

[orchestral rendition of opening theme song]

NARRATOR: It is a time of chaos. Without a ruler, the galaxy is paralyzed by lawlessness, unrest, and of course, the colossal Allwheat, which looks like some sort of black hole sun. Now, Captain Dar and their intrepid crew must survive the looming threat, reunite a fractured galaxy, and meet weird bug creatures and stuff. This is Mission to Zyxx!

[dramatic, orchestral climax]

[C-53 walking around, chips crunching, mobile-game noises, distant baby sounds]

C-53: Pleck?

PLECK: Yeah? What is it?

C-53: How are you doing?

PLECK: Me? I'm doing great.

C-53: Yeah?

PLECK: Yeah. I really took your advice to heart the other day, C-53. You said I shouldn't be wearing these shorts? Lost 'em. Got rid of 'em. [sound of fabric being thrown across the room]

C-53: That's sort of why I'm talking about this. You gotta put something on.

PLECK: Well, the robe doesn't really tie anymore.

C-53: Yeah.

PLECK: I would say from 80% of the angles, I'm good. Right?

C-53: Yeah, it's the 20% that I'm concerned about.

PLECK: Okay, alright. It's okay to live by my own rules for a while—

BARGIE: Oh, is this the intervention?

C-53: Uh, yeah. Yeah, kinda, yeah.

BARGIE: Hey.

PLECK: Yeah?

BARGIE: Hey, Pleck?

PLECK: Yeah, what is it?

BARGIE: Uh, put on some pants.

PLECK: Uh—

AJ: Yeah, Papa. You look like you've given up in a big way.

PLECK: AJ, you are constantly taking off your armor, and you're completely—

AJ: But I look like *this!* [armor explodes off of AJ's body]

PLECK: Oh, that's a good point. You have the body of a chiseled marble Rodd.

C-53: Also, importantly, he puts the armor back on.

AJ: Yeah. [puts armor back on]

PLECK: Yeah, okay.

C-53: Just get some pants. Is that crazy for me to ask you to do that?

PLECK: You know what? I'm gonna defer to the captain, who famously likes nakedness, so. Uh, captain? [eating chips loudly]

DAR: [distant] Uh, one second. I've now... [entering the room] Okay, Horsehat is down for a nap. Hey, Pleck?

PLECK: Yeah?

DAR: Darling?

PLECK: Yeah? What is it?

DAR: Uh, your pants? Where are they?

PLECK: The thing is—

AJ: Make him put on pants, Captain Dar! Make him put on pants!

BARGIE: I have pants. I have pants for him from some of the old stars who used to hang out. Alright, dropping the box of pants.

[loud thud]

C-53: Whoa, that's a lot of—

AJ: Whoa.

PLECK: [sigh] Bargie, these don't even have the same number of legs as a Tellurian.

AJ: [cocks rifle] Papa, don't make me do this.

C-53: AJ—

PLECK: AJ, what are you doing?!

AJ: Put the pants on!

PLECK: AJ—

AJ: Put 'em on!

PLECK: Okay, fine. I'm putting them on.

[fabric rustling]

C-53: [mildly displeased] Oh, well, not *those*.

BARGIE: Yeah.

PLECK: What? These are cool!

C-53: These are...

PLECK: Sort of look like athletic leggings.

DAR: Those do nothing for your figure.

AJ: No, Papa, you don't cut a line at all. This is starting to freak me out, because Papa's given up, Dar's uptight, Bargie's not an actress... [shouting] I'm freaking out, man!

C-53: AJ, AJ—

PLECK: AJ, you know, it's important to kind of mix it up every once in a while. That way, you know, nobody gets bored of what we're doing.

AJ: [yelling] What, are we just gonna add another crew member or something like that?

PLECK: I mean, we may— maybe, at some point. You know, every once in a while—

BARGIE: Opening up my hatch for a new crew member!

[ship sirens]

PLECK: Oh no, Bargie!

C-53: I think we've got more than we need already.

BARGIE: Alright, closing my hatch.

[sirens cease]

PLECK: Oh boy.

AJ: Things are different, and I don't like it.

PLECK: Okay.

C-53: AJ, you might just have to get used to it.

PLECK: Yeah, AJ. Things change, you know?

[incoming-transmission noise]

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

[transmission begins]

NERMUT: Sorry guys, I meant to call earlier, I just— I was running late— I had to, um... I was at, uh, Dale's memorial. So.

C-53: Oh, yeah, Dale.

[distant crying; the crew make dismayed noises]

DAR: Oh, right. Dale.

C-53: Everyone seems pretty broken up about Dale.

NERMUT: They asked me to speak at it. It was awkward.

AJ: Hey, you remember when you cheered when I shot him?

NERMUT: AJ—

AJ: And you were like, 'you got him right between the eyes!'

NERMUT: I know, but at that point, we thought it was, like, a murderous beast, not a beloved denizen of the planet!

AJ: Right. [Nermut sighs] With a family.

NERMUT: Come on!

AJ: Yeah. [laughter] Oh well.

[AJ wanders away, distant kitchen noises]

PLECK: How's— how's the office life, Nermut?

NERMUT: Oh, it's— I mean, it's really solid. Look at these ceilings. Like, this perfect, shiny, curved ice.

PLECK: Yeah, it's very cool.

NERMUT: Everything's so smooth and reflective. I can check my look, check my—

AJ: Yeah, you're sort of, like, back in your element.

NERMUT: You mean—

AJ: Right? This is, like, familiar to you.

NERMUT: Yeah, yeah. Why?

AJ: Nothing, just—

DAR: Yeah.

AJ: Feels good.

PLECK: Alright, AJ.

DAR: AJ's struggling with change.

NERMUT: AJ's— oh geez. Wow.

C-53: It's a big transitional time for him, and, well, it's a little difficult.

