C-RED-IT5: This is C-RED-IT5 with a special announcement. Season 2 of Mission to Zyxx is made possible by our incredible supporters on Patreon. To each and every one of our patrons, thank you for making this happen. We couldn't have done it without you. Enjoy Season 2.

[Opening Crawl]

NARRATOR: It is a period of civil war. I can't believe I'm saying that again. We just finished the last one, but here we are. A heroic team of ambassadors has destroyed the administrative starship Delegator, dealing a crippling blow to the evil and corrupt Federated Alliance. Also, Wink ate that guy's face. Now, aboard the Bargarean Jade, former ambassador Pleck Decksetter and his crew have returned to the most distant, crappy quadrant of the galaxy to escape the Alliance's vengeful agents and to attempt a rendezvous with Rebel forces who operate from a hidden base and are terrible at returning calls. In the bustling alleyways of the desert moon of Krynth three figures make their way through the crowd in search of a familiar facade. Traitors to the Alliance and strangers to the Rebellion, they have no choice but to set out on their own mission - a Mission to Zyxx.

[Main Theme]

[Bustling marketplace]

DAR: Now, as a reminder, Pleck, don't touch anything.
PLECK: No, no.

[Coughing and screaming in the background]

PLECK: This is terrifying. I mean-

[The group is approached]

UNINTELLIGIBLE STRANGER: [Speaks alien language]
DAR: Oh, no, he's not for sale. Please-
PLECK: Is that what they were saying?
DAR: Yeah, they think you're my little, um, plaything.
PLECK: Oh.
NERMUT: [Straining] Pleck! Pleck! Dar!
PLECK: What?
NERMUT: [Straining] I'm under its foot.
DAR: Oh.
PLECK: Oh. Hey, listen. Could you just lift up your foot real quick?

[The alien speaks in an unintelligible language]

[Nermut breathes heavily as he escapes the foot]

PLECK: Nermut, your tail!
NERMUT: Oh, it tore my tail off!
PLECK: Are you okay?
NERMUT: Uh, it'll grow back very slowly.

PLECK: Wait, are you... You're fine with that?
NERMUT: It'll just look so stupid. Ugh.
PLECK: Oh, never mind. Just keep going.
JUNTAWA STRANGER: Juntawa.
PLECK: Man, none of these- none of these aliens speak Regular.
JUNTAWA STRANGER: Juntawa juntawa.
PLECK: Yeah, what is that? What language is-
NERMUT: I think it's Juntawa.
DAR: Oh.
PLECK: Is that a new-
JUNTAWA STRANGER: Juntawa juntawa juntawa.

[Crosstalk]
DAR: I mean that / should be-
PLECK: / Juntawa to you, my good man.

DAR: Don't!

[Stranger grabs Pleck by his shirt]

JUNTAWA STRANGER: Juntawa!
PLECK: No!
NERMUT: Don't say that!
PLECK: What?!

[Crosstalk]
DAR: We don't know what you're / saying back!
JUNTAWA STRANGER: / Juntawa!

NERMUT: It's-
JUNTAWA STRANGER: Juntawa?
NERMUT: Every word in Juntawa is "juntawa" but it depends how you say it.
PLECK: Oh, okay.
NERMUT: It's all about inflection.
PLECK: [Jauntily] Juntawa!
JUNTAWA STRANGER: [Screaming angrily] Juntawa!

[Crosstalk]
DAR: Okay, let's keep moving along, boys. / Come on.
PLECK: / Yeah, yeah. Yeah, I'm sorry.

[The crew moves away from the angry stranger]

NERMUT: [Amiably] Juntawa!
JUNTAWA STRANGER: [Amiably] Juntawa!
DAR: Oh, okay.
PLECK: How did that work?!
NERMUT: That means goodbye.
PLECK: Man, where are we gonna find the- this is- this place looked a lot different the last time we were here, right?

DAR: Well, the last time we were here, they knew we were an ambassador team, so a lot of the illegal activity was out of sight, out of mind.
PLECK: Ah, that's a really good point.
NERMUT: I've never been anywhere.
DAR: I'm sorry?

[Crosstalk]
NERMUT: I mean, / I've never been-
DAR: / I- I- I mean I'm- I'm sorry.

[Crosstalk]
DAR: I'm- / I'm very sad- I'm very sad to hear that for you.
NERMUT: / Oh, oh, oh, thank you. Okay, thank you. Thank you.

NERMUT: Um.
PLECK: What do you think? Is this, like, cool?
NERMUT: It's really cool! Look at all these creatures and there's... what is that? What is that even selling? That's like a liquid that's on fire.

[A Finger Hustler approaches]

FINGER HUSTLER 1: Would you like to buy a small finger?
NERMUT: Oh.

[Crosstalk]
FINGER HUSTLER 1: I have fingers from all over the Zyxx Quadrant. Big/ ones.
DAR: / Do you have any big fingers?

FINGER HUSTLER 1: Yes, the biggest!

[A second Finger Hustler approaches]

[Crosstalk]
FINGER HUSTLER 2: Oh, you're looking for big / fingers?
FINGER HUSTLER 1: / Oh!

DAR: Yeah, but, like, um, I want to know like how big we're talking here.
FINGER HUSTLER 2: Oh, how big do you want them? [Laughs suggestively]
DAR: About this big.

[Crosstalk]
FINGER HUSTLER 2: Oh no- / that's much too big.
PLECK: / Wow.

DAR: That's too bi- You just said you had big fingers!

[A third Finger Hustler approaches]

FINGER HUSTLER 3: Are you looking for fingers that are big?

[Crosstalk]
DAR: Yeah, I am. I'm looking for one that's about-/ this size.
FINGER HUSTLER 3: /Step right-

FINGER HUSTLER 3: Oh, that- hmm. I don't know. That might-

[Crosstalk]
DAR: So you're telling me-/ this is too big for you-
PLECK: / Dar. Dar. Let's- let's move on.

PLECK: This is not- this is not helpful to us.
DAR: Alright. Alright.

[A shopkeeper calls out]

FONDO: Droids! Droids for sale!

[Crosstalk]
PLECK: There it is, / there it is.
FONDO: / Droids for sale! Droids for sale!

