

[tense, uneasy music plays...]

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...[echoing] Mission to Zyxx!

[triumphant main theme plays, then fades away]

BARGIE: Hey, who's free? Who's free right now, who's free?

PLECK: Hi, I'm pretty free.

BARGIE: Great. Can you go to the closet that's next to the humidifier?

PLECK: Uh-huh, okay.

BARGIE: And can you take everything that's in that closet and put it into a box?

PLECK: Okay some of it's mine, but, um--

BARGIE: Yeah doesn't matter. Just like, put it into a box.

PLECK: Okay.

C-53: Also, Bargie, there's a lot of stuff in this closet.

PLECK: Yeah, this is a bigger closet than I...

BARGIE: Right. Just put it into a box.

PLECK: Okay...

BARGIE: There should be a couple of old posters in there, uh... [various objects rustling]

C-53: Oh yeah, uh-huh, yeah we're looking at it right here. Oh yeah, this is a poster for Into Out-to Into Out.

PLECK: Oh!

C-53: Oh wow, and it's in Juntawa!

PLECK: There was a Juntawa dub of Into Out-to Into Out?

C-53: Of course there was a Juntawa...

BARGIE: [crosstalk] There's a Juntawa dub of everything.

PLECK: What was the movie called in Juntawa?

BARGIE: Wow.

C-53: Juntawa Juntawa Juntawa Juntawa.

PLECK: [quietly] Ah, yeah, that...

BARGIE: Alright, and then just write on the box: TAKE IT. ALL FOR SALE.

PLECK: Bargie, I feel like there's some valuable stuff in here. You can't just...put it on the sidewalk, or...

BARGIE: Oh, that's true, that's true, that's true. Put: FOR SALE, PUT MORE MONEY THAN YOU THINK.

PLECK: Okay.

BARGIE: Um, it's, EVERYTHING HERE WAS WORTH A LOT SO JUST IF YOU CAN, PUT A LOT OF MONEY INTO IT. [printing noises as C-53 produces a label]

PLECK: No--C-53, don't write that!

C-53: Well I mean, she's asking me to. [printing noises continue]

PLECK: [weak chuckle] No, stop...

C-53: I don't know if it's going to be successful but I'll write it on here. [printing noises continue]

PLECK: That seems...

DAR: [muffled and distant, from down the hall] Hey, are you all out there?

[beat]

C-53: Yeah.

PLECK: Yeah Dar, what's up?

DAR: [muffled and distant, from down the hall] Okay, I just, I'm, uh... [beat] I have entered, uh, the next...phase, we'll say? Of this, uh...experience? Going on in my body?

PLECK: Uh...okay?

DAR: [muffled and distant, from down the hall] And before I...exit my room, I just wanted to give everyone a heads up that I know I look different, and... [PLECK: Oh no!] I don't want to feel your eyes on me.

C-53: Uh, okay, yeah.

PLECK: Yeah y'know, Dar, I just wanna tell you, y'know, you're beautiful... [heavy, clomping footsteps approach] OH, MY RODD. I shouldn't have said that out loud--

DAR: [voice is now slightly higher pitched than normal; continuous] --O-kay, um...

PLECK: --but I couldn't help it.

BARGIE: You're Nermut-sized! [Dar laughs quietly]

PLECK: Dar. You are so small.

DAR: Yeah.

PLECK: What ha--I mean, where did that mass go?

C-53: Well, the mass has been conserved. You'll notice that Dar is of course visually much smaller, but, look how dense. [heavy, clomping footsteps] See?

PLECK: Dar, you're...denting the floor walking around.

C-53: Yeah.

DAR: Yeah, this phase uses up a lot of my energy, so I've uh, contracted. [opens the fridge, begins rummaging around, cracks open a can]

AJ: Hey, uh, Papa Decksetter?

PLECK: What is it, AJ?

AJ: [quietly] Has Dar always been that small?

PLECK: No. No, Dar is normally like...twelve, fourteen feet tall.

AJ: Uh huh...okay.

DAR: AJ, please put the log down.

AJ: Mmkay, sorry. [enormous log crashes to the floor]

C-53: Did you make a strap for your log?

AJ: Yeah. [laughing] It doesn't really work well...

C-53: Yeah, it's too long.

AJ: Yeah it doesn't, it doesn't really...

C-53: It's just hanging on the ground.

PLECK: You gotta shorten that strap.

DAR: It's a leash. You've made a leash for your log.

PLECK: Yeah you've gotta also attach the other end of-of the strap-- [AJ: --I can't reach it, so--] Okay. Alright.

DAR: It's cute, it's like it's a pet.

PLECK: Dar...y'know, I shouldn't ask this, but...is that okay? For the baby?

DAR: Yes.

PLECK: For you to be squished down like that?

DAR: Yeah.

C-53: Pleck, I know this might be difficult for you to comprehend, but uh, when Dar's species enters their fourth octomester, this is a very common occurrence.

PLECK: Oh, okay.

C-53: But then they later expand and become much larger.

PLECK: Oh. Well, as long as you're--

DAR: Yes. So just you wait.

PLECK: Okay...wait, you get bigger than you normally are?

DAR: Mhm.

PLECK: Oh boy.

[incoming-transmission beeps and boops]

C-53: Papa Decksetter, I have an incoming transmission from Nermut Bundaloy.

[start-transmission noise]

PLECK: Oh! Alright. Hey, Nermut!

EMPEROR NERMUT BUNDALLOY: Helloooo!

PLECK: [startled yelp]

EMPEROR NERMUT BUNDALLOY: It's me! The Emperor of the galaxy. Nermut Bundaloy!

PLECK: [winded] We should screen our calls.

C-53: [irritated] I said 'Nermut Bundaloy.'

PLECK: I know, but...

C-53: I didn't say 'Master Missions Operations Manager' Nermut Bundaloy.

EMPEROR NERMUT BUNDALLOY: You're really just gonna sit here, while I'm...

PLECK: [talking over him] Why didn't you say 'Emperor' Nermut Bundaloy?

C-53: Well do we recognize the validity of that title? I thought we didn't, so...

DAR: Fair enough.

PLECK: Yeah. Fair enough. No, that's true. Ugh!

EMPEROR NERMUT BUNDALLOY: Crew of the Bargarean Jade.

PLECK: Listen, we did not mean to pick that up.

EMPEROR NERMUT BUNDALLOY: [genially] Hi there. It's me, the Emperor of the galaxy.

[awkward "hey's" from Pleck and Dar]

EMPEROR NERMUT BUNDALLOY: [chastising] And I know what you're up to! And y'know honestly, I'm like, "Look at that gumption! Look at that get-up-and-go!" But, [chuckling jovially] if I had my way I'd kill you all. I'd just rip ya apart.

PLECK: Listen, Emperor Bundaloy. We're after you. We're on our way and we're gonna do whatever it takes to take you down. You'll never find us. You won't see us comin', because we have Freshness on our side.