NERMUT: Yeah.

[soda can tab being popped open]

PLECK: His gun has been in and out of his butt several times already today, so.

NERMUT: Oh. Okay.

PLECK: I think his butt is just a little tired, so.

[laughter]

NERMUT: Well, you know what I got for you guys?

PLECK: What?

C-53: What's that?

NERMUT: A mission!

AJ: Yeah!

PLECK: Alright!

AJ: Let's do it! [crushes a soda can]

PLECK: Yeah!

NERMUT: Yeah! Here's the deal. [AJ throws soda can] Thank Rodd we were able to send that message out from the tower on that planet full of mutants, because we got a response! And that—

C-53: Really?

AJ: What?

NERMUT: Yes!

C-53: That was very prompt.

NERMUT: We got a response to Seesu's announcement that she's going to unify the galaxy within the void of power left after the Emperor became the Allwheat. And here's the thing: the first message back came from the Zyxxdishnian Quartile.

C-53: [in disbelief] The Zyxxdishnian Quartile?

BARGIE: The Zyxxdishnian Quartile?

C-53: How *old* is this person?

NERMUT: Yes! Exactly! That is what the Zyxx quadrant used to be called during the Monarchy! The address came from Castle Vornakian.

PLECK: Ooh.

NERMUT: Castle! These are rich, rich, rich former Monarchy who want to support Seesu's mission. [Pleck and C-53 hum appreciatively] We're going to go here and get critical support.

PLECK: Great!

BARGIE: Speaking of critical, from a development standpoint, I just want to say that this is real hot right now.

NERMUT: Oh, really? Monarchy scripts are getting greenlit?

BARGIE: Yup.

PLECK: You're talking about the show *The Kroon*.

BARGIE: *The Kroon*! Ugh, so good.

PLECK: It's about how the Monarchy formed the kroon currency system.

BARGIE: Yep.

PLECK: Oh, wow.

C-53: Yeah.

AJ: Uh, Captain Dar? Permission to be excited about this mission?

DAR: Yeah, AJ.

NERMUT: Everyone cover your ears.

DAR: Feel it at full force.

[whooshing noises, AJ running around]

AJ: [shouting] Woo! Yeah! Let's do this! Mission time! I just got permission to be excited!

PLECK: Uh, Captain Dar? Do you want me to come along on the mission, or should I stay on the ol' ship?

DAR: Just a quick aside, Pleck, don't worry. We're not talking about you.

PLECK: Okay!

[footsteps]

DAR: Okay, um... I really think I need Pleck on this mission.

C-53: Really?

DAR: For reasons that are specific to me.

C-53: Okay. One small request.

DAR: Hm?

C-53: If he comes, he has to wear the pants.

DAR: I don't know how to reinforce the pants.

[C-53 hums unhappily]

AJ: Ooh, ooh, ooh! What if we do something like reverse psychology, where we, like, reverse our gun and point it at him, and be like, 'do it!'

C-53: That's not what that is, AJ.

DAR: Uh, no, no, no.

AJ: What? Why not? I feel like—



BARGIE: Are we still doing the aside? I just want to say, please, please take him.

[laughter, transition music interrupted by static]

CLERIC: Gather, devout Allwheatians! It is I, Cleric Toothapewpew. The days grow ever near when we will be gloriously consumed by the cleansing power of the Allwheat! Yes! Yes! [cultists cheer enthusiastically] The Allwheat shall open its fiery gates, unlocking our perfect oblivion!

CULTISTS: Devour me! Please devour me!

CLERIC: But until then, life is kinda boring. And we still have to do our lame jobs and stuff as we await our horrific salvation! [cultists cheer] That's why I subscribe to Shudder, which gives you unlimited access to stream exclusive horror films and series! Horror classics and blockbuster hits, all ad-free on all your favorite devices, for just \$5.99 per month! [cultists clap, ooh and ahh] How marvelous! Shudder's a fast-growing collection of thrilling and dangerous entertainment. So don't wait! Get started streaming the best horror, thriller, and supernatural content! Shudder's expertly curated collection includes titles like the acclaimed *Tigers Are Not Afraid*, *One Cut of the Dead*, *Revenge*, the acclaimed *Creepshow* TV series produced by Greg Nicotero, and the all-new series *The Dead Lands*! To try Shudder free for 30 days, go to [shudder.com](https://shudder.com) and use promo code ZYXX. That's s-h-u-d-d-e-r dot com, with promo code z-y-x-x. It is the best entertainment out there, short of being atomized into sublimity by the magnificent Allwheat!

CULTIST: Cleanse me through glorious death!

CLERIC: That's [shudder.com](https://shudder.com), promo code ZYXX. Now quickly, the Allwheat rises in the east! Strip your mortal bodies bare and join me in our daily shrieking!

[cultists shriek and chant incoherently]

CULTIST: Take me now, great Allwheat!

[static, transition music resumes]

DAR: [talking to himself] Yeah, mission two. Gonna be fine. Great, great, great, great. All good. No worries.

AJ: Hey, Captain. You're not gonna have, like, a meltdown like last time, right? When we had all those mutants come at us and you freaked out?

DAR: Nope!

C-53: AJ—

DAR: Can't say that I'm planning on another meltdown, no.

AJ: Alright.

[loud, dramatic trumpet fanfare]

PLECK: Holy crap. This castle is no joke! C-53, is this the only structure on the planet?

C-53: No, but it *is* 40% of the planet's surface.

PLECK: Wow.

C-53: Yeah, the Monarchy was... the wealth inequality was significant.

AJ: Wow, there's so many peasants.

C-53: Yeah, a lot of peasants.

PEASANT: Oi! [shuffling noises, the crew make started sounds] Oi, oi!

AJ: Hey! Get outta here!

