

[sinister orchestral music]

NARRATOR: The galaxy trembles before... the Allwheat! [dramatic sting] Okay, that's overstating it. But people are, you know, apprehensive. [somber orchestra] Six months have passed since Pleck Decksetter fulfilled his destiny by vanquishing the evil Galactic Emperor, [faint audio of the aforementioned vanquishing] casting him off a precipice within the Planet Crusher Crusher, where a whack ritual merged him with the ancient Beanocron and transformed them into an astronomical horror with unknown powers. ...Does that count as vanquishing? Hmm.

[orchestral music takes a more whimsical, space-opera vibe, slowly building in intensity]

NARRATOR: Galactic order has crumbled in the Emperor's absence. Planetary alliances dissolve overnight. The value of kroon fluctuates wildly. New and sinister threats emerge throughout the galaxy. Pardon my Juntawa, but it's a real Juntawa-show. On the remote ice world of Corvus, three speeder-bikes streak across the frozen wasteland toward coordinates extracted from the fragments of an encrypted message. Can our heroes escape mortal danger, locate their missing leader, and unify the galaxy once more? A desperate hope is all they have left on their...

[musical crescendo]

NARRATOR: [echoing dramatically] Mission to Zyxx!

[orchestra transitions to a dramatic rendition of the theme song, then fades into silence]

[desolate wind blowing, small creatures skittering and chirping; distant sounds of very fast vehicles and panicked voices]

PLECK: [frantic] I can't! I can't! Oh Rodd!

[speeders whizz by loudly]

AJ: We're in the shit!

[speeders whooshing, monstrous roaring, high-octane music, Pleck screaming]

PLECK: Oh, there's another one!

DAR: Pleck—

PLECK: Oh, they're gaining on us!

DAR: [urgently] Pleck, you cannot panic. Do not close your eye! Pleck, don't close your eye while you're driving! Open your eye!

PLECK: [screaming] Dar, what do we do?!

DAR: Go faster! We go faster, is what we do!

PLECK: I can't go faster! It's as fast as this goes!

DAR: Okay, I'm gonna put my foot on your foot.

[speeder noises increase in intensity, Pleck goes 'ow']

C-53: Pleck, Dar, I realize this is a high-tension scenario, but you have to realize there's a maximum speed on these speeder bikes.

AJ: Then how are we winning? How are Nermut and I winning?

[walkie-talkie chirps each time Pleck speaks]

PLECK: It's not a race, AJ! We're trying to outrun these monsters!

C-53: Well, so in some ways, it *is* a race.

PLECK: [laughing] Come on, C-53!

[monster roars]

NERMUT: AJ, these ice monsters are so close to the speeder! Do not get experimental with the driving!

AJ: Thought I could pull a wheelie—

NERMUT: You can't wheelie with the thing without wheels!

AJ: Hang on tight! [Nermut squawks in alarm] It's gonna get weird!

NERMUT: Keep it not weird!

BARGIE: I am also yelling! I am also yelling! I am participating in this!

C-53: Bargie—

NERMUT: Bargie—

BARGIE: I am part of this experience!

C-53: Not a great time for this, to be honest.

NERMUT: Bargie, we love you, but you being close to us is really a giveaway.

BARGIE: I am yelling!

NERMUT: They're definitely gonna be able to see you near us.

BARGIE: What?

C-53: Just want to chime in real quick with, uh—we had a plan when we came down to the surface of the planet.

PLECK: C-53, the plan sorta went to shit when the ice monsters popped out of the cave!

C-53: Okay, 'ice monsters' is derogatory. They're Corvian ice beasts.

PLECK: What's the—

C-53: Let's not—

PLECK: How is it—okay, we need to get into one of these caves and outrun these beasts!

C-53: Seems like we might be free of them for now.

[speeders shift into lower gear]

BARGIE: That is my job. That is my only job, to take you from one place to the other.

C-53: Well, Bargie, these caves seem a little narrow. I'm not sure if—

BARGIE: I can fit.

[the crew makes noises of uncertainty and discouragement]

BARGIE: I've lost some pounds due to *depression*, I can *fit!*

NERMUT: I don't know—don't, don't, don't—Bargie, pull up!

[loud impact noise]

DAR: Too late. Too late.

PLECK: Oh, Bargie.

C-53: Oh, Barge.

[truck-backing-up noises]

BARGIE: Welp! I'm just gonna try again!

[the crew cries out in alarm, Bargie crashes again]

PLECK: Okay.

C-53: Really loud.

BARGIE: Sorry. You know, you guys go ahead. I'm just gonna continue trying to fit into here until it happens.

[backing-up noises, crashing]

PLECK: Okay.

NERMUT: She's just reversing and ramming back in the same cave.

BARGIE: [yelling] I can fit!

[beasts roaring, speeders revving up]

C-53: Ope, okay, they're back.

AJ: Alright, you guys head in the cave! [rifle warming up] Lizard and I will take care of these ice monsters!

C-53: Uh, they're Corvian ice beasts—

AJ: Lock and load! We don't have time!

NERMUT: And I'm Nermut.

[speeders whoosh, high-octane chase music]

C-53: Alright. AJ and Nermut have drawn the ice beasts' attention away, so now all we need to do is navigate this highly intricate network of caverns.

PLECK: How are we going to do that?! C-53, it's really hard to steer these while they're going so fast.

C-53: I don't seem to be having a problem steering.

PLECK: Yeah, that's because you put your cube into the—you *are* the speeder right now.

C-53: I'm just saying, from inside, they're quite easy to steer.

PLECK: Okay. Yeah. Dar and I are sharing a speeder, and it doesn't maneuver quite the same way.

DAR: I'm sorry, is that a dig at me?

PLECK: No! These are single-person speeders!

DAR: Okay, then I can kick you off.

PLECK: That's not—actually, that's a good point, Dar. Why can't I ride *your* speeder, C-53? It has a seat there!

C-53: You're not riding me. That's not happening. If I let you sit on me, you're gonna try to turn the wheel.

PLECK: I mean, that's a good point.

DAR: Oh, yeah. Oh, can't—can't resist.

PLECK: I love to steer.

C-53: Yeah.

[dramatic sting]

AJ: Okay, little buddy, you ready to do this? You ready to rock?

NERMUT: I've never been more ready. *Oh!* That reminds me! You know what we need to do?

AJ: What?

NERMUT: We need a soundtrack! [zipper noise] Lemme pull out the speaker and play!

["Speeder Ride" by Bermut Nundaloy plays, Nermut sings along incoherently]

AJ: What is this? This is amazing.

NERMUT: This is my song! Speeder Ride!

AJ: What? I love it!

NERMUT: The soundtrack to our life!

AJ: That's exactly what's happening right now! You wrote this?

NERMUT: Yeah!

AJ: This is amazing!

NERMUT: Woo!

AJ: This rocks! Let's do this!

NERMUT: It's what we're doing, AJ! We're riding on a speeder!

AJ: We're speeder riding! Let's do this!

NERMUT: Kick up the jams!

AJ: What?

NERMUT: I dunno.

C-53: Nermut, you gotta aim the speaker away from the microphone, okay?

NERMUT: No! [monsters roar] They're on top of us, they're on top of us! We gotta turn up the speed! [music volume increases]

DAR: No, no, you just turned up the volume on the song!

NERMUT: Oh. [laughing] Maybe that'll help!

C-53: It's not.

[music fades into tinny static, transmission-end noise]

DAR: Hey, listen, I don't wanna backseat drive here, but, uh—

[Pleck cries out in alarm, speeder crashes into things repeatedly]

PLECK: C-53, you need to help us get through these caves. I don't know what I'm doing.

C-53: Alright, fine. These speeders have a rudimentary navigation system, so let me see if I can input the coordinates we managed to pull from the transmission to Seesu. [electronic jingle like you would hear from a car GPS system] Ah, here we go. Plot a path.

PLECK: Oh, thank Rodd. Okay, what do we do?

C-53: Uh, okay. This is gonna be a little tricky. Take the first right here. [Pleck makes a panicked noise] Alright, and then you're gonna merge.

PLECK: What do you mean, merge? There's no lanes!

DAR: Merge! Merge!

PLECK: Merge onto what?

[turn-signal noise]

C-53: Merge onto Ice Canyon Boulevard.

PLECK: [flabbergasted] Ice Canyon Boulevard?!

C-53: Right, okay—

DAR: Beautiful merge.

