

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]

[Door opens; Pleck leaves his room]

PLECK: [Yawns] Hey C-53.?

C-53: Yes?

PLECK: What was goin' on last night? I felt like Bargie was stopping and starting and stopping and starting.

C-53: Well, Bargie has become, uh, connected with a ridesharing service.

PLECK: What are you talking about?

BARGIE: I'm a Zip driver now!

C-53: She picks up people around the galaxy and then takes them where they want to go.

RANDOM PERSON: Like me!

PLECK: Oh no.

RANDOM PERSON: Hi!

PLECK: Who are you?!

DAR: This is Darrel.

DARREL: Hi, I'm Darrel Farcaster.

DAR: Yeah, Darrel and I have just been catching up. Uh, I apparently wanted to see EVERY photo of EVERY one of his kids.

[Zip notification: "We've arrived at your destination."]

DARREL: Well, that's me!

BARGIE: GET OUT!

[Bargie opens her hatch; Darrel is sucked into space screaming]

PLECK: Oh!

[Crosstalk]

BARGIE: Give me a good rating and get out, / thank you.

PLECK: / Oh no! Darrel!

[Darrel screams in the distance]

C-53: Bargie, are you supposed to drop them from orbit?

BARGIE: I don't know. All I know is I pick them up and I drop 'em off. There is no other description.

[Crosstalk]

PLECK: Bargie, you gotta / land on the planet.

C-53: / Hm.

C-53: Yeah, I think- I think you- you gotta bring them at least inside the atmosphere.

BARGIE: Okay, that makes sense, cause my rating right now is... half of a asteroid so-

PLECK: Okay.

[Zip notification: sad]

PLECK: Oh, wow, yeah. Zero asteroids.

C-53: Ouch.

[Crosstalk]

DAR: What?! / I listened to Darrel talk forEVER! I was SO nice to him!

PLECK: / That's a shame.

C-53: Well, what are his comments?

PLECK: "Good conversation, did not enter orbit."

DAR: I guess that accounts for ALL the points then.

BARGIE: Nobody asked me to enter orbit. Why do I have to assume that's a thing?

C-53: Bargie, you know that most sentients can't survive in the vacuum of space.

BARGIE: No, I did not know that.

C-53: Okay.

PLECK: You know, Bargie, I- I- I feel like we should probably be getting to some missions at some point so do you think you could, like, turn off your, you know, your, uh...

BARGIE: Hey, Pleck?

PLECK: Yeah?

BARGIE: Hey, Pleck Deck-set-ter?

[Crosstalk]

DAR: Oh, / wow.

PLECK: Yea-

C-53: Oh.

[Crosstalk]

DAR: Oh, / nailed it.

BARGIE: / Hey.

[Crosstalk]

BARGIE: Some of us have situations they're in that requires them to not only have five but seven side hustles / at the moment.

PLECK: / Yeah, okay. We've all got side hustles, Bargie, but we just-

[Zip notification: ride request]

BARGIE: Anyway, I'm picking up the next customer.

PLECK: Alright, fine. Fine. You know, C-53, I forgot to ask, how are all the new protocols goin'?

C-53: Oh, very well! I also have a whole host of new diagnostics I can run on the cube which has been, well, revealing some interesting things.

PLECK: Really?

C-53: Well, it turns out that mind wiping is not a permanent process.

PLECK: Really?

C-53: Yeah! Well, it is if done correctly, but most people who were mind wiping my cube were doing it in a hurry and frankly did a pretty poor job of it.

AJ: Sometimes I'm just, like, standing around and I feel like my mind got wiped, you know? Where you just, like, thinking and then you're like, "Wait, I haven't been thinking in a really long time."

[Crosstalk]

C-53: Yeah, that's not / quite what I'm talking-

PLECK: / Yeah I think you're- I think you're just describing-

AJ: I'm almost pretty sure it's a mind wipe.

C-53: No.

[Incoming transmission]

[Crosstalk]

C-53: Papa Decksetter / I have an incoming transmission from Master Missions Operations Manager Nermut Bundaloy.

PLECK: / No, C-

[Transmission request persists in the background]

PLECK: Hold on, before we pick that up, C-53, please don't call me that.

C-53: "Papa Decksetter"?

PLECK: Yes.

C-53: I thought that was the new nomenclature we all decided on.

[Crosstalk]

AJ: You didn't want to be called "Master" or "Teacher" so I / called you "Papa"

PLECK: "Pleck" is- no, "Pleck" is fine!

DAR: And I got a vote too, so, I said yes, "Papa" it is!

[Simultaneously]

PLECK: [Sighs]

C-53: So there was a clear majority...

PLECK: Okay...

C-53: ... Papa Decksetter.

PLECK: You know, I'm gonna- when I get a chance I'm gonna look through those ancient texts and just see what the actual nomenclature is cause-

[Transmission waiting]

[Crosstalk]

C-53: Should I / answer that transmission...

PLECK: / [Sighs]

PLECK: Sure.

C-53: ... Papa Decksetter?

PLECK: Yes, fine.

C-53: Very well.

[Transmission channel opens]

PLECK: Hey Nermut! How's Filem?

[Sounds of birds, wind, and surf]

NERMUT: Ahh, it's just a breezy afternoon here-

[Angry screeching]

NERMUT: Ah!! Whoa! Okay!

PLECK: What was that?

NERMUT: Ah, that- that- that was a- a tornada.

[The audio shifts to be from Nermut's perspective]

NERMUT: I don't know if you can see it but it's kinda like a, uh, it's a four legged bird and it's-

[A tornada growls and lunges for Nermut]

[Crosstalk]

NERMUT: Aaah! Okay! Okay! Down! / Down! Nice! Nice! Nice!

DAR: / Nermut, are you sure this is what you want?

[The tornada backs off]

NERMUT: It's what I need! It must be!

[Crosstalk]

C-53: Nermut I will say / you do look significantly more clear eyed than the last time I saw you.

NERMUT: / Yes?

NERMUT: Ah, absolutely! I'm living my purpose here on the- the harsh steep cliffs of Filem.

PLECK: Uh, Nermut.

NERMUT: Yes?

PLECK: That tornada that you just saw.

NERMUT: Yes.

PLECK: Is that like a natural predator of the lird? Is that-

NERMUT: Uh, we can normally talk 'em down.

PLECK: Okay.

C-53: "Talk them down"?

NERMUT: Yeah.

C-53: You reason with them?

NERMUT: Yeaah, yeah.

[Crosstalk]

AJ: I kept / offering you a blaster before you le- we dropped you off, so-

NERMUT: / Okay

[04:55]

NERMUT: Nah, it's not- you can't, um, it's- it's sorta, like, not fair.

PLECK: I just- just be careful, okay?

[A tornada runs up to Nermut]

PLECK: Just take care of yourself, alright?

[The tornada growls aggressively]

[Crosstalk]

NERMUT: Hey! Back- hey! What did we talk about! What did we talk about! Huh?! Huh?!
We've gotta relation- / -ship!

PLECK: / I just-

NERMUT: Yeah?

PLECK: Just to be clear, Nermut, if you DON'T talk them down they...?

NERMUT: Oh, they'll devour me fast.

[The tornada backs off again]

PLECK: Okay. Alright. Yeah. Just makin' sure.

NERMUT: Oh, they're just memorizing this nest location but...

PLECK: Okay.

NERMUT: Um.

PLECK: You don't have any eggs to brood over so...

NERMUT: No. N- n- not yet.

C-53: Do you think that's maybe why they're sparing you? They're waiting for the eggs to show up?

[Crosstalk]

NERMUT: No, I think it's cause I talked 'em down! One sec, guys! I'm just gonna climb down and check my system of, uh, extension cords leading down the cliff. The missionator's / well it's-

C-53: "Extension cords"?

[Crosstalk]

NERMUT: Yeah, the power's down at the bottom near kinda the shore / and I'm gon-

PLECK: Nermut.

NERMUT: What? Yeah.

[Crosstalk]

PLECK: I'm sorry. Is- is Filem, like, not a civilized planet? Like / do you not have, like,-

NERMUT: / What?!

NERMUT: Excuse me?!

[Crosstalk]

PLECK: I'm sorry, / I just don't understand-

C-53: / Where are you getting your /* power from?

