

[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 supernova hitting rock bottom. 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]

[pencil scribbling]

AJ: Hey, Captain Dar?

DAR: Uh, what's going on?

AJ: Did you notice there are a lot of, uh, people on the ship? That are not us?

[muffled voices in another room]

DAR: I'm sorry? Uh—

C-53: Oh, yeah. They're in the waiting room.

PLECK: They're— why is there a sign that says 'waiting room' on the loading dock?

C-53: Now it's the waiting room.

DAR: Wait, I— I'm sorry. There are other people here? I just— I've been—

AJ: Yeah, they're, like, reading magazines and—

DAR: [papers rustling] I've been doing all this paperwork. I just haven't even had a chance to, uh, shower yet.

AJ: I don't know. I just thought that you'd probably be the person I—

BARGIE: No, yeah, they're for me.

DAR: I should be the person that would know.

PLECK: Bargie, why are there people on the ship?

BARGIE: They're taking meetings. We're doing a bunch of generals.

PLECK: Okay.

BARGIE: I'm in development now!

AJ: We got a general onboard? [loud whistle] Fall in! There's a general onboard!

PLECK: [laughing] Okay, no—

C-53: AJ—

PLECK: AJ, there's no—

AJ: Keep your head on a swivel! There's a general onboard!

PLECK: AJ, that's not— even if there *were* a general, that's not—

AJ: Well, they're [emphasis on the plural] *generals*.

BARGIE: No, no. A general, in the entertainment biz lingo, is, uh, when people without jobs come and pitch themselves to you, and then I as a person in development go, "Okay, wow," and then I never do anything about it.

PLECK: Oh.

C-53: That's a general meeting, AJ.

AJ: Oh. Okay. So there's no general involved?

C-53: No.

BARGIE: No.

C-53: Well, I mean—

BARGIE: Maybe they could be. That would be interesting.

AJ: So a person who doesn't have a job is a general?

PLECK: I mean, if the general had a solid elevator pitch and a sweet log line.

C-53: Could happen.

[alarm blares, door opens]

BARGIE: Soiking, we're ready for you! Soiking?

SOIKING: Okay, so here's the idea.

BARGIE: Yeah.

SOIKING: So it's a workplace dramedy—

BARGIE: Yeah.

SOIKING: But, um, everybody's a blorp.

BARGIE: I've seen it.

SOIKING: Oh.

BARGIE: Yeah.

SOIKING: [flipping through papers] Uh, well, I have some other stuff.

BARGIE: Okay.

SOIKING: So, um, so it's a courthouse dramedy—

[hatch opening]

BARGIE: Thank you so much. Seen it.

SOIKING: Okay.

BARGIE: Here's some water. Thank you so much.

SOIKING: Oh, thank you.

BARGIE: [unenthused] Wow, wow.

PLECK: Listen, Bargie, are these meetings gonna be done pretty soon? I think we're gonna need to get to the loading bay at some point.

BARGIE: Uh, let's see. I'm on number 5.

NUMBER 5: Oh, that's me. Hi, hi, hi.

BARGIE: Hi.

NUMBER 5: Hi. My name is, um, Dempia Dilm.

BARGIE: Okay. You know I'm only taking this meeting because I know your father, right?

DEMPIA: Oh, you know Papa?

BARGIE: Of course I know Papa!

DEMPIA: Oh, Papa! He is so sick.

AJ: Do we have to do these on the bridge?

PLECK: Yeah. Bargie, if the loading dock is the waiting room, you could use the cargo hold for the meetings. We have to sorta do crew stuff out here.

BARGIE: Dar, thank you so much for doing the paperwork for me.

DAR: Oh, wait. I thought this was for us!

BARGIE: No.

DAR: This is for you?

BARGIE: It's for me. You're helping me, uh—

AJ: These are all NDAs.

DAR: Oh. I just— I mean, I didn't really understand any of it. This is my first time as captain, so I just figured, you know, paperwork is paperwork.

C-53: Uh...

DAR: And I've been filling it out for *hours*.

C-53: Yeah, Dar, that's... normally you're not gonna have to do that much paperwork as captain.

DAR: Well, I mean, I never saw *Pleck* doing any paperwork.

C-53: Yes, that's a good indication.

DAR: Well, I just thought that was because that was Pleck.

AJ: But he wasn't—

C-53: Also a fair assumption.

PLECK: I wasn't the captain, either.

AJ: He wasn't the captain.

[laughter]

[incoming-transmission noise]

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

DAR: Alright, let's take that call.

[transmission-start noise, audio transition to Nermut's end of the call]

PLECK: Hi, Nermut.

NERMUT: Hey!

DAR: Nermut, quick Q for you.

NERMUT: Sure.

DAR: How much paperwork am I supposed to be filling out as captain?

NERMUT: Uh... we haven't sent any.

C-53: Hmm. Not a great start.

DAR: Will you *ever* send any?

NERMUT: I mean, I think in the— paper's... paper's the future, so I guess possibly. But we haven't. I guess it would only be in the future. No, probably none.

[Nermut wandering around, door opens]

DAR: Probably none.

NERMUT: [shouting] Seesu! [regular volume] Eh, she's not around.

C-53: [laughing] You don't have a paging system or anything? You just yell down the hallway?

NERMUT: Ugh, everything froze 'cause there was, like, a power outage.

C-53: Oh, yeah.

PLECK: Oh no, Nermut!

NERMUT: Yeah.

PLECK: You're cold-blooded!

DAR: Anyway, Nermut, you had something to say?

NERMUT: Uh... oh, I called. Yeah.