C-53: And now you're gonna take a slight left— [Pleck makes more panicked noises] Slight left, okay, into Crystal Avenue! There you go!

PLECK: Crystal—that can't be what these are called!

C-53: Okay, now it's a sharp left.

PLECK: What?!

[unhappy ding]

C-53: Ugh, rerouting.

DAR: Yeah. Now we're on a real map quest.

[speeder-whoosh transition]

AJ: Alright, hold the steering wheel!

NERMUT: No, I can't—

AJ: Alright, I'm gonna lean back behind us—

NERMUT: What?!

AJ: And start to shoot.

NERMUT: No, don't let go of the wheel— I can't—

AJ: Three, two, one! Let's do this!

[Nermut cries out in alarm]

AJ: You gotta keep it steady, buddy! Let's go!

NERMUT: Augh, I'm power steering! [sounds of speeder crashing into things] We're scraping, we're scraping—

AJ: Okay. Yeah, don't scrape it against the wall like that, bro!—

NERMUT: Oh, we're bouncing, we're bouncing! Oh boy!

AJ: No, it's cooler if you kept it straight. [rifle warming up] Lock and load! And keep it on the road!

NERMUT: [cry of distress] There's no road!

[sounds of AJ shooting, Nermut groans]

AJ: That was great, that was great. I think we got one. We need a little more firepower. Take the butt gun. [gentle fart]

NERMUT: What if you take the butt gun and I take the—

AJ: The other one's a little too big for you.

NERMUT: No, I don't—

AJ: Butt gun's got—



NERMUT: [stammering] I'll risk it. I don't know if—

AJ: It's clean! It's clean.

NERMUT: How could it be clean?

AJ: It's clean.

NERMUT: Okay. Here we go.

[gunshots, AJ cheering]

AJ: Oh yeah! Lizard be shootin'!

NERMUT: Wow. It's just like—eventually, none of the crew are gonna know my name.

AJ: Lock and lird, baby!

NERMUT: Okay, this is getting better!

AJ: Oh, got a little defecate on that.

NERMUT: Ugh, come on!

[musical sting]

PLECK: Alright, this is it.

AJ: Whoa.

PLECK: Wow, this is a really intricate hideout. I mean, I guess she was here for almost a year.

C-53: Yeah, a while.

NERMUT: Whoa, look at all these ice chairs.

C-53: Yeah, sort of an ice chaise lounge.

PLECK: Where is everybody?

[electronic ding]

AUTOMATED VOICE: Welcome home, Seesu.

NERMUT: Oh, is that a... ice AI assistant?

C-53: Mm-hmm.

AUTOMATED VOICE: I am Icelexa! How may I help you?

PLECK: Icelexa?

AJ: Icelexa, play Speeder Ride.

PLECK: No—

NERMUT: Yeah, yeah! Yeah yeah yeah yeah!

ICELEXA: Now playing Speeder Ride by Bermut Nundaloy.

PLECK: No, no, AJ, come on—

["Speeder Ride" plays, Nermut sings along, AJ cheers]

PLECK: Okay, please— alright, alright—

[AJ sings along too]

NERMUT: Yeah!

PLECK: Icelexa, pause.

[electronic ding, music stops]

ICELEXA: Icelexa pausing.

PLECK: Okay.

C-53: It announces that it's paused?

NERMUT: I think it could just pause.

[electronic ding]

ICELEXA: Icelexa pausing.

NERMUT: Still? Wow.

PLECK: I mean, it's made of ice. It's not gonna be perfect.

C-53: Yeah, that's fair.

PLECK: C-53, are there any life forms at all in this cave?

C-53: Um... [scanning noises] I'm not sensing any.

NERMUT: We're dead?

C-53: Who are you, AJ?

AJ: Yeah, wait, are we dead?

PLECK: Oh—

DAR: Oh, no.

AJ: Lizard man, are we—

PLECK: Besides us.

NERMUT: And we live here.

C-53: No, that's—

AJ: Yeah, we live here now.

C-53: No. Why would we do that?

PLECK: Nermut—

NERMUT: Yeah?

PLECK: You're cold-blooded, right?

NERMUT: Yeah.

PLECK: Does your brain slow down when it's cold?

[beat]

NERMUT: Huh?

[laughter]

AJ: I feel like Nermut and I have really been vibing on this mission.

PLECK: Nermut, you're a loose cannon in the field.

[beat]

NERMUT: Huh?

PLECK: Okay. Listen, guys, I don't think Seesu is here.

[page-flipping noises, Dar goes 'ooh']

AJ: Dar, what are you checking out over there?

DAR: Oh, just reading a little something.

AJ: Is that like a—

DAR: It's a diary. It's a diary, okay? It's a diary.

AJ: Okay, well—

C-53: How recent are the entries?

DAR: Up until about... eleven minutes ago.

C-53: Wow.

PLECK: Oh, wow! That's very recent.

AJ: Wait. Don't worry, everybody, I'll find Seesu. Because I've got... [radar-type pinging noise] one of these!

PLECK: What is that?

NERMUT: Keychain?

AJ: Tracking fob!

PLECK: What's a tracking fob?

AJ: It's a fob.

PLECK: What is it tracking?

AJ: It helps track people. You guys didn't have tracking fobs?

C-53: No! We—

PLECK: Why would we have—

AJ: It's like a thing. Tracking Seesu.

PLECK: Wait, AJ, how—don't you have to have something paired with the fob to—

[beeping fluctuates in speed and volume as AJ wanders around]

AJ: I don't. It's just a thing that beeps, and you like—hey, whoever you want to find, you get a tracking fob and they—

PLECK: How does that work?

C-53: What do you mean— whoa, whoa—

DAR: What the fob are you talking about?

C-53: Whoever you want to find?

AJ: I don't know— [slurring dramatically] I don't *know* the *technology*, I just—

[laughter, beeping increases]

AJ: Do you see, it's like— it's beeping more when I put my arm up!

C-53: How would the fob know where she is?

AJ: It *knows*, robot man! It knows!

PLECK: No one knows where Seesu was.

C-53: We had to decrypt a message for months! Where is Seesu?

DAR: Also, [page-flipping noises] how has she been dating while in hiding in this ice cave?

NERMUT: Good question.

[beeping speeds up]

AJ: Watch, watch! Watch the fob!

PLECK: I mean, it is tracking *something*.

[increased beeping]

AJ: Watch the fob! Look what happens when I go near this giant staircase! Follow me up the staircase!

[beeping reaches a fever pitch]

AJ: I— there's—

[mechanical creaking]

AJ: Oh, there's Bargie.

BARGIE: Hi, guys.

PLECK: Wait, Bargie? How—

BARGIE: Yeah.

PLECK: How did you get here?

BARGIE: I told you I would fit! [surprised exclamations from the crew] No, I'm just joshing you. I flew around. [the crew goes 'oh'] Yeah, I can't— I'm too big. Also, I had the coordinates.

PLECK: Yeah, no, no, that makes sense.

BARGIE: So, yeah. Took you guys a while. Why didn't you just let me drop you off closer?

PLECK: [spluttering] In retrospect, Bargie, yes, that was a good idea. It's just— we had these speeders, we were real excited about using them...

AJ: Wait a minute. I got an idea. Maybe it's not tracking Seesu at all. Maybe it's tracking...  
[radar-beeping resumes] Baby Dar.

NERMUT: The baby is not named Baby Dar.

PLECK: Who is Baby Dar?

DAR: What is a Baby Dar?

AJ: Well, no, it's a baby of Dar's species.

PLECK: Dar isn't the name of Dar's species.

AJ: Right. But I'm just saying that, like, the baby is— it's, like, Baby Dar.

PLECK: That baby's name is Horsehat.

AJ: Right. So, okay—

C-53: It's Baby Horsehat.

AJ: Baby Hoha.

[C-53 makes a noncommittal noise]

DAR: Baby Hoha. I approve.

AJ: I would die for baby Hoha.

[laughter]

PLECK: Okay. Alright.

BARGIE: Hey! Hey! Can I get some more ice on there?

PLECK: What? Why?

BARGIE: I'm making a special drink. An old salty grandma. For Seesu!

PLECK: Wait, Seesu's on the ship?

AJ: Oh, you're making an old salty grandma?

BARGIE: Yeah!

PLECK: [laughing] What is that?

C-53: You've never had an old salty grandma?

PLECK: No!

NERMUT: They're very good.