NERMUT: /* No!

[Crosstalk]

DAR: Also, someone from Rangus 6 should not be / asking a question /* like that.

C-53: / That is... an excellent-

NERMUT: /* Oh, wow.

[Simultaneously]

NERMUT: Good point.

PLECK: I didn't mean-

PLECK: I didn't mean subjectively civilized. I just mean, like-

NERMUT: Alright, let me turn the camera.

[Nermut turns the camera]

[Crosstalk]

NERMUT: You can see over that hill is the gated community where my parents live. I have this monitor I'm testing the range on for when- if I'm / ever needi-

PLECK: / Nermut, is that a baby monitor?

NERMUT: Well... ye- I mean, it's, well, next to me it probably looks like an adult monitor but it's a ba- it is a baby monitor.

AJ: I've never heard of an "adult monitor".

[Crosstalk]

NERMUT: Uh, I mean, I was just- that was just sort of a size thing, but, yeah, if I'm gonna not be in the nest. I can, um, / I can listen.

PLECK: / Okay. Alright.

NERMUT: But the other one in my parent's house is- that's why-

DAR: Nermut, you would leave the nest when a tornada around and just hope the baby monitor could do the trick?!

NERMUT: [Flustered] I- I- I haven't figured out my whole strategy! But, no! I, mean, I wouldn't-

[Two voices call for Nermut over the baby monitor]

NERMUT'S MOM: Nermut?!

NERMUT'S DAD: Nermut.

NERMUT'S MOM: Nermut, darling!

NERMUT'S DAD: Nermut, come into the community!

NERMUT'S MOM: Yes.

NERMUT: Mom! Dad! Stop it! You know I can't!

NERMUT'S DAD: Nermut, I saw a tornada out there. You should come inside!

NERMUT: I talked him down!

[Crosstalk]

NERMUT'S MOM: Nermut, did you get the grad school applications that your father and / I left for you?

NERMUT: / [Sighs]

[Crosstalk]

NERMUT: [Annoyed] Yes, mom! / Gosh!

NERMUT'S DAD: / Did you fill any of them out, Nermut?

NERMUT: N- I am a Master Missions Operations Manager! That's a degree higher than ANYTHING you could apply for with this paperwork!

[The tornado returns]

NERMUT: [Yells] Listen, buddy, I've got three lines of argument for why you shouldn't eat me!

PLECK: Nermut.

NERMUT: Yes?

PLECK: Do we have a mission or what?

NERMUT: Yes! Alright, I'm-n-a just take out these cords and-

[Nermut strains with cords]

[The audio shifts back to the crew's perspective]

[The missionator jingle plays as it turns on]

DAR: Again, Nermut, you do not have to be there. You could be on the ship.

NERMUT: Dar, that is... so sweet... but I know what you mean and I am here doing my duty.

AJ: I think they mean what they mean, you know?

NERMUT: Uhh...

C-53: Yeah, for once I'm gonna agree with AJ.

DAR: Nermut, you could be here on Bargie with us. All we're doing is picking up ride shares.

PLECK: Hm.

[Zip notification: ride request]

NERMUT: Oh geez.

BARGIE: Yeah, there's one right now. Picking them up.

[A rideshare passenger enters]

PASSENGER: Hi.

PLECK: Oh, hey! How's it goin'?

PASSENGER: It's good.

PLECK: Uh, are you- are you okay?

PASSENGER: Yeah, I'm fine.

DAR: Are you... bleeding?

PASSENGER: Yes.

DAR: For... pleasure? Or... did something... happen?

PASSENGER: Can't it be both?

DAR: Honestly, yeah, it can be both.

[The passenger moves to enter Pleck's room]

[Crosstalk]

PLECK: Oh, don't / actually go in there-

PASSENGER: / Okay?

PASSENGER: Oh.

[The passenger goes into Pleck's room anyway]

PLECK: Oh... that's... my room...

DAR: Oh, Darrel talks to me ad nauseum and this guy? This is the guy I wanna talk to and I hear nothing.

NERMUT: D- who's "Darrel"?

[Simultaneously]

AJ: So what's the mission bro?

DAR: [Sighs]

[Crosstalk]

NERMUT: Oh! So, uh, I've been looking through, um, the- the- all the data folders in this missionator and I found something amazing. It's gonna help us in our plight against Wackness / in the battle for Freshness!

AJ: / Let's do it! [Crushes a can against his head] Woo!

DAR: AJ, where do you keep getting these cans that you're crushing on your head?

AJ: Uh, yeah, I dunno, it's just the fridge or, I dunno, sometimes, like, if we go to a planet and I see a can I'll be like, "Ohh, I might need that later..."

PLECK: ... to crush against your head?

AJ: Yeah. [Crushes another can] Woo!

PLECK: Okay.

NERMUT: Wow.

[Crosstalk]

PLECK: What is the mission, / Nermut?

NERMUT: / Okay.

BARGIE: What's the mission?

NERMUT: Wow! Guys, we're traveling to the planet... Dubtor!

PLECK: "Dubtor"?

NERMUT: Have you heard of Dubtor?

[Crosstalk]

AJ: Dubtor. / Righteous.

C-53: / Yes, Dubtor.

[Crosstalk]

C-53: I'm fam- / -iliar.

PLECK: / Is that-

AJ: [Readies weapon] Let's do it! Let's go! Let's go now!

[Crosstalk]

C-53: AJ, / we don't know what we're doing there.

PLECK: / Uh, it-

AJ: Okay.

C-53: Yeah, okay?

AJ: Okay.

C-53: So, can you- can you wait?

AJ: Yeah.

C-53: Pleck, you may be familiar with Dubtor because that's where dubtornium is mined.

PLECK: Uh...

NERMUT: Yes! Good! Yes, Dubtor is, of course, the source of dubtornium which powers none other than the planet crusher crusher.

C-53: It's an extremely unstable element but incredibly powerful.

NERMUT: Yes! If we remove the means of production... eh?!

[Crosstalk]

PLECK: Nermut, are you suggesting we go to Dubtor / and, what, shut down a- a- a mining operation?

NERMUT: / Yeah.

NERMUT: Absolutely! You need to blow that sucker sky high.

C-53: May I propose an alternative?

NERMUT: Sure.

C-53: Perhaps we could convince this mining operation to... work for us against the Emperor?

NERMUT: Huh! Then we could have our own dubtornium supply.

C-53: Could power an entire fleet worth of ships.

PLECK: Bargie, do you- do you run on dubtornium?

BARGIE: Listen, Pleck, I- I know you asked a question but I just wanted to say, uh, there's a surge charge there on prices so I'm very interested in going.

[Crosstalk]

NERMUT: That means there's a lot of traffic in and out / and you can get in under cover of the freighters! And that means there's probably something cookin'! They're probably gonna pull out a big shipment of dubtornium! Go get 'em, guys!

C-53: / Yeah, that's true.

AJ: Wait, what's the mission? I think I, uh, I think I got mind wiped just there.

[A tornada screeches and swoops in on Nermut]

NERMUT: Guys, I'm gonna convince the heck out of this tornada! Byeeee!

[Transmission ends]

[Zip notification: "We've arrived at your destination."]

[The Zip drive passenger exits Pleck's room]

PASSENGER: Okay, well, bye.

[Bargie's hatch opens]

PLECK: See you later.

DAR: Bye.

PASSENGER: I'll just jump from here.

[The passenger throws himself out into space, Bargie closes her hatch]

DAR: And... totally fineQ Ugh, I have SO many questions!

[Zip notification: sad]

BARGIE: He gave me a 1.

[10:35] [Transition music]

[A crowd of people make noise in the background]

LORD TERR'EKK: [Unintelligible alien language] [[*Note: While Lord Terr'ekk continues to speak there is a translation spoken on top*]]

TRANSLATOR BATHANIEL: Greetings denizens of Flarn space. I am Bathaniel, the new and permanent translator for Flarn crime lord Terr'ekk Kestebi! [Laughs] I am definitely translating his declarations accurately and not slipping in stuff from my own side hustle, which is promoting high quality products available at great value. What does Lord Terr'ekk have to say?! This is verbatim: the most amazing shave I have ever had was with a Harry's razor. Never before have I experienced such a comfortable glide. Look at this incredibly close shave! This ever so smooth skin! Delivered with a razor that is a pleasure to hold. Harry's offers a simple, clean design with quality, durable blades at a fair price! And Harry's replacement cartridges are just \$2 each! Plus, get this! If you go to harrys.com/mission you will get a trial set worth \$13! [Laughs] The set comes with everything you need for a close, comfortable shave including a weighted ergonomic handle, a five blade razor with lubricating strip and a trimmer blade, rich lathering shave gel, AND a TRAVEL BLADE COVER! A \$13 VALUE! Redeem your trial set now at harrys.com/mission! It is totally the will of your fearsome leader, Terr'ekk Kestebi! [Laughs]!

