

[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 if the sun hated you. 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]

[mechanical noises as C-53 walks into the room]

PLECK: Hey, C-53!

C-53: Yes?

PLECK: How are you liking the new loader frame?

[quiet backing-up beeps]

C-53: Well—

PLECK: It's very— it's intimidating!

C-53: It's a little unwieldy, compared to most C-series frames, but I—

PLECK: It's unwieldy until you need to lift something.

C-53: [laughs] Yeah, I will say, lifting stuff has been much easier. These arms are just—
[mechanical flexing]

PLECK: [impressed laugh] Whoa! Yeah!

C-53: Yeah. I'm worried that if we encounter any species that rely on, you know, a sign language based communication form, I might be at a bit of a disadvantage.

PLECK: You're not the most dextrous. Those are basically forklift arms.

C-53: Yeah. They're not great for that purpose.

PLECK: But what if we go to a high-gravity planet where people can't lift stuff?

C-53: If we go to a *lift-based* culture, I would be—

PLECK: [laughing] Now we're talking.

C-53: In good shape.

AJ: Plus, watch this!

[AJ panting as he runs across the room, metallic impact noise, AJ goes flying back across the room with a cheer, loud crash]

PLECK: Whoa! Wow! That's—

C-53: Yeah, we've been doing this all day.

[AJ casually walks back into the scene]

PLECK: That's nice. By the way, C-53, what did you end up doing with the Midnight Shadow frame?

C-53: Well, most of it was totaled beyond recognition, but there were some usable components left over. So I actually, you know, separated the still-functioning pieces in, uh, a little bit of an array of, uh, spare parts. Which will be nice if we run into any trouble.

PLECK: Hm. Any chance there's a functioning ocular sensor in the pile?

C-53: You know, if memory serves, I think there actually—

DAR: [walking into the room] Hey, C-53?

C-53: Yes?

DAR: Uh, listen. You know that pile of trash that you brought back on board?

[quiet laughter]

C-53: You're talking about the parts of the Midnight Shadow?

DAR: Oh. It just looked like trash to me, and— [talking faster] well, I couldn't sleep because, you know, I was just up all night thinking—

C-53: Sure.

DAR: And, uh, you know, I got into a real crafting mood? And, uh, I made baby HoHa a little mobile out of all your trash.

C-53: Oh. Um, that's actually fine.

DAR: Great.

C-53: It can just stay there until they get bored of the mobile.

DAR: [surprised, mildly panicked] Oh. Uh, HoHa will get bored of the mobile?

C-53: Well, sure. All children eventually lose interest in certain toys.

DAR: Okay. Uh, maybe when I'm up all night looking at blogs about how to be a better captain, I should be looking at blogs about how to be a better parent.

C-53: Oh, uh, I don't know if you want to go into that world.

DAR: Oh.

AJ: Wait, Captain Dar! Uh, I know that you're balancing everything and trying to have it all, but I just had a quick question. Um, why haven't we heard Bargie? It's been, like, days.

C-53: It *has* been an unusual length of time for Bargie to be silent.

AJ: Yeah. Usually Bargie's all like... [mediocre Bargie impression] Hey, what are you doing? Why are you peeing on that? [regular voice] And I'm like—

PLECK: That's not a great Bargie, AJ. Bargie's more like this. [slightly better Bargie impression, still not very good] I'm asleep! [regular voice] Like that! Yeah, like a, uh— [Bargie again] Shut up, Pleck!

DAR: No, no, no, no. If you really want to get a Bargie, you gotta go deep into your pelvis. It's just like a— [much better Bargie impression] Ah, I'm Bargie!

PLECK: Oh!

DAR: [still Bargie] Bargie, Bargie, Bargie!

PLECK: That's pretty good, Dar!

AJ: I feel like that's what I'm doing. [even worse Bargie impression] I'm Bargie!

PLECK: No, no.

DAR: No.

PLECK: No, AJ.

C-53: No, I think if you're gonna do a Bargie, it sounds sort of like this. [almost flawless Bargie impression] Captain Dar, I have an incoming message from who gives a shit? Hahaha, I'm Bargie! [normal voice] Right?

PLECK: Okay—

C-53: It's kind of like that.

AJ: That's not fair!

PLECK: That's not fair, C-53.

C-53: Why is it not fair?

DAR: It's very good.

AJ: [terrible Bargie, lighter flicking noises] I'm Bargie!

DAR: AJ, where did you get that cigar from?

AJ: [laughing] You know—

PLECK: AJ, we were sort of in the middle of a conversation.

AJ: Papa, were you trying to get an eye out of C's body?

PLECK: I wasn't— I mean— no, I was just thinking that if we have an extra—

C-53: You were trying to take an eye!

PLECK: No, I just—

DAR: [heavy sigh] Pleck, if you really want baby HoHa's favorite part of the mobile...

[mobile noises, Horsehat hiccuping unhappily and threatening to cry]

PLECK: No, Horsehat, it's fine. Keep it.

AJ: [Bargie again] Way to go, Pleck!

[laughter]

BARGIE: Alright, you know what? Sorry, okay?

PLECK: Oh hey, Bargie!

BARGIE: No, no, I've been here, okay, and I've been listening to you all.

AJ: Well, we know you've been here.

BARGIE: Because I do not sound like that. Okay?

[AJ goes 'aaaah!' in the Bargie voice]

BARGIE: Nope. Does not sound a thing like me. My voice is very smooth, delicate, and dainty. Okay? Like a flower blooming in the sun for the last time before it dies.

PLECK: Oh. Yeah, actually, that's pretty accurate. Bargie, I would—

AJ: Yeah, that's good. That's really good.

BARGIE: I've been working on something called not trying to take focus.

PLECK: Uh...

BARGIE: It's a book I've been downloading.

AJ: I've never read it.

BARGIE: No, you definitely have not.

PLECK: That's the book by Squeegee, right?

BARGIE: Yep. [struggles to speak through laughter] Squeegee, rest their soul.

PLECK: That was Squeegee's autobiography, right?

BARGIE: Rest their soul. Never took focus.

C-53: Who's Squeegee?

PLECK: C-53, Squeegee was the most famous sidekick of all time!

BARGIE: Of they who will not be named.

PLECK: Squeegee was Turk Manaked's sentient mop!

DAR: Squeegee never pull focus? You've never heard that before?

C-53: No, that sounds ridiculous.

BARGIE: [talking over him] Anyway, in the book, it says that sometimes having too much focus leads you to making a lot of life's mistakes. [C-53 hums thoughtfully] I'm working through a period which, Pleck, I think you'll relate to. We're looking back at our failures—

PLECK: Uh...