EMPEROR NERMUT BUNDALLOY: You just--by answering this call you've revealed your location.

PLECK: What? How--that's not--

BARGIE: I have location on.

EMPEROR NERMUT BUNDALLOY: Yeah. Bargie left...

PLECK: [incredulous, laughing] Wha--you have--Bargie! You have--you want to be found less than any of--turn that off!

EMPEROR NERMUT BUNDALLOY: Well-- you have to go into your menu, you have to...

C-53: It's not a great UI, you gotta...

BARGIE: I've been trying and it just doesn't work so I've just been wearing a coat.

PLECK: Bargie, open Settings.

EMPEROR NERMUT BUNDALLOY: Alright...

BARGIE: [grumbling] Open Settings...

PLECK: And then scroll down to Privacy.

BARGIE: [grumbling] Privacy...

C-53: Okay, see, but here's what's weird: it's not in Privacy. It's in Location Services. So you gotta go down.

BARGIE: [grumbling] Location Services...

PLECK: Alright, yeah, no, you're right.

EMPEROR NERMUT BUNDALLOY: You're wasting my time.

PLECK / C-53, OVERLAPPING: [dripping with mockery] Oh, I'm sorry. I'm sooo sorry. / [deeply sarcastic] Oh, we're wasting your time, okay.

EMPEROR NERMUT BUNDALLOY: I have the receipts for the Bargarean Jade. I mean like, do you wanna see the screen? [beeps and bleeps] There's where you are.

BARGIE: What that's not me. Who's that. Wha--who--no my name is George. My name is George O'Keefe.

EMPEROR NERMUT BUNDALLOY: We know that's one of your favorite aliases, Bargie.

C-53: George O'Keefe.

PLECK: I'm sorry. I didn't realize that we were an anti-alias crew here, Gunther Ballwheat.

[beat]

EMPEROR NERMUT BUNDALLOY: Never call me that.

C-53: Well that's your name, isn't it?

EMPEROR NERMUT BUNDALLOY: [strange attempt at a regal accent of some kind] Gunther Ballwheat is dead. [slams fist on desk] Nermut Bundaloy rules the galaxy!

PLECK: Woah, what's that voice you're doing?

EMPEROR NERMUT BUNDALLOY: I'm just trying a few things. I don't know if it works, it feels a little too...

C-53: It's a little forced, yeah.

EMPEROR NERMUT BUNDALLOY: Yeah a little bit. Uh, anyway, listen. If you guys surrender, we can just forget all about this...

PLECK: Emperor Bundaloy, we will not rest until you're taken out and supplanted by someone who is Fresh.

EMPEROR NERMUT BUNDALLOY: Okay. Alright. I really hate that it's come to this. Because I have, if you look behind me--okay, can you pan? If you look here, I have--

C-53: You have a cameraman?

EMPEROR NERMUT BUNDALLOY: Yeah, here. [equipment squeaking] Elliot. Hey, Elliot.

ELLIOT: Hey, hi! We're two heads.

EMPEROR NERMUT BUNDALLOY: Yeah, it's a two-headed cameraman.

C-53: Okay. I was..

EMPEROR NERMUT BUNDALLOY: It's the best, they get both...

DAR: Oh the angles.

C-53: You can watch the camera and be checking, yeah yeah.

EMPEROR NERMUT BUNDALLOY: Yeah. Great. You should see behind me I have some of the finest assassins in the entire galaxy.

[sounds of blasters cocking over the call]

C-53: [fondly] Oh, we know some of those assassins! Is that PeterOne Fab?

PETERONE: Hey. What's up. [\*TRANSCRIBER'S NOTE: Character speaking is PeterThree from episode 108, who changed his name to PeterOne in live episode L03.\*]

EMPEROR NERMUT BUNDALLOY: Yeah. Sure you've seen some of them. But uh, at my word I will send them into the Zyxx Quadrant to hunt you down and destroy you.

[various "hooboy's" and "hrmm's" from the crew]

EMPEROR NERMUT BUNDALLOY: [worked up] I don't wanna do it! I don't wanna be a bad guy! I'm a good, straight, pink Tellurian. Why am I the bad guy in this situation?! It's hard for pink Tellurians!

[dismissive "okay, alright's" from Pleck and C-53]

EMPEROR NERMUT BUNDALLOY: Male pink Tellurians. That smarts.

C-53: It's very easy for them...

PLECK: Yeah we're gonna go.

EMPEROR NERMUT BUNDALLOY: I'm a-I'm a victim in this situation. You're making me do this!

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

C-53: Okay, ending transmission.

[end-transmission noise]

[pause]

[the crew dissolves into panicked yelling and shouting for several seconds]

PLECK: What do we do?!

AJ: I think it went okay. I think it went okay.

C-53: AJ, what?!

PLECK: AJ, shut--what are you talking about?!

AJ: I think it went okay! I mean...

PLECK: He's gonna ki--he knows where we are, if he's got bounty hunters, bounty hunters everywhere...

AJ: But he didn't--he didn't yell at us or anything.

PLECK: That's...he's not like that.

[incoming-transmission beeps and boops]

C-53: Papa Decksetter, I have an incoming transmission from Nermut Bundaloy.

PLECK: No, don't pick it up!

DAR: We don't wanna answer it!

C-53: No, no, it's the--it's the other one. I'm sorry, I'm a little out of my head right now.

PLECK: Are you sure?

C-53: Yes, yes, I'm positive.

PLECK: Okay.

[start-transmission noise]

NERMUT: [upbeat] Heeey guys! Sunny day on Filem, just nestin'! [rhythmically] Nestin', nest, nest nest nest nestin'!

PLECK: Nermut, Nermut--

DAR: Nermut, this is very important.

AJ: Shut the juck up, Nermut.

NERMUT: What?!

DAR: Woah.

PLECK: No, AJ's right. You need to shut the juck up right now.

NERMUT: [flustered] What do you--I'm in a good mood!

PLECK: We just got a call from Emperor Nermut Bundaloy.

NERMUT: What.

PLECK: He knows where we are and he's after us.

NERMUT: What?! That's--no! If he...[anxious noises]...it means we're dead!

PLECK: Yes. Obviously, Nermut.

AJ: Wait I just connected that you guys have the same name.

[Nermut exclaims unintelligably]

PLECK: AJ!

AJ: I just put that together. You guys have the same name!

PLECK: AJ, it's very important to your Zima training that you take your log by its leash and go do something with it.

AJ: You got it, Papa Decksetter!

DAR: Sorry, hold on, I'm just gonna--HUP! [Dar throws the log down the hall]

AJ: Better go. Better go get that.

NERMUT: Dar! You're such a cool size!

PLECK: Nermut, leave it.

DAR: Thank you, Nermut.

NERMUT: So. We're gonna scrap the mission that I was gonna send you on.