PLECK: What's in it? Wait, no— [with Nermut] Seesu's on the ship?

BARGIE: Yeah. She's been dating! You know that?

DAR: I did.

PLECK: We did figure that out.

BARGIE: Wow. She's great. Alright, I'll talk to you guys later.

C-53: Wait, Bargie—

PLECK: How did you—

C-53: This is the person we've been looking for this whole time!

BARGIE: Oh!

[radar beeping]

AJ: [singsong] The fob doesn't lie!

NERMUT: Where did you get it?

AJ: I don't know how it works or where it came from. But the fob... don't lie.

C-53: [laughing] Give me that thing!

[whimsical orchestral transition]

NERMUT: Wait, so did we technically rescue Seesu? We did, right?

PLECK: I... I mean, we came to the planet and she's now on the ship. So yeah.

[Nermut laughs triumphantly]

DAR: So technically *Bargie* rescued Seesu.

AJ: But—but we had the speeders!

BARGIE: Yeah, thank you for that. Sometimes you need other people to acknowledge what you've done.



PLECK: Yeah. Good job, Bargie.

NERMUT: Good job!

AJ: What about the speeders, though?

NERMUT: That was so amazing.

PLECK: I mean, the speeders were great.

AJ: The speeders were so cool!

[knocking]

SEESU: Excuse me? Sorry, hi.

NERMUT: Hello, Seesu Gundu!

PLECK: Seesu! It's great to see you again.

DAR: Seesu!

AJ: [incoherent lovestruck noises] You look so good.

PLECK: AJ—

SEESU: Oh, thank you. Hey, being on an ice planet does wonders for your skin.

[AJ laughs way too emphatically for far too long]

PLECK: AJ—

SEESU: That was very loud. Very loud.

C-53: AJ, just—

PLECK: That's... wow.

[sounds of Seesu texting in the background]

C-53: He's so—

AJ: She's, uh, pretty. Don't we—

DAR: AJ, get down on the ground.

AJ: What? Okay. [loud thump]

SEESU: Okay. If you'll excuse me, I have to go use the crapper.

PLECK: [laughing] Wow. Uh, absolutely. Right this way. [door opens] Wow, very blunt.

C-53: That's her style.

NERMUT: Is a crapper, like, a brand of cryo-freeze wand or something? Or—

C-53: No, it's a toilet.

NERMUT: Oh, yeah.

AJ: [quietly, a bit bashful] She's pretty, right? Do we all agree that she— I don't know, I have a weird, like—

NERMUT: Ohhhh.

C-53: Right.

PLECK: AJ, AJ. You know, um, your attraction to Seesu sort of makes sense. You're—

AJ: Great? And so is she?

PLECK: No. No, no.

C-53: No, you're cloned from Rolphus Tiddle.

PLECK: You're a clone of Rolphus Tiddle.

AJ: I don't know about that.

[everyone goes 'uh...']

NERMUT: We do know about that.

PLECK: Your DNA comes from Seesu's ex-husband.

AJ: We all come from somewhere.

C-53: Uh, okay. AJ, maybe we should clarify something. Can you take off your helmet real quick?

AJ: Okay.

C-53: Alright, look in this mirror.

AJ: Mhm.

C-53: And look at this picture of Rolphus Tiddle.

AJ: You took a picture of the mirror?

C-53: No. If I took a picture of the mirror, I would take a picture of myself.

AJ: Oh, it's 18-9— yes, that's who it is! 18-9-5.

C-53: No, this is a picture of Rolphus Tiddle.

PLECK: AJ, you might say that Rolphus Tiddle is... zero.

NERMUT: Yeah.

AJ: Oh, that's—

[door opens, distant wailing, several people go 'ope']

AJ: Baby Hoha!

NERMUT: Oh, Horsehat. I got it, I got it, I got it.

C-53: Okay.

NERMUT: I'm gonna— [noises of exertion, Horsehat crying quietly] Can somebody lift—? I wanna rock Horsehat.

DAR: Okay.

NERMUT: Okay, thank you. We'll count it as me rocking. Okay.

[baby-mobile music]

C-53: I mean... I guess.

AJ: Guys, what if Seesu and I had a kid?

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

NERMUT: You don't have genitals!

AJ: I mean, right. But what if I, like... budded? Like I—

PLECK: Budded?

AJ: You know, like, budded, and there was a kid.

DAR: [suddenly enthusiastic] Whoa, okay, wait wait wait, let's see where this goes. Explain.

NERMUT: Yeah, say this.

AJ: Yeah, like, so what if I, like, budded—

C-53: Like a flower?

AJ: Like a flower! And there was a little bud on the side of my neck, and it just sort of grew and grew, and it was, like, the kid of me and Seesu? You know?

BARGIE: Ah, that was one of my movies.

AJ: Wait, what?

BARGIE: Yeah, it was called Air Bud!

NERMUT: Oh, because a spaceship buds, yeah.

C-53: Who did you bud off of?

NERMUT: A big ship?

BARGIE: A dog.

[impressed noises from the crew]

NERMUT: Like CGI, or was there a dog that big?

BARGIE: It was a real dog.

NERMUT: [astonished] A dog that big?

PLECK: There's no rule that says a dog can't bud a spaceship.

AJ: Yeah.

BARGIE: Talented dog. Died shortly after. [disappointed crew noises] Not because of the movie, but because he had an alcoholic problem. [sympathetic crew noises] Also dust. [solemn crew noises] Also pills. [intrigued crew noises] Also kinda racist. [dismayed crew noises]

C-53: This is a real roller coaster ride.

NERMUT: Okay.

AJ: Anyway, guys, don't worry about me and Seesu. I'll be— I'll be chill. I feel like I'm pretty—

NERMUT: Whatever!

AJ: I'm really kinda the best at being—

C-53: You just haven't been chill at all so far.

AJ: I'm kinda the best at keeping it lowkey. Plus, like, Dar is—

SEESU: Okay, I'm back!

PLECK: Hey, AJ, put your helmet back on!

AJ: Oh—

SEESU: I am refreshed! I just wanna give my appreciation for finding me. [the crew exclaim happily] You know, I didn't know if anyone was gonna come, if anybody got our signal.

NERMUT: Yeah, we got your message!

SEESU: Now, don't think I wasn't doing anything. I wasn't just waiting here like a damsel in distress! [various exclamations of 'no!'] I have been working hard, boots on the ice, every single day. I've created street names, um, a highway system—

C-53: Oh, that explains a lot.

SEESU: And I've been working with the locals here. I created a colony of monsters, a democracy, it's thriving right now. They have an amazing economy.

C-53: [dismayed 'oh'] Um, those monsters...

PLECK: Are you talking about the ice beasts?

C-53: The Corvian ice beasts?

SEESU: Yeah, the Corvian ice beasts.

[C-53 makes an uncomfortable 'ah' of realization]

PLECK: You mean they're not feral murderers?

SEESU: No, they're amazing businessmen! Their acumen is, is precise.

[dismayed noises]

C-53: And if they were chasing you, say, what would—what would the reason be?

SEESU: Oh, they'd only chase you if you dropped something, or if you didn't go through customs, or if you're driving a speeder without a permit. [distressed noises from the crew] Or sometimes just to pat you on your back and congratulate you for doing a good job. We've had a lot of chases!

PLECK: Well, uh, you know, Seesu, I just want to say it's great to have you back. You know, we need you now more than ever, honestly.

SEESU: I remember your name. Don't—don't, I'm gonna—I remember your name! We've met before, right?

PLECK: Uh, yeah, many times.

SEESU: I never forget a face.

PLECK: Okay!

C-53: But it sort of seems like you've forgotten the name.

SEESU: I never forget the name!

PLECK: You might remember—we as a crew went to, uh, the Dumps and rescued Rolphus from—

SEESU: Don't say that name. If I ever see his face again, I don't even know what I'll do.

[sounds of AJ removing his helmet]

NERMUT: AJ, no!

PLECK: AJ—

AJ: No, this is the way!

PLECK: It's really not.

AJ: Hmm. Feels like the way.

C-53: AJ!

AJ: Ugh, fine. [putting helmet back on]

SEESU: You know, he's probably still alive somewhere out there. Probably—

AJ: Maybe he is! Maybe somebody who has his face—

PLECK: AJ—

AJ: And a flat plank where his genitals should be—

DAR: AJ—

AJ: Is still around.

SEESU: What?

