows. One of it, so I have to kind of...
[squeezes bellows]

C-53: You know, Cameron, I don't want to tell you how to live your life, but they make organic replacements for body parts.

CAMERON: [baffled] What?

C-53: You know, like you don't have to replace everything with wood.

CAMERON: Listen, I've lost a lot, but... [pause] I will tell you one thing that isn't made of wood. [taps chest] My heart, not my penis.

C-53: I wasn't...

CAMERON: Were you thinking penis?

C-53: No, not...

CAMERON: It didn't cross your mind at all?

C-53: Not really. To be perfectly honest, it didn't. I think I'm just in a different stage in my life. I sort of had some relationships.

CAMERON: Yeah, we've all... yeah. My heart. My heart is still flesh... and blood.

C-53: [quietly] Well... you'd hope the blood.

CAMERON: [slowly] Your tenderness and forgiveness of me makes me... I... want to reciprocate. Yeah.

C-53: Listen, Cameron, I don't want to fight you. Do you want to get out of here?

CAMERON: Sure. There's a magic-y portal that's right behind the big old skull-looking rock over there. I was going to go through it after I killed you, so...

[Cameron and C-53 walks towards the rock]

C-53: We could probably still use it, right?

CAMERON: Seems like it. That's how portals work, right?

C-53: I think so, I'm not a portal expert, but sure.

CAMERON: Me neither. [laughs] You look great, by the way. I never said it, but you look great.

[a cheerful instrumental of Sailing for Kroon backs the pair as they walk off and catch up]

C-53: You know, I know it's a lot of wood, but honestly, you can tell you put a lot of care into whittling all of those limbs.

CAMERON: Yeah. Penis still works, so...

C-53: [laughs] Yeah, you sort of made that earlier.

CAMERON: Did I? Okay, just wanted to make sure you were aware.

C-53: Consider it noted.

CAMERON: Okay.

[Sailing for Kroon fades]

[transition to Bargie on stage in front of a roaring audience]

BARGIE: Wow. Wow. Wow. Wow. Okay. Okay. Sit down. Sit down. Sit down. [shouting] Sit down! Okay! [applause dies down] Well, I was not expecting this idea. Huh! Wow, a lifetime achievement award named after Tiny Toots. Great. Fantastic. [shouting] Hey, sit down!

AUDIENCE MEMBER: [faintly] I clap by standing!

BARGIE: What can I say? I guess you know who I am still. That's why. Yes, I was a very prolific actor and director and writer for a while, and yes, I disappeared. You know, because this industry, honestly, jucking takes your soul out and takes a jucking shit on it. [audience gasps] Stand back up! Stand back up! [audience slowly rises] Listen, I know I should be thankful for this award, especially because so many of you have come up to me and told me you thought I was dead. But I guess what I really want to say is... [long pause] Holowood, you can't reject me. I reject *you*! [audience murmurs] I know what this lifetime achievement award is. You give it to the sentients you think whose careers are over! Well, Bargie's career's not over. Bargie's career is still going and it's going strong and I'm not going to give up! You can't tell me it's over! [music begins playing to attempt to play Bargie off] [angry] Juck you! I don't need you! You're all jucking plastic and you're fake! How many of you actually have your original hulls? Huh? You know what? Why am I wearing a gown? What am I trying to prove to you? I'm just trying to be shimmery and sparkly so you can never hire me again? I'm taking the gown off! [crowd gasps] That's right, this is what an old jucking hull looks like that's had a lot of work done, but really cheap work, so in the end, really nothing has changed. Stare at it, everybody! Stare at my shiphole, you juckheads! [single audience

member applauds as Bargie opens her hatch] Anyway, Horsehat, get back inside. We're getting out of this stinky hole house.

HORSEHAT: I got a swag bag!

[Bargie takes off with Horsehat as the audience applauds]

ANNOUNCER: Welcome back to the stage, your host, Dunkey.

DUNKEY: [braying to an instrumental of All-Star]

[transition to Kor Balevore gathering power, sitting in a swarm of lava crows. An ominous chorus backs everything he says]

KOR: [chanting] Now, here in the center of my wack castle, here at the edge of time and space, have I summoned the forces of wackness to my aid! In my right hand do I clutch the Dinglehopper, and in my left Dame Wiggle's staff, and between their points all creation shall be rent asunder! [crackling gem swirls] I begin with the first of 118 elemental gems, and come in hot with the second of 118 elemental gems, and here comes number 3–

PLECK: [confident] Kor Balevore.

KOR: [angry] What the juck?

PLECK: What, didn't expect me back?

KOR: [sheathes Dinglehopper and Dame Wiggle's staff] This can't be possible. You should be destroyed now.

EVIL DAR: [flushing and entering room] Oops, sorry, what'd I miss? Had to go to the old... well, you know.

KOR: [shouting] The toilet?

EVIL DAR: See, you know, I didn't have to say it. You knew what I was implying.

PLECK: Kor, you thought you could defeat me with one of my best friends? Ha, think again–

[Kor draws a crackling Dinglehopper and Pleck recoils]

KOR: [shouting] SILENCE YOU PITIFUL WORM! Let me get this straight, Evil Dar, who to me is Good Dar. I summoned you into existence through timelines to come in here and destroy Pleck Decksetter. You'd be dead in the woods, on Flurp, if I hadn't resurrected you for *this one job*. And you completely jucked me.

EVIL DAR: Listen, it wasn't on purpose, it's just that, I mean, look at him. Pleck apologized, and I forgave him, because, well, I realized he meant it. [pats Pleck on the back]

KOR: [baffled] What does that have to do with anything? You were supposed to kill Pleck Decksetter!

PLECK: And yet, I live.

KOR: Listen here. Perhaps you have found some way around my wackness, buoyed by prophecy as you are. But your friends will surely have fallen to my [rumbling Space magic] *vile machinations*.

[Dar flushes and enters the room]

PLECK: Oh, hey, Dar.

DAR: Hey there.

KOR: What?

DAR: Hey there yourself.

PLECK: Dar One is what I've been calling, because they're sort of prime Dar, Dar Zero is the one with the goatee.

EVIL DAR: Actually, I'm cool with Evil Dar.

DAR: And I'm okay with just Dar.

KOR: You're investing a lot of energy in names that you won't need to know in a minute, because you're all going to be dead. Alright? We're putting a lot of mustard on a sandwich that's going straight in the trash.

DAR: [offended] Who puts mustard on a sandwich?

KOR: [angry] You're going to look at me like I'm crazy for putting mustard on a sandwich? Oh, listen, I love doing wack stuff. That, what I just said–

PLECK: Normal.

KOR: Literally not wack. So maybe the one thing that the wack and fresh agree on is getting a nice stone ground mustard on some peasant bread. Make yourself a little sandwich in the middle of the day. Pick you right up.

PLECK: Dar, who was your nemesis?

EVIL C-53: [walking up] I think I can answer that.

KOR: [sighs] C...

PLECK: C-53, you got your old frame back!

EVIL C-53: Well, no, I'm actually a C-53 restored from a previous backup of who you know as C-53. [takes out guns] And put into a weaponized Federated alliance frame for

the purpose of killing your Dar. But I realized that C-53, myself, was actually alive and well.

KOR: [shouting] Nobody realize anything else. We're done realizing stuff in the castle!

PLECK: You know, Kor, I just realized you're making the mistake of assuming that a clone of any of us is inherently evil. We're all just the same people!

KOR: Oh my Rodd, talk some more *shit*, dude. Like, they've literally got a goatee on the front of their face. They're evil. Eeeevil! Or at least that was the plan.

C-53: [entering room] Oh, disappointed, Kor?

PLECK: Oh, real C-53!

C-53: Well, you know, in many ways, both of us are a real C-53. It starts to get into the question of—

EVIL C-53: —what is the nature of reality when it comes to an intelligence that could be and was replicated.

C-53: Yeah.

KOR: So wait a minute, you also weren't destroyed by your ne-- raise your hand if you weren't destroyed by your nemesis.

EVIL C-53: Do you want the quote unquote evil ones to also raise their hand?