[Transition music]

PLECK: Alright guys, let's go over the plan one more time. We're going to infiltrate this mine, we are going to find a chain, uh, of command to someone who we can convince to join our cause, and we can maybe infiltrate ultimately the- the reactor on this planet and shut it down.

AJ: [Readies weapon] Locked and loaded! Let's go!

C-53: No. No.

AJ: Okay.

[Crosstalk]

C-53: It might take weeks or months / to generate the amount of grassroots support to turn this planet against the Emperor.

PLECK: Yeah.

PLECK: Yeah, this is the lynchpin!

C-53: This would be a HUGE coup.

[Crosstalk]

AJ: Got it! Dar and I will have blasters / firing, right Dar?

C-53: / AJ? No.

DAR: But... AJ gave me a blaster!

AJ: I gave them a blaster.

C-53: How many blasters do you have, AJ?

AJ: Brother, I've got blasters you can't even see.

[Crosstalk]

DAR: Wait, but / actually, how many blasters do you have?

C-53: / Ye- yeah, but how many?

AJ: Well, I have one that I'm holding, the one I gave to Dar, and then I put one in my anal cavity.

C-53: ... WHY did you do that?

AJ: Just in case.

C-53: WHERE is the BARREL aimed?

[Crosstalk]

AJ: It's aimed up but the safety's on, / so... I feel pretty good about it.

C-53: / Wha-? [Noise of disbelief]

C-53: AJ!

DAR: The blaster is... up... in your anal cavity...

[Crosstalk]

C-53: AJ, it's gonna blast straight up / through your body!

AJ: / It's Alliance procedure! All C.L.I.N.T.s stick a-

[Crosstalk]

C-53: It's Alliance / procedure?!

AJ: / Yeah, we stick an extra- a small, little, tiny blaster up our- in our anal cavity.

[Crosstalk]

C-53: This must be classified. I never heard about / this.

AJ: / Of course it's classified. It's incredibly classified.

[Crosstalk]

AJ: Your anal cavity? / You don't want to talk about that.

DAR: / You DO know that-

DAR: How did you get it into your anal cavity? Did you use lube? Did you just insert it?

AJ: I used, yeah, Federated Alliance lube.

C-53: Federated Alliance has its own lube?!

[Crosstalk]

AJ: Well, it's physically tailored to the genetic structure of a C.L.I.N.T. to get it right up that anal cavity. / Slip it right on up.

DAR: / Oh, so all of you are into this kind of thing.

[Crosstalk]

AJ: Well, "into it"? We're required to do it. And our anal cavities are a LITTLE bit bigger than a normal Tellurian's / in order to house it.

DAR: / Wait wait wait wait wait wait.

DAR: How much bigger?

PLECK: Listen, we have a lot of work to do! This planet isn't gonna overthrow itself, okay?

[Crosstalk]

DAR: Pleck, I agree with you and I know we should get to the task at hand. There isn't a lot of time. But I am going to wanna come RIGHT back / to this.

PLECK: / Yes, we'll get right back to it, Dar.

C-53: Um, does anyone else think it's unusual that all these ships are leaving the spaceport while we're the only one arriving?

DAR: Hm.

[Screaming in the distance]

AJ: Eh, well there's also that dude running towards us right now, flailing.

DAR: Bargie!

PLECK: Bargie! Bargie, open the hatch!

[The person continues yelling]

BARGIE: He's not- he didn't request me. I can't just- that's not how it works. That's not the protocol-

PLECK: No, this is-

DAR: Oh...

C-53: Bargie.

[The yelling continues]

PLECK: This isn't-

BARGIE: Yeah.

PLECK: Bargie, this isn't a ride share thing, ju- this is a mission! Just open the hatch!

[The person continues screaming]

BARGIE: But- but how's he, you know, pay me? ??? 15:08

PLECK: Bargie, I'll pay you! Open the hatch!

BARGIE: FINE!

[Bargie lets the screaming man onto the ship]

STRANGER: Oh! We've gotta get out of here, now!

PLECK: What?!

STRANGER: This baby's gonna BLOW!

PLECK: Oh- okay! Yeah! Sure! Fine! Uh, what's going on?

STRANGER: Everything's gonna blow! Are you not listenin' to me?! Are you guys dense?! This whole place, this entire planet is gonna go KABOOEY!

PLECK: "Kabooney"?

[Crosstalk]

STRANGER: It's a- it's a reference to an explosion! That's- that's- / that's the sound of an explosion! It's gonna blow!

C-53: / Oh, sure, yeah.

PLECK: I thought it was "kablooney".

DAR: Hmm... Yeah, no, "kabooney" is very specific to this planet.

C-53: Pleck, it depends on the element. Sometimes it's a "kaboom", sometimes it's a "kathoon"-

PLECK: Oh.

[Crosstalk]

C-53: Sometimes it's a "kabloom", sometimes it's a "krackoon", / sometimes it's a...

PLECK: / Okay, I- yeah, okay. Fine.

DAR: "Kabooney".

STRANGER: This guy gets it. I like him!

[The stranger pats C-53]

STRANGER: I like you! You're gonna be on my team, bro! [Laughs] You're gonna be on my team. Can you guys get me out of here?

PLECK: Alright, Bargie, let's just go. Let's get back to orbit.

[Crosstalk]

BARGIE: Alright, again, I do not know / where I'm taking them therefore I do not know how much money I'm getting as a total at the end.

PLECK: / [Sighs]

STRANGER: [Tearing up] You just gotta get me out of here as fast as possible before they find me!

C-53: Did you work here in the mine?

STRANGER: Yes, I worked in the mine and I will never, EVER go back there. [Laughs mirthlessly]

PLECK: Uh- yeah!

STRANGER: I've seen darkness!

PLECK: Sir, we are- we are here to help. I'm Zima Knight Pleck Decksetter and we're here [pats stranger] to help you. What is your name?

STRANGER: My name is Josiah T. Turkelton [tears up] and thank you for saving my life!

PLECK: Anytime. Anytime. It looks like it was rough conditions down there.

JOSIAH: I mean, you know it's a feudal planet, right?

PLECK: Uh.

JOSIAH: The types of mining that we do, it's very intense. It's hard work, the hours. I'm talkin' 80 hour weeks.

C-53: Hm.

[Crosstalk]

JOSIAH: This is- this is intense stuff / and, uh-

C-53: / That's a lot of physical labor.

JOSIAH: Yeah, it can be.

AJ: Do you get unlimited vacation? Is that, like, a perk? Is that part of it?

[Crosstalk]

PLECK: I don't think so, / AJ.

JOSIAH: / There are no perks, man.

AJ: Oh.

JOSIAH: This is- when do we- I have a question. When do we- do we get to the ship?

[Crosstalk]

DAR: This is... // the ship.

C-53: / No, we're...

PLECK: / You're- you're ON the ship.

[Crosstalk]

JOSIAH: Oh! I guess I- I'm so sorry. I thought when you guys were rescuing me that this was, like, maybe, like, a shuttle situation to, like, a / real ship.

BARGIE: / You know, I could open my hatch. Alright, opening my hatch!

[Bargie begins to open her hatch]

[Simultaneously]

C-53: Barge! Barge, come on!

PLECK: No, no, Bargie! Bargie!

BARGIE: What?

[Simultaneously]

C-53: Don't do anything rash.

PLECK: Listen, he's been through a lot.

JOSIAH: You guys just saved me from a mining planet, okay? Just give me a second to catch my breath. And I apologize if I offended anyone about the status of this- are- you still call it a ship? You still callin' this a ship?