PLECK: Fine.

NERMUT: Which was gonna be pretty sweet actually, because--

PLECK: Nermut! Shut up!

NERMUT: Okay. Um. New mission is: Go! Fast! Anywhere!

C-53: Nermut's actually right, we should get outta here.

NERMUT: Just find a place to blend in! Lie low! Alright?

PLECK: Yes. Okay, thanks Nermut. Great advice.

NERMUT: Bye.

[end-transmission noise]

PLECK: Bargie, listen. Run a scan, see if we can duck into any place and get, y'know, somewhere off the grid.

BARGIE: Okay.

PLECK: And turn off your location!

BARGIE: I can't turn off location, the only person who can turn it off is my son Blimpie, he has the passcode for it.

[C-53 laughs]

PLECK: No, what?! Bargie!

[scene transition music; transmission interruption; ad break commences]

MASTER KIARONDO: Good tidings, sentient. Would you care for a coconut shrimp?

UNNAMED SENTIENT: No, I'm okay.



MASTER KIARONDO: Very well. I am Kiarondo, and in addition to my other vocations I am clearly a highly-skilled catering waiter; serving up crudités, garfon with grt crème fraiche, the hottest of hot browns...

UNNAMED SENTIENT: Coconut shrimp?

MASTER KIARONDO: Coconut shrimp, exactly. You name it! And in a job like this, you always hear how important it is to have comfortable, supportive footwear. But remember that also includes socks, friend! And I recently discovered something that changed the way I think about socks...forever. They're called...Bombas. And they provide delightful comfort that no other sock has ever provided to me. For instance, arch support! A cushioned footbed that's comfy but not too thick! And a luxurious, seamless toe.

UNNAMED SENTIENT: Wait, how?

MASTER KIARONDO: I do not know, my friend. They are wizards of sock manufacture! Plus, they come in a dazzlingly Fresh array of colors, patterns, lengths, and styles! My favorite is the Space Dye Cushioned No-Show sock in Hunter Green, what will be yours?

UNNAMED SENTIENT: Maybe the same.

MASTER KIARONDO: Maybe! Well you can find out by buying your Bombas today at [BOMBAS.COM/ZYXX](http://BOMBAS.COM/ZYXX), where you will get 20% off your first purchase! And for every Bombas purchase you make, Bombas donates a pair to someone in need--what could be Fresher than that? What could be less Wack, friend? That's [BOMBAS.COM/ZYXX](http://BOMBAS.COM/ZYXX) for 20% off!

UNNAMED SENTIENT: One more time?

MASTER KIARONDO: [BOMBAS.COM/ZYXX](http://BOMBAS.COM/ZYXX)! And can I tempt you one last time with a coconut shrimp?

UNNAMED SENTIENT: Yeah, twist my arm...[sloppy, hoglike eating sounds]

MASTER KIARONDO: [laughs] Of course you may, friend!

[ad break ceases; scene transmission music resumes]

[ambiance of a busy street]

PLECK: Wow, C-53, this might actually be a good place to hide, there's just people of all species bustling--

PEDDLER: Bebops! Bebops 'n' Zuzus!

PLECK: No thanks...

PEDDLER: [unzips a pack] Bebops or Zuzus... [being exceedingly weird about it]

C-53: No, no no no thanks, that's fine, that's okay...

PEDDLER: Look at you pink one, you might want a Zuzu.

PLECK: What? Why would you say that?

PEDDLER: You might want a Zuzu, or a Bebop... [just really hamming it up]

PLECK: I'm sorry, I thought Bebops and Zuzus were candy.

C-53: I thought so too.

PEDDLER: They are candy.

PLECK: Why are you so weird?

C-53: Yeah you're just being very weird about it.

PEDDLER: [weirdly] Am I...?

C-53: Yeah. Yeah, you are.

PEDDLER: [even weirder] Am I? Am I??

DAR: We're not interested.

PEDDLER: Alright, mama.

DROID: Hey! Hey! Hey hey! Hey!

PLECK: What? What?

DROID: Are you lookin' to sell some of those boxes?

C-53: Uh...are you interested?

DROID: I know of a guy who wants boxes. In exchange--

DAR: No no, we're selling the things inside the boxes.

PLECK: Yeah, we're not interested in...

C-53: Yeah the boxes aren't for sale.

DAR: We don't wanna sell the boxes.

[droid groans exasperatedly]

PLECK: Y'know Dar, it's actually a really good thing that you're this size; we don't stick out the way we normally do.

DAR: Pleck, I'm going to remind you that in my seventh octomester, I am going. To be so. Insanely big. You better not make me feel bad about it.

PLECK: Oh no, I would never!

DAR: I feel like there's a lot of shame around the seventh octomester, honestly.

PLECK: What?! No, Dar.

C-53: No, Dar, absolutely not. Y'know, why don't we just duck in somewhere so we can put these boxes down for a little bit and figure out what we're gonna do?

PLECK: Alright.

[shopkeeper's bell chimes as the crew enter a storefront]

SHOPKEEPER: [flustered] Oh, oh uh...hello?

PLECK: Oh, hi!

DAR: I'm sorry, did we catch you at a bad moment?

SHOPKEEPER: No, uh, sorry! No one...no one ever comes in here! [harried] Oh, it's such a mess! I'm so--oh my gosh, it's such a mess in here...

PLECK: It's actually really cool! There's so much...

AJ: Yeah they're right, it really is a mess in here.

[Shopkeeper stammers; Pleck admonishes AJ]

SHOPKEEPER: Let me just push all this stuff out of the way. [grunts with effort; piles of stuff settle] H-hi!

C-53: Hi.

PLECK: Hi!

SHOPKEEPER: Hey!

PLECK: Hi there! Hey listen, we're just to browse. We might just be looking around for another...six to eight hours.

SHOPKEEPER: Yeah, okay! As long as you need!

PLECK: Yeah, so just don't mind us, we're just lookin' around.

AJ: Don't bother us, 'cus we're being secret.

C-53: AJ...

DAR: Hey AJ, you should tie your log up outside.

AJ: Oh yup. [voice strains as he lifts his absolutely huge log] Alright--

C-53: No, don't turn it around in here--

[violent smashing and crashing; crew makes various "oh no's" as AJ makes his way out the door]

PLECK: Oh boy.

C-53: Miss, I'm-I'm so sorry.

SHOPKEEPER: It's okay. [begins sweeping up the damage] Um, it's uh, it's fine. It's just--it's actually really good to have you all here. It's actually really good to have you..

PLECK: Well hey, we're just happy to be here, uh, my name is...um, Fleck. My name's Fleck.

SHOPKEEPER: Oh, Fleck! Beautiful name!

PLECK: Thank you!

DAR: My name is Norm.

SHOPKEEPER: Norm! Beautiful name.

DAR: Thank you.

AJ: My name is AJ.