KOR: [angry] Literally, literally, listen to what I say. If you weren't destroyed by your nemesis, raise your hand.

C-53: Okay, Cameron, I guess that's your hand as well.

CAMERON: [clacking into the room] Oh, yes, I will raise my hand, which is actually a system of dowels and string, [lifts hand] as I lost my original hand on X-Island. But this ex here, he's A-okay.

C-53: Honestly, we really appreciated the chance to talk it out.

CAMERON: Aye, cathartic it was.

KOR: I'm so pissed right now, I can't, like, onboard another person's deal, you know what I mean? This proves nothing. Three minor loopholes discovered, [swirls Space magic and rasps] none of which disproves that the rest of your crew has surely perished! [evil laughs]

[the Nermuts skitter in together, scatting happily]

KOR: *WHOEVER'S SCATTING BETTER STOP RIGHT NOW!*

NERMUT: But we like it!

MYMUT: We both like it!

NERMUT: This guy's actually a good scatter.

MYMUT: Gee, thanks! You're pretty go–

PLECK: Wow, honestly, I can't tell which Nermut is Nermut.

KOR: Mymaloy, explain yourself. Why is Bundaloy still alive?

MYMUT: Oh, well, we were, I mean, really going at it because we both came in with demos that we wanted to base the track on.

NERMUT: It was crazy because it turned out when we played them, they were identical.

MYMUT: Mine was a little bit, I think, closer to the vinyl–

KOR: [shouting angrily] A lot of people have been saying, "Going at it!" and everyone's alive!

MYMUT: [skitters up] I literally, nearly figuratively killed him because we were seriously butting heads artistically over which synth to use in the bridge.

NERMUT: Until we realized, actually–

NERMUTS: –neither of us knew.

PLECK: Yeah, Kor, I gotta say, you kind of set up this whole situation to create conflict, but you kind of just created closure for everybody.

KOR: Well, the only closure you'll be feeling from here on out, Pleck Decksetter, is me *closing the door on your miserable life*.

[AJ runs into the room holding PLINT 3.0]

ULTRA AJ: Kor Balevore, you're going down, motherjucker!

[crew collectively gasps at AJ's new appearance]

PLECK: Whoa! AJ, you are a yoked!

ULTRA AJ: Yeah, well, I discovered vulnerability and I drank my dad and we kicked each other's asses and now we're here to stop you, Kor Balevore!

PLINT 3.0: That's right!

C-53: Sorry, we have to back up for ten seconds. You drank your dad?

ULTRA AJ: Yeah, well, I realized that the tube of blue liquid was, like, in some ways my dad and I finally realized, you know, I kind of got to that.

KOR: [shouting over this] Stop realizing shit! Look here, all right? Because there's got to be close to 20 people in this Roddamn ritual chamber and-

[Justin enters the room]

JUSTIN: And Justin! I feel better now.

[Kor groans angrily]

NERMUT: Hey, Justin.

PLECK: Justin, why are you carrying that broken mirror?

JUSTIN: Why? Because in a way, that mirror was me. But now I know who is me. And I'm me. And I love me!

KOR: [quietly] Rodd, I want to clock this kid right in the face.

JUSTIN: We've become viral in the past couple seconds on happy affirmation TokTok.

KOR: I'm not going to lie. I'm going to put the Dinglehopper down. I'm going to put Dame Wiggle's staff down, and it's going to be four square knuckles right to the jaw, kiddo.

JUSTIN: Clearly, there's something that happened to you in the past that's making you feel this way. Maybe you should look inside yourself and make a change. [Justin begins typing into his datapad]

TOKTOK AI VOICE: That feeling when you defeat your nemesis.

NERMUT: Justin, don't record a vid now. Like, there's sort of high stakes.

KOR: [angrily] How many vowels did you put in the middle of the word change? How many distinct vowels? What a diphthong.

JUSTIN: Make a chayange.

KOR: [laughing turns to anger as he grows in distortion and power] All of you were supposed to [crackle] unravel from the insides! And instead, everybody *grew as people and learned shit about themselves! Juck that* I say! No more realizations. No more cathartic, meaningful moments. *No more friends reuniting!*

[Bargie arrives above Mufulata Secundus]

BARGIE: Hey, everybody.

PLECK: Whoa!

C-53: Hey, Barge!

DAR: Hey, Bargie!

BARGIE: Toot toot toot!

[Bargie begins landing and ejecting her landing gear]

NERMUT: Whoa, Bargie's coming through the volcano hole.

PLECK: [laughing] Oh, Bargie Welcome back.

BARGIE: That's right. Welcome back. I'm not dead.

NERMUT: Great.

BARGIE: [Hey, guess what? I beat my nemesis of fame. It doesn't have any power over me anymore. I'm all good now!]

CREW: Yay!

KOR: [angry] Wait a minute. Hold on. Your nemesis was fame? What are you talking about?

BARGIE: [quietly] Yeah. Fame was really bringing me down, you know?

EVIL DAR: Yeah. No, that tracks, Barge.

ULTRA AJ: A big rollercoaster.

KOR: [trying to shout over everyone] No, no, no. Stop!

NERMUT: It can be corrosive to anyone.

PLECK: All of it is a vicious cycle of narcissism and corruption.

BARGIE: It's proving yourself, it's who you kn—

KOR: [screaming] EVERYBODY SHUT UP FOR A SECOND! I didn't make your nemesis— That's so abstract. It's so! Listen, these nemeses, yeah, fame would make sense if I was trying to give you all catharsis. I was trying to *kill* you.

C-53: Oh, yeah.

EVIL C-53: Okay. Well, Kor, you know, in many ways, fame can kill. It's taken many of our most beloved holo stars away from us over the years.

BARGIE: Yeah. Let's see a clip.

PLECK AND C-53: [dissuading murmurs]

KOR: I implanted one of the many victims you shot into space as the sentience of a state of the art, top of the line warship with only *one* purpose, which was to destroy you, Bargie. Your nemesis wasn't *fame*. It is the Kulata!

[the Kulata crackles with energy and lands in front of Bargie]

KULATA: I'm here.

PLECK: [surprised] Whoa!

KULATA: It's me, the daughter of the Grand Kula. I'm a ship now.

ULTRA AJ: I don't know who this is.

PLECK: It's probably fine.

NERMUT: Yeah, this is like our first mission.

JUSTIN: I was there.

KULATA: You may have blasted me out into space six years ago, but now I'm back and I'm going to destroy you.

BARGIE: [proud] Hey, wow. Wow, you did it! Being a ship is great! How do you feel?

KULATA: [happily] Bargie, honestly, I feel amazing.

BARGIE: I know. You look amazing.

KULATA: Really? Aww, you're sweet.

BARGIE: Most ships, hot take, are disgusting. You're a hot ship.

KULATA: Oh, Bargie, hearing all this and processing all this, I'm realizing that I have a parasocial relationship with you, which has been really unhealthy for me, so I need to find out who I am.

[the Kulata lands]

BARGIE: Honestly, no notes. No notes.

KULATA: Aww.

KOR: [exasperated] Un-jucking-real. Are you for--in front of me? This is the rudest thing I've ever seen. You speed-ran bonding of enemies to friends in ten seconds?

KULATA: She's a pro. She's a pro.

KOR: Well, this is all super cute, but I'm doing a ritual to end the universe, so all of you can just go juck off. How does that sound? [draws Dinglehopper and begins the ritual once more]

ULTRA AJ: Oh yeah, I forgot about the ritual. What are we going to do? Is Beano awake yet?

DAR: [nervous] No, Beano is still asleep in his box, which is safely en-flapped.

PLECK: Okay, okay.

ULTRA AJ: Okay, so Papa, I guess this is like prophecy time, right?

PLECK: Right, yes. I got this.

ULTRA AJ: I believe in you, Papa.

PLECK: [grateful] Thank you, AJ. [dramatically] But we gotta do much more than believe... if we want to see the world change.

ULTRA AJ: What?

PLECK: You won't win, Kor Balevore. If hate's the gate to peace, this is the last stop!