PLECK: [laughing] A flat plank?

C-53: Wow, AJ—

DAR: AJ.

SEESU: [irritably] Probably with some young piece. [heavy sigh]

AJ: Maybe— [quietly] What am I doing?

C-53: AJ... Just be cool.

DAR: AJ, I want you to take baby Hoha. Here you go.

AJ: Okay! Let's go! [Horsehat cooing] Oh, look how cute! Oh! [Horsehat grunts emphatically] Alright, I'll get down on the ground. I mean, I don't know how this— okay, fine. [thud, Horsehat laughs]

C-53: Well, Seesu— I mean, the galaxy's in kind of a very precarious place right now.

NERMUT: We were so happy to get your message and hear that you're alive, because frankly, it got real, real jucked up recently.

SEESU: Tell me everything. Also, it's, it's—

C-53: Oh, wow. Um—

SEESU: Pleck.

[everyone cheers]

PLECK: Wow! Good job!

C-53: I thought she was bluffing, but she got it!

PLECK: She really got it! She really—

NERMUT: What's his last name?

DAR: Nermut, why would you do that to her?

C-53: Yeah, that's—

SEESU: Pleck... Dicksetter.

PLECK: Uh, very close. [Nermut laughs] Very close.

DAR: Oh, no no, you got it. Seesu, that's perfect.

C-53: That's it.

DAR: That is his name. Pleck Dicksetter.

SEESU: I never forget! I never forget.

PLECK: Well, thank you. You know, Seesu, things have gotten real, real crazy. There was an emperor that— as you know, Emperor Ballwheat—



SEESU: Yes. Mhm.

PLECK: Ruled with an iron fist for, uh, months. Until our team sort of took him down.

SEESU: Oh, good for you! [applauding] Give yourselves a little clap! Come on!

PLECK: Thank you. Thank you. I will say, um, he sort of, uh, merged with the Beanocron, and kind of became... I don't even know how you'd... uh, uh, a celestial entity?

C-53: Uh, well, the mass of a Planet Crusher Crusher collapsed inward, so there's a lot of that.

PLECK: We call it the Allwheat.

NERMUT: It's sort of a mystical black hole.

DAR: Yeah.

PLECK: It's like if an eclipse was, uh, mean?

NERMUT: Yeah. Yeah, that's fair.

DAR: Yeah. And it's kind of like if an orange was really big and kept screaming all the time.

SEESU: Okay.

C-53: Um, imagine, like a... a bloody eye socket, but in a completely dark room.

SEESU: Yes. Okay, so what it sounds like is—

BARGIE: It's kind of like, uh, when you make a movie, okay? And instead of there being actors, they just hire rocks, right?

PLECK: Sure. I mean, emotionally, that's exactly what the Allwheat is like.

C-53: Yeah, it is sort of like that.

AJ: [shouting, distant] It's like if you shat out a comet that insulted you!

PLECK: Thank you, AJ.

C-53: Well, actually— you know, it'd probably be easier if we just showed you this, uh, this report.

NERMUT: Right.

[canned news-show intro music]

NEWSHOST: Welcome back to the Panel of a Thousand Voices. Tonight, once again, all eyes are on the Zyxx quadrant because of that big fiery thing in the sky. 'What does it do?' is the question of the ['da-eeee'] day. First up, Jacque McFier.

JACQUE: I have to say that I'm for the Allwheat. I think that it's really driven [loud sip] a discussion.

NEWSHOST: Hiven Fiven from Smackel News.

HIVEN: I have to say that I am *against* the Allwheat. Why do they keep consuming matter that comes close to its surface?

NEWSHOST: Gurp from Gurp Tribune.

GURP: I have to say that I'm pro-Allwheat. It's a changemaker, and I like that. I'm Gurp!

NEWSHOST: Yesnoer from Yesno News.

YESNO: No!

NEWSHOST: Little Bill from the Minah Middle School Courier.

LITTLE BILL: [rapping feebly to canned beat] I'm Little Bill. I'm terminally ill. The Allwheat is gonna kill— us all.

NEWSHOST: Pervert from Pervert Valley City News.

PERVERT: [lustfully] I don't know why we have to keep talking about it. Why can't we just stare at it for a while?

JUNTAWA: [glass smashing noise] Juntawa! Juntawa juntawa, juntawa!

NEWSHOST 2: [chuckling] Well, pro-Allwheat, anti-Allwheat, I think we can all agree: the Allwheat is Zyxx-citing!

[dramatic news-show outro music]

C-53: Okay, I don't know if that report actually cleared up anything about the Allwheat.

PLECK: Yeah, no, that was not very helpful.

NERMUT: Maybe made it less clear.

SEESU: Okay, so what it sounds like is everything's gone to shit since I've been gone.

NERMUT: Yeah.

C-53: Yeah. In addition to the mystery of the Allwheat, the absence of Emperor Nermut Bundaloy has created a massive power vacuum throughout the galaxy. Governments have no idea who to report to, and the most popular show on television takes place inside the digestive tract of a Zelnoss.

SEESU: What?

PLECK: Yeah, things are— the wheels are coming off.

C-53: It's not good.

SEESU: Well, I have to do something. [loudly] Ding! I have good news! I have returned! [pacing, giving a speech] And I, Seesu Gundu, am gonna make sure that everything goes back to being pristine perfect.

PLECK: Yes!

SEESU: The fabric of society must be mended.

[C-53 hums appreciatively]

DAR: This is rousing. Is she coming up with this on the spot?

SEESU: This is no longer a monarchy! This is no longer a federated alliance! This is no longer a rebellion! This is the future!

[the crew all chime in with 'wow!' and 'yes!']

SEESU: Now, I— I'm prepared. I am ready, and I know exactly what to do to get this universe back on track! [the crew respond eagerly] And you, my beloved crew, are going to help me!

[cheers and happy noises]

DAR: Wow! Yes, we're honored!

SEESU: I have a plan to reunite the galaxy, and we're gonna start right here in the Zyxx quadrant.

PLECK: Yes!

C-53: Sounds perfect.

SEESU: Or as I like to call it... the butt-end of espace.

NERMUT: Wow, yeah. That does—

C-53: Sounds much classier.

AJ: Yeah, really nice.

NERMUT: Yeah. I've heard it called the ass-end of space, but the butt-end of espace... [muffled laughter] it's nice.

C-53: You know, it feels good to work for someone who has a vision. You know what I mean?

PLECK: Yeah. Who has a plan.

NERMUT: I mean, the Zimas were, like, fun, but phew.

C-53: I don't know if I'd even call them fun.

SEESU: Now let me go around the room and tell you what you're gonna be doing!

NERMUT: Oh, wow.

DAR: Okay!

C-53: Okay, yeah.

SEESU: Okay! You! C-53! I know your name!

C-53: Wow.

SEESU: I would like you to be my protocol and diplomatic relations droid.

C-53: Seesu, I would be honored to accept.

PLECK: Alright! Okay!

SEESU: Nermut Bundaloy! Look me in the eye! [talking over Nermut's affirmatives] Look me straight in the eye! Are you looking at me? Are you there? Is the intensity there?

NERMUT: I'm getting up on the table! Looking you straight in! Okay!

SEESU: You! As I'm building my team, you are gonna be my Temporary Emergency Emissarial Negotiations Missions Operations Manager!

NERMUT: Oh, Seesu, I would be absolutely honored. At your service!

DAR: [delighted gasp] Nermut, you're a TEEN MOM!

NERMUT: [whispering to himself] Straighten out the tie, flatten out the shirt— what?

[everyone goes 'teen mom!']

SEESU: Yes, that's exactly what it is.

NERMUT: What do you mean? A teen— [dismayed 'oh']

PLECK: That shortens right down.

C-53: Wow, Nermut, your parents are gonna be so proud of you. Teen mom.

NERMUT: No, they—

SEESU: Bargie! I know you've gone through struggle, from top to bottom. You... are gonna be the ship.

BARGIE: Wow. [laughter] Wow, okay. You know what?

AJ: Whoa, I didn't see that coming.

BARGIE: I've been trying to find myself for a while, and... I guess I'm a ship. I have an announcement to make! I'm not an actor anymore!

PLECK: What?

BARGIE: I've given up on acting!

PLECK: Oh, Bargie!

C-53: Bargie—

BARGIE: It's caused me only pain!

NERMUT: No! You're so— well, yeah.

C-53: Yeah, yeah. Maybe.