[Crosstalk]

PLECK: Listen, Josiah, have a seat. You've been through a lot. You look- / I mean, you look-

JOSIAH: / [Sighs] Can I- somebody can get me a water?

PLECK: Yeah.

[Crosstalk]

JOSIAH: A water, / anybody?

PLECK: / Absolutely. Yeah, absolutely.

PLECK: Uh, here you go. I'll just, uh-

[Pleck fills a glass in the sink]

JOSIAH: Actually, sparkling? Can I get a sparkling water?

[Crosstalk]

DAR: Um, // it looks like all of our sparkling cans have been emptied and crushed.

PLECK: / You want a sparkling water?

BARGIE: / No, I don't-

[Crosstalk]

AJ: Bargie does have an entire drawer full of mints. I think this is for the- is it for ride sharing / or-?

BARGIE: / Yes, it's for ride shares.

AJ: Okay.

C-53: Oh, and there is some bottled water here, I think also for the ride sharing.

JOSIAH: Yes, bottled, please.

C-53: Okay.

JOSIAH: Bottled, please!

[Crosstalk]

PLECK: Okay, I guess I'll just / pour this glass out.

C-53: / Here you go.

[Pleck pours out the glass of water]

PLECK: Listen, Josiah, we- you know, between you and me, as someone who's escaped from this mine, I think it's safe for us to tell you we were actually coming to Dubtor to- to undermine, uh, the whole operation there.

JOSIAH: Trust me, [scoffs] the place was ruined already. You don't need to- you don't need to get your filthy little paws in there.

PLECK: Uhh...

JOSIAH: That mine was goin' down fast.

[Crosstalk]

PLECK: I wash my ha- I washed my hands a couple / minutes ago when Dar told me to!

JOSIAH: / Okay! I mean, I think you guys /* could do some filing. It looks like I'm seeing some grub.

DAR: /* Uh HUH...

AJ: Yo, bro, watch what you say about Papa Decksetter! I'll [readies weapon] take you out!

PLECK: Okay! Wow.

JOSIAH: [Laughs]

C-53: Oh, uh, AJ

AJ: I'll take you out right now!

JOSIAH: Looks like I found the alpha!

AJ: That's right. I am the alpha of this crew. I am the leader.

[Crosstalk]

PLECK: Well... That's... / That's a strong-

C-53: / Uhh... AJ, that's-

[Crosstalk]

JOSIAH: Who is the leader? Yeah, just- just so I know who I should focus / my eye contact-

AJ: / I'm the leader.

[Simultaneously]

AJ: I call the shots.

C-53: AJ, it's not- no.

PLECK: It's definitely not- it's definitely not AJ.

[Crosstalk]

PLECK: We're all just, you know, we- we work together to liberate the galaxy from the clutches of the Wack, / as you might say.

JOSIAH: / That sounds like utter chaos.

PLECK: Okay.

JOSIAH: Who decides what you do?

PLECK: Um, well, he's like a little lizard guy. Currently he's fighting with a bigger bird that might try to take his eggs.

JOSIAH: Okay, let's just focus. Who yells at all the other people?

BARGIE: I do.

PLECK: Yeah, it's-

DAR: Yeah.

[Crosstalk]

C-53: Yeah, / Bargie usually yells.

JOSIAH: / Who makes sure that they're not, you know- they separate the- the children from their families so that they don't, you know, they don't grow up too cozy and they don't know each other.

[Crosstalk]

C-53: Oh, / / / I don't think that we have a person that does that or if that's necessary.

DAR: / I'm sorry, what?!

PLECK: / Uhh...

BARGIE: / ... What?

PLECK: You know, Josiah, I think we got off on the wrong foot. Why don't you tell us about what made you decide to leave this mine?

JOSIAH: I'm escaping. I don't really understand what I have to explain. Why am I being grilled here?

PLECK: Ah, no, I- I dunno. I just figure-

JOSIAH: Who's saving who?!

[Crosstalk]

PLECK: WE'RE saving YOU. / I just figure we, you know, if you're gonna save somebody, you know, it's important to know what the story is.

BARGIE: / Uh.

C-53: Yeah, and just to be clear you're DEFINITELY not saving US.

JOSIAH: I will acknowledge that maybe that wasn't a good use of the phrase. Nope, the bottled water's good and I don't wanna just- let's just- I'm so sorry. I was running a lot.

C-53: Josiah, yeah, we apologize. That was- we're getting really up in your business here.

JOSIAH: I mean, it's hard to just... walk away from your entire life.

PLECK: I get that.

[Crosstalk]

JOSIAH: Let me just tell you this, that things were not always so bad on Dubtor. It used to be, you know, kind of an idyllic world and, uh, you know, it was only until about a week ago that things / really started -

BARGIE: [Receiving a Zip Drive ride request] Alright, opening up my hatch!

[Simultaneously]

BARGIE: I have a new, uh, passenger.

C-53: Oh! Oh, er..

PLECK: No! [Sighs] Bargie!

PASSENGER: Hey guys!

JOSIAH: I was just getting into that story, too. That was gonna- it was gonna really heat up.

PLECK: Uh, yeah, sorry, Josiah. Uh, Bargie is a Zip driver right now so, um, just to make a little extra cash. Just continue your story. Why were conditions so bad on the mining planet?

JOSIAH: Oh, well there was a rebellion and that's when things really went from good... to bad.

PLECK: Sure, yeah.

C-53: Mm.

JOSIAH: Mmhmm.

C-53: Is there a cruel overlord that they were attempting to overthrow?

JOSIAH: ... What?!

[Crosstalk]

C-53: Just generally how a rebellion works / most of the-

PLECK: / Yeah, what were they-

JOSIAH: No! They were ungrateful!

[Crosstalk]

C-53: A benevolent leader, uh, betrayed / by the mining crew.

JOSIAH: / Yes. Yes, that's- I think that's how I would phrase it exactly.

C-53: Ah.

[Crosstalk]

JOSIAH: And so my- if you guys could just get me to the Emperor / as fast as possible /* then we'll be able-

PLECK: / Hold on a second.

C-53: /* Wait, wait, whoa.

[Crosstalk]

PLECK: Wait, you want us to get / you to the Emperor?

C-53: / Get you TO the Emperor?

JOSIAH: Yeah! I- I'm escaping! Guy! You guys- are you guys tryin' to help me escape or not?!

PLECK: Were- were YOU the-

JOSIAH: Again, this would be so much easier if one of you was the leader.

PLECK: [Sighs] It-

AJ: Okay. Alright. [Crushes a can]

JOSIAH: Can we just maybe pick one for the day? Maybe, and I'm not a fan of elections but I think it would be the quickest way to do this.

C-53: You're not a "fan" of elections?!

JOSIAH: I'm not a fan of your tone!

[Josiah raps his knuckles on C-53's frame]

C-53: Oh- okay!

JOSIAH: What is this?! Why are you grilling me?!

PLECK: Josiah, I feel like I-

JOSIAH: Who's saving who?!

[Simultaneously]

C-53: What?! You can't keep saying that.

PLECK: I mean, again, it's definitely- there's no way that you're-

AJ: I think we're all saving each other, right?

[Simultaneously]

C-53 & PLECK: AJ!

AJ: What?

JOSIAH: In a way.

PLECK: Listen-

JOSIAH: I like this guy a lot!

[Josiah pats AJ's shoulder]

JOSIAH: [Laughs]

PLECK: Josiah-

JOSIAH: Crushin' those cans, bro! Yes! Yes!

PLECK: I think you need to clarify something for us. Were YOU the one being overthrown on Dubtor?

JOSIAH: Yeah, why would you- that's why I was running so fast.

PLECK: We were-!

[Simultaneously]

C-53: [Sighs] Rodd...

DAR: [Disappointed] Mmm...

JOSIAH: You opened the door! I thought you knew!

[Crosstalk]

PLECK: You were / screaming so loud! You- you were dressed in-

DAR: / Mmm... No...

DAR: What part of you screaming and running towards us would communicate "I'm an evil overlord being overthrown by people that I've indentured"?

JOSIAH: To me, it's the really nice outfit. I'm pretty much the only one on the planet that basically has, like, really nice sandals. I- I thought that was kind of a given.

[Crosstalk]

C-53: But- but these are just... sweatpants. And / what are you talking about?