[laughter]

PLECK: We almost never call you, yeah.

C-53: Pretty rare.

NERMUT: It's ice-cold here, guys. My brain is off.

PLECK: Nermut, you gotta get that electricity back on, or you're—

C-53: Maybe get a—

PLECK: You're gonna get real dumb.

C-53: An electric blanket or something? You're in trouble, my friend.

AJ: You're a jucking idiot.

C-53: [chiding] AJ.

NERMUT: I'm gonna rub my head. [skin rustling] The friction— [incoherent noises] Okay, I remember!

C-53: Lot of feathers coming off.

NERMUT: Oh no.

PLECK: Nermut, what's—

NERMUT: Yeah?

PLECK: What's the mission?

NERMUT: [talking fast] Okay. The machinery's frozen over, but I'm gonna turn this crank, and we're gonna get some temporary power so I can charge this up and get you the mission.

[hand crank turning, Nermut grunting with exertion]

C-53: Where did you get that?

NERMUT: Uh, the closet.

C-53: Oh boy.

PLECK: C-53, it's— I mean, I feel bad that the power's off, but when he uses the crank—

C-53: It's generating heat for himself *and* power, so that's a— that's a twofer.

[electricity humming]

NERMUT: I feel an idea.

PLECK: [laughing] Okay.

NERMUT: Okay!

PLECK: Nermut, quick! While your brain still works, tell us the mission!

[electricity, computer booting up]

NERMUT: Got it! Okay! Crew, you need to go meet Prefect Intellius Quint Quinn, who is the head of basically a perfect, happy society. [everyone makes impressed noises] And Seesu Gundu needs to know how he achieved that. [everyone goes 'yeah'] And I'm sending you the coordinates now—

[audio transition to the crew's end of the call]

NERMUT: And the reason—

[electric noise]

C-53: Okay, got 'em.

NERMUT: Is... uh...

PLECK: You better turn that crank again, Nermut.

NERMUT: Eh, I dunno.

PLECK: We should send him a hat or something.

NERMUT: It would seem—

C-53: Yeah. A good scarf could do a lot here.

NERMUT: So, ice.

PLECK: Oh boy.

AJ: [repeating in confusion] So, ice?

PLECK: Alright, Nermut. Uh, put a coat on or something. We'll see you later.

C-53: Maybe go down to the boiler room or something.

[beat]

NERMUT: Huh?

PLECK: Nermut, we'll see you later, alright?

NERMUT: You called me?

[laughter]

PLECK: No, man.

C-53: No.

NERMUT: [slurring words together] Okay. we're gonna get this, and we're gonna thaw out— go for it!

[transmission-end noise, muffled laughter]

BARGIE: Can I just say something? I'm worried about Berp— Nerf— Nerfin.



PLECK: Yeah, no. We are too.

C-53: Yeah, Nerfin's in trouble.

AJ: Yeah. It must be rough to have an idiot around, you know?

[beat]

C-53: [chiding] AJ—

[laughter, transition music]

[ship landing sounds]

C-53: Does anyone get the feeling we've... been here before?

PLECK: Uh... I mean, I don't know.

DAR: Yeah.

PLECK: Are the coordinates familiar to you?

C-53: I mean, it *looks* familiar, but these coordinates don't match anything in my database, so...

DAR: I feel, like, this odd throbbing sensation? This feels so *familiar*.

AJ: Well, I've never been here.

PA VOICE: Hi there! Welcome to the Zank District. [Pleck murmurs to himself in confusion] The most peaceful place in the universe.

DAR: Okay, wait.

C-53: [bewildered] *What?*

AJ: That sounds great.

PLECK: Wow, that's—

C-53: Is this the same Zank District?

PLECK: I mean, C-53, you're the one with all of the— all of the knowledge about this.

AJ: Wait, what's the Zank District?

C-53: [wary] Uh, AJ, I don't know if you're old enough for this conversation.

PLECK: Yeah, this is—

AJ: [indignant] What? No, tell me!

C-53: [uncomfortable] AJ—

AJ: No! I wanna know!

C-53: I know you *wanna* know, but this is sort of—

SHADY GUY: Hey, hey, hey. You wanna volunteer?

C-53: [completely thrown] What?

DAR: Wait, what?

SHADY GUY: We got wayward youth who need guidance. [shady laugh]

[everyone goes 'uh...']

PLECK: Is that a euphemism for, uh...

C-53: Yeah. What are we gonna do with these youth?

SHADY GUY: Oh, well, if you know things or sort of have life experience that could help them get on the right track, you know what I'm—

C-53: Oh, it's a mentorship program.

SHADY GUY: Yeah.

PLECK: Oh. That sounds pretty good.

AJ: Wait. So, wait, what was the Zank District before? It seems like a pretty nice place right now.

SHADY GUY: Always been this. Bye.

DAR: Hey, Pleck?

PLECK: Yeah?

DAR: Uh, are you— are you feeling that same, like, heated throbbing sensation deep from within yourself?

[vague pulsing noises, like laminated paper wobbling]

PLECK: Dar, I don't know what you're talking about.

ANOTHER SHADY GUY: Hey! Hi! Hey!

[AJ makes a disgusted noise]

FORMER PERVERT: I'm a former pervert who's now... rehabilitized. [laughs]

AJ: Definitely giving off that pervert energy.

C-53: Kind of a strong pervert vibe.

FORMER PERVERT: I'm a former pervert, and I'm volunteering here today! I'm part of the committee to re-elect the prefect.

PLECK: Uh...

C-53: Oh, so you're a creep.

PERVERT-CUM-CREEP: That's right.