BARGIE: Why we never reached our potential, and why we had big goals in front of us, and we thought we met 'em, but it didn't really lead anywhere. [Pleck makes an uncertain 'eh...' noise] And it's because we were trying too hard to be in focus.

PLECK: Oh. Okay.

BARGIE: Anyway, I'm back to not talking for a little bit. I'm just going to observe and let the anger of all the things you're doing just bubble up!

[laughter]

PLECK: Well, listen, Bargie, I'm really glad you're, you know, trying to listen more and stuff, but you know, I like it when you're around, talking.

[beat]

PLECK: Okay.

DAR: Okay.

AJ: So weird to be in a space ship and not have it talk, you know?

[incoming-transmission noise]

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

[transmission starts]

NERMUT: [urgently] Red alert! Okay, okay, okay!

DAR: Whoa. Coming in hot.

NERMUT: Redder than red! Okay!

DAR: Nermut?

NERMUT: Yes?

AJ: [yelling] Alright, let's keep our heads on a swivel! It's red alert time!

PLECK: Okay, alright, AJ—

AJ: [cocks rifle] Let's do this!

PLECK: Let's just listen to Nermut.

NERMUT: No, he's right! Swivel 'em! Swivel out!

AJ: We're staying in focus! We're staying in focus!

NERMUT: Yes!

DAR: Nermut, we've talked about this. When you come in too hot, you agitate AJ—

AJ: [screaming] Let's get it done!

C-53: And then it's almost impossible to get him to sleep later.

DAR: Yeah.

NERMUT: Sorry, guys! It's just crazy! Look at this video feed!

[audio distortion, nefarious droning, cracking and crumbling noises]

AJ & DAR: Whoa.

NERMUT: Do you see the remnants of matter getting sucked into the Allwheat?

C-53: That planet's going down.

NERMUT: Yeah.

C-53: That seems not great.

NERMUT: Can I get a little affirmation of the red alert scream-scream?

PLECK: Okay.

C-53: We're not *on* this planet, so.

PLECK: Also, when was this taken?

NERMUT: This is live!

PLECK: Oh.

AJ: So wait, that's the Allwheat?

NERMUT: Yes! It's engulfing planet Jeknar.

PLECK: Jeknar?

AJ: Whoa.

DAR: You know, it's so funny. I know that we are all *thinking* about the Allwheat, it's just that I haven't thought about the Allwheat in a really long time.

AJ: Right. No, totally, Dar. I'm like, oh yeah, there's the Allwheat, and it's always there, and apparently eating planets.

PLECK: C-53, was Jeknar where the Allwheat was?

C-53: Jeknar was the closest inhabited world to the Allwheat, but it was *dozens* of lightyears away.

NERMUT: Not no more.

C-53: Yeah.

AJ: Wow.

NERMUT: It just lassoed it in, but with, like, a gravity vacuum? And—

C-53: Gravity lasso.

NERMUT: Sure.

C-53: You can't lasso with a vacuum.

AJ: Hey, stop the science, nerds. Let's just, like, get to the point.

NERMUT: I'm gonna rotate the video. Look at this. [monitor squeaks, keyboard clacks] I'm zooming, zooming, zooming. Do you see that ship? [the crew go 'yeah?' hesitantly] There are escapees from this planet. This presents an amazing...

[button clicks, a high-pitched voice says 'opportunity!' in a cheery tone]

DAR: It does?

C-53: Is that a button you have?

NERMUT: Guys.

AJ: It's flashing above him.

C-53: Did you custom-make that light?

NERMUT: Yeah.

PLECK: Nermut, how long did it take you to make that button after seeing the planet being destroyed?

NERMUT: This planet started getting destroyed four hours ago, and I—

PLECK: [bewildered] Why didn't you call us then?

C-53: Nermut. This is not good.

NERMUT: Well, I wanted to make the opportunity light with the button! [clicks the 'opportunity!' button again]

PLECK: No, Nermut—

AJ: It's a pretty good light.

PLECK: A red alert— you should have called us—

NERMUT: It's still eating the planet! It's not like it's gonna un-eat it.

AJ: Wow. So those, uh, those people on the ship are the last Jeknar.

NERMUT: Yes.

C-53: Yes.

NERMUT: This is an opportunity for— [hits the 'opportunity!' button again, laughs to himself]

PLECK: Just— you can stop hitting the button.

NERMUT: I cannot. I will not.

DAR: Alright.

NERMUT: Um, this is an opportunity for Seesu Gundu to get a little PR situation going for the reunification of the galaxy.

PLECK: Uh, I mean, we can do it because we want to save those people too, right?

NERMUT: Yeah! Exactly! And we're gonna probably film it. So, Bargie... [brief pause] Bargie? Where's Bargie?

PLECK: Bargie's sort of taken a vow of silence.

DAR: Yeah.

NERMUT: Okay. Well, when Bargie becomes unmute, will you tell Bargie that we're gonna have to do a mid-air hatch-to-hatch with this—

BARGIE: I'm listening!

NERMUT: Oh! [laughing]

AJ: [mimicking the button's inflection while also doing the terrible Bargie voice] Opportunity!

PLECK: AJ—

[laughter]

BARGIE: You cannot! You have to stop!

[lighter flicking]

DAR: And you have to stop smoking these cigars!

[AJ makes a Bargie-esque noise, orchestral transition music]

C-53: Captain Dar, we are within range of the refugee ship.

DAR: [nervous, audibly pacing around] Great. Um, so I've been— I've been thinking it over. Should, should I open with a, 'hey, Captain Dar here,' you know, casual cool captain?

C-53: Casual might not be the right tone, you know, owing to the recent destruction of their planet.

DAR: Oh. Sure, sure, sure, sure. So [snaps fingers] we're thinking more like, um, paternal? Just like, hey guys—

[the crew's voices become tinny, projected through speakers]

PLECK: Oh, I like when you kneel on one knee like that, Dar. That's very comforting.

DAR: Ooh, yeah! I should do it more like a coach! Okay, uh, hey there, tiger. Uh, I'm sorry that we lost out there today. A planet. But, um—

FLOYDA: Is this— hello?

[startled noises from the crew]

C-53: Oh, I flipped on the transmission.

DAR: Oh! Hey there, slugger!

C-53: Oh, I don't know about the slugger angle.

AJ: Better pull back.

FLOYDA: What? What is this?

[buttons beeping, Dar makes uncertain noises]

DAR: Uh, it's your— it's your captain! Dar here! Uh, we're, we're here to... help?

FLOYDA: Oh. That'd be great. You got any candy?

DAR: Uh. Candy?