JOSIAH: Yeah!

DAR: Why does your shirt have so many holes in it?

JOSIAH: [Laughs] That's cool!

AJ: It is cool.

JOSIAH: Yeah, the- and then the people who work in the mines, they have full shirts and that's why you know that they don't get the good shirts.

C-53: What happens if they rip their shirt?

JOSIAH: Yeah, well then we get them a new shirt. And, honestly, that's when it gets really expensive running a mine. Hey, look, I work- I mean, I can't even tell you how much I have to work on- in this mine.

C-53: How much do you have to work in the mine?

JOSIAH: [Exhales dramatically] So ideally I do about 45 minutes in the morning-

C-53: You said an 80 hour week!

JOSIAH: Well, yeah! I mean, I'm still checkin' in online!

C-53: In a MINE?!

JOSIAH: So, have none of you guys ever run a mine before?

C-53: No!

PLECK: No.

DAR: ... Yes.

JOSIAH: Okay, the tall one gets it.

DAR: Hm.

[Crosstalk]

JOSIAH: Uh, so, look. Just for the- for those of you who don't know running a mine, basically, you, uh, you wait 'til your dad dies, and then when your dad dies, / you are the one in charge of the min.

C-53: [Sighs]

PLECK: Oh no.

[Crosstalk]

JOSIAH: And then you get to yell / at the lazy ones...

AJ: / Mmhmm.

AJ: Mmhmm.

[Crosstalk]

JOSIAH: And then you get to say, "good job," / to the ones who are not so lazy.

AJ: / Mmhmm.

JOSIAH: And those are the good ones. And what you do is you wanna promote the good ones.

AJ: Mmhmm.

[Crosstalk]

JOSIAH: And then the lazy ones see that the good ones, ooh, they're in a slightly BIGGER shack now. / That's where they live, in these little shacks just outside of the mine. They're very nice, though, VERY nice shacks.

AJ: / Mmhmm.

[Crosstalk]

JOSIAH: It's all about kinda setting them up against each other. Now, / typically that's pretty good for production.

AJ: / Mmhmm.

[Crosstalk]

JOSIAH: Eh, we run into a little danger when you get into the rebellion territory. And THAT is what led me to you. / Thanks again.

AJ: / Papa Decksetter, can I talk to you for a second?

PLECK: Uh, just one second Josiah.

[AJ and Pleck step aside]

AJ: Papa, do you want me to blow this guy's head off?

[Crosstalk]

PLECK: I mean, I- listen, I'm gonna be honest with you, AJ, I- I DO want that but I / think you shouldn't.

AJ: / You got it.

PLECK: I think that you shouldn't, though.

AJ: Okay?

PLECK: Because, uh, you know, maybe- [whispers] maybe he can lead us to the Emperor, give us some information.

[C-53 approaches AJ and Pleck]

C-53: Hey, are we, um, are we talking about potentially killing this guy?

[Simultaneously]

PLECK: Yea- uh- we actually were!

AJ: Yeah, yeah.

PLECK: Yeah, we actually were.

C-53: Yeah, uh huh. [[*Note: Agreement*]]

[Crosstalk]

PASSENGER: This is my first trip / on a Zip drive!

AJ & C-53 & PLECK: / [Expressions of dismay]

PLECK: Oh boy!

PASSENGER: I've never been in one! It's quite fancy and big!

[Crosstalk]

PLECK: Uh, yeah! You know, this is a very famous ship! So, uh, five asteroids / on the-

PASSENGER: / You wanna know everything about my life?

[Simultaneously]

AJ: Uhh...

C-53: Oh...!

JOSIAH: I- I'm curious.

DAR: I'm gonna go ahead and jump feet first into this aside.

[Dar walks over to join the aside]

DAR: Are we talking about killing Josiah?

[Simultaneously]

AJ: Oh, yeah.

C-53: Yes, we are. Yes we are talking about-

PLECK: We are talking about it. We are discussing it.

DAR: Oh, thank Rodd! I'm in favor... as long as we use the blaster stashed away in AJ's rectum.

PLECK: Okay, Dar, you need to give that a rest. That's for... emergency use only.

DAR: Pleck, I need you to look me in the eyes, so I'm gonna pick you up real quick.

[Dar grabs Pleck and lifts him]

PLECK: Ah! Ah!

DAR: [Inhales slowly] As you and I both know, sentient creature growing inside of me, and myself, we're not INGESTING as much STIMULI as we USED to.

PLECK: Mm. Mmhmm.

[Crosstalk]

DAR: But if I could just, out of curiosity, see how a C.L.I.N.T.'s rectum is SPECIFICALLY shaped to hold a blaster inside of it, that could really, you know, satiate my hunger for buttohole imagery / for the next three days.

PLECK: / Sure. Sure.

PLECK: Dar, I'm just gonna say this: I don't think this is what asides are supposed to be for.

[Dar lets Pleck go]

DAR: Fine! These are not what asides are for?!

[Pleck hits the floor]

PLECK: [Softly] Ow! Ow...

[Crosstalk]

DAR: If they're not to talk about buttoholes I don't know what asides are for, / okay, Pleck?!

PLECK: / Okay! Alright!

JOSIAH: I'm just lookin' for those mints. Where are those mints that you mentioned?

PLECK: Uh...

PASSENGER: I ate all of them!

JOSIAH: [Laughs] I like her! You're fun!

[Josiah pats the passenger jovially]

[Crosstalk]

JOSIAH: You're the type of person I would put in charge of sentient resources / down in the mine because sometimes people get REALLY worked up after... I really worked them up.

PASSENGER: / Wow!

AJ: Alright, Josiah, I want you to [readies weapon] get down on the ground! I'm pulling the blaster on you. Get down on the ground.

[Simultaneously]

PLECK: AJ, AJ!

JOSIAH: Whoa! Power move, man!

C-53: AJ, AJ! AJ, AJ, AJ!

JOSIAH: Okay, I like this guy!

AJ: I thought we all hate this guy, right?

[Crosstalk]

PLECK: No we- I mean, yes, / we do. I mean-

C-53: / [Sighs] Yes, AJ...

AJ: He's Wack! He's not Fresh!

[Simultaneously]

C-53: He is not Fresh at all, AJ, but... you can't just shoot someone.

PLECK: No, he's definitely not- not Fresh, but AJ, you just gotta...

[Crosstalk]

PLECK: Josiah, / you're on our ship now, Okay?

JOSIAH: / Yeah?

[Simultaneously]

JOSIAH: Yeah?

PLECK: And, uh...

[Crosstalk]

PLECK: You may have run a pretty, uh, / messed up- pretty jucked up mine.

JOSIAH: / Successful mine.

PLECK: But you're gonna take us back there. And you're gonna tell us how to shut the whole thing down. Or my friend AJ is gonna put a couple laser holes in your... shirt. More holes than it already has in it... And, also, bo- your body.

AJ: ... Yeah!

DAR: Very intimidating.

[Simultaneously]

DAR: Very well done.

AJ: I'm in.

C-53: Yeah, I would have gone with a second draft on that one.

PLECK: Okay.

JOSIAH: I'd like to just kinda, just, reiterate for you guys that the whole thing is OVER, okay? The mine is- is essentially shut down.

PLECK: What do you mean "essentially"?

JOSIAH: The rebellion is basically a few months in and then there's a new quote-unquote "government" [laughs] and then they're trying to f- I mean, they're basically doing this thing where they're trying to force me to do something against my will!? That I don't want to do.

C-53: And what is that?

JOSIAH: They want me to pay 10% of my profits for the mine to go to something for "health"- what is it?

PLECK: Health- healthcare?

JOSIAH: Yeah, that's it! Yeah!

[Josiah pats Pleck]

JOSIAH: You sound just like one of those government nerds! [Laughs]

PLECK: Josiah, how much do you pay your wo- your workers in the mine?

JOSIAH: They're not workers. First of all, these are independent contractors, and that is VERY clear.

[Crosstalk]

PLECK: That's actually... not... a difference?! I'm pretty sure / independent contractors are still workers, yeah.

C-53: / They still work for you.

27:44

JOSIAH: I wish my dad was still here. He would know.

PLECK: How much do you pay them?

JOSIAH: It's not a pay thing, you know?! We're like a family! That's how I see it.

