

C-RED-IT5: This is C-RED-I-T-Five with a special message of gratitude for everyone who has supported Mission to Zyxx on Maxiumum Fun. We truly couldn't make this show without you. Also, Mission to Zyxx is performing live in Nashville, Tennessee at the PodX podcast convention on the weekend of June 1st. We'll be improvising a brand new episode, appearing on all sorts of rad panels, and hanging out with you! Get your tickets at missiontozyxx.space and check out the full weekend lineup at podx.com.

NARRATOR: It is a time of fear and unrest. Emperor Nermut Bundaloy rules the galaxy with an iron fist and also a planet crusher crusher. Now, Zima Knight Pleck Decksetter and his intrepid crew travel the farthest reaches of the galaxy to defeat Wackness, bring balance to the Space, and meet weird bug creatures and stuff. This is Mission to Zyxx!

[Main theme]

PLECK: Hey C-53?

C-53: Yes?

PLECK: Have you seen Nermut?

C-53: I have and I'm a little... concerned? I mean, well, just take a look up there...

NERMUT: Hey man, I'm just [strains] - I gotta tie this into a...

PLECK: Nermut!

[Nermut strains and talks to himself]

PLECK: Get down!

NERMUT: What?

PLECK: Why are you on top of the refrigerator?

NERMUT: What? I, uh, what do you mean? I'm nest - [whispers] I'm nesting!

PLECK: What do you mean, you're "nesting"?

C-53: Why are you whispering that word?

NERMUT: Well, it's just, obviously, I'm about to become a parent.

C-53 / PLECK, simultaneously: Okay, oh, alright, well, we don't know that for sure. / We don't know that for sure.

NERMUT: I know! I know in my heart that I'm about to become a parent! As a self-respecting lird I - I have to nest.

PLECK: What? Why on top of the refrigerator? You have a terrarium.

NERMUT: No, a nest - a nest needs to be high up on a edge so that, you know, we can - we can get a lot - enough sunlight, uh, once the young is in here, once there's enough light and air-

PLECK: Nermut, there's no sunlight!

NERMUT: What?

C-53: This is a ship. There's no-

NERMUT: I - it's - it's a biological imperative! I can't - I can't-

C-53: Right, but you're blocking the vents on the fridge.

PLECK: I can't get into the freezer either.

NERMUT: Well, these are problems for you! I - you - you're gonna block my raising of my child through - cause of your needs for ice?

C-53: Nermut.

AJ: I, uh, tore my rotator cuff-

PLECK: What?!

AJ: And I - do we have any Cool Pack Cold Sacks in the fridge or...?

PLECK: Oh, yeah, we should have one. Nurmud, do you mind if we-

C-53: You're gonna treat a TORN ROTATOR CUFF with a Cool Pack Cold Sack?!

AJ: That's what I've been trained to do.

PLECK: Wow, yeah.

NERMUT: [Straining slightly] Alright, I'm gonna move - I'm gonna move this and you can get in there to get a Cool Pack brand Cold Sack or Colds-de-Sac brand Cool Pack.

C-53: A - AJ, I - I just want to be sure. Do you know that - that a torn rotator cuff is a pretty serious injury? That's usually a months-long recovery period.

AJ: Well, because I am a, uh, a former C.L.I.N.T., uh, we were all bred to heal quickly. All I have to do is apply a Cool Pack Cold Sack and it'll knit itself together. See? Watch!

[AJ applies Cool Pack Cold Sack with a squishy noise]

C-53: Knit itself-? Wow!

[AJ grunts and groans]

AJ: Look at that! Look at that rotation!

C-53 / PLECK, simultaneously: Oh, wow! I - I don't know if you should be doing that soon after you tore the cuff! / Ooh, wow! That's really impressive!

AJ: No, it's all - the cuff's good now!

PLECK: AJ, that's actually really impressive!

[Door opens]

DAR: Uh, guys, I just want to apologize. I've used up all the cold water.

PLECK: Okay.

C-53 / PLECK, simultaneously: That's just be all the water. / Dar, can I ask-

NERMUT: Yeah.

PLECK: Dar, can I ask a sort of maybe insensitive question?

DAR: That would be on brand for you so go right ahead.

PLECK: Okay. Is this a pregnant thing or, like, a horny thing?

DAR: I would say it's a horny thing that cannot be resolved because of a pregnant thing.

C-53: Ah, okay, that makes sense.

PLECK: Sure, okay. Fair enough. Gotcha.

DAR: Typically I would watch porn and, you know, rub out a couple - eighteen, but...

PLECK: Sure, great-

[Dar sighs]

PLECK: That's - yeah, you're good, you're good, I get it!

DAR: I just don't want the little being inside of me to have to hear THAT.

C-53: Hmm, yeah, that's a lot of grinding.

[Bargie's incoming transmission noise: Beebooboop, beebooboop]

C-53: Bargie, I have an incoming call from Leximar Pwench?

BARGIE: Nope! Been tryin' to call me all - all week ever since we left and I-

C-53: Don't - do you want me to tell him anything in particular?

BARGIE: Nope, just - just ghost him.

[04:24] C-53: Oh, okay. [Transmission rejected noise] Ghosted.

PLECK: Bargie, Leximar Pwench is the biggest agent in Holowood. You told us that.

BARGIE: Yeah, no, he's great, you know? He makes things happen. He, you know, the movies. He gave me all the money that I then squandered and got a bunch of people angry and coming after me and he's probably wondering "Bargie, where are you?! You know you have contracts! You can't just disappear, you know?! We're gonna sue you!" Yeah, just ghost him.

C-53: So you're - you're just avoiding the problem.

BARGIE: Yeah, just passively just avoiding.

C-53: Hmm.

PLECK: Seems like a... temporary solution.

C-53: Not a great strategy long term.

BARGIE: Ah, you know, I - My new life motto is "keep it under the rug and then sell the rug".

PLECK: Oh, is that where you got all that dirt, Nermut?

NERMUT: Oh yeah, then once Bargie sold the rug I was able to access a lot more nest dirt and then I-

PLECK: I don't know if it's healthy for you or your children to make a dirt nest.

NERMUT: Well, listen, I'm - I-

PLECK: Nermut.

NERMUT: Yes?

PLECK: Can the nest wait for, uh, the - the afternoon?

NERMUT: Right.

PLECK: Cause I feel like, you know, now that we're back in the Zyxx quadrant I - I feel like we oughta get to work, you know?

NERMUT: Okay, I - I ran an extension cord up here to get the missionator if - up here, so if you can...[

Shuffling noises] Alright... I'm gonna move some of this-

C-53: The missionator on top of the fridge?

NERMUT: [pushes stuff around] Yeah, it's under this trash...

AJ: [readies weapon]Alright, mission time!

PLECK: [Exasperated] Alright.

AJ: Let's do this!

PLECK: AJ, AJ, we don't usually get super excited about-

C-53: AJ, that's not-

AJ: Right C-53?! Let's do this!

C-53: We just do not generally get this excited until we know what the mission is, okay?

AJ: But it's a mission, right?!

DAR: And - and, honestly, we're not that excited about missions after we know what the mission is.

BARGIE: Who are we doing a mission for?

NERMUT: What do you mean? We're do - we don't-

C-53: They're for ourselves, right?

NERMUT: This is a mission [hits the missionator's switch] for-

THE MISSIONATOR: [Singing boot up jingle] Welcome to the missionator!

NERMUT: - The Good.

BARGIE: But you're not gonna pay me, right? This is all just, like, pro bono?

C-53 / NERMUT simultaneously: This is sort of pro bono work, yeah. / Well, it's kinda a deferred situation.

BARGIE: Wow.

AJ: I thought the payment was exposure. That's what I was told.

PLECK: No, that's, uh...

NERMUT: That's, uh, kinda a fallacy...

C-53: No, that can never be payment.

AJ: Oh, it's not? Oh.

C-53: Yeah. Well, Bargie, if we overthrow the Emperor we might have a shot at changing a number of tax laws. Would that interest you?

BARGIE: Hold on. Huh. Let me think about it for a sec.

C-53: Okay.

NERMUT: Okay.

BARGIE: Huh. [Bargie pauses to think] Huh.