ULTRA AJ: Is that...

[Pleck begins breathing slowly, meditating on the Space. A hopeful chorus starts increasing in volume as every other noise fades into the background]

PLECK: I shall summon...

NERMUT: [faint] It's moving!

DAR: [faint] How?

PLECK: –that Stuff.

JUSTIN: [faint] Whoa!

PLECK: Through... the Space.

AJ: [faint] It's moving!

PLECK: [crackling with power] To my *Self*.

[The Dinglehopper flies out of Kor's hands and into Pleck's!]

AJ: Whoa!

PLECK: [thrilled] I jucking got the Dinglehopper!

BARGIE: Wow.

PLECK: [happy] That felt good. That felt good.

BARGIE: Seems kinda rude!

KOR: That is incredibly wack! No, not, no wait.

PLECK: [sheathes Dinglehopper] Yeah, yeah, no, it was a little bit wack, you know? My prophecy is to bring balance to the galaxy, and you know what? Sometimes it means just being a little bit, a little bit wack just to keep everything from falling apart. And now, the Dinglehopper is mine. [draws the crackling Dinglehopper] Whoa! Kor Balevore, your reign of chaos and terror is coming to an end.

KOR: [snarling] Oh, you have crossed me this day, Pleck Decksetter! And you have driven me to the edge of madness. You and your pathetic friends!

ULTRA AJ: Power of friendship! Power of friendship!

PLECK: AJ, alright.

KOR: The only friend I need in this world is myself. And also my good friend Scram. Thank you for helping Scram.

SCRAM: Ah, yes! Good to be mentioned, Master!

KOR: Oh yes, of course. Scram, you're great. Scram, have you actually, have you breaked for lunch today?

SCRAM: Ah, not yet, Master.

PLECK: [sheathing Dinglehopper and laughing] Why are you so nice to Scram?

KOR: Scram and me, we are a type. Like, this whole enterprise is not like just a job. It's like, we are family here. We do--

SCRAM: [nervous] Ah, well, Master.

PLECK: What? Scram!

SCRAM: Uh, well, uh--

DAR: Oh wow.

[Kor walks up to Scram worried]

KOR: [worried] Scram... Speak to me, why, your voice, it quavers?

SCRAM: Master Balevore, you are the finest master I have ever served, without question.

KOR: Yes?

SCRAM: I would give my life for your own, but, I mean, do we hang out? Do we--

KOR: Well, I--

CREW: [cringes]

BARGIE: Awkward.

CAMERON: Tis awkward.

KOR: No, no, no, it's not awkward. It is not awkward. [rumbling with Space] It is not awkward! Listen, Scram, but that's the thing. It's like, we're, we're like, we're the go-hard bros, you know? Like, we go hard.

DAR: [disbelief] That's their nickname?

SCRAM: Yes, Master, but you go hard at work, you know?

KOR: Well, like, no, but, yeah, we don't hang out, 'cause we like, we're always at the office putting in that extra elbow grease. But like, I–

SCRAM: Well, but remember, I had the Zi-Ball tickets, Master, and I asked if you wanted to come, and you said we had too much evil business to do, and so I... sort of saw that as a moment where like, okay, he wants to keep it professional.

ULTRA AJ: Yiiiiikes.

KULATA: Assdead cringe.

NERMUT: So, Kor, do you have, like, no friends?

KOR: [tranquil anger as he strolls towards Nermut] What did you say, Bundaloy?

NERMUT: I asked, I just asked, do you have no friends? I guess that sounds a little bit more loaded than I--

JUSTIN: Well, do you, like, follow anyone on TokTok? Do they follow you back?

KOR: I follow the path of the [lightning strikes] wack side!

JUSTIN: Is that a new app, or--

KOR: [wistful] Friends. Friends. I am not so fortunate as you. Blessed by prophecy and bound, your fates crossed in the stars.

ULTRA AJ: Power of friendship.

KOR: [growling] What forces of the galaxy could have thrown you all together into these misadventures these long years past?

PLECK: I think it was sort of an algorithm in the Federated Alliance that was like–

C-53: Kinda just lucked out, to be perfectly honest.

PLECK: –like, Dar is big, and Nermut's little, and like, Pleck's kind of pink and weak.

BARGIE: I needed work.

PLECK: Yeah, and Bargie needed the work.

ULTRA AJ: I came later, and I was sort of like, oh, this seems fun.

JUSTIN: I was there since the beginning.

KOR: [crackles with ancient Space and roars] ENOUGH OF THIS! The wack side offers a different path. What could be more fresh than to *kick it* with one's friends? And what could be more wack than to reduce the universe to chaos? [echoes] Alone. You will find

that I still have my second of two great galactic sticks. [clicks the floor with Dame Wiggle's staff] I may not have the Dinglehopper now, but I did have it 15 minutes ago. I summon you from a time like 15 minutes in the past.

[Kor begins slashing a portal into the air with Dame Wiggle's staff as a wack storm begins to rumble outside]

ULTRA AJ: Oh no.

PLECK: He's carving a portal into the air!

BARGIE: I don't like this at all.

KOR: I SUMMON YOU FROM A TIMELINE FIFTEEN MINUTES IN THE PAST, KOR BALEVORE!

PAST KOR: Greetings, Kor Balevore.

KOR: Greetings, my WACK BROTHER. Shall we commence to summon more Kor Balevores?

PAST KOR: [maniacal laughing as he and Kor slash portals into the air]

PLECK: Oh no.

NERMUT: Oh actually, that's bad.

ULTRA AJ: That's a lot of portals.

KOR: More like... Kor BaleFOUR!

[Two more Kor Balevores exit the portals]

ULTRA AJ: Dadadadada...

C-53: Sorta seems like you've been setting up this whole time for that...

KOR: LET THE HATE MAKE EIGHT! [evil laughter]

[The Kors slash more portals]

PLECK: Whoa.

JUSTIN: I don't like this at all!

KOR: Sixteen Candles? More like sixteen VANDALS, vandalizing the, uh, timeline—

PLECK: Oh, wow.

C-53: Really reached for that one.

NERMUT: I don't even know the original reference.

KOR: [slashing more portals with the Kors] Now, thirty-two Kor Balevares! Thirty two skidoo! Or should I say, SKIDON'T think I wo—

C-53: Well, it's twenty-three skidoo, so it's a really... you're losing the thread on these.

EVIL DAR: Scram, could you like, jump in and help him on this?

SCRAM: Who wants thirty-two bosses? This is a nightmare!

KOR: Well, would you still be my employee when I'm SIXTY FOUR!? [slashes another portal]

BARGIE: Oh no.

AJ: It's a lot. Papa, do something!

PLECK: Kor, I don't get it, are you making friends?

KOR: Friends are for the weak. I am an army of myself! Is that not right, brethren!

KORS: [simultaneously shouting] We are Kor Balevore!

JUSTIN: There's only one bathroom here. Do they all like share it now?

PLECK: Justin, I don't think... if they're around for a while, maybe, but...

DAR: You still shouldn't go in there for a while, at least a little while longer.

EVIL DAR: I mean, I was just in there—

KOR: [roaring] ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY EIGHT SKIDOO! [cuts more portals for more Kors. Kortals!]

C-53: I mean, I guess if you want to put skidoo on the end of it, sure, but that's...

PLECK: [laughing] Yeah, you can just say skidoo after any number!

KOR: TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY SIX SKIDOO! [slashing]

NERMUT: Oh man.

ULTRA AJ: So many.

BARGIE: There's not enough room! They're all going on top of each other!

KOR: Now, with two hundred and fifty-six Kor Balevore's and two hundred and fifty-five Dinglehoppers..

[The Kors begin pushing past each other]

PAST KOR: I shall be the one, as the first—

KOR: No, yes, you are the first in that you are the oldest... so why don't you let me, as the newest...

RASPY KOR: I don't see the point in letting you... You are the one of us without a Dinglehopper.

FULL KOR: As the one who most recently ate as you opened a portal *right* as I was finishing my frittata. I am the most–

ANGRY KOR: I think I should be the one to speak!

