NARRATOR: It is a period of civil war. The rebellion against the sinister and corrupt Federated Alliance grows stronger and the fate of the galaxy hangs in the balance. Now, Rebel Emissary Pleck Decksetter and his intrepid crew travel the farthest reaches of the galaxy to explore astounding new worlds, discover their heroic destinies, and meet weird bug creatures and stuff. This... is Mission to Zyxx!

[Theme Music]

[Sounds of Nermut's can opener "mech"]

PLECK: Hey, Nermut.
NERMUT: Yeah?
PLECK: How's your- how's your tail?
NERMUT: It's obviously gone.
PLECK: No, I mean, like, I was gonna say "how's your butt", but that's...
NERMUT: Oh, my butt's... I- I should look.

[Nermut gets out of the "mech"]

NERMUT: Oh! Wow! There's a- Can you see it? There's a tiny little sp-

[Simultaneously] PLECK: Yeah, a little bud. NERMUT: A little sprout!

PLECK: A little bud! NERMUT: Little nub poppin'. PLECK: Yeah, you should call it a nub nub. NERMUT: [Sighs] PLECK: Nub nub up front, num-NERMUT: Num num up fr-PLECK: Num num up front, -NERMUT: Nub nub front, -NERMUT: Nub nub-PLECK: - nub nub in the back. NERMUT: Nub nub in the back. PLECK: Yeah. Don't actually do that.

[Door opens, Dar enters]

DAR: Okay. I think- I think Bargie and I finally got Beano back to sleep.

[Beano quietly snores in the background]

PLECK: Oh, good.
BARGIE: I'm gonna be flying very gently so the Beano won't have any reason to wake up and... exist.
PLECK: Thanks Bargie.
BARGIE: Yup.
PLECK: [Sighs]
BARGIE: I'm also still running on dirt. Just letting- reminding everybody.

NERMUT: [Sighs]
PLECK: Oh, boy. Yeah, we need to findC-53: We didn't get very much gas from Hark's ship.
PLECK: YeahDAR: Well, is there anything we can do with any of these extra parts?
PLECK: I mean, I don't know. C-53, can you, like, fashion those parts into some sort of, like, fuel maker?
C-53: What do I look like to you?
PLECK: Well, I don't know.

[A low buzzing begins in the background]

PLECK: I just thought may- you know, machines! So you-**NERMUT:** Guys, do you... Do you hear that?

[Buzzing continues]

PLECK: Uhh... C-53: It's sort of deep buzz. NERMUT: Yeah, what.... DAR: Hmm...

[Buzzing continues]

NERMUT: Dar, did- This is maybe personal, but did you leave out uhh...
PLECK: An item?
NERMUT: like a... device?
DAR: No, that- that vibration is way too weak to be one of my many toys.
PLECK: Okay. Fair enough.
NERMUT: All right. Sure, sure.
PLECK: Uh, let's see.
NERMUT: Uhh...
PLECK: Let's just, uh, dig through.

[Rustling through items]

PLECK: Oh!

[Buzzing becomes clearer]

PLECK: Guys, it's a- it's a communicator.
C-53: Oh, it's a... This looks like a pager.
PLECK: Wait, is this Hark Tardigast's pager?
NERMUT: From the pile of parts?
DAR: Yeah, that's why I deemed it useless and tossed it out of his ship.
PLECK: No, I think-I think this is like getting a communication right now.
DAR: Oh.
PLECK: Uhh, Yeah, I don't know. Uh, C-53 do you know how to work one of these? I haven't seen one of these in-

C-53: Oh, because I "know machines"? PLECK: Yes! Yes. NERMUT: It has one-PLECK: You "know machines". NERMUT: It has one button. C-53: Yeah, Pleck. Would you, um, do you want me to do this?

[C-53 pushes the pager's button]

PAGER: You have received an audio transmission from Rebellion headquarters.

[Transmission begins]

SEESU: [Over transmission] Hark! Hark, it's me, Seesu. I just want to check in to make sure that you went to the Flarn District and you would be back for trivia night. We really need your- your expertise. Okay, talk to you later. Seesu out!

[Transmission ends]

PAGER: End of message.

PLECK: Who is Seesu?
C-53: Seesu Gundu?
NERMUT: [Gasps]
C-53: One of the leaders of the Rebellion.
PLECK: Oh, cool. Um.
NERMUT: [Quietly] Whoa!
DAR: And they played trivia.
PLECK: Yeah, I guess so.

[Next transmission begins]

SEESU: [Over transmission] Hark!

C-53: These are not-

SEESU: [Over transmission] It's Seesu again. I just-

NERMUT: Oh.

SEESU: [Over transmission] You haven't returned my call. That's fine. That's... okay. I hope you went to Flarn. Pretty important. And again, we really need you for a trivia night! Okay, Bye.

[Transmission ends]

PAGER: End of message.

PLECK: Hm.

NERMUT: Huh. PLECK: I think-C-53: Is this-

[Next transmission begins]

SEESU: Hark! Where are you?! Okay,-

PLECK: Hm.

SEESU: - trivia night is in 30 minutes and none of us know anything about sports, okay? Also, I hope the Flarn thing went well. Better see you in 30 minutes!

PLECK: Wow.

PAGER: End of message.

[Transmission ends]

C-53: Is everyone ignoring the fact that Hark Tardigast had a mission in the Flarn Zone? **PLECK:** Yeah, I mean, he- he mentioned something like that, I think, before he took off, didn't he? **NERMUT:** Oh, yeah! He was going to meet with a crime lord.

[Next transmission begins]

SEESU: Well, guess who lost trivia tonight!

PLECK: Oh, no. Oh no! C-53: This is a real-

SEESU: Our team-

PLECK: Okay, I think we're-**NERMUT:** Yep.

SEESU: - lost!

PLECK: I think we're good. **NERMUT:** Yup.

[Pleck ends transmission]

PLECK: I think we got most of the information we needed.

[Next transmission begins]

SEESU: [Drunk] Hey, we're all drunk. And we're all celebrating being [singsong] LOSERS!

[Crosstalk] PLECK: Wow, this is still / happening. NERMUT: / This things has-

SEESU: [Crying loudly]

DAR: Do we really think it's about trivia? Or did they hook up? **PLECK:** Yeah. I don't know. This seems like it goes a little deeper.

SEESU: [Crying] We LOST!

[Seesu continues crying in the background]

NERMUT: This pager has a lot of data storage.

SEESU: [Drunkenly sobbing too hard to be understood]... you and the Flarn at the Coordinate of 55BXX... [Too drunk to understand]... are having a good time... [A bottle breaks]

DAR: Oh, yeah, it's definitely a relationship.

SEESU: [Drunkenly] it's really important...

[Transmission ends]

PLECK: Was she just saying the coordinates?
C-53: Yeah.
NERMUT: Yes.
C-53: They're slurred a little bit but I think I can translate.
NERMUT: Wow.

[C-53's processor makes noise]

C-53: Yeah. This checks out. This is in... Flarn space. This is-NERMUT: We can do the rebel mission ourselves! As rebels! Us! PLECK: I mean, C-53, is this safe for us to go to a-**C-53:** Um, no. The Flarn Zone is notoriously very dangerous. NERMUT: Sure, but-C-53: Flarn crime lords have very little tolerance for interlopers. BARGIE: Yeah, I've- I... My movies don't do well there. It's all criminals. Criminals don't like sweet, sweet Bargie films. I'm just saying. PLECK: Didn't you do movies about being a criminal though? BARGIE: Yeah. They said it wasn't authentic enough. PLECK: Oh. NERMUT: Oh. BARGIE: They very... I don't know. I tried! Planet of criminals... PLECK: C-53 aren't Flarns, like, a gelatinous, I mean, what, like, two ton monster? **C-53:** I mean, on average. DAR: Guys, you don't have to worry.

PLECK: I just don'tDAR: I'm a big deal in Flarn.
C-53: Really?
PLECK: Really?!
DAR: Yeah. I'm a HUGE deal in Flarn.
PLECK: Oh, from your smuggling days.
DAR: Well, yeah, and...