[impact, peasant goes 'oi! oi!' into the distance]

PLECK: [laughing] AJ, don't kick— AJ, you can't kick someone just because they're a peasant.

[intermittent rustling and 'oi!'s]

DAR: Uh, Pleck, respectfully, as captain, I'll be the one to tell AJ what he can and cannot do.

PLECK: You're right, sorry.

AJ: Captain Dar, permission to kick these ratty— [laughing] these ratty peasants.

[laughter, continue 'oi!'s]

DAR: AJ, don't kick the peasants.

[AJ makes a disappointed 'aw!' noise]

PLECK: Good job, Dar.

VORNAKIANS: [two identical voices speaking in unison] Good greetings! [only one voice] Ah, I see the peasant folk have bothered you most hastily. Separate! Separate!

[spray-bottle spritzing, peasants 'oi!' ruefully and dissipate]

VORNAKIAN: There, there.

PLECK: Captain Dar?

DAR: Yeah?

PLECK: Do you think those boys are twins or clones?

DAR: Honestly, at this point I couldn't say.

PLECK: It's hard to tell. When you go to a new planet, you can't tell what the deal is.

VORNAKIANS: [speaking in unison] We are identical twins.

[Dar goes 'ah,' C-53 goes 'hm']

[NOTE: from this point on, the Vornakians speak interchangeably, usually alternating speakers with each sentence. Their voices are identical; the only difference is whether the voice is located to the right or the left of the listener]

VORNAKIANS: I'm Dean. And I'm Petey.

AJ: Hey, does anybody notice that their mouths aren't moving and I can hear them in my head?  
[affirmative noises from the crew] So we just agree they're, like, weird, right? Is that we're trying to say?

PLECK: Guys, I think we've established that these asides, they can hear.

C-53: Oh, right. Yeah.

DAR: Right.

AJ: Oh, right.

VORNAKIANS: Yeah! [laughter] Hi.

C-53: Uh, yeah, hello. Sorry. That was very rude of us.

DAR: Sorry. So you're Dean and Petey, huh?

VORNAKIANS: Yeah. Petey and I come from a long line of Vornakian telepaths.

C-53: Dean and Petey?

VORNAKIANS: Yes?

C-53: How old are you?

VORNAKIANS: Two!

C-53: Okay. That's fine. [dial-up modem noises] Uh, I think I see what's happening here. The planet Vornakian actually orbits its star once every 12 years. So in Tellurian terms, they're 24.

VORNAKIANS: Yeah. Yeah. Please, follow us inside Castle Vornakian. Yes, yes.

[scary evil-sounding gate creaks open]

AJ: [echoing eerily] Wow, this place is incredible.

C-53: Yeah. Dean, Petey, you've got a lot of portraits done of your family.

AJ: Yeah, look at all these.

VORNAKIANS: Ah, yes. It's every Vornakian in history. Ever since Saint Vornakian the First.

C-53: Saint Vornakian the First. I mean, he was one of the first advisors to the monarch.

VORNAKIANS: That's right. That's right. The only person who knew the monarch's true identity was Saint Vornakian.

PLECK: Oh, wow.

C-53: Everyone assumed that— you know, everyone tried to assassinate him all the time, so they kept it a secret.

AJ: Wait, wait, hold on. There was a monarchy?

C-53: Oh, boy.

PLECK: AJ—

AJ: What? There was the Federated Alliance. [everyone makes affirmative noises] There was the Rebellion. [more affirmative noises] There was the Empire. There was a monarchy?

C-53: Before the Federated Alliance.

PLECK: When you became a CLINT—

AJ: Yeah.

PLECK: That was during the Monarchy.

AJ: Huh! I think I must've gotten mind-wiped.

DAR: I just don't think you were paying attention. Yeah.

AJ: Huh?

PLECK: Yeah, I think it's more likely you didn't know who you were working for.

AJ: Uh, maybe.

C-53: Yeah, AJ, how do you feel when you see, uh— oh, here we go. [C-53 picks something up]  
How do you feel when you see this seal?

[loud thud]

AJ: Oh, whoa. I'm bowing, so.

C-53: Yup. There you go.

DAR: Oh!

C-53: He just went down on his knees immediately.

PLECK: Oh, yeah, wow.

DAR: Down on the ground in under three seconds.

AJ: Oh, yeah. Whenever I see that seal, I automatically think, get down on the ground.

VORNAKIANS: Ah, yes.

DAR: Is that where that comes from?

AJ: What?

C-53: Look at the seal.

AJ: Get down on the ground. [loud thud]

PLECK: Oh, wow. Okay. There it is. Yeah.

AJ: What are you guys trying to connect? I don't—

DAR: Don't worry your pretty little head about it.

PLECK: Yeah, don't worry too much.

AJ: Hey, Petey! Dean!

VORNAKIANS: Yeah?

AJ: There seems to be a lot of, like— [stage-whispering] guys, watch me do a little diplomacy. [regular volume] Seems like you have a little bit of, like, fancy people, but you also have, like, really poor people who look really hungry. So what's that about? Is that your fault, or what?

VORNAKIANS: Oh, wow. Oh boy. That is—

DAR: Who taught AJ what diplomacy was?

AJ: [defensive] I heard it!

VORNAKIANS: Yes, Petey and I— we're rich as juck. Yeah!

PLECK: Cool.

DAR: Yeah, yeah. No, we can tell that just from this entry hall.

VORNAKIANS: Yeah. Look at this crazy hot chandelier.

[graceful tinkling]

PLECK: Oh, wow.

C-53: There's an entire crystalline replica of the castle *in* the chandelier.

VORNAKIANS: Oh, yeah!

AJ: Whoa.

VORNAKIANS: Yes.

DAR: I'd say it's beautiful, but it hurts to look at.