PLECK: Okay. Uh, we're not really interested. I mean, I hope you—

PERVERT-CUM-CREEP: Don't you wanna meet the prefect?

C-53: Oh, we actually do need to—

PLECK: Oh, we can— we can meet the prefect?

DAR: I mean, yes.

PERVERT-CUM-CREEP: Follow all these other former perverts. We're forming a very stable line.

[creepy pervert laughter]

DAR: Whoa, wait, wait. So all of you former perverts, all of you are creeps?

PERVERT-CUM-CREEP: We're creeps now!

ANOTHER PERVERT: We're all creeps! We used to be perverts, but now we're creeps!

[more creepy laughter]

AJ: Wait a minute, wait a minute.

CREEP: Yeah, we're creeps now, buddy. We left that pervert stuff in the past.

ANOTHER CREEP: You know what's under this trenchcoat? Ha! [fabric rustles] *Clothes*. Deal with it.

C-53: And a little— a little button.

CREEP: And a diploma!

ANOTHER CREEP: Yeah. And a button.

C-53: Intellius Quint Quinn.

AJ: Oh, yeah. It says 'I like [pronounced 'ick']'."

INTELLIUS QUINT QUINN: Here you go, miss.

OLD WOMAN: Thank you! Oh, you're such a sweet soul.

INTELLIUS QUINT QUINN: Here are your rations.

OLD WOMAN: Let me kiss your forehead.

INTELLIUS QUINT QUINN: Oh, please do.

OLD WOMAN: We appreciate you so much.

INTELLIUS QUINT QUINN: It always feels so good, delivering meals to the elderly. And the homeless elderly.

C-53: [slowly, realization dawning] Intellius Quint Quinn? /QQ?

PLECK: [disbelief] IQQ?!

IQQ: Huh? Who—

DAR: Oh, wow.

IQQ: Who— Ohhhh! I knew this moment would come, [giving a speech, getting a little carried away] and I have been bracing for this, and I knew that I— if I had the power and the strength to call upon my Rodd—

AJ: What?

IQQ: My *strength* to call upon my Rodd, that I would be strong. [getting intense] Do not fear me. I do not strike you down in vengeance, but I [happy now] embrace you as my own children!

[fabric rustling, Pleck makes vaguely alarmed noises]

IQQ: Come to me! Come to me!

C-53: That's a firm hug. Wow.

PLECK: Wow. Wow.

IQQ: [wordless noise of joyous exertion] Embrace me! Embrace me, loading robot!

[metal clanking]

C-53: Wow. Okay.

IQQ: Embrace me! [laughing] Whoa, not too much!

C-53: Careful.

IQQ: Hydraulics! Hydraulics!

C-53: Yeah, it can get a little rough.

IQQ: And you too, ship!

[laughter]

BARGIE: Oh yeah.

IQQ: Look at you!

BARGIE: So glad to be part of this.

IQQ: My Rodd and will. Just reliving the searing trauma of being blasted out into the cold depths of space, by those that I thought were my friends.

[uncomfortable noises from the crew]

AJ: Can somebody recap real quick for me what's going on?

IQQ: Who are you?

AJ: I'm AJ. I'm, I'm new.

IQQ: Do we know each other?

AJ: No, I don't think we do.

IQQ: Do I owe you money?

AJ: What?

IQQ: Do *you* owe *me* money?

AJ: Maybe?

[muffled laughter]

IQQ: Let me tell you something about debt. It's gross, and it don't belong here in the Zank system.

AJ: Uh-huh.

IQQ: And we don't owe nothin' to nobody!

PLECK: AJ, IQQ stowed away aboard our ship. [IQQ goes 'mhm'] Uh, with the intent to blast us with a sex gun, and we—

AJ: With a what?

PLECK: Had no choice but to—

AJ: Wait, with a *what*?

C-53: Uh, it was a sex gun.

IQQ: It's a funny story.

C-53: Weaponized long range—

PLECK: It is! It is sort of a funny story.

C-53: Sex blaster.

IQQ: When you look back and look at it, it's a funny story.

C-53: Honestly, I'm sort of chuckling about it.

IQQ: We can all kind of laugh at it.

DAR: Actually, I'm actually feeling a little sick right now just remembering it. [vaguely queasy] I just— I can't, like— ugh.

C-53: It looks like you've got the chills or something.

DAR: Yeah, I don't know what it is. Just—

IQQ: You okay?

DAR: Maybe it's the thought of having to face this shameful memory.

C-53: IQQ, we—

PLECK: Listen, we are so sorry.

C-53: We really do want to apologize.

PLECK: It was really not— we never meant to— uh, it was—

DAR: I mean, no, no. We meant.

C-53: We did.

DAR: We did mean to.

PLECK: I mean, at the time, sure.

DAR: We did.

PLECK: We were...

C-53: We were— we were working for the Federated Alliance, it was a very different time in our lives...

AJ: I wasn't a part of it.

IQQ: Yeah. You cool. [AJ goes 'heh'] But let me tell you something. It is the rushing waters under the Jerulean span. Do not worry.

C-53: That is extremely—

PLECK: Wow. That's very kind.

IQQ: Yes. I've moved on.

PLECK: Let's just say we all had different jobs.

IQQ: Yes.

PLECK: And IQQ, I am glad that you are happy and healthy and seemed to have really turned things around for yourself.

FORMER SEX ROBOT: Prefect, it is !! Former sex robot turned chief of staff of prefect. You have documents to sign to get rid of crime.

IQQ: I have many documents to sign to get rid of crime. And I'm gonna do it. [pen scribbling] Now these documents here, as you can see, everybody—

C-53: Mhm. Yes.