C-53: Is that how they see it?

JOSIAH: They basically get a- they get a couple'a kroons a week, you know?

C-53: "A couple'a kroons a week" for 80 hours in a mine?!

JOSIAH: Didn't you- did you not hear me mention that they live in some pretty nice shacks?!

[Josiah raps his knuckles on C-53's frame]

JOSIAH: Who is this guy?! WHO'S SAVING WHO?!

C-53: Listen, Josiah, if the shacks are so nice, let me ask, do YOU live in a shack?

JOSIAH: Yeah, you can say I live in a, uh, in a shack.

AJ: Do you live in a mansion, apartment, shack or house?

JOSIAH: I live in- I have one of each.

[Simultaneously]

C-53: Okay, so, ...

PLECK: Okay, Josiah.

[Crosstalk]

JOSIAH: I'm a man of the- of the people, you know! I- I hang out in the shack every now and then. I walk around. I say hi to the folks, / they know me. I put on m- I put on m-

DAR: / You don't shake in the shack!

DAR: You are a liar.

JOSIAH: Ohh, I- how dare you!

DAR: How dare I?! I've run a mine! I know exactly what this takes!

JOSIAH: Open the- you know what?! I want out! Open the hatch!

[Crosstalk]

PLECK: No! Do not / open the hatch, Bargie.

BARGIE: / Okay. Alright. Okay.

[Bargie opens the hatch]

[The passenger get sucked out the open hatch]

PASSENGER: Wait, I don't live here!

28:48

[Simultaneously]

AJ & PLECK: Oh no!

JOSIAH: And I think we all liked her and that's a bummer.

PLECK: Josiah, why would these miners work for you in the first place?

JOSIAH: I- I give them free housing. It's like an internship of sorts. They get to come- they get to come to the mine, they work for 80 or so years until they can't work any more OR until they get spotted by another mine. And I'm very cool about them going and working at other mines - by that point I have their offspring to work in the mine.

C-53: Oh, no!

[Simultaneously]

JOSIAH: It's actually-

PLECK: Josiah-

JOSIAH: It's actually pretty cool. I'm a good guy. Look, I know what you guys want. You guys want to be part of a mission. Uh, there's a void of leadership. I'll step into that role and I will be your leader. Take me to the Emperor.

PLECK: Uh, listen-

DAR: Pleck! Quick aside!

PLECK: Yes.

[Dar grabs Pleck and drags him aside]

PLECK: Oh! Agh!

PLECK: Is this a butthole thing, Dar?

DAR: No! It was when he said he puts the offspring... into the mines... [chokes up] and then... the thought... [tears up] of young, sentient creatures working in mines...

PLECK: Whoa. Dar you're cr-

DAR: ... REALLY filled me with RAGE!

PLECK: You're crying and it's boiling! This is weird!

[Crosstalk]

DAR: I- I think it's like a hormonal thing? Just imagining young sentient beings working in mines / for THIS jucking piece of trash?

PLECK: / Yeah.

PLECK: I- I'm with you. I'm with you. Look-

DAR: And then now I don't care about buttholes, I just care about hurting him.

PLECK: Okay, you- d- I can't talk everyone out of killing this guy but-

AJ: I'm mad too! I just got out my butt gun.

DAR: And I missed it?!

AJ: Yeah, I just passed it.

DAR: AJ, HOW COULD YOU DO THIS TO ME?!

JOSIAH: [Inspecting the butt gun] Oh, I love this gun! Where's this gun been?

DAR: And you handed it to HIM?!

C-53: You just let him take it straight outta your hands!

AJ: Well, I wanted to say- he said he wanted to look at it and I handed-

[Crosstalk]

PLECK: Okay, let's all calm down! Let's / all put down our butt guns.

DAR: / Okay.

BARGIE: He hasn't downloaded the app! I'm just flying around! Who even knows how much money I could be getting! What is this?!

JOSIAH: I like you. Bargie, dude, you're cool!

[Zip notification: ride request]

BARGIE: Oh, also, I have a pick up.

[Crosstalk]

C-53: Bargie, I don't know if it's a great time / to pick somebody up. We're aiming blasters at each other.

PLECK: / It's a bad time, Bargie.

[Bargie opens the hatch; a new passenger arrives panting]

PASSENGER: Thank you for picking me up!

BARGIE: Okay. Hi!

PASSENGER: There are barely any ships leavin'.

BARGIE: There's... no more mints.

PASSENGER: ... YOU!

JOSIAH: Oh! Hey...

PASSENGER: You! TURKELTON!

PLECK: Oh boy.

PASSENGER: Scum! Slime!

JOSIAH: I'm sorry, have we met?

PASSENGER: Glop!

[Crosstalk]

DAR: I mean, you've clearly / met. He knows exactly what you are.

PASSENGER: / Liquid... fluh!

JOSIAH: I don't know who this guy is at all.

DAR: He's describing you to a T.

PASSENGER: That internship was garbage!!

PLECK: This guy's like 75 years old!

PASSENGER: I've been... an intern for 49 years!

C-53: How?

PLECK: That's too long.

AJ: Wow.

[The passenger pulls out paper]

[Crosstalk]

JOSIAH: That's a long term contract / you got there.

PASSENGER: / You're gonna sign this page to give me academic credit!

[Crosstalk]

C-53: Unpaid internships are... / I mean, it's a bad system.

PLECK: / Yeah, not good, not good.

PASSENGER: Ugh.

JOSIAH: You guys aren't counting the exposure! That's a payment. It's a form of payment! And-

C-53: He's got a lot of open sores if that- is that what you're talking about?

[The passenger groans]

JOSIAH: You're just like a suppressive personality. Is that- I'm trying to think of what- you're just, like, a negative- I'm getting a lot of negative vibes from you.

PASSENGER: I'm barely alive!

JOSIAH: Yeah! That's probably the most negative part that I'm getting.

BARGIE: Oh, quick, quick, uh-

PASSENGER: Yeah?

BARGIE: You download the app and you-

PASSENGER: Yeah.

BARGIE: You can- okay- thanks.

PASSENGER: Yup! Yup, I'm payin'.

[Ding as the Passenger sends payment]

BARGIE: Right. Continue.

PLECK: Bargie!

BARGIE: What?! I have my own stuff, okay?!

AJ: It's like a Bargie story. It's called, like, a B story, right?

BARGIE: Ah, yeah, yeah, I got my own B story I have to figure out.

C-53: Hm.

PLECK: Hm.

C-53: Maybe there could be a- a C story as well!

[Simultaneously]

BARGIE: Nope!

PLECK: I don't think so.

[Crosstalk]

C-53: Hm... / that's a shame.

BARGIE: / Too ma- not enough.

AJ: How about an A-J story?

C-53: No.

[Crosstalk]

PASSENGER: I don't / know if you guys know this but Josiah Turkleton is the scum of the crud...!

AJ: / Oh, alright.

PLECK: Yeah, we- we-

[Crosstalk]

PASSENGER: ... Of the crap / of the bottom of the boot of the ass of the world!

PLECK: / We've been-

C-53: WOW!

PLECK: Wow! Yeah-

C-53: That's far down!

PLECK: That's pretty good.

DAR: You're a poet and I am LOVING this takedown!

PASSENGER: You know my poetry?

DAR: What is your name?

PASSENGER: Philleus Delth.

PLECK: "Philleus Douth"?

[Crosstalk]

PASSENGER: Philleus / DELTH.

AJ: / "Philleus Death".

[Simultaneously]

THE CREW: "Delth"?

PHILLEUS: Yes.

JOSIAH: Wait, wait, wait, wait, wait, wait, wait. You had time to write poetry?! This does not sound like a bad job!

PHILLEUS: I did it in my hour off!

DAR: Oh, you DID get an hour off!

C-53: That changes your mind about this guy?!

DAR: No, I'm being sarcastic! I know it's very hard to tell because that's constantly my tone!

JOSIAH: Now, here, I'm the guy with a gun that smells like a butthole. Can we go to the Emperor, please?

DAR: Wait, wait, wait, wait, wait. You smelled the blaster?

JOSIAH: [Inspecting the butt gun] Where- where'd you guys find this gun? It's got a funky little zest to it!

AJ: That's right! That's because it's from my anal cavity. And, also, I can control it with this panel on my sleeve.