C-53: Yeah, it's a *lot* of crystal.

VORNAKIANS: And we added a strobe effect!

[click, audio strobos in and out]

C-53: Oh boy. Oh boy.

DAR: Oh, okay. No more.

[click, strobing stops]

AJ: Oh man, wait until I tell Bargie about this. She's gonna be so pissed because *The Kroon* is not like this at all.

C-53: Yeah, they might take some creative license.

PLECK: Petey, Dean, you ever heard of the show *The Kroon*?

VORNAKIANS: *We love The Kroon!*

[laughter]

PLECK: Really?

VORNAKIANS: *We love The Kroon* so much! We've seen every episode of *The Kroon!*

PLECK: Is it— is it accurate to what the Monarchy was like?

VORNAKIANS: Uh, we don't know. [laughter] Yeah! It looks cool!

AJ: Wow.

PLECK: It's about you guys, though, right? On some level? I mean—

VORNAKIANS: Everyone's hot in it, and— yeah.

PLECK: Hmm. Okay. Alright.

[door opens]

SERVANT: Your royal highnesses, your royal highnesses. Time for you to blow diamond kisses.

VORNAKIANS: Oh, okay! Oh, yeah. Open your mouth, Petey!

[small, repetitive noises of spitting and gems glittering]

C-53: Oh, they're just spitting diamonds at each other.

VORNAKIANS: Now open your mouth, Dean!

[more spitting]

AJ: Wow.

PLECK: I don't get it.

VORNAKIANS: Now open your mouth, Petey!

[spitting continues]

C-53: That's pretty gross.

AJ: I wish I had a brother.

VORNAKIANS: Now open your mouth, Dean!

C-53: AJ, didn't you grow up with, like, a thousand guys exactly like you?

AJ: Work friends.

PLECK: Yeah, you should really relate to this.

C-53: [bewildered disbelief] *Work friends?* [laughter] Genetically, it's exactly the same situation. You were genetically identical!

AJ: I don't think so. I dunno. Look at them, kissing diamonds back at one another.

[ongoing spit-kissing, laughter]

AJ: Everything here is, uh, very fancy.

VORNAKIANS: Yes.

AJ: Congratulations.



VORNAKIANS: Thank you! Thank you!

[dog that barks by saying 'bark' in a snooty voice approaches]

VORNAKIANS: Ah! Ah, Woof-creature! Blessed being! And may we lick the face?

[woof-creature antics unfold in the background]

PLECK: Captain Dar, it's— it's really funny they call dogs woof-creatures here.

DAR: Also hilarious that it's a woof-creature, but it makes a bark noise.

[laughter]

C-53: Yeah. Also, I don't know if you could call that a dog. It seems awfully fancy.

PLECK: That's true.

WOOF-CREATURE: Bark, bark.

VORNAKIANS: Ah, yes! Yes, woof-creature! It *is* time for your samba classes!

WOOF-CREATURE: Bark, bark. Bark bark!

VORNAKIANS: Yes! Woof-creature must go to their dancing classes, [in unison] so they can stay fit!

PLECK: As the owner of a pair of athletic leggings, [elastic stretching noise] I would just like to say that I appreciate fitness as well.

VORNAKIANS: Wow, okay, boomer, that's— wow. [laughter] Wow.

DAR: [laughing] Yeah, wow. He has you read, Pleck.

PLECK: What does *that* mean?

C-53: [hushed] The Boomerians are a notoriously out-of-touch species.

VORNAKIANS: [water-bottle spritzing noises] Get out of here! We don't want to talk to you right now!

[laughter]

PLECK: What—

VORNAKIANS: Hey, can we talk to the *coolest* people on the ship, please?

PLECK: Oh, yeah, you're definitely not talking to me if that's what you're looking for.

VORNAKIANS: [laughing] Can you go to the corner or something right now?

PLECK: I mean, sure. Yeah. Okay. Alright. [walking away] Oh, wow.

C-53: Uh, yeah, we're— we're so sorry about that. Uh—

DAR: Yeah, um—

VORNAKIANS: You guys need to know— we will be *embarrassed* if you guys keep acting like him, okay?

C-53: Oh, no, we don't— we're not—

DAR: We don't act like Pleck. Uh, in fact, we really brought him down here as a favor.

VORNAKIANS: Okay.

C-53: He was just sort of very depressed, and we thought it might help if he got out of the ship. You know how that is.

DAR: Yeah.

VORNAKIANS: Oh, alright. That's fine. That's fine.

[mobile-game noises]

AJ: Hey, Papa. Hey, Papa.

PLECK: Yeah?

AJ: How does it feel being back in the field?

PLECK: I mean, it's good. I've sort of been asked to hang back, so it feels a little worse, I would say?

DAR: We're all a crew. I'm [small laugh] the captain, I'm Captain—

VORNAKIANS: Oh, I mean, I wasn't going to ask names. Because I already knew them!

C-53: Right.

VORNAKIANS: You're Captain Dar!

DAR: Uh-huh.

VORNAKIANS: And you're Pleck Decksetter.

PLECK: [distant] Oh, yeah! Hi—

VORNAKIANS: No, no, no! Don't talk!

PLECK: Okay.

VORNAKIANS: And you, you're AJ!

AJ: That's right! Yeah. Yeah!

VORNAKIANS: And the computer who's... oh, well, you caught me.

C-53: [pleasantly surprised] Wow, okay.

VORNAKIANS: I can't read computers' thoughts.

C-53: It's still amazing you can transmit to a cube.

VORNAKIANS: Mm-hmm. [echoing dramatically] We have great surround sound telepathy on this planet.

AJ: Hey, Mr. Robot Man, they're calling you a computer?

C-53: It's a Monarchy-era thing. They couldn't really make a distinction between AIs and droids, so they just called them all computers.

