

[main theme music begins]

NARRATOR: It is a period of civil war. The rebellion against the sinister and corrupt Federated Alliance grows stronger, and the fate of the galaxy hangs in the balance. Now, Rebel Emissary Pleck Decksetter and his intrepid crew travel the farthest reaches of the galaxy to explore astounding new worlds, discover their heroic destinies, and meet weird bug creatures and stuff. This is Mission to Zyxx.

[theme music comes to a climax, then ends]

PLECK: Hey, Nermut.

NERMUT: Yeah.

PLECK: I, uh. I'm glad to see you're mostly better after your hot dog incident. That was rough.

NERMUT: [sighs] Yeah. Wow. I feel like a pillar that supports a building was put through my body vertically.

PLECK: Sure, sure. That's pretty much what it looked like, yeah.

C-53: I mean, scale-wise, it was—it's not that far off.

NERMUT: Yeah, it was—it was that. I just—I had to help out Dar.

[a door slides open]

DAR: [slightly muffled] Okay, I don't want anyone to be alarmed... but I am retaining... a lot of water...

PLECK: Okay.

DAR: ..and I am saying this as an announcement before I come out of my room.

NERMUT: Ah.

PLECK: Oh. Don't—you don't have to worry about that, Dar, you—

DAR: I'm, uh—

PLECK: —you're beautiful all the time.

C-53: Dar, we wouldn't judge—[Dar enters the room] oh, well—

PLECK: Wowww. Okay, wow, yeah.

DAR: There are a lot of nitrates in those hot dogs.

PLECK: Sure, sure.

[Dar gets stuck]

NERMUT: Are you stuck in the hallway? Are you stuck?

C-53: Can you not—

DAR: I can move.

C-53: Mokay.

DAR: And I would like a push.

C-53: We can't get by you, but—but we can pull...

NERMUT: Um—alright, I'm gonna—[Nermut's voice is muffled] I'm gonna crawl under you and then—[straining noises as Nermut pushes]

DAR: Nope. Now you are... also stuck.

NERMUT: Nuh! Uh—

PLECK: This seems ill advised.

DAR: [sighing] My...

NERMUT: I'm—I'm stuck under a leg scale.

BARGIE: Is there anything I can do? I'm just sta—uh—just waiting.

NERMUT: Can you make the walls wider, and the hall?

PLECK: Yeah, can you open this wider?

NERMUT: Can you get this hallway wide?

BARGIE: You want me to make my hallway wider?

NERMUT: Yeah.

BARGIE: That's—that's who I am, I can't really change...

NERMUT: Okay.

BARGIE: ...my insides.

C-53: Yeah, that would—that's probably a crazy question.

PLECK: Um...

BARGIE: Do you feel like my hallways are too narrow? Am—am I—

DAR: No no no, I'm—I am—

C-53: No no no, that's not a judgment call.

[Dar sighs]

BARGIE: I—I've been thinking it's, that they're too narrow recently, but I finally was like "I like who I am for who I am..."

C-53: No no, Bargie—

DAR: No no, Bargie, I need—

C-53: You don't wanna get your hallways done, then they're gonna have that very done look, and—

PLECK: Sure. Sure.

DAR: Yeah.

C-53: If you wanna maybe crack the hatch just a little bit—

PLECK: Just a hair, maybe we can kinda just get a little vacuum pressure and pop ol' Dar right outta there.

BARGIE: Alright, I'll crack it open. [Bargie's hatch opens]

PLECK: Oh—okay, I'm just gonna hold on to this bar here.

[sound of depressurization, Pleck making distressed noises]

[Bargie's hatch closes, Dar and Nermut fall to the floor]

DAR: Oh. Alright. [sarcastically] "Old Dar" just popped right out.

[incoming transmission sound]

C-53: Emissary Decksetter, I have an incoming transmission from Rebel Leader Rolphus Tiddle?

PLECK: Oh. I—Is it for me?

C-53: Apparently.

PLECK: Uh, [coughs] yeah. [transmission start sound] Hello, uh, sir!

ROLPHUS: Emissary Decksetter!

PLECK: Yes!

ROLPHUS: Crew of the Bargarean Jade, hello!

[crew responds all at once]

PLECK: Yes sir, hello!

C-53: Hello.

NERMUT: Hey, uh—

PLECK: Hello!

ROLPHUS: Long live the Rebellion!

PLECK: Yeah, absolutely.

DAR: Wow.

C-53: Sure. Long live the Rebellion.

ROLPHUS: [crosstalk] Long live the Rebellion. You say it after me. Long live the Rebellion.