AJ: What's happening?

NERMUT: Oh, Bargie's thinking about the ta - whether or not she should have tax laws changed.

BARGIE: Huh.

AJ: That's it?

NERMUT: Yeah.

BARGIE: I mean, you... it to the - to the - subtract five... and, uh...

PLECK: Oh, you don't have to run your actual numbers, this is more of, like, a general

BARGIE: ... seven thousand... million...

[Bargie trails off doing calculations outloud in the background]

C-53: Well, maybe, Nermut, go ahead and assign the mission then.

NERMUT: Sure. Alright, I, Master Missions Operations Manager, Nermut Bundaloy assigning the first mission under such title.

PLECK: Alright!

NERMUT: We are going to -

AJ: A lava planet?!

[Nermut sighs]

PLECK: No, it's... no.

AJ: Oh, we don't guess before?

PLECK: AJ, no.

NERMUT / PLECK, simultaneously: No, you don't guess. You don't guess. / No, not usually.

C-53: We kinda just let him tell us.

BARGIE: Huh!

NERMUT: We are going to the locus of knowledge.

PLECK: Whoa!

C-53: Oh, now that sounds - I'm not - now I'm getting excited!

DAR: I've never heard of that planet.

NERMUT: An establishment devoted to the illumination of the mind!

PLECK: Yes, okay!
C-53: Yes, okay!
DAR: Okay, so...
BARGIE: Huh!
NERMUT: We're going to the repository of the most sacred information in all of the quadrant - oh, heck, the whole galaxy! We are going to the "pooblique lihbrahry"!
PLECK: The what?
DAR: What?
C-53: Wait, what?
BARGIE: Huh!
PLECK: [turns the missionator to look at it] Lemme - lemme look at that screen.
PLECK: The "public library".
NERMUT: Yes!
DAR: Why did you pronounce it that way?
NERMUT: Um, I dunno, I just - I - I felt like, uh, you guys got really excited. I was just worried it was gonna be a downer, um, so I - I made it, uh, pretentious!
C-53: Then why did you build it up so much before you said it?!
NERMUT: No! C-53, this is where a huge collection of original Zima scrolls is housed!
PLECK: What?!
NERMUT: Yes!
C-53: In the LIBRARY?!
NERMUT: Yes!
PLECK: Well, I mean, you know, actually I have a copy of each of the scrolls that, uh-
NERMUT: No.
PLECK: What do you mean "no"?
C-53: Yeah, he has them in his room.
NERMUT: No, no, no. I mean I might have needed some of them for nesting materials and that's why-
PLECK: Nermut!
NERMUT: What?!
C-53: Nermut...
PLECK: What is-?!
[Rustling of paper]
PLECK: Is this one of my ancient Zima scrolls?!
NERMUT: Yeah, but, eh, I mean - I'm assuming you memorized it and that's why we're going here! We're going to get better ones!
PLECK: That's not how - No, you have the scroll - you - I have to refer to them!
NERMUT: Well, we're going to the public library, we're gonna get them.
DAR: Whoa!
DAR: Pleck, you could see why he would confuse it for dirt and/or garbage...
PLECK: It doesn't-! It's very ancient! It looks - yes, it looks - at first glance these ancient scrolls look like garbage.
AJ: Papa, uh, Papa Decksetter.
PLECK: Please - stop calling me that. Pleck is fine.
AJ: To be fair, you did have them - you did have them kinda bunched up in your room. Sort of-
PLECK: I don't have a lot of room in there! I just have to put them where they fit.
NERMUT: So, guys, we're out on the missions of our lives, and we need to... KNOW THINGS.
PLECK: Sure.
PLECK: Okay, yeah.
NERMUT: Okay?
C-53: Okay.
PLECK: Okay, I'll - I'll go pick up some, uh, some of the ancient scrolls if I can find them.
NERMUT: Great!
PLECK: Yeah, maybe C-53, is there anything you need?
NERMUT: C-53 you could get some protocol uploads.

C-53: I would really appreciate the opportunity to update my Zyxx diplomatic protocols. I used to have a huge library of them but most of that was replaced with On-N-Off Burger operating procedures. It's unfortunate.

PLECK: Oh, yeah, you don't need those anymore.

C-53: No, I don't - I don't think so.

NERMUT: Dar can figure out how to, you know, sort of, like, uh-

DAR: Solve this horny problem. Absolutely.

NERMUT: Yeah.

PLECK: At the library?

DAR: Yeah, any public library worth its salt has a... choice collection of literotica.

PLECK: Is that true?!

DAR: I would hope so.

PLECK: I think I've been doing libraries wrong the whole time...

NERMUT: And I will be, of course, just, uh, looking in, um, you know, sort of, the parenthood section.

PLECK / Dar: , simultaneously: Nermut, what - what is it - I dunno, I feel like you're jumpin' the gun just a little bit. / Hmm.

NERMUT: A father knows.

C-53: ... Is that an expression?

NERMUT: A father knows when they are a father... in the future.

PLECK: That's -

C-53: No... That's not right.

PLECK: I mean, uh, I don't know about that.

NERMUT: That's the full expression and the short version is "a father knows".

PLECK: Okay.

C-53: I don't think so.

PLECK: Fair enough.

NERMUT: And then AJ could learn anything.

AJ: Yeah, I think I'm the C.L.I.N.T. with the best... reading... mevel...

PLECK: ... Did you just say "reading mevel"?

AJ: ... What? No!

10:03 [Transition music]

TURK MANAKED: Wassup and welcome to the Tiny Toots Memorial Museum! I'm your guide, a hella sick hologram of rebel hero TURK MANAKED!

TOURIST #1: Oh, my!

TURK: So who's pumped to watch a hundred percent authentic holo from our crew destroying the Delegator?! Yah!

TOURIST #2: Yeah, I'm pumped.

TURK: But first, a huge thanks to the Memorial's sponsor - Bombas Socks. Bombas are designed to be the most comfortable socks in the HISTORY of feet which is a SUPER long time!

TOURIST #1: That's a fact!

TOURIST #2: Yeah, feet have been around forever.

TURK: They're made from way way soft, natural cotton and every pair comes with arch support, a seamless toe, a cushioned foot bed that's comfy but, like, not too thick, and with so many colors, patterns, lengths, and styles, Bombas socks look hella sweet! Whether you're at the gym crankin' out your nineteenth ab or at the office assigning missions or on the bridge of a ship as you fly full speed into a fleet of planet crushers!

TOURIST #1: Wow, so brave!

TURK: Let's get this! For every Bombas purchase you make, Bombas donates a pair to someone in need. That's wicked nice, brah!

TOURIST #1: Oh, that's so nice!

TOURIST #2: Yeah, it's wicked nice!

TURK: Oh, and snoop! If you buy a Bombas socks today at bombas.com/zyxx you'll get 20% off your purchase.

TOURIST #1: That's a good deal!

TOURIST #2: Okay.

TURK: That's bombas.com/zyxx for 20% off! Plus socks will go to sentients in need!
Bombas.com/zyxx! Alright, with those words of inspo in mind, follow me to see a sweet recreation of a key moment in the history of the crew Tiny Toots - Squeegee cleaning up a gnarly spilled omelet! Oh, it was, like, super nasty! Like, a hundo percent nast!

TOURIST #1: You know, the ticket here was worth it.

[Transition Music]
[The crew walks through the library]

AJ: WOO! Library!

[In the background someone shushes AJ]

PLECK: Okay, AJ...

C-53: Yeah, AJ, you can't be this loud in here. The library is typically a quiet, contemplative space, okay?

AJ: [Gets excited quietly] Woo! Woo!

C-53: Even - even that probably is gonna get frowned upon.

PLECK: [Quietly] No, you don't have to do it at all.
[A librarian comes over]

LIBRARIAN: Excuse me, group there! You, group! Please take your boots-

NERMUT: Hmm?

LIBRARIAN: Please remove your boots and your shoes.

NERMUT: Umm, I mean, I-

PLECK: Uhh...

LIBRARIAN: Any footwear, please.

C-53: A-a-any footwear?

PLECK: Is this a - is this a-

LIBRARIAN: Any f - any and all footwear, please leave it in a hydro cubby to your left.