C-53: Uh, I don't think we do have any candy.

AJ: I'm not sharing any beebops or zuzus.

DAR: We have rations and— and fuel.

FLOYDA: Oh.

PLECK: We saw your planet destroyed and we wanted to, uh, see what we can do.

FLOYDA: Oh, yeah. That was so loud! Let me tell you guys, I could almost still hear it. That was so loud.

DAR: Uh, permission to go hatch-to-hatch?

FLOYDA: Sounds good! Should I open my mouth, or—?

PLECK: No, no.

C-53: No, not with you.

DAR: Ship to ship?

FLOYDA: I'm gonna open my mouth.

PLECK: [laughing] Okay. That's cool.

[audio transition back to the crew]

AJ: I've got a good feeling about this.

PLECK: Hey, Bargie, can you interface with this person's ship?

BARGIE: Let me get to know them a little better.

PLECK: Okay.

BARGIE: Physically, if I'm not interested, at least... personality, you know. [shouting, mic screeches] Hey!

TORNACIOUS ELEVEN: Yes, this is Tornacious Eleven.

BARGIE: Tell me something about yourself!

TORNACIOUS ELEVEN: I'm forged from the memories of my creator—

BARGIE: Alright, I'm into it. Alright, turn around.

[laughter]

TORNACIOUS ELEVEN: Opening.

C-53: Oh, we lucked out on that one.

BARGIE: But after this, I'm not speaking again.

PLECK: Okay. Alright. [under his breath] I feel like Bargie's been saying about as much as she normally says.

DAR: Normally does? I know.

BARGIE: Not a word!

PLECK: Uh, listen, we'll— we'll be right over! You can close your mouth in the meantime.

FLOYDA: It got so dry!

[laughter]

PLECK: Okay. Alright.

C-53: Yeah, that'll happen.

AJ: Yeah.

TORNACIOUS ELEVEN: Hatch doors extending.

BARGIE: Hatch is open.

TORNACIOUS ELEVEN: Deep connection fused.

DAR: Ooh! *Deep* connection, Bargie!

BARGIE: Nay, yeah.

PLECK: [in disbelief] Nay?

AJ: [cocks rifle] Alright, let's go.

C-53: Okay, stop— AJ, stop—

PLECK: AJ, you can put the gun away.

C-53: Stop just spinning it on your finger.

[whooshing noises]

PLECK: AJ, if you accidentally discharge in the hatch, *both* ships would lose pressure and we would all die.

AJ: Worth it!

PLECK: Okay.

[hatches opening, general hubbub of a busy public space]

AJ: Wow, look at this. This is a really fancy sort of ship.

DAR: I mean, it's literally humming. It's just humming a lot.

AJ: Whoa.

C-53: Look at these sensor readouts.

AJ: Lot of doodads.

C-53: Pretty advanced vessel.

[high-pitched car horn beeping]

STRANGER: Pardon me, sorry, just gonna scoot past you to my lab. Welcome aboard.

[the crew all say 'thank you']

PLECK: Sorry, sir, what do you do here on this ship?

STRANGER: Oh, I am a meteorologist. [everyone goes 'okay'] So I'm studying—

AJ: Meteors.

METEOROLOGIST: Exactly.

PLECK: You'd think so, but— what?

METEOROLOGIST: Yes.

PLECK: Oh.

METEOROLOGIST: It's the— not the meteorologist— yeah, peek inside my lab here. Do you see these chunks? [rocks crumbling] These were expelled from the Allwheat upon the destruction of Jeknar.

AJ: Wow, they're glowing kind of sinisterly.

[more car-horn beeping]

ANOTHER STRANGER: Sorry, sorry. Excuse me, I'm also trying to get to my lab.

DAR: Oh, sorry.

C-53: There's a second laboratory over here.

AJ: Everyone's bustling.

PLECK: Look at this hallway! Every single one of these doors leads to a laboratory.

DAR: Are you also a meteorologist?

ANOTHER STRANGER: No, I'm a cosmologist.

AJ: Oh, so you deal with makeup?

COSMOLOGIST: The makeup of the cosmos.

AJ: Oh, okay. So like, lipstick and eyeshadow?

COSMOLOGIST: No.

DAR: AJ, no.

C-53: That's cosmetologist.

PLECK: She means makeup, like, what it's made up of.

COSMOLOGIST: Specifically that of the Allwheat.

AJ: Yeah. Like blush, but it's—

PLECK: No.

COSMOLOGIST: I also have a PhD.

DAR: Oh, yeah. Okay. Casually dropping that into conversation. Cool. You can go to your lab, we're sorry to have bothered you.

COSMOLOGIST: Thank you.

DAR: Okay.

THIRD STRANGER: Welcome! Thank you so much for intercepting us! We are the best and the brightest of Jeknar. We were selected to survive. I am Dr. Pheenis Marp. I am—

PLECK: I— [laughing] Sorry, your first name is *Pheenis*?

PHEENIS: Pheenis. Why?

C-53: Pleck.

DAR: Pleck. Pleck.

[Pleck giggling]

C-53: Get yourself together.

AJ: Papa, come on.

PHEENIS MARP: Are you also a doctor? Is that why you're—? I'm Dr. Pheenis Marp. I am so close to determining what constitutes the matter of the surface of the Allwheat.

AJ: Whoa!

PHEENIS MARP: I'll be in my quarters. Floydada will show you around.

DAR: Okay.

C-53: Yeah. No problem.

FLOYDA: I'm Floydada. You can go to the bathroom anywhere.

[Pleck laughs, Dar scoffs in bewilderment]

C-53: Uh, excuse me?

DAR: You were the one that we talked to.

PLECK: Yeah, Floydada, we spoke to you on the holo.

FLOYDA: Yeah. Do you guys have my gum?

C-53: Uh, no. I think we said we don't have any candy on our ship.

PLECK: Yeah, we don't have any.

FLOYDA: Gum isn't candy.

PLECK: Yeah, that's a good point.

AJ: She's right. Gum isn't candy.

C-53: Technically true.

FLOYDA: You said you didn't have *candy*.

DAR: I'm sorry, we're getting off on the wrong foot here. I'm Dar, I'm the captain of the Bargarean Jade. [Floyda goes 'whoa'] This is C-53, our protocol and diplomatic relations droid.

C-53: Greetings.

DAR: And this is AJ, he's our defected CLINT—

AJ: Yo.

DAR: And manchild.

AJ: Uh-huh.

DAR: And this is Pleck!

PLECK: Yeah, I'm here too.

FLOYDA: Okay, great.

C-53: Maybe we come up with a title for Pleck.