SHOPKEEPER: Oh, beautiful name!

PLECK: Wow, tied that log up quick.

C-53: I'm just, ah, just a regular old C-series droid.

SHOPKEEPER: Sure, yeah. You look good!

AJ: What's your name in case we need to kill you?

[crew admonishes AJ]

SHOPKEEPER: Sorry, what? Did he just say...

AJ: Uh...so what's your name?

SHOPKEEPER: ...Marf.

PLECK: Wow, Marf, you have a ton of stuff, it's pretty cool!

MARF: Thank you, thank you. Y'know, I kinda like gifts, [playing with various noisemakers and squeaky toys] collectible items, things I've stolen off of travelers...

AJ: What?

C-53: What was that last one?

MARF: Just gifts...

[Pleck laughs]

C-53: Oh. Okay.

MARF: Collectibles...

AJ: Oh yeah that checks out.

MARF: Y'know.

DAR: A lot of broken glass at the moment.

C-53: Yeah, we're very sorry.

MARF: It's fine. Can I give you guys a tour?

PLECK: Yeah, absolutely!

MARF: Oh my rosh, yeah yeah yeah! This is so fun! Um, okay, so obviously like, when you walk in we've got...commemorative Kroons! ["Oh yeah!'s" from the crew] You ever seen ones like this? We've got these paper sleeves for you to slip them into if you wanna display 'em, put them on a fireplace...

PLECK: My mom would love this.

MARF: Oh, buy some for her!

PLECK: I don't get back to Rangus 6 very often, but, uh...

MARF: Okay, this--here we've got, uh, Frisbees!

PLECK: [trying not to laugh] Sure.

MARF: You like Frisbees?

AJ: Oh yeah.

MARF: You like hackey sacks?

AJ: Yeah, all that stuff.

PLECK: Yeah, now you're talking AJ's language, I think.

MARF: Oh, we've got--

AJ: Watch this, watch this! [begins hackey sacking]

PLECK: Woah!

[shopkeeper's bell chimes]

COOL TEEN: Is there a hack circle in here?

OTHER COOL TEEN: Nice, got room for two more?

C-53: Where'd these guys with sandals come from?

OTHER COOL TEEN: Ready to hit this hack?

AJ: Yeah, alright bro, let's do this! I'll be outside with these guys.

OTHER COOL TEEN: Nice!

COOL TEEN: None of you guys wanna come out to the hack circle?

OTHER COOL TEEN: Yeah, the more the merrier.

PLECK: No, we're good.

AJ: Just so you guys know, I'm kinda the best at...alright let's go.

OTHER COOL TEEN: It's not a competition man!

[sounds of hackey sackage ensue]

C-53: Does this happen a lot when you break these out?

MARF: Y'know, I-I don't get a lot of customers, but when I do it's always the hack guys.

[crew hums consideringly; hack circle leaves the building]

DAR: It's the siren's call.

MARF: As soon as the hacks come out they flock.

PLECK: Oh yeah, Bargie used to date one of these hackey sacks.

DAR: Yeah.

PLECK: Marf, this is some pretty fun stuff!

MARF: Y'know what, you think that's fun? I've got a question for you.

PLECK: Yeah?

[beat]

MARF: Ya like slime? [pops a jar of slime open]

PLECK: Oh, do I!

MARF: Ya like slime? 'Cus I've got slime! [slime noises] I've got all sorts of slime...

C-53: Wow!

MARF: This is galaxy slime.

PLECK: Oooh! Cool!

C-53: Oh, yeah!

MARF: Feel that, feel that!

C-53: Yeah, this is good...

MARF: Yeah. This is slime that gets bigger the more you play with it. [slime noises intensify] So, careful!

PLECK: Oh wow.

C-53: Oh wow, it's already--I should put this down!

MARF: [playfully] Uh oh!

C-53: [giggly] It's already getting a little too big!

MARF: Isn't that fun?

C-53: I'm having a great time.

PLECK: That's great.

MARF: And then I've got--okay, you know those tubes?

[beat]

C-53: Yeah.

MARF: You guys know these tubes?

[Groan Tube Noisemaker groans]

C-53: Those tubes that when you tip them they make a sound?

MARF: Yeah yeah yeah!

TUBE: [groans]

MARF: Oh! I love these tubes.

DAR: Oooh!

TUBE: [groans]

MARF: Oh I love that!

TUBE: [groans]

MARF: [laughs] I love the sound of that tube!

PLECK: Wow, that is a very distinctive sound.

MARF: Gotta say: I've got a thing for tubes. I've also got--

TUBE: [groans]

PLECK: Oh, it's--it's still doing it.

MARF: You know the plastic tubes also--

C-53: Yeah, you put it down a minute ago.

TUBE: [groans]

C-53: It just keeps...

MARF: Yeah, it-it does that.

TUBE: [groans]

MARF: Sometimes when I can't sleep I just... [tube groans] let the tube go...

PLECK: Sure.

C-53: Yeah, so it feels like someone's in the room.

PLECK: It's a very soothing... [tube groans] very soothing noise, it's not obnoxious at all.

TUBE: [groans]

MARF: No, I like that it sounds sort of like a sob.

TUBE: [groans pathetically]

PLECK: Yeah. Yeah, it's a little bit like, "Whyyyyy?"

TUBE: [groans, not unlike a plaintive "whyyyyyy?"]

MARF: I just can't get enough of that tube! [laughing]

TUBE: [groans, now forever asking "whyyyyyy?"]

MARF: Oh gosh I love tubes.

PLECK: Oh man. That's great.

C-53: Yeah.

MARF: And now if you look over here, we're got these um, these t-shirts with Flarns on them.

PLECK: Oh yeah!

MARF: Yeah, I love Flarns.

PLECK: Yeah.

C-53: Sure.

MARF: So I love that.

C-53: Marf, how much are these Flarn shirts? These are pretty fun.

MARF: Uh, it's twenty Kroon apiece.

PLECK: That's pretty reasonable.

C-53: It's a good deal.

MARF: Fleck, do you want?

DAR: Uh, in the smallest size, still twenty Kroon?

MARF: Still twenty Kroon.

DAR: Ah! And twenty Kroon in the largest size you have?

MARF: Largest size is less. Largest size is fifteen Kroon.

C-53: Ohh!

DAR: I'm gonna take one of each! Your smallest, and--

MARF: Oh that's great! One for you, one for a friend?

DAR: No no, um, one for me now, one for me, uh, three octomesters from now.

MARF: Oh wow, congratulations!

DAR: Um...thank you.

[beat]

MARF: Sorry, did I overstep?

DAR: No, I'm actually just uh...getting used to it. I mean--I just started showing, so, heh. I guess now everybody will know!

MARF: Got it. You know, one time I assumed. And I was wrong.

C-53: Oh, that's awkward.

PLECK: That's fine.

