

[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 a flaming portal to a dimension of shit. 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]

DAR & PLECK: [in unison] Hey, C-53?

PLECK: Oh—

C-53: Oh boy.

DAR: Uh—

PLECK: Dar, you know, actually Dar, you—

DAR: No—

PLECK: No, you're the captain, you should be able to—

DAR: No, no, no. I don't— I don't feel like I—

PLECK: No, no, no, Dar, please. I insist.

DAR: No. [in unison with Pleck] Hey, C-53—

PLECK: No, see, Dar, I told you—

DAR: No, no, I— I know, and, and, and then I thought I was being gracious, because I wanted to be gracious—

PLECK: No, I promise. I swear to you, I will not—

BARGIE: Hey, C-53?

C-53: Uh, yes, Bargie?

BARGIE: Nah, I just wanted to interrupt.

C-53: Uh, why don't I take Dar's question first. What's going on?

DAR: I was just curious. Do we know what the dress code is?

C-53: The invitation has the dress code listed as 'taupe only'. [Pleck goes 'whoa'] So whatever you want to do with that, Dar, I think is up to you.

PLECK: I'm not sure I even know what that means.

C-53: Sort of an off-white.

DAR: Okay. I just— I want to make a good impression.

C-53: Well, naturally.

DAR: Now, uh, that being said, [fabric rustling] do we think I can pull off this hat?

[beat]

C-53: Do you want my opinion from a cultural perspective, or on a personal level?

DAR: [smacks lips thoughtfully] I want you to treat me like I have feelings.

C-53: Uh, then, sure. It's great.

DAR: Thank you. That's what I needed to hear.

BARGIE: I gotta say something. I'm real excited about this party we got invited to. I'm very good at parties!

PLECK: Yeah, I noticed the bar is all stocked. The cooler's full of ice.

BARGIE: Yeah, in case there's any overflow. There's always the ships— while you guys do whatever it is you do, the ships, we always have fun.

PLECK: Really?

C-53: Yeah, there's sort of a second party for the ships, right, Barge?

BARGIE: Oh wow. So many memories of all the different parties I've had inside of me, outside of me, in other ships.

C-53: Well, is it fair to say that sometimes the ship party is the better party?

BARGIE: [solemn] Sometimes it can go horribly wrong.

PLECK: Oh wow.

C-53: Oh dear. I'm so sorry.

AJ: Whoa, like how?

C-53: AJ, I don't know if she wants to talk about this.

AJ: I sounds like it. I mean, she's kinda trailing off, so I think she wants to.

C-53: Well, that's usually a sign they *don't* want to talk about it.

PLECK: Bargie, you know, Jim Jimnarar died aboard the Bargarean Jade. Was that because something went wrong, or because something went—

C-53: Too right?

BARGIE: Well, let's see a clip.

[playback begins, piano music, general noises of partying]

PARTYGOER: Hey, Jim! Catch this, uh, tumbler!

JIM: Alright. Oh, is it full of flammable liquid?

PARTYGOER: Hell yeah!

JIM: Alright!

[tumbler flies, flame whooshes, Jim screams]

PARTYGOER: Technically, he caught it!

[playback ends]

BARGIE: So yeah, that was actually a *very* good party.

C-53: Also, in an interview years before, that's exactly how Jim Jimnarar described how he wanted to die.

BARGIE: Let's see a clip!

[playback begins]

INTERVIEWER: So Jim, really, for real?

JIM: Yeah, baby. Throw a flammable liquid on me and watch me burn! That's how I wanna go.

[playback ends]

PLECK: I thought that was sort of a metaphor, but.

C-53: No, I think it was quite literal.

AJ: Hey, I got a question.

C-53: Yeah?

AJ: So, um, lizard's gonna be at the party, and um—

C-53: Nermut.

AJ: Yeah, right. And uh, Seesu. So...

PLECK: Yeah, Seesu's gonna be there.

C-53: I mean, she's sort of the only reason we're going at all.

AJ: Is there gonna be dancing?

PLECK: Uh, yeah. I mean, you know, it's a formal engagement. I—

C-53: Technically the classification would be *demi*-formal. Taupe-only falls under the demi-formal category.

PLECK: Oh, thank you, C-53. That's very informative.

AJ: [tentative] I've never been to a dance before. Uh, I've— I had training where we were supposed to infiltrate a dance and then, like, find the most prominent person and assassinate them, but—

PLECK: Uh—

C-53: Don't do that.

AJ: There were no dances.

PLECK: Well, but AJ, as part of your training, you *learned* to dance. You took dance classes. That's part of your conditioning, right?

AJ: No, it's not. No, I never *danced*. It was all tactical footwork.

C-53: Okay, but what— name some of the tactical footwork.

AJ: Flap-ball change, step-ball change.

C-53: Okay.

AJ: Shuffling to Bathkazar.

DAR: [happily surprised] Oh yeah! I forgot you and I both know how to tap dance!

AJ: [annoyed] It's not tap dancing! It's tactical footwork!

DAR: Let's see a little shuffle off to Bathkazar.

[loud tapping, rhythmic chanting and noises of exertion as AJ and Dar dance]

PLECK: Wait, Dar, AJ, how did you— you just synchronized your moves exactly.

AJ: Right, well, yeah. That's part of it. That's part of the tactical footwork. Also, I have—

DAR: We're classically trained.

AJ: Yes. Also, you know, I have to keep my hands up like this.

PLECK: Oh. Yeah.

AJ: Wave 'em back and forth, fingers out as far as they'll go. Block any fists—

DAR: Now time step!

[more tapping, heavy breathing]

PLECK: AJ, do you have, like, taupe armor to wear, or something?

AJ: Oh yeah, I do. No problem.

[electronic fizzing noise]

PLECK: Whoa!

AJ: Desert camo! Hah!

[AJ running around, energetic whooshing]

PLECK: Whoa, you can control the color of your armor on your wrist?

AJ: Oh yeah.

PLECK: Wow. What other colors can you do?

AJ: Papa, I've got gamma you haven't even seen yet.

PLECK: Uh, yeah. Clearly.

AJ: 'Cause it would— I would— you couldn't see me, 'cause of the gamma.

PLECK: Yeah, that's a good point.

AJ: C's got that loader droid, which has a blue collar, so.

C-53: Hmm. Yeah, this may not be suitable for a demi-formal event. I'll find some paint.

DAR: I have another hat, if you'd like to wear it.

C-53: [modest chuckle] No thanks.

DAR: Wait, but— but C, you— you told me earlier that you liked my hat, and I have another one.

C-53: I think maybe that hat is just not for me.

DAR: I just think it would be really, really fun if we matched!

C-53: [skeptical] Sure. That's a fun idea.

DAR: Yeah! Here you are.

C-53: Okay. I'll just put this over here. Um, Pleck, you're not wearing *that* to the party, are you?

PLECK: Uh...

DAR: Because it would be a gross embarrassment to the entire crew if you did.

AJ: Yeah, Papa, come on.

PLECK: Well, listen. I know I'm supposed to wear taupe, but like, I'm a Zima knight. I have to wear, you know—

BARGIE: Incoming box of pants!

[loud thud]

PLECK: Okay.

BARGIE: Again, these are my box of pants that I have.

PLECK: Okay. [fabric rustling] Bargie, do you have a box of shirts, or—

BARGIE: Nope!

PLECK: Blazers?

BARGIE: Just pants.

PLECK: Okay.

AJ: You could probably fashion a shirt out of pants.

BARGIE: As for tonight, I will be wearing a *demi-revealing* outfit.