AJ: Yeah. Papa, 'I'm here too' isn't, like, a cool catchphrase.

PLECK: Okay. Noted.

AJ: Floyda, so you can go to the bathroom anywhere?

[laughter]

FLOYDA: Yeah. Wherever you want. It's fine.

AJ: Cool.

FLOYDA: You gotta go?

PLECK: I'm sorry, when you say you *can* go to the bathroom anywhere, then what happens?

FLOYDA: I dunno. I don't sit around watching piles of bathroom!

C-53: Yeah, Pleck, what's your deal? Why are you so fascinated by the— [laughing]

PLECK: I thought she was leading towards something!

[car-horn beeping]

STRANGER: Quickly! Gather, gather! I've mapped the Allwheat's heat signatures!

AJ: Whoa. Incredible.

PHEENIS PRICE: I am Dr. Pheenis Price!

[laughter]

PLECK: Wait, your name is also Pheenis?

PHEENIS PRICE: Yes!

PLECK: Wow. Okay.

C-53: It's just a common name, I guess

PHEENIS MARP: Pardon me, Dr. Pheenis. Coming through, just going to quickly measure the circumference of Floyda.

FLOYDA: You need me to put my arms up?

PHEENIS MARP: Yep.

FLOYDA: Higher?

PHEENIS MARP: No, that's perfect. Thank you.

C-53: Hm.

FLOYDA: Yeah, we all kinda got our projects around here.

C-53: Oh, really?

FLOYDA: Um, yeah. We just took our, our good ones, you know? And we put 'em on this safety ship.

C-53: So you're saying all of the greatest minds of Jeknar are now aboard this ship?

FLOYDA: Yeah. How do you say the planet's name? How did you say it?

[laughter]

C-53: Jeknar? Is that right?

DAR: Jeknar?

FLOYDA: Yeah, no, that's good. That sounds nice.

C-53: Oh. Thank you.

FLOYDA: I've always been saying, like, *juck-nur*. You know?

PLECK: Jucknur?

FLOYDA: Yeah. I've been saying it like that. So.

C-53: I feel like I've been misled.

FLOYDA: [panicking] My hand is stuck! My hand is stuck! It's stuck in—oh, wait, sorry, no. It was in my pocket.

AJ: Happens.

C-53: Mhm. Yeah. It might be a nepotism situation, I'm not sure.

PLECK: Floyda, um, can you tell me a little bit about Jeknar? What's Jeknar like?

FLOYDA: Oh.

DAR: Or what *was* it like?

[AJ makes an audible grimacing noise]

PLECK: Yikes, Dar. Come on.

FLOYDA: Okay. Uh, no, it was a nice place. We had, uh, both indoors and outdoors.

AJ: Oh.

C-53: That's quite common.

AJ: Sounds great!

FLOYDA: We had rain on occasion. [AJ goes 'yeah!'] Which was—

AJ: It was wet, right?

[ongoing soundscape of Floyda purchasing something from a vending machine]

FLOYDA: Yeah, so wet. And, um, sometimes it's very hot. Other times, very cold.

PLECK: Seasons. You're talking seasons.

FLOYDA: Yeah, yeah, yeah. We got seasons.

AJ: [steely realization] Wait a second. Floyda?

FLOYDA: Yeah?

AJ: [dramatic] You're not a doctor, are you?

[beat]

AJ: You're a weatherologist.

FLOYDA: Aw. Aw, man, AJ, you're swooping me off my feet. But listen. [can pops open] I feel like I can tell you anything. And also, by default, your friends. [loud slurping] I don't think I was supposed to be on this ship.

AJ: What? No!

FLOYDA: Well, I sat in a seat that was labeled 'magistrate,' and I'm not a magistrate. Like I said, it was really loud because of that thing you guys were talking about?

PLECK: The Allwheat.

FLOYDA: Yeah.

PLECK: So, wait. How did you get on the ship, though?

FLOYDA: I was following a butterfly. [C-53 and Pleck make thoughtful noises] And, uh, then—

AJ: I've done that before.

FLOYDA: It's fun, right?

AJ: It's super fun! Because like, where's it going?

FLOYDA: Yeah! And it's so gentle!

AJ: Yeah, it's super gentle. Just like, can I touch it, or—?

FLOYDA: But don't! But don't! But don't!

AJ: No, seriously. Don't!

FLOYDA: So fragile!

AJ: No, Rodd, no. You *cannot* touch it. Yeah.

[Floyda flicking the tab on a soda can]

FLOYDA: Yeah. The doors shut right after I got— you know, I was doing the butterfly thing, and I stepped on—

AJ: It happens! You're chasing the butterfly, and you—

DAR: Oh. The butterfly effect.

AJ: Yeah! The butterfly effect! It's famous!

C-53: Well-documented.

FLOYDA: The butterfly effect, yeah. I've been keeping up appearances. I've been doing sort of what I think a magistrate would do.

AJ: I was fooled. I don't think anybody gets it.

FLOYDA: No one's caught on yet.

AJ: Right? Do you guys get it?

PLECK: I mean, we pretty immediately— we've met other people, and Floyda is clearly the dumbest.

AJ: Papa, come on.

FLOYDA: Is that your dad?

[laughter]

AJ: No, it's just a honorary title.

FLOYDA: Oh, congratulations.

DAR: So, Floyda, do you know why your planet got sucked into the Allwheat?

FLOYDA: Uh, I don't know why. I just know that so many people got... blown up, you know?

DAR: Oh. So, really, no one else got off of the planet Jeknar.

FLOYDA: Well, I haven't seen any of my pals. Like, uh, Floyda Bastion, Floyda Eckersley...

PLECK: Wait. Those people's names are also Floyda?

FLOYDA: The name is, like, Eckersley. And Floyda is the caste. Oh, um, my planet is, uh, a caste system.

PLECK: Uh, okay.

FLOYDA: There's two.

PLECK: [laughing] Oh, okay.

C-53: That's a pretty simple system.

PLECK: I'm sorry, Floyda, can I— can I hazard a guess as to what the other caste is called?

FLOYDA: Sure. That's fun.

PLECK: Is it Pheenis?

FLOYDA: Yeah!

AJ: Whoa! Papa!

FLOYDA: How'd you know?

AJ: Yeah, how'd you know?

PLECK: Put two and two together.

DAR: And there's only two to put together here, so.

PLECK: Yeah. And how many Pheenises were there on Jeknar?

FLOYDA: Oh, not that many. Uh, let's see. About as many as are on the ship.

[Pleck laughs]

C-53: Would you say all of the Pheenises are on this ship?

FLOYDA: Well, it's hard to know.