[The panel beeps; the butt gun fires]

[The blast throws Philleus into things]

AJ: Oh! Ooh!

PLECK: Oh!

AJ: Oh, no!

C-53: Oh, you shouldn't have just told it to fire!

AJ: Oh.

PHILLEUS: This blaster hole smells like an ass! Agh!

[Philleus falls over and groans in pain in the background]

PLECK: You've gotta wait until he's pointing it at a pla-

AJ: Sorry, I didn't- that- that he-

PLECK: Oh, no!

PHILLEUS: My final poem!

PLECK: Philleus!

DAR: No!

PHILLEUS: Tender is the darkness of the tunnel of the death time that is now!

[Simultaneously]

AJ: Ooh...

C-53: No, it wasn't very-

PLECK: Eh, wasn't as good as the previous one.

[Crosstalk]

PHILLEUS: Second // stanza!

C-53: / Oh! Okay, hold on!

AJ: / [Laughs] Oh no!

33:42

PHILLEUS: Five asteroids for Bargie!

[Zip notification: happy]

BARGIE: Thank you.

JOSIAH: I'm gonna say this: you guys are monsters!

PLECK: What?!

JOSIAH: The way you just made the gun I was holding kill that guy? He could be working in a mine right now!

PLECK: [Frustrated and disgusted] Agh!

C-53: You're not better than us, is what I'll say.

JOSIAH: I have two questions, okay? My first one is: if you guys are better than me, then why does Barge have to get a second job? Huh? Huh?!

PLECK: Listen-

JOSIAH: Two: WHO is saving WHO?!

BARGIE: I wish! I'm working five.

PLECK: Five?!

BARGIE: I'm a Zip driver-

C-53: That's one.

[Crosstalk]

BARGIE: I, uh, / I sell-

C-53: / You work with us. That's two.

[Crosstalk]

BARGIE: Yes, I guess that's... but I'm not getting paid / so that's not... It's pro bono.

C-53: / No. Okay.

C-53: I'll take it away so... back down to one.

BARGIE: Uh...

DAR: Are you selling the footage of us sleeping again?

[Crosstalk]

BARGIE: We're selling that footage. / I make jewelry. And I sell that jewelry on a Betsy site.

PLECK: No! What?!

[Crosstalk]

C-53: Huh. That's three.

PLECK: Hmm.

JOSIAH: What a disgusting way of life you guys have set up for Bargie here.

PLECK: Josiah-!

JOSIAH: Bargie, what if I told you that you could have just ONE job?

[Crosstalk]

PLECK: No! Bargie, do / not listen to him!

JOSIAH: / And keep working.

[Crosstalk]

JOSIAH: You could focus all of your talents! You have so many talents. / Oh, wow! What a ship! You could focus all of your talents on one thing.

BARGIE: / Thank you. Thank you!

BARGIE: I mean I... did... do that? And it bit- it bit me on the back of my hull.

JOSIAH: Yeah.

BARGIE: Uh, so really depends what the job is.

C-53: It's gonna be working in a mine. Yeah.

JOSIAH: It's working in a mine.

[Crosstalk]

C-53: Yeah.

BARGIE: You said I get exposure, right?

[Crosstalk]

JOSIAH: Yes! SO much / / exposure!

PLECK: / No, Bargie!

C-53: / Bargie!

PLECK: Do not listen to him! Josiah, do you even know what your mine does? Your mine make-

JOSIAH: Uhh, yeah, it makes money!

PLECK: Yeah.

JOSIAH: It makes kroon, dude!

PLECK: It also produces dubtornium which powers the planet crusher crusher!

JOSIAH: Yeah, and?

PLECK: The- the planet crushers d- d- destroyed the lives of billions of people!

JOSIAH: I don't really see the connection. What they do with it when they get it? That's up to them. Here's how I see it, is that I am- I'm really a middle man. I just, uh, I see a thing in- inside of the mountains of Dubtor, obviously. I get it out. And then I basically, I find these people who want the thing from the mountain. And then I give it to them for a LOT of kroon. Oh, so much... It's really- it's quite cool what I do.

AJ: I'll say this right now: AJ hate late stage capitalism.

PLECK: Thank you, AJ.

JOSIAH: [Betrayed] AJ! I thought you looked so cool crushin' those cans, too, bro.

AJ: I'm taking my butt gun back!

[AJ takes the gun back]

AJ: [Replacing butt gun into his anal cavity] Agh!

PLECK: [Noises of disgust]

C-53: Oh, wow, that REALLY...

[Crosstalk]

JOSIAH: Yeah, that explains why you called it a "butt" gun. And the smell... // That explains the smell!

DAR: / Wow.

PLECK: / You know, every C.L.I.N.T. has that big red button on their arm and I've always wondered what it does.

AJ: It recalls your butt gun.

[Zip notification: ride request]

BARGIE: Oh, this is weird. We're, uh, we're going back to Dubtor. I have a pickup! V.I.P.!

JOSIAH: Wait, what?!

C-53: Oh, you got a Vip-Zip?

BARGIE: I got a Vip-Zip!

JOSIAH: We're going back to Dubtor?!

PLECK: You know, Josiah, I kinda feel like we can't re- I think we've really reached the end of the road with you. I think it's time for you to go home.

JOSIAH: You can't take me back there! They're gonna shred me to pieces!

PLECK: Uh...

[Crosstalk]

C-53: Are they / literally going to shred you to pieces?

JOSIAH: / [Stressed laughing]

JOSIAH: Well they're going to shred the 10% of my profit to pieces! Everything my father worked for...!

[Josiah melodramatically slides down the wall onto the ground]

[Crosstalk]

JOSIAH: ... and then I just lucked into ten years ago is gonna go away! All of it! And I'm not even finished / building

PLECK: / When you say "all of it" you mean 10% of it.

JOSIAH: Well 100% is all of it and it'll no longer be 100%! That's everything!!

C-53: 10% is a VERY, VERY light tax rate.

JOSIAH: This is why you guys are so bad at business. And you guys don't understand! This is like, I am a job creator for all of these people and yet they show no respect, okay? They're- cause I'm gonna give 10% and then the next thing they're gonna want is water during the- their work periods. Or they're gonna want to be able to bring snacks. It's a slippery slope... and they're also gonna want me to fix that slippery slope! I don't wanna do that!

C-53: Josiah, 30% is considered standard in most parts of the galaxy.

[Crosstalk]

JOSIAH: [Quietly] Oh geez, how do you even feed a / [Louder] family on 70%?!

DAR: / And the top tier of earners usually are at 70%.

C-53: I mean, those are utopias you're describing now.

BARGIE: Beano, rest in peace, used to take 70%.

JOSIAH: I want to tell you that this has been truly the worst, uh, ship experience I've ever had.

DAR: You didn't even pay for it!

BARGIE: I'm happy you're NOT on the app then, so...

JOSIAH: [Sarcastic] Well, I'm sure the government'll just pay for it once I start chipping in my 10%. I've got families not to feed!

[Zip notification: ride request]

BARGIE: Well, I'm opening up my hatch!

[Hatch opens]

[Crosstalk]

JOSIAH: What?! / No! No! Give me a- I'm holding on!! I'm still holding on!

BARGIE: / We have arrived.

[Dar grabs Josiah]

DAR: Nope! I'm picking you up and tossing you out!

[Dar throws Josiah out the hatch]

JOSIAH: [As he sails out the hatch] She is very stroooooong!

BARGIE: There it is.

[Some new passengers enter during the chaos, Bargie closes the hatch]

DAR: Ahh...

BARGIE: Oh! And there is- are the new riders.

[Crosstalk]

NEW PASSENGER 1: Wow, what a ship! / What a ship!

NEW PASSENGER 2: / Oh, we be 'stroid miners!

JOSIAH: I am also a normal miner.

[Simultaneously]

BARGIE: Opening the hatch again!

C-53: Oh-

DAR: No.

PLECK: Get out of here!

[Bargie opens the hatch and Dar tosses Josiah out]

JOSIAH: [As he sails out the hatch again] NOoooooo! How's he- I'm falling further this time! No!

BARGIE: And knowing they're that sort of person they're probably faking it. Yup! They're still there. Tipping you over, dumping you out!