IQQ: [papers flipping] Are printed on old, uh, pornography.

C-53: Recycled pornography, yes.

CHIEF OF STAFF: It's called recycling.

IQQ: And repurposing.

DAR: [voice shaking] Yeah, that's— that's very nice for the environment.

IQQ: Yes. We don't use those for pornography anymore. We use it to make the laws and to help the people.

PLECK: Sure.



IQQ: [singing slightly] And that's what we all about!

PLECK: That's really, uh, wonderful.

IQQ: Why don't you join me in my pleasure gardens, and I will relay to you the story of my past, my present, my future perfect, and beyond.

C-53: Wow.

PLECK: Whoa, yeah. That would be great.

IQQ: Come on into the pleasure gardens.

AJ: Whoa!

C-53: Yeah, we were here before. They—

[idyllic birdsong]

C-53: Oh, they're...

IQQ: They're more pleasurable now than before.

C-53: Very different.

AJ: Whoa, look at all this!

IQQ: Yeah.

AJ: It's just so green, and—

C-53: It's very lush.

IQQ: Very lush, isn't it?

AJ: Wow.

IQQ: So lush and fecund.

AJ: Whoa, that looks like there's a farm-to-table restaurant over there.

IQQ: There you go. Well, it's actually table-to-farm. You take the table to the farm, and you—

C-53: Oh wow.

PLECK: Sure.

IQQ: Pick out what you want. You got your bleeblorps, and your— you know, what's in season is the crowns right now.

[everyone makes impressed noises]

CUSTOMER: Pardon me, pardon me. Just taking this table— [grunts in exertion] okay, sorry guys, taking the table.

IQQ: That's alright. Wow.

CUSTOMER: [straining] Oh, no no—

C-53: I can get that for you.

CUSTOMER: Oh, yeah. [impressed] Oh, wow!

IQQ: Table to farm, table to farm. Much has changed in the Zank system. Now, it was a horrible event that I have since forgiven *you* for, Pleck.

PLECK: Uh...

IQQ: [slightly peeved] When you blasted me into the cold vacuum of space.

PLECK: Uh, uh...

IQQ: And I had time to reflect, as all my particles reversed, [the crew sounds uncomfortable] and all of the moisture in my body was extracted and taken out. As I felt my lungs go through my throat.

C-53: Oh boy.

AJ: Whoa.

IQQ: [trembling with emotion] That I would forgive you.

PLECK: Oh.

IQQ: Because what—

AJ: [not as hushed as he thinks he is] Wait, so what was this guy before he was a prefect?

C-53: Okay, AJ—

AJ: You shot him into space, but what was he before?

PLECK: AJ, relax.

C-53: AJ, just be cool.

IQQ: I solicited—

DAR: I mean, AJ, we shot a lot of people into space back in the day.

AJ: That's true.

IQQ: I solicited flesh. I'm not proud of it. And now—

AJ: Oh, so you were a space pimp.

[IQQ makes a displeased noise, AJ laughs]

IQQ: That is a terrible word, yet on the money. But yes, that's what I was.

AJ: Ohhh.

IQQ: As my father before me, as was his mother.

PLECK: Wow. I didn't know that about you.

AJ: And now you've reconsidered everything, and now you're a prefect of a district? A system?

IQQ: I am. And I have y'all to thank for it. I would have—

DAR: But how did you survive in space?

IQQ: How *did* I survive in space?

[laughter]

IQQ: I tilted my body to the right angle—

AJ: Oh, yeah, that's it.

IQQ: And reentered the Zank system.

C-53: [in disbelief] You *freefell from space*? Wow.

IQQ: Nothing is free. It cost me. My body was crushed on impact.

[laughter]

PLECK: Is that why— is that why you're mostly, like, cybernetic?

IQQ: Yes.

PLECK: Oh boy.

IQQ: I still forgive you. I have it in my heart. And I pray to Rodd every day, because to hold that mantle [lilted slightly] is not easy.

PLECK: Uh, yeah, no, I totally—

IQQ: [exact same inflection] It's not easy.

PLECK: I totally get that.

AJ: Well, pimpin' ain't easy.

IQQ: Pimpin' ain't easy. But you know what else ain't easy? Politics in the modern age.

C-53: Yeah, I mean, very true.

DAR: Yeah, very true.

IQQ: It's hard to have the public trust and to be a servant of the people, but I have instituted, and we now have zero percent infant mortality rate.

PLECK: Whoa!

C-53: That's excellent.

IQQ: Yeah. We have zero percent dog mortality rate.

AJ: Whoa! That's great.

C-53: That's so cute.

DAR: That is, I mean—

PLECK: But at some point, the—

RESIDENT: Dogs live forever!

IQQ: Dogs live forever!

[dogs barking happily]

IQQ: And we all volunteer. Everybody volunteers. So if you volunteer to be police, if you volunteer to not be police, if you volunteer to be, you know, uh, arrested by police. Everybody is volunteering and the whole system works.

C-53: Prefect Intellius, you've created almost a utopia here in the Zank district.

IQQ: Yes. A utopia.

VOLUNTEER: Coat donations! Coat donations! Just stuff them into the holes of this former glory-wall.

IQQ: Mhm. Right there.

VOLUNTEER: Coat donations.

C-53: This is the glory-wall?!

IQQ: This is the glory-wall.

C-53: It's just coats!

VOLUNTEER: Just be careful, there's still some weird stuff in it. Just put the coat in gently.

IQQ: There's a lot of mucosas. But you know what? Now instead of peepees being shoved through there, there's pea coats.

VOLUNTEER: So true.