[Simultaneously]

NERMUT: Oh... C-53: Oh, of course.

DAR: The leader, uh, Terr'ett Kestebi, he... loves me.
NERMUT: Wow.
PLECK: You know Terr'ett Kestebi?
DAR: I do.
PLECK: I always thought he was, like, a larger than life mob boss cliche almost.
DAR: Uhh... He is and, uhh, let me tell you, we're very good friends. I used to run campaign after campaign after campaign for this guy!
NERMUT: Wow!
DAR: And I'll tell you, he was- he was always happy with the work I did.

[Simultaneously] C-53: Wow. PLECK: Wow!

DAR: I'm treated like a king when I visit Flarn. NERMUT: So we have our ticket in! PLECK: I mean, yeah, I guess. NERMUT: Sure, it might be- still be dangerous, but what's- what's a rebellion without danger? We gave Hark our word, kinda. PLECK: Did-DAR: Did we? PLECK: Did we? NERMUT: No. I don't know. He's-

[Simultaneously] C-53: I don't know if that's entirely accurate. BARGIE: What's the "kinda" part?

DAR: There's no danger. I've been on vacations with Terr'ett.
NERMUT: Great.
DAR: I've seen him in... a two piece.
PLECK: Wow.
NERMUT: Hm.
C-53: Hm.
PLECK: That feels like at least one piece too many.

[Simultaneously] DAR: Yeah. NERMUT: Huh.

PLECK: Interesting. Well, guys, listen, if we're gonna go, I should probably- I should probably consult the Space-**C-53:** [Groans] PLECK: - just to see if there's-**BARGIE:** [Sighs and grumbles quietly] NERMUT: Yeah. DAR: [Laughs] Okay. PLECK: [Defensively] What? DAR: Oh, no! No! Go-BARGIE: Go do your-**DAR:** We love- we love watching the ritual. BARGIE: Yeah, have your-PLECK: Okay. **C-53:** Oh yeah. BARGIE: Have your fun time. Have fun. PLECK: [Exhales] I'm just going to...

[Nermut drags Pleck's wood saber over]

NERMUT: Take your wood saber. We were holding this window open with it.
PLECK: Oh. The shade.
NERMUT: Yeah.
C-53: Okay.
PLECK: [Sighs] Okay.

[Swish of the wood saber]

PLECK: Guys, listen, there's no reason to make a big deal about it. I'm just going to reach out with my feelings a little bit and just make sure that, like, there's nothing we should be, you know, worried about-**C-53:** Yeah, no, no, go ahead. Go ahead.

[Bargie speeds up in the background]

NERMUT: Yeah. DAR: Mmhmm. PLECK: [Clears throat]

[Pleck inhales and exhales]

[Pleck's stomach rumbles]

PLECK: Oh. Oh. Hmm... Mmhmm...

[It's quiet]

PLECK: [Patting stomach] I'm a little hungry, but other than that, I think I'm feeling pretty good. **NERMUT:** Okay.

[The door opens and Beano enters]

BEANO: Beano hungry, too!

[The entire crew groans]

[Beano starts running around the room]

PLECK: Crap.
C-53: Okay.
BEANO: Beano hungry!
PLECK: Beano, hey. Listen, can you wait till we get back from the mission, buddy?
BEANO: Beano no can wait!
NERMUT: [Sighs]
PLECK: Okay.
BEANO: Beano want food [Suddenly intense] NOW!

[Simultaneously] NERMUT: Oh, okay. Okay. PLECK: Oh, geez. Beano.

NERMUT: How about this? Beano, we're going into the Flarn Zone and we're gonna get Beano some food.
BEANO: Beano want ALL the food.
PLECK: Uhh...
BEANO: Beano hung-y!
PLECK: Okay. Listen, Beano, we'll pick you up something. Okay?
BEANO: Okay. Do it for Beanoooooo!

[Beano leaves]

[The entire crew signs]

PLECK: ... Should we... head in? DAR: Oh, we already... PLECK: Hm?

[Crosstalk] DAR: We started heading towards Flarn / when you started your ritual. PLECK: / During my ritual?

DAR: Yeah. PLECK: Hm. PLECK: You know, that's supposed to be- we're sort of supposed to be at, like, impulse zero for that. **C-53:** Yeah, That's probably what messed it up. **DAR:** Yeah.

[07:57] [Transition Music]

COUNCILLOR ROSS CORPUSTANIAN: [Banging gavel] Order! Order! Councillor Corpustanian has something he wishes to bring to the table. Now, for some reason, it's been increasingly difficult to fill some positions in the venerable and just Federated Alliance. For the life of me, I don't know why. The Alliance is so utterly benevolent and these- these positions, such as associate suction technician, commissary garfon rangler, or- or trench grunt, are by all measures, dream jobs! Lucky for us, there is ZipRecruiter. ZipRecruiter learns what you're looking for, identifies people with the right experience, and invites them to apply to your job. [Bangs gavel] Now, here's an amazing fact: 80% of employers who post a job on ZipRecruiter get a quality candidate through the site in just one day. I've had four heart attacks since I just began speaking to you... [Groans]... Oh, make that five...! And ZipRecruiter doesn't start by just sending you candidates, they even spotlight the strongest applications you receive so you never miss a great match. The right candidates are out there. ZipRecruiter is how you find them, and you, fellow councilors and anyone else hearing the sound of my voice, you can try ZipRecruiter for free! That's right. Free. Just go to ziprecruiter.com/zyxx. That's ziprecruiter.com/zyxx. Oh, right. I should also tell you the info website. Ziprecruiter.com/zyxx. ZipRecruiter - the smartest way to hire.

COUNCILLOR JOEY JOEY: Uh, Ross? What are you doing in here by yourself? The sensors have turned off all the lights.

COUNCILLOR ROSS CORPUSTANIAN: Ohh...

[09:49] [Transition Music]

C-53: Nermut, are you getting enough oxygen in there?
NERMUT: [Muffled; inside a pet carrier] I mean, I can use a, like, if you can unzip this a little...
C-53: Yeah, no problem.
NERMUT: But thanks for carrying me.

[Sound of zipper]

PLECK: I mean, you're really only supposed to unzip that, um, for- like, to reach in, 'cause otherwise you might escape.
C-53: That's- that's a worry forPLECK: For a pet.
C-53: Yeah, a pet.
PLECK: Yeah, that's true.

STRANGER: [Aggressively] Hey! Hey! Hey! DAR: Oh, hey! STRANGER: Hey! DAR: You recog- you must recognize me! STRANGER: Give me a kroon!

[The stranger pulls a knife]

DAR: Oh!
STRANGER: Give me all the kroon you've got!
DAR: Look, look.
STRANGER: Just give it to me!
DAR: I know looking at me you remember me as, like, a really big shot and all theSTRANGER: I don't know who you are. Everybody give me a kroon!
DAR: [Chuckling awkwardly] Wait, hold on. Of course you know who I am!
STRANGER: Open up that bag! Give me what's in that bag.

[The stranger taps the carrying bag with Nermut]

[Simultaneously]

PLECK: No, that's a- there's a person in there. **C-53:** Oh, wow. Now, we can't do that.

PLECK: There's a- our boss is sort of in there.

[Zipper noises]

DAR: Wait-NERMUT: Hey. PLECK: Hey, listen, Sorry, I don't have any kroon on me so you're just going to have to-**STRANGER:** You got a kroon card? I'll take kroon cards. DAR: Uhh... PLECK: You'll take- you're gonna- you're gonna-**DAR:** Charge us? PLECK: Yeah. STRANGER: Yeah, I got my machine here. I could just-NERMUT: You're a mugger who accepts chip cards? **STRANGER:** Yeah! C-53: Uh... DAR: We-PLECK: I don't know, that seems... C-53: I- I guess- I guess, for us, the question is, why would we do this? DAR: Yeah.

[Silence]

STRANGER: No one's... You... No one's really asked- asked me that... B- b- before... It... Uh... [Chokes up crying] Uh...