[crew continues crosstalk, becoming less enthusiastic]

DAR: Sure, long live—

PLECK: Yeah, long live the—live—

C-53: Long... live the Rebellion, yeah.

ROLPHUS: Crew of the Bargarean Jade, I wanted to give you a brief update on Hark Tardigast.

PLECK: Oh yeah, sure. Wow, what a tragedy.

DAR: He's alive, right?

ROLPHUS: He's missing.

DAR: Which means...

ROLPHUS: We have no idea—

C-53: Hmm. Now that's a shame.

ROLPHUS: —where his last location was. Communication went really...

DAR: [regretfully] Bad.

ROLPHUS: Weird, it just got very weird.

PLECK: Sort of weird, yeah. Yeah, yeah.

DAR: Almost like someone...tampered with it.

NERMUT: [hesitant grunting]

ROLPHUS: Crew of the Bargarean Jade, in the absence of Captain Tardigast... we need you to fulfill a mission. For the Rebellion.

PLECK: Whoa. Really?

NERMUT: [whispering] Wow.

ROLPHUS: The Rebellion is low on supplies. Specifically, water.

DAR: Mmm.

PLECK: [confused] Water.

C-53: Hmm. That's a—seems like a crucial one.

NERMUT: [quietly] That's really important.

ROLPHUS: Well, I'm—I'm—

PLECK: Isn't there water sort of everywhere in the...

DAR: I mean, I'm holding a lot of it right now.

ROLPHUS: You—you're a chatty lot, aren't you?

PLECK: Yeah, sorry.

NERMUT: Yeah—

C-53: Yeah, but—

PLECK: We're—we're just sorta used to—usually when Nermut gives us a mission, we're kind of like, hey, what's—what's the weird thing happening with you today?

NERMUT: Right. Yeah.

ROLPHUS: Right.

DAR: Truly, it's like, not even about the assignment, it's usually...

PLECK: It's not really about the assi—the assignment is sort of, you know, usually kind of tangential.

ROLPHUS: Right. I don't know how to—

BARGIE: [interrupting] Can I chime in? Can I chime in?

ROLPHUS: No! I—why is the ship chiming in?

BARGIE: Um, hi. I have a question for you. [laughing] Do you—I have a question, what do you think about my hallways?

ROLPHUS: [annoyed] What?

BARGIE: Narrow? Wider?

PLECK: Too narrow?

ROLPHUS: I don't— Listen—

NERMUT: [whispering] Say they're fine.

ROLPHUS: They're fine. They're fine.

BARGIE: [sarcastic] "They're fine," wowwww. Okay, wow.

NERMUT: No, Bargie, he was like [upbeat tone] "they're fine!"

BARGIE: Ughhh.

NERMUT: Ugh.

PLECK: [to Rolphus] What's up with you, man?

ROLPHUS: Uhh... This water is vital for the success of the rebellion. I need this crew to report to the planet of Gill/Gesh, a lush water planet. The inhabitants are very particular about their resources, so I want you to go and negotiate—

PLECK: Sure.

ROLPHUS: —get the water, and get out. Are you soldiers or not? A-Are you rebels? Long live the Rebellion!

[crew talks all at once]

NERMUT: Yeah, we're rebels!

DAR: Uhhhhhhh...

C-53: No, we're actually not soldiers, is the interesting part of this.

NERMUT: Oh.

DAR: Yeah.

PLECK: Yeah, we're emissaries.

NERMUT: [sheepish] Yeah.

ROLPHUS: Alright.

DAR: Right.

ROLPHUS: Go to Gill/Gesh. Get the water. That's it. That is... truly it.

PLECK: Sure, sure.

DAR: Okay. Yeah. Uh-huh.

C-53: Yep. Yep. We got it.

BARGIE: Question, are you the guy who sells underwear?

ROLPHUS: [yelling over Bargie] Why is the ship talking!?

BARGIE: I feel like I know your voice, you're the guy that sells underwear.

ROLPHUS: [pause] I—y—well, yeah. Everybody's got a side hustle.

BARGIE: Ohhh, okay.

ROLPHUS: Listen, get the jucking water—

NERMUT: Guys, we're gonna go to Gill/Gesh, and we're gonna fill giant tankers with water, and it's gonna be amazing!

PLECK: See how he moves his hands around?

DAR: Nermut, don't you wanna just tell us about, like, your music career instead?

NERMUT: Uhh, I mean, sure! So I'm working on this new thi—

ROLPHUS: Do I have to be here for this?

NERMUT: —hm?

DAR: [emphatically] Yes.

NERMUT: I mean, if—are you—do you like music?