C-53: [aside] You know, the irony is if they just let the oldest Kor Balevore do it, they'll all get to experience it when they arrive at it.

ULTRA AJ: My nose is bleeding. I hate this shit!

KOR: Kor Balevores, I'm just going to pitch this, and if you're into it you're going to give a thumbs up. If you're not into it, we'll get a thumb down. Simple majority. [angry] When I say go, we will destroy these plucky heroes of space. And then we will all return through the exact doors we came through.

RECURSIVE KOR: Um...

KOR: That's not a thumb, That's a hand.

RECURSIVE KOR: No, I actually have a question because my door is through another one of the doors.

C-53: Oh, see, they shouldn't have done that.

KOR: You cut a door in– you cut a door in one of the doors? Why would you do that?

UPSET KOR: Don't tell me how to do my business! [flustered] That way we can keep track! It's like a Matryoshka doll!

WEIRD KOR: No, that's a terrible idea.

KOR: [angry] All right. As the Kor Balevore at the terminus of this, the prime timeline, I call upon the youngest Kor Balevore to impart to me your Dinglehopper so that I can absolutely wail on these freaks.

[A young Kor Balevore walks up to the gathered Kors, speaking without the wack distortion of his present day voice]

KOREY: [worried] Hi, I'm Kor Balevore, I'm a Zima Knight. Why are so many of you robots? Like so many?

KOR: [angry] Who summoned the kid?

ROBOT KOR: I thought the point was to have... whenever we had a Dinglehopper, and we mostly had a Dinglehopper when we were young!

KOR: Yeah, and we were a Zima Knight who believes in the fresh!

KOREY: [panicking] What is this? Why does... Does something bad happen to me in the future?!

PLECK: Oh no...

ULTRA AJ: Hoo boy.

[Kor walks up to Korey]

KOR: Listen, I can explain! Young Korey, hey Korey, what's the haps?

PLECK: [surprised and walking up to them] Hold on a second. Korey is a nickname for Korey!?

KOR: You'll be quiet! I'm speaking to my younger self. Listen, man, I'm your cool future self. We're all Knights of Zima! What say you pass that Dinglehopper over to your older... [snapping] you!

KOREY: Oh, I don't know if I should...

DAR: No! What is he trying to do?

MYMUT: Why is he snapping?

SLIGHTLY YOUNGER KOR: Are you a fool? Our younger self would never listen to an old... FUDDY DUDDY like you!

KOR: Oh—

[the Kors argue in the background]

PLECK: Korey! Korey!

KOREY: [terrified] What's that? Hey, is this me? Am I, is this, am I really seeing because I can see there's a couple of me that are like part robot and they look *super* sad. And then there's mostly me as robots.

PLECK: Yeah, Korey, I hate to tell you this, but these guys are all you in your future.

KOREY: [horrified] I become... *this*?

ULTRA AJ: [walking up] I'll snap his neck. It'll be quick. Don't worry about it.

PLECK: No, AJ.

KOREY: What's your... what's your name? Are you a Zima Knight?

ULTRA AJ: Yeah, he has a bathrobe on, so...

PLECK: Yes, I am. Kor, I'm a Zima Knight.

BARGIE: [shouting] No pressure, Pleck, but like all your shenanigans have been leading to this one moment. Don't juck it up!

[in the background, the arguing Kors begin drawing Dinglehoppers and attacking each other]

PLECK: Thank you, Bargie. Thank you. Kor...

KOREY: Please, call me Korey.

PLECK: [nervous] I don't want to.

KOREY: You have to. It's my name. I demand that you do.

PLECK: No... Kor. My name is Pleck Decksetter. I'm a master of the Space, a master of the Stuff, and a master of the Self. I'm here to save the galaxy, and save the universe. And you can help me.

KOREY: [nervous] OK...

PLECK: You're an acolyte of the fresh! Don't you understand? When you return to the past, just remember you can prevent all of this. You could avoid having a cybernetic torso blasted into your chest!

KOREY: [horrified] A what? Blasted into my what?

C-53: Uh, Pleck? Quick aside?

[C-53 pulls Pleck to the side]

C-53: I'm going to intrude on what is obviously a very important heart to heart conversation between two Zimas. But ummm... if young Korey Balevore here goes through any other portal than the one that he came through, his position in the space time continuum will have shifted. Which puts all two hundred and fifty five skidoo other billboards in a state of temporal paradox, which means, [stuttering] well, I don't know, 100 percent know but it's probably better for us than it is for him.

PLECK: Oh, yeah, that'll work better!

[the crew begin backing Korey towards one of the portals]

KOREY: Wait a minute. If it's your destiny to save the galaxy for me, don't I kind of need to become this bad version of me? I don't want to ruin the prophecy–

PLECK: [apologetic] I'm sorry to do this! Keep it fresh!

[Pleck pushes Korey through the portal]

KOREY: Oh! You betrayed me!

DAR: Whoa! Pleck just pushed him so hard!

BARGIE: Wow, he betrayed him!

ULTRA AJ: He went flying!

PLECK: [frantic] AJ, quick! Close the portal!

ULTRA AJ: Oh right, I can do that! [AJ begins focusing his Space magic onto the portal, which diminishes in power] Portal... CLOSED!

PLECK: Whoa! Cool!

ULTRA AJ: Did you guys see all that light shoot out of my hands?

NERMUT: Oh, man.

C-53: It was a lot more dramatic than the last time we did it.

PLECK: I just needed you to close the portal.

ULTRA AJ: That's awesome.

[Past Kor Balevore walks over to the crew angrily]

PAST KOR: [shouting] What's been happening over there? I've been straightening things out with two hundred and fifty five other Kor Balevore. And I—

C-53: [smugly] Technically you've only been straightening things out with two hundred and fifty four Kor Balevore.

PAST KOR: [horrified] What? Where's Korey? Where's Korey? [Kor begins to gag] This... [Past Kor folds into himself and vanishes]

CREW: WHOA!

OBSERVANT KOR: He's disappearing up his butthole!

BARGIE: Yikes!

[across the room, the Kors begin panicking as they fold into their buttholes and sizzle into the Space]

PLECK: [grossed out] Oh, they're all disappearing up their own buttholes!

JUSTIN: I don't like this at all!

ULTRA AJ: Only a gun's supposed to go up there!

PAINED KOR: [pained and high pitch] Why wouldn't I just disappear into the portal! It doesn't make sense! The portals are still visible, they're still he—[vanishes]

NERMUT: [skittering up] Oh, that one's going really slowly for some reason. Why is that one so slowly going up its butthole?

THE UNLUCKIEST KOR: [in a voice that's experienced a thousand torments] KILLLLL ME!!!

C-53: Maybe just give him a tap, Pleck.

[Pleck gingerly hits him and he vanishes]

CREW: [disgusted]

BARGIE: There's only one left!

KOR: [holding on for dear life] Scram! Scram!

SCRAM: Master, what should I do?

KOR: [whispering] Remember me as your best friend.

SCRAM: [nervous] It just feels weird to my best friend, Craig.

[Kor screams as he disappears into the Space]

DAR: Wow. I may never be able to look at buttoholes the same way again.

ULTRA AJ: Wait, so was that... did he go up his buttohole or just his butt?

C-53: It's all the same thing.

CREW: [laughs]

[transition, the crew is back on Bargie]

PLECK: Hey, crew?

[the crew sounds off quickly]

PLECK: I feel like I've said this before, but we did it, you know?

NERMUT: Yeah.

PLECK: Mission accomplished.

DAR: You've said that before?

PLECK: [walking around] Yeah, but usually it was wrong.

DAR: Yeah, okay.

PLECK: I just feel this weight off my shoulders. [hesitant] It feels like I actually did something right.

C-53: It's equally strange for me to say... I sort of think you maybe saved the galaxy back there?

PLECK: Well, I mean, it was a group effort.

C-53: Yeah, I mean, that goes without saying.

PLECK: Okay, sure, yeah.

C-53: It was actually my suggestion to—

PLECK: Okay, yeah, sure. Like I said, group effort.