[everyone goes 'ooh, Bargie!', distant clunk]

PLECK: What was that clunk?

C-53: [appreciative] Ooh, the exterior blast shielding has detached! Wow, Barge! Risque!

BARGIE: Thank you!

PLECK: We need that later, I think.

BARGIE: Eh, I'll get it back. But for now...

[distant hiss]

AJ: Was that the oxygen tank?

BARGIE: Just showing off my assets tonight!

PLECK: Okay. Well, Bargie, I'm sure it looks really great. All I'm seeing is just that part of your hatch is now floating next to us.

BARGIE: Oh yeah!

[incoming transmission noise]

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

DAR: Oh! Okay, before we answer, put on the hat! [fabric rustling] Okay.

C-53: Ah. I'm just gonna take that back off.

[transmission-start noise]

DAR: Hey, Nermut!

NERMUT: Oh, hey.

AJ: Lizard!

NERMUT: Hi! Whoa, looking mostly good!

PLECK: Hey, Nermut.

DAR: Oh, yeah, Nermut, don't worry. Pleck's gonna change.

PLECK: Uh, or, or, I could be just the Zima who's there. Zimas don't, uh, change what they wear based on other—

NERMUT: *Taupe.*

PLECK: Okay. [fabric tearing] Guess I'll rip a hole in the crotch of these pants and use that as a shirt.

AJ: Yeah!

C-53: Yeah, there you go. Now it's sort of a—

PLECK: My head will go through—

DAR: Oh yeah. That'll look real good.



PLECK: My head will go through the middle, and—

NERMUT: Emphasis on the demi.

PLECK: You think anybody's gonna have a problem with the fact that my eyepatch is black? Should I just go patchless for this one, or—?

[fabric rustling, everyone makes disgusted noises]

AJ: Rodd dammit.

DAR: Whoa, whoa! [horrified laughter] Wow!

C-53: You're gonna go *free socket* at the party?

NERMUT: No. I'd risk the patch.

PLECK: Okay. Alright.

BARGIE: I have some tiny pants!

[tiny pants hit the floor]

PLECK: Wait, I'm gonna use these tiny pants to cover my eye?

C-53: Yeah, here. Just tie this tiny pair of pants around your head. [fabric rustling] Yeah, there you go. That's sort of doing it.

NERMUT: Yeah. Looks jucked up.

AJ: We look great.

NERMUT: Crew, are we ready to go on a mission, not just with the normal attendees, but with *Seesu Gundu herself*?

AJ: [rifle warms up] Yes! Let's do this!

[AJ running around, dry-firing noises]

C-53: AJ. Wow.

PLECK: AJ's very excited.

DAR: Okay, there's no need to fire off your guns.

AJ: Woo!

DAR: Okay, we get it. You're excited.

NERMUT: Geez! Wow.

PLECK: Listen, Nermut, I'm excited about this party. But, um, can you remind me exactly what we're doing there? I mean, I feel like we're a *crew*, you know? We have to—

NERMUT: Well, in this case you're an entourage.

C-53: Oh, so we're sort of there to make Seesu look more important at this party.

NERMUT: Absolutely.

C-53: Okay.

NERMUT: I mean, Seesu can't go in *alone*.

AJ: She could if she wanted to. She's got it all.

NERMUT: Right. Seesu needs to roll deep. And that's us!

DAR: [walking away] Nermut, you are so right. This requires a much bigger hat.

[door opens]

NERMUT: Oh.

C-53: [deadpan] Mm, yes. That's the issue.

AJ: Uh...

NERMUT: [uncertain] Yeah.

DAR: And don't worry, I have one of these for everyone!

AJ: [weakly] Mm. Good.

DAR: The garfon plumage is honestly my favorite part!

[AJ makes uncertain noises]

C-53: [toneless, unenthused] Yes, garfon plumage on a hat. What fun.

NERMUT: An endorsement from the statespeople of Mansch— where Mansch goes, the galaxy follows!

C-53: Mm. Yeah, famously.

AJ: Wait, so the planet is going somewhere?

C-53: No, no, AJ—

AJ: And all the other planets—

C-53: Mansch is sort of the bellwether of where the galaxy is headed ideologically.

AJ: Okay, yeah. Well, I definitely know what a bellwether is, so.

C-53: Yeah, I probably shouldn't have used that word.

NERMUT: Attending this party as the crew representative of Seesu Gundu's power, organization, smarts, pizzazz—

PLECK: Pizzazz?

AJ: She's got pizzazz.

NERMUT: Yeah.

AJ: She's got a lot of pizzazz.

PLECK: Alright.

NERMUT: Will set us on the course to galactic unification.

AJ: Let's do this! Let's go to this dance!

NERMUT: How do I— guys, how do I look? Is this—

PLECK: I gotta say, Nermut, that little suit is—

C-53: Yeah, Nermut, tailored very well to your frame.

NERMUT: Thank you! And guys, look underneath my sport coat here. You always gotta have the— [abrupt falsetto] zaggi boys! [sings a little musical sting]

C-53: [over-enunciated, unreadable] Wow.

NERMUT: This is a taupe floral!

PLECK: It's all taupe. Taupe flowers on a taupe background.

AJ: I hate it. Can we say that?

[laughter, transition music]

GREETER: Line up for outfit check!

DAR: Oh.

C-53: Oh boy.

AJ: Whoa, there's an actual—

C-53: Very strict.

GREETER: Okay, yes, that is taupe.

NERMUT: Thank you.

GREETER: Thank you. That is taupe.

SEESU: I know. Thank you.

GREETER: That is taupe.

AJ: It's desert, but sure.

GREETER: Thank you. Yes. That is taupe.

C-53: Thank you, yes. I found a paint that matched.

GREETER: That is taupe, thank— and you?

PLECK: Mm-hmm!

GREETER: [scanning noises] Uh, interesting design. Very fashion forward...

PLECK: Thank you!

GREETER: Very demi!

PLECK: Oh! Yeah!

GREETER: Wow. What is your name?

PLECK: Uh, Pleck. Pleck Decksetter.

GREETER: [shouting into microphone] Pleck Decksetter has won costume of the evening!

[pleased noises from the crew, scattered applause]

PLECK: Wow, that was very quick!

[emphatic applause]

PLECK: Wow! Hi, hello.

NERMUT: Whoa. I had money on you getting last.

DAR: Wow.

C-53: I wasn't a hundred percent sure you were gonna be allowed in.

DAR: I also can't believe that the hat didn't... push me over the edge.

GREETER: As a reward, he will be giving the dance of the night!

[more applause]

PLECK: The dance of the night?

[Greeter laughs distantly, dismayed noises from the crew]

PLECK: Well, I guess—

DAR: Oh, you are so lucky.

AJ: You lucky dog.

DAR: You get the solo!

NERMUT: Alright, everyone. Get in a triangle formation behind Ms. Gundu, and we're going in.

[door opens, chill synth beat plays]

ANNOUNCER: Now entering: Seesu Gundu.

[distant cheering]

SEESU: [interacting with various nobodies] Thank you, hi. Yes. Oh! So good to see you! You look amazing! Jeffrey! [laughs genially] Your wife! Oh, Samanthor! You look great! Bradley! Look at you in that cute face!

PLECK: Seesu's very good at connecting and networking.

SEESU: I'm sorry about your children.

NERMUT: I've never seen hands more gladded.

AJ: This place is really nice. Did anyone notice there are all these, like, camera-bots kind of—?

C-53: Lot of camera-bots.

DAR: Yeah, lot of camera-bots.

NERMUT: Probably security or something.