ROLPHUS: This is a mission briefing.

PLECK: Okay—

BARGIE: Alright everybody, calm down. I agree with him, okay? Everyone needs to calm down and be very professional cause I have an acting coach coming.

[crew responds all at once, pleasantly surprised]

C-53: Oh!

PLECK: Ohh, Bargie!

DAR: Aww, Barge!

ROLPHUS: I can't deal with this little bit of business right now.

PLECK: This—

ROLPHUS: I'm not involved in your lives. This is it.

DAR: But you could be, because now you're the person who give us the missions!

NERMUT: You could be.

PLECK: Yeah, a-and Commander Tiddle, I-I mean, Bargie has a very storied career, she's on her way back up—

NERMUT: I have a printout of Bargie's, uh, filmography if you want to look at—here, this is amazing. Like—

ROLPHUS: [frustrated] What is wrong with you. What is wrong with you all?

BARGIE: But before you go, [Rolphus protesting, Nermut agreeing] I have a couple of sides I need to practice beforehand, if you don't mind.

[transition music]

ROBOTIC VOICE: You have received an audio transmission from Rebellion headquarters. Playback will follow decryption.



SEESU: Attention rebels. This is commander Seesu Gundu with a very exciting voicemail. Suck it, other voicemails! That's right, I'm here with news about our official Rebellion website, therebellion.space, built with Squarespace. Yeah, it's a real website that you can visit! Like we, we literally made a website! Head to therebellion.space ASAP, because we posted some insane stuff. Like an advice column by the one and only Hark Tardigast, who will even answer your questions, a page where you can upload sounds that could end up in one of our weekly propaganda messages, and get this—we've uploaded a heavily encrypted communique that we intercepted from the stupid Federated Alliance. Can you decrypt it? We sure can't.

So head over to therebellion.space, where you'll also find a link to this amazing offer: a free Squarespace trial, and then 10% off when you purchase a website or domain. That's at squarespace.com/zyxx, and use offer code ZYXX. Or better yet, just click "make a website" when you're browsing all that scorchin' hot exclusive Rebellion intel on the best website ever made, therebellion.space. It was insanely easy to make, and we definitely don't know what we're doing. Therebellion.space! Seesu Gundu, signing off.

ROBOTIC VOICE: End of message.

[transition music]

[Bargie lands on the planet]

PLECK: Hey—this is—does not look like a water planet.

C-53: No, this is neither verdant nor lush.

PLECK: Hey, Bargie, are you sure you got these coordinates right?

BARGIE: Yeah. This is the planet that you told me to go to.

PLECK: [laughing] I guess so. Well—I—I mean, I don't know, C-53, does this look right to you?

C-53: Well, no, it doesn't look right, but I can confirm that these landmarks are correct with our maps of Gill/Gesh; it just seems very dry here for a water planet.

PLECK: Huh, weird. Alright, I guess let's—let's open the hatch, let's do this.

[Bargie's hatch opens]

C-53: Wow, that is—

PLECK: Warm.

C-53: Yeah. It's an oppressive heat.

DAR: Whoof.

PLECK: Wish I still had those Alliance shorts, y'know?

DAR: Yeah, this bathing suit feels a little ridiculous right now.

PLECK: Guys, I think something's... wrong.

NERMUT: I don't know, I mean this—the coordinates are right, this is Gill/Gesh.

PLECK: Hey—Nermut, how are you f—like, this is sort of like your zone, right? Like a reptile.

NERMUT: Yeah! Yeah, kind of feels like nap time. That sun's a-beatin' down, could get—I could sun the old little be—belly... [sound of something unzipping]

C-53: Nermut, stop coiling up on that rock.

NERMUT: Ahhh...

PLECK: Wait, Nermut, can I ask you a question, like—are you cold blooded?

NERMUT: Yeah!

PLECK: So like, when it's hot like this, d'you get real, like—

NERMUT: I get kinda good, y'know?

PLECK: Yeah. Do you like, stay real—

DAR: You get “kinda good”?

PLECK: You stay—

NERMUT: Yeah! Watch this little stretch. Imma stretch out—[Nermut stretches]

PLECK: Yeah. That's adorable.

DAR: Yeah.

C-53: That's... that is maybe the most comfortable I've ever seen Nermut look.

NERMUT: Yeah, that's good stuff, here.

PLECK: But if I—if I scare you...

NERMUT: Yeah, what do you mean?

[swatting noise]

[Nermut yelps and skitters]

PLECK: Oh!

C-53: Wow!

PLECK: He went like 20 meters! He went like 20 meters in like half a second.

NERMUT: [farther away] Agh, don't—startle me when I'm chillin'.