[Crosstalk]
DAR: Yeah, that does feel / fortuitous.
PLECK: / It is.

FONDO: Stefai! Get- Get the droids! Come on, bring it.
STEFAI: Yes, of course, boss. I'll get all the droids lined up. [Coughs]
FONDO: Get an arm out here or something, Stefai. Show 'em that we got droids. Come to my store, I am Fondo Parquod.
PLECK: Fondo! Hey! Good to see you again, buddy!
FONDO: Huh? What?
PLECK: It's me, Pleck Deck- Ambassador Pleck Decksetter.
FONDO: What? Huh? What?
STEFAI: You don't look like an ambassador, your clothes are all dirty and ragged.
FONDO: Yeah, where are your shorts, huh? What?
PLECK: I changed into pants cause- listen- listen it- it doesn't-
FONDO: Wait a mi- Stefai!
STEFAI: Yeah?
FONDO: These are the juckers who bought that loader droid.
STEFAI: Oh, yeah, you bought B-69-420.
FONDO: [Laughs]
STEFAI: [Laughs]
PLECK: He was- you know, B-69-420 was here for a good time, not a long time. So...
FONDO: Uh, what?

[Crosstalk]
STEFAI: Wait, what happened / to him?
FONDO: / Huh?

PLECK: He's dead.
FONDO: What?
PLECK: He died.
FONDO: Huh?
PLECK: He- he- he-
STEFAI: What are you killin' droids for?
FONDO: Hey-
PLECK: No-
FONDO: Stefai? You- it sounds like you must be in the market for a new droid.

[Crosstalk]
PLECK: Yeah, that's actually exactly / what we're here for.
FONDO: / Stefai

STEFAI: Oh, yeah, sorry boss-
FONDO: Get the- come on-
STEFAI: Sorry.
FONDO: Stefai.

[Crosstalk]
STEFAI: yeah, yeah, yeah. We got a lot of good / droids.
FONDO: / Come in, come in, come in. Come on.

[A bell on the shop door tinkles as the group enters]

PLECK: Alright, lis- listen, we're- we're here to buy a- we're here to buy a- a C-unit.
FONDO: A sex unit, huh?
PLECK: No, no, no.
FONDO: Huh?
PLECK: Just a regular C-unit.
FONDO: You wanna juck that robot? Huh?
PLECK: No, absolutely not.
STEFAI: Yeah, you could have a C-unit do any weird thing you want!
FONDO: Yeah!
PLECK: Okay.

[Crosstalk]
DAR: Now, to be clear, all of your C-units / are used?
FONDO: / Huh?

FONDO: Huh? Yeah, it's "Fondo Parquod's Used Droid Emporium"!
PLECK: Yeah, I would say the least- probably the least used C-series you've got would be great.
DAR: Yeah.

[Crosstalk]
PLECK: Your basic / C-series frame.
FONDO: / What? Huh?

STEFAI: I don't know if we have anything that basic-

FONDO: Stefai!
STEFAI: [Whining] Oh, I-
FONDO: Go find me a basic one!
STEFAI: [Scuttling off] Alright!

[Robotic leg noises]

DAR: Ooh! Nermut, what are you playing with there?

[Crosstalk]
NERMUT: I think I found... is this like, a little mech? / That I'm in?
PLECK: / Oh, wow!

[Robotic noises as Nermut walks around in his "little mech"]

NERMUT: This is insane!
PLECK: How do you- how do you- how are you controlling that?
FONDO: That's a can opener.
NERMUT: Oh, it says it's a- okay.
FONDO: It's a can opener.
NERMUT: Oh, but it fits me perfect and it's, like-
FONDO: I mean, do you wanna buy it?
PLECK: I mean, it walks around when you're in it.

[Crosstalk]
FONDO: But its / prime function is to open cans.
NERMUT: / Alright, you know what? Let's get it!

PLECK: Sure. We'll take the mech in your least gross C-series.

[Stefai wheels a droid over]

STEFAI: This is the least weird C-unit we got!
DAR: Looks pretty normal.
FONDO: Here's the thing, old Fondo Parquod's gonna throw in a few nipples for you if you want it. How's that sound?
DAR: How- how many nipples?
FONDO: Throwin' in three nips.
DAR: Perfect.
PLECK: I don't think we need-
FONDO: The old Parquod Guarantee!
NERMUT: Ugh.
FONDO: Huh?
NERMUT: Nah.
FONDO: What? What?
PLECK: Huh?
DAR: When I-
FONDO: Huh?

[Simultaneously]
PLECK & FONDO: What?

FONDO: What?!
PLECK: Nothing!
FONDO: Huh?!
PLECK: I don't know!
FONDO: What are you saying?
PLECK: I- listen-
FONDO: You want more than three nipples?
PLECK: No.
NERMUT: [Sighs]
FONDO: You got a cube? Where's the cube?

[Crosstalk]
PLECK: Yeah, we got a cube. / Dar, you got that?
DAR: / Oh, yeah. Um.

DAR: It's right…

[Squishy noises]

PLECK: [Uncomfortable] Ooh.
FONDO: [Uncomfortable] Ooh, alright.
PLECK: Weird every time.

[Popping noise]

DAR: Here.
FONDO: Okay.
DAR: It's the safest place to keep it.
FONDO: Alright, let's boot this thing up right in the store. That's the Parquod guarantee.
DAR: Okay.
PLECK: I thought the- I thought the three nipples was the-
FONDO: Shut up!

[C-53 boots up]

C-53: Hello?
DAR: [Gasps]
PLECK: C-53!
NERMUT: Hey!
DAR: C!
C-53: Uh... do I have... skin?
PLECK: Uh, it was the most basic model we could get.
C-53: I mean it's grey-
PLECK: It's terrify-

[Crosstalk]
C-53: It looks like / the surface of a droid but... this is skin.
PLECK: / Yeah, it's-

PLECK: Yeah.
DAR: Yes.
PLECK: Can you take that- can you remove that?
C-53: Can you remove YOUR skin, Ambassador Decksetter?
PLECK: No! No. Should I- I mean, should I?
C-53: No, you shouldn't. Is that a question that you needed me to answer?
PLECK: You- you tore off your hand a few months ago.
C-53: Oh, that's fair.