ULTRA AJ: And if pushing a villain through his own asshole isn't a mission accomplished, I don't know what is!

PLECK: We don't have to relive that.

BARGIE: Well, I think we all [slowly] did jobs.

NERMUT: Wow.

PLECK: [surprised] Bargie, I'm sorry. Is this a Baboscar? [picks it up] [excited] Did you win a Baboscar?

BARGIE: Yeah, it's not a big deal, but I won a Baboscar.

PLECK: [proud] Bargie!

NERMUT: What? Can I hold it? [strained] Whoa, it's heavy.

PLECK: We really did do it.

ULTRA AJ: When you think about it, we sort of won the award for pushing a bad guy through his own asshole like hundreds of times.

PLECK: AJ, I don't know if you have to--

ULTRA AJ: [laughing] But it was funny. Do you remember the sound he was making? He kind of screamed, but he didn't actually get the scream all the way out because he was already up his butt!

C-53: Sort of screaming up his own asshole.

ULTRA AJ: Yeah. It kind of echoed a little bit!

C-53: Would you like to hear it again?

CREW: NO!

PLECK: We're good. [Pleck dials into the replicator on the ship and grabs a tray of glasses] Hey, guys, you know, I think it's maybe time for a toast, okay? I'd like to raise a glass to the crew of the Bargarean Jade! [pops champagne and starts pouring] We did it. We're done. I think we have earned a little break! So let's have a drink and, you know, just relax for a bit.

ULTRA AJ: [excited] I'll give a toast. I'll give a toast. Cheers to being finished and no longer having a purpose!

PLECK: Okay. AJ, I don't know if that's--

ULTRA AJ: What?

NERMUT: That's a rough way to say it.

ULTRA AJ: I'll drink to that. [starts pouring champagne over his helmet]

JUSTIN: [shouting] What's my purpose!?

C-53: AJ, you're just spilling liquid down the front of your helmet.

ULTRA AJ: Oh, I'm sorry.

PLECK: Yeah, you got to take that off.

ULTRA AJ: [takes off helmet] Yeah, yeah, yeah, sorry.

BARGIE: Hey, should we cheers the doubles of yous that's in the other ship?

NERMUT: Oh, yeah. They're in the Kulata, [skitters up to viewport and opens it] which is flying right next to us.

PLECK: [shouting and waving] Hey guys! Hey!

C-53: Bargie—

[Bargie collides with the Kulata and the crew goes flying]

NERMUT: [pained] Oh, you just bumped the Kulata.

HORSEHAT: What just happened?

C-53: I think an air cheers would've been fine.

[communicator beeps]

C-53: Oh! Crew, I have an incoming transmission from galactic leader Nermut Bundaloy.

DAR: What?

BARGIE: How? Who? Where?

PLECK: Great.

MYMUT: Hey, friends!

PLECK: Uh, Mymut! What's up, man?

[audio POV shifts to Mymut, who is at a packed press conference surrounded by cameras]

MYMUT: Hey, hey, how's it going? Um, just want to make sure you guys are watching this.

PLECK: Watching what?

NERMUT: Watching what?

MYMUT: I mean, okay, you should probably turn on any channel.

PLECK: Any channel?

DAR: You want us to turn on the Any channel?

MYMUT: No, no, no, not that. No, that channel is actually terrible. I mean, technically it would be br- any- trust me. Alright, uh, over and out.

[audio POV returns to the crew as Mymut hangs up]

PLECK: Oh. Oh.

DAR: [strolling around] Weird. Could have honestly just told us the news.

PLECK: [turning on holovision] Yeah, he took the time to call us specifically and then told us to watch the news.

C-53: Yeah.

ANCHOR: [over bombastic music] We interrupt this broadcast of sha- Shaving Elves.

PLECK: [laughing] Shaving Elves?

ULTRA AJ: Oh, I love Shaving Elves!

ANCHOR: We interrupt this showing of Shaving Elves with big, big news! Galactic leader Nermut Bundaloy has revealed he's *not* who he says he is.

ANCHOR: We go now live to the galactic leader's throne room!

MYMUT: Citizens of the galaxy, I am ashamed to inform you that I am an imposter.

PLECK: What?

MYMUT: I am not the legitimately elected Nermut Bundaloy.

PLECK: Oh my Rodd. Nermut, are you hearing this?

DAR: We all knew this already, though.

NERMUT: No, but he's admitting it!

PLECK: Every citizen in the galaxy is watching this right now!

MYMUT: In fact, I am brilliant and reclusive singer-songwriter, Bermut Nundaloy.

DAR: [gasps]

ULTRA AJ: Twist!

PLECK: What the juck.

HORSEHAT: What the juck!?

DAR: [baffled] Nermy, Nermy, he says he's your alter ego.

NERMUT: I heard!

MYMUT: And I am renouncing my leadership position in order to go on an endless tour. Yeah! You can check out [BermutNundaloyOnTour.space](#). Just Bermut Nundaloy was taken.

DAR: [dialing into datapad] Hold on. Wait, most of these shows are already sold out. Look at this!

MYMUT: Get your tickets early.

BARGIE: Pee Nee Gorno's opening for 'em!

NERMUT: [pissed] What in the Roddforsaken shitty juck is happening?

DAR: Shitty juck? What are you— You can't just string together curses like that!

C-53: Nermut, you're all over the place right now...

NERMUT: [skittering angrily] If any time calls for it, it's this time!

ULTRA AJ: You know, I know this might be off topic, but you know who loves Shaving Elves? [putting on helmet] This Clint I knew, SC 2407, loved it. He could get enough of those Shaving Elves.

NERMUT: This will not stand. We recorded that record together!

MYMUT: That's right. My new solo hit, "I Am You, You Are Me," is trending on all streaming services.

[Justin enters furiously typing on his datapad]

JUSTIN: Yo, I just checked and it's totally streaming!

PLECK: [laughing] Okay, Justin.

JUSTIN: [chimes] I just pre-signed up!

PLECK: What does that mean?

NERMUT: [darkly] No, no, no, no. No!

MYMUT: And in my place... I hereby relinquish leadership of the galaxy to the real Nermut Bundaloy, a galactic hero. A member of an intrepid crew who just hours ago defeated the greatest existential threat our galax—

ANCHOR: [interrupting] We now return you to your episode of Shaving Elves!

PLECK: [laughing] No! What?

ELF: Time to shave! Two goatees, please? [razor buzzes]

PLECK: How could you order two goatees?

ELF: One for now and one for later.

C-53: A goatee for later?

ULTRA AJ: [pulling up chair] Can you shut up? I'm trying to watch!

ELF: Goatee to go, please.

PLECK: Okay, okay. [turns off holovision]

ULTRA AJ: [standing up] Why did we turn it off?!

PLECK: [angry] AJ, we're not watching "Shaving Elves!"

DAR: At least not right now. Maybe later.

PLECK: [laughing] We're DVRing it, obviously. Nermut, did you hear that?

NERMUT: Yeah, I did. I hate it.

PLECK: No, no, Mymut Memaloy just announced in front of everyone that he's giving you leadership of the galaxy!

NERMUT: [angry] I can't believe it. I can't believe he's going on tour under my name.

PLECK: Nermut, first of all, it's also his name. He came up with it, too, because he's you!

NERMUT: Semantics. [dialing into phone]

PLECK: Nermut, why are you so upset? You got a promotion.

NERMUT: Uh, felt like a demotion.

C-53: Nermut, you're leader of the galaxy.

PLECK: All you've talked about for the last year has been about how you were the rightful leader of the galaxy.

[Nermut's phone goes to voicemail]

NERMUT: Yeah, sure, I want that as a day job! Okay. Something stable, you know?

ULTRA AJ: So were you saying that's your side hustle, then?

NERMUT: Which?

ULTRA AJ: Leader of the galaxy–

C-53: Either way is sad.

PLECK: Yeah, I'm with C-53, there's... There's almost no cool version of this for you.

NERMUT: You know what? Actually, it's good that I'm galactic leader now, because I can use the full force of my military to take out the fake Bermut Nundaloy.