TREY-STA'GRAMN: Seesu! Girlfriend, thank you so much for coming! [gasp] You look gorgeous.

SEESU: Trey-Sta'gramn, Trey-Sta'gramn!

TREY-STA'GRAMN: You look gorgeous!

SEESU: Thank you! I have been living in an ice planet, so.

TREY-STA'GRAMN: Your skin looks great.

SEESU: Thank you. No pores!

TREY-STA'GRAMN: No pores?!

SEESU: See? Go in, go in.

TREY-STA'GRAMN: I'm going in.

SEESU: Go in, do you see any?

TREY-STA'GRAMN: None!

SEESU: None.

TREY-STA'GRAMN: Good for you!

SEESU: Thank you. Thank you for the invite.

TREY-STA'GRAMN: Thanks for coming, this means so much. Thanks for bringing all your little friends, too.

SEESU: Of course!

TREY-STA'GRAMN: [cork pops, liquid glugging] Have you been to Mansch before? Is this your first time?

SEESU: I used to summer here with he who would not be named. You know who I'm talking about.

TREY-STA'GRAMN: [laughing] Oh, drama!

SEESU: ['you know how it is' laugh] Yeah.

TREY-STA'GRAMN: [light chuckle] Can you name him, though?

SEESU: No.

TREY-STA'GRAMN: Okay.

SEESU: I'm all about building bridges and moving forward.

TREY-STA'GRAMN: You know, that's a really admirable thing.

SEESU: Thank you.

TREY-STA'GRAMN: I'm the opposite. I sort of like tearing people down.

SEESU: Aww! Well, I'm gonna go around and schmoozy-boozy!

TREY-STA'GRAMN: Okay.

SEESU: But here's my crew.

TREY-STA'GRAMN: Oh, hi!

SEESU: Let them be *your* crew for the night.

TREY-STA'GRAMN: [ecstatic] Oh, I was wondering who won dance of the evening! Oh, welcome!

PLECK: Hello!

AJ: Hi!

C-53: Oh.

TREY-STA'GRAMN: Oh, thank you for coming. Thank you so much for coming.

AJ: Yeah.

TREY-STA'GRAMN: I'm glad you could— oh, look at your pant outfit! How fun is that?

PLECK: Well, you know, I just thought I'd go for it, you know?

TREY-STA'GRAMN: Ooh! And your little hat! Okay!

DAR: Sometimes I say the hat is wearing me. [little chuckle]

TREY-STA'GRAMN: Okay! I say that too! [laughing]

DAR: Oh yeah.

SEESU: Alright! Have fun, crew! Don't ruin this for me! [laughing as she walks away]

[crew laughs nervously]

TREY-STA'GRAMN: Don't go in the pool, it's not heated! [chuckles, sips drink]

PLECK: Uh, Trey-Sta'gramn, this is your house?

TREY-STA'GRAMN: Oh, well, it's mine and my husband's. [blows raspberry, laughs dismissively]

PLECK: Oh, sure. That makes sense. Right. Well, it is—

TREY-STA'GRAMN: But I do live here, yes.



PLECK: It is beautiful.

TREY-STA'GRAMN: Thank you so much! Oh, [smacks lips] I know you're all fans, we can just put that to the side. You've all seen our show, I know.

PLECK: Uh...

C-53: Uh, yes. Yeah.

TREY-STA'GRAMN: Right!

AJ: Uh, wait, no. No, what show?

NERMUT: [whispering] AJ, just play—

TREY-STA'GRAMN: Oh, I love how coy you're being. Uh, *The Real Househusbands of Mansch*.

PLECK: Sure.

AJ: What's *The Househusbands of Mansch*?

TREY-STA'GRAMN: So it's a reality show, uh, unscripted television, essentially. The show just follows the rich and fabulous of Mansch, and what we do, and the parties, and—

AJ: So it's just parties, or—?

TREY-STA'GRAMN: Yeah, kind of!

AJ: Oh, okay.

TREY-STA'GRAMN: And we do yoga, and we fight, and, you know, everything.

AJ: Oh, you fight?

TREY-STA'GRAMN: Yeah.

AJ: You like, kill each other, or?

TREY-STA'GRAMN: Mm, we have.

C-53: Yeah, just watched a few seasons in the last few seconds, and... season four got particularly bloody.

AJ: Nice.

TREY-STA'GRAMN: Oh, I love a fan!

C-53: Oh.

TREY-STA'GRAMN: Oh, I like that hat you're wearing, by the way.

C-53: Uh... thank you. Yeah.

TREY-STA'GRAMN: Sure!

DAR: [forcefully, vindicated] *Thank* you! Thank you for saying so. I really think they mean it.

C-53: Sort of forced onto my head. But thank you. Appreciate it.

DAR: [making excuses] Listen, C-53, I had no idea that the paint was going to dry with the hat.

C-53: Yeah, I can't remove it.

DAR: [lying] Exactly. I had no idea this could happen!

TREY-STA'GRAMN: It's a look! Lean into it, hon!

C-53: Okay, that's fair.

TREY-STA'GRAMN: Lean in! So I know you all noticed the cameras. We *are* filming the season finale today. [everyone goes 'whoa!'] I know, I know!

CONTRACT-BOT: Please sign these contracts. Please sign these contracts.

NERMUT: Absolutely.

CONTRACT-BOT: I am a contract-bot. [dot-matrix printer noises] Please sign these contracts. Please sign these contracts.

PLECK: Okay.

[pens scribbling]

DAR: Hey, Pleck?

PLECK: Uh, yeah? What is it, Dar?

DAR: Since you're gonna be filmed tonight, uh, you know, doing a solo dance, you and I should, uh, maybe sneak off here so I can give you a few pointers.

PLECK: Okay. Yeah. See if we can find a room in this mansion that is, uh, empty.

DAR: Unoccupied, and also has *great* floors.

PLECK: Sure.

TREY-STA'GRAMN: Most of our rooms have great floors.

DAR: Is there a *mirrored* room with great floors?

TREY-STA'GRAMN: Oh, there's plenty of mirrored rooms. Just go upstairs, pick a room.

PLECK: [walking away, increasingly distant] Oh, thank you. Thank you!

C-53: So, uh, Trey-Sta'gramn. How's this season going for you?

TREY-STA'GRAMN: Not great, honestly.

C-53: Oh, I'm so sorry.

TREY-STA'GRAMN: It's sort of all about the drama, and I haven't had much, you know? I had, uh, some health issues that sort of—

NERMUT: [dismayed, sympathetic] Oh, Trey-Sta'gramn!

C-53: Sorry to hear that.

TREY-STA'GRAMN: Soured my— no, I'm fine now. But one of my hands fell off, and—

NERMUT: And you're— you're kind of like— your lips are swollen. Is that part of it?

TREY-STA'GRAMN: No, that's on purpose. That's a beauty thing I did on purpose..

NERMUT: Oh! Alright.

TREY-STA'GRAMN: That's not an accident. That's a thing I chose to do.

NERMUT: Okay.

AJ: So you don't have enough drama? Is that—?

TREY-STA'GRAMN: [cork pops, liquid glugging] That's the deal. Um, with my hand issue, uh, it sort of soured my storyline. So I wanted to invite some, like, intergalactic fun people to come sort of spice it up.

NERMUT: When do they get here?

TREY-STA'GRAMN: No, it's you!

C-53: Trey-Sta'gramn, you're too kind. If anything, we're *intragalactic* fun people.

TREY-STA'GRAMN: So if y'all could just help me out. I'm trying to inject some drama into this finale here, so.