AJ: We're not gonna take our shoes off and count!

FLOYDA: [laughing] Yeah, yeah!

C-53: Floyd, am I right in thinking you're the only Floyd on the ship?

FLOYDA: Yeah.

C-53: Okay.

AJ: [whispering] Yeah, that's awesome that nobody's caught on that you're a Floyd.

PLECK: [laughing] Floyd, did it ever occur to you when you snuck aboard the ship, to claim that you were a Pheenis?

FLOYDA: No.

PLECK: Okay.

FLOYDA: Why would I—?

AJ: Yeah, Papa. Come on.

FLOYDA: Uh, it's not necessarily good to be a Pheenis. Get ready to, uh, do work well into the night if you're a Pheenis.

PLECK: [laughing] Okay. That doesn't sound so bad.

C-53: That's not the end of the world.

FLOYDA: Oh, yeah. We'll see what you say starting at 8 o'clock when you're still at the computer.

PLECK: Uh-huh. All the Floydas are dead, though. Right? [laughing] I just want to confirm what we— what we were talking about earlier.

FLOYDA: Yeah. This is less fun than it started out, with your promises of bubblegum and...

C-53: We never—

DAR: I don't think we ever promised that.

PLECK: We never promised that.

FLOYDA: You said it. You swore it. You swore it.

AJ: We did swear.

C-53: We definitely didn't, no.

FLOYDA: You looked into my eyes, and you swore it.

AJ: Oh, I'll be honest. There was a point where I said, "I swear to you, we will give you bubblegum." [laughing]

C-53: Okay. Well, that makes— that makes some kind of sense.

PLECK: Floyda, is there some sort of information on where the ship is headed, or what the mission of the ship is?

FLOYDA: Something about getting to the eye of the Allwheat?

[tense pause]

PLECK: What?

AJ: Uh...

DAR: I'm sorry, what?

FLOYDA: I don't know—

[loud electronic jingle]

TORNACIOUS ELEVEN: Rerouting. Rerouting.

PLECK: Wait, is this ship turning around?

C-53: Is it heading *toward* the Allwheat?

FLOYDA: Yeah, the Pheenises are— they got it. The doctors got it. Don't worry.

[loud siren]

BARGIE: Alright, bye! Bye!

PLECK: No, Bargie—

C-53: Bargie, no—

[everybody calls out to Bargie in a panic]

BARGIE: Alright! I'm just not gonna pull focus again!

PLECK: No, Bargie, it's fine! This is a good time for you to—

C-53: You need to pull focus! Bargie!

BARGIE: [distant] Bye!

AJ: Whoa.

DAR: Floyda, maybe if your ship could just stop real quick, you know, from hurtling towards the eye of the Allwheat—

FLOYDA: Guys, I can't— I'm not gonna—

PLECK: It just devoured your planet!

FLOYDA: Listen. You guys have been real nice so far. I've forgiven you. This is not about the candy or anything. But I can't really make a fuss. Like, I don't wanna get found out here.

PLECK: Okay. No, that's fine.

C-53: Fair enough.

PLECK: You know, let me just talk— [slightly distant, wandering] Is there a Pheenis I could speak to on the ship? Could I speak with a Pheenis, please?

DAR: Could we be face-to-face with a Pheenis right now?

[laughter, tinny beeping]

PHEENIS CARROT: Hello, yes. I am Dr. Pheenis Carrot.

PLECK: Ah, yeah— sorry, wait—

C-53: Carrot?

PLECK: Pheenis Carrot?

PHEENIS CARROT: Yes.

DAR: Okay.

PLECK: Listen, Dr. Pheenis Carrot. We came aboard the ship to try to rescue the inhabitants of Jeknar, and it seems like there's been some sort of mistake. We're headed towards the Allwheat.

PHEENIS CARROT: Yes.

PLECK: Uh-huh. 'Cause see, actually, our ship sort of bailed. And so if you could just—

C-53: Yeah, we would love to just get off this ship.

PLECK: Get us back.

DAR: Would love to get out of here.

PLECK: Yeah, yeah.

PHEENIS CARROT: Oh, but we're in the middle of an experiment!

DAR: I'm sorry, is your experiment exploding?

C-53: Yeah, we already saw your planet do that experiment.

DAR: Yeah.

PLECK: Could you explain what the— the plan?

PHEENIS CARROT: [beeping] Fellow Pheenis?

FELLOW PHEENIS: Yes, well, I think it's quite obvious, right? We are headed toward the event horizon of the Allwheat. And we need a specimen to drop into it.

DAR: I'm sorry, what?

C-53: [dawning realization] Oh, no.

DAR: Okay.

PLECK: Uh-huh. Yeah. Uh, Floyda, um, could you give us just one second?

FLOYDA: Oh, sure. I was playing a song in my head.

PLECK: Uh-huh. Yeah.

AJ: Whoa, what was the song?

FLOYDA: Uh, it was kind of like a marching band— [breaks down laughing]

AJ: Yeah.

FLOYDA: On a parade.

AJ: Uh-huh.

PLECK: Dr. Pheenis—

AJ: Wait, so who are you dropping in?

C-53: AJ—

AJ: What? [indignant] What?

DAR: Okay, why don't you go talk to Floyda over there?

AJ: Okay! [footsteps, distant] Oh, I love parades.

FLOYDA: Aw yeah!

AJ: Where they're all just marching, and you're like, I don't have to think too hard—

PHEENIS CARROT: Let us explain this to you in a way that you may understand.

C-53: No, listen. We understand that you're about to sacrifice Floyda.

FELLOW PHEENIS: Yes. I, I'm worried we're giving you the wrong idea. Look inside this case. [pressurized air escaping] Fear not, these sensors will be attached to the Floyda.

C-53: That doesn't—

PLECK: You can't— you can't launch a *person*!

FELLOW PHEENIS: No, fear not. Look at this launcher. You *can* launch a Floyda.

DAR: We don't *want* you to launch a Floyda!

C-53: It's not— you shouldn't be allowed to do this to your own citizen.

FELLOW PHEENIS: Listen! We *must* know what is inside the Allwheat. Even if that means dipping one dumb-dumb into the—

PHEENIS CARROT: One little loopy-loop.

FELLOW PHEENIS: One little butterfly-following idiot.

PLECK: Okay.

C-53: Wow.

DAR: Hey!

FELLOW PHEENIS: For the purposes of—

PHEENIS CARROT: Sentient existence!

FELLOW PHEENIS: And of course, thank you for answering our, quote, 'distress signal,' because we needed some people to distract Floyda while we finish preparations.

[Pleck groans]

PHEENIS CARROT: We didn't bring the butterfly, so she's all around the place.