[A song plays quietly in the background]

NERMUT: Is it me or is there, like, a... beat... going with your servos? Like, a fun tune?
PLECK: I think your- your pelvis is on. Can you turn that off?
C-53: Oh, I see, yup, that's-
FONDO: Oh, yeah, the pelvis is automatic.
DAR: Um.

[C-53's pelvis song: "Let's party! Let's party! Let's let's let's let's let's party!"...]

C-53: Hm.
FONDO: Yeah, the-
PLECK: Wow.
FONDO: It's the switch right back here. Just, uh, there we go.

[The song stops]

PLECK: Wow. So, yeah, you know what, we'll just take the C-unit and can opener and we'll be on our way.

[Door to shop opens and C.L.I.N.T.s storm in]

C.L.I.N.T. 1: Alright-
C.L.I.N.T. LEADER: Alright, everybody down. [Racks rifle] Get down on the ground.
C.L.I.N.T. 2: Get down on the ground. All of you. [Racks rifle]

[C.L.I.N.T.s start knocking people down]

NERMUT: Okay, okay! Okay!
PLECK: Okay, okay! Yeah. Yes.
C.L.I.N.T. 2: [Racks rifle] Get down on the ground.
FONDO: This is my establishment! Hah!
C.L.I.N.T. 1: Get down. [Racks rifle]
FONDO: Huh?
C.L.I.N.T. 2: Get down! [Racks rifle] Get down.

C.L.I.N.T. 1: [Racks rifle] Get down on the ground.
FONDO: What?
C.L.I.N.T. LEADER: Get down. [Racks rifle]
PLECK: Okay. Listen-
C.L.I.N.T. LEADER: Shut up!
FONDO: What?
C.L.I.N.T. LEADER: We'll blow your jucking head off!
FONDO: Huh?
C.L.I.N.T. LEADER: We're not messing around!
FONDO: What?
C.L.I.N.T. LEADER: Listen up! Listen up! We're on the lookout for a team of ambassadors that blew up the Delegator.
NERMUT: Uh, I mean...
C-53: [Quietly] Uh, Ambassador Decksetter, I suggest we immediately vacate these premises-
C.L.I.N.T. LEADER: What?
DAR: Ah!
C-53: Um... nothing!
DAR: Nothing!
C.L.I.N.T. LEADER: Listen, we're looking for these guys. So, if you ever see Turk Manaked-
PLECK: What?
C.L.I.N.T. LEADER: - or Tiny Toots-
C-53: [Sighs]
NERMUT: [Sighs]
C.L.I.N.T. LEADER: - you let us know. Here's a holo of 'em.
PLECK: Cool.
C-53: Yeah, we know who Turk Manaked is.
PLECK: Yeah.

[Crosstalk]
DAR: Yeah, / we heard.
C.L.I.N.T. LEADER: / My! Look at that! Look at that jawline!

C.L.I.N.T. LEADER: He's the number one enemy of the Federated Alliance.
NERMUT: How do you know?
DAR: And he's the hero-
C.L.I.N.T. LEADER: [Racks rifle] All hail the Federated Alliance!

[Simultaneously mumbling without enthusiasm]
PLECK: Uh... All- all hail the- sure- the Federated Alliance...
DAR: Uh... Sure...
C-53: Yeah, all- all hail the Federated Alliance...
NERMUT: All hail the Federated Alliance.

C.L.I.N.T. LEADER: Keep a lookout for them. We're gonna find 'em. Cause I don't know, I-I'm kind of a guy, like, I'm kind of a- a finder.
NERMUT: [Pandering] Mmhm.
PLECK: [Whispering] C-53 let's get- let's go.
C.L.I.N.T. LEADER: Not a lot of-
C.L.I.N.T. 1: Oh, you think YOU'RE the finder? Cause I think maybe I'm the-

C.L.I.N.T. LEADER: Well, you know, I'm actually leading this-

[The C.L.I.N.T.s continue to argue in the background]

C-53: Ambassador Decksetter-
DAR: Excuse us, excuse us.
C-53: Yeah, we'll just-
DAR: We're gonna scoot around you.
C.L.I.N.T. 1: Yeah, absolutely.
DAR: Yeah, yeah, yeah.
C.L.I.N.T. LEADER: No, no but-

[A bell on the shop door rings as the crew scoots out]

C.L.I.N.T. 1: I think of all of us here I'm-
C.L.I.N.T. LEADER: Well-
C.L.I.N.T. 1: - the finder-
C.L.I.N.T. LEADER: I mean, you can THINK that but-
C.L.I.N.T. 2: Actually, I don't mean to butt in but I think I might be the finder-
C.L.I.N.T. LEADER: I'm gonna punch, I'm gonna punch-
C.L.I.N.T. 2: You? I'M gonna punch YOU is what's gonna happen.

[The crew leaves the shop]

DAR: I just realized we walked out without paying.

[09:41] [Transition Music]

VOICEMAIL ROBOT: You have received an audio transmission from Rebellion Headquarters. Playback will follow decryption.

[Decryption Noises]

SEESU: Listen up, rebels! This is Commander Seesu Gundu here to tell you that support for our rebellion against the super lame Federated Alliance comes from Squarespace. Guess what? We used Squarespace to build our official Rebellion website therebellion.space. That's therebellion.space. It's a real, real website! This is the place where we post super sweet rebel stuff that you need to hear about in our weekly propaganda audio. Every time you hear a squarespace message here, that's how you know there's exciting new exclusive stuff up on therebellion.space. And that's not all! You can use Squarespace and turn your cool idea into a new website. Easily showcase your work, publish a blog, sell products and services of all kinds. Using beautiful templates created by galaxy class designers. Head to squarespace.com/zyxx for a free trial! And when you're ready to launch use offer code "zyxx", z-y-x-x to save 10% off your first purchase of a website or domain! We also link to this amazing offer on your favorite new website, therebellion.space. Seesu out!

VOICEMAIL ROBOT: End of message.