PLECK: [worried] Okay, Nermut.

NERMUT: We're going to airstrike each tour date.

C-53: Nermut.

PLECK: [laughing] Nermut, stop.

NERMUT: What?

PLECK: That is—

C-53: —absolutely horrible to suggest.

NERMUT: You're right, you're right. Airstrikes, it's too obvious. [planning] We should have assassins enter from the basement of the arenas.

PLECK: No, Nermut, you're not— You can't do that.

NERMUT: You're right, you're right, you're right. I just have to get the kill button from Evil Dar on the other ship—

AJ: The what what?

NERMUT: —and I get close to that little clone rascal... and!

PLECK: [upset] Nermut, listen to yourself. You get an ounce of power, and your ambition just completely takes over. You're a loose cannon!

NERMUT: [sighs] You're right.

PLECK: You're a loose cannon in the field. You're a loose cannon on the throne.

NERMUT: Okay, I mean, I guess a clone of me did become a despot. Yeah. So that kind of...

PLECK: Nermut, listen, just take a deep breath. Everything's going to be fine. You can still make your music.

NERMUT: [breaths in and sighs] Oof. Yikes. Okay, uh, uh, can I actually have an aside? Over here.

[Nermut skitters to the corner of Bargie]

BARGIE: With who?

NERMUT: Everybody. Come on, come on, come on.

DAR: That's not an aside.

PLECK: It's just a conversation.

NERMUT: You know, it's kind of separate from the earlier one where I was freaking out.

PLECK: So it's a subject change.

NERMUT: Yeah, but if you could just come over here and...

ULTRA AJ: [charges blaster] Guys, he's galactic leader, so we do what he says, you know?

PLECK: Okay, AJ, we don't need to fall in line just yet—

ULTRA AJ: [salutes] Yes sir! At your... whatever you will!

G-53: Whatever you will?

ULTRA AJ: Waiting and willing, sir!

PLECK: [sighs] AJ.

ULTRA AJ: Crew, let's just do the aside.

DAR: Alright.

PLECK: Alright, alright. [crew walks over] What is it, Nermut?

NERMUT: [sigh] You guys are right. I'm too impulsive and ambitious to lead.

CREW: [overlapping hesitant chatter]

NERMUT: Which is *why* I'm going to do it.

PLECK: Uh...

BARGIE: What?

NERMUT: [excited] And take you guys with me.

PLECK: Oh... definitely not.

DAR: Oh. It got worse. Somehow the pitch got worse!

NERMUT: Think about it, think about it. We're a team! It's how we've managed to succeed at everything. Working together, helping each other!

DAR: [through teeth] Succeed at everything is quite a rewrite.

PLECK: Yeah, I wouldn't say... that's a little editorialized.

NERMUT: But the things we did succeed at, that's why we did. And, you know, come on, work with me here. I can manage missions operations, like, galactically! And C knows everything about diplomacy and protocol.

ULTRA AJ: Knows everything about everything, kinda.

NERMUT: Yeah.

C-53: [quiet] That's kind of you to say, but not entirely accurate.

NERMUT: C?

PLECK: Nermut, I don't know if we're-- Yeah, I don't know if as a group we're really cut out to lead.

NERMUT: But, Pleck, look, even what you're just saying, you're the affable everyman! We need someone who, like, doesn't think they're up for it and other people wouldn't think is probably qualified. Like, you could be the sort of face of--

PLECK: [laughing] Are you saying I fill the role of, what is that guy doing there?

NERMUT: No, but, like, they can imagine themselves doing it, no matter how little they know.

ULTRA AJ: Aspirational. You need that!

PLECK: Okay. Yeah.

ULTRA AJ: [strolling up] Yeah, I mean, before I drank all that blue liquid, I probably shouldn't be. But now, since I'm totally yoked, I think I probably could be--

NERMUT: Yeah, I mean, AJ, since you've gone ultra, I think you're totally leadership material.

ULTRA AJ: Ever since I went ultra, things have gotten better. [crushes can]

NERMUT: But, like, honestly, even before that, AJ, for a legitimately dumb sentient, you are such a good problem solver.

DAR: [surprised] Wow, that was both pleasant and mean at the same time. Do you have one of those for me, Nermut?

NERMUT: I mean, Dar, the glint in my eye, the chute to my ladder, the one of us who's been captain?

ULTRA AJ: [hesitant] Should Dar just be the galactic leader? Should we just do that and call it a day?

DAR: No, no, no, I couldn't.

PLECK: You're making a good case for that.

NERMUT: With a sensuality that can distract them from any important task, honestly.

DAR: Nermut, shh. [puts finger up to his lips] Say no more. I'm happy to be First Partner.

PLECK: I don't think that's--

NERMUT: I mean, we think we're all--

DAR: [shouting excited] That's the role!

NERMUT: [laughs] Okay, okay. Little early to pick titles, but--

C-53: Mine would be Cultural Attache If I get to pick--

DAR: [excited] Ooh, yeah, yeah, yeah!

NERMUT: I just said we're not picking yet.

C-53: I'm just saying, if we get to pick, that's what I'm doing.

BARGIE: Well, it sounds like you're all gonna have a lot of fun, and I wish you all a lot of wealth.

DAR: Are you not coming with us?

BARGIE: I just got a Baboscar, okay? I have people ringing me left and right. I have faxes coming in!

NERMUT: [skittering frantically] No, no, no, Bargie, Bargie, you are a critical part of this, too! You're ship of the stars, dreamer of the land!

BARGIE: That's me!

NERMUT: I mean, just think, there's never been a ship in a high government post. You would be a liaison to all sentient ships. This could be huge! Plus, you're a Baboscar winner. It's exactly what we need to win over the vast majority of constituents who only care about a leader's star power.

PLECK: That's a good point.

ULTRA AJ: If there's one thing I know, more people in the entertainment business should get into politics, so.

BARGIE: Alright, let me think about it! No.

PLECK: Bargie...

DAR: There's gotta be some money involved, right, Nermut?

NERMUT: Oh yeah, it's a paid gig.

BARGIE: [quietly] How? How much? Wait, just slip me a paper.

NERMUT: Okay, I'm gonna write a number. [skitters across Bargie and grabs pen] Just tell me what you think of this number. [scribbles] Where do I actually show it, Bargie?

BARGIE: Just slide it and reveal it.

NERMUT: Just slide it anywhere on the ship?

PLECK: Just across this counter?

NERMUT: Across this counter. There you go, I'm gonna slide it to the other part of your console. [places it]

BARGIE: Let me see, let me see, let me see. Let me see, let me see. Huh. Huh.

NERMUT: Come on, Barge, if you're in, all six of us are in!

JUSTIN: [entering] I'm in! No questions asked.

NERMUT: Okay, thanks, Justin.

JUSTIN: [sending text] And you know what? It'll make Centurion and his Zalcatron fridge boy so jealous.

ULTRA AJ: [laughing] They're all in the other galaxy, right? Who's gonna tell them?

DAR: Yeah, I know.

JUSTIN: Also, I don't have a family.

CREW: [sympathetic noises]

PLECK: Oh, Justin. You got us, buddy!

NERMUT: Yeah, we're your--

JUSTIN: [typing furiously] My dad is dead, my mom is missing, I have no friends, I dropped out of school!

DAR: [worried] You're supposed to be in school right now?

C-53: Oh boy, we've really been dropping the ball.

[Justin exits]

PLECK: Okay. You know, Bargie, I gotta say, I think Nermut might be right. I mean, I know that I wanted to have one single moment free from the burden of galactic responsibility just, you know, for a second, but--

NERMUT: Yeah.

PLECK: [speechifying] Maybe this is what this has all been leading towards, you know? We're not always perfect, but we have done a lot of good for the galaxy. We took down the Alliance and the Emperor and the Allwheat and Kor Balevore!

ULTRA AJ: We took down some people we shouldn't have taken down. Dale comes to mind, you know?

PLECK: [laughing] Okay, yeah, yes, and a few people-- Yeah, those were mistakes, obviously, but I think this is maybe our calling?