VORNAKIANS: It's all bleep-bloops to me! We believe in the finer things in life, not tech. We believe in the opera, and... [loud sniffing noises] Snuff!

[beat]

VORNAKIANS: Snuff!

C-53: Really.

PLECK: [returning to the scene] I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm taking myself out of exile here.

C-53: Really going in on that snuff.

PLECK: Did you say you use snuff?

VORNAKIANS: Yeah! Yes. Why are you out of the corner?

PLECK: I was just admonished for being old, but snuff... I mean, that's like a 500-year-old—

VORNAKIANS: Oh, wait, you guys don't do snuff?

PLECK: I mean, no.

VORNAKIANS: Everyone does it here on this planet.

C-53: I sort of *can't* do snuff.

VORNAKIANS: May I offer the coolest people in the room water that hurts the roof of your mouth when you drink it?

[threatening fizzing, everyone goes 'uh...']

C-53: I'm okay.

DAR: No, no. All the cool people will have it. Captain's decision!

AJ: Alright!

[sounds of snuff and fizzy water being prepared]

C-53: [under his breath] Dar, this is actually a pretty big risk for me to drink anything.

DAR: [strained] Captain's decision. I don't want to lose their trust.

VORNAKIANS: Alright, everyone but Pleck [Pleck makes an unhappy noise] get your snuff ready, and—

C-53: Oh, we're doing the snuff too?

VORNAKIANS: Oh yes! Everyone, there's a line in front of you! We're all gonna do a line of snuff.

DAR: [uncertain] We all have to be cool...

C-53: Dar, this... snuff *and* water is really gonna juck me up. It's a lot of fine particulates. I really shouldn't do this.

DAR: Well, listen! This is the captain's decision. We want Petey and Dean to trust us, so we are going to do drugs and drink water that has too much carbonation in it. [C-53 sighs] Can I get an aye-aye?

AJ: Aye-aye!

C-53: [weary resignation] Okay.

VORNAKIANS: Everyone roll up your kroons, and let's do this!

[paper crinkling, loud sniffing]

[Dar cries out in discomfort]

VORNAKIANS: Oh, wow! They party hard!

C-53: Dar—

VORNAKIANS: They are the coolest!

[vacuum noises]

C-53: [strained] Oh boy— right into my ocular processor.

[AJ groans]

DAR: Okay...

C-53: And the water— [fizzing noises]

AJ: Are you supposed to be smoking?

[C-53's voice glitches and warps as he groans in pain]

VORNAKIANS: Oh no!

[glitching and sparking noises, fire breaks out]

VORNAKIANS: Somebody put that out. Somebody put that out.

SERVANT: Your royal highnesses, we will put it out!

VORNAKIANS: Thank you.

PLECK: C-53, are you okay?

[bubbling noises]

DAR: Oh no. The Midnight Shadow frame does *not* like snuff, and it really does not like water.

SERVANTS: We'll put more water on it! We'll put more water on it!

DAR: No, no! Don't put more water!

[water splashing]

VORNAKIANS: Water on the computer!

DAR: Oh dear.

SERVANT: Water on the computer!

DAR: Oh dear.

SERVANT: Hot water on the computer!

VORNAKIANS: Oh yes, hot water. That will help it. Hotter, hotter.

SERVANT: Boiling hot water on computer!

[sounds of boiling water]

PLECK: Please don't. Oh, no.

SERVANTS: Hot water! Hot water!

[water splashing, barely audible groaning from C-53]

VORNAKIANS: Oh no. Oh no.

DAR: Okay. I'm just gonna remove C's cube.

PLECK: Oh no!

[hatch opens, electronics power down]

VORNAKIANS: Your technology-enhanced friend has been decommissioned.

AJ: Uh, yeah.

VORNAKIANS: I can give him another frame to encapsulate, if you'd prefer.

PLECK: Uh, I mean, I don't—

DAR: That would be hella chill. That would be so, so, so, so cool. So cool. So very, very cool.

VORNAKIANS: Hell yeah! Hell yeah, knight! Hell yeah, rook!

DAR: [sniffing intermittently] Yeah, yeah. Hell yeah, knight, hell yeah, rook. Let's get that frame for my friend here.

VORNAKIANS: Oh yeah, sure. We have this old silver chassis from a vampire.

[shrieking laughter]

AJ: Wow, it's very intricate.

PLECK: You sure this is gonna work as a droid frame? I mean, it sort of looks like a coffin.

VORNAKIANS: Yes. It's more of an iron maiden. My great-grandfather, Saint Vornakian, developed this chassis as a bloodletting device when he was bit by a vampiric queen.

PLECK: Oh, geez.

VORNAKIANS: And needed to bloodlet constantly.

[laughter]

AJ: Soooo...

VORNAKIANS: It is a— so let me, let me further describe it. [more laughter] It is— it is a— it is a former iron maiden that your cube-shaped friend can fit inside.

PLECK: Oh.

VORNAKIANS: But they'll be pierced constantly!

DAR: Well, I guess the option right now is no frame or frame. And captain's decision, it goes in the frame. Bah-dah-bwomp!

[metallic clank]

VORNAKIANS: Now, crank the spikes.

C-53: [pained noises] There's a lot going into the cube!

PLECK: Wait, the cube is being hit by the spikes?

VORNAKIANS: Oh yes.

[ongoing clanking noises, like a violent sewing machine]

C-53: [groans in pain] What *is* this?

[laughter]

PLECK: C-53, you okay?

C-53: No! Ow! Every movement is— [groaning] scraping against the exterior of my cube!

VORNAKIANS: Yes. That's how great-grandfather wanted it.

AJ: What? [laughing]

C-53: [strained] This a living hell.

PLECK: Why would a cube slot be in a torture device?