C-53: Okay.

PLECK: Is this a no footwear lib - Okay.

NERMUT: Alright, I'm just gonna pull these-

PLECK: I have to put my shoes in this - in this bucket of water?

LIBRARIAN: It's greatly - mmhmm. It's a hydro cubby

AJ: It's a hydro cubby. You put it-

[Sloshing as AJ stores his shoes in the hydro cubby]

PLECK: You know what, sure. I'll - I'll take them off. Here you go.
[More sloshing as Pleck stores his shoes as well]

PLECK: That's a very formal uniform. Are you the head librarian here?

LIBRARIAN: Yes, you can call me "Poopins".

PLECK: Uh, Poopins, great to meet you. Uh, my name is, uh, Zima Knight Pleck Decksetter. This is C-53,-

C-53: Hello!

PLECK: - AJ,-

AJ: Hello!

PLECK: - Dar, -

DAR: Hi.

PLECK: - and Nermut.

NERMUT: Greetings.

AJ: Is - are you called "head librarian" because you're mostly a head? Cause you've got little, like, tiny-

PLECK: Oh, that's-

C-53: AJ...

POOPINS: Is it a joke? A word joke?

AJ: No, it's just, your head seems much bigger than your, like - much bigger... You seem, like, mostly head.

POOPINS: Oh, by what ratio? By what standard ratio?

DAR: Oh, uhh...

AJ: I mean-

C-53: AJ, you're - you've got a very C.L.I.N.T.-centric view of what a being is supposed to look like, that's not -

AJ: Uh...

POOPINS: I - what - I have what would be called by some as a very attractive ratio for my species.

PLECK: Okay, yeah. I mean, I think it really - you - you really wear it well, Poopins.

AJ: But you - your big ass head has nothing to do with you being called a head librarian?

PLECK: No, AJ! AJ, no!

PLECK: No, Head Librarian is a - is a title that you earn by-

AJ: Having a big ass head?

NERMUT & PLECK, simultaneously: No.

POOPINS: Here's the problem with you interlopers: The wordplay, these word jokes, they're so limited! The - they're idiomatic. They don't translate across the universe, so for me to even fake a chortle at "head librarian" - and I understand it because I speak eighty-nine languages - but it - it's just so - it's so, um, banal.

PLECK: That's true, that's true.

C-53: It's true.

PLECK: Yeah. Uh, yeah. Poopins, how long have you been working at this public library?

POOPINS: "Pooblique lahbrary".

PLECK: Oh, I'm sorry "pooblique lahbrary".

NERMUT: Wait a second! I said it right?!

POOPINS: Of course! How else would you pronounce it!?

NERMUT: Exactly!

C-53: It's not "public library"?

POOPINS: I mean, perhaps in some dialects, but around - truly, around here anybody - the "pooblique lahbrary". I mean, maybe a more ignorant person would say "pooblique lah-ba-ry"

C-53: Oh? Hmm. Hmm.

PLECK: Sure.

POOPINS: They would drop that first "r".

C-53 & PLECK, simultaneously: Sure.

POOPINS: That's more for children...

PLECK: Grade school.

POOPINS: or - yeah. Right.

C-53: Yeah, yeah. Yeah.

DAR: Right.

[14:43]

C-53: That makes sense. Huh. Well, well, gotta update my protocol!

POOPINS: Working in "lihbrahries" has been in my family for four generations.

PLECK: Oh, wow, that's - how long have you at this lib - "lihbrahry".

POOPINS: 98 years.

PLECK: Wow!

NERMUT: Wow.

C-53: Oh! That's-

POOPINS: Saying it really, really, you know, makes it real. I - [sighs]

PLECK: Yeah, do - do you get to retire at a certain point?

POOPINS: No!

PLECK: Okay.

POOPINS: [Rolls a ladder over and climbs it] No, we just die and then we get crystallized and then, you see those busts? You see all the busts that line the, uh, the - mmhmm?

PLECK: Oh, wow!

C-53: Oh, wow, yeah! The former librarians.

POOPINS: There we are!

NERMUT: Wow!

POOPINS: All the little heads!

PLECK: Wait -

POOPINS: Well, I think you can only see the heads from up here, but - nope, that's us, that's us.

NERMUT: Whoa, I figured they were just heads but those are the full bodies... it's a species thing...

C-53: No, no, you can see the legs, too, yeah.

PLECK: That - those are your - those are your family? Your - your ancestors?

POOPINS: [Rolls the ladder sideways] Yes, it's a - a crypt of sorts.

C-53: I - I don't even think you need "of sorts". It's - it's a-

POOPINS: No? It's a crypt.

C-53: It's a crypt with a lot of books in it, really.

POOPINS: Mmhmm.

PLECK: Wow!

NERMUT: Poopins, could you please direct me to the parenting section?

[Poopins gasps, then rolls the ladder over towards Nermut]

POOPINS: Well, first of all, congratulations!

[Poopins descends the ladder]

NERMUT: Thank you.

POOPINS: When's the due date?

NERMUT: Uhh, you know, it's 18 months.

POOPINS: Well, wow! Quite a gestation period!

NERMUT: Yes! It's, / uh, it's, uh-

DAR: [sighs in annoyance] Uh, Nermut, that's very nice of you to try and help me out with finding the parenting books -

NERMUT: Hmm? No, I-

DAR: But ACTUALLY, I was curious, where do the perverts go in this library?

[Nermut sighs forlornly]

POOPINS: Ah! Right over, here.

PERVERT 1: Follow me!

PERVERT 2: Right over here!

PERVERT 3: Haha, we're over here!

PLECK: Wow! LOTS of perverts!

POOPINS: Zublog! Zublog, get out from that curtain!

[The perverts mutter as Poopins sprays the pervert Zublog with a spray bottle]

PERVERT 4: I've been waiting for this moment!

ZUBLOG: Welcome to the pervert section!

POOPINS: I'm taking these nice people to the erotica corner! Don't make eye contact! Follow me! Don't look them in the eye!

PERVERT 5: Ooh, look at this picture, here! Like what you see? It has 12 holes!

POOPINS: No! Come this way.

PERVERT 6: Nice! Oh, we've got a new one! [Breathes heavily]

POOPINS: Ugh! [Sprays the perverts] Your mom has 12 holes.

PERVERT 5: She does! We're very proud of it!

POOPINS: Come on!

POOPINS: Come on! Come on!

PERVERT 7: Where do the other holes go?

PERVERT 8: Look me in my eyes! My eyes are my genitals! Look me in the eyes!

POOPINS: Oh, okay. [Sprays the pervert]

PERVERT 8: Yes!

DAR: Uh, Poopins, I may have honestly truly underestimated the level of pervert here.

[Perverts continue making lascivious noise in the background]

DAR: I want to skip over the, you know, the picture books. Take me to the beautifully written prose. Like paragraphs upon paragraphs of, you know, undressing corsets and that sort of thing.

PERVERT 9: Ooh!

PERVERT 10: Oh, you want prose?

PERVERT 11: Yeah!

POOPINS: Ahh, yes, here we go!

PERVERT 12: Space bodice rippers? Yeahh!

POOPINS: These top three shelves-

DAR: Please, sir, please stop looking at me with your genitals - I'm "with being".

PERVERT 8: Yeahh, my eyes are up here!

DAR: Oh! Oh.

PERVERT 8: Where my genitals are! Ahaha! [The Pervert runs away]

DAR: Ah, of course! I just want something that's really gonna build to a climax!

POOPINS: Ooh, well, I have this one! It's 9,000 pages long so it's quite a long, long read but by those first few pages, oh! The climax will be tremendous!

DAR: Hmm! Challenge accepted. Thank you!

POOPINS: Enjoy!

POOPINS: [Rolls the ladder back over towards Nermut] Now, parenting was it?

NERMUT: Yes! Thank you so much for remembering.

POOPINS: Excellent!

POOPINS: Mmhmm! So, you're going to go down that corridor and it's on your left-

NERMUT: Okay!

POOPINS: The second you see the mahogany? Just past that.

NERMUT: Okay! I'm going to pull this ladder and this wheely stool! ... Both.