[11:13] [Transition Music]

PLECK: Alright, Bargie, open up the hatch. Let's... scoot on out of here.
BARGIE: Okay, just because I haven't been doing much, I've just been sitting here for a while. I've just been redecorating my hatch. So it's gonna, like, open in a new way.
PLECK: Your ha- you redecorated your hatch?
BARGIE: Yeah.
PLECK: How does that physically happen? Are the- do you have like robotic arms that come out that I don't-
BARGIE: I'm sorry, was the point of this getting inside of my ship and chit chat? I don't understand.
PLECK: Guess I'll never know.
BARGIE: Anyway, my hatch will open in a new, fun way.

[Hatch opens]

NERMUT: Whoa, beads!
BARGIE: Yep. Buncha beads.

[Crosstalk]
C-53: Oh, this is... / very retro.
DAR: / This is fun. And new.

BARGIE: Anyway, uh, everyone get inside. Get comfy. Again, I sold all my furniture.
NERMUT: [Sighs]
PLECK: Wh- why?
NERMUT: What?
BARGIE: Where- where are we getting money? I don't know. Ugh. Also, I'm not using oil anymore. I'm just using, um, like, dirt-
NERMUT: What?!
BARGIE: - that I found from other planets. And I've-
NERMUT: That must be gumming up everything.
BARGIE: Yeah, whatever. Eh, Having a good time. Alright, well, since you're all in here, uh, may I say, I don't have any more water for us to take showers, but figure it out, cause you all stink.
NERMUT: [Sighs]
PLECK: Thanks, Bargie.
DAR: That felt directed.
C-53: Hm. I can tell even this frame has a sort of lingering odor.
DAR: And I don't know that it'll ever go away.
PLECK: Yeah, Bargie, while we were gone, anything come across the radio?
BARGIE: Uh, yeah, I had a good conversation with my best friend ship, Cheryl.
PLECK: No, I mean, like, did you hear any- is there any- any leads that we could follow? Any information? We, like, we don't know how to find the Rebellion.
BARGIE: Well, Cheryl did say something very interesting.
DAR: Yeah?
BARGIE: You all wanna perk your ears for this.
PLECK: Okay.
DAR: Yeah.
BARGIE: This is very interesting. Okay, everyone ready for this?
C-53: Yes.
DAR: Very.

BARGIE: Everyone has an open agape, agast your mouth. Agape.
C-53: Hm.
BARGIE: Agape it.

[Simultaneously]
NERMUT: [Opens mouth] Ah!
C-53: This frame has a mouth so I will.
DAR: Ag- agape- agape it?

BARGIE: Just get ready.

[Crosstalk]
DAR: I- I bet it does / have a mouth.
C-53: / I'm gonna open it all the way.

[C-53 opens mouth]

PLECK: It's perfect- perfectly round.
BARGIE: Get ready!
DAR: Oh, oh my- you can unhinge your jaw.
C-53: Yeah, this goes down-
NERMUT: I feel like if we're lacking water...
C-53: [Mumbling with an unhinged jaw]: Really low…

[Crosstalk]
NERMUT: If we're lacking water, it's not really safe to keep our mouths open, because the- / our saliva will evaporate.
BARGIE: / Okay, whatever, then don't!

BARGIE: Honestly, do whatever you want.
NERMUT: Okay.
BARGIE: I don't care. I don't care.
PLECK: What did- what did Cheryl say, Bargie?
BARGIE: Cheryl said, Director Jane Jane Joa is looking for an older ship to be in his new indie film.
PLECK: Oh, that's great, Bargie, congratulations.
DAR: And anything about the rebellion?
BARGIE: No, that was it.
PLECK: Okay.
C-53: Hm.
NERMUT: Hm.
PLECK: Okay, cool. I'm glad we...
DAR: Closing my mouth now.
C-53: Yeah, just, pulling this back in.

[C-53's jaw retracts]

NERMUT: So no water?
BARGIE: No.
DAR: But do we miss the Federated Alliance?

[Simultaneously]
NERMUT: Ah, juck... No, no.
PLECK: Not- no, no, not really.
C-53: No.
BARGIE: Definitely, don't miss stability and having... income.

NERMUT: No.
PLECK: You know, Dar, I don't want to speak for you, but maybe we should dig into that big pile of kroon you got in your room.
DAR: I'm sorry, I- I don't have access to it right now.
PLECK: What- what do you mean? What happened to it?
DAR: I invested it.
PLECK: You invested it?!
DAR: Yeah.
NERMUT: What did you invest in?
DAR: BitKroon.
PLECK: Hmm.
NERMUT: Hm.
PLECK: That seems... Isn't BitKroon just smaller pieces of kroon?
DAR: I will admit, it... uh... seemed like a sound investment at the time.
PLECK: Mm. Mm-hmm.
DAR: And right now, we are in a tailspin-
PLECK: Yeah-
DAR: But-
PLECK: Oh no, is BitKroon crashing?
DAR: Yes.
PLECK: Oh, boy.
DAR: But it'll pick back up again.
PLECK: Okay.
NERMUT: Is it based on a logical fallacy?
C-53: Well, you're the arbiter of that.
NERMUT: Oh.
PLECK: Okay. I don't really... yeah. I...
DAR: Mm-hmm.

[Incoming transmission]

NERMUT: Oh, we have a...
C-53: Oh, Ambassador Decksetter, I have an incoming transmission from former Junior Missions Operations Manager Nermut Bundaloy-
NERMUT: No, it's not. It's not fr- I'm here. I- look down.
C-53: Right.
NERMUT: [Waves with his can opener "mech"] Hi!
C-53: I know. I was letting-
NERMUT: No, I'm not calling into here. There's a me- I heard it come in. It's-
DAR: Just pick it up.

[Transmission connecting]

NERMUT: Hi.

PLECK: Hello?

HARK: [Over transmission - Bad connection] This is rebel pilot Hark Tardigast. I'm currently in danger of crash landing on a nearby planet-

PLECK: Uh-

HARK: [Over transmission - Bad connection] If there are any Rebellion ships in the area I need your help immediately!

PLECK: Oh, hey, wait-

HARK: [Over transmission - Bad connection] This could be the difference between life and death.

PLECK: That's us! That could be us! [To Hark] Yes, uh, hello! It's us! Uh, rebel, uh, rebel, rebellious, um...