C-53: [increasingly pained] You know, it was a standard unit of measurement for a while. It was very easy to retrofit them.

PLECK: Oh, wow. Okay.

C-53: This frame doesn't have legs!

PLECK: I'm sorry, C-53.

AJ: Your majesties, what about this frame here? It's all, like, spooky and ancient.

VORNAKIANS: Mm-hmm? Oh, yes! This is Saint Vornakian!

PLECK: AJ, that sort of looks like a corpse.



AJ: Oh. Can't we just put the cube in that?

VORNAKIANS: [synchronized] No! [separately] No, if anyone from not this planet touches this, they will be doxxed beyond belief. They will be canceled! [snaps fingers]

DAR: Ah, hell yeah, rook! Hell yeah, knight!

AJ: What does doxx mean?

C-53: It's to drag somebody down to the docks and hold them underwater until they're dead.

AJ: Oh, that makes sense. And canceled?

VORNAKIANS: That means it's a capital offense.

AJ: Oh!

VORNAKIANS: And they'll be canceled to death.

AJ: Your life is canceled. Okay.

C-53: Kind of obvious.

AJ: Right, right, right.

DAR: Hey, AJ, quick aside?

AJ: Yeah, you got it, captain. [takes helmet off]

DAR: [sniffing] I just— I feel like I'm really feeling the snuff, and you feel so normal. [sounds of skin on skin] Your face feels so normal still. Why—

AJ: Yeah, you're really touching a lot.

DAR: Are you still okay?

AJ: Because my body metabolizes things quicker. I'm not actually altered by many chemicals.

VORNAKIANS: Wow, same, man.

AJ: Uh, really?

VORNAKIANS: Yeah.

DAR: Oh, so I'm the only one feeling it right now?

C-53: [pained] Don't worry, I'm definitely feeling things.

AJ: Hey, uh— [puts helmet back on] Captain, request to aside with Pleck?

DAR: Uh, yeah.

AJ: Hey, Papa?

PLECK: What's up?

AJ: Um, so, C's kinda getting tortured right now, and Dar is like, on snuff?

PLECK: Listen, I think we just gotta take C-53's cube out of that torture device and just figure it out when we get back to the ship.

C-53: Why would anyone make this?

[laughter]

AJ: The other thing I'm having trouble with is determining what is weird and what is fancy.

PLECK: Oh.

VORNAKIANS: Hey, Dean! Yeah, Petey? [AJ makes uncomfortable noises] Hoist me up to the chandelier!

[chandelier jingling and jostling]

AJ: Whoa, he's just— they're just swinging on it! One's got the other's feet, and they're just swinging on it!

PLECK: Oh boy.

C-53: What do you think, AJ? [groans] Fancy or weird?

AJ: I mean... both, I think, right?

C-53: Yup. Yup, we're in the overlap on the Venn diagram. Please take me out of this frame.

VORNAKIANS: We were so busy having a chill time, we forgot to ask, why are you guys here?

C-53: This telepathy might not be quite as strong as we originally anticipated.

DAR: Aw, hell yeah, rook. Hell yeah. Alright, uh—

VORNAKIANS: Hell yeah. Hell yeah, pawn.

DAR: So—

VORNAKIANS: Hell yeah, knight!

DAR: My super chill, super cool friends and I—

AJ: Oh.

DAR: Are here, and like, we've all been getting along, right?

[metallic clanks, C-53 groans]

C-53: Ow— don't slap my back, please.

DAR: Yeah, see? [snaps fingers] Uh, hell yeah, bishop. So like, we were just like, all here hanging. All here, like, so cool, so cool, so cool. And we want your money? We want kroon?

PLECK: Okay, Dar— No, listen, Captain—

DAR: We're here for kroon. Pleck, could you help me here?

PLECK: Yes. Absolutely. Dar, listen—

DAR: Pleck! Pet the Pleck. Petting Pleck. Pet Pleck.

PLECK: Dean, Petey, listen. What our captain is trying to say—

VORNAKIANS: I'm Dean. He's Petey.

[laughter]

PLECK: I— I— listen, I'm sorry—

AJ: [aggravated] Papa!

PLECK: You keep swinging in circles on the chandelier and it's hard for me to—

DAR: Pet Pleck.

PLECK: I'm just an old, dumb piece of shit.

VORNAKIANS: Okay. Agreed.

PLECK: Okay.

DAR: Petting Pleck.

AJ: Geez, Papa.

PLECK: I'm just an old dumb piece of shit here to tell you, Dean, uh—

VORNAKIANS: What did I just say?

[laughter]

PLECK: I was— I thought you were— you just said—

AJ: Papa, keep up!

PLECK: When you don't move your mouths, it's hard for me to tell which of you is talking at any given time.

C-53: [strained] Guys, I think Dar was maybe doing a better job.

PLECK: What?

DAR: [skin on skin] Beautiful, beautiful, beautiful Tellurian!

PLECK: Okay, alright, Dar. My head is petted out, I think, at this point. Petey, Dean—

DAR: Mm, you're right. I think it's time for you to pet my head.

PLECK: Okay. Okay, sure. [quiet rasping, Dar hums contentedly] Dean and Petey, we came here because we were summoned because you saw a transmission we made from Seesu Gundu.

[heavy thud, chandelier noises cease]

VORNAKIANS: That's right! So you guys are the envoy from Seesu Gundu. Hell yeah, bishop!

PLECK: [stammering] Hell—

VORNAKIANS: Yeah! Give me an L shape, knight! Yeah!

PLECK: Uh, gotcha. Yep, yep. Uh, king me! [awkward laugh]

VORNAKIANS: [disgusted] What are you doing, man? You're like, really blowing it.

C-53: You pushed it too far, Pleck.

VORNAKIANS: You are *not* cool at all. You're no chess piece. You're none of the pieces.