C-53: You know... If anything, this proves probably we shouldn't be running around the galaxy causing more trouble. Maybe we're best as figureheads?

PLECK: That's a good point, actually.

BARGIE: Huh? [pause] Okay, I'll do it.

PLECK: Oh, Bargie, really?

NERMUT: Are you serious?

BARGIE: Yep, I will turn Shaving Elves back on!

[Bargie turns on the holovision]

ULTRA AJ: Yay!

PLECK: That's not really what-- That wasn't exactly what we were--

BARGIE: Also, I'll join the galactic thingamajig.

CREW: Hey!

BARGIE: Bargie loves to book!

PLECK: Yeah, you're doing it, Bargie!

ELF: I think I'd prefer to have a mustache?

ELF: Ooh, a mustache! Don't mind if I do! [turns on razor] Ooh!

C-53: This one sounds sick!

CREW: [laughs]

[transition into ethereal music]

NARRATOR: And so, with their prophecies fulfilled and the universe pulled from the brink of annihilation, our heroes set about the noble task of restoring the galaxy to prosperity. Together, they formed a new and benevolent galactic leadership, a harmonious coalescence of justice, kindness, wisdom, and, sure, a pinch of Space magic, with just enough reluctance and ineptitude to stave off corruption. [music swirls] Yes, Pleck Decksetter, C-53, Dar, Nermut Bundaloy, AJ-2884, the Bargarean Jade, and Justin Ballwheat, seven best friends together from the beginning, formed the Allied Federation. They have ruled the galaxy justly for many years and will do so for many more to come. And as for the Beanocron, he kept a watchful spiral eye over the galaxy

and the Federation he loved so dearly, always leading it alternately toward and away from chaos in perfect balance, as he had for millennia past and as he would for millennia into the future. [turns page and closes book] And that, so far, is The Story... of Beano. [the music shifts to lullaby ambience, the Narrator kisses Beano on the forehead]

BEANO: [nestling into bed] Ooh, Beano wuv the story of Beano.

NARRATOR: Yes, Beano. So do I.

[the Narrator stands up and begins leaving]

BEANO: Thank you for the story. Beano wuv you.

GROWN UP HORSEHAT, ALSO KNOWN AS THE NARRATOR: I love you, too, brother.

BEANO: Good night, Horsehat.

HORSEHAT: Good night, Beano. Sleep tight.

[Dar opens the door and enters, in the background we can hear a gathering of the crew, happily talking about their lives]

DAR: Horsehat, your Uncle Pleck is here. Come say hello.

HORSEHAT: [happily] I'll be right there.

[outro music]

SAMMO: [stirring awake to the sounds of a holovision] Wink!

WINK: Sammo!

SAMMO: Did you have the same crazy dream I had?

WINK: I think so. Tell me, but tell me what you saw!

SAMMO: I saw this group of ambassadors and they worked for the Federated Alliance and then they became rebels and in this dream, you know, we were there, too!

WINK: We were?

SAMMO: Yeah, and they overthrew the emperor and then they got lost in another galaxy and then they came back to save the day and become rulers of the galaxy! But I guess it was all just a dream.

WINK: Wow. [pause] Wait, is that the crew of Bargarean Jade?

SAMMO: [realizing] Oh, was this a memory, not a dream?

WINK: Yeah.

SAMMO: Oh.

WINK: I just had a dream we did a bunch of dust.

SAMMO: Also a memory, Wink. Also a memory.

WINK: Oh. Huh.

SAMMO: [shuts off holovision] Well, I guess we should get back to guarding the Orbs of Thraykis.

WINK: That's what we do!

SAMMO: That's what we've always done.

WINK: And they're all still here, right where they've been the entire time on Rangus VI.

SAMMO: That's right.

[outro music]

C-RED-IT5: This is C-RED-IT5, credits and attributions droid, commencing outro protocol. Pleck Decksetter and PLINT 3.0 were played by Alden Ford. C-53, C-53 and Scram were played by Jeremy Bent. Dar and Evil Dar were played by Allie Kokesh. Bargie the Ship and Justin Ballwheat were played by Moujan Zolfaghari. Nermut Bundaloy and Mymut Memaloy were played by Seth Lind. AJ, Cameron, Beano, and the Kulata were played by Winston Noel. Horsehat all grown up was played by Jeremy Crutchley.

[transition]

[communicator chimes]

EVIL C-53: Captain Cameron, I have an incoming transmission from Senior Missions Operations Manager Mymut Memaloy.

CAMERON: [walking up] Thank you, my sweet, sweet C-53B. Put it through.

EVIL C-53: On screen.

EVIL DAR: [frantic] No, no, no, no, no. I don't want to see Mymut right now.

PLINT 3.0: What's going on, Evil Dar?

EVIL DAR: I owe Mymut a callback. We haven't really settled on where we're at in our relationship.

PLINT 3.0: This is boring.

EVIL DAR: Okay.

PLINT 3.0: [upset] Relationship drama is boring!

CAMERON: Crew, can we get to the call from Mimet?

MYMUT: I've been on.

EVIL DAR: Oh.

EVIL C-53: I mean, I said on screen.

PLINT 3.0: Mymut, what's up, dude?

EVIL DAR: [nervous] Hey, yeah, what's up, dude?

CAMERON: Mymut, I thought you were still on tour.

MYMUT: Oh, a couple of the dates got canceled. One, I was opening for a puppet show.

CAMERON: I love a puppet show.

KULATA: Hey, I can't do the mission today.

EVIL DAR: Wait, why?

KULATA: I'm on a scheduled self-care.

MYMUT: No, you can't just skip the mission.

KULATA: [offended] Well, I can't skip self-care.

MYMUT: Well, maybe this will still work out because as the number one ambassador team of the Allied Federation, your mission today is to establish relations with... every type of delicious shrimp on Shrimp Island!

PLINT 3.0: [shouting] Oh, yeah, dude! [crushes can]

EVIL DAR: Shrimp Island?

EVIL C-53: Would that satisfy the requirements of a self-care day, Kulata?

KULATA: Oh, yes to the maximum!

PLINT 3.0: Ooh, catchphrase Kulata!

KULATA: Like I always say, yes to the maximum!

PLINT 3.0: You know, crew, I got to say, we're not very funny, but we have a great time. [laughs]

[transition]

C-RED-IT5: All 255 Skidoo Kor Balevores and Korey Balevore were played by special guest Brennan Lee Mulligan. Brennan is the creator and GM for Dimension 20 and a college humor cast member. He has taught and performed at the Uprights Distance

Brigade Theater, co-created the webcomic Strong Female Protagonist, and written dozens of LARPs for the Wayfinder Experience Summer Camp in Upstate New York.

[transition, Two is at a busy restaurant]

KARN: Do you have a chance to look at the menu?

TWO: [sets down menu] Yeah, I'm going to do the shrimp and grits and an orange beer.

KARN: [scribbling] Right away, sir.

TWO: Hold on a second. Karn? [stands up]

KARN: Do I know you? You're the first person to properly pronounce my name si—

TWO: No, no, no, no, no. What are you doing here?

KARN: Well, right now I'm working the brunch shift, but Blimpie says there's going to be an opening for the dinner—

TWO: Shut up, shut up. You don't belong in this dimension. I'm sending you back.

KARN: Well, at this point, thousands of years have passed in my dimension since I--

TWO: Did I ask for your life story? Listen, my powers are back, the galaxy is in balance, I got to clean house, you know? Got to get to inbox zero, if you know what I mean.

KARN: But I've actually sort of made a life for myself here.

TWO: Twoladoo!

KARN: No—

[Two snaps and sends Karn off]

[transition]

C-RED-IT5: Two was played by Jonathan Braylock. Baboscar crowd sounds by our season five finale spectacular live show audience. This episode was edited by Seth Lind and Alden Ford. Sound design and mix by Shane O'Connell. Theme music composed by Brendan Ryan and performed by FAMES Macedonian Symphonic Orchestra. Additional music by Shane O'Connell, Brendan Ryan, Aaron Gerson, and Stephen Chikowski. Ship design for the Bargarean Jade by Eric Geusz. Audio hosting by Simplecast.