C-53: Wow. Wow, really makes you think.

[transition music]

IQQ: Would y'all like a little tour of the Zank district?

PLECK: Yeah, absolutely.

C-53: Prefect Intellius, we would love nothing more.

[Dar shudders quietly]

IQQ: [typing noises] Then let me get my little tour-bot out here.

C-53: Oh, you have a tour-bot.

IQQ: I have a tour-bot.

TOUR-BOT: [comically sultry voice] Hi. I'm a tour-bot.

AJ: Sounds like a sexbot.

C-53: Is this another repurposed—?

IQQ: This is a repurposed bot. The patch— the patch is a little wonky, but... it works.

C-53: Okay.

IQQ: [laughing] Tour-bot, please take them on the—

PLECK: I've never seen a tour-bot make such strong eye contact.

[laughter]

AJ: It's uncomfortable.

C-53: Really drilling into you.

TOUR-BOT: The Zank district is being created into a more vibrant and safe community by our prefect. Thank the prefect now.

[everyone thanks IQQ awkwardly]

IQQ: Yes. Now, follow the tour-bot. I myself have to go and prepare remarks to speak before my people. I'm giving a treatise on utopia.

PLECK: Oh! Wow.

DAR: [voice shaking wildly] Oh, wow, that sounds really nice.

PLECK: Okay.

IQQ: Huh? Why is she quivering?

[Dar shudders intermittently]

C-53: Yeah, we're sorry about that, Prefect Intellius.

IQQ: This is most, most uneasing. I don't like it. It reminds me of my old life.

PLECK: Uh, sure.

DAR: [uncomfortable noises] Uh, yeah.

PLECK: Well, thank you, Prefect Intellius.

IQQ: Of course, of course.

DAR: Sorry, sorry, sorry about that. [almost incomprehensible] I'll get this under control once you're gone.

C-53: Dar, you've gotta get it together here. Are you alright?

DAR: [breathing deeply, exhales shakily] I'm actually feeling a lot better now.

C-53: Oh, good.

TOUR-BOT: As you can see here, these former sex dungeons are now libraries.

C-53: Oh, yeah. That's actually—

PLECK: Well, still, I mean, sort of a haven for perverts, as we've learned, so, uh— [lib-rah-ees] libraries—

IQQ: [distant] Tell them about the strong internet connection!

TOUR-BOT: The internet connection is *so strong*.

[laughter]

PLECK: Wait, you've made libraries here with a strong internet connection?

TOUR-BOT: Yeah.

PLECK: That's unheard of! Uh, excuse me, tour-bot, can I ask you a question?

TOUR-BOT: Yeah.

PLECK: What happened between when you were a sexbot and, uh, now?

TOUR-BOT: I decided to go for higher education, using the money I had as a juckbot to focus on my own self-development.

PLECK: Oh, good for you!

TOUR-BOT: I can now speak four languages.

PLECK: A droid that only speaks four languages?

TOUR-BOT: I only used to know zero language.

PLECK: Oh. Well, the language of love—

TOUR-BOT: So that is an improvement. How many do *you* speak?

PLECK: Uh, me?

TOUR-BOT: Yeah.

DAR: [laughing] Oh, he barely speaks one, so.

TOUR-BOT: Thank you.

PLECK: Well, I also like to think I speak the language of the Space.

TOUR-BOT: As you can see outside—

PLECK: Okay.

[muffled farmyard noises]

TOUR-BOT: This used to be where all the animals exchanged genitalia.

[thoughtful sounds, laughter]

PLECK: I don't think we came here when we were here before.

C-53: Oh, I came here.

PLECK: Really?



C-53: Yeah. Years ago.

DAR: Separate. Separate from us.

TOUR-BOT: Now they live in peaceful cohabitation. Ah, they're getting a table.

PLECK: Uh, the animals?

TOUR-BOT: We here have table-to-farm restaurants, where we give tables to farm animals. So they can sit down and study.

PLECK: Okay. Oh, like desks.

AJ: Yeah, you need something to write on.

IQQ: How's the tour going?

PLECK: Oh, hi!

[uneasy noises from Dar]

C-53: It's good.

IQQ: How's the tour going? How's the tour going, huh?

[Dar vibrates uncomfortably in the background]

C-53: Yeah, IQQ, you really transformed this place.

IQQ: Thank you very much. It was— it took almost three seasons, but we—

PLECK: Sure.

IQQ: Turned this mother around.

TOUR-BOT: Wait! I didn't tell them—

IQQ: Like a battleship.

TOUR-BOT: I didn't tell them about all the statistics. Would you like me to do that?

IQQ: Please inform them on the statistics. It's your very favorite thing to do.

TOUR-BOT: There's zero percent crime. There is one hundred percent healthcare.

AJ: Whoa!

TOUR-BOT: Literacy rate is two hundred percent, because we can all now read twice.

IQQ: Wow wow!

C-53: Oh, okay.

IQQ: Forwards and side-to-side reading.

PLECK: Wow, that's pretty good.

TOUR-BOT: Happiness level is at an all-time high!

[IQQ laughs triumphantly]

PLECK: Wow!

IQQ: Ain't it so—

C-53: That's terrific.

IQQ: With the pants *on*.

PLECK: Sure.

C-53: Yeah, no. I haven't seen a single pair of pants off since I've been here.

IQQ: That's right.

DAR: [voice shaking] Wow, that's really— [devolves into incoherent mumbling]

PLECK: Whoa, Dar—

AJ: Captain Dar, what are you—

PLECK: Maybe just let us handle this for now.

IQQ: Can they go over there, please?