[17:55]

PLECK: Good luck, Nermut.

NERMUT: Thank you.

PLECK: You know, just by the way-

NERMUT: Yeah?

PLECK: You know, I - I wouldn't say you need to, like, spend too much time there. I think you're-

NERMUT: No, no, no. I want - I want to be one of those involved, prepared dads, you know?

PLECK: Sure

C-53: Hmm... Yeah.

NERMUT: I wanna-

PLECK: Mmhmm.

NERMUT: It's - ah... a lot of people think it's just for the omnisexual, multi-gendered other parent, but I think the dad should be fairly involved, so-

PLECK: Fair enough. Okay, great.

NERMUT: Alright!

[Nermut wheels his ladder and stool away]

AJ: Closest thing I had to a father was a big tube of blue liquid I was floating around in.

PLECK: Oh, where you, uh, your - your body was built from the genetic building blocks.

AJ: That's right.

PLECK: Yeah.

C-53: Yeah, I - I don't think that's your father in any of these scenarios.

PLECK: That's probably-

AJ: Ah, it tried to ground me once.

C-53: ... The liquid?

AJ: The liquid. First, I wanted to be like that tube of blue liquid, but I... grew apart.

PLECK: Yeah, that's not a good role model. Yeah.

C-53: I don't know if that's, uh-

AJ: He didn't really get me.

PLECK: That makes sense.

AJ: I hate him.

PLECK: Okay.

AJ: I'm not gonna be like him!

PLECK: Yeah, you - you won't.

[]

C-53 / PLECK /* AJ, crosstalk: AJ, / you - /* you don't have much to worry about. / You won't be.

/* [AJ: kicks the furniture] I'M NOT MY DAD!

[Multiple library patrons {Perverts?} shush AJ]

AJ: I'M NOT A TUBE OF BLUE LIQUID!

[More shushing.]

PLECK: Yeah, that's good, that's good.

C-53: Yeah, no, that's - yeah.

POOPINS: Shh! Please keep - please, please!

C-53: Poopins, we're so sorry. I-
AJ: Oh, I'm so sorry Poopins.
PLECK: Oh, I'm so sorry. So sorry.
C-53: It's been very loud.
[19:02]
PLECK: Hey, listen, Poopins -
POOPINS: Just, there's people trying to learn. There's people reading ancient texts. There's people masturbating behind a curtain, you know?
C-53: Mmhmm. Mmhmm.
[Zublog, the curtain pervert, groans from the sidelines]
C-53: Ooh, um.
PLECK: Don't look at him.
POOPINS: [With a warning tone] Pervert!
[Poopins sprays the masturbating Zublog with a spray bottle]
PLECK: Poopins...
POOPINS: Hmm?
PLECK: ... for a public library this is a pretty big, comprehensive place.
POOPINS: We're the "central brahnh". [[*Note: As with "pooblique lahbrary", this is a pronunciation spelling of "Central branch" *]]
PLECK: Oh, ye - I mean, sure, yeah, I - I guess so. It's just, I - this is a really impressive facility you've got here. I was told that there may be some ancient texts here. I'm looking for something on the Zima religion. Do you have anything related to that?
POOPINS: Of course.
PLECK: Oh!
POOPINS: Of course! Oh, follow me. Right now?
[Poopins leads the remaining crew through the library]
PLECK: Yeah - I mean, uh AJ and I - AJ's my protege, uh, sort of.
POOPINS: Mmhmm.
PLECK: Uh, and so I, you know, I kinda wanted to show him a couple ancient texts. Just kinda get him, you know, get him started on something.
POOPINS: You all can read, correct?
C-53 / AJ, crosstalk: Uh, yes, of course. / Yes!!
[Another library patron shushes AJ]
PLECK: Okay, AJ.
POOPINS: Nothing peeves my pet worse than people who can't read strolling into the lihbrahry.
AJ: What?!
PLECK: [to AJ:] Simmer down! [responding to Poopins] Sure.
AJ: Yeah, well, we definitely all know how to read!
POOPINS: Good.
PLECK: What - what - what would people come into the lihbrahry for if they weren't going to be reading?
PERVERT 13: Sweet, sweet internet!
PLECK: Okay, that makes sense. Okay, alright.
PERVERT 13: Give me!
C-53: Okay.
C-53: Huh. Lot of perverts here.
POOPINS: Mmhmm. Oh, yes.
PLECK: I'm sorry, Poopins let's say out of every one hundred people that comes into a pooblique lihbrahry, how many of them are perverts?
POOPINS: Ninety-nine.
C-53: Hm.
PLECK: Okay, wow!
POOPINS: Well, you five - how many is in your group?
PLECK: Uh, it's - yeah, it's five.
POOPINS: Yeah, ninety-five.
PLECK: Okay.

C-53: Wow.

POOPINS: Well, me - ninety-four; me, you guys-

C-53: Okay.

PLECK: Sure, you come in and out of the library too.

POOPINS: We'll never outnumber the perverts.

C-53: Hmm.

POOPINS: They're harmless, they're harmless. They're kinda fun. You know, I wouldn't worry about them.

PERVERT 14 / POOPINS / C-53, crosstalk: Sorry to interrupt, just wanted to say that the perverts are having a pizza party down at the community center. You're all invited. Pants down! / Ooh! / Actually does sound kinda fun-

C-53: Oh. Eh, you still want to go?

PLECK: No. I'm just, uh, just lookin' to read some Zima scrolls.

AJ: I can definitely read so it's not an issue.

POOPINS: Well, you - I will have to accompany you because they are kept in a climate controlled vault.

PLECK: Oh, wow! In my experience with ancient texts, or a lizard might eat them and then barf them up to make a nest.

POOPINS: It's a word joke? It's another word joke?

PLECK: No. No, actually.

C-53: No, actually, surprisingly not, no.

PLECK: No, no that literally happened.

POOPINS: Literal, actual vomit? Oh!

C-53: That's not a bad translation, that's just what happened.

POOPINS: Just a thing that happens.

[21:21]

C-53: Yeah, Mmhmm.

POOPINS: Sure.

C-53: Yeah.

POOPINS: Sure.

C-53: I know. Seems unlikely, but...

POOPINS: Seems highly unlikely, particularly with my ancient texts because ever scroll is kept, uh, under a glass encasing that is - [Poopins enters a code on a pinpad] -locked with crystal light.

[The door unlocks]

POOPINS: Let me open it.

[Poopins groans while opening the door to the climate controlled chamber]

PLECK: Wow! Poopins, this place is amazing!

POOPINS: It's a perfect chamber; not too chilly, not too balmy.

PLECK: [In awe] Yeah.

POOPINS: It's a perfect chamber.

C-53: Mmhmm. Yeah.

PLECK: Wow. C-c-can I just ask - does every quadrant have a "central brahnnch" of the "pub-poblisque lihbrahry" that's this impressive?

POOPINS: No. No, we happen to live in a very, very well funded district.

C-53: Hmm. Yes, actually, the Emperor may be doing what is known as "gentrifying" the quadrant. He's raising the property values and, uh, forcing out long time residents.

PLECK: Oh, that's terrible.

C-53: It's... awful. But it's great for real estate values.

PLECK: Th - that's not important, C-53.

C-53: Well, not to you or I, but to the Emperor...

PLECK: ... Sure.

POOPINS: Anyway. So. Zima warriors, correct?

PLECK: Yes, yes! Yes, that's right.

POOPINS: [Whispering] Okay.

PLECK: You - you know, um, uh, [small throat clearing noise] I don't want to brag, but, uh, I actually AM a Zima Knight, uh, as it turns out.

POOPINS: Really.

PLECK: I, uh, yeah! Yeah. You know, in fact, some of these ancient scrolls probably have my name in them. I'm a - I'm sorta the Chosen One of the Space, and I was - there's a prophecy about me. So.

POOPINS: Wooow.

C-53: Pleck, are you bragging to this librarian?

PLECK: N-no! I ju - I just wanted to put things in context for her.

C-53: It sounds like you're bragging.

PLECK: Oh.

POOPINS: Alright, gentlemen. And just so you know, I have holos set up that give video transmission of everything that goes on in the vault.