DAR: How can we help you?

HARK: [Over transmission - Bad connection] Hello? Your transmission is breaking up.

PLECK: How- how can we help? We're here, uh, in the Bargarian Jade.

HARK: [Over transmission] The Bargarian Jade? Has joined the Rebellion?

PLECK: Yes, sure.

BARGIE: I don't know. Yeah, whatever. It's fine.

NERMUT: Y- yeah.

HARK: [Over transmission] It just seems like... a ship of that age...

BARGIE: What?!

HARK: [Over transmission] Might be... too old-

DAR: Do you want help or not, dude?

HARK: [Over transmission] I'm about to die! My ship is going to be smashed into a thousand pieces on the surface of this ice world!

PLECK: Alright, listen, Mr. Tardigast, we'll head your way. Give us the coordinates.

HARK: I'm sending them to you now. I have only seconds to live!

[Bargie receives the coordinates]

BARGIE: That's really far.

PLECK: Yeah, do you think we could- can you hyperdrive into a... atmosphere?

BARGIE: I mean...

NERMUT: We could save a rebel pilot, Bargie!

BARGIE: Does he have fuel for me?

NERMUT: We could be heroes!

BARGIE: Does he have... How much will he give us?

PLECK: Yeah, do-

HARK: [Over transmission] This fighter is loaded with fuel! That's what makes this crash landing so dangerous! As soon as I hit the surface, I'll atomize!

PLECK: Uh-

HARK: [Over transmission] I've only got 10 seconds to live!

PLECK: Alright, alright.

NERMUT: Okay!

PLECK: We'll be there, we'll be there.

BARGIE: Fine.

NERMUT: Bargie, burn dirt!

BARGIE: Pip, pip, pip.

[16:16] [Transition Music]

HARK: Well, let me just shake your hands.
PLECK: Oh, yeah, of course, you know.
HARK: Surely I would have perished were it not for your assistance. Thank you.

[Hark give Pleck a hearty pat]

PLECK: [Laughs] Hey, no- no- no problem. Just, uh, doing our duty as rebels.
DAR: Yeah. I mean...
PLECK: Heard your distress call and just thought, Yeah, let's go.
HARK: Well, you'd be surprised how many people out here in space will hear a distress call and then just leave you to burn up in a lava flow!
DAR: Well, not us.
BARGIE: I've done that a couple times, but, uh...
DAR: [Coughs] Ahem! Not us. We're-
PLECK: Wait, Bargie, you've-
BARGIE: It's like I'm too far away. I don't know what the situation is. You can't just pick anybody up, you know what I mean?
PLECK: Sure.
DAR: E- except when...
PLECK: Except when it's...
DAR: ... They're...
BARGIE: Right, right.
DAR: ... from...
BARGIE: Totally, yes.
DAR: ... the Rebel Alliance...
BARGIE: Uh-huh.
DAR: ... and...
BARGIE: Yeah, Uh-huh.
PLECK: Sure.
HARK: Listen, can anyone on this ship fix a hyperdrive? You?
DAR: Me? Yeah! Yeah, yeah, yeah, give it to me.
HARK: Huh, what luck. Take a look, see what you can do. I put it through its paces, that's for sure.
DAR: Oh, it's inside…

[Simultaneously]
HARK: Yeah, it's a internal hyperdrive.
DAR: Yeah, no, t-t-totally.

DAR: Right, right. [Laughs nervously while walking away] Yeah.
NERMUT: Dar knows way more than I think.
PLECK: Sure.
BARGIE: Hm.
HARK: When we get back to Rebel headquarters, you'll be greeted [hearty pat] with a hero's welcome for saving me, -
PLECK: Alright!
HARK: - Hark Tardigast!
PLECK: [Laughs] Alright! Well, you know, it just so happens, we happen to be the team that, uh, blew up the old Delegator.

HARK: [Incredulous] I'm speaking with Turk Manaked?!
PLECK: Uhh...
HARK: I am honored, sir. Give me your hand!

[Hark grabs Pleck's hand]

PLECK: No, no, no. No, no. Actually, that was a mistake. It's sort of credited generally to Turk Manaked, but it was us.
NERMUT: [Approaches on his can opener "mech"] I was actually the Junior Missions Operations Manager who is about to be promoted.
HARK: Is there a droid somewhere I don't see?
NERMUT: I was- Uh, down here.
HARK: Oh. [Chuckles]
NERMUT: Hi.
HARK: Oh, hey there little guy!
NERMUT: Yeah. [Nermut gets out of his can opener "mech"] Yeah, yeah, hi.
PLECK: We do have a droid. That's C-53 right behind you.
C-53: Hello.
HARK: Oh, hello. Pretty good looking C-unit you got there.
PLECK: Can I just ask, we've sort of been kind of out of the old rebel loop-
NERMUT: Yeah-
PLECK: - for a couple weeks. What's the- what's the status over there?
HARK: Well, to be perfectly honest with you, friend, it's... not going that well.
PLECK: Really?
HARK: Obviously the Federated Alliance was dealt a huge blow when the Delegator was taken down.
NERMUT: Crippling blow.
PLECK: Sure, crippling blow.
HARK: But, still got quite a fight ahead of us if we're gonna take down the Federated Alliance.
PLECK: Hark, can I ask you, is the Rebellion looking for, like, some Zima warriors, like, in touch with the Space?
HARK: Zima warriors?
PLECK: Yeah.
HARK: Eh...
PLECK: Okay. Well, you know, we're here to help in any way we can. Cause we're rebels.
NERMUT: Yeah, and you're like a hero rebel pilot.
BARGIE: And you know a lotta holo directors are doing a lot of gritty nitty indie films on the Rebellion. You know, I, uh, I don't really do this a lot but I'm just gonna eject a little tape.

[A tape is ejected and falls to the floor]

BARGIE: Someone can pick it up for me.
NERMUT: Oh, yeah.