NITORSH: Trey-Sta'gramn! It's me, Nitorsh!

TREY-STA'GRAMN: Nitorsh! I'm talking to this intergalactic crew!

C-53: [muttering to himself] *Intragalactic*.

NITORSH: I'm realizing we're both wearing *the same* dress! You knew I would be wearing this!

NERMUT: [whispering] AJ, this might be drama!

AJ: Is it?

NITORSH: And I just wanted to say, you look *incredible!* I'm so glad we could put all of our past things behind us and just be very pleasant, no-drama friends.

C-53: [whispering] No, no, this is a nightmare.

NERMUT: Juck.

NITORSH: Let's watch movies together and not talk about it!

TREY-STA'GRAMN: Let's get drunk and throw drinks at each other, I'm saying! Do you know what I mean?

NITORSH: No...

NERMUT: Oh no. Trey-Sta'gramn, I'm so sorry. That was—

C-53: That seemed like a perfect opportunity for some drama!

TREY-STA'GRAMN: I know!

NERMUT: Smooth-sailing convo.

TREY-STA'GRAMN: I have this, like, energy about me that people just want to relax. And that's, like, not— it's really antithetical to the drama of the show!

C-53: Yeah. Hmm. We can help with this.

AJ: I have a gun. Do you want me to, like, shoot somebody?

TREY-STA'GRAMN: Sure! Wouldn't that be a scream?

[rifle warming up]

C-53: Whoa. Uh—

TREY-STA'GRAMN: Oh, that'd be great! But make sure I'm, like, with you. Go for it!

C-53: Uh, no, no, no. Uh, listen, as the diplomatic relations droid here, we can't open fire in a party. *However*, if you wanted to *slap* somebody...

[Trey-Sta'gramn gasps]

NERMUT: Oh yeah!

AJ: Yeah!

TREY-STA'GRAMN'S MOTHER: Hello, Trey-Sta'gramn! My sweet boy! It is your mama. So good to see you!

NERMUT: [gasps] Perfect.

TREY-STA'GRAMN: Slap her!

AJ: Slap your mom?

TREY-STA'GRAMN: Yeah!

AJ: Okay.

TREY-STA'GRAMN: Slap her!

AJ: Alright.

TREY-STA'GRAMN: You saw the giant dress she wore to my party. It's *my* party! I should be the star of my party!

C-53: Culturally, slaps are considered risqué, but acceptable at most demi-formal functions.

AJ: Uh, I'll warn you, I'm incredibly strong. So this will... hurt her.

TREY-STA'GRAMN: She's had a lot of facial work, so her face really doesn't have much feeling left. Right.

AJ: [walking over, somewhat awkward] Hello.

TREY-STA'GRAMN'S MOTHER: Hi!

AJ: Are you Trey-Sta'gramn's mom?

TREY-STA'GRAMN'S MOTHER: I am.

AJ: Um... this is for the dress!

[forceful slap, Trey-Sta'gramn's mother yells as she flies across the room, loud impact noise]

C-53: [laughing] Wow!

TREY-STA'GRAMN: How dare you smack my mother!

AJ: Wait, what? You wanted me to—

TREY-STA'GRAMN: How dare you! In my own house!

MISCELLANEOUS PARTYGOERS: Someone slapped the mother! Someone slapped the mother! Someone slapped the mother!

TREY-STA'GRAMN: Who do you think you are?!

AJ: Wait, I thought I—

C-53: Trey-Sta'gramn's mother at *his own party*?

TREY-STA'GRAMN: In my party!

AJ: [completely lost] What? I thought—

TREY-STA'GRAMN: I can't believe the disrespect!

AJ: I thought that's what you wanted me to do!

PARTYGOER: You can't trust a clone.

AJ: Whoa, whoa! Hey, wait— what?

NERMUT: [whispering] AJ, that was perfect!

TREY-STA'GRAMN: That was great, thank you so much. That was so good.

AJ: [almost crying] Why is everyone yelling at me?

NERMUT: [laughing] AJ, you're gonna have to learn nuance in order to understand what's going on.

[AJ makes a distressed noise]

TREY-STA'GRAMN: I think my mom is out cold, though. I mean, you really hit her hard.

TREY-STA'GRAMN'S MOTHER: [distant] I'm up! Whoa! I'm fine. No drama here. No drama. [everyone groans] Continue. Continue the party!

AJ: [distressed noises] No! What about the dress?!

[loud impact]

C-53: No! Don't slap her again! [laughing] AJ...

[transition music, footsteps]

PLECK: Dar, surely there's an empty room up here somewhere.

DAR: Okay, okay. Uh, let's just try this.

[door opens, reality-TV bass beat plays]

ARGUING ROBOTS: How dare you. No, how dare me! Oh, how dare you! Dare me, dare me, I'll do it! No, dare me! No, I dare you to dare me. How dare we. You wanna buy my jewelry? Yes.

DAR: Okay, closing that door.

PLECK: Alright.

[door closes, another door opens]

ANGRY GUY: I know that your species has seven fingers, but get them out of my face!

[door closes]

DAR: I swear, there is a cast member behind every door up here!

PLECK: Yeah. I mean, there's camera-bots everywhere. We're in full production, I think, up here.

[door opens]

CONTESTANTS: I didn't come here to make friends! I didn't come here to make friends. I didn't come here to make friends...

[door closes, Pleck grunts unhappily]

DAR: Pleck, I—

[door opens, tense music]

HOST: And the final pizlak goes to... Stephanor.

STEPHANOR: [running forward] No! No!

[sounds of violence]

HOST: No, please—

STEPHANOR: No!

HOST: I wanna live!

[door closes]

PLECK: I think there's a different reality show being filmed in that room.

[door opens, tranquil noises]

PLECK: Wow, look at this room!

DAR: Ooh! Yeah! It's some sort of lanai.



[small animal peeping]

GRUFF CUSTODIAN: Just killin' a mouse.

[loud lawnmower noises]

PLECK: Oh no!

DAR: [laughing] Oh no!

GRUFF CUSTODIAN: I'm the custodian.

DAR: That went *right* into that lawnmower.

[door closes]

PLECK: Oh man.

DAR: Alright. [sighs]

PLECK: Alright, one last shot.

[door opens, brief jingle]

AI VOICE: Welcome to the room of mirrors.

PLECK: Oh!

DAR: I mean, this is what we were looking for.

PLECK: Yeah, yeah. Okay, alright.

AI VOICE: There's no drama here. Only yourself.

PLECK: Only the drama you bring with you.

DAR: Yeah, I guess so. That was really well-put. That was so catchy. It was like a... a catchphrase that you just said.

AI VOICE: Any issues you've had dwelling inside of you will come out, but there's no drama here.

DAR: Okay, clap off. [claps]

PLECK: Alright, Dar, I'm ready. Tell me what I should do.

DAR: [sighs] You're not ready yet, but you will be. [sound of a tape deck being loaded] What's your rhythm like? Let's just see those hips swivel, okay? Come on, show me.

PLECK: My hips?

[hip-hop beat plays]

DAR: Show me your natural movement.

PLECK: Okay. Alright. Like this? [light-hearted scatting noises one makes while dancing badly]

DAR: Just let it all out. Wait, I'm sorry, Pleck, that's what you think dancing is?

PLECK: Sort of. [more scatting] Doot-da-deedly-do—

DAR: What? You're not moving your arms.

PLECK: Yeah! It's more of, like, a knees thing for me? [more scatting]

DAR: But you're just pumping your knees up and down like you're marching in place.

PLECK: Yeah!