TUBE: [groans]

MARF: I'll never--

[C-53 laughs]

MARF: Oh, there goes my tube again! [chuckles]

C-53: Mm, yeah. Well, they got a long delay on 'em sometimes!

[shopkeeper's bell chimes]

AJ: Woo! I won! I nailed it!! Yeah!! [crushes can]

PLECK: AJ, what happened?



AJ: Aw, in your faces!!

COOL TEEN: [from outside] There's not a winner!

AJ: I just nailed it in hackey, guys. I just nailed it. But I was like, "Wait a minute, I shouldn't win too much, 'cus then the Emperor will find us."

PLECK: Alright, AJ.

AJ: Anyway--

TUBE: [groans distantly]

MARF: It's just really good to have you guys here. What brings you to this uh, market?

C-53: Just tourism!

PLECK: Just-just hangin' out.

AJ: Blending in.

MARF: Yeah.

DAR: And uh, offloading some collectibles.

PLECK: Yeah, do you buy stuff here as well?

MARF:...Uh, maybe. Tell me, what kinda collectibles we talkin' about?

PLECK: Oh, all your little feathers kinda stood up when you said that!

MARF: Oh, I'm so embarrassed.

PLECK: Well we do have some stuff if you'd like to take a look--

MARF: I'll take a look! Whaddya got?

C-53: It depends on your interest in Holowood! If you are interested in holo stars of years past, we might have a few things that interest you. [objects rustling] Uh, these were the final bottles of orange beer consumed by LaCraine LaCrosse!

MARF: Oh, THE LaCraine LaCrosse? Oh my rosh!

C-53: Okay, I'm just gonna give you these bottles as sort of an apology for-for what we've done.

MARF: Thank you. [glass bottles clattering] These are great, these are great. So, I mean, what else do you have? 'Cus I'll really--I'll take anything and I won't pay for it.

PLECK: Uhh.

C-53: Um.

PLECK: That's not ideal, to be completely candid.

AJ: Well, we're not being COMPELTELTY candid.

PLECK: Okay. Well. AJ--

AJ: You're saying 'to be completely candid,' and we're kinda giving half the story.

MARF: Okay, I'd like the whole story, I think.

PLECK: Ugghhhhh, AJ.

AJ: What?

DAR: Ugghhhhh, AJ.

AJ: Words matter.

MARF: Come on, I've welcomed you into my shop. I've been very hospitable.

PLECK: Okay. You're right.

MARF: I have half the story and I want the other half, 'cus that makes the whole story.

PLECK: Let's just say we are trying to avoid, ah, any sort of Imperial awareness of our presence, as it were.

MARF: [understanding] Uh-huh...you're hiding.

C-53: Yeah, you made it pretty obvious that we were hiding, yeah.

PLECK: Yeah. I said 'let's just say,' and then I pretty much just told you the truth.

MARF: You did say it.

PLECK: Right.

MARF: You said it.

PLECK: Right.

C-53: Yeah. Yeah, he did.

DAR: Yes.

MARF: Well you've come to the right place, I should think.

PLECK: Really!

MARF: 'Let's just say'...that we're standing above a pretty slick, uh, underground shelter that I might have spent, uh, years and years building, hoarding supplies...

PLECK: What?

AJ: But you're just saying it.

C-53: Yeah, this is another...

MARF: I'm just saying it. I mean, 'let's just say'...

PLECK: Did you--but I mean, are you doing the same thing I did--

C-53: [crosstalk] --Yeah, it's another situation where--

PLECK: --which is that you just said the truth after you said 'let's just say'?

DAR: Yeah.

[beat]

MARF:...So do you guys wanna see my underground shelter?

[enthusiastic affirmatives from the crew]

AJ: Wait, somebody's coming in!

[shopkeeper's bell chimes]

MARF: Okay, follow me, follow me! Come on, come on!

PLECK: Okay, okay.

MARF: I just have to pull these levers.

PLECK: Oh wow!

MARF: Yeah I installed, um--

PLECK: This is very intricate!

MARF: Yeah, hold on, let me just...

[sounds of levers and buttons being pulled and pushed, beeping and blooping and cranking; a hatch unlocks, followed by a chime]

MARF: Welcome!

C-53: Wow!

PLECK: There's even more stuff down here!

MARF: Yeah!

PLECK: Marf, this basement is incredible! It's huge!

MARF: Yeah, I have a lot of stuff!

C-53: This-this is like a decommissioned hangar bay! I can't believe how big this is!

MARF: Thank you!

C-53: [chuckles] Well, color me impressed.

MARF: Okay.

PLECK: Marf...the stuff down here is incredible; it's nothing like the gift shop!

[C-53 begins to take a scan]

MARF: Oh yeah, these aren't so much gifts as they are my private personal collection that I cherish very deeply.

PLECK: This is amazing.

DAR: Wow.

MARF: Yeah, oh, that's the Jewel of Grog that you're holding.

C-53: I was about to say. This has been missing for fifty years!

MARF: Well not missing, 'cus it's--I have it.

C-53: [laughs, impressed] Indeed you do.

PLECK: Wow! Cool!

MARF: Yeah.

DAR: Um...I need to ask about, um...this?

MARF: Oh yeah.

DAR: This bean-shaped item here...?

MARF: Sure, yeah. I found that on a planet where everyone was gone, and that was all that was left.

AJ: That's a giant bean. And all the people are kind of writhing in torment around it.

MARF: Yeah, I think it was, like, a deity. A Rodd.

AJ: Sure.

C-53: Yeah.

[Dar hums uneasily]

MARF: Something else, isn't it?

PLECK: I mean...

MARF: You like it?

[tense, unsure noises from the crew]

DAR: Uh, I'm gonna just set it right back down.

MARF: So this is really where I spend most of my time, y'know?

C-53: Yeah, well, I don't blame you.

AJ: Wow, I mean look at this stuff. [fiddles with some kind of music player]

MARF: Yeah, isn't it neat?

AJ: Yeah, I mean, it looks like your collection's complete.

MARF: I hope so.

PLECK: Marf.

MARF: Yeah?

PLECK: Is...this stick over here, this branch?

MARF: Yeah?

PLECK: Is this...is this a Zima woodsaber?

MARF: Oh! Yeah yeah! I-I think so. I call it a Dinglehopper.

PLECK: No no. This is a woodsaber. This is a...elegant weapon of the Zima warriors!

MARF: Right. I just call it a Dinglehopper 'cus I saw it and thought, "This looks like a Dinglehopper!"

PLECK: 'Kay, I guess that's as good a name as any...

AJ: I like it. I kinda like Dinglehopper better.

PLECK: Okay.

MARF: I found that in a wreck.

PLECK: In a wreck?

MARF: Yeah, a wreck. You know. I was walking through the dunes...

PLECK: [very interested] Uh-huh, uh-huh.

MARF: ...and I came across the wing of a ship sticking out of the sand. So I dug for about three months.