[Nermut skitters over to the tape]

NERMUT: Totally. [Straining noises]
BARGIE: Alright.
NERMUT: I'm just gonna…

[Nermut continues to struggle with the tape in the background]

BARGIE: Uh, I just clipped some of my finest works I gotta show you. I- I added some new stuff, too. Some new monologues-
HARK: You're really struggling there, little guy.
NERMUT: I'm just gonna- I'm-
DAR: Uh, here, let me-
NERMUT: I'm just gonna drag it over- oh!
DAR: Nermi, I got it.
NERMUT: Oh! Oh. Ow! Don't carry me with-
DAR: Drop it. Drop it!

[Crosstalk]
NERMUT: You're carrying / me!
DAR: / Drop it!

NERMUT: You're holding me!

[Nermut and Dar struggling]

[Crosstalk]
BARGIE: I can, uh, I can do a lot / of real emotion...
NERMUT: / Ow!

BARGIE: ... A lot of anger... A lot of comedy. You know, whatever. Oh, oh, I'm very- I have a range, they say.
PLECK: Bargie, Bargie's looking for work.
DAR: We're not working for anyone right now. That's why we're sitting on the floor.

[Crosstalk]
PLECK: Yeah, we had to sort of sell / our furniture.
DAR: / Sell the furniture.

BARGIE: Yeah, I sold them... all.
C-53: Hm.
HARK: Well listen, you certainly [hearty pat] got me out of a jam. And I think... I oughta return the favor. Do you mind if I use your communications equipment?
PLECK: Uh...
DAR: Go right ahead.
PLECK: Yeah, of course. Uh, C-53, do you mind?
C-53: Not at all.

[Transmission initiated]

ROLPHUS: [Over transmission] This is Rolphus Tiddle, Commander of the Rebellion.
HARK: Tiddle! It's me, Hark Tardigast!
ROLPHUS: [Over transmission] Hark?! Can't believe it's you! We thought we'd lost you.
HARK: Hah! I thought I was lost, but these fine folks just rescued me. And even though they may look like... well, street people-

PLECK: Okay, that's-
DAR: Okay.
PLECK: That doesn't-
HARK: They've... They've got good hearts. [Hearty pat]
PLECK: Oh!
HARK: I give my full recommendation to this crew to become emissaries of the Rebellion.

[Crosstalk]
PLECK: Oh, emissaries, like, / uh, sort of like an ambassador, right?
C-53: / Is that- Is that an ambassadorial position, or...?

HARK: No, no, they're nothing like each other.
ROLPHUS: [Over transmission] No, they're not like each other at all. One's an ambassador and one's an emissary.
HARK: The Rebellion is in need of crews that visit new planets.
PLECK: [Blase] Uh-huh.
C-53: Hm.
HARK: Do you understand? On behalf of the Rebellion.
NERMUT: Wait, wait, wait. Wait. I just have to say, we have so much experience in this field! We're- we're- we're set up to exactly do what- what- [Nermut devolves into overwhelmed noises and starts skittering around]

[Crosstalk]
DAR: Okay, okay, / okay.
PLECK: / He's very- he's very excited.

NERMUT: We can do it!
HARK: All right-
DAR: Okay.
HARK: He seems overexcited.
ROLPHUS: [Over transmission] What happened to his tail?
NERMUT: What? No-
DAR: Uh...
PLECK: Ah it was-
NERMUT: I- I lost this tail in the field of battle!
C-53: Hm.
ROLPHUS: [Over transmission] Listen, I'm looking at you guys and I... I like your gumption.
PLECK: Well, hey, I'm in. Let's do it.
HARK: Oh, fantastic! [Hearty clap] Then I hereby deputize you as emissaries of the Rebellion.
BARGIE: Hold on, hold on. Quick, quick, quick Q.
DAR: Bargie yeah, what's up?
BARGIE: Quick Q.
NERMUT: Yeah.
BARGIE: Just like one little TQ.
DAR: A tiny question.
BARGIE: Um. Are we being paid? Because I'm currently using dirt for gas right now, so.
HARK: What you get is a gas card-
ROLPHUS: [Over transmission] Right.
HARK: - alright?

[Crosstalk]
HARK: And those cards / / are good at many filling stations in Rebellion space.
PLECK: / Yeah, that's fine. That's fine. That's fine. That's good.
NERMUT: / That sounds amazing!

PLECK: Yeah, that's totally fine.
ROLPHUS: [Over transmission] Yeah. Fantastic.
BARGIE: Uh-huh.
ROLPHUS: [Over transmission] Well, welcome, emissary...
PLECK: Pleck Decksetter.
ROLPHUS: [Over transmission] Emissary Decksetter. Welcome, emissary...
NERMUT: Uh, Former Junior Missions Operations Manager, Nermut Bundeloy.
HARK: [Chuckles] Well we don't have the designation "Junior Missions Operations Manager".
Say hello to "Missions Operations Manager"-
PLECK: Hey!
HARK: - Nermut Bundaloy.

[Crosstalk]
PLECK: Alright, Nermut! Upgrade, / huh?
NERMUT: / What?!

NERMUT: I hereby accept this promotion.

[Crosstalk]
HARK: Of course, that is still the lowest Missions Operations Manager. We go Missions
Operations Manager, Senior / Missions Operations Manager, and then Veteran Missions
Operations Manager.
NERMUT: / Uh, yeah we don't need to get into the details. Okay.

HARK: Just so we're clear.
NERMUT: No, that's, I mean, I accept and I am honored by the faith.
HARK: [Chuckling] Alright!
ROLPHUS: [Over transmission] Alright, and the security officer.
DAR: Security officer translates to...?
HARK: That position is pretty much same across the board.
ROLPHUS: [Over transmission] Yeah. And you, protocol droid.
C-53: Yes?
ROLPHUS: [Over transmission] will download rebellion protocols and functions to you now.
[Beep of C-53 Receiving Download]
C-53: Rebellion protocols in place. Is a... restraining bolt involved in any of the Rebellion
functions?
ROLPHUS: [Over transmission] [Laughs] Juck no.
C-53: Well, then I'm on board.
PLECK: Hey, C-53, can we update the file? "Emissary Pleck Decksetter"?
C-53: Absolutely. Emissary Decksetter, your file's updated.
PLECK: Ooh!
NERMUT: And can we delete any past record of having had a "junior" in the title?