DAR: You gotta loosen up. You're so tense!

[fabric rustling]

PLECK: Oh, wow.

DAR: You're so tense. Come on.

PLECK: You sort of grab my whole body when you do that.

DAR: You're afraid! You're afraid to let go! You just gotta *whoosh!*

PLECK: Yeah, that checks out.

DAR: I can feel that you're hiding something. Just, you know, start letting it out. Let it all out. [Pleck makes an uncertain noise] Come on, give it to me.

PLECK: Okay. Alright. Uh, yeah, like this? [slightly more enthusiastic scatting]

DAR: No, no, no. You're thinking. You're *thinking* too much. Pleck, this is what we're gonna do. I'm just gonna spin you, and spin you, and spin you. [Pleck makes dizzy noises] And you're just gonna— you're gonna feel it! That vulnerability is just gonna spill out of you! You're gonna *move!* Go!

PLECK: [shouting dizzily] I'm unhappy!

[hip-hop beat dissolves into transition sting]

AJ: Okay, so drama's done, right? We're—

C-53: Well, no. This is just— I mean, this is act one.

AJ: Oh, okay.

NERMUT: Yeah, that was the, you know, the opening shot.

[AJ exhales wearily]

SEESU: Hi. I'm sorry to interrupt here, but it really doesn't look good when my, uh, protector is slapping an older woman.

AJ: [bashful] Hey, Seesu.

SEESU: Yeah. Yeah.

AJ: Uh, that's not me.

SEESU: That doesn't look good to me.

AJ: [mildly panicked] Right, no, um... And I'm not about that—

SEESU: Yeah.

AJ: But it was for the drama? I'd never want to do anything that, like, was bad for you—

TREY-STA'GRAMN: [tapping glass to draw attention] Everyone, everyone, gather around! I'm gonna make a toast now!

C-53: Oh, alright! Okay!

NERMUT: Ooh, Trey-Sta'gramn!

TREY-STA'GRAMN: Thank you so much for coming. I really appreciate having all my best friends and ships—

PHEENIS: We wouldn't miss it!

C-53: Was that one of the Pheenises?

TREY-STA'GRAMN: Oh, you. Look at you, and your taupe too! Okay, um, so this is a fun party that I'm throwing, but it's also the launch... [cork pops] of my champagne line, everybody! [the crew make surprised noises, glasses clink] So grab a glass! It's alcohol-free champagne for pets! If someone could find my pet mouse somewhere— I developed this champagne with my pet mouse. So everyone, raise a glass to my success with my champagne! Uh, and one of you here slapped my mom, [shouting] and take this right in your face!

[champagne splashes, AJ cries out in alarm]

AJ: Whoa! Hey, wait—

TREY-STA'GRAMN: If you think you're gonna slap my mother in my own house, you've got another thing coming, mister!

NERMUT: [whispering] AJ, get in there and throw champagne!

AJ: [bewildered] Uh, okay—

[champagne splashes, Trey-Sta'gramn gasps]

NERMUT: Whoa, all the camera-bots are circling! This means this is good!

AJ: Oh, okay. Uh, I'll throw this bottle, then.

NERMUT: Whoa, no, that's too much—

[AJ makes a mildly panicked noise, glass shatters]

NITORSH: Ow!

[C-53 laughs]

NERMUT: Oh, Nitorsh got beaned!

AJ: [increasingly distraught] Oh, I'm sorry! Nitorsh, I— I take orders!

SEESU: Hi, it's Seesu again.

AJ: [miserable] Oh, hey.

SEESU: Hi. AJ?

AJ: Yes, Ms. Gundu?

SEESU: Yes, hi. You're coming on too strong.

AJ: Thank you. I am strong, very strong.

SEESU: If you wouldn't mind just going to that closet over there, and just spending the rest of the night not touching or doing anything.

AJ: Okay.

C-53: Trey-Sta'gramn, I'm so sorry. I feel like I had a real moment there with the champagne, and we pushed it too far.

AJ: You told me to throw champagne. I started throwing champagne.

TREY-STA'GRAMN: Listen, you're doing great.

AJ: Am I? I, like, I have to go in this closet now.

TREY-STA'GRAMN: They're gonna give you a line on the bottom of the lower third that's gonna say 'friend of Trey-Sta'gramn'. A friend of! That's a big— that's a big bump!

C-53: Oh, yeah, that's big.

AJ: [indignant] So what do I do? I have to go to this closet now.

TREY-STA'GRAMN: I feel like you need a makeover.

AJ: What?

TREY-STA'GRAMN: Like, that's a thing we do on these shows. We get, like, things done, and like, change our looks up.

AJ: Uh, I just have, like, military armor.

C-53: Trey-Sta'gramn, please trust me. I'll take care of it.

TREY-STA'GRAMN: Thank you so much.

C-53: No problem.

TINY VOICE: Psst, psst! Hey! Psst. Down here!

NERMUT: Yeah? Yeah?

TINY VOICE: Hey.

NERMUT: Whoa.

PRODUCER: I'm the producer for the show.

NERMUT: Oh! Goodness, that's—

PRODUCER: Wanna hear some hot goss?

NERMUT: Oh, absolutely.

PRODUCER: If Trey-Sta'gramn doesn't create enough drama, you know what we're gonna do?

NERMUT: Probably the show will get canceled?

PRODUCER: [whispering loudly] We're gonna kill him.

NERMUT: [alarmed] Oh!

GOSSBOT: This goss is hot!

PRODUCER: [wheels rolling, bell ringing] Scoot, scoot, scoot! I scoot away!

NERMUT: Oh. Look at that little scooter. [alarmed, refocusing] Oh no. Trey—Trey—Trey-Sta'gramn?

TREY-STAGRAMN: Have you seen my producer anywhere?

NERMUT: Uh, yeah. The little producer just scooted off.

TREY-STAGRAMN: Right. I'm trying to find and figure out how it's going. I think it's going great so far!

NERMUT: [uncomfortable] Well, they said it's going really good.

TREY-STAGRAMN: Great.

NERMUT: They just pointed out one little note, um, that if there isn't sufficient drama, they're gonna, like... kill you?

TREY-STA'GRAMN: Oh. [beat, cork pops, talking faster] Okay. No, no, that's something I signed a contract for. Sure. I knew that. Um, did she seem excited about my level of drama? Because I really thought I was injecting a lot of drama.

NERMUT: They thought there was so much room for improvement.

TREY-STA'GRAMN: I got my mom smacked, you know what I mean?

NERMUT: I—

TREY-STA'GRAMN: We had a champagne fight!

NERMUT: I— I believe— like, if they want more than that, it's, like, a high bar.

TREY-STA'GRAMN: [running around, liquid sloshing] Has anyone seen my mouse, by the way? I can't find my mouse.

NERMUT: Uh, no. I'm sure they're around. I believe that we will get the drama level up, and you will survive. [laughing] Why are you looking away from me?

TREY-STA'GRAMN: 'Cause there's no— no one's filming this right now, and I just want to save all the good things for when I'm being filmed.

NERMUT: Come back! You're just trailing—

TREY-STA'GRAMN: No, I'm turning my mic pack off. [beep]

NERMUT: No! You need more drama! Turning the mic pack off is giving up!

TREY-STA'GRAMN: The truth is, I'm done with this, you know what I mean?

NERMUT: No—

TREY-STA'GRAMN: The drama isn't for me. I just want to have a nice, peaceful life.

NERMUT: [urgently] Trey-Sta'gramn, take that back. You're gonna be dramatic, and you're gonna live.