[Things start sliding on the floor as Bargie tips over]

JOSIAH: [In the distance] Oh god, this time it's reaaaaal!

NEW PASSENGER 1: He's just lowerin' his voice quieter and higher!

[Crosstalk]

BARGIE: His voice is just lowering, he's still hanging on. Someone / just, like, tip him over!

NEW PASSENGER 1: / He's still hangin' on the door.

JOSIAH: My hands are so slippery from that butt gun! Ahh! [Falling into the distance] Nooo!

C-53: Okay, he's actually falling this time.

[Rustle of a parachute deploying]

C-53: Oh, come on.

PLECK: Oh.

C-53: Golden parachute.

PLECK: Yeah.

C-53: [Noise of disgust]

[The door closes]

PLECK: Makes sense.

C-53: These rich guys always have a way out.

PLECK: Hm.

C-53: Hm.

[Transition music]

PLECK: Listen, Nermut, we weren't able to infiltrate the- the mine, but, uh, we did actually meet the guy who runs it and we found out a lot about how it works.

C-53: Yeah, we got a lot of information.

PLECK: It's a real mess.

NERMUT: This is amazing! We can- we now have information on- on- on how to infiltrate and take down the only source of dubtornium, which is the only thing that can power the planet crusher crusher!

DAR: Alright, one Dub-step at a time here, Nermut.

PLECK: Thank you Dar, that's- that's very true.

NERMUT: Right, right, right.

PLECK: So all we need to do is just, I- I'd say, let's give it a couple days, we come back, we try to find another way into the mine-

C-53: Papa Decksetter, I'm getting an unusual amount of activity in the airspace surrounding Dubtor...

PLECK: What do you mean?

[C-53 opens Bargie's viewport]

C-53: Look at this. There are thousands of escape pods leaving the planet.

PLECK: Whoa!

C-53: I mean, this could be the entire population!

AJ: I could- I could count them if need be, but I don't feel like I have- need to do that...

DAR: AJ, COULD you?

AJ: I could!

[A distant deep explosion]

[Simultaneously]

C-53: Oh, that's bright. That is very bright.

DAR: Oh no. Boyyy.

NERMUT: Ohh...

40:44

[Crosstalk]

C-53: Wow! I wish I hadn't been looking directly / at that.

NERMUT: / Wow.

DAR: WOW.

[Dar begins slow clapping]

PLECK: Wait, Dar, why are you- why are you clapping?

DAR: That guy. Wow!

NERMUT: What?

DAR: I didn't think he's do it but he was actually a lot smarter than I took him for.

[Crosstalk]

NERMUT: What do you mean? / He just blew up-

DAR: / He went the insurance route.

[Simultaneously]

C-53 & NERMUT: Ohh...

[Simultaneously]

C-53: That classic mine scam.

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

DAR: And if I were him, which I almost am, I guess, I'd be calling you right now to rub it in your face.

[Incoming transmission]

C-53: Papa Decksetter, I have an incoming transmission from Josiah T. Turkelton.

PLECK: [Sighs] Alright.

[Transmission connects]

JOSIAH: WAZZUP!!

PLECK: [Exasperated] Josiah!

JOSIAH: Wazzup!?

[Crosstalk]

C-53: Did you blow up your / own mine planet?

JOSIAH: / First of all, you gotta respond with a “wazzup”!

AJ: WAZZUP!

[Simultaneously]

C-53: AJ, no! We’re not-

PLECK: No, AJ! Stop!

PLECK: Josiah, did you blow up your mine to get the insurance money?

JOSIAH: [Coyly] Noooo...?

[A beat of silence]

[Crosstalk]

JOSIAH: You see the way I raised my voice during / that one? Cause it means “yes”.

C-53: / Yeah, uh huh. [[*Note: Agreement*]] And then you winked.

JOSIAH: Uh, yeah. Hands were tied.

PLECK: Well, you know, uh, Josiah, I- I really hate to say this but, thank you for blowing up that mine.

JOSIAH: ... What?

NERMUT: You destroyed the only source of dubtornium that powers the planet crusher crusher! Now that thing is a limp, uh, biscuit!

C-53: Yeah, good luck getting the planet crusher crusher rolling now.

PLECK: Oh boy.

DAR: Rolling ROLLING now.

JOSIAH: Well, I’m off. You know, I’m in- I’m in what you might call a REAL ship. I have a lot of brothers and they’ve got their own planets and they’ve got their own mines and I’ll find work! It’ll be fine! We’ll figure it out! But, I just want to thank you guys for the hospitality. Uh, had a great time meetin’ some of you. Uh, Barge, if you ever need a gig, uh, you know, a REAL gig-

BARGIE: Listen, have your people send me the numbers. Just me, though. To my people. Cause I have my own.

[Simultaneously]

C-53: Barge, you can’t seriously be considering this job.

PLECK: Barge, you don’t wanna- you don’t wanna work in a mine.

[Crosstalk]

BARGIE: I- if the money is right, / I will do-

JOSIAH: / There's no money.

BARGIE: Oh, then nah, I'm not interested. Sorry.

[Crosstalk]

JOSIAH: Okay, yeah, I just thought- I thought I was pretty clear about that over the past, / you know, how long have we been here? But there's no money in this.

BARGIE: / Nope! Nope!

BARGIE: Oh yeah, I'm not.

JOSIAH: For you guys

BARGIE: Don't even bring it up.

JOSIAH: Okay.

[Crosstalk]

JOSIAH: Well, / alright!

C-53: / [Quietly] Okay.

JOSIAH: But, exposure!

PLECK: Josiah, listen, I hope that wherever you're headed your ship crashes, uh, or that your brothers cast you out into space.

JOSIAH: I really appreciate that, man.

PLECK: No problem.

[Transmission ends]

PLECK: [Sighs]

C-53: Wow.

PLECK: Sometimes you complete a mission and it doesn't really go the way you want but you got it done, you know?

PASSENGER A: Yeah, I know what you mean. Wow, it's been so great just, like, sitting here and listening and seeing how you guys work.

NERMUT: Who is that?!

PLECK: Oh, yeah, sorry, this is one of Bargie's fares.

PASSENGER A: My name is Mick Licklitter.

PASSENGER B: And I'm Bar.

PASSENGER C: [Robotic] And I'm C-54.

PASSENGER D: And I'm DJ! I'm gonna crush this water bottle!

AJ: That guy's annoying, am I right?

PLECK: Oh geez.

C-53: This is weird.

[Crosstalk]

PLECK: Yeah, / I don't like it.

C-53: / I don't like this at all.

DAR: Eh, I'm kinda into it.

[Outro Music, Bargie takes off]

// - 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. Josiah T. Turkelton was played by special guest Zach Broussard. Zach writes and acts for television. You can follow him @ZachBroussard on Twitter and Instagram. 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 Maximum Fun 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. And don't forget! Mission to Zyxx will be eating barbecue and 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 panels, and hanging out with you. Get your tickets at missiontozyxx.space and check out the full weekend lineup at podx.com.

//

[Maximum Fun Info Break]

[Not Transcribed]

// Maximumfun.org: comedy and culture - artist owned, audience supported //

[46:55] [Outtake]

JOSIAH/ZACH: Okay, this time it's reaaaaal!

ALDEN: [Laughs]

PHILLEUS/SETH: He's just lowerin' his voice quieter and higher!

[Crosstalk]

BARGIE/MOUJAN: Yeah, his voice is / just lowering- he's still hanging on! /* Could someone just, like, tip him over? I can't- my hatch doesn't do any-

AJ/WINSTON: / Yeah, he-

PHILLEUS/SETH: /* He's hangin' on the door!

JOSIAH/ZACH: Alright, let's make a deal you freaks!

[Laughter]

JOSIAH/ZACH: You give me one mint and I'll leave out of- I'll leave this ship with a little dignity and a little respect. Something- something you guys never showed me. Huh?

PHILLEUS/SETH: Counter proposal: I fart in your mouth!

[Laughter]

MOUJAN: [Quietly] Who is this guy?

SETH: Sorry, he's just a rider.

MOUJAN: Oh!

[Laughter]

ALDEN: Uh-

MOUJAN: He was here all along!

ALDEN: You want-

ZACH: This guy knows about tough negotiations, though!

[Laughter]