[Crosstalk]
C-53: Well, I will need to keep it in the / historical version of the record.

DAR: / Mm... Yeah…

ROLPHUS: [Over transmission] And you, ship.

[Simultaneously]
ROLPHUS: [Over transmission] Bargarean Jade.
BARGIE: Bargarean Jade!

BARGIE: Yes, Ship of the Stars! Dreamer of the Land! You got to sleep and you see my holo going into your heart! Once used to be the greatest holo star but now is- is on the way back up! And is working on creating her own content-
ROLPHUS: [Over transmission] Alright, well-
HARK: Right, this isn't really part of it-
BARGIE: - and creating a bigger -
ROLPHUS: [Over transmission] Yeah, you're just-
BARGIE: - viral campaign.
ROLPHUS: [Over transmission] Right.
HARK: Okay.
ROLPHUS: [Over transmission] We'll just-
BARGIE: - Follow me-
ROLPHUS: [Over transmission] - commission you as a ship of the Rebellion.
HARK: Yeah, it's just-
BARGIE: @Bargarean Jade

[Simultaneously]
HARK: It's just a standard commission.
ROLPHUS: [Over transmission] It's just really- you're- it's not that.

BARGIE: Okay. Yeah.
ROLPHUS: [Over transmission] Terrific. Long live the Rebellion. Tiddle out!

[Transmission ends]

HARK: Ha ha ha ha! Rolphus Tiddle. Never a finer man I've met in all my life. Listen, I'm about to go on an extremely secret mission for the Rebellion.
PLECK: Ooh.
NERMUT: Huh.
HARK: Why don't you come along? Be my backup.
PLECK: Yeah, I mean, yeah, absolutely. What are you doing?
HARK: I shouldn't be telling you this, but I'm meeting with an extremely important Flarn crime lord.
NERMUT: [Quietly in awe] Whoa!
PLECK: Whoa.
HARK: He might help the Rebellion gain access to illicit arms, potentially smuggling routes that could help us skirt the Federated Alliance.
PLECK: Great.
NERMUT: Wow.
PLECK: Well, you know, hey, just let us know what we can do.
HARK: Why don't I hop in my fighter, take off into hyperspace, and you can follow me?

[Crosstalk]
DAR: Yep, and it / should be all repaired!
NERMUT: / Great.

DAR: I looked at it myself and it's good to go.
HARK: Great! Together we'll strike a blow for the rebellion against the hated Federated Alliance.
PLECK: Yeah!
HARK: Ha ha ha!
NERMUT: Can we do the thing where we put our hands in the middle and then put them up?

[Crosstalk]
HARK: We do not do that / in the Rebellion.
NERMUT: / Ah.

PLECK: Oh.
NERMUT: Okay.
PLECK: It's a shame. [Quietly] We'll do it later.
NERMUT: [Quietly] Okay.

[24:00] [Transition Music]

COUNCILLOR ARCURI: Ah, at last! Just me, Councillor Arcuri, alone with my beloved, Joko Bono.
JOKO BONO: Ahh, time well spent.
COUNCILLOR ARCURI: You know it is also time well spent? Time listening to the podcast Raised by TV. Have you heard it? [Flutters wings]
JOKO BONO: I don't hear. I... am.
COUNCILLOR ARCURI: Oh, well, let me explain it to you.
JOKO BONO: Okay.
COUNCILLOR ARCURI: Comedians Jon Gabrus and Lauren Lapkus, you know, when they were growing up they watched a lot of TV, which is like... holos.
JOKO BONO: Hollow…
COUNCILLOR ARCURI: Well, they watched a lot of TV, like, SO much.

[Arcuri hits table for emphasis, clattering silverware]

COUNCILLOR ARCURI: And on Raised by TV they revisit the most ridiculous moments of 80's and 90's sitcoms. Mr. Gabrus, it should be noted, has a very familiar voice if you've- if you've heard that loader droid, B-69-410. I played you those recordings.
JOKO BONO: I was never familiar with my mother.
COUNCILLOR ARCURI: Well, he and Lauren have just released a new season of the podcast covering the beloved Nickelodeon late night block Snick and angsty teen shows like Freaks and Geeks. It's very fun [hits table] and just hilarious. [Flutters wings] I think you would love it.
JOKO BONO: Okay.
COUNCILLOR ARCURI: Fantastic.

[Arcuri hits the table again]

COUNCILLOR ARCURI: To be perfectly honest with you, Joko, I've never heard of any of the shows they talk about, but I've made the decision to subscribe to their podcast on Apple Podcasts or Stitcher, wherever I get my podcasts from. That's where I'll subscribe to it.
JOKO BONO: Take your hat off and put it inside a mug.
COUNCILLOR ARCURI: Ah yes, our love making ritual begins.

[25:26] [Transition Music]

HARK: [Over transmission] Am I coming in clear? Are you reading me?

[The crew speaks on top of each other to affirm: Yes, yes, yes. Good.]

HARK: Ha ha ha! Fantastic. I'll see you at our destination. I'll just lay down a hyperdrive path and you can follow my signal.

[Hyperdrive starts powering up]

[Noises of something breaking]

[Alarm goes off: "Warning! Warning!... Warning! Warning!..."]

HARK: My hyperdrive! It's gone rogue! I... Navigational computer- it's not working! I don't know where it's sending me! Long live... Long live the Rebellion!

[Hark's ship disappears towards its mystery destination]

[Transmission ends]

NERMUT: Uh...
PLECK: Oh...
DAR: Whoa.
PLECK: Where-
NERMUT: That was a weird looking path.

C-53: Rarely do you see a spiral come out of a hyperdrive.
NERMUT: That's-
PLECK: Oh boy.
NERMUT: It sort of splits into two paths.
C-53: And then it rejoins.
NERMUT: Yeah.
C-53: And then there's THREE paths.
NERMUT: Wow.
DAR: Oh...
PLECK: What did you DO to his hyperdrive, Dar?
DAR: I don't know. Shuffled some things.
C-53: "Shuffled some things"?
DAR: Hey, I've never seen a hyperdrive before in my life.
C-53: Well, then why did you offer to fix- I've fixed hyperdrives before!
PLECK: Hm.
BARGIE: Oh, and good news, I did get gas. So.