TREY-STA'GRAMN: Okay. I'm gonna— oh, that's right. Okay. [deep breath] Um... [laughing] are you that little on purpose? Your pants are just so little!

NERMUT: Such a good question. No. No, I guess... by accident?

[reality-TV dramatic transition music]

[hip-hop beat, Pleck sobbing inconsolably]

DAR: [consoling] Okay, it's okay...

[music fades out]

PLECK: [crying] I just— I feel like ever since I defeated the Emperor, I don't have a purpose anymore! [keening miserably]

DAR: I totally get that. I really do.

PLECK: [still crying, barely intelligible] I don't even know what the Allwheat is! Is it better? Is it worse? What have I done?! [chest-heaving sobs]

DAR: Keep letting it out. This is important. This is all part of the process.

PLECK: [hiccuping, almost hyperventilating] I wanted to be a Zima, but I feel like I just did it for a while and now I can't do it anymore!

DAR: Yeah. Yeah, no, this is good. [Pleck makes ugly crying noises] Oh, the uglier the cry, the better.

PLECK: [exhausted, gasping] And now I have to dance in front of people, and I don't know... how to dance... and I'm gonna make a fool of myself! I'm wearing pants for a shirt! [breaks down crying] And now I'm hearing voices in my head! [incoherent falsetto] I'm pretty sure it's Beano and the Emperor! I don't know!

DAR: Okay, now— now we're getting hysterical. Okay, uh...

PLECK: [catching his breath] I'm sorry, Dar, I just... [sniffles] it's really hard. It's hard to feel like you had a purpose, and now you don't.

DAR: I know. You know what, here. Stand up, stand up.

PLECK: Okay.

DAR: Yeah, no, just keep going. Keep, keep feeling that. Let the sobbing shudder through your body. [Pleck sighs tearily] You need this. Yep, keep going.



PLECK: I feel better.

DAR: No, no, you're not done yet.

PLECK: I feel better. What?

DAR: Keep going.

PLECK: You want me to go *back* there?

DAR: [forceful] Keep going!

PLECK: I was just feeling a little bit better.

DAR: I don't want you to suppress this. I want you to *feel it!*

PLECK: Uh, okay...

[cassette player being rewound, hip-hop beat resumes, Pleck starts dancing]

PLECK: The thing that I created, I inadvertently, uh, killed Beano... [tearing up] And I destroyed Jeknar already, and who knows how many lives—

DAR: Yes!

PLECK: [crying] Will be lost because of me!

DAR: You're doing it!

PLECK: [breaking down again] I thought I had done it, but—

DAR: Keep going! [Pleck sobs incoherently] Yes! You're beautiful!

PLECK: Am I doing it? [keening pathetically]

DAR: You're a dancer!

[Pleck wails, hip-hop beat dissolves into dramatic music]

C-53: So let me present to you... the new and improved AJ-2884.

[door opens, Trey-Sta'gramn gasps, music takes on a lighter tone]

TREY-STA'GRAMN: Oh my Rosh! You look amazing, hon!

AJ: [uncertain] Uh... I'm not in armor anymore, and, um—

C-53: I got him a nice suit!

AJ: Yeah. And I also have— [with Trey-Sta'gramn] bangs. Yeah.

TREY-STA'GRAMN: You got bangs!

AJ: I don't love 'em. I don't know...

TREY-STA'GRAMN: They don't look great with your face shape.

C-53: It wasn't— yeah, that was the one choice I wish I hadn't done that, but.

TREY-STA'GRAMN: Yeah. But good for you, you know?

C-53: Trying something different.

TREY-STA'GRAMN: Can I ask a dumb ques— I'm sorry, I don't know your friends *that* that well. I was walking by the mirror room, and I heard a couple people inside, and it sounded like there was crying? Are Dar and Pleck a thing? [loud sip] Do you know what I mean?

[music takes on a tone of intrigue]

C-53: I mean, no, very much no.

TREY-STA'GRAMN: Are you sure?

AJ: It's the opposite of—

NERMUT: Uh, no, they're definitely not— I don't think? Right? They're not?

C-53: It would be a surprise.

AJ: The lizard and Dar used to juck.

NERMUT: Yeah— whoa, you don't have— we could be happening again.

AJ: Whoa! Is that drama?

C-53: Is that drama?

TREY-STA'GRAMN: That's drama!

C-53: Okay! Alright!

TREY-STA'GRAMN: Has— I mean, also, if you see my mouse, can you grab him real quick? 'Cause I really feel like I should make a—

C-53: I haven't seen any mice.

TREY-STA'GRAMN: I know.

SEESU: Rolphus?

[beat]

AJ: Huh? Wh-what?

SEESU: [coming closer] Rolphus?

C-53: [whispering] Oh, I see what's happening here. Uh, Trey-Sta'gramn, AJ's a clone of Seesu's ex-husband who is presumed dead. Truly, who knows.

TREY-STA'GRAMN: [ecstatic, with C-53] Drama!

C-53: Right?

[suspenseful reality-TV music]

SEESU: Rolphus, I... what are you— [emotionally confused laugh] I, wow—

AJ: Uh...

NERMUT: [whispering] AJ! Do it for the drama!

AJ: Okay. Uh...

SEESU: I would say you look good, but you don't. I...

AJ: Okay.

SEESU: What is that on your head? Uh...

AJ: I got bangs.

SEESU: Bangs. Yeah.

C-53: I shouldn't have done the bangs.

SEESU: Not good for your face.

AJ: Would you like to, uh, do tactical footwork with me?

C-53: Good! Yeah!

[music takes a dramatic turn]

SEESU: [tearful] Rolphus, why would I want to dance with my *ex-husband*?

NERMUT: Wow, that music! Whew!

SEESU: [shouting emotionally] You were presumed dead! I *mourned your death*, Rolphus!

C-53: [giddily excited] Oh, here come the camera-bots!

SEESU: [increasingly hysterical] We have a son in an ice planet, doing mathematical equations right now!

AJ: [bewildered] What's going on?! Why's she screaming at me?!

SEESU: [screaming] One plus zero is one, 'cause there's only one parent who's alive! Now kiss me on my mouth!

AJ: What? What's happening—

[kissing noises, music swells]

SEESU: You son of a gorth!

[loud smack, AJ starts crying]

NERMUT: Wow. They're gonna have to bleep that.

AJ: [still crying, running away] What's happening?! I hate drama!

TREY-STA'GRAMN: I'm gonna go after him! I'll be right back!

NERMUT: Wow.

TREY-STA'GRAMN: [distant] Come back!

C-53: Now *this* is good television.

PRODUCER: [bell dinging] Hey, hey! Down here, down here!

NERMUT: Oh, it's the producer! Yeah?

PRODUCER: Thumbs up.

NERMUT: Wow.

[emotional music cuts out]

[AJ crying, footsteps]

TREY-STA'GRAMN: AJ, hold up! Come here, join me at the lanai. What's going on with you?

AJ: I don't know, I— everyone's yelling at me, and I—

TREY-STA'GRAMN: Everyone's calling you different names. I'm confused, hon!

AJ: Nothing hurt more than getting slapped.

TREY-STA'GRAMN: Yeah.

AJ: By somebody that you care about.

TREY-STA'GRAMN: Have you told them you care about them?

AJ: Uh, wasn't that what I just tried to do, or...?

TREY-STA'GRAMN: Trying is not the same as doing.

AJ: What?

TREY-STA'GRAMN: Oh, I wish they'd got that on camera. That would be a good clip for them to show.

AJ: Do you want me to get a bot to come over and film?