AJ: Well, when you put it that way.

PLECK: Yeah, that's true.

BARGIE: It's true!

C-53: Remarkably self-aware of you, Bargie.

BARGIE: I'm not leaving the biz, I'll tell you that. I'm just gonna work in development now.

C-53: Bargie, I think this is a real positive step for you.

BARGIE: Yeah, be behind the scenes. Not so much in front.

AJ: Dope.

C-53: You know, that's a good choice.

SEESU: AJ! You are my security officer.

AJ: Alright! [crunches soda can triumphantly]

DAR: [drawn out, uncertain] Okay...

AJ: You got it! Let's lock and load!

SEESU: Dar. [Dar goes 'oh'] You exude confidence.

DAR: I do do that.

SEESU: You exude power. You seem to always know what it is that you want, and you go for it. So there is nobody better here in this ship that I can think of than you... to be the captain.

[beat]

DAR: I'm sorry, what?

AJ: Twist!

PLECK: Hey, great!

C-53: Yeah, Dar, congratulations.

AJ: Yeah, Dar! Captain Dar!

NERMUT: Captain Dar!

DAR: Thank you! Captain Dar. Seesu, I will not disappoint. I'm so honored.

NERMUT: Wow. We've never had a captain.

C-53: Yeah, that's true.

DAR: Captain Dar!

SEESU: Great! I think that's it.

AJ: We've all got jobs!

C-53: Yeah, what a great crew.

NERMUT: This is amazing!

AJ: Wow!

[beat, silence other than Seesu typing]

AJ: Wait, what about Papa?

DAR: Oh, right, Pleck! Pleck needs a job!

NERMUT: Right.

[laughter]

SEESU: Oh, right, Pleck.

C-53: Yeah, sure.

SEESU: Pleck... of course.

PLECK: Yeah!

SEESU: No one here doesn't have a job!

PLECK: Cool. Yeah, great. Just, uh, any— whatever—

SEESU: I will figure it out later. But until then, you have fun. I want you to focus on having fun. You took down the Emperor, okay?

AJ: [cheerful, unintentionally rude] You, like, don't have a purpose anymore!

PLECK: Well, I mean, I, you know—

C-53: Your destiny's been fulfilled.

PLECK: Yeah.

AJ: Yeah. It's like, your whole thing is, like—

SEESU: Your story is complete. You've sacrificed so much.

PLECK: Yeah!

NERMUT: [stage whispering] Pleck! Pleck.

PLECK: Yeah?

NERMUT: [whispering] I'm sorry you got fired.

PLECK: What?

NERMUT: I think you got fired.

AJ: [whispering] Hey, C-53?

C-53: Yeah?

AJ: Were you surprised that Bargie's still the ship?

[laughter]

C-53: No. AJ, who else were you thinking would be the ship?

BARGIE: Honestly, I'm surprised.

AJ: Okay, was it just me? Was it just me?

BARGIE: I jucked it up a *lot* as a ship.



NERMUT: So, uh, Seesu Gundu, what's your title? What's your position?

SEESU: My title is Seesu Gundu.

PLECK: Okay, that's fair.

SEESU: Former Rebellion leader.

AJ: Yaas!

SEESU: Current mother, I'm pretty sure. And future savior of all quadrants!

C-53: Wow.

NERMUT: Wow. An [pronounced F-sack] FSAQ.

[everyone says 'what?' with varying levels of confusion]

DAR: What is an FSAQ?

NERMUT: A future savior—

PLECK: Not everything is an acronym.

DAR: No, no.

C-53: That one, we can say out.

NERMUT: Why is TEENMOM an acronym?

AJ: Because it works!

PLECK: It works.

C-53: Also, 'of all quadrants'. It would be [pronounced 'F-soak'] FSOAQ.

NERMUT: I left out the—

AJ: [shouting angrily] Why don't we let the lady talk?! Why can't we just let the lady talk?!

PLECK: Alright, AJ.

C-53: AJ—

PLECK: Why are you standing so close to her?

DAR: Yeah.

AJ: Sorry.

SEESU: And now, step one. Captain Dar!

DAR: [nervously] That's me! Captain Dar!

SEESU: [zipper, fabric rustling] I'm giving you this chip. Okay?

DAR: Thank you. What do I do with it?

SEESU: You will—

DAR: Nope, nope. Wait. [fleshy sounds of Dar storing the chip inside their body] I'm the captain. I will figure it out.

SEESU: Great, okay. Nermut, we are going back to my HQ.

NERMUT: Whoa, where's that?

PLECK: Wait, you have an HQ?

SEESU: Yeah. It's where you guys picked me up.

NERMUT: No, we rescued you.

DAR: We rescued—

PLECK: I thought you were in exile on an ice planet.

SEESU: No, you just put me on a ship for a hot sec. I'm gonna go back. I renovated. It is beautiful there! Also, I have a whole staff of those ice monsters. They're the cutest!

PLECK: That was [with Nermut] your staff?

SEESU: Yeah. They work 24/7.

NERMUT: Okay. Some of them told us they were leaving.

SEESU: Oh!

NERMUT: Yeah. Don't— don't look for them.

SEESU: Well, I hope they're going somewhere warm!

NERMUT: Great, yeah.

SEESU: Was it Dale?

PLECK: Could've been Dale.

SEESU: Dale's been speaking about a vacation for a while.

NERMUT: Big guy? Claws?

SEESU: Yeah!

NERMUT: Yeah, that was Dale.

SEESU: Yeah! Six kids, [the crew groans] a mortgage, [the crew groans more loudly] beautiful life. What a sweetheart.

[dismayed noises]

NERMUT: Mhm. Yeah. Yep. Dale.

SEESU: Yeah. He makes the cookies you would kill for. You would kill him to get that recipe! [anxious laughter from the crew] I have tried to— ugh! Amazing.

C-53: Yeah, well—

AJ: Whoops!

SEESU: Right. Alright, Bargie, cue my exit theme song.

[dramatic synth beat plays]

C-53: When did she get this loaded up?

NERMUT: This is bumping.

PLECK: Yeah, this is good!

AJ: Slaps. [flustered] Bye— bye, Ms. Gundu! Uh... you're soulful. You're very soulful.

C-53: Wow, that's a weird choice.

[AJ laughs dumbly]

NERMUT: AJ's arms are just at 45 degrees. What is he—

C-53: He's not holding anything, he's just—

PLECK: Nermut.

NERMUT: Yes?

PLECK: Before you go, I wanna give you this. It's your heat rock. I know your brain doesn't work down there if you're cold, and I just—

NERMUT: Oh, that's a good point. I really went limp.

PLECK: You would be so dumb if you didn't have this.

NERMUT: Thank you.

PLECK: I'm looking out for you, bud.

SEESU: Alright, Nermut, let's go.

NERMUT: [excited] Guys, I'm going to HQ! Actually, Seesu, I'm right behind you, okay? I'll catch up.

SEESU: Alright!

NERMUT: Dar, Horsehat. [Horsehat cooing] I promised to co-parent, so I want to know... is it okay that I leave with Seesu?

DAR: Oh, we'll figure it out. You've been called to HQ, just as I've been called to captain.

NERMUT: Right. Captain Dar, sorry.

DAR: And honestly, Hoha may not be able to talk yet, but is completely self-sufficient.

NERMUT: Okay. Horsehat, I... I love you. I'll always be sort of maybe your—

[Horsehat coos loudly, crunching noises]

NERMUT: [strained] Okay, that's a big hug. Okay, Horsehat, let me go. Okay—

AJ: Wow, his eyes are popping out of his head.

[crunching noises, Nermut cries out in pain]

PLECK: He looks like one of those stress squeeze dolls.

[Horsehat laughs, drops Nermut]

AJ: Well, Nermut, looks like we've both had to say goodbye to special people today.

PLECK: You talking about Dale?

AJ: [uncomprehending] Uh...

NERMUT: You shot Dale between the eyes.

AJ: [uncomfortable] Uh...

[transition sting]

DAR: [in slightly different inflections each time] Captain! Captain. *Captain.*

[door opens]

C-53: Dar?

DAR: Captain. Captain! Ohoho. Captain! Captain.

C-53: You're not gonna have to say captain that much.

DAR: When I introduce myself, captain.

C-53: I guess that's probably the only time you'll say it.

DAR: Captain! Captain.

C-53: Okay. I'm gonna need you to turn away from the mirror, Dar.