PLECK / POOPINS, crosstalk: Listen, P - Poopins, I'm a - I'm a - I'm a Zima Knight. I would never - I would never steal an ancient scroll. / It's a mere precaution.

POOPINS: It's a mere precaution.

PLECK: Sure, fair enough.

POOPINS: I mean, as a public servant my default instinct was to think that you were trying to, uh, sort of pander to me in hopes that I would let you remove the ancient texts, take them home, read them on your toilet, rah-rah-blah-blah-blah. So the answer's no, I don't care for your prince or whoever the hell. So the answer's no.

PLECK: Okay.

POOPINS: But that being said - that being said-

PLECK: Oh, so you can't - you can't check out the texts then?

POOPINS: Absolutely not.

C-53: Uh, these are reference works. These stay in the lihbrahry.

POOPINS: These are ref - these stay. Thank you.

PLECK: Okay.

POOPINS: Under the crystal light and glass.

PLECK: Okay, well, I - I mean, I have a couple ancient texts. I just am missing a couple, uh, cause as I said they were, uh, regurgitated into a nest.

POOPINS: Uh huh. [[*Note: Agreement*]]

AJ: Yeah, Poopins, we're gonna need these texts, I'm pretty sure

POOPINS: Uh, well my collection isn't missing a couple because I don't give them out.

POOPINS / PLECK, crosstalk: They stay under the glass and the crystal light. You see, how I avoid the lizards eating them is I don't give them out. / That'll do it.

AJ: Right.

C-53: That's a good strategy.

PLECK: Fair enough.

AJ: [Whispering to Pleck] Papa! Papa Decksetter!

PLECK: Yeah, what - what is it AJ?

AJ: Do you want me to - do you want me to take this librarian out?

PLECK: No! No!

PLECK: What are you talking about?!

AJ: / It's just a giant head with some feet.

AJ / PLECK, crosstalk: I think I could probably drop-kick it or something... / No, AJ, stop.

PLECK: No. Look, listen, we - we're in the pooblique lih - we're in the pooblique lihbrahry, we have to follow the lihbrahry rules.

[While C-53 and Pleck are talking, Poopins whistles and begins dusting the scrolls in the background.]

C-53: AJ, do not - Do not drop-kick this older woman.

PLECK: It's weird that - it's weird that it's - that she's allowed to whistle in the library.

POOPINS: [in the background] Not listening! Just dusting off my scrolls! Dusting off my scrolls!

AJ: Look, she's just - just - just looks like she's hobbling around dusting the scrobes - scrolls off.

PLECK: No, AJ-

AJ: C, aren't you with me on this? Couldn't we just take the librarian out?

C-53: AJ! No! You can't drop kick an elderly "lihbrahrian".

AJ: This is a lot different. I - you're right, guys. This is just my - some of my, uh, Federation programming kinda...

PLECK: Sure.

PLECK / AJ, simultaneously: Y - you know, AJ, if - if you're gonna learn to be a Zima Knight you have to - you have to realize that you can only ever use your powers for good and for defense. / Yeah, tell me Papa.

AJ: Right... So I'm tryin' to defend the scrolls by drop kicking-

C-53 / PLECK, simultaneously: No. Nope. No. / No, no, AJ.

PLECK: I mean, I get where you're with it because, yes, I mean, that's one way of looking at it, but that's not what we're... yeah.

AJ: Uh huh. [[*Note: Agreement*]] Okay.

POOPINS: [finishes dusting the scrolls and returns] Now, gentlemen, it escaped my mind. You are able to check out, of course, the - the facsimiles and the copies I have of the originals.

C-53: Oh, that would be very useful!

PLECK: Oh!

POOPINS: You simply can't take the originals.

C-53: Well, that makes sense, of course.

POOPINS: Of course!

AJ: Huh.

POOPINS: Of course.

C-53: See, what we wouldn't have learned if we had drop kicked her, AJ?

AJ: Yeah, I'm really glad. Poopins, I was gonna have to drop kick you!

C-53: Stop, AJ!

PLECK: No, we were never - that was never on the table!

C-53: Huh.

POOPINS / C-53, crosstalk: Just, like - like a ball? Like air filled / Yes, exactly. AJ wanted to drop kick you.

POOPINS: Oh, dear.

C-53: Yeah. No, I agree. Know that we're on - Poopins, we're on your side, okay?

POOPINS: Oh, that's... Good. Good. Good, good, good.

PLECK: Poopins, this is truly an amazing place.

POOPINS: Yes?

PLECK: I'm just gonna need a little time to - to sort th - to sort through some of these ancient texts.

AJ: Me too.

POOPINS: You take all the time you need.

C-53: Poopins, actually-

POOPINS: Hm?

C-53: While we have a moment, I was hoping to update the protocol software for a C-series droid. Do you have that update available?

POOPINS: Of course!

C-53: Okay, great!

POOPINS: That's on a different floor. Right this way.

C-53: Oh, okay. Well, I guess we'll see you guys later.

PLECK: Uh, yeah, I mean, sounds good.

[C-53 and Poopins leave the room]

POOPINS: Now, were you hoping to do the update from - from the branch?

C-53: That would be great, yeah, if possible.

POOPINS: It's possible.

C-53: Mmhmm.

POOPINS: The Wi-Fi is a little spotty.

C-53 / POOPINS, crosstalk: Well, we currently don't have Wi-Fi on our ship at all, so... it has to be better than that. / Great!

[The door to the computer lab opens]

POOPINS: Oh, excellent, excellent! Okay! Now, here's the update!

C-53: Okay.

[SOUNDS]

POOPINS: Let's see...

C-53: You just - I'll sync up this... Right, okay... Ooh, it's a big one...

POOPINS: Yup.

C-53: Okay, well, I guess, uh, I'll start downloading now and get to it when I get to it.

POOPINS: Very good.

C-53: You know, you gotta understand for a protocol droid this is... pretty difficult not to have the latest protocol update. Some societies, their, you know, social boundaries change over time and so if I'm running an old update in a society that, you know, things are no longer acceptable, [laughs] I could be making any number of faux pas.

[Poopins and C-53 talk over each other. The asterisks and forward slashes below indicate the breaks.]

POOPINS: I understand that would be a nightm - because you're very affable. You know, / just, your energy immediately. /* You bring a very affable energy and I think any species could tell that. /** But you're right, one faux pas and then... [snaps] /*** Flips on a dime.

C-53: / Oh, thank you. /* Oh, that's very kind of you to say. /** Oh, well [laughs] very sweet. /*** Yeah, they could-

C-53 [continues without crosstalk]: Mmhmm. They can shut me off and, you know, send me straight to a junkyard and that's where I'd be. Yeah.

POOPINS: Oh dear, that's horrible.

KARN: Excuse me!

POOPINS: Yes?

KARN: Excuse me.

POOPINS: Mmhmm?

KARN: I'm trying to send ah - an email to another dimension.

[27:23]

POOPINS: Yes.

KARN: Um, it won't go through. I - I don't know what's going on.

POOPINS: Well, it's a very, very slow - oh! Do you know what? Uh, C-53's probably sucking up the bulk of the-

KARN: Huh.

C-53: Oh, gee - you know, I-I-

POOPINS: No, he can wait.

C-53: You sure?

POOPINS: Of course!

C-53 / KARN, simultaneously: I - I - can- / No, it's actually -

KARN: It's actually a very important message. I'm trying to reach my family.

C-53 / POOPINS, simultaneously: I - I feel like I should stop. I'm not- / Alright, but what's-

POOPINS: I'll be the judge of this.

C-53: Oh - okay! Alright!

POOPINS: I'll be the judge of this! What could possibly be so emergency oriented?

KARN: My - my family is held prisoner by a - an architect making superweapons in another dimension.

POOPINS: ... Are you SURE that's why?

KARN: What do-

POOPINS: It's that important of an email?

KARN: I just - it's actually very - I'm stranded!

POOPINS: It's not a - an apartment application or...

KARN: I - I was taken from my dimension and then I was stranded in this dimension! I was put on - on an escape pod!

[A pervert comes over to help]

I.T. PERVERT: Did you put your username in right? It looks like your name is "CORN"?

KARN: Yes! Uh, no! Actually my name is "Karn".