NERMUT: Oh, you got some gas out of Hark's ship?
BARGIE: Yeah, but I thought we were gonna be...celebrating. So I ejected most of it.

[Nermut, Pleck, and C-53 make noises of frustration]

DAR: [Laughs]

[Simultaneously]
C-53: [Disappointed] Bargie.
NERMUT: "Thought we were gonna be celebrating"!

PLECK: Why?!
BARGIE: I felt good. I thought things were gonna be good. I don't know! How was I supposed to know?
C-53: Hm.
NERMUT: [Sighs]
DAR: Oh boy.
PLECK: [Sighs]
DAR: So you siphoned off some of his gas. I didn't fix his ship.

[Simultaneously]
BARGIE: Nope.
PLECK: Maybe broke it.

PLECK: Maybe broke it more.

[Crosstalk]
C-53: I don't think / that's a maybe.
DAR: / More.

DAR: Hmm.
NERMUT: So we've got half dirt, half gas. Nobody knows we're rebel heroes.

[A small, high pitched voice pipes up from the background]

BEANO: And Beano!
BARGIE: Yup, and that.
NERMUT: [Sighs]
DAR: Oh...
C-53: Yeah.
DAR: It's awake.
BEANO: Beano awake!
C-53: Also, Beano.
NERMUT: Ugh.
BEANO: [Singsong] Beano! Beano!
C-53: Oh gosh...
BEANO: [Singsong] Beano!
PLECK: You know, C-53, it's been a while since you've had a body, so you've kind of been able to avoid this responsibility.
C-53: Ahh, yeah. Um

PLECK: I think it's your turn.
NERMUT: Definitely your turn.
DAR: It's absolutely your turn.
C-53: [Sighs] Very well, I'll see to the bean.

[C-53 walks over to Beano]

C-53: Hello.
BEANO: Beano say hello!
C-53: Hello, Beano.
BEANO: Beano's sleepy!
C-53: Mhm. Mhm.
BEANO: Beano's so sleepy!
C-53: Well, Beano, why don't I... tuck you in and then you can just go back to sleep?
BEANO: Aww. Beano like that.
C-53: Good.
BEANO: Beano imprinted on robot when Beano hatched.
C-53: Yes, of course you did, Beano.
BEANO: Beano wanna hear the story of Beano.
C-53: To be honest, Beano, we're all getting a little tired of the story. Literally every night, so.
BEANO: If Beano doesn't hear the story [Beano's voice drops into a threatening tone] Beano go insane!
C-53: Alright, Beano.
NERMUT: Whoa.
C-53: I'm going to tell you the story. Okay?
BEANO: [Back to a high pitched, chipper tone] Yay! Meesa Beano!
C-53: Yes.

[C-53 clicks on a mobile with gentile music]

C-53: Well, Beano, of course you remember when you were inside the bean.
BEANO: Mm-hmm.
C-53: It was very quiet.
BEANO: Mm-hmm!
C-53: And very warm for a long time.
BEANO: Mm-hmm.
C-53: We were trying to find you.
BEANO: Beano's still in the bean at that point.
C-53: Mm-hmm. But we went to a planet and met a man named Chad.

[Beano sucks his thumb]

BEANO: Mm-hmm.
C-53: Chad had some riddles, and we solved them, so he gave you to us.
BEANO: Yeah!
C-53: And then one day-
BEANO: Ooh, Beano wanna see when Beano hatched!
C-53: Ugh. Fine.
BEANO: Beano want to see!
C-53: Alright, alright!

[C-53 turns off the musical mobile]

C-53: Uh, Beano, here we go. Let me just get that clip.

[Clip begins]

> *[Hatching noises]*
>
> *C-53: Well that's not what I expected to be in there.*

BEANO: It's me! It's Beano!

> *NERMUT: What?!*
> *PLECK: Oh my jucking Rodd!*
> *C-53: It's a larger bean!*
> *NERMUT: Slightly larger bean that-*
> *BEANO: Beano is MY name!*
> *DAR: Arms and legs just popped out of that bean!*
> *BARGIE: I don't like this thing, whatever this is.*
> *BEANO: Beano say hello!*
> *BARGIE: Ugh!*
> *C-53: Yes, hello.*
> *DAR: And its eyes are so big and spiraled!*
> *BEANO: Beano blinks its eyes like this!*
>
> *[The crew makes distressed noises]*
>
> *C-53: Agh.*
> *NERMUT: Somebody guarded this for 400 years?*
> *BEANO: Beano ancient relic!*

[Clip ends]

C-53: And that's it! That was all of us meeting you, Beano.
BEANO: Beano love the story of Beano.
C-53: Really, Beano? You love that story?
BEANO: Beano do!
C-53: Hm.
BEANO: Beano sleep sleep now!
C-53: Okay, Beano.

[Beano begins snoring]

C-53: We'll see you tomorrow.

[Beano continues snoring loudly, a sound similar to repeated small farts]

C-53: Should've... should've sent this stupid bean...

[Outro music; Bargie takes off]

[31:43] [Outtake]

ALDEN: [Incomprehensible alien noises]
WINSTON: Okay.
ALLIE: That's perfect.

[Crosstalk]
JEREMY: That's / probably [sound too muddled to understand] enough.
MOUJAN: / The guy as a-

SHANE: [In background] Yeah.
SETH: Can I- wait-
ALLIE: Can that be the whole episode?
WINSTON: Yeah, that's it.
[Shane says something too quiet to hear in the background]
SETH: I just wanna do one alien sound.
MOUJAN: Yeah.
ALLIE: Yeah, yeah. Please.
WINSTON: Seth, go for it.
ALLIE: Please, please, please.

SETH: [Unintelligible speaking with a lot of flapping lips and wet mouth noises]

WINSTON: Truly disgusting.

SETH: [Continues]

[Barely contained laughter]

ALDEN: [Quietly] Do that one more time.

SETH: [Continues]

ALDEN: [Laughs] That's- that's fucking disgusting.

SETH: [Continues while adding even more spitting and kissing noises]

WINSTON: Is anybody else... turned on... or… what?

[Laughter]