PLECK: Yeah, Dar—

AJ: Captain?

DAR: [shaking violently] I'm the captain! I'm the captain—

C-53: Yeah, Captain Dar, I'm just gonna try to sort of stabilize you here.

[loader-droid beeping, Dar buzzing, C-53 shaking as well]

C-53: [audibly trembling] It's not working.

IQQ: If I may, if I may. Her energy is very sexual.

PLECK: I mean—

IQQ: And very upsetting.

PLECK: Yeah, that's true.

IQQ: And, uh, speaking of upsetting and disturbing, I wonder why it is that you are here, after all these many cycles.

PLECK: We come with a mission of galactic unification!

IQQ: [emphatically, emotions rising] Now, before, you came with a mission. And blasted me into the blackness.

PLECK: Okay. Yeah. But this is—

IQQ: But I forgave you!

PLECK: Okay. It's a different kind of mission than that.

IQQ: Okay, okay.

[the group starts walking]

PLECK: Seesu Gundu has a plan to reunite the galaxy, and I think what you've done here in the Zank district is something that Seesu could learn from and take to the rest of the galaxy!

IQQ: These lessons...

PLECK: Yes!

IQQ: You believe that there could be a unified utopia?

PLECK: I think so. I mean, seeing what you've done here...

IQQ: Does she like my swimming bats? What I've done with the animals?

PLECK: Uh... I mean, I don't know that she knows about them specifically, but I'm sure she'd be very, very impressed. Listen, IQQ. Just as you have put your past with us behind you, maybe the next step is to join forces with Seesu.

[the group enters an echoing room]

PLECK: And maybe we can not only reunite each other, but the whole galaxy.

IQQ: I'm touched.

PLECK: Thank you.

IQQ: In the right places.

PLECK: Uh... yeah. Right, yeah. Of course.

AJ: Huh?

IQQ: Not in a sexual way.

PLECK: No. No, of course.

IQQ: Or for money.

PLECK: Right. No, I get what you— I get what you're saying.

IQQ: I cannot look at you as I make my decision, but join me on this veranda as I look out over the Palentine hills.

PLECK: Okay.

[whirring, machinery opening]

PLECK: Wow, what a beautiful view!

IQQ: Isn't it something? Goes down, and then around there.

PLECK: Yeah.

AJ: Oh yeah.

[audience cheering 'Intellius! Intellius!']

IQQ: My people.

PLECK: Wow, look at all those people.

CITIZENS: The streets are so clean! Two ways we read: sideforth and frontwise! Whoa!

IQQ: Let me address my people now. To take what you have said and tell them what will be.

PLECK: Yes! Yes!

IQQ: I'm ready for my speech. To give it to the people. Let me undo this long scroll formally printed on pornographic papers.

[microphone hums]

IQQ: My people!

[audience cheers wildly]

IQQ: Yes, it's me! Hearken unto my voice! I'm about to address you! Not *undress*! [laughs]  
Those were the old days!

CITIZENS: We understand! We love wearing pants!

IQQ: Yes, and you will keep them on! [pauses for applause] What we have done here has reverberated through the interlink! We have created a utopia of sorts, here in our Zank system.

CITIZENS: The streets aren't sticky anymore!

IQQ: The streets— you're Rodd damn right! We volunteer, and we depend on one another, and that is the foundation of a good society. That we are responsible for the lives of others, that we are responsible for their wellbeing. As I am responsible for the public trust. That is what is within all of us. In the Zank system, there is no one that is below. No one above. No one on top— [laughs] No bottom.

[audience cheering enthusiastically]

IQQ: Everybody is astride one another. We have gone through so much together. I been your solicitor in general, but no more! I am your comrade. Maybe I am... you know, uh, first among

equals, but I am your friend. I am here to shepherd you, and we have come so far. I have news, great news!

[audience makes suspenseful noises]

IQQ: Seesu says that she would like *us* to join with her and teach her the ways of the Zank system! What we have here will be scaled and amplified! 'Til it reaches the farthest reaches!

[wild cheering and applause]

CITIZENS: I used to be a juck machine! Now I'm an accountant! I'm a vat of jizz, and I vote!

IQQ: [laughing] These are all good things! I have something to say in closing that will really bring this home. In Juntawa, there are two ways to say the word 'utopia': Juntawa, the world that we hope to be, and Juntawa, the world that can never be. But I tell you right now, we live in the world of ideals! And nothing, *nothing* can stop that!

[audience cheering wildly]

C-53: Dar, I think I've managed to— there's something *inside* you that's vibrating.

DAR: [shaking incoherently] Get— get— get it out. Get it out. Get it out.

C-53: Just pardon— just pardon my reach here, I'm gonna—

[Dar and C-53 vibrating loudly, sudden 'pop!', ongoing vibration noises]

AJ: What is that? It's a gun!

PLECK: Oh my Rodd.

AJ: What kind of gun is that?

PLECK: Oh my Rodd, it's [with Dar] the sex gun!

C-53: [disbelief] Dar, you had the *sex gun inside of you?*

PLECK: Why did you do that?!

DAR: Totally. Well, you know, obviously, I was... using it. And the batteries died, and, well— then I had to use something else, and then I was tired, and I guess I just left it up there.

PLECK: Yeah, alright.

DAR: And I forgot.

PLECK: Listen—

AJ: Is a sex gun like a butt gun, or—?

[C-53 goes 'eh...']

DAR: No, no, it's—

PLECK: No, it's actually pretty different, I think.

DAR: It's like, uh...

AJ: Hey, Prefect. We found your butt gun!