[Simultaneously] C-53: Oh. Oh dear. PLECK: Oh no...

[The stranger cries harder]

C-53: Um... Oh... DAR: Oh... Okay... PLECK: This is...

[The stranger cries even harder]

DAR: It's okay! Here! Here, here! Take this! Take- take this kroon.

[Dar gives the stranger kroon]

STRANGER: [Overcome] Thank you! I mean... I mean... [Puts on a tough voice] Ugh! I hate you! I hate you all!

[The stranger takes off]

STRANGER: [While running away] Thanks! PLECK: Wow, that was... C-53: Geez. Flarn-NERMUT: [Calling after the stranger] Feel better! C-53: Flarn space is, I guess, not as tough as I remember it being? PLECK: Yeah. **DAR:** No, no, no, it's super tough! C-53: Well... DAR: Uh, that was a fluke that they didn't know-**C-53:** That seemed a little desperate. DAR: - didn't know who I was. PLECK: Yeah, I was sorry she didn't really recognize you... Hm. C-53: Hm. DAR: Hm. C-53: Well, perhaps we should find our way to talk to Terr'ett Kestebi's palace-DAR: Yes! **C-53:** - and go from there. **DAR:** Let's do it!

[Crosstalk]

PLECK: Is it this? Is it the enormous palace in the center / of the city? **C-53:** / This seems like a good bet.

DAR: Yeah, yeah. PLECK: Yeah. DAR: I mean, that's exactly where we're headed.

[11:51] [Transition Music]

[Knocking on door]

[Window opens]

PERSON AT DOOR: Ahh... Hello! PLECK: Uh, oh. [Simultaneously] DAR: Oh! C-53: Oh. DAR: Hey! PERSON AT DOOR: Announce yourselves. Who are you? PLECK: Yeah, uh, I'm- I'm Pleck Decksetter. This is C-53 and Dar. And-DAR: Oh, and you may not know me as "Dar" here. You may know me by another name. PERSON AT DOOR: What? DAR: Norm. PERSON AT DOOR: "Norm"? DAR: Yeah, Norm. PERSON AT DOOR: No one here knows a "Norm". DAR: Uh, if we could just see Terr'ett, I- I feel like we would, you know, clear up all this confusion. PLECK: Yeah-PERSON AT DOOR: No one speaks to Terr'ekk unless they speak through me. I am the eyes and ears of the Flarn. PLECK: So Terr'ett Kestebi IS inside. **PERSON AT DOOR:** Terr'ekk? DAR: Oh. PERSON AT DOOR: Terr'ekk Kestebi is... inside, yes. DAR: But Terr'ett Kestebi-PERSON AT DOOR: What? **DAR:** Terr'ett Kestebi. PLECK: Who is- who is "Terr'ekk Kestebi"? **PERSON AT DOOR:** Terr'ekk Kestebi is Terr'ett's little brother. PLECK: Oh... C-53: So what happened to Terr'ett Kestebi? PERSON AT DOOR: He was eaten. C-53: Ohh... PLECK: Oh man. DAR: Oh. **NERMUT:** What can eat a Flarn?! PERSON AT DOOR: What can eat a Flarn? [Awkward pause]

[Simultaneously] C-53: Yeah, that was a question. NERMUT: That's the question.

PERSON AT DOOR: Oh! Oh, yeah. A bigger Flarn. **NERMUT:** Oh, wow.

[Simultaneously] C-53: His little brother is bigger? DAR: So his little brother is bigger?

PERSON AT DOOR: His little brother is bigger.

DAR: Oh.

C-53: Hm.

PERSON AT DOOR: That's how it is.

PLECK: Listen, uh, if we could just talk to, uh, to Terr'ekk we can explain everything. We're just here to kinda-

PERSON AT DOOR: I don't know if you know this, but I'm... I'm kind of his right hand man, so you can tell me everything you need to tell him, and I'll let him know.

DAR: Oh, great! Um, and I'm sure you would have known about me, because if you're so high up, you would have known Terr'ett and all the-

PERSON AT DOOR: Oh, wait a second. I remember a Norm...

DAR: Great!

PERSON AT DOOR: Did you got to East Side? Class of-

DAR: No. I- I'm known for being a crime assistant.

PERSON AT DOOR: Norm, you were at East Side, class of 4052! You're the one who couldn't finish a hotdog!

DAR: That's-

PERSON AT DOOR: You tried to eat a hot dog.

DAR: That's what you- that's what you remember about me?!

PERSON AT DOOR: And it made your tummy hurt!

DAR: You don't remember how I smuggled in an entire ship?

PERSON AT DOOR: Oh, sure, sure. Oh, yeah. That ship that broke immediately? Oh, you guys are with

Norm? Norm sucks!

C-53: Uhh, we actually don't know a "Norm"-

PLECK: Yeah-

C-53: - which is... interesting.

DAR: Uh.

PERSON AT DOOR: When did- what's your name now?

DAR: I- I answer to "Dar" now.

PERSON AT DOOR: Hmm...

[Pause]

PERSON AT DOOR: It's not a good name. PLECK: Listen. Sorry. What's your name? PERSON AT DOOR: I'm Garrett. PLECK: Garrett. Cool.

[Crosstalk] DAR: Oh... / Garrett Hornberger. PLECK: / Garrett.

GARRETT: That's right. **PLECK:** Garrett, can we please just talk to Terr'ekk? **GARRETT:** You want to speak to Terr'ekk? PLECK: Yeah, that's sort of the whole point. It-C-53: Yes, we have some business. **GARRETT:** I should let you know, he does not speak your native tongue. PLECK: That's... DAR: He doesn't speak Regular? GARRETT: He doesn't speak Reg. **PLECK:** Alright. **GARRETT:** He only speaks Weird. PLECK: Okay. NERMUT: Huh. PLECK: That's... C-53: Hm. PLECK: [Sighs] Can we just come in? Is that-NERMUT: Pleck, will you- will you unzip me? I think I can... [Zipper sounds]

PLECK: Okay, sure. NERMUT: I think I can... PLECK: Yeah. Uh.

[Nermut exits the bag]

NERMUT: Garrett? GARRETT: [Surprised yell] What is this?! NERMUT: I- I manage this team. GARRETT: Oh. NERMUT: My name is Former Junior Missions Operations Manager Nermut Bundaloy. GARRETT: Did they name you "Junior" because of your size or because of your-NERMUT: No! It's a-GARRETT: Oh. **NERMUT:** And it's not my title anymore. GARRETT: Because you're small. NERMUT: No! PLECK: No, Nermut-**C-53:** Yeah, you probably could have just left it out. PLECK: Yeah. **NERMUT:** I'm still a manager. Uh, you might know Hark Tardigast. GARRETT: Ohh... NERMUT: Who indicated that there aren't even Junior Missions Operations Managers in the Rebellion,-PLECK: It's not-NERMUT: - just Missions Operations Managers-C-53: This is- this is all-NERMUT: - which is gonna be what I am -PLECK: It's tangential to this conversationNERMUT: The whole point is we are a serious team. We just got off the Bargarean Jade and there's an annoying bean on there and we're here to meet Terr'ekk, okay? And we might have something to do with [whispers] the Rebellion! PLECK: Nermut. NERMUT: Hark-PLECK: Nermut. NERMUT: Yeah? PLECK: Nermut. NERMUT: What? Guys, this is going really well. **PLECK:** You know, Nermut, I should probably just run you back to Bargie. NERMUT: Huh? PLECK: Just real quick-NERMUT: No! PLECK: You and Beano can hang out-**NERMUT:** Really?! PLECK: - while we just do the mission. NERMUT: Come on! PLECK: I feel like you kinda blew up our spot. NERMUT: Can I- I'll stay in the bag!

[Nermut gets into the bag again]

GARRETT: Listen, Junior. NERMUT: No-GARRETT: If you want to speak to Terr'ekk... NERMUT: [Sighs] GARRETT: ... Come on in.

[Door opens]

[Simultaneously] DAR & PLECK: Oh.