DAR: Okay. Okay. Just, uh, [under their breath] captain captain captain captain—

AJ: Whoa. Dar, you seem, like, kinda stressed.

DAR: Uh, well, it's just— she handed me the chip and now I'm like [nervous laugh] what do I do? What do I do with it?

C-53: Dar, I've been a protocol and diplomatic relations officer for quite some time. I can confidently say—

DAR: The answer's inside of me and I should just figure it out.

C-53: Uh, no—

AJ: Yeah, Papa, how did you do it when you were captain?

C-53: No, he wasn't.

PLECK: Okay.

DAR: Absolutely not.

PLECK: But what I did do was—

DAR: Nobody had a leadership position, until now. Because now I'm captain and I'm in charge. I'm the captain now.

PLECK: Okay!

AJ: Papa, you'll always be the captain of... my... life.

PLECK: Uh, thank— thank you.

C-53: The captain of your life?

AJ: Well, I was just, like— I was trying to make him feel better.

C-53: That's— yeah, but—

[Pleck crunches chips loudly]

AJ: He got fired, what am I supposed to do?

PLECK: You guys don't have to make me feel better, by the way.

AJ: I mean, nobody likes being let go.

PLECK: Okay, you know what? Listen. I fulfilled my destiny. I took down the Whack!

C-53: That's true.

PLECK: [chip bag rustling] Emperor of the galaxy! I deserve a little bit of a break! [crunching]

C-53: Have you heard from the Zimas at all?

PLECK: Uh, eh... I think we're all taking a break, you know? Kicking back.

C-53: [laughing to himself] All the Zimas are taking a break?

PLECK: Freshness has— the, the Space has been balanced. I think we all deserve a hack and a cigarillo, you know?

C-53: Hm. You're not coming?

PLECK: On the mission? No! [mobile-game noises] No, no, no. I got Flappy Garfon fired up here. What would I do out there?

C-53: I mean, I guess the same thing you did before, which is still— I guess I don't really know.

AJ: Yeah! Who's gonna dither around?

BARGIE: Pleck. Let me give you some advice.

PLECK: Yeah. Yep. What is it?

BARGIE: As a ship— guys, I'm a ship now! The ship!

PLECK: Yeah, it's great to have you, Bargie.

AJ: That was a twist, in my opinion.

BARGIE: This way you're thinking is correct.

PLECK: Oh!

BARGIE: Let go of everything in the past. Let go of any relationships you've had. Nothing means anything, because at the end of the day, there's a light at the end of the tunnel, and it's coming faster and faster towards you.

PLECK: Yeah.

BARGIE: So you go crazy! You do every drug you ever wanted!

PLECK: Uh...

BARGIE: Break every single law!

PLECK: Okay, yeah! Okay.

C-53: [mildly concerned] Barge, are you okay?

BARGIE: And you snap a neck.

PLECK: Uh...

C-53: [increasingly concerned] Barge, are you doing alright?

BARGIE: [sounding not very fine] I'm fine!

AJ: Yeah, 'cause you're kinda not doing your job either.

BARGIE: [still not sounding fine] Hey! I'm doing well!

[incoming-transmission noise, C-53 goes 'oh!']

DAR: Oh, thank Rodd! Okay.

C-53: Captain Dar, I have an incoming transmission from Temporary Emergency Emissarial Negotiations Missions Operations Manager Nermut Bundaloy.

[transmission-start noise, miscellaneous office ambiance]

DAR: Hey, Nermut.

NERMUT: Hey!

DAR: [urgently] You have to give us the mission now! I can't wait! I can't wait any longer. I can't sit here thinking, 'what could it be, what could it be?'

NERMUT: Whoa, Dar! You're gonna be a great captain! It's gonna be fine, it's gonna be fine.

DAR: [anguished groan] Well, I don't have a great example to live up to here, so.

NERMUT: True, fair.

PLECK: Okay, I'm right here!



AJ: But you weren't the captain.

PLECK: That's a good point.

NERMUT: Yeah, there was not an example.

AJ: How's it going?

PLECK: Yeah, you staying warm in there?

NERMUT: Yeah! I appreciate the heat rock. And check this out!

PLECK: Yeah, that looks like a real office.

NERMUT: I know, right? And, guys, do you see behind me? [chair squeaks, AJ goes 'whoa'] Look at all these sentients here! [AJ goes 'wow!'] Look at all these people! Like Seesu said, these Corvian ice beasts are great. A lot of them work here.

ICE BEAST: Knock knock!

NERMUT: Hey!

ICE BEAST: Hey there! So happy to have you, part of the crew!

NERMUT: Happy to be here! Thank you so much.

ICE BEAST: Well, there's still some leftover cookies from Dale's recipe out in the kitchen. [Nermut groans uneasily] You should try some, they're real tasty!

NERMUT: I... no, I'm good...

ICE BEAST: Speaking of Dale, have you seen him around? We're doing a B-ball game after work today.

NERMUT: You know, Dale is—

C-53: Oh boy.

ICE BEAST: You would be great on the team. You look like you got a lot of sputzah.

NERMUT: Oh, thank you. Um, Dale— I—

AJ: [whispering loudly] Is that the one we killed?

NERMUT: I've heard Dale is often just, like— you never know where Dale is.

ICE BEAST: Eh, I think we usually always know where Dale is.

NERMUT: I feel like he could be—

C-53: How would *you* know what Dale does if you just got there?

[Nermut whispering frantically]

C-53: I know, just lie better.

ICE BEAST: Well, I guess if Dale ain't here, it's a pretty sad day. I'll tell you that.

NERMUT: Yeah...

ICE BEAST: Okay, bye!

NERMUT: Alright. Bye. [exhales heavily]

DAR: Oh, you're fitting in right away.

NERMUT: Deeply sad. Anyway, I have your mission!

C-53: Great.

DAR: [gasps excitedly] Yes!

NERMUT: The chip that FSAC Gundu gave you—

AJ: No, we're not—

C-53: No.

AJ: We're not doing that.

NERMUT: We're not doing FSAC?

C-53: Don't... don't say that.

AJ: [aggressively] Keep those words out of your mouth when you're talking about Ms. Gundu!

C-53: Wow. Okay.

AJ: Keep them out of your mouth!

[loud mechanical clanking]

NERMUT: Quit shaking the camera!

C-53: AJ, AJ! [laughing] He's on our side!

AJ: Yeah, you're right.

NERMUT: Yeah! You remember me? Nermut? So the chip that Seesu gave you contains a message announcing her intention to unify the galaxy. It needs to be brought to Tenethius Four. Okay?

C-53: Okay. Tenethius Four, of course, the hub of one of the intergalactic broadcasting networks.

NERMUT: Right. You need to get the chip into the transmission port of the tower on Tenethius Four to broadcast this message of unity to *everyone*.

DAR: [hesitant] Yes. Great. Well. Perfect? [heavy thumping, AJ makes an uncertain noise] So good.

AJ: Pacing back and forth.

DAR: I say we blaze ahead!

C-53: Um, alright. We can go there, Dar, is that—

AJ: Blaze ahead, huh?

NERMUT: Just blaze.

DAR: We'll crash in there and stomp around and get answers!

AJ: That's what I'm talking about! [crushes soda can]

NERMUT: Tenethius Four is honestly a very kind of orderly, laid-back society. It should be kind of straight up.

C-53: Yeah, captain, I think we'll probably have a pretty easy time of it. It's a well-run planet.

AJ: Wait, so is this a mission that we actually might, like... do?

NERMUT: Yeah.

C-53: Dar? [Dar goes 'mhm' thoughtfully] This is the perfect mission to start with.

[abrupt cut to loud, chaotic noises implying violence and mayhem]

AJ: [shouting] We're in the shit now! We are in the shit now, people!

[AJ shooting, distant moaning]

C-53: Things have changed! This is a nightmare zone!

DAR: Wow. Wow, wow, wow, wow.

AJ: Tube-hands on your left! [loud shooting, shouting emphatically] Head on a swivel! Let's do this!

MUTANT: My feet are on my face! My face is on my feet! My feet are on my face! My face is on my feet!

AJ: Oh my Rodd! It's disgusting!

DAR: We don't like it! We don't like it!

[C-53 cries out in horror, AJ shouts]

ANOTHER MUTANT: My face has a tinier face! It has a smaller face!

AJ: They're all, like, mutants or something!