[Pleck hums unhappily]

C-53: What about the rest of the population of Jeknar?

PLECK: Yeah. I mean, you could've sent out a distress signal six months ago.

DAR: Yeah! And you could have evacuated the entire planet *then*.

FELLOW PHEENIS: Well, the technology to launch the Floydas needed to be complete before we evacuated.

[bewildered laughter]

C-53: Why does that—

PHEENIS CARROT: Why don't you talk to doctor-philosopher Pheenis Breon?

[loud whooshing, metallic door opens]

PHEENIS BREON: [nerdy, muffled voice, sounds like someone with very thick facial hair] Yes, hello. I'm Pheenis Breon.

DAR: Oh boy.

PLECK: Uh, hi there.

C-53: Uh, Pheenis Breon?

PHEENIS BREON: Yes?

C-53: How do you rationalize leaving the entire population of Jeknar behind to die?

PHEENIS BREON: How does one rationalize anything?

PHEENIS CARROT: Thank you, that was it!

[mechanical whirring]

C-53: [bewildered] That— wow, really?

[laughter]

PLECK: Just lowered into a cylinder.

FELLOW PHEENIS: Well, our preparations are almost complete. You have no choice but to continue distracting Floyda.

C-53: Why does it— why do we *have* to launch a person—?

PHEENIS CARROT: To answer it, we have doctor—

C-53: No.

PHEENIS CARROT: Philosopher—

C-53: No!

PHEENIS CARROT: Pheenis Breon!

PLECK: [laughing] No!

PHEENIS BREON: Why do we have to do anything?

C-53: Get out of here!

[metallic whirring, laughter]

FELLOW PHEENIS: Lesson complete.

C-53: Why does it have to be a Floyda?

FELLOW PHEENIS: I assure you, that decision is completely logical, for we Pheenises are incapable of decisions guided by emotion.

PLECK: Really?

FELLOW PHEENIS: Love, for example.

C-53: [laughing] That didn't answer my question.

PHEENIS CARROT: We've never been in love before!

PLECK: Pheenises—

PHEENIS CARROT: Even if we really want to tell someone we're in love with them, it's not possible!

FELLOW PHEENIS: It's hard—

DAR: Okay, this is about the two of you.

FELLOW PHEENIS: To express that, you know? Especially if you work together. It's awkward.

DAR: Okay.

PHEENIS CARROT: Even though all you want to do is yell out loud, you're the love of my little life!

FELLOW PHEENIS: And your ears hear it! [tearful] But they know it can't be true.

C-53: Oh, these two...

DAR: I... hate them.

C-53: Yeah, they're awful.

FELLOW PHEENIS: Well, the Floyda drop is imminent. We must leave you.

PLECK: Oh.

FELLOW PHEENIS: Floyda Pleck, Floyda AJ, Floyda Dar—

PLECK: We're— yeah, we're actually— we're actually not Floydas.

FELLOW PHEENIS: Well, have fun.

PHEENIS CARROT: Yeah, have fun.

DAR: Have fun?

C-53: Notice I wasn't included.

PLECK: [indignant] You think you're a Pheenis, C-53?

C-53: Well...

[transition sting]

FLOYDA: Hey, AJ. You have a gun?

AJ: Yeah.

FLOYDA: That's juckin' cool!

AJ: Here's the thing I always say. I say, 'lock and load!' [rifle warms up]

FLOYDA: Oh, I love that!

AJ: Yeah.

FLOYDA: Lock and load!

AJ: Perfect!

FLOYDA: Good, good.

AJ: Hey, take my gun right now.

FLOYDA: Whoa, hold on. I can't take your only gun! It's important to you!

AJ: No, I got a gun up my butt.

FLOYDA: Okay. Great. Give me this one.

AJ: Yeah!

FLOYDA: Hey, look! It's in my mouth!

AJ: [laughing] Be careful.

FLOYDA: [laughing] I will, I will.

DAR: AJ, red alert!

AJ: Red alert! [meaty fart noises] Floyd, this is the— take the gun out of your mouth. [Floyd spits] Yeah, there you go!

C-53: Just good advice in general.

AJ: Keep your head on a swivel, Floyd!

FLOYDA: Lock and load!

AJ: That's it!

DAR: Move towards the exits! Move towards the exits!

AJ: What's up, Dar? What are we doing?

DAR: Moving towards the exits! Red alert!

C-53: Dar, you're panicking.

DAR: Yeah, well, we are also headed towards the Allwheat.

C-53: I'm aware.

DAR: And who's to say they're not just gonna toss in a couple of other dumb-dumbs, huh?

AJ: *Other* dumb-dumbs? What do you mean?

FLOYDA: Yeah. Who's the first dumb-dumb?

[Dar exhales unhappily]

AJ: Floyda and I want some answers. First of all, what's happening?

DAR: Uh-huh.

AJ: Second of all, huh? And third... what's your favorite instrument? In a parade?

DAR: Okay. AJ, uh, Floyda, I think there's something we should tell you.

FLOYDA: Your instrument.

AJ: Yeah. Absolutely.

C-53: Uh, I enjoy a piccolo.

DAR: I love a trombone.

PLECK: Yeah.

FLOYDA: All good answers.

PLECK: I like the morzophone. I always thought it was kinda cool how it kinda wraps around your head a couple times.

AJ: Only the geeks play morzophone.

FLOYDA: He's such a morzophone.

[AJ and Floyda laugh]

DAR: Uh, so Floyda—

FLOYDA: Wuzzup?

DAR: There's really no good way to say this.

AJ: [laughing] Wuzzup?

FLOYDA: Wuzzup?

AJ: Wuzzup?

FLOYDA: Wuzzup, you know?

AJ: Wuzzup!

FLOYDA: Did your planet get those commercials?

C-53: Yeah, we— yes.

[AJ and Floyda go 'wuzzup!' repeatedly]

DAR: Okay, no, sorry. Floyda, Floyda, Floyda. You, you're in danger. The Pheenises want to toss you into the Allwheat.

FLOYDA: What?

C-53: Floyda, they want to use you as some sort of lab gurg.

FLOYDA: Wait. They're gonna... eat me?

C-53: No. No, uh—

AJ: Whoa, whoa, whoa! They're gonna eat Floyda?

PLECK: No.

DAR: No, they're gonna *feed* Floyda to the big loud scary thing.

FLOYDA: [mildly displeased] Oh, what gives?

DAR: Okay! See, that made sense!

C-53: Okay. We got through.

PLECK: Listen, Floyda, you gotta get out of here. We'll help you get off the ship.