GARRETT: But I don't think you'll like what you hear.
PLECK: ... Uh, alright.
DAR: We'll take our chances.
PLECK: Yeah, okay.
C-53: Very well.
DAR: I feel like if anyone's gonna know who I am it's Terr'ekk.
NERMUT: Great.
DAR: Let's getC-53: Did you ever meet Terr'ekk, Dar?
DAR: I don't honestly remember, but I'm sure he probably remembers me.
C-53: Sure.
GARRETT: Yeah, he was way cooler than Norm.

[They walk through a party atmosphere and approach Terr'ekk]

[Throughout this episode, Terrekk speaks with a very deep voice in a clearly made up alien language occasionally interspersing real words that sound like they could be alien words.]

TERR'EKK: [Speaks Weird: "Ooh! Hongo chongo Garrett!"] **GARRETT:** [Speaks Weird: "Ah! Chango tangola Terr'ekk!"] **TERR'EKK:** [Laughs heartily] **GARRETT:** [Laughs] TERR'EKK: [Speaks Weird: "Mifoonah!"] PLECK: Listen, Garret, I know that Terr'ekk doesn't speak Regular, but can he understand Regular now? GARRETT: No. C-53: Well, how would you think that he would be able to understand Regular? PLECK: You know, I don't know. Just, cause, like, we all speak Regular. Obviously, there are aliens who don't, but like-**C-53:** Whatever language he speaks is so complex that my auto translator can't get a beat on it. PLECK: Huh. **C-53:** We sort of have to go through you both to understand him and for him to understand us. **GARRETT:** I am the tongue. DAR: Oh? GARRETT: I am the tongue of Terr'ekk. **C-53:** I thought you said you were the eyes and ears. GARRETT: Yeah, I'm all of the senses. DAR: [Scoffs] C-53: Oh. **GARRETT:** I'm the tongue, I'm the eyes, I'm the ears, I'm the-PLECK: Why would he need a translator for- to see stuff? C-53: Yeah. Do- are you his nose as well? You said you were all-GARRETT: I could be. C-53: Oh. **DAR:** Can you ask Terr'ekk if he remembers Norm? C-53: Okay. Yeah. **GARRETT:** Yes, I can do that, Norm. DAR: Great. **GARRETT:** Terr'ekk? TERR'EKK: [Speaks Weird: "Ahh?"] GARRETT: [Speaks Weird: "Tasa koko loshataya les Little Norm shattata?"] DAR: "Little Norm"? **TERR'EKK:** [Speaks Weird: "Tingo babafo Norm?"] GARRETT: Nah, he doesn't remember a Norm. DAR: [Sighs] Ask him if he remembers a Norm who couldn't finish a hot dog. GARRETT: [Speaks Weird: "Terr'ekk, takasa loko Little Norm sakadaye Oscar Mayer?"] TERR'EKK: [Laughs heavily] [Speaks Weird: "Findo fafa la Norm Oscar Mayer!"] [Laughs] **GARRETT:** [Laughs] GARRETT: Ahh, yes, he remembers you well. PLECK: Listen, uh, Dar, can I talk to you over here, for a second? DAR: Yeah.

[The crew steps aside]

DAR: I don't feel like I'm earning us any kind of capital here.
PLECK: Dar, I- I thought you said you ran a bunch of campaigns for this guy.
DAR: I did! I was the campaign master!
PLECK: Oh no.
DAR: I ran such sick campaigns!
PLECK: Oh no.
DAR: I was so jucking clever! I never repeated the same move twice!
C-53: Dar, we thought you were talking about military campaigns.
PLECK: Yeah.
C-53: Not role playing games.
DAR: No, I knew Terr'ett when I was young! I wasn't ready to be-NERMUT: How- how young?
DAR: Like middle school.

[Simultaneously] NERMUT: Oh... C-53: Hm... no... PLECK: Oh no!

PLECK: But you said you stole a ship for Terr'ett.
DAR: It was actually a model shipPLECK: Oh no.
DAR: - and we built it together.
NERMUT: [Sighs]
PLECK: Oh no. Dar!

TERR'EKK: [Speaks Weird: "Lindo battu Garret? Gingo fah!"] GARRETT: [Speaks Weird: "Dara dye?"] TERR'EKK: [Speaks Weird: "Jingo."]

[Garrett approaches the crew]

GARRETT: Come back over here.

[Simultaneously] PLECK: Oh, yeah, sure. Yup. DAR: Okay. Yeah, sure.

GARRETT: I don't know if you heard what Terr'ekk just said.
DAR: I mean, we HEARD it.
C-53: Well, we DID.
DAR: We just didn't UNDERSTAND it.
C-53: We just don't knowDAR: Yeah.
C-53: Good Flarn translating softwarePLECK: We don't- yeah, we don't speak Weird.
GARRETT: Ah, yes, the native tongue of the Flarn. We speak Weird. We heard what he just wanted you to know was that if you have anything you want to say to him, you can say it to me.

[Awkward pause]

[Crosstalk] C-53: Is that... / for sure what he said? PLECK: / Yes, that's...

GARRETT: Oh, yeah. Oh, yeah. He said, "I trust you, Garrett."

[Awkward pause]

PLECK: Huh. NERMUT: Hm. C-53: Okay. DAR: Huh. PLECK: Seems like something you wouldn't say to someone you trusted. GARRETT: No, that-PLECK: You've- you've known him for years. GARRETT: I've know him-PLECK: Why is he still saying that to you?

[Crosstalk] C-53: It's sort of implicit / in the relationship. GARRETT: / No, but-

GARRETT: No, but he- he- that... Okay, well, what do you want to say to him? I let him know what's going on. C-53: Oh, okay. Alright. PLECK: Okay. Yeah, uh... All right, let's see. Um, Mighty Terr'ekk! GARRETT: [Speaks Weird: "Mighterta Terr'ekk..."] TERR'EKK: Hmm? PLECK: Just- you can probably just wait until I'm done then just say the whole thing. **GARRETT:** [Speaks Weird: "Hoshai daro dayo daizum..."] PLECK: No, don't say that! Stop! Don't say that part! **GARRETT:** [Speaks Weird: "Shazat ma..."] PLECK: I'm- I'm just telling you, Garrett, you can wait until I'm done with my sentence before you say the whole thing. **GARRETT:** [Speaks Weird: "Weita haza-"] PLECK: It's going to be harder for me-**GARRETT:** [Speaks Weird: "Garrett weizawa dada..."] **PLECK:** Garret! C-53: Maybe just- maybe just-PLECK: Okay. C-53: Go on. **PLECK:** Fine. [Clears throat] Mighty Terr'ekk. TERR'EKK: [Speaks Weird: "Tawa zhjido!] PLECK: No, stop! **GARRETT:** [Speaks Weird: "Jhawa-"]

PLECK: What is- why is he gonna say stuff?! Cause I feel like I'm ne- we're never gonna get anywhere if you guys-GARRETT: He said... "What's up?" PLECK: Fine. GARRETT: [Speaks Weird: "Ida."] PLECK: Mighty Terr'ekk-TERR'EKK: Juntawa! PLECK: We-NERMUT: Is he speaking Juntawa now? I thought he was speaking Weird. DAR: Yeah. PLECK: Does he speak Juntawa? GARRETT: What? C-53: Do NOT attempt to address him in Juntawa. You DON'T speak it. GARRETT: [Speaks Weird: "Asa kurajai Juntawa?"]

[Garrett begins speaking Weird while Pleck orates]

PLECK: [Sighs] Mighty Terr'ekk, we are here as ambassadors for the Rebellion against the Federated Alliance.

GARRETT: [Continues Speaking Weird: "... sohari kotaiyo Federated Alliance."]

PLECK: We seek a rebel pilot known as Hark Tardigast who came to your planet to plead with you for information and/or supplies in our fight against the Alliance.

GARRETT: [Continues Speaking Weird: "... ovrayadaiov Oscar Mayer."]

PLECK: If you can take us to him we will be forever grateful to you.

GARRETT: [Continues Speaking Weird: "... ho shotaka."]