DAR: What?

VORNAKIANS: No deal. Please leave.

PLECK: Okay, you know what?

VORNAKIANS: Peace, love your hairstyle. Get outta here! [water-bottle spritzing noises]

AJ: [cocks rifle] Alright—

VORNAKIANS: Whoa! Whoa! Oh my Rodd!

AJ: Papa's depressed, Dar's on drugs, C's in a torture chamber. I'm the only one left. Give us your money!

VORNAKIANS: Oh my Rodd, I've never seen one of those!

AJ: Put it in the bag! Put all the—

VORNAKIANS: Such advanced technology!

C-53: [laughing] AJ— AJ!

PLECK: AJ!

AJ: Oh, you guys are doing better? You guys are jucking it all up!

VORNAKIANS: [terrified] Oh my Rodd! Oh my freaking Rodd!

[laughing]

AJ: Yeah. No, I've got a blaster on you. This is my kinda diplomacy!

PLECK: AJ, this is not necessary—

AJ: [shouting] Listen, everybody's falling apart! This is what I do!

VORNAKIANS: Alright, I'll give you 500,000! 500,000 kroon!

AJ: Okay!

VORNAKIANS: Is that okay?

AJ: Thank you.

VORNAKIANS: Rodd, I'm so scared!

PLECK: [in disbelief] 500,000 kroon?

VORNAKIANS: Okay! I'll give you five billion!

AJ: Yeah! Okay!

VORNAKIANS: Is that okay?

[laughter]

C-53: That was a big jump.

VORNAKIANS: I'm so—

DAR: That was, like, one number, and then it was a much bigger number.

AJ: Great negotiating, Papa.

VORNAKIANS: I'm so scared!

AJ: Good! Thank you.

VORNAKIANS: We'll do whatever you want!

AJ: Alright.

PLECK: No, Petey, Petey— Dean, you don't have to do this.

DAR: [snaps fingers] We accept.

AJ: Captain just accepted. Get the kroon! Get it now!

PLECK: Dean, Petey, we're— we're not trying—

VORNAKIANS: We're so entitled!

PLECK: [laughing] We're not trying to rob you!

C-53: Also, we're doing a really great job of robbing them.

[safe opening, money fluttering]

VORNAKIANS: You literally pulled guns out of your butt!

PLECK: Okay, *one* of us did that.

[sound of money being counted into stacks]

VORNAKIANS: We're so privileged! We've never faced anything this difficult or hard before!

[laughter]

PLECK: Dean—

VORNAKIANS: [tearful] Oh, oh no, I'm so scared! I've never been this scared!

AJ: Uh—

VORNAKIANS: Please, take whatever you want!

WOOF-CREATURE: Bark, bark.

VORNAKIANS: Oh! Take— take woof-creature! Take—

[the entire crew say 'no' with varying levels of urgency]

WOOF-CREATURE: Bark, bark.

C-53: We can't do that.

DAR: No! We do not want the woof-creature!

[laughter]

AJ: We're taking this. We're taking Saint Vornakian.

VORNAKIANS: No! You can't take Saint Vornakian!

C-53: We're not taking some weird cursed frame!

[laughter]

AJ: Put it in!

VORNAKIANS: You can't take Saint Vornakian! He was petrified by the vampiric queen that seduced him!

C-53: There's no way I'm putting my cube in that thing.

AJ: It's fine! [smacks corpse] It's, it's cool.

[twins sobbing]

PLECK: AJ, Petey and Dean told us that's literally their great-grandfather's corpse.

VORNAKIANS: It's the husk of my great-grandfather!

AJ: [laughing] Whoops.

VORNAKIANS: It's the husk! It just happens to be cube-shaped!

PLECK: Wow!

C-53: Also, it's the one that if you touch it, you get doxxed *and* canceled.

AJ: Okay. Okay, so we're not taking that, but we are taking the money.

[Dar laughing incoherently, money jingling]

AJ: Welp! Thank you for diplomacing with us.

PLECK: That's not a word.

VORNAKIANS: Please don't kill us! Please don't kill us! Please!

AJ: Alright, we won't! And that is how you do protocol.

PLECK: Okay, listen—

AJ: Let's get going.



VORNAKIANS: Please don't tell my parents!

AJ: [bewildered] You have parents?

VORNAKIANS: Yeah, we have parents! They're away. They left us the place for the weekend. They're on the Cape.

PLECK: Oh no!

VORNAKIANS: The Cape of Saint Vornakian!

AJ: Oh yeah. Okay.

PLECK: Yeah, that checks out.

C-53: It's on the other side of the planet.

AJ: Do you want to get out of the torture bot?

C-53: Please—

AJ: Okay.

VORNAKIANS: Wait, before you guys go, just— could you, like, um, refill some of the liquor bottles with, like— [laughter] Just make it look like you didn't take all of it. Like, do half water, half—

AJ: Nope! Nope! You gotta learn some consequences!

VORNAKIANS: No! They trusted us! They trusted us!

[laughter, transition music]

PLECK: Listen, Nermut, I don't feel good about how we came by this money.

NERMUT: What do you mean? This is— I've never seen this many zeroes [stammering] on the right side of the decimal point. Or left side. The good side.

C-53: Yeah, a zero on the right side has... no value.

NERMUT: Great job! This is an unadulterated win!

PLECK: Yeah. I mean, listen, it— it was a win, but... I just can't shake the feeling we took advantage of a couple children.

AJ: Listen—

C-53: Pleck, it's worth remembering, those were 24-year-old adults.

PLECK: [laughing] That's true.

C-53: Also, Pleck, if it makes you feel any better, during the Monarchy era, the Vornakians obtained almost their entire fortune through sticking up other families.

PLECK: What? Are you serious?