DAR: Pleck, don't look her in the eye and make her that kind of promise. We don't even know how *we're* getting off the ship.

FLOYDA: Swear to me. Swear to me you'll get me out of here.

AJ: Floyda, we swear to you, we will get you out of here.

PLECK: Okay, AJ—

FLOYDA: Thank you, AJ.

AJ: And get that gun out of your mouth.

FLOYDA: I like it! [laughing]

AJ: Stop sucking on it.

FLOYDA: So metal-y!

[tinny beeping]

PHEENIS: Excuse me, excuse me! Everyone please gather in the lecture hall! The presentation is about to begin!

PLECK: Presentation?

C-53: Hmm. I may have an idea.

PLECK: Uh...

DAR: [uncertain] 'Kay...

[transition music]

[TED-Talk-esque musical sting]

NARRATOR: The best ideas from our brightest minds. PHEENI-X, a subsidiary of Pheenis Talks.

[beeping]

PHEENIS: [speaking into microphone] Pheenises and Pheenises! Welcome. [distant sound of C-53 approaching] The moment we have been waiting for is— [strangled sound, shoved aside]

C-53: Excuse me. Pheenises, if I may have your attention?

[distant shushing, indistinct chatter from the Pheenises]

PHEENISES: Pheenis here! It's Dr. Pheenis, dammit! I'm a plastic surgeon!

DAR: Ooh, and they're listening!

C-53: They'll listen to someone they consider a—

DAR: Yeah, we get it. We get it. We're a bunch of Floydas in a Pheenis world.

C-53: [talking into microphone] My fellow Pheenises, I'm afraid your plan has one fatal flaw.

PHEENISES: What? We could never have a flaw. We're Pheenises! It's not a flaw if the fatality is planned.

C-53: You cannot kill Floydas. [presses button, video playback begins] For Floydas are extremely intelligent.

FLOYDA RECORDING: I'm Floydas. You can go to the bathroom anywhere.

PHEENISES: That's not possible! She's a Floydas! Prove it!

C-53: Easily done. A simple intelligence test. A question that even a Pheenis couldn't answer.

PHEENISES: I don't know what you're talking about! What could it possibly be? I could answer any question! Unlikely.

C-53 RECORDING: Floydas?

FLOYDA RECORDING: Yeah?

C-53 RECORDING: What is... love?

[thoughtful murmuring]

PHEENISES: [speaking normally] What is love? Baby, don't hurt me.

FLOYDA RECORDING: Oh, that's easy. Love is so many things. It's candy, and the good kind of bubblegum, and chasing a butterfly, and... I don't know. Maybe when you least expect it, you... you meet a muscle-bound parade lover who has the best-tasting gun you've ever sucked on.

[playback ends, Pheenises murmuring]

PHEENISES: My Rodd.

PHEENIS CARROT: Now we understand what love is! I love you!

FELLOW PHEENIS: I love you!

[tinny beeping, spirited applause]

PHEENISES: There's so much Floydas can teach us! That Floydas was a genius! We can't fire Floydas into the Allwheat!

C-53: Yeah, can't you just fire the sensors at the Allwheat?

FELLOW PHEENIS: No, it has to be attached to something. Like, here, let me take it off this dummy shaped like a Floydas that we've been testing it on.

PHEENIS CARROT: Has the same weight and same height.

[laughter]

PHEENISES: Wait a second, wait a second!

FELLOW PHEENIS: What is it, Pheenis?

PHEENISES: All we have to do is put the Floydas-shaped mannequin into the Floydas launcher, and launch that into the Allwheat!

PHEENIS CARROT: Why, Dr. Pheenis Kaniloma! You're correct!

DR. PHEENIS KANILOMA: We don't need to use a living Floydas at all!

PHEENIS CARROT: Where have you been?

DR. PHEENIS KANILOMA: Oh, I was in my lab.

PHEENIS CARROT: Oh!

[transition sting, distant sounds of hectic Pheenis activity]

AJ: Floyda, so you were— you were saying that you're in love with somebody who is into parades and candy and butterflies?

FLOYDA: Yeah.

[beat]

AJ: Well, hope you find 'em. But they probably died, you know, chances are. On Jeknar. Yep. But you know my favorite kind of parade?

FLOYDA: Yeah?

AJ: When they have candy.

FLOYDA: [smitten] You are so right.

AJ: Alright, let's head out!

[laughter]

C-53: AJ, we can't go anywhere until Bargie shows up.

AJ: Oh, okay, okay.

C-53: We're waiting for—

BARGIE: Oh, no, I'm here.

PLECK: Whoa—

DAR: Bargie!

PLECK: Bargie, Bargie—

AJ: Whoa!

BARGIE: I never left!

PLECK: Bargie, you've been here the whole time?

BARGIE: Yeah. I just wasn't pulling focus.

AJ: Wait! But we literally did this whole, like, thing because we were afraid we couldn't get off the ship!

BARGIE: Yeah. And then if I got involved, it would've gotten worse. Then it would've been viral, and I just— you know, I'm in the early stages of my development career, and I don't want anything— I deleted *all* of my [pronounced like the first half of 'social'] soc, by the way.

C-53: Wow. Strangely enough, Bargie's right. If we had just taken Floyda off the ship, these Pheenises would never have learned how to love.

PLECK: Hmm. Yeah, that's true.

[tinny beeping, disgusting noises of Pheenises making out]

PLECK: Ugh. Wow. Gross.

C-53: Ugh, Rodd.

PLECK: Can you guys just get a lab?

[loud slurping and beeping]

PLECK: Find a lab, guys. Okay.

C-53: Okay. Floyda, are you gonna be okay on this ship?

FLOYDA: Uh...

PLECK: Floyda, I think you should come with— what if they change their minds?

PHEENIS: Hello. Floyda, would you like some... gum?

[beat]

FLOYDA: I think I'm gonna be just fine, guys.

[laughter]

BARGIE: I'm doing another hatch-to-hatch. Uh, we're dating now.

AJ: [laughing] What?

TORNACIOUS ELEVEN: Yes.

C-53: You and Tornacious Eleven?

BARGIE: Mm-hmm!

TORNACIOUS ELEVEN: That's me!

BARGIE: Looks like we got a lot in common. I don't like to talk anymore, they don't like to talk anymore.

TORNACIOUS ELEVEN: We just silently juck.

[laughter]

AJ: Whoa, what?

C-53: That's—

AJ: [bewildered] Wait, that's— wait, *that's* what a hatch-to-hatch is? I thought it was just a weird docking protocol!

TORNACIOUS ELEVEN: Nope!

PLECK: No, no, no. It's— it's sexier than that.