I.T. PERVERT: Oh! No, I think your name's "Corn"?

KARN: No, it's - it's "K-A-R-N".

I.T. PERVERT: "K"... yeah, "CORN".

POOPINS: "K-A - R-N"

I.T. PERVERT: Anyway... just, yeah, my only idea was the username. Bye!

[The pervert leaves]

LIBRARY PATRON: What? Who was that?

POOPINS: That's another pervert. I'm sorry, a perv - sometimes the perverts come in with tech advice and-

KARN: I'm not a pervert. I have a computer in my own dimension.

PERVERT 15: Well I AM a pervert! And I need to download these two GASEOUS billows of cloud JUCKING each other! But my Wi-Fi's too slow!

POOPINS: Don't absorb it! Don't absorb-

C-53: I - I'm really trying not -

ROBO-OBSESSED: My robo's turned into an avatar and I NEED to get him out of the avatar!

POOPINS: Shh! [Sprays ROBO-OBSESSED with water]

[The robo-obsessed patron yells while running off]

POOPINS: Get away from this android! [Spraying aggressively] Shoo! Shoo! Go!

C-53: I'm very impressed with your ability to deal with all of these, if I may be frank, crazy people.

POOPINS: They're - you have no idea.

C-53: Yeah.

KARN: I'm not crazy. My family is entrapped in another dimension.

POOPINS: Okay, I'm shooing him out! [Spraying Karn] Shoo! Shoo!

C-53: Poopins, I really have to thank you for that. That was... fantastic.

POOPINS: Just don't look 'em in the eye. That's my motto for all of 'em.

C-53: Well -

PERVERT 16: The perverts are still here!

C-53: You know, honestly, the perverts I'm okay with. They tend to stay in their area and really only come out if I bring up something they're interested in.

POOPINS: Exactly! And they're always direct about their - you know. You know what you're getting.

C-53: They're pretty clear about it and they did invite me to the pizza party even though I neither wear pants nor can remove them.

PERVERT 17: We make homemade pizza! It's one of our [whispers aggressively] fetishes!

POOPINS: It's delicious. It's truly delicious.

[A library alarm sounds]

ALARM: Book being stolen! Book being stolen! Book being stolen! Alert! Alert! ...

[The alarm continues in the background]

POOPINS: You'll have to excuse me. You'll have to excuse me, C-53. Don't let any orphans or sad sacks bully you.

C-53: Okay, are you sure? I really-

POOPINS: Positive.

C-53: I could pause and-

POOPINS: Please. Positive.

C-53: Nope?

POOPINS: Please.

C-53: Okay. Alright, I'll just keep downloading.

[Sounds of rolling wheels and rustling paper]

ALARM: Book being stolen!

POOPINS: Nermut!

[Paper rustling and tearing continues]

NERMUT: Uh...!

POOPINS: NERMUT!

NERMUT: Uhh... What?! I'm up here!

POOPINS: What are you doing - what are you doing up there?!

NERMUT: I - I -

POOPINS: Did you find your parenting books?

NERMUT: I - I - I - I - I did! I couldn't help myself! I tore them up and I made a nest!

POOPINS: What?! Nermut, do you have any idea how many kroons that fine is going to cost you?!

NERMUT: I'll pay it! And I, honestly, I read the book. I read the book! But I couldn't control it! It's just, like, I - I need to have a BIG nest!

POOPINS: I don't - whether you read it or not is immaterial to me.

NERMUT: Wha-? I just thought you cared about knowledge! And I - I - DID try to-

POOPINS: No, you destroyed it! You destroyed the - you destroyed property of the pooblique lihbrahry!

NERMUT: Did you see Dar? Did you see how big Dar is? That's why I'm - that's why I have to make such a big nest!

POOPINS: Oh! That creature is - is your - is your, uh, partner?

NERMUT: Yesss - Yes, Dar's going to give birth to our child! And I - it - it's just I need - [sighs]

POOPINS: You built that nest to raise the child here, in my lihbrahry?

NERMUT: I - I know it doesn't make logical sense but I have a weird reptile brain thing coming through.

POOPINS: Uh huh. [[*Note: Agreement*]]

NERMUT: [Sighs, and chokes up] I'm sorry. I'm supposed to be a Mas - a Master Missions Operations Manager and I'm...

POOPINS: No - This is some heavy stuff, uh - I - uh - and you know, as much as I would like to work through a lot of this, unpack a lot of this for you, but, again, that fine-

NERMUT: Yeah, no, if you could unpack some of this - this shredded stuff over here that is on this-

POOPINS: No, that fine is gonna be tremendous.

[Nermut sighs]

POOPINS: I mean, you could have probably done several years of preschool just - a really fancy one - on, on the fine alone for what it's gonna set you back!

[A pervert stomps over with heavy footfalls]

FINE-PAYING PERVERT: I'll pay the fine.

NERMUT: Oh! Wait, this could be perfect! If that pervert's fetish is fine paying, we could work something out!

FINE-PAYING PERVERT: Yeah! Oh, there's nothing that gets me off more than payin' a lihbary fine!

POOPINS: Are you sure, Cool - Coolgar?

COOLGAR: You know old Coolgar! Get a lird in a nest and I'll pay that fine and get my rocks off!

NERMUT: Thank you, Coolgar!

COOLGAR: My genitals are rocks, is what I'm saying!

POOPINS: Well, you lucked out!

NERMUT: What luck!

COOLGAR: I'm a rock monster!

POOPINS: You really lucked out!

[Another pervert joins in]

PERVERT 18: Wait - wait a minute here! Is your fetish paying off the fine or is your fetish helpin' lizards in nests?

COOLGAR: Why do you gotta fetish shame me? It can be both, can't it?

PERVERT 18: Uhh, well, cause my fetish is gettin' the real story out of people who weren't as clear as they could be, so-

COOLGAR: Well, I'm a tease so you'll never find out!

POOPINS: Ooh!

[Pervert 18 makes a noise of displeasure and stalks off]

POOPINS: Now, Nermut, I don't really want to get involved but, as you said, she's like twelve feet tall

...

NERMUT: Yes, they're beautiful.

POOPINS [continues]:... and her - her pregnancy was protruding!

NERMUT: Right.

POOPINS: I mean, it looked like it was at LEAST 60 lbs.

NERMUT: Sure

POOPINS: And you're a tiny little bird.

NERMUT: I - I mean - that's why I came here to, um, yeah.

POOPINS: Yeah... Yeah, but at the risk of stating the obvious...

NERMUT: Yes?

POOPINS: ... has it occurred to you that you are in no way the father of that person's child?

NERMUT: It has not.

POOPINS: There's just no biological - strictly on a biological...

NERMUT: No, it hasn't.

POOPINS: ... physical level, there's no way.
[Coolgar walks over with a heavy footfall]

COOLGAR: Hey, are we talkin' about biological impossibilities?

POOPINS: [With frustration] Ohhh! No!

COOLGAR: Ohhh, yeah!

NERMUT: Wow, Coolgar.

POOPINS: Oh, dear. SHOO! [Sprays]
[Coolgar starts moving away]

COOLGAR: Yeah!

POOPINS: SHOO!
[Dar approaches]

DAR: Uhh, Poopins. [Groans in frustration]

POOPINS: Dar, what - what is all this going on?!

DAR: Poopins, I'm go - I have FINALLY reached the climax -
[Poopins inhales dramatically]

DAR: - of The Unbearable Lightyears of Being and the pages are stuck [gross sticky noises] together!

POOPINS: Oh, dear. Oh, goodness.

DAR: There has to be another copy in the library. There has to be!

POOPINS: There is. There's a backup copy and then every night, [sighs] well, unfortunately, Dar, every night I go through the pervert section and I have to put all of the literature into a hydro cubby to soak off the - the jizzums, and the -

PERVERT 19: And the pizza.

POOPINS: And the pizza, just... all the fetish-

PERVERT 20: Did someone say "jizzums"?

POOPINS: I said "jizzums".

PERVERT 20: Yeah, alright!

POOPINS: Mmhmm. You wouldn't believe. BUT, the hydro cubby can -

DAR: Poopins,

POOPINS: Hmm?