YET ANOTHER MUTANT: I am just a foot! [AJ screams] Foot man!

A FOURTH MUTANT: Hey, let's burn down that building!

[mutants cheer]

MUTANT FIVE: I'm a toe with feet! I'm a toe with feet!

[distant sirens, explosions, general pandemonium]

C-53: What the juck happened here?!

AJ: I thought you said this planet was calm!

C-53: It was!

DAR: [laughing in horror] You lied!

C-53: All of the most recent information I had about Tenethius Four implied that everything was fine!

AJ: How recent?

C-53: Well— [electronic beep] okay, about eight months ago. Okay, downloading the most recent updates. [dial-up modem noises] Looks like immediately after the Emperor disappeared, there were seven simultaneous revolutions.

DAR: Oh rosh.

AJ: What about the toes with feet, though? That doesn't explain the toes with feet!

C-53: Yeah, that one I— okay, so it looks like a bunch of rebel factions interrupted the power generation just by knocking a bunch of radioactive isotopes into their water supply. I think that maybe explains a little bit of what's going on here.

MUTANT: I'm just the side of my face that's worse!

AJ: It's just one side of a face!

C-53: She's just the bad side of a face!

DAR: Oh, bad profile.

AJ: But how would we know, you know? Like, how would we know, if she's just one side?

C-53: Yeah.

MUTANT: Trust me, it's the worst side!

C-53: You can tell.

AJ: I'm taking 'em out! [shooting]

MUTANT: I'm just an opinion!

[background chaos ceases, replaced by mobile-game noises]

PLECK: Hey, hey, Bargie.

BARGIE: Yup.

PLECK: What if you and I made, like, a web series? You know, like you and me on the ship?  
[singing] Pleck and Bargie, Bargie and Pleck—

BARGIE: No, sweet Pleck... Pleck, I appreciate your pitch, but that's not what I'm looking for right now.

PLECK: Oh, okay. That's cool.

BARGIE: But give me some more pitches. Give me some ideas.

PLECK: Oh!

BARGIE: I'm interested in you. I want you.

PLECK: Okay. What about a docuseries on, uh—

BARGIE: Wow, I fell asleep. I'm asleep now!

PLECK: Okay.

BARGIE: I'm asleep! [Pleck sighs] Pleck, what is your story? What is Pleck's story?

PLECK: Oh, okay.

BARGIE: What is it about you that makes you different, you know?

PLECK: Well, I was the chosen one of the Space, and I brought balance to the galaxy by defeating—

BARGIE: I heard that pitch last week.

PLECK: What?

BARGIE: I heard that pitch last week.

PLECK: That wasn't a pitch. That's something that happened to me.

BARGIE: Nah.

PLECK: I did it.

BARGIE: Next!

[transition sting, sounds of running]

AJ: Okay!

DAR: Okay, okay— we found shelter. They won't find— [warbling chicken noises] oh, no, they found us! They found us! They found us! This is so so scary! [crying]

AJ: It's a big ol' garfon!

[mutant chicken warbling]

C-53: It's the biggest garfon I've ever seen!

[sassy chicken noises]

DAR: Shoo! Shoo!

AJ: It's really sassy.

C-53: It's shaking its wings in a provocative way!

DAR: Shoo!

AJ: Let's lock and load! [click, buzzer noise, click, buzzer noise] Uh...

C-53: AJ...

AJ: My blaster...

C-53: You're out of ammo!

AJ: I can only lock... and honestly, I'm too scared, my butt gun— I'm sort of clenched up.

C-53: You're clenched up!

AJ: Dar, I'm clenched up!

DAR: It's okay, it's okay—

AJ: I'm clenched right now!

DAR: I— [wet fart noise, AJ makes distressed sounds] Oh.

C-53: Boy.

AJ: Dar, Dar, we can see the tower, but it's like... how are we gonna get there?

C-53: And once we get there, that tower doesn't have any power!

AJ: The power's got no tower? Wait—

DAR: No no no, the tower has no power.

AJ: That's what I said.

DAR: No, it is not what you said.

C-53: No, you said the power has no tower.

AJ: I'm almost positive I said the power has no tower!

C-53: That's what you just said!

DAR: But that's incorrect.

AJ: No, that's what I'm saying!

[loud crash]

MUTANT: [wet plapping sounds] I'm an eyeball with just one lash!

[Dar cries out in alarm]

AJ: [disgusted noise] Get away!

[sounds of a light kerfuffle]

MUTANT: [fleeing] My lash! My lash!

C-53: Listen, Captain Dar, if you can find some way to get that chip up there, I'm sure we can restore power long enough to broadcast the message.

CLUSTER OF MUTANT LEGS: Watch out, legs coming through. Legs, legs, just the legs. Another leg here! A single leg here! Single leg. Legs, legs, legs, legs. I'm a tiny leg! I'm a big leg!



[distant chanting of 'we are the legs']

AJ: What would Papa do in this moment right now?

C-53: Wow. Well, I mean, knowing Pleck, he would probably do something embarrassing.

DAR: Oh, sure. Okay, uh, so what— we gotta all think like Pleck, alright? We're Plecking it up. Uh, alright, so, uh...

AJ: Oh, okay, uh...

[C-53 makes vaguely distressed noises a la Pleck]

DAR: Yeah, uh, like this... Um...

C-53: Ooh, the Space!

DAR: Oh, you look weird! You look weird! Wow! What are you?

MUTANT: [insulted] What, that's me? Wow!

DAR: It's weird that... it's just a bunch of legs walking around.

MUTANT: How's that weird?

C-53: Dar—

DAR: Well, 'cause legs...

C-53: What are you doing?

AJ: It's like I'm looking at Papa right now.

DAR: I'm channeling Pleck!

MUTANT: Do you look at your own legs in the mirror and say that?

DAR: No.

ANOTHER MUTANT: Why do you have such a weird nasty thing growing out of the top of your legs?

DAR: I, I— [sounds of kicking] Ow! Ow!

AJ: Captain Dar, this army is shin-height. You gotta be careful.

[continued kicking, Dar cries out in pain]

DAR: Help! Help!

AJ: Alright. Should I?

[continued kicking]

MUTANT: I don't like your tone!

AJ: *Should* I help? 'Cause this feels really Papa right now.

C-53: Yeah, that's true. Well, it might be an important lesson here for Dar.

[hard cut, pages flipping]

PLECK: Alright, Bargie, next question.

BARGIE: Alright.

PLECK: [reading aloud] Your ex—

BARGIE: Oh, which one, though?

PLECK: It doesn't say, it's just a—

BARGIE: Okay, but it really depends.

PLECK: No, it's just a quiz, though. Okay, I guess your most recent ex.

BARGIE: Oh, Gale!

PLECK: Sure, Gale. Okay. Your ex—

BARGIE: Gale.

PLECK: Okay. Has posted something nasty online, and you're pretty sure it's about you.

BARGIE: Did they do this right now?

PLECK: No. It's a hypothetical—

BARGIE: I blocked them, but I can unblock them.

PLECK: Bargie, it's a hypothetical—

BARGIE: I'm willing to open the Pandora's box.

PLECK: I'm trying to do a TheyTeen quiz with you to—

BARGIE: Who did they follow? Wow, really? I knew it!

PLECK: I'm just gonna put C. Next question. Who is—

BARGIE: Who? Which one?

[sound of mutants beating Dar in the distance]

C-53: Oh no, the army of legs has Dar trapped in that old turbine.

MUTANTS: Front kick! Side kick! Roundhouse!

DAR: Don't you understand? I'm trying *not* to understand you! I'm trying to generate a— ow!  
*Ow!*

AJ: Wow. Go, Captain, go! Man, those legs are fast.

C-53: Wait a minute. Wait...

AJ: You wouldn't think that things that were just legs would be fast.

C-53: [slowly, thinking out loud] Just running in circles...

AJ: Good strategy.

C-53: In that old turbine...

AJ: Yeah.

C-53: [calling loudly] Dar! More insensitive observations on their culture!

DAR: Okay, I just— ow—

MUTANT: What did you call my leg?

DAR: I'm running in circles because it feels kind of, you know, like something that Pleck would do! Just—

C-53: Yeah, you're nailing it! Keep going!

AJ: Ohhhh. I see what's happening. Dar's gonna run around enough times that they just, like, wear down to little nubs.

C-53: No. No, no, AJ. They're inside a turbine, alright? [AJ makes affirmative noises] And if enough legs are pushing against the turbine, they're gonna generate power.