PLECK: That is classic lizard guys, classic lizard.

C-53: Yeah, he really—I would describe that as darted away.

NERMUT: Oh my gosh.

PLECK: He darted.

C-53: Yeah.

NERMUT: I guess the water must be over the horizon. because we can't see it from here. Come on, guys! [Nermut skitters away]

[transition music]

[sound of the crew's footsteps]

PLECK: Y'know, guys, this looks like it used to be some kind of settlement, but there's no one here.

GERP: Hey!

PLECK: Ah—

C-53: [mildly surprised] Oh.

GERP: Visitors! Hi!

PLECK: Oh! Uh, something is inside this little bowl. He-Hello!

C-53: Hi.

GERP: Hello.

PLECK: I'm—I'm, uh, emissary Pleck Decksetter, uh, I'm here with, uh, C-53, uh, protocol and diplomatic relations droid, Dar is our security officer, and Nermut Bundaloy.

GERP: [very cheerfully] Oh! Hi! I'm Gerp.

PLECK: Gerp?

GERP: Gerp!

PLECK: Gerp is your name?

GERP: Gerp is my name.

PLECK: Wow. Uh—

GERP: It sounds like what I say when I blow bubbles. [bubble sounds] When I swim around in this little tank! [sound of water moving]

PLECK: That's—wow, that is adorable.

GERP: [laughs] Thank you. Visitors!

PLECK: Uh—Ee—

GERP: Oh, hi! I'm Gerp.

PLECK: [uncertainly] Oh, hi.

DAR: Nermut, why are you so close to Gerp's tank?

NERMUT: [nervously] Uhhh... no reason. I just—

PLECK: Nermut, are you okay?

NERMUT: Yeah, I'm fine. Uhhh... [Nermut skitters closer]

DAR: Quit licking your lips like that!

PLECK: [laughs] Uh, y'know, Gerp—hey, listen, we're here from the Rebellion, we—

GERP: Ohh, the Rebellion, we don't get a lot of visitors around here.

PLECK: Yeah, well, you know, ah, we heard, actually, this was a water planet.

GERP: Yeah, I'm in water. This is my tank! I'm Gerp.

PLECK: You—

C-53: Yeah, uh, you mentioned that, Gerp. Gerp, didn't your planet used to be covered in water?

GERP: Oh, yeah. A long time ago, when there were still other people who didn't look like Gerp on this planet? They used to stand upright. We were a source of entertainment for them. They'd lean over our little tanks and say that we look cute and provide us with food, and then...

PLECK: Oh no.

GERP: Hmm. [pause] Hi! Visitors!

PLECK: Oh no. Guys, can I talk to you guys over here for a second?

C-53: Yeah yeah, mm-hmm.

NERMUT: Actually, I think if you hold the tank, I could dive in and just grab Gerp, and I could—

PLECK: No— [sputtering] No. Why would you do that?

NERMUT: Because doesn't that look like the most delicious thing you've ever seen?

PLECK: What are you t—? Nermut!

C-53: Nermut, you gotta calm down right now.

NERMUT: Wha—This—I'm in my chill zone! This is my chill planet!

DAR: No, no, no, you are hot blooded right now.

NERMUT: I just think we should eat Gerp.

PLECK: [incredulous] What are you talking about?

NERMUT: What do you mean?

C-53: Nermut, this is the first person we have met on an alien world, and you're suggesting that we eat them.

NERMUT: This is obviously a meal. This can't be who we're meeting. Okay, on my—

DAR: Ohh, he's not suggesting we eat Gerp. He's suggesting that he eat Gerp.

C-53: [crosstalk] He eats Gerp.

NERMUT: [sighs] Well—if there's more Gurps around, you can have 'em, but I call this first Gerp—

GERP: Ohh, other Gerp? Yeah, there are other people like Gerp. We swim in our little tanks, and, um, they're a little further that way. [splashing sounds] If you want to get there, you're gonna have to carry me.

PLECK: Uhh...

C-53: Okay, well—

DAR: How did you get all the way out here...?

GERP: If—if I rock, the motion of the water in the tank will propel me a very small amount, and—

PLECK: Oh no.

GERP: Visitors! [vigorous splashing sounds] Have you seen that star? It's beautiful.

PLECK: There's—You mean the—the sun? This one?

GERP: Yeah, that one.

PLECK: Yeah.

GERP: Gorgeous.

PLECK: [laughs] Yeah, it's very, very hot.

GERP: Uh-huh.

C-53: Yeah, ah, take a look at this picture from the surface of Gill/Gesh from 10 years ago.