[IQQ gasps in horror]

IQQ: [speaking slowly, aghast] What... is... that?! I remember that...

TOUR-BOT: Oh no! Oh no!

IQQ: I remember that object!

TOUR-BOT: Prefect, look away!

IQQ: [immensely powerful] Give it to me.

[loud whoosh, IQQ cheers]

AJ: Whoa! It just flew across the room!

IQQ: [cheering] I can have it! Do I want it?

AJ: It flew straight into his hands!

IQQ: [speaking quietly but intensely] The past is present. Am I equal to the challenge of throwing this away? Well...

C-53: Intellius, throw it away!

IQQ: [inarticulate noises of internal struggle] If I do, I'll break it!

C-53: Yes! That's what I want you to do! Break it!

[IQQ breathing heavily]

AJ: It's glowing!

IQQ: It's glowing all the more. Red and ready to go.

AJ: Yikes.

IQQ: I cannot let this go! But I—

DAR: Wow. I'm sorry, is anyone else getting *super* turned on right now?

[the crew emphatically disagree]

C-53: Dar, no.

DAR: No? Okay. I mean, I'll just quietly think about this to myself, then.

IQQ: I cast it aside! I cast it away!

AJ: It's not moving.

IQQ: I cast it— I—

C-53: Still holding it.

AJ: Yeah, he's holding it.

DAR: Wow. I mean, this is the most *arousing* speech I have ever heard.

IQQ: [back on the microphone] This moment... [breathing heavily] I sit at the dawn of a new day. My people have come so far. Our lessons to be learned throughout the galaxy, about utopia. But part of me says... *juck it*. And that part *wins!*

[airhorns]

IQQ: [laughing maniacally] The power! Of *sex!*

[sex gun warming up]

PLECK: Oh no!

C-53: Uh-oh.



IQQ: Pleasure! Satisfaction!

TOUR-BOT: Prefect! All the hard work you did!

IQQ: [laughing, cranking up the sex gun] Oh, the hard work is gonna get even *harder!*

TOUR-BOT: No! No!

[sex gun hums menacingly]

IQQ: I'll turn it on you first!

TOUR-BOT: No— [vaguely erotic groan]

IQQ: Double-tap-tap!

[sex gun firing intermittently]

C-53: He's just shooting that sex gun indiscriminately into the crowd!

[crowd screaming, IQQ muttering to himself]

DAR: So AJ, does that answer your question? Do you understand the difference between a butt gun and a sex gun?

IQQ: Hey, to the people in the back! [cheering]

[sex gun fires, citizens groaning and moaning]

IQQ: Yeah!

EX-CREEP: We're not creeps anymore! We're back to being perverts!

IQQ: Now for the people in the front! [laughing maniacally]

[airhorns, sex gun firing, citizens crying out]

IQQ: People to the— people to the— people on the side!

CITIZEN: Oh, we used to be volunteer teachers! Now we're back to juck machines!

[laughter]

CITIZEN: Must. Juck. Must. Juck.

C-53: Prefect Intellius, you had turned everything around here!

IQQ: Yeah, I had turned everything around, but you know what? Now we're gonna do it doggy.  
[laughing] I just took it from— I just took it from semi to automatic!

[sex gun firing off machine-gun style]

IQQ: Get some! Get some!

PLECK: Oh no!

CITIZEN: The streets are sticky again!

C-53: [laughing] It happened so fast!

IQQ: Get some! Get some!

CITIZEN: The literacy rate's down! [screaming]

AJ: Oh no! Oh no!

IQQ: Yeah! You know what else is comin' down, it's them pants! Everybody report to the sex bays!

PLECK: No, IQQ! Think about what you're doing! You're gonna undo everything you've done!

[IQQ laughs maniacally]

IQQ: [murmuring intensely] This cake has been baked, sugarcane.

PLECK: No! No!

IQQ: I remember your name!

PLECK: No!

AJ: Wait, what?

IQQ: [laughing] It's all associative! It's all come back! Thank you so much. As I was hurtling through space—

AJ: Sugarcane?

C-53: Yeah, it was a whole phase for a while.

IQQ: Coming back here, I said to myself, 'should I forgive them for what they done?'

PLECK: I mean, to be fair, it was Bargie that ejected you.

IQQ: Oh! Under *your* command!

PLECK: I mean, yes, a little bit—

IQQ: Are you or are you not the captain?

PLECK: Uh, actually, Dar is the— actually, Dar's the captain!

AJ: Oh, he's not the captain. Dar's the captain.

IQQ: Oh, I don't have time for this! It's time to blow everybody away with the sex gun!

PLECK: [terrified] No!

IQQ: That's right! Get some!

PLECK: Bargie, Bargie! Bargie!

IQQ: [shouting into the microphone] I'm shooting from the hip so it's more sexualized!

[sex gun firing off constantly]

PLECK: Bargie!

IQQ: Hold still so I can hit you, y'all. Jumpin' around like a flea on a hot brick.

PLECK: We gotta get Bargie—

DAR: Quick! No, no! Get behind me! There's no time, get behind me!

PLECK: Okay!

[machine-gun sex blasts]

AJ: Oh, wow. Yeah, Dar's absorbing that sex real good.

[Dar exhales loudly and sensually]

C-53: Dar, are you gonna be okay absorbing all this until we get back to Bargie?

DAR: I mean, that's how I ran the battery down the first time, so.

C-53: Ah, okay.

PLECK: Okay. Alright.

[more sex gun blasts]

DAR: Ooh, that tickles. Okay, hit me again, daddy! [laughing]

AJ: We gotta get out of here!

PLECK: Captain!