PLECK: Wow.

MARF: Mhm, and then, uh, I found that.

C-53: That's a long time to dig, Marf.

MARF: Well, y'know...

AJ: You've got those kinda shovel-y hands too. Your hands are sort of shovel-y.

MARF: Yeah, I guess they are pretty shovel-y, huh. You can say it: my hands are shovels!

AJ: I dunno, you've got feathers and shovel hands, I dunno!

MARF: Sure!

PLECK: Must make it really easy to look for stuff!

MARD: Yeah, it is! I'm constantly digging around the dunes.

PLECK: Yeah. Wow.

MARF: You wanna...hold it?

PLECK: I-I mean...can I?

MARF: You can!

C-53: I mean, anyone can hold it. It's just a stick.

PLECK: Well, C-53--I mean, uh, C-series--

C-53: The cover's blown at this point. You can just call me C-53.

PLECK: Okay.

DAR: Yeah.

AJ: Wait, we're not doing covers anymore?

DAR: We...aren't, AJ, you can go back to being AJ now.

AJ: Sounds good. It was hard to keep that up. Not an actor.

PLECK: Wow...I can feel the Space in this woodsaber.

AJ: Papa...

MARF: Yeah there's definitely a lot of Space in that Dinglehopper. Like look, when I swing it around, it's all like, fwoom! Fwoom! Fwoom! Shing! Shing!

[the Dinglehopper is now humming and making distinct, laser-sword-esque whooshing noises as Marf swings it]

AJ: Woah, it makes sounds, Papa Decksetter.

PLECK: Marf, where did you learn to do that?

MARF: Whaddya mean?

PLECK: Where did you learn to wield a woodsaber like that?

MARF: I-I just...I just, when I found it I picked it up and I was like, shwing! Shwing kwing shwing! Waaaah!

AJ: Papa, that technique is...

PLECK: My Rodd. I've never seen anyone wield a woodsaber like that.

C-53: Nor have I.

DAR: I didn't know that anyone could actually wield a woodsaber.

C-53: Yeah, that's sort of where I'm coming from. I thought they were--

PLECK: Okay, well, first of all, let's just agree: I wield one.

C-53: [tone conveying a vague, wiggly hand gesture] Eh...

MARF: You can wield it!

C-53: Yeah, YOU wield it.

AJ: Yeah, Papa, go!

PLECK: Okay. Basically, sorta... [Pleck makes triumphant swinging noises; woodsaber whooshes ineffectively] Yeah, see? So...

MARF: [crosstalk] That's so weird.

AJ: [crosstalk] Uhhh...

C-53: [crosstalk] That's not what she was doing at all.

MARF: Yeah that's not--just do what I'm doing. Like, look, give it back to me.

PLECK: Okay...

MARF: Like, okay, look. It's literally just like, shwing! shwing! kwaaaa! Wheeeee! [Dinglehopper is once again humming in a laser-sword-like manner]

C-53: See, when she does it, there's like, trails of light coming out of the saber.

AJ: Yeah.

PLECK: [frustrated] Okay. Okay.

C-53: And there's a noise. Right?

MARF: Yeah! Do it with the noise!

PLECK: Okay, but--

AJ: Yeah Papa, do it with the noise.

PLECK: Okay. Uh...[swings woodsaber unimpressively]

TUBE: [groans]

[C-53 giggles]

PLECK: What was--where--?!

C-53: It's the tube, from before!

PLECK: From upstairs?!

C-53: Yeah!

MARF: Aw, I love that tube!

PLECK: Okay. Look. Listen.

MARF: Sorry, I hope you don't mind I brought it down here with me.

AJ / C-53, OVERLAPPING: No, it's fine, it's fine. / No no, it's kinda fun.

MARF: I sorta don't go anywhere without my tube.

AJ: Yeah, you've kind of got it back in your back pocket.

C-53: Yeah, I don't blame you.

AJ: You pull it out for emphasis every once in a while.

MARF: I certainly do!

PLECK: [sighs] C-53, I think it's...I feel like I've worked for almost a year now, and here's this--here's this scav who knows how to do everything!

C-53: [affronted] What are you, mad at her for being good at the Space?

PLECK: I mean, I wouldn't say 'mad,' I just, I'm just...

DAR: Jealous. He would say jealous.

C-53: Jealous, then.

AJ: Papa, do you think that the Space is only for...pink Tellurians?

PLECK: [carefully] No. No.

DAR: Straight, male, pink Tellurians?

PLECK: No, there are plenty of...

AJ: I mean, I'm learning the Space and I'm a pink male Tellurian.

PLECK: Okay, yes.

AJ: I'm a clone, but...

PLECK: Okay, and that--

AJ: ...and Nermut Bundaloy is a pink male Tellurian, and...

PLECK: Okay, yes--

C-53: I just feel like we haven't met a lot of Space-using, non-male, non-Tellurians, you know what I mean?

PLECK: Yeah, and there should be more! There should be...everyone should be--!

AJ: Right, so shouldn't you be excited, is what I'm saying?

C-53: Yeah, so you should be excited about it.

PLECK: Yes, I am excited, but I'm also a little bit sad at myself, okay?

MARF: Hey, what are you guys talking about?

PLECK: Nothing.

AJ: Gender parity.

MARF: Gender parity? Cool!

[beat]

C-53: It is sort of cool, actually! Yeah!

PLECK: This is a great day.

MARF: It's a great day for me! No one ever comes down here! I'm so happy, I'm the happiest I've ever been!

AJ: Mr. Robot Man, can I have an aside with you?

C-53: Are you--are you talking to me?

AJ: Mhm.

C-53:...[tiredly] Okay. I'll take it.

AJ: Mr. Robot Man, it looks like there are a lot more robot men over there.

C-53: Just say my name.

AJ: There are robots over there, look!

C-53: C-5--

PLECK: No wait, C-53, AJ's right! Look at all of those droid frames!

C-53: ...Marf, oh my Rodd, this is a huge collection of frames!

MARF: Oh, thank you, yeah. My dad was really into them.



C-53: [amazed] Yeah, these...man, there are dozens here! Wow!

MARF: Yeah! You like? You like?

C-53: [excitedly] Is this a Ted Ronka signature C-series frame?!

MARF: It sure is!

C-53: [excitedly, voice rising in pitch] With holographic Ted Ronka signature?!

MARF: That's Ted Ronka's signature right there!

C-53: Woah! WOAH!

PLECK: C-53, who is Ted Ronka?

C-53: Who is Ted Ronka?! Well, let me just press the signature!

[button presses; holo projection noise]

TED RONKA: "Hi! I'm Ted Ronka, owner of the Ronka Cybernetics Corporation! And this here's one of my signature C-series frames!"

C-53: These are so rare! These are like, one of a kind!

MARF: They certainly are! And they're all mine!

C-53: [like a kid in a toystore] Woahhh...the White Falcon!