C-53: Yeah.

PLECK: Man. Very, very weird.

C-53: Yeah.

AJ: I think it's fancy.

C-53: It was a real woof-creature eat woof-creature kind of time.

PLECK: Wow. I still feel a little guilty about robbing at gunpoint.

BARGIE: Hey, hey. I know I don't do the missions, okay? But I just gotta say, I agree with Pleck.

PLECK: Oh, thank you, Bargie. Yes.

BARGIE: I agree with Pleck. That much money, and you don't give me *any of it?*

NERMUT: Bargie—

BARGIE: Listen to how my wing is sounding these days, by the way.

[unpleasant clunk]

C-53: That's not a good sound.

NERMUT: Oh. Fair.

AJ: Hey, Barge?

BARGIE: Yeah?

AJ: Development, you, like, get stories, right? And you make them things?

BARGIE: Yeah.

AJ: [all one single train of thought] What would you say about a story about two telepathic little boys whose grandfather was a vampire, and like, was bit by a vampire queen, and they're like, super rich, and they're like, sexy and have parties and stuff?

BARGIE: Yeah, that's on the new season of *the Kroon*. [AJ makes a frustrated noise] I mean, I wish I could write that! Wow! That's a great story! Already done.

AJ: Oh.

C-53: Barge, thanks for, uh, lending me this loader droid. I don't know how long it's gonna be until we get me another frame.

PLECK: Yeah, I'm sorry about the Midnight Shadow.

[C-53 sighs]

DAR: No, no, Pleck. You shouldn't be apologizing. You're not the captain. C, I'm sorry about the Midnight Shadow, and that I wanted you to be cool.

C-53: [sighs again] Dar, peer pressure is a powerful force. I'll miss the Midnight Shadow, but not as much as I won't miss the torture chamber I was in minutes after.

PLECK: Sure, sure.

AJ: I just wanted to apologize for doing diplomacy back there, because...

C-53: I don't think we'd call it diplomacy, actually.

AJ: I'm just saying— [metallic clink] Oh, get down on the ground. [heavy thud]

DAR: Oh, you brought one of those seals with you.

C-53: I felt like it'd be good to have.

[distant slow clapping]

NERMUT: Oh! Seesu!

AJ: What's that? What's that?

DAR: Ooh! We're getting the slow clap!

NERMUT: Everyone, Seesu Gundu is here!

SEESU: Nermut.

NERMUT: Yes?

SEESU: Are you with the team?

NERMUT: Yes! I was just congratulating them on the incredible haul.

SEESU: [talking over him] I want to congratulate them in person.

NERMUT: Yes! Yes!

SEESU: We were in mourning after the loss of Dale. [the crew grimace audibly] I even thought about stopping my noble mission of reunification. [the crew continue groaning and wincing] Because if there are people so bad out there to kill dearest Dale, why would I want to bring them together? But this gives me hope, you know? You are a team that did a great job, okay?

[the crew all say thank you]

SEESU: [turning away, addressing the room] Okay, everybody! I have an announcement to make! [distant clapping] We have gathered every team's kroon donations, and we have made over five *billion* kroon!

[distant cheering]

PLECK: Yes! And we have a great captain.

DAR: [pleasantly surprised] Aw. Thanks, Pleck.

SEESU: Now, because we're a *team*, I won't be naming names of whom deserves the most credit. [more clapping] You did good! You did good! You did good!

C-53: Seems like most of them.

NERMUT: Specifically not pointing at me.

SEESU: You did really good! You up there, I see you! You did good!

NERMUT: [stage whispering] There's not even anyone up there.

SEESU: You did good! You did good!

PLECK: I wish we'd gotten a little credit, but it's okay.

SEESU: You did good! Oh, that's a table. The table did good!

PLECK: The *table* did good?

AJ: Oh, yeah, let's cheer for the table.

C-53: There's no way that table did as well as we did.

[finale music]

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VORNAKIANS: Hell yeah! Hell yeah, pimp! [laughter] Hell yeah! Hell yeah, player!

DAR: Yeah, yeah. Hell yeah, pimp.

VORNAKIANS: I love this.

DAR: Hell yeah.

VORNAKIANS: I love this captain!

AJ: What is player and pimp? What are these words?

C-53: These are old Monarchy words.

ALLIE: Wait, no, you're dead!

MOUJAN: Part of their chess.

JEREMY: Oh yeah, right. [laughing]

WINSTON: Chess pieces.

DAVID: Chess, yes! Hell yeah, knight! Hell yeah, rook!

DAR: Yeah, yeah, yeah. Hell yeah, knight. Hell yeah, rook. Let's get that frame for my friend here—

VORNAKIANS: Hell yeah, pawn! Oh, we have this old silver chassis from a vampire we killed.

[squeaking noises, giggles]

AJ: Oh, it's very intricate.

PLECK: Wait, how would a cube fit in that frame? I don't understand. It looks like a suit of armor.

VORNAKIANS: It's more of an iron maiden, but we've— it was outfitted— it was outfitted as a suit of armor when Saint Vornakian was infected with a vampiric disease.

PLECK: Oh geez.

VORNAKIANS: And needed to bloodlet constantly.

[laughter, Allie cackles loudly]

AJ: So...

WINSTON: Wait, should we— [laughing] should we narrow down what it is?

VORNAKIANS: So, let's— let me, let me further describe— [uproarious laughter] it is— it is a *former* iron maiden that's— that is a cube-shaped suit of armor, that your friend can fit inside. But they'll be pierced constantly!

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C-RED-IT-5

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

With special guest David Bluvband as the Saints Vornakian

Recording, sound design and mix by Shane O'Connell

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Music composed by Brendan Ryan

Opening crawl narration by Jeremy Crutchley

Ship design for The Bargarean Jade by Eric Geusz

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