[ongoing sex-gun fire]

DAR: Yeah! Hit me here! Hit me again!

IQQ: Definitely into this. Wow.

DAR: Ooh, yeah! The armpit *is* an erogenous zone!

IQQ: I've been saying it for years.

AJ: So can we get your endorsement for Seesu, or—

PLECK: No! AJ, run!

IQQ: Oh yeah. [laughing] I will endorse Seesu. Tell her to ready herself.

C-53: Uh, we're probably not gonna do that.

AJ: We won't do that.

IQQ: Well, relay the message.

[transition music]

PLECK: Captain Dar? I gotta say—

DAR: Hm. Hold on, I need to finish this cigarillo first.

PLECK: Okay. Alright.

[Dar smokes loudly]

C-53: Captain Dar, that was some of the bravest—

PLECK: Yeah, you really saved us.

C-53: Defense of a crew I've ever seen in all my time.

AJ: Yeah, you really just planted and took it. You saved us, Captain Dar.

DAR: Oh, yeah. Uh, and I'd save you again if I could.

C-53: I think we're good.

BARGIE: Everybody calmed down? Something crazy's about to be on television.

PLECK: What? What do you mean?

BARGIE: Let's just say a development deal is in deals.

PLECK: Okay.

AJ: Whoa, wait—

[TV turns on]

BARGIE: I don't know. There were no confirmations that— I emailed the producer. It bounced back, but I'm sure that they'll talk about it.

NEWSCASTER: We interrupt your regularly scheduled programming for a major galactic announcement.

AJ: Whoa, what? Okay.

PLECK: It's IQQ.

IQQ: [singsong] It's IQQ! Hearken unto my voice, all that are living! Know this: the Zank system will be taking over very soon to fill the void that was left by the Emperor. [sex gun whirrs] And I'll be bringing my sex gun to a neighborhood and quadrant near you. You will no longer needlessly want for food, beverages, shelter of any kind. For you will be all on your backs, pleasuring others. Business folk and the like. [laughter] Do not worry. The work will be over soon, as many

life forms quickly consummate. Join me! Join us all in the Zank district! All will be Zank! There is only the world that is Zank and the world that will soon be Zank! I'm IQQ, and I approve this message.

[TV static]

BARGIE: Oh. That wasn't what, uh... huh.

PLECK: That wasn't what you were working on?

BARGIE: It's a great idea, though. Well, uh, we'll go back to the papers and figure it out.

[incoming-transmission noise]

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

[transmission-start noise]

DAR: [laughing nervously] Oh hey, Nermut.

PLECK: Hey, Nermut. How's it going?

C-53: How's it— how's it going?

NERMUT: [completely monotone] What. The juck.

DAR: Well, funny you should put it that way...

AJ: Huh. Yeah, juck is the name of the game.

[Nermut exhales irritably]

AJ: Is Seesu mad? Does her hair still smell good, or?

NERMUT: Yes and yes.

[everyone makes unhappy noises]

AJ: Oh. Yeah, I thought so.

NERMUT: This was about galactic unification!

AJ: Yeah.

NERMUT: And now there's another candidate vying for power?

C-53: Well, that *is* democracy, though. You can't— one candidate is—

PLECK: All we have to do is be better than them!

C-53: I like to think that Seesu offers a very attractive alternative to the world that IQQ imagines.

NERMUT: Of course.

C-53: There's one great candidate and one... sex maniac. I think we're gonna be fine.

NERMUT: Okay, well, yeah.

BARGIE: This is a great idea.

PLECK & AJ: What is?

BARGIE: Whatever's happening here! I'm into it! I don't have the money, I cannot actually make it into anything. But I like it!

PLECK: Thanks, Bargie.

BARGIE: Everybody in the waiting room, please exit!

AJ: I think they're all—

PLECK: Bargie, we're in space.

[hatch clunking]

DAR: Oh, she's just opening the hatch.

[AJ and Pleck make dismayed noises]

BARGIE: They're all wearing their spacesuits, it's fine.

[Pleck hums unhappily]

NERMUT: They're took the— it seems like they're taking the helmets off.

PLECK: Why? Why would they—

BARGIE: Oh, they're pitching as they're going! I see!

[muffled shouting and banging]

WRITER: [distant] It's a dramedy that's set where people are being ejected into space!

DAR: Oh, they're taking off their helmets so they can pitch harder.

[sounds of suffocation]

ANOTHER WRITER: It's about a diverse group of young people in an urban setting!

BARGIE: Ugh, this biz is hard.

NERMUT: Yeah. Tough, tough industry.

[finale music]

~~~

C-53: You *freefell* from space? Wow.

[muffled laughter]

IQQ: Nothing is free. [laughter increases] It cost me. My body was *crushed* on impact.

PLECK: Is that why you're— is that why you're mostly, like a— you're mostly like a cyborg—

IQQ: Two-dimensional? Two-dimensional?

[uproarious laughter]

IQQ: That makes you laugh?

PLECK: [laughing] No, I'm sorry—

IQQ: That's humorous to you?

DAR: Pleck!

[more laughter]

IQQ: I still forgive you!



C-53: Very rude.

IQQ: You one-eyed... man.

~~~

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, the Chief of Staff, and the Tour Bot

With special guest Jordan Carlos as Intellius Quint Quinn

Recording, sound design and mix by Shane O'Connell

Edited by Alden Ford

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

Featuring crowd voices by our S4 kickoff live show audience

Opening crawl narration by Jeremy Crutchley

Ship design for The Bargarean Jade by Eric Geusz

Audio hosting by Simplecast

Mission to Zyxx is a proud member of the Maximum Fun network