TREY-STA'GRAMN: Go back down there. Reveal your heart's desire!

AJ: Can you— can you write something down for me to say?

TREY-STA'GRAMN: It's unscripted, hon. That's the whole point.

AJ: Oh. Okay. Alright.

TREY-STA'GRAMN: The script is within.

AJ: Alright.

TREY-STA'GRAMN: That was a good thing too! I should say that when the cameras are rolling on me.

AJ: Yeah, I know.

TREY-STA'GRAMN: [loud sip] Maybe we should let the bangs go.

AJ: Yeah. I agree.

[abrupt transition static, dramatic reality-TV music]

NARRATOR: This week on Househusbands: a house party gets... messy!

AJ: This is for the dress!

[loud smack, screaming]

TREY-STA'GRAMN: How dare you smack my mother!

NARRATOR: This is... *Real Househusbands of Mansch!* Featuring Trey-Sta'gramn!

TREY-STA'GRAMN: I'm Trey-Sta'gramn, and I may be rich, but I'm also a bad person.

NARRATOR: Nitorsh!

NITORSH: I'm Nitorsh, and if I'm not torching relationships, I'm drinking a martini!

NARRATOR: Zexmorfia!

ZEXMORFIA: I'm Zexmorfia, and these eighteen fingers are in your face.

NARRATOR: Polynemius Nomch!

POLYMENIUS NOMCH: I'm Polynemius Nomch, and I don't give a komch.

NARRATOR: Melanomia!

MELANOMIA: I'm Melanomia, and life might be a cabaret, but this is a caba-death ray.

[menacing droning noise]

NARRATOR: And this week, welcome Seesu Gundu!

SEESU: I'm Seesu, and the only thing tighter than my thighs are my dreams for the future.

NARRATOR: AJ-2884!

AJ: Uh... what?

NARRATOR: C-53!

C-53: I'm C-53, and you better save the drama for Quinzlama. The forest moon of the Quinz system.

NARRATOR: Dar's hat!

DAR'S HAT: I'm Dar's hat. It ain't hat bad!

NARRATOR: Pleck Decksetter!

PLECK: I'm Pleck Decksetter. Uh, I'm... I'm still working on my catch phrase! So if you could come back to me at the end, that'd be—

NARRATOR: With special guest, the Bargarean Jade!

BARGIE: I'm Bargie, and although I was not present in this episode... I still got it goin' on!

[beat, music stops]

BARGIE: Oh, okay, well... hello? Hello? Welp. I'm asleep.

[music resumes]

NARRATOR: And as always...

MRS. SQUEAKS: I'm Mrs. Squeaks, and no one throws Mrs. Squeaks in a lawnmower!

[lawnmower noises]

CUSTODIAN: Got it!

[music concludes, transition to Pleck dancing]

[PA dings]

GREETER: Ladies and gentlemen! It's now time for the most dramatic event of the evening: the dance of the best costume!

PLECK: Oh no! Dar, I've just been up here sobbing like a baby this whole time! I haven't learned to dance at all!

DAR: No. You have. Look at you! You've been moving around this room frantic, anxious, out of your mind. You're gonna be perfect.

PLECK: Alright, I'll give it a shot.

GREETER: And no pressure, but a reminder that everything relies on this one dance!

PLECK: How is that possible? What does that mean?

GREETER: One life hangs in the balance!

PLECK: [laughing miserably] Oh no! The stakes are higher than we thought!

DAR: Oh.

PLECK: We must have missed some— what happened down there while we were gone?

DAR: We must have— I mean, you and I have been up here, alone, this whole time—

[door opens]

TREY-STA'GRAMN: Knock knock! You ready for the dance, you two?

PLECK: Uh...

TREY-STA'GRAMN: [mischievous] What are you two doing in here, by the way? Your face is so wet!

DAR: Oh no, just the two of us have been really connecting, you know?

TREY-STA'GRAMN: [gasps] Is that why you're so sweaty?

PLECK: I mean, it was part of it.



DAR: Yeah, I mean, we just—

PLECK: I mean, also, there were some tears with the sweat, for sure.

TREY-STA'GRAMN: I understand that, trust me.

DAR: And you know, I didn't mean to push Pleck so hard. [Trey-Sta'gramn gasps] Sometimes you just gotta get in there *deep* with somebody.

TREY-STA'GRAMN: [laughing, scandalized] Oh my Rodd!

PLECK: I guess let's head down!

DAR: Yeah. Slap on the butt, we're ready.

[light slap, Pleck makes a surprised noise]

PLECK: Okay.

TREY-STA'GRAMN: Let's go downstairs and do the dance! Real quick, has anyone seen my mouse?

[Pleck and Dar go 'uh...']

TREY-STA'GRAMN: My pet mouse is running— I haven't been able to find him, and it's starting to freak me out a little bit.

PLECK: Well, we did see a mouse being killed by a gardener in the—

TREY-STA'GRAMN: [distracted] Killed?! What?!

DAR: Oh, yeah.

PLECK: The custodian sort of lawnmowed it.

DAR: Sucked it right up into the lawnmower, yeah.

TREY-STA'GRAMN: Mrs. Squeaks?!

PLECK: Yeah.

TREY-STA'GRAMN: [horrified] Mrs. Squeaks was in a lawn— no!

[dramatic transition music]

TREY-STA'GRAMN: [taps microphone] Ladies, gentlemen, and everyone in between! Again, thank you so much for coming tonight. Um, and as promised, the dance of the evening!

[indistinct footsteps]

C-53: Everyone just instinctively knew to back away to form a dance floor.

PLECK: Hello, everyone! Thank you for having me. [microphone feedback] Uh, I'd like to thank the judges for recognizing my pants costume. And, uh, [halfhearted standup-comedian inflection] with pants like these, how about a dance like this?

[tape deck whirrs]

AUDIENCE MEMBER: What?

[Pleck starts dancing badly, silence from the crowd other than quiet coughing and shuffling]

PLECK: [whispering] Dar, I can't— I can't do this!

DAR: You're doing great!

PLECK: I can't do this! I'm so scared!

DAR: No, no! Get out of the corner! Pleck!

PLECK: Dar, I—I need—I need you!

DAR: Pleck—

PLECK: I need your help!

[angry noises from Nermut, audience gasps]

PLECK: Whoa, Nermut!

NERMUT: How dare you hook up with Dar!

PLECK: What?! No!

NERMUT: I heard you hooked up with Dar in the dance room!

PLECK: No! Not at all! I— listen, I was crying, mostly!

NERMUT: That's what happens when you hook up with Dar!

PLECK: What?!

[audience commotion increases]

AJ: Seesu, I'm pregnant!

SEESU: What? That's not— huh? What?! [shrieking, sounds of violence] Who did you sleep with, you son of a gorth?!

TREY-STA'GRAMN: [screaming] My mouse has been murdered! There's been a murder at my party!

[Seesu screaming, continued violence, audience pandemonium reaches a fever pitch]

DAR: Everybody stop!

[dramatic music, audience hushes]

DAR: This is supposed to be a moment for *dance*.

[skilled tap dancing]

PLECK: Dar, you move so effortlessly!

DAR: I'm classically trained, so.

PLECK: It's inspiring!

DAR: Pleck, I just want you to know that this dance is actually more like a metaphor, because you really aren't alone. You've always got one of us.

[fabric rustling, Pleck makes a surprised noise, emotional music swell]

AUDIENCE MEMBER: The lift!

TREY-STA'GRAMN: [shouting joyously] They did the lift! They did the overhead lift!