PLECK: C-53, I've never seen you geek out like this before.

C-53: [geeking out] I'm sorry, this is--I've never seen a collection that even has half this many. You've got everything! You've got the Duo-Jet. You've got the 10SE ['Tennessee'] Rose. The Country Gentleman!!

MARF: Yeah.

C-53: ...Wait. What's that one you've got like, a sheet over? In the back?

MARF: Oh, oh, you don't want--you don't want that frame.

C-53: Well what is it?

MARF: Well... [pause] we call that the Midnight Shadow.

PLECK: What?

MARF: Yeah.

AJ: Wait, that doesn't make sense.

PLECK: What do you mean, AJ?

C-53: AJ, it's just a marketing term, or...

AJ: Well I'm just saying, if it's midnight, you don't have a shadow, right?

DAR: I'm sorry, could I borrow this tube from you really quick?

MARF: Yeah, go for it.

DAR: Alright, now go get it!

TUBE: [groans as Dar hurls it away]

AJ: YAY!!!! [chases after it]

MARF: [flourishes tarp] Anyway, that's the Midnight Shadow!

[soft, almost mystical electrical humming emanating from the Midnight Shadow frame]

C-53: [softly, amazed] I mean...I've only heard that whispered about.

MARF: Well it's real. There's only one. And I've got it. It can't be traced.

PLECK: It's not street legal?

MARF: It's street illegal.

C-53: [softly] Wow...it's like looking into a...black mirror.

MARF: Yeah.

C-53: [softly] This is one heck of a frame.

MARF: Hey, you wanna, um...try it out?

C-53: [nervously] Oh, I don't wanna...I'm gonna scratch it if I...I couldn't possibly...

MARF: Are you sure? I like you guys. I don't know why, but I just get this good vibe.

C-53: [quickly] Marf I don't think I've ever wanted anything more in my entire life than to try on this frame.

MARF: Try it on.

C-53:...Okay. Pleck, will you do the honors?

PLECK: Yeah, absolutely.

C-53: Okay. Careful.

PLECK: Okay.

[C-53 ejects his cube and powers down]

PLECK: Uh, alright, uh...wow, I don't even know where the cube slot is on this frame.

MARF: Oh yeah, it's right here.

PLECK: Oh. Okay, and...in you go!

[frame beeps as cube is inserted; C-53 powers on]

C-53: [voice is now clearer, as through a higher-quality modulator] Woah. [delighted chuckling] Oh, this is sick!

PLECK: Why, what's different?!

C-53: Uh, oh, hmm, nothing, except for...this! [stealth-mode activation noise]

PLECK: [startled] Uh, wh-where did he go?! C-53?

C-53: [uncloaks] Behind ya!

PLECK: Oh, wow!

C-53: [bursting with excitement] Stealth mode! Like a midnight shadow!!

PLECK: C-53, that...yeah, I mean, it's--I think that makes less sense than it did, but, okay! I'm on board!

MARF: Untraceable! Like a midnight shadow!

PLECK: I still don't--

C-53: It makes perfect sense!

PLECK: Okay.

C-53: Wow. This is...I mean, just to be in here for a minute...this was amazing. Marf, thank you.

AJ: Hey guys? Uh, y'know, I went upstairs, uh, 'cus, the tube, I was kinda batting the tube between my hands and it kinda went--it kinda fell upstairs, um, but, uh...anyway--

PLECK: Your eyes--your pupils are so big!

AJ: It's fine. Um, point is, uh, there's somebody up in the store.

MARF: What?

AJ: Yeah, there's somebody up in the store, but the thing is, it sort of looks exactly like one of those assassins that, uh...

PLECK: What do you mean it looks 'exactly like an assassin?'

AJ: Well, I'm saying, you remember how we saw that video and there were all those assassins in the background?

PLECK AND C-53: Yes.

AJ: I think it's one of those?

C-53: Hooboy.

AJ: So we're running from the Emperor and there are all these assassins that are trying to kill us and I think one of them's in your store.

MARF: Oohhhhh. Got it.

AJ: Sorry.

ASSASSIN: [tiny voice] Hey!

MARF: Everybody get behind me!

ASSASSIN: Hey! [swings tiny knife] Hey! I'm a little assassin!

MARF: That assassin's really small.

PLECK: Very adorable.

AJ: I should have said it was a really small assassin, I'm sorry.

TINY ASSASSIN: I'm a tiny little assassin! I used to be a little criminal but now I have a job and I have benefits! [swings tiny knife some more]

AJ: Go for it, Papa!

TINY ASSASSIN: Come at me, I have a tiny little knife! [swings tiny little knife]

MARF: Don't worry. I've got this. Let me take him on.

C-53: [deadly serious] Marf, are you sure?

MARF: Yes. Throw me my Dinglehopper.

PLECK: It's not--that's not what it's--!

MARF: I call it a Dinglehopper.

PLECK: Okay! Fine!

[Pleck tosses the Dinglehopper over; it begins humming]

MARF: I think it looks like a Dinglehopper!

AJ: It does resemble a Dinglehopper, Papa.

MARF: Right?!

PLECK: What does that--okay. Fine.

AJ: It does.

MARF: Come at me, tiny assassin! [flourishes Dinglehopper]

TINY ASSASSIN: Gladly! Haha!

[sounds of tiny-knife-on-wooden-stick fight ensue]

TINY ASSASSIN: Ow! Ow!

MARF: Don't you ever mess with my friends!

[tiny assassin yells, fight resumes]

PLECK: Wow.

[knife clatters]

C-53: Marf, you cut that knife in half!

MARF: Yeah.

PLECK: How is that possible?

MARF: I don't know, it just comes to me naturally!

PLECK: Marf...

TINY ASSASSIN: I'm gonna go. I'm gonna leave now.

MARF: Okay. Goodbye! Yeah, sometimes when I fight through the Space, it's like I don't actually defeat them, I just kind of discourage them from fighting.

AJ: Wow.

C-53: Also useful.

PLECK: I mean, that's the Zima code. You act only in self defense.

MARF: Exactly.

PLECK: Marf, listen. You're unbelievably talented in the Space.

MARF: Thank you.

PLECK: You have a gift.

MARF: Thank you.

PLECK: I can see it.

AJ: So much more than Papa Decksetter.

PLECK: Yes. Yes, okay?

DAR: Yes, we are all in agreement on that.

PLECK: We all agree, AJ.

C-53: Honestly, way more.

PLECK: Marf, maybe we could help each other. You could come with us.

MARF: What?

PLECK: We'll take down the Emperor, you could teach me your ways...

MARF: I'll train you!

PLECK: I could show you the ancient scrolls of the Zima Knights!

MARF: [gasps] Yes!

PLECK: Yes!

MARF: I mean I probably understand most of that intuitively, but sure!

PLECK: Okay, sure, but there's definitely--there's technicalities, logistics--

C-53: Yeah, she seemed to know it without ever having...