PLECK: We have a shared interest, you and I, Terr'ekk.

GARRETT: [Continues Speaking Weird: "Zhicarva taoh, Terr'ekk."]

TERR'EKK: [Speaks Weird: "Vano fata."]

GARRETT: He says you're taking a long time.

[Crosstalk]

PLECK: I'm ju- were you translating what I was saying to him? / Because I feel like he should-**NERMUT:** / I heard "Oscar Mayer" again.

GARRETT: What? Oh, hello Junior.NERMUT: Ugh!GARRETT: Yes, yes. We were just remembering how funny the hot dog moment was.DAR: Give me a hot dog right now! I'll finish a hot dog right now! I'll finish 89 hot dogs right now!

[Crosstalk] C-53: Dar, let's / not go crazy. GARRETT: / Ahh...

PLECK: Yeah, Dar, it seems like -NERMUT: It's too many. DAR: I'm proving this to you! PLECK: Okay. DAR: I'm proving this to you! PLECK: Sure.

DAR: I'm proving this to you! Now get me 89 hot dogs!
GARRETT: Terr'ekk... [Speaks Weird: "Terr'ekk asakoro Norm akasa toah da Oscar Mayer eighty-seven.]
TERR'EKK: [Laughs]
PLECK: Wait, wait, wait. Hold on a second. Hold on.
TERR'EKK: [Speaks Weird: "Chongo Oscar Mayer times eighty-seven!"]
PLECK: I just wanna- Can I just- can I just quicklyC-53: Is "eighty-seven" 89 in this...?
PLECK: Does- is- is Flarn language for 89 "eighty-seven"?
GARRETT: Yes. Weird- okay, so in- in Regular, when you say 89 and you translate it into Weird, that is "eighty-seven".
PLECK: That's what I just asked.

[A stranger wheels over a cart]

STRANGER: [Speaks Weird: "Haity forsaichta eighty-two Oscar Mayer!"]
GARRETT: Ah! We have 101 hot dogs here for you.
C-53: I do not understand how this works.
PLECK: Yeah, it seems...
DAR: I'll take those.
C-53: Dar, let's think about what we're doing before we do it.
NERMUT: Ugh.
PLECK: Yeah, really. You just need to eat one, right?
DAR: No, I gonna eat 101 of these now.
NERMUT: Oh.
C-53: That seems... That's a lot of hot dogs.

[Dar starts munching on hot dogs in the background]

PLECK: Yeah, wait. Can I just ask. Garrett, when- when Dar failed to eat a whole hot dog. **GARRETT:** Yes? PLECK: How many hot dogs had Dar eaten at that point? **GARRETT:** At that point? PLECK: Yes. **GARRETT:** 132. C-53: Wow. Okay. PLECK: Okay, I'm very confu- I mean, if she'd already eaten-**GARRETT:** Why are you here? PLECK: I tr- I tried to explain that, and you told me it was taking too long. **TERR'EKK:** [Speaks Weird: "Quinoa fano!"] **GARRETT:** [Speaks Weird: "Ahso quinoa!"] TERR'EKK: [Speaks Weird: "Bobo beepbop Hark Tardigast."] GARRETT: Ahh! DAR: [With a mouthful of hot dog] Ooh! We recognize that! PLECK: Oh, yeah, no, was he- did he just say "Hark Tardigast"? GARRETT: No. **DAR:** What? C-53: He didn't just say "Hark Tardigast"?

PLECK: It- it sounded like "Hark Tardigast".
NERMUT: It sounded like "Hark Tardigast".
GARRETT: No.
DAR: It really did.
GARRETT: It sounded like that, but he was just reminding me about... We watched a movie last night and I said a really funny one liner.
DAR: What was the one liner?
GARRETT: What?

[Crosstalk]

DAR: What was the / funny one liner you were just talking about? **C-53:** / Yeah, what was the funny one liner?

GARRETT: Look, I don't know what you're here for-NERMUT: He-GARRETT: - but Hark Tardigast is not here. DAR: Ugh. GARRETT: And there's no looking for him. DAR: Hm. PLECK: Okay. NERMUT: In the absence of Hark, we'll act in his stead-PLECK: Yeah-NERMUT: - as emissaries to establish a connection between Terr'ekk... GARRETT: Ahh... NERMUT: - and... [whispers dramatically] the Rebellion!

[Terr'ekk makes a sudden, loud noise]

NERMUT: Oh!

GARRETT: Terr'ekk-

PLECK: Listen, Garrett. What Hark was going to come here to tell you is that the Rebellion hates the Alliance as much as you do. So if there's a way we could work together, maybe we could figure this out. **GARRETT:** I let him know. [Speaks Weird: "Terr'ekk jaconto chango quinoa asakoto Federated Alliance ahpitei umpo eto Hark Tardigast eh Rebelliah."]

TERR'EKK: Ohh... [Pats belly] ho ho! [Speaks Weird: "Dupoh bahgins faifai guncha."]

GARRETT: Mm... He said he's interested.

PLECK: Really?

GARRETT: If you are fighting against the Federated Alliance as hard as we are.

PLECK: Great. Yeah. Cool. So, um, you know, listen, this is sort of not really my jurisdiction, but I would say, like, have you got any extra guns or, like,-

NERMUT: Yeah!

PLECK: - maybe some, like, stealth ships you could spare? We could probably take those.

GARRETT: [Speaks Weird: "Dah zakatao duhnsta dah quinoa takaowhoa dah pharoah chachjida ancient grain achon dakaiizhao."]

TERR'EKK: Hmm... [Speaks Weird: "Couscous fainoh teeno meenono."]

GARRETT: [Speaks Weird: "Aht."]

TERR'EKK: [Speaks Weird: "Norm Oscar Mayer!"]

GARRETT: [Laughs] [Speaks Weird: "Shajao yah!]

TERR'EKK: [Speaks Weird: "Hono fanah!"]

[Garrett and Terr'ekk both laugh]

NERMUT: Garrett! Garrett! Look-PLECK: You definitely were not-NERMUT: Look- yeah-PLECK: You- you were definitely referring to Dar eating hot dogs and not to what I just said to you. **GARRETT:** No. The mighty Terr'ekk has a proposal for you. C-53: Al- alright. PLECK: Okay. GARRETT: We'll get you what you want, but the one we know as "Norm", you'll have to engage in a hot dog eating contest. PLECK: Hm. NERMUT: Huh? DAR: But that already started. You brought out hot dogs for me to start eating. **GARRETT:** No, the hot dog timer hasn't started yet. DAR: But I've- I started eating them as soon as they brought them out! NERMUT: None of those count? C-53 Look-**GARRETT:** None-C-53: Look-DAR: None of these hot dogs-C-53: 40... 50 hot dogs in-

[Terr'ekk makes displeased noises in the background]

GARRETT: [Speaks Weird: "Hasa wanahdolah?"] TERR'EKK: [Speaks Weird: "Nohdo lookdako lohlah!"] GARRETT: No, they do not count!

[25:42] [Music Transition]

URCHIN BOT: Well hello there and greetings from the very edge of the sooty, festive land of Chimnacia. Gather 'round all of you and I'll tell you a story! I'm no Rip Seeso but I'll do my best. This is a tale called Shameless Begging. Once upon a time, there was a mysterious series of recordings about an Alliance ambassador turned Rebel emissary and his heroic crew. Now, the audience of these recordings were famously attractive and intelligent, but some of them, they became woefully addicted to the recordings and yearned to hear from this crew more than weekly. Lucky for them, they could receive more communications on social media! Instahologram, Spacebook and Twitter, where the crew's handle was @missiontozyxx. There, thirsty geniuses like, well, like you even, perhaps, could see fan art, photographs from recordings, thrilling announcements, messages from individual crew members, like- like really good stuff! And the people who followed? They became incredibly happy. And some of them, d-dare we say the best ones, they even logged into something called iTunes, which I think is where droids get their visual senses fixed. Anyway, well, on- on iTunes, these people left reviews of the audio records which, legend has it, helped with some sort of algorithm that led even more people to find, enjoy, and become addicted to the recordings then in a quest for even more! Follow them @missiontozyxx! The end. Did

you not like the story? I thought it was pretty good. I mean, not perfect, but- ah, the gravity! The gravity's so low! I'm- [falls away from the planet]

[27:37] [Music Transition]

[A crowd makes noise while Garrett's voice comes out of a loudspeaker]

GARRETT: [Over loudspeaker] Attention Flarn! As you know, I am Garrett, the eyes, ears, tongue, nose for the mighty Terr'ekk!