[amazed noises from the crowd]

TREY-STA'GRAMN: They went for it, and they did it!

[Pleck crying]

NERMUT: Look at all those pants legs in the wind!

TREY-STA'GRAMN: Oh my gosh.

PLECK: [tearfully] Thank you, Dar. I love you!

DAR: Okay, okay. Now we're getting carried away.

NERMUT: What?! What?!

[sounds of violence, audience gets hectic again]

NERMUT: Take it back!

TREY-STA'GRAMN: [distraught] Mrs. Squeaks is dead!

C-53: [shouting over the chaos] And the murderer is *in this room!*

[audience gasps]

TREY-STA'GRAMN: My champagne line for pets was for nothing without Mrs. Squeaks!

TREY-STA'GRAMN'S MOTHER: Who's that person who slapped me?

AJ: [frantic] Don't hit me, I'm pregnant!

GREETER: Excuse me, sir. You are not taupe.

C-53: Oh, no, this paint is already flaking.

GOSS-BOT: This goss is hot!

[various people in the audience shout 'not taupe?']

AUDIENCE: Throw him in the ground!

C-53: Oh boy.

[sounds of violence and pandemonium]

DAR: Hey, Pleck? Do you feel like we missed a lot?

PLECK: Yeah, I don't have any idea what's going on down here. Is there a gas leak on the first floor or something? What's happening?

AUDIENCE MEMBER: [screaming] There's a gas leak!

TREY-STAGRAMN: I'm just gonna have this quick little cigarette over here. Just gonna light a quick—

[lighter flicks, frantic screaming]

[serene transition music]

PLECK: Oh, man. You know what, guys? That party was a lot crazier than I—

AJ: Whoa, Papa, you're still on fire a little bit.

PLECK: Oh, wow. Yeah. [fabric rustling] Hoo, boy.

DAR: Oh, oh, oh. Great job dancing off that fire. Very well done.

AJ: Yeah.

PLECK: Yeah, thank you! You know, I— I— you taught me everything I know.

DAR: Aww... Okay, yeah.

PLECK: And even though he hit me a couple times 'cause he thought I hooked up with Dar, it was good to see Nermut again.

C-53: Yeah.

PLECK: You know?

C-53: Always good to see Nermut.

PLECK: Always a pleasure.

AJ: Yeah, totally.

DAR: And it was— it was kind of nice to see that side of Nermut again.

[incoming transmission noise]

C-53: Oh! Uh, AJ—

AJ: Huh?

C-53: I have an incoming transmission from the producers of *The Househusbands of Mansch*.

AJ: Oh.

[transmission-start noise]

PRODUCER: Hey! Down here! [bell ringing]

AJ: Oh?

C-53: Even their holoscreen is too high.

PLECK: Yeah, they should point the camera down.

PRODUCER: You saved Trey-Sta'gramn's life!

PLECK: Oh!

C-53: Oh, fantastic.

PRODUCER: And we're sending AJ a contract.

PLECK: Oh, great.

C-53: Oh.

PRODUCER: We love—

C-53: Um, for...?

PRODUCER: A spinoff!

PLECK: Spinoff?

PRODUCER: Spinoff.

AJ: I don't know. I didn't like any of that. I was confused and upset.

PRODUCER: You come with so much drama! And we like it!

AJ: But I don't—

PRODUCER: We're sending you contracts.

[transmission ends, AJ makes an unhappy noise]

PLECK: Hey, Bargie, what do you think? Does that sound like a good deal here? You're in development.

BARGIE: Uh, sorry. I'm still at the ship party.

PLECK: What?

C-53: Oh. I guess *we're* at the party?

PLECK: I thought we took off already.

BARGIE: I'm one of the last ones there. Long-winded Wilzo is still talking to me.

LONG-WINDED WILZO: [obnoxious voice] And as I was saying, this is a picture of my stepdaughter Matilda. [Bargie says bored, non-committal filler words every so often] Not from the first marriage, not from the first marriage. My current marriage. My stepdaughter Matilda. And you know, she's trying to get into development.

C-53: Bargie, you know, you can use us as an excuse if you need to bail.

[incoming-transmission noise]

C-53: Oh! Captain Dar, I have an incoming transmission from Seesu Gundu.

DAR: Oh! Okay. Yeah, please put her through right away.

[transmission-start noise]

SEESU: Hello, crew. Hi. It's Seesu Gundu.

DAR: Ooh, wow! Seesu, that hat looks *amazing* on you.

SEESU: Thank you. It's very tiny, but it fits my jawline.

C-53: Now that's a hat that works.

SEESU: Um, I just wanted to thank you, kind of, for the work you did.

PLECK: Uh, I think it was a successful party, for sure.

SEESU: [unconvinced] Yeah, yeah. I mean, I saw someone I didn't... necessarily want to... see.

AJ: [whispering] I'm gonna— I'm gonna say what I feel.

SEESU: So, uh—

C-53: No, no, AJ.

PLECK: No, AJ, I wouldn't.

AJ: Seesu! I love you!

SEESU: Thank you very much. I love everyone loving each other. Okay, well, I have a lot more work to do, because I'm all about positivity and moving forward.

AJ: Yes!

SEESU: Great. Um, keep up the good work, I guess.

PLECK: Uh, thank you.

AJ: Thank you!

[transmission-end noise]

PLECK: You know, Dar, I really appreciate you talking me through some of that stuff. And, uh, maybe I really do need to start thinking about what's next for ol' Pleck Decksetter.

DAR: Well, it's not dancing. It's definitely not dancing.

PLECK: Oh, sure. No, yeah, no. I wasn't thinking that. That's a level of drama nobody needs.  
[small chuckle]

C-53: Well, Pleck, as I always say, you better save the drama for Quinzlama. The forest moon of the Quinz system. Its gravity well is famously, uh, you know, so powerful that even drama can't escape.

PLECK: Huh. That seems kind of a heady catchphrase, though. Isn't it?

C-53: That's why it's *my* catchphrase.

PLECK: Okay. I'm gonna go put regular clothes on.



C-53: Yeah, that might be a good idea.

PLECK: Yeah. What if I'm pants guy, though, now?

DAR: I don't think this is also you.

PLECK: This is an award-winning outfit.

DAR: No dance, no pants.

PLECK: Back to the shorts. You got it. Shorts Decksetter, back in action!

C-53: [in disbelief] Shorts Decksetter?

PLECK: That should've been my catchphrase!

[finale music]

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TIMOTHY: Is this a— is there a food break update, or?

SETH: Lemme see what the fuckin' deal is.

WINSTON: What the hell! Nermie need—

MOUJAN: Over an hour?

WINSTON: Nermie need num-nums!

MOUJAN: In New York City? That's weird.

JEREMY: It's almost two hours, at this point. Right?

ALDEN: Oh, he is on— he's just up the street.

[doorbell rings, everyone cheers, dog barks]

TIMOTHY: Yay!

ALLIE: Okay, wait, I'll hit pause here.

SETH: Thanks, Allie. Sorry.

ALLIE: No, that's fine. I'll go— I'll also go downstairs and make myself a snack.

ALDEN: Okay.

SETH: Cool!

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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 and Seesu Gundu

With special guest Tim Dunn as Trey-Sta'gramn

Recording, sound design and mix by Shane O'Connell

Edited by Jeremy Bent

Music composed by Brendan Ryan and performed by FAMES Macedonian Symphony Orchestra

Additional music by Shane O'Connell

Opening crawl narration by Jeremy Crutchley

Ship design for The Bargarean Jade by Eric Geusz

Audio hosting by Simplecast

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