MARF: But I'll look at your scrolls!

PLECK: Sure, yeah!

MARF: Yes! I get to go off with my best friends?

PLECK: Marf. Now that the assassin's out of the way, we probably have a very small amount of time. Let's get back up to the surface, we'll get on Bargie and we'll get on our way.

MARF: Okay. Great. Let me just grab my stuff.

PLECK: Absolutely.

MARF: Alright. Just some clothes, just gonna throw them into this bag, and...a toothbrush.

PLECK: Yeah, sure.

C-53: Great. Perfect.

MARF: And the Gem of Grog.

PLECK: Sure. Obviously.

C-53: Well sure, yeah. Why not.

MARF: And uh, all my tubes.

[many tubes groan]

C-53: Okay...sort of a lot of tubes. That's fine.

MARF: And the Sword of Orazard.

PLECK: Okay, uh...

C-53: That could be...useful, sure.

MARF: And all these C frames.

C-53: [crosstalk] Oh, ah...I don't know...

PLECK: [crosstalk] Oh, yeah, no, we can't...

MARF: [forklift beeps] I'm gonna take all of this metal junk, that's just...

PLECK: [crosstalk] Okay, no, I dunno...

C-53: [crosstalk] Oh, some of those are...really big...

MARF: Then I'm gonna take all these guys, and some of these...

C-53: Uh...

PLECK: Listen, Marf.

MARF: And I should probably take this big boulder...

PLECK: No, Marf, I gotta stop you right there.

C-53: Marf, it would take us days to get all this stuff onto Bargie.

PLECK: Yeah, I mean, this room is three or four times the size of Bargie. We can't fit everything on her.

MARF: [pause; forklift powers down] But I...but I have to take my stuff.

C-53: Hm.

PLECK: Yeah but, can we just take some of it? Can you lock the door and just come back for it later, or...?

MARF: No, no! It'll all be taken! I mean, I've worked my entire life collecting this stuff. I...I am my stuff.

C-53: There's scavs all over the planet, it wouldn't last a minute if she left.

PLECK: Hmm.

MARF: My stuff is me.

PLECK: Hrm. Listen, Marf. We-we can't bring this stuff. I don't know what to tell you.

MARF: Then I...guess I have to stay here.

[beat]

AJ: Yeah I guess so!

PLECK: Okay, AJ, just relax for a second.

AJ: I mean that's what's gonna happen, right?

DAR: Ugh. He's stupid, but he's right about this.

MARF: [miserable, garbled noises]

PLECK: Marf...oh no.

AJ: No...

MARF: [miserable noises continue]

C-53: [choked with tears] I...oh, this frame can cry...

PLECK: What?! It can?

[C-53 and Marf begin sobbing]

PLECK: Oh no...

AJ: Well if everyone's doing it I'm gonna do it too...

[C-53, Marf, and AJ are now full-on ugly crying]

AJ: [through tears] I'm the best at crying!

PLECK: Marf...

MARF: I'll never forget any of you. Hey, wait...that frame? Keep it.

PLECK: What? The Midnight Shadow?

MARF: Keep the Midnight Shadow. It might be untraceable, but...I can trace it. [mysterious beeping from some kind of device] And this way...I'll always know where you are. And you, Pleck.

PLECK: Yes.

MARF: Take this Dinglehopper.

PLECK: No, I couldn't possibly.

MARF: You have to! Take it! It's yours!

PLECK: Okay. Okay. Thank you.

MARF: The Dinglehopper is yours.

PLECK: Okay, I might not...end up calling it that in the long run--

MARF: You have to call it a Dinglehopper or you will be shitting on my memory.

PLECK: Okay, okay! Alright! You're still gonna be alive though, so...

MARF: AJ.

AJ: Mhm?

MARF: I want you to keep this tube.

AJ: What?

MARF: This tube was passed down to me.

DAR: Oh, you really shouldn't do that.

PLECK: Yeah, please, please--

AJ: Oh my Rodd, yes!

MARF: This tube is an antique. It was passed down to me from my great great grandmother. This was her tube.

PLECK: Please do not give AJ a tube.

AJ: Look! Look at this! [tube groans]

C-53: Oh wow.

AJ: It's so loud! Oh, this rules! [tube groans]

MARF: Sounds just like she did.

C-53: Oof.

AJ: Oh, Rodd, I will never get tired of doing this. [tube groans] YEAH! WOO!

MARF: And you, Dar.

DAR: Uh huh?

MARF: You can keep those t-shirts for free. You don't have to pay.

DAR: That's actually very generous of you...[rapidly choking up] thank you so much! That's so sweet! I can't believe you'd do something so nice...[devolves into tearful babbling]

PLECK: There it is. There's the tears.

AJ: Those tears are normal-sized. Giant tears on a tiny Dar.

C-53: Their tears are super dense. They're filling this whole room with liquid.

[Dar continues to sob, liquid audibly sloshes around]

PLECK: Yeah we should go.

C-53: Yeah we should get out of here.



PLECK: We should go.

AJ: Yeah we need to go.

MARF: Be safe. Be safe, my friends!

PLECK: Marf, keep it Fresh. Always.

MARF: I will! Goodbye everyone!

[the crews' footsteps recede; Marf is now alone]

MARF: [singing] My friends are leaving, my best friends are leaving...wandering free, wish I could be...part--

CUSTOMER: Hey, are these things for sale?

[crew laughter; scene transition music]

BARGIE: So you guys sold the box? Everything gone? I'm so excited. Okay. How much did you make out with, huh? I estimate it's gotta be at least four hundred thousand Kroon. Some things in there were very valuable. Did you know I had, like, a tiny morsel of JoJo B'Joe's hair in there? What part of his body? I'm never gonna tell. But you probably figured it out from the texture.

AJ: It was pubic hair, right? Pubic hair?

PLECK: Listen--AJ!

BARGIE: He's not wrong. Where is it? Where's the money?

PLECK: Okay, listen, BARGIE. Look. We may not have gotten Kroon, but I think we got something today that was more valuable.

BARGIE: Oh my--if you're gonna say friendship, I--

AJ: This tube!

BARGIE: Oh. Oh.

TUBE: [groans several times in succession]

BARGIE: Alright that's pretty cool.

[triumphant main theme plays]

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MARF: Never forget me!

C-53: We never will.

DAR: We recorded this whole thing, so we can't.

MARF: Oh good!

PLECK: Marf--

C-53: Yeah, I can send you the tape of this if you want.

MARF: You should release it--[DAR/ALLIE: HA!!--as like, I dunno, like--

TINY ASSASSIN: Wait! What do you have for me?

AJ: Get outta here!

[crew laughs]

PLECK/ALDEN: SHWING!

TINY ASSASSIN: I thought I was part of the gang! I...okay, bye. I'll leave. I know when I'm not wanted.