[electric noises]

AJ: Oh, wow. The turbine's starting to move, Mr. Robot Man.

C-53: Yeah, see?

AJ: Now the power is starting to have some tower.

C-53: [laughing] AJ... that's just not how it works, buddy.

[Dar makes pained noises]

AJ: You're doing great, and by great, I mean cringey and awful!

C-53: Dar, throw me the chip!

DAR: Alright! Here you go!

[whoosh, small impact noise]

AJ: Oh, you caught the chip!

C-53: Yeah.

AJ: I bet if Papa were here, he'd, like, instantly drop it and break it. So you should probably do that.

C-53: No, I am gonna put this in the tower so that we can broadcast.

[click, electronic beeping]

AJ: [chanting rhythmically] Dip that chip! Dip that chip!

C-53: I'm not gonna— I'm gonna leave it in.

AJ: I mean, you know.

[startup noise]

C-53: See? Here we go.

AJ: Oh, wow. Look, it's all lighting up. [opening jingle] The chip has been dipped. Let's go home, everyone, we did it!

MUTANT: I'm a fingernail with fingers!

AJ: [crying] This planet confuses me!

ANOTHER MUTANT: Did someone say intestines?

AJ: [despondent] Nobody did!

ANOTHER MUTANT: [wet splorching] Slap, slap, slap, slap!

[AJ wails in disgust and horror, hard cut to Horsehat cooing]

PLECK: Open up, Horsehat. [fussy baby noises] No, it's just a— one more bite, okay? One more bite! Ah... [Horsehat coos and burbles, Pleck makes chewing noises] Good! Not too bad, right?

[sirens, ship hatch opens, AJ screaming]

C-53: Close it up, Barge!

BARGIE: What?

AJ: Barge, go!

[general pandemonium]

PLECK: Whoa. Okay.

AJ: There's an intestine! It's creepy! Let's get out of here!

BARGIE: Oh, wow. I've worked with one of those once. They smell weird.

AJ: Yeah!

C-53: Yeah, real weird.

[AJ panting for breath]

DAR: Real weird. And they like to slap.

AJ: Oh my jucking Rodd.

PLECK: How— how'd the mission go?

[C-53 sighs heavily]

DAR: Well... it, miraculously, all worked out. [nervous laughter]

C-53: Here, you can take a listen for yourself.

[recording begins]

SEESU: Universe of Space!

[laughter]

AJ: Wow. Really going for it.

SEESU: [over-enunciating, really hamming it up] Don't be surprised! It is I, Seesu Gundu! I was not dead! I was alive the whole time! And yes, my face looks amazing!

AJ: [whispering] It does, it does.

SEESU: I alone can pick up the pieces of this *broken* galaxy and put it all back together like a beautiful [pronounced 'vahs'] vase. I say vase!

AJ: It's the voice *and* the cadence that gets me.

DAR: Yeah.

C-53: Plus those shoulder pads are really working for her.

AJ: Gigantic.

SEESU: Now, I wanna show you how *tight* I am!

C-53: Okay, I'm just gonna— I'll just turn it off for now.

DAR: Wow, very tight.

PLECK: Wow! Nice job, guys!

C-53: Yeah, well...

PLECK: Dar, first mission as the captain, you nailed it!

AJ: Hey, C, do you wanna just like, go...

C-53: [exhausted sigh] Yeah.

AJ: Can we have an aside, but where we, like, relax and don't talk?

C-53: Yeah. Let's, uh, let's do that.

AJ: Okay.

[footsteps receding]

DAR: [stuttering, half-hearted] Good job out there, guys! [AJ and C-53 make half-hearted replies as they leave] Yeah... yeah.

[Pleck and Dar sit down, exhaling]

PLECK: Looks like you nailed it.

DAR: Pleck, it's so hard.

PLECK: Really?

DAR: It's so hard! Being captain, there's just too much! There's too much being captain! Captain.

PLECK: Oh, I mean—

DAR: You would have crumpled under this pressure.

PLECK: Yeah.

DAR: I need you down there with us.

PLECK: Uh, nah, no. Dar, Dar, I'm retired. After you save the galaxy, what, you're gonna go back to putting chips in slots? No.

DAR: The thing is, if you're not down there being, you know, you, then I... I'm you. Then I'm you. I'm, I'm *you*.

PLECK: Yeah, sounds great! See?

DAR: [laughing miserably] I become you! I become *you*.

PLECK: Oh, I see.

DAR: And I need you down there to be you so that I can be me. You know what I'm saying? Let me be me and let you do you, but you have to do it with me, because me as Pleck is...  
[laughing frantically]

PLECK: No, I get that. Alright. Yeah, I can come on the next mission, captain. Whatever you want.

DAR: That's what I want.

PLECK: Okay.

DAR: [big sigh of relief] Okay.

PLECK: You know, you *did* accomplish the mission, Dar. You did what you were supposed to do!

DAR: Thanks, Pleck.

[friendly silence, mobile-game noises]

PLECK: I got to level 18! [distant laughter] Guess I'm just kinda captain of my own life right now, you know?

[loud thump as Dar silently gets up]

PLECK: Alright, see you later.

[laughter, finale music]

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AJ: Oh, it's my tracking fob.



DAR: What is a tracking fob?

AJ: You guys don't have a tracking—? It's like—

NERMUT: No!

AJ: It just beeps when you get near—

DAR: No one has a tracking fob. What are you tracking?

AJ: Hey, whoever you wanna find, you get— you get a tracking fob, and they—

PLECK: How does that work?

C-53: What do you mean— whoa, whoa. Whoever you wanna find?

AJ: I don't know! [slurring dramatically] I don't *know* the *technology*, I just—

C-53: Wow. A *lot* of attitude.

DAR: You just *have* it?

NERMUT: Where'd you get it?

[all laughing]

WINSTON: [giggling] Sorry—

JEREMY: You broke Winston.

SETH: Oh, boy.

WINSTON: Sorry. [continued laughter] It was stupid. It was dumb. Okay. I don't know—

ALLIE: Oh, I liked it! Yeah, it was very fun.

ALDEN: We're keeping it.

JEREMY: I loved that.

AJ: [repeating lines quickly] I don't know the technology, but—

[more laughter]

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[incoming-transmission noise]

PLECK: Oh, uh... [clears throat] hello?

NERMUT: [incredulous] *Hello?*

[laughter]

PLECK: I didn't know if it was— I didn't know if it was you! C-53 knows who's calling because he is connected to the computer.

NERMUT: How many people call in?

PLECK: ...I mean, fair point. Probably could guess.

NERMUT: Will you do the... like, the incoming thing? Just because, like I feel like that's—

PLECK: You don't say it *after* you pick up.

NERMUT: Well, what if I call back, but you promise you say it before you pick up?

PLECK: Before I pick up? And then you wouldn't know— sure. You know what, I'll say it.

NERMUT: Okay.

PLECK: Okay.

NERMUT: Alright.

[transmission-end noise]

[incoming-transmission noise, transmission begins immediately]

PLECK: Hello!

NERMUT: There's no way you had time! It rang once!

[laughter]

PLECK: I'm pretty sure I squeezed it in.

NERMUT: No! No you didn't! [heavy sigh]

PLECK: Nermut, what's up, man?

NERMUT: What do you mean, what's up? How did the mission— did you guys transmit the— [laughing] why am I talking to you? Where's the captain?

PLECK: I mean, I think the mission went great. I wasn't there. I think the captain might be, like, asleep, or meditating or something like that. It was pretty rough. There were a lot of, um... I don't know, fingers and toes and stuff down there? It was... it was weird.

ICE BEAST: Nermut! Did you hear? Dale's dead!

[laughter]

NERMUT: [feigned disbelief] No!

ICE BEAST: Yeah!

NERMUT: No!

ICE BEAST: Yeah!

NERMUT: I don't— no! Dale?

[continued laughter]

ICE BEAST: And we killed the person who killed him!

NERMUT: Oh, no!

[hysterical laughter]

NERMUT: Yo... good...

PLECK: Alright, Nermut, I'll see you later, buddy.

[transmission ends]

C-RED-IT5

Jeremy Bent as C-53

Alden Ford as Pleck Decksetter

Allie Kokesh as Dar

Seth Lind as Nermut Bundaloy

Winston Noel as AJ

Moujan Zolfaghari as Bargie

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