[Crowd cheers]

TERR'EKK: [Speaks Weird: "Hoh!"] **GARRETT:** [Over loudspeaker] He says, "That's right"! I am here with a wonderful entertainment! A hot dog eating contest!

[Crowd cheers]

GARRETT: [Over loudspeaker] As you all probably remember, Norm is here to eat 120 hot dogs! **DAR:** I mean, I already ate 50 hot dogs.

[The crows starts chanting "Norm"]

GARRETT: [Over loudspeaker] No! Nope! Irrelevant!

[The crowd stops chanting]

GARRETT: [Over loudspeaker] If Norm can eat the hot dogs we will give them the resources they require. If not, we will... shame them!

[Crowd boos]

NERMUT: [From inside his carrier] Could be worse.
GARRETT: [Over loudspeaker] And now I will say all of that in Weird!
PLECK: No, it's not- it's not necessary.
GARRETT: [Over loudspeaker] [Speaks Weird: "Gorettaaa! Asoloto Little Norm toshotolo one hundred and eighty-two Oscar Mayer!"]
C-53: It just- it has not mathematical basis to change between-GARRETT: [Over loudspeaker] [Speaks Weird: "Ahlo!"]

[Awkward pause]

DAR: Oh, I should- I should start?
GARRETT: [Over loudspeaker] Yes.
DAR: Okay. Um.
C-53: Dar, are you confident you can eat this many hot dogs?
DAR: [Through a mouth full of hot dog] Yeah, I'm pretty confident I can eat this many hot dogs.
NERMUT: [From inside carrier] Dar, you can do it!

PLECK: Listen, Dar, I mean you're like 50% empty space, right? Like, I still want you to hurt yourself.
DAR: [With hot dog in their mouth] That empty space is not really made for food though.
NERMUT: [From inside carrier] I'm glad they let us all sit at this picnic table with you.
DAR: Hhm.
NERMUT: Huh.
DAR: It's nice.

[Dar puts another hot dog into their mouth]

DAR: [Through a mouth full of hot dog] Well, I really probably shouldn't be talking to you while I'm trying to-**NERMUT:** Yeah, go! Yeah, yeah! Eat 'em!

[Dar keeps chewing]

DAR: I mean, you can all keep talking amongst yourselves.
C-53: Oh, okay. Well.
NERMUT: Okay.
C-53: Yeah, we- we weren't sure if that distracts you or...
DAR: [Eating hot dog] No, it's actually calming me down a little bit.
C-53: Okay.

[Dar continues munching on hot dogs throughout the conversation]

PLECK: Well, you know, it's interesting that a hot dog competition is just a one person. They didn't want a challenger or anything like that.
C-53: Yeah, usually a competition implies, you know, people striving against one another.
PLECK: Hm.
C-53: But this is... man versus nature.
PLECK: "Nature"? Hot dog is "nature" in that case?
C-53: Yeah, it's a fungus found onNERMUT: Oh, right.
GARRETT: [Over loudspeaker] Attention! I forgot to introduce the challenger!

[Simultaneously]

C-53: Ah, oh, wow. Okay. NERMUT: [From inside carrier] Oh, okay. DAR: Wait, wait, wait, does that mean-

NERMUT: This makes more sense.
DAR: Does that mean none of the hot dogs I just ate count?
GARRETT: [Over loudspeaker] No!
C-53: Oh, wow!
NERMUT: Ugh!
C-53: This seems egregious.
GARRETT: [Over loudspeaker] None of those 17 hot dogs you ate counted! Let me translate. [Speaks Weird: "Forty-two Oscar Mayer!"]
C-53: "Forty-two"... 17... I...

NERMUT: [From inside carrier] Is it just a coincidence of sounds? It's not- there's no-GARRETT: [Over loudspeaker] And now introducing the challenger! I should explain the rules. You have to eat hot dogs faster than this challenger... Those are the rules. Okay!
PLECK: Well, so, one rule. That's just one rule.
DAR: The challenger's a vacuum!
GARRETT: [Over loudspeaker] Don't spoil it! We're about to wheel it out.

[The challenger rolls out]

C-53: It seems to have a hot dog shaped input on the end. CHALLENGER: I have a name! Hello, nice to meet you. My name is Gorm. DAR: "Gorm"? GORM: I, uhhh, do this every Sunday. I'm ready! NERMUT: [From inside carrier] Gorm, you're a vacuum species? GORM: I'm ready! NERMUT: [From inside carrier] Okay. GARRETT: [Over loudspeaker] Ahh, the hot dog eating contest between Norm and Gorm! NERMUT: [From inside carrier] Hm. As foretold. GARRETT: [Over loudspeaker] What a wonderful contest! [Speaks Weird: "Ohso colo dolashata Little Norm and Big Gorm!"] NERMUT: [From inside carrier] Hm. GARRETT: [Over loudspeaker] On your mark... DAR: Arguably I am much bigger than you. GORM: Just gonna turn on...

[Gorm turns on suction]

GARRETT: [Over loudspeaker] Get set... GORM: Go near the hot dogs... GARRETT: Eat!

[Gorm starts sucking in hot dogs]

[The crowd starts chanting and Nermut joins in chanting "Norm"]

[C-53 and Pleck join in]

C-53: Are we saying "Norm" or "Gorm"? PLECK: I- I'm saying "Norm"! C-53: Yes, yes of course-PLECK: Why wouldn't you just-NERMUT: [From inside carrier] Why would you say "Gorm"? C-53: I don't know. Maybe to distract him in some way? PLECK: Oh. NERMUT: [From inside carrier] Okay.

[Dar sounds uncomfortable]

[The crowd continues chanting]

[Gorm keeps sucking in hot dogs]

DAR: How far behind am I right now?

[Simultaneously] C-53: Pretty... far... Don't let that distract you. NERMUT: [From inside carrier] Don't think about!

PLECK: It's not worth- yeah.
DAR: How many hot dogs has the vacuum sucked up?
NERMUT: [From inside carrier] It's hard to count.
C-53: You know, just eyeballing it, like, half.
PLECK: Yeah.
DAR: I need you to- I need you to actually move a little tighter around me right now.
C-53: Okay.
NERMUT: [From inside carrier] Okay.
PLECK: Okay. Alright. Yup. Mmhm.
DAR: Can anyone see me?

[Simultaneously] NERMUT: I- I doubt it. C-53: I don't think so.

DAR: Okay.

[Squelching noises of Dar's flaps]

C-53: Oh, wow! PLECK: Oh. NERMUT: [From inside carrier] Oh! C-53: It's-NERMUT: [From inside carrier] Oh, okay. PLECK: Dar. NERMUT: [From inside carrier] That is strategy. PLECK: This is VERY good strategy. C-53: I don't know if that counts as "eating" the hot dogs but-NERMUT: [From inside carrier] It's fine, it's fine, it's fine! DAR: I don't think it does either, but we need to get them out of the way. C-53: Yeah, that's a fair point.

[Dar breathes heavily and makes noises of discomfort]

C-53: Would you prefer if we looked away for this? NERMUT: [From inside carrier] Yeah, should be-DAR: No. C-53: Okay. [Dar's heavy breathing and uncomfortable groans continue]

C-53: Alright, Dar, you only have one more. [There is a deep rumble from Dar's body]

DAR: [Breathing heavily] I can't. I can't!
C-53: Dar, you have to!
DAR: I can't!
NERMUT: [From inside carrier] You have to do it!
DAR: IPLECK: Dar, this is exactly what happened last time. You have one extra hot dog-NERMUT: [From inside carrier] Yeah!
PLECK: - and you can't get it in.
DAR: No! I'm FILLED with hot dogs. I am moreC-53: Gorm is almost done with the other hot dogsDAR: I am more hot dog than Dar right now!