DAR: I just need to know which bodice gets ripped at page 8,889. I am TOO CLOSE [almost laughs with frustration] to be cut off here.

POOPINS: Well, let's find the second copy. Here we go! I keep it in this chest... [opens up a chest and retrieves the book] Alright, there you go, you can read it for yourself.

DAR: [Inhales excitedly] Thank you.

POOPINS: Dar, can I just ask...

DAR: Mmhmm?

POOPINS: Who's that little bird man in the - that little tiny bird man? He's not the fath - your father - partner, is he?

POOPINS: He's not the father.

PERVERT 21: Yeah, what's going on with that, huh?

DAR: Oh. Um...

POOPINS: Just, the perverts and I were sort of talking...

PERVERT 22: Yeah.

POOPINS: We just - enquiring minds.

PERVERT 22: We have a bet going on.

PERVERT 23: Yeah...

DAR: Of course, and I would hate to destroy anybody's FETISH of a large nameless creature and a lird, but, uh, Nermut and I aren't together right now.

PERVERT 22: No, no, no, no, no, no... Continue... Give me the full story...

PERVERT 22 / PERVERT 23, crosstalk: I'm a true love pervert and I'm very turned off right now. Oohh... / I - I need the full - I'm a full story pervert. I need the full story here.

DAR: Well, I would like to be alone with my pervert thoughts and the last five pages of this book, so if a-you'll A-EX-CUSE me-

POOPINS: We'll get to the bottom of it later.

MULTIPLE PERVERTS: [Grumbling and complaining under their breath]

DAR: Ugh!

[AJ is in a room; a door opens and Pleck enters]

PLECK: Wow! AJ, AJ, look!

AJ: What, Papa?

PLECK: I found it!

AJ: Huh?

PLECK: Wake up, AJ!

AJ: What? I wasn't - I was reading!

PLECK: We've been here for like-

AJ: I was totally reading!

PLECK: I don't think you-

AJ: I can read!

PLECK: You don't put the paper up against your face to read.

AJ: I - [laughs awkwardly] good one, Papa!

PLECK: AJ, look, it's my name.

[Pleck shows AJ a Zima scroll]

PLECK: In this scroll.

AJ: Uh, yeah.

PLECK: Derf was right! I - I'm - I'm - I'm the one that is - is prophesied about in this text!

AJ: Wow! So we should get that scroll, right?

PLECK: Listen, I - I think we just need - you know, we'll take it back to Bargie. We'll - we'll figure this out. There's - there's answers in here, I know it.

AJ: Yeah.

[The door opens and Poopins enters]

POOPINS: You boys ready to check out? We close in twelve minutes.

PLECK: Oh, wow! Soon.

POOPINS: Mmhmm.

PLECK: Uh, yeah, you know, actually, Poopins, we found exactly what we were looking for, uh, I just need to check these three Zima scroll facsimiles out from you.

POOPINS: Oh, my pleasure. Right over here to the desk.

CHECKOUT COMPUTER: [Robotic] Checkout computer ready to check out.

POOPINS: Would you just plop me up next to - on the table next to the computer?

AJ: Okay, got it.

PLECK: Oh, sure.

[AJ and Pleck lift Poopins up onto the table]

PLECK: You should put the computers on the floor, right? For you?

POOPINS: [Noncommittal] Well...

PLECK: Okay. Fair enough. Fair enough. Alright. There you go.

AJ: Right, fair enough.

POOPINS: Okay. Alrighty, just these three scrolls?

PLECK: Uh, yeah. Yup.

POOPINS: Okay. Computer, here you go.

CHECKOUT COMPUTER: [Robotic] I am the checkout computer.

[Scroll scanned with a beep]

CHECKOUT COMPUTER: [Robotic] Book 1.

[Scroll scanned with a beep]

CHECKOUT COMPUTER: [Robotic] Book 2.

[Scroll scanned with a beep]

CHECKOUT COMPUTER: [Robotic] Book 3.

POOPINS: Alright, I just need your library card.

AJ: What about a F.A.I.C.? Would you just take a F.A.I.C.?

PLECK: No, that's just, not - it's a totally different thing.

POOPINS: What?

PLECK / POOPINS, crosstalk: Listen, um, I don't actually have a library card, but, uh, I - I can just, uh, apply for one, right? / You can just write - ohh, no problem at all! Don't you worry! You can just register here. Let me get the screen...

POOPINS [taps on the keyboard]: Okay...

CHECKOUT COMPUTER: [Robotic] I am the computer library website.

PLECK: Does it have to be on? The sound? On that computer?

AJ: Well, how would you know what it is? You'd have to guess.

PLECK: Well, she's the head librarian. She probably knows how to use the machines.

AJ: Well, I don't know. I guess for people who maybe not know how to read it'd probably be good to hear everything that's going on, don't you think?

POOPINS: I hate it when people who can't read come into the library. It's like - it's like, why? You know what I mean? I can't tell them that but it's like, what are you doing?

PLECK: Like why? Yeah.

PLECK: Yeah, I get it.

POOPINS: Anyway, let's start with the easy stuff. Uh, what's your permanent address?

PLECK: I currently live on board the Bargarean Jade, who, um, don't bother looking her up. She changed her name to B4RJ13 [*Note: This is pronounced "Bargie".], uh, with a bunch of numbers and letters, uh...

POOPINS: Uh, that's just a, what, a spaceship?

PLECK: Uh, yeah. Yeah, it's a spaceship-

POOPINS: Yeah, I need, like, um, a physical residence like, um a residency.

PLECK: Well, Bargie's a residence.

PLECK: Okay. Well, um, I have, like, a closet on the Bargarean Jade. I don't know how else to describe it. Uh, boy.

POOPINS: Do you get utility bills there?

PLECK: Hm.

POOPINS: Do you have, like, a-

PLECK: I do have a - I do have a running subscription to Teen magazine, but usually that's - [sighs] that's usually delivered by a mail C.L.I.N.T., um.

POOPINS: Ah, no. Let's think. Let's think.

PLECK: Poopins, I don't know how to tell you how important this ancient scroll is to me. Can I take a picture of it or something like that to just...

POOPINS: I can't just hand this out! This is - is the Emperor has - has provided us incredible funding! And all I'm asking you to do is to just register as a citizen!

[AJ readies his blaster]

AJ: Poopins, get down on the ground!

PLECK: No! Poop - No, AJ! AJ, stop!

AJ: Poopins, get down on the ground.

POOPINS [shouting]: What is going on?!

PLECK: AJ! AJ!!

AJ: I know that you might have trouble - you might just have to lay your head on the ground. I don't really know how it works but get your head on the ground.

PLECK: AJ. Stand down, AJ.

POOPINS: AJ, I warn you, I have an army of perverts ready at my call.

AJ: Poopins, you look me in the eyes right now! [AJ opens his helmet] See if I'm somebody who cares about an army of perverts!

CHECKOUT COMPUTER: [Robotic] Retinal scan commencing... [Computer scans AJ's retinas.] Card confirmed. Welcome Rolphus Tiddle. You owe 7,862.46 kroon in overdue books.

PLECK: Ooh, that's not - that's not good.

POOPINS: [Tsk in disapproval]

AJ: Uh.

NERMUT [skittering up to join the group]: Hey guys! I - I - I - I read parenting books.

PLECK: Did ya learn anything good?

NERMUT: Yeah, I did not have a serendipitously great transaction with a pervert that covered for nesting. Didn't. Happen.

POOPINS: Was that chapter on, uh, raising children that - that have healthy relationships with authority figures and don't pull LASERS OUT ON THEM?!

AJ / NERMUT / AJ, crosstalk: That's me. / Ooh, yes. Oh, boy. / That's me.

NERMUT: I read it and, umm...

PLECK: Yeah, listen, Poopins. I - I'm sorry for that altercation here. AJ's still kinda learning how to be a real person, um-

AJ: My dad also was a, you know, a cylinder of blue liquid, so...

CHECKOUT COMPUTER: [Robotic] The two books you still have out are: Number one, history of horses, number two, how to be a person.

[Silence]

PLECK: Aww, poor Rolphus.