[transition, Derf is watching holovision in a basement]

PLECK: [ethereal] Derf.

DERF: Huh?

PLECK: Old Derf.

DERF: Hello, who is this? How did you get this brain number?

PLECK: It's me. It's Pleck Decksetter. I fulfilled my destiny and I have ascended.

DERF: [flipping through papers] Sorry, let me just look through all-- I've got a lot of prophecies on my desk here. Let me just look through. Let's see.

PLECK: [baffled] More than one?

DERF: Yeah, I've got a good filing system. It's just underneath some of the different cans.

PLECK: [annoyed] Derf! It's me. It's Pleck!

DERF: The pink guy? The shorts? No.

PLECK: Yes.

DERF: [hits table and shouts] You? You were the one that saved the universe!?

PLECK: Yes. You told me that was going to happen!

DERF: [runs upstairs and start shouting excitedly at barking sentients] HEY GUYS! It was Pleck-- the pink one! Yeah, with the eye and the bug! I got-- I-- We're all losing it over here. We know. You were the long shot.

PLECK: Are you in a basement right now?

DERF: [sliding around] Yeah, well, basement implies house above, which I don't have. But yes, I am in a basement. Hey, do you need a roommate? Like a fun old guy that likes to chuck around and maybe--

PLECK: Do I need a roommate?

DERF: Yeah, you need one. You don't need one? Do you-- let me ask you. Could you handle one? Could you handle one?

PLECK: I'm gonna stop you right there. No, no, I couldn't. You know what? I just wanted to tell you everything worked out. Thanks for your help?

DERF: [long pause] Oh, sorry. I was just jucking around for a second there. You said something--

PLECK: Yeah, never mind. Never mind. Yeah, that's not important. Yeah, all right. Well, goodbye forever!

DERF: I'm going to-- [gunshot] Ope! I've been shot in the heart, and I'm dead. Bye. [collapses]

PLECK: [laughing] What? No.

[transition]

C-RED-IT5: Old Derf was played by Justin Tyler. Mission to Zyxx would like to thank all the people who supported the show along the way. Brendan Regan, Eric Braun, Ben Lilley, Charles Pelliam Moore, Nick Douglas, Ira Glass, Jesse Thorn, Vikram Chatterjee, Stacey Moleskine, Kira Gowan, Daniel Baruela, and the rest of the Maximum Fun team. Our incredible special guests, our amazing live show audiences, our parents, spouses, significant others, and Horsehats, Nini, our heroic Season 2 supporters on Patreon, our intrepid supporters on Maximum Fun. Becca and Brandon, hosts of the Zyxx Fancast and ZyxxCon, the incredible artists who made fan art, fan fiction, fan theories, made costumes, got tattoos, wrote reviews, wiki entries, letters of gratitude, and letters of support. And you, for listening to the show.

[transition to a quiet library]

LIBRARIAN: [closing book] No, young apprentice, there is no text in the library of the Zima that refers to a Pleck Decksetter.

KOREY: [worried and breathless] No, no. That has to be wrong. Listen, my name is Korey Balevore, okay? I was training in one of the training yards. I was practicing. And a portal opened up and I got sucked out by a horrifying robot man that I found out is maybe gonna be me, I don't know? But the point is, there's gotta be some prophecy because the guy who shoved me back in the portal and saved me from having to be part of a bad army of myself was named Pleck Decksetter. He said it was in a prophecy, so it's gotta be here somewhere.

LIBRARIAN: [laughs mockingly] The fanciful tales of a young apprentice left daydreaming too long.

KOREY: [grabs librarian] Look, man, I'm telling the truth!

LIBRARIAN: Hey, don't grab my robe!

KOREY: Okay, dude, you're gonna laugh in my face and explain? I was crying so hard for an hour!

LIBRARIAN: You told me you turned into a robot! That's a dream, nerd!

KOREY: [shouting] Don't call me a nerd! This morning, I thought nothing could ever make me wack. And then I went to the future and saw that I maybe become wack one day and I was like, how would that happen? Interacting with you in this moment, I see a clear line from A to B, and it's mostly you.

LIBRARIAN: Turn away from your wack impulses, young man.

KOREY: [angry] Help me do that by being jucking reasonable.

LIBRARIAN: [loudly] We don't have the prophecy.

KOREY: Okay, hey, listen, listen. [drumming fingers] Uh, yeah, yeah, you know what? You're right. I was, uh, I was daydreaming and, uh, now, now I'm, I'm wide awake. Better study some Zima Scrolls.

LIBRARIAN: Yes, excellent instinct, young one. [takes out book] Start here at one of our earliest works, about Karm the Blessed.

KOREY: Do you have a pen, by the way? I need to write down--

LIBRARIAN: [grabs pen] Is this, it's blue? I don't know if that's--

KOREY: [laughing] I'll just take the blue one. Give me the blue one. Thank you.

LIBRARIAN: Here you go. [walks off]

KOREY: [scribbling furiously] The day will come in the far-flung future of the galaxy where a noble warrior will restore balance to the space and save us all. His name shall be Pleck Decksetter. Note, totally winging it on the spelling of Pleck Decksetter. Only got the name verbally. [librarian opens the door] Oh, he found me!

LIBRARIAN: [angrily chasing Korey] Give me that!

C-RED-IT5: Mission to Zyxx has been a proud member of the Maximum Fun Network. This concludes The Story of Beano, also known as Mission to Zyxx, an improvised, serialized science fiction podcast. Thank you for listening.

[outro music]

DAVE: Oh my gosh, hi. I'm Dave Holmes, host of the pop culture trivia podcast Troubled Waters. On Troubled Waters, we play games like Motivational Speeches. It goes a little like this. Riley, give us an improvised motivational speech on why people should listen and subscribe to Troubled Waters.

RILEY: I look around this ad and I see a lot of potential to listen to comedians such as Jackie Johnson and Josh Gondelman, and they need you to get out there and listen to them attempt to figure out sound rebus clues or determine if something is a Game of Thrones character or a city in Wales.

DAVE: I have chills. I'm going to give you 15 points.

RILEY: All that and so much more on Troubled Waters. Find it on MaximumFun.org or wherever you choose to listen to podcasts.

TRE'VELL: Hey there, beautiful people. I'm Tre'Vell Anderson.

JARETT: And I'm Jarrett Hill. We are the hosts of Fanti, the show where we have complex and complicated conversations about the gray areas in our lives, the things that we really, really love sometimes, but also have some problematic feelings about.

TRE'VELL: Yes, we get into it all. You want to know our thoughts about Nicki Minaj and all her foolishness? We got you. You want to know our thoughts about gentrification and perhaps some positive? Question mark? Aspects of gentrification? We get into that too. Every single Thursday, you can check us out at MaximumFun.org. Listen, you know you want it, honey. So come on and get it. Period.

MAXIMUM FUN: MaximumFun.org. Comedy and culture. Artist owned. Audience supported.

BRENNAN: [shouting] Why would time work this way? [slurping] Why wouldn't I just disappear into the portals? Why my butt? [slurping] It doesn't make sense. The portals are still visible. They're still here. [beatboxing]

SETH: Oh, that one's going really slowly for some reason. Why is that one so slowly going up?

BRENNAN: Kill me!

JEREMY: Oh no. Oh boy, yeah, he's really going through it over there.

MOUJAN: Oh, that one's stuck. It's like half in, half out.

BRENNAN: [western voice] Howdy, y'all. This is the Kor Balevore from Cowboy Dimension. I'm getting sucked up my keister!

JEREMY: Yeah, maybe just give him a tap, Pleck.

ALDEN: That one's from a different dimension. Is that how the staff works?

JEREMY: You start pulling through multiple doors, it's going to get weird.

MOUJAN: This video's going viral!

ALDEN: You're recording this, Justin? Turn off your TokTok.

MOUJAN: Content is king, bro.

ALLIE: Yeah, content is king.