[Nermut unzips and exits the bag]

NERMUT: Guys, step aside.

[Simultaneously] PLECK: No, Nermut, you can't-C-53: No, Nermut, don't-

NERMUT: Yes! I can do it!
PLECK: That hot dog isNERMUT: I can do it if you help me lift itPLECK: That hot dog is like 65% the sizeNERMUT: Help me lift it. I can eat it!
C-53: Pleck could easily eat this hot dog. Why are youPLECK: Yeah, why don't I just eat it?
NERMUT: I have to do it. I just know. I got to.
C-53: Nermut, I don't think this-

[Nermut starts engulfing the hot dog]

C-53: Oh! Wow! Oh my-

[Nermut makes horrible noises]

C-53: Nermut!

[Nermut chokes and groans in pain]

C-53: Oh, that's... much wider than I think [Nermut groans] his species jaw is supposed to go...

[Nermut makes another pained groan]

C-53: It might- it might never go back to its original size.

[Nermut tries and fails to swallow more]

C-53: I'm just gonna tap it in...

[Nermut screams through a hot dog]

PLECK: There's a little bit of hot dog coming out of his tail nub. **C-53:** That's okay. That's all right. Alright, hit- hit hit the- hit the buzzer! **DAR:** I'm done. I'm done!

[The crowd continues cheering loudly]

[Dar hits the buzzer]

DAR: [While struggling to keep the hot dogs down] I finished. Now please... help the Rebellion.

[Garrett makes surprised sounds over the loudspeaker]

GORM: I'm just gonna go... vacuum the rest of this... place... GARRETT: [Over loudspeaker] Gorm, what happened? **GORM:** I don't know. I- I thought we had it in the bag. GARRETT: [Over loudspeaker] I can't let this loser outshine me. I'm cooler than this little... Norm. **PLECK:** Yeah, Garrett, you're- you're still talking into the microphone. GARRETT: [Over loudspeaker] Oh, shoot! Oh no. Wait... How do I turn it off? Um... **PLECK:** Just step away from the microphone. Just put it away from your face. GARRETT: [Over loudspeaker] No, no. I... Terr'ekk! TERR'EKK: [Speaks Weird: "Kohnah! Verizon Fios!"] GARRETT: [Over loudspeaker] [Speaks Weird: "Ahsawa toh AT&T! Kahlasha."] C-53: Alright, I've been running a translation protocol for the last 20 minutes or so, and I've managed to synthesize my own Flarn translation. **PLECK:** What, really? C-53: Yeah. Let me just turn it on now and see... Uh, Terr'ekk? TERR'EKK: Yes? PLECK: Oh! **C-53:** Okay. PLECK: Oh! It's running now. GARRETT: [Over loudspeaker] Uh... you- you- you should turn that off. That's not allowed here on the planet. C-53: Well, that's-GORM: Your mic is still on. GARRETT: [Over loudspeaker] Uh. C-53: It's-**GORM:** Garrett. GARRETT: [Over loudspeaker] I know. I know that!

C-53: Yeah, Dar, if you want to talk to Terr'ekk, uh, this translation app seems to be working reasonably well.

DAR: Hey Terr'ekk.
TERR'EKK: Oh, hey. Norm!
DAR: Yeah.
TERR'EKK: Hi. Yeah, I remember. You hung out with my geeky brother.
DAR: I don't remember him being geeky. I just remember usTERR'EKK: It was... pretty geeky.
DAR: I just remember him having a really beautiful imagination.
TERR'EKK: Yeah, I guess so. I'm glad you're here. I'm not really sure why we're doing this hot dog thing.
C-53: ButTERR'EKK: It wasC-53: You wereTERR'EKK: It wasn't my idea.
PLECK: Yeah, you demanded a hot dog conTERR'EKK: I said-

[Crosstalk]

DAR: You didn't demand a hot dog eating contest / to establish relations with the Rebellion? **TERR'EKK:** / I said- I'm not really sure...

TERR'EKK: I didn't. DAR: He made me. TERR'EKK: Garrett? Wait, what? GARRETT: [Over loudspeaker] No, Terr'ekk, you-

[Crosstalk]

TERR'EKK: Garrett said that you / demanded to enter a hot dog eating contest-**DAR:** / He made me-

GARRETT: [Over loudspeaker] Now- you- now, look. There- there seems to have been a bit of confusion. Oh, this is a hot mic! There seems to have been a bit of a confusion! This is what I remember happening, is that almighty Terr'ekk, you said-TERR'EKK: That's right.
GARRETT: [Over loudspeaker] - that you would like to see a hot dog eating contest.
TERR'EKK: That's not what I said, Garrett.
GARRETT: [Over loudspeaker] Okay, ah, but, come on! Right? Come on!
TERR'EKK: No.
PLECK: At this point, Garrett, just turn the mic off. You don't need to-TERR'EKK: No! Leave it on, Garrett!
GARRETT: [Over loudspeaker] Okay.
TERR'EKK: Because I want everyone to hear your screams... when I eat you!
C-53: Oh!
GARRETT: Oh, no! No! No!

[Garrett yells, Gorm and the crowd eggs on the violence, Pleck expresses deep disgust]

[The crowd quiets down]

GARRETT: [From both inside Terr'ekk and over the loudspeaker] Oh, it hurts in here!

[Simultaneously] TERR'EKK: The mic is still on inside of me. DAR: That was jucking disgusting! **TERR'EKK:** [Speaking over Garrett] Those are the digestive juices, Garrett. GARRETT: [From inside Terr'ekk and over the loudspeaker] Oh, this is like a... a sous vide in here slowly cooking me! TERR'EKK: What is that- what- what is that? GARRETT: [Inside Terr'ekk and over loudspeaker] Oh, you know what a "sous vide" is? TERR'EKK: What word is that? I don't understand that word. GARRETT: [Inside Terr'ekk and over loudspeaker] It's a-TERR'EKK: [Speaking over Garrett] I don't wanna hear you translate for me any more! **PLECK:** At this point, whoever is running tech in this arena, it's on them. TERR'EKK: Listen, I apologize. The Flarns, we are anti-Federated Alliance, but I'm not sure that we're pro-Rebellion. What can I do to make it up to you? What do you need? PLECK: You know, actually, honestly, Terr'ekk, we could really use a little bit of gas for our ship. Nermut has a pretty good idea of maybe some of the things we need. If, uh, Nermut, you wanna just tell the Flarn what we need?

[Nermut gasps and chokes]

TERR'EKK: I heard gas so I'm giving you gas, I guess. PLECK: Yeah, okay. I guess- I guess gas is-TERR'EKK: Listen-C-53: There needs to be a-TERR'EKK: I'm not-NERMUT: [Choking] Guns! TERR'EKK: Yeah, who knows! NERMUT: [Choking] Guns! TERR'EKK: Maybe the Flarns will join the- I mean, somebody help him.

[Nermut makes choking noises]

DAR: Um. Here, let me just...

[Dar taps Nermut]

[Horrible squelchy noises]

TERR'EKK: Uh. Yeah. Oh man, it's really comin' out the other end, isn't it?
NERMUT: Oh... Oof!
C-53: It is... not at all digested.
TERR'EKK: [Disgusted] Oof...
NERMUT: Okay.

TERR'EKK: We're doing gas, so, that's it. Alright! Who knows, maybe one day the Flarns will aid the Rebellion but today is not that day.
PLECK: Okay.
NERMUT: Hm.
PLECK: Yup.
C-53: Yup.
PLECK: Fair enough.
DAR: Yeah, I don't know if it is.
PLECK: [Sighs] Alright, guys, well, uh, listen, thanks, Terr'ekk. Uh, appreciate that. Sorry to hear about your translator, uh.
TERR'EKK: I- I'm fine.

[Pleck sends a transmission request to Bargie]

PLECK: Hey, uh, hey Bargie.BARGIE: Yeah?PLECK: I think we're good to go. You could probably just land in this big open arena.