[AJ puts his helmet faceplate back on]

AJ: Poopins? There are a few things I'd like to do. I'd like to say that I'm sorry. I'd like to apologize for my behavior. I'd like to DROP KICK YOU!

[AJ yells and drop kicks Poopins. Poopins yells]

NERMUT: No! AJ! Ja - what?!

PLECK: Oh no, Poopins!

[Focus turns to Dar and C-53 approaching]

C-53 / DAR / AJ, crosstalk : Wow, you know who was really a help today was that lihbrahrian, Poopins. I feel like I never would have been able to download this update without her. Really love to thank her. / And I feel like I never destroyed this copy of the Unbearable Lightyears of Being had it not been for her helpful sugge - what? / Let's go, let's go, let's go!

AJ: Let's go, let's go! I drop kicked her! Let's go!

NERMUT: AJ just drop kicked her.

PLECK: We gotta go. Yeah, we gotta go. We gotta go.

DAR: Why? She was so helpful.

NERMUT: Oh, Dar, you look really... relaxed.

DAR: I am.

POOPINS: [From the distance] Perverts, avenge me!!

[The perverts swarm and close in on the crew; "Who's messing with you? Somebody's messing with-"; "That's my fetish - if someone messes with Poopins!"]

PLECK: Alright, guys, we should probably get out of here.

[The perverts advance: "My fetish is mopping the floors"; "Tongues out! Pants on and off!"]

[Transition music]

BORDOFF: Greetings your excellency, it is I, Head Toady Bordoff, reporting from our cozy yet labyrinthine, new imperial offices aboard our hulking Planet Crusher Crusher as it creeps relentlessly through the Zyxx quadrant. My message? All is humming along in the new and glorious empire! Also I - I wanted to follow up on your, uh, constructive criticism about the number of naps I've been taking and - and to that end I bear great news! I have subscribed to Care/of, a monthly subscription vitamin service which can allow you to give yourself an extra boost whether - whether you're looking for more energy, better sleep, to manage stress or just feel your healthiest. And Care/of's fun, free, online quiz takes only five minutes and gives you personal, scientifically backed vitamin supplement recommendations. And then Care/of delivers daily vitamin packs. I - I took the quick and honestly fun quiz and learned that - that vitamin D and the herb rhodiola could benefit me to help me gain all the energy I need and more to manage imperial construction projects, master our weirdly complicated new phone system, and deploy teams of C.L.I.N.T.s. And on that note, we haven't heard any updates just yet from our strike teams in Holowood but I'm sure it's fine. And get this - anyone can get this amazing offer from Care/of: 50% off your first month of personalized vitamins! Just go to takecareof.com and enter "zyxx50". That's takecareof.com, code: "zyxx50". Bordoff over and out! [To self] And I hit... 7... [Mumbles]

ROBOTIC VOICE: Reply All successful.

BORDOFF: What?! "Reply All"?

[Transition music]

[The crew are back on Bargie.]

PLECK: Well, guys, uh, that was probably not the best way to exit a library: hound - hounded by perverts!

C-53 [sarcastic]: Probably not?!

PLECK: Yeah...

NERMUT: We were chased by a - a - an army of people with very specific fetishes.

PLECK: And - and - and Nermut [Sighs] we - we really can't take you on missions if you're gonna be tearing up public property.

NERMUT: No, no, no, I won't do that.

C-53: Yeah... You promise you won't do that, Nermut?

NERMUT: I promise I won't do that because I've... made a decision.

PLECK: What?

NERMUT: I'm gonna go to my home planet of Filem and I'll be a Missions Operations Manager. I'm gonna be on the cliffs of Filem where I can nest and, you know, I'll - I'll run a long extension cord to the Missionator and we'll - we'll-

C-53: Nermut, is this expressly necessary for you to do? I mean [sighs] I - I - I - I don't know if this is really going to be worth your time, is what I guess I should say.

NERMUT: I - I have a biological imperative. My species doesn't live that long and I'm - I'm 'na [whispers] be a dad!

PLECK: Yeah, Nermut, how much longer do you have left at this point?

NERMUT: I've already exceeded the average life expectancy of a lird.

PLECK: Oh, no! What?!

NERMUT: Yeah.

C-53: Wow, Nermut.

NERMUT: I - I - I - and I thank you guys for it. You've given me purpose and now I - I'm gonna - gonna go to the-

C-53: I feel like we've... honestly wasted a lot of your time.

NERMUT: I'm gonna go to the windy... windy cliffs of the jungle planet Filem on which I was born and I'm going to build a-

DAR: Alright, I finished the book and now I'm listening to all of you again.

NERMUT: Huh?

DAR: What are we talking about?

NERMUT: Nothing!

PLECK: It's - it's - ah, it's a lot to catch up on.

BARGIE: I'll do it! Fine! I'll do it! Alright!

PLECK: What?

NERMUT: Uh...

C-53: Oh, the tax code thing?

BARGIE: I thought about it and I crunched the numbers and I'll do it.

[Simultaneously]

C-53 / NERMUT / PLECK, simultaneously: Uh... Yeah, you actually kinda missed a lot. Nermut's gonna / Oh, you approve of the mission against the Emperor? Yeah, yeah. We kinda signed up for it. / Yeah, no, Bargie. Yeah we already - we already finished the mission.

NERMUT: Yeah. Yeah, Dar, the update is that I'm, uh, gonna head back to my home planet and, um, assign missions from there.

BARGIE: Huh.

DAR: You're gonna be a stay at home M.O.M.?

[Outro Music, Bargie goes to warp]

// - FIN - //

C-RED-IT5: This is C-RED-I-T-Five, Credits and Attributions droid, commencing Outro Protocol. Papa Pleck Decksetter was played by Alden Ford.

C-53 was played by Jeremy Bent.

Dar was played by Allie Kokesh.

Bargie the ship was played by Moujan Zolfaghari.

Master Missions Operations Manager Nermut Bundaloy was played by Seth Lind.

AJ was played by Winston Noel.

Poopins the librarian was played by special guest Cathryn Mudon. Cathryn performs and teaches at the UCB and can be seen playing Elaine in Improvised Seinfeld. Cathryn has appeared on Broad City, The Colbert Report, Tonight Show with Jimmy Fallon, The President Show, and some commercials you probably fast forwarded through. Follow her on Twitter @itsmudon.

This episode was edited by Jeremy Bent with sound design and mix by Shane O'Connell.

Recorded at Robert Doggy, Jr.'s Puppy Pound in Brooklyn, New York and Headgum Studios in Los Angeles.

Music composed by Brendan Ryan and performed by FAMES Macedonian Symphonic Orchestra.

Opening crawl narration by Jeremy Crutchley.

Ship design for The Bargarean Jade by Eric Geusz.

Audio hosting by Simplecast.

Mission to Zyxx is a proud member of the Maximum Fun network. Thank you to our supporters on Maximum Fun for making the show possible. Join them on maxmumfun.org/donate.

[Maximum Fun Info Break Not Transcribed]

[48:23] [Outtake]

NERMUT/SETH: Hey guys, um, good news. You know how the rats ate my pants? I was able to get some pants from outside the, uh, perverts' pizza party.

[Awkward silence]

PLECK/ALDEN / AJ/WINSTON, simultaneously: ... Congratulations, Nermut. / ... Good on you...

NERMUT/SETH: Thanks, guys!

[Laughing]

SETH: Uh, that - that was, uh - by the way, that was the blackou - that was the blackout.

[Laughing]

JEREMY: Yeah, was it? Okay, cool.

SETH: Yup, yup.

ALDEN: Ohh... boyy...

SETH: I can always - I can always copy in laughter.

JEREMY: Mm.

[Laughing]

SHANE: That's the outtake.

WINSTON: Yeah.

[Laughing]

ALDEN: That's so funny.

ALLIE: That was the out-

ALDEN: I - I love the idea of - I love the idea of Seth going in and - and adding us cracking up after one of his shitty jokes.

SETH: You think I haven't done that?

[Laughing]

ALDEN: Oh man, maybe you have! I was like, "Yeah, I didn't remember it being that funny in the room but, yeah, it killed!"

ALLIE: Wow, maybe he has...

ALDEN: Oh man, that's so funny.