TORNACIOUS ELEVEN: Mm-hmm!

[transition music]

DAR: Wow. I led a [snaps fingers on each syllable] successful mission!

PLECK: Nice work, captain!

C-53: Yeah, Dar, you should be proud.

AJ: Way to go, Captain Dar.

DAR: Hey, AJ? Break out those cigars.

AJ: No, they're just for when I do my Bargie impression. [lighter flicks, incoherent Bargie noises]

BARGIE: Alright, you know what? Here's the thing. People who don't pull focus, they disappear. Nobody remembers them.

AJ: [confused, whispering to himself] What?

BARGIE: And I wanna be remembered!

C-53: No one is gonna forget you.

BARGIE: [loudly] I wanna be remembered, and in order to do that, [even louder, microphone feedback] you need to be very loud!

PLECK: Oh boy.

AJ: Bargie, we're literally in you. We— we remember that—

C-53: We can't forget you.

BARGIE: Anyway, I am *back* on [first syllables of 'social media'] soc meds, and I said something very controversial!

PLECK: Oh yeah?

DAR: How controversial?

BARGIE: Just take a look!

[electronic ding]

AJ: [reading aloud] Floyda should have died?

C-53: Wow.

PLECK: Bargie! Why would you post something like that?

BARGIE: [extremely loud microphone feedback] *I am back!*

[pained noises from the crew]

DAR: Okay, Bargie, Bargie— can you turn it down? The—

BARGIE: [even louder] The techno music? No!

[loud techno music plays]

DAR: Oh.

AJ: We meant your voice! It's really loud!

C-53: It's coming through hot.

BARGIE: Anyway, continue talking about whatever it is you talk about.

[music stops, distant klaxon]

BARGIE: I'm gonna... there's a fire in my back, hold on.

PLECK: Oh, wow. Yikes.

BARGIE: I spoke way too loudly.

[laughter]

C-53: Should we ring up Nermut?

PLECK: I mean—

DAR: Yeah.

PLECK: Sure.

DAR: I cannot wait to tell Nermut what a great job we did.

PLECK: Yeah!

AJ: Yeah. Maybe you guys will get back together.

[beat]

PLECK: What?

DAR: Oh...

C-53: Oh, uh, AJ, that's—

AJ: What? Did I—

[transmission starts]

C-53: Sort of neither here nor there.

NERMUT: Hey, guys. Congratulations on the mission. Congratulations, captain. So just send that victorious footage on over so we can—

[Dar makes celebratory noises, immediately stops and makes unhappy noises instead]

C-53: Um...

DAR: Hoo.

AJ: Huh? What do you mean?

NERMUT: We needed the kind of grin-and-grab footage of the rescue for a promo reel for Seesu's plan.

[everyone goes 'uh...']

C-53: Uh, I don't know if it was the kind of rescue where you do that photo.

PLECK: It was more the kind of a rescue where you— you know, you lay the groundwork for a caste system to be peacefully disassembled.

[Nermut makes an unhappy noise]

AJ: Are we— are we gonna tell him that we forgot, or what?

C-53: And, and we did make a couple dozen people respect the power of love!

DAR: Yes!

C-53: So that's—

AJ: Yeah.

PLECK: I mean, you can't capture that in a— [with C-53] in a photo.

C-53: Yeah.

NERMUT: That's great. I'm gonna mark this as a failure.

C-53: No, no, no—

DAR: Wait, no! No, no, no!

C-53: It's not a failure!

PLECK: It was a successful mission, Nermut! We saved the Jeknai population!

AJ: Yeah! And Floyd got gum!

NERMUT: Listen—

BARGIE: Hey! I did hatch-to-hatch!

NERMUT: Um...

AJ: Yeah, Bargie did a hatch-to-hatch! How's this mission not a success?

NERMUT: Guys, I'm proud of you for all of that.

BARGIE: It was a very good hatch-to-hatch.

DAR: It was a deep connection.

BARGIE: Oh!

AJ: Huh?

BARGIE: I have footage of *that!*

PLECK: Yeah, I think that's not—

[laughter]

C-53: Yeah, can you— can you use that, Nermut?

NERMUT: I'm so sorry. In our hearts, this can be a victory! Just on the paperwork, and according to Seesu, it's gonna be a failure.

PLECK: Don't— Nermut, no, no—

DAR: He's pushing the button! He's pushing the button!

[the crew shouts 'no!' and 'don't!']

[button press, a high-pitched voice says 'failure!' in a singsong voice]

C-53: Oh, you had time to make that, huh?

PLECK: [resigned] Nermut, we'll see you later.

NERMUT: Alright.

[transmission ends]

PLECK: [sighs irritably] You know, guys, uh, I felt like that was a pretty big adventure we just went on. But, uh, you know, failed mission. Sort of feels like there weren't a whole lot of ramifications to this one, you know?

C-53: It's not always about the ramifications.

PLECK: Eh, I guess that's true.

[eerie audio distortion, Pleck makes a startled noise]

[distant voices say 'Pleck Decksetter' in unison, audio distortion cuts out abruptly]

PLECK: [alarmed] What? What was that?

DAR: Uh...

PLECK: You guys didn't hear that?

C-53: Hear what?

DAR: No, what are you talking about?

[beat]

PLECK: [whispered] Juck.

[outro music]

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DAR: Uh, so, Floyda.

FLOYDA: Wuzzup?

[laughter]

DAR: There's really no good way to say this.

FLOYDA: Wuzzup?

AJ: Wuzzup?

FLOYDA: You know? [laughing] You guys— did your planet get those commercials?

[laughter]

ALDEN: We *have* established that that's how people—

WINSTON: Oh, you *have* done a wuzzup!

ALDEN: Oh, yeah, yeah. Exactly.

WINSTON: I think that's great.

AJ: Wuzzup!

FLOYDA: Wuzzup!

JEREMY: You gotta give me a wuzzup.

DAR: Okay, so—

FLOYDA: You guys got those too, right?

C-53: Yeah, we—

FLOYDA & AJ: Wuzzup!

DAR: Wuzzup!

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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 and Pheenises

Winston Noel as AJ

Moujan Zolfaghari as Bargie and Pheenises

With special guest Clara Morris as Floyda

Recording, sound design and mix by Shane O'Connell

Edited by Seth Lind

Music composed by Brendan Ryan, and recorded by FAMES Macedonian Symphonic Orchestra

Additional recordings by listener Brian Gallion and the Chimes Street Brass Quintet from Baton Rouge, Louisiana

Opening crawl narration by Jeremy Crutchley

Ship design for The Bargarean Jade by Eric Geusz

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