[Bargie approaches]

TERR'EKK: Oh the Bargarean... Oh, wow! Everybody thought that the Bargarean Jade was kinda fake but... look at that!
BARGIE: That's right! You all thought I couldn't be a criminal but look at me now! Huh? I got scars all over my hull! I'm bleedin' out oil! Huh?
PLECK: Whoa!
BARGIE: I got one teardrop tattooed underneath my windows.
TERR'EKK: Whoa!
BARGIE: Yeahh! Did I kill someone?! Did I kill someone?!
PLECK: Did you kill someone, Bargie?
BARGIE: [Quieter] No, I'm playing a part.

[Simultaneously] PLECK: Okay. No, I'm sorry. C-53: Oh, alright. Okay, that's fine. BARGIE: Don't ruin it for me.

BARGIE: Just ready to, just, take you all on! TERR'EKK: Love it! Look at that. BARGIE: Fight me! Everybody, fight me! NERMUT: No! BARGIE: Everyone take out-

[The crew starts protesting]

TERR'EKK: Very well! NERMUT: Bargie! Bargie, why-PLECK: No-TERR'EKK: [Over loudspeaker] Everyone in the stadium[The crowd cheers]

TERR'EKK: [Over loudspeaker] - fight the crew of the Bargarean Jade!

[The crew start yelling]

[The crowd starts throwing things]

DAR: Let us on the ship! Now! **NERMUT:** Bargie!

[39:37] [Transition Music]

C-53: Well, we are fueled up for the foreseeable future. PLECK: Yeah, I guess so. Hey, listen, I gotta say, Dar and Nermut, you guys really took one for the team on this one. I- I mean-NERMUT: [Sighs] C-53: Well... PLECK: Dar, you took-C-53: Many. **PLECK:** - a couple- you took more than a gross for the team. **NERMUT:** [Sighs] DAR: Yeah. **C-53:** Nermut took literally one for the team. NERMUT: Right. DAR: Yeah. **NERMUT:** But I am torn up from end to end. PLECK: Oh man! [Simultaneously] DAR: Oh, gosh! C-53: Oh, Nermut! PLECK: Sorry. PLECK: Nermut-**C-53:** That sounds rough. PLECK: I gotta say, you know, this is what it's like, man, being on the ship, through the ringer. It's not your safe cubicle on the Delegator any more, right? NERMUT: Uh-uh! Not at all! Although I was, you know, injured there a lot, too, come to think of it. But, uh... PLECK: Oh, that's true. Yeah. **C-53:** Yes. Fair. **PLECK:** Because you were very poorly treated. NERMUT: Yeah. PLECK: I will say I was glad to visit that planet as a- as a rebel, not as an Alliance member, because woof, that would have been rough. **NERMUT:** Oh, that would have been rough.

PLECK: Yeah. NERMUT: Yeah. PLECK: Yeah, we would all been eaten. NERMUT: Yeah. C-53: Instantly. NERMUT: They would've... attacked Bargie more? C-53: Maybe about the same. NERMUT: Yeah. **BARGIE:** Yeah, I'm pretty banged up. PLECK: Are you okay Bargie? BARGIE: Yeah, no one's really asked me. Thank you so much. You're the first person. Um, no, I'm not okay. **NERMUT:** What?! PLECK: Oh no! **BARGIE:** There are a lot of things wrong with me right now. **NERMUT:** What's broken? BARGIE: Well, my son hasn't talked to me in a while. PLECK: Oh. **C-53:** Oh. PLECK: Okay, alright. [Crosstalk] DAR: Oh, this is emotional stuff / unrealted **C-53:** / It's more-**BARGIE:** Just in a waiting game right now. C-53: Sure. **BARGIE:** Yeah, but we got gas, so that's the thing. PLECK: It was nice that they let us gas up even after attacking us for, like, 20 minutes. BARGIE: Yeah. PLECK: But hey, Dar, listen. DAR: Huh? **PLECK:** I know that - I know that Flarn was not really how you represented it, but you really saved us back there, so thanks. DAR: Yeah, it's kind of... I think I'm okay with... realizing that I was actually, um, a huge nerd. **PLECK:** I mean, yeah. Join the club. C-53: Many young species go through an awkward phase where they're fascinated by the imaginative of pursuits of all kinds. **BARGIE:** Sometimes they make it a career and, you know. NERMUT: Hm. DAR: Um... C-53: Well, that would be extremely poor planning. There's so little use for that kind of thing. PLECK: Hmm...

[Simultaneously] DAR & NERMUT: Hm...

[Door opens, Beano enters]

BEANO: Beano hungry!

[The crew groans]

NERMUT: Beano... BARGIE: Dar, it's your turn. DAR: [Sighs]

[Rumbles from Dar's body]

DAR: Alright, I'm... emptying my chutes...

[Squelching noises as the hot dogs empty from Dar's chutes]

NERMUT: Whoa! BEANO: Oh! Beano eat hot dog! Num num num! Oh... NERMUT: What? BEANO: Beano only eat organic.

[The crew all groan]

NERMUT: [Quietly] Of course. DAR: Of course. BEANO: Beano clean eat!

[Nermut makes a disgruntled sound]

PLECK: Why do we have Beano? **BEANO:** [Running around in circles] Gotta love Beano!

[The crew all sigh]

[Outro Theme, Bargie Flyby]

// FIN //

C-RED-IT5: This is C-RED-I-T-5, credits and attributions droid, commencing outro protocol. Emissary Pleck Decksetter was played by Alden Ford. C-53 was played by Jeremy Bent. The security officer formerly known as Norm was played by Allie Kokesh. Missions Operations Manager Nermut Bundaloy was played by Seth Lind. Bargie the ship and Gorm the hot dog vacuum were played by Moujan Zolfaghari. Terr'ekk Kestebi and Beano were played by Winston Noel. Garrett Hornberger was played by special guest Dru Johnston. Dru is a writer for the Chris Gethard Show and performs at the UCB Theater in New York with Grandma's Ashes and ASSSSCAT. Follow him on Twitter @drujohnston. Dru is spelled with a "u"... as it should be. Crowd voices were recorded at our season two premiere at Caveat generously donated by our live audience. Thank you audience! And a special thanks to Loren Humphrey for a recording location for this episode. This episode edited by Seth Lind with sound design and mix by Shane O'Connell. Music by Brendan Ryan. Opening Crawl Narration by Jeremy Crutchley. Ship design for the Bargarean Jade by Eric Geusz. Mission to Zyxx is brought to this galaxy by AudioBoom. Thanks AudioBoom! A very special thank you to our Patreon supporters for making season two possible. Hey, do you want to send a physical item to the Zyxx Quadrant? That would be rad! Address your parcel to The Zyxx Quadrant, P.O. Box 180494, Brooklyn, New York, 11218, and our team of trained zerblins will take it from there.

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[44:16] [Outtake]

DAR/ALLIE: But I started eating them as soon as they brought them out! NERMUT/SETH: None of those count? C-53/JEREMY: Like-DAR/ALLIE: None of these hotdogs-C-53/JEREMY: - 40... TERR'EKK/WINSTON: "Ahh, dundah!" C-53/JEREMY: 50 hot dogs in! GARRETT/DRU: "Asahwadaodola?" TERR'EKK/WINSTON: "Noh! Toyota Corolla!" GARRETT/DRU: No, they do not count! They do not count, and they run smoothly like a Toyota Corolla.

[Laughter]

WINSTON: But I do like the idea of a hot dog challenge to... ALLIE: Yeah. JEREMY: To determine-WINSTON: He'll give you all the stuff-SETH: Mmhmm. JEREMY: If- if Dar can eat enough hot dogs. [Laughs] WINSTON: Yeah. SETH: Yeah. ALLIE: Yeah. JEREMY: I think that's pretty fun. ALLIE: Oh, great-ALDEN: I love the reveal that... that Dar was working for the nerdiest-JEREMY: The, like, nerd crime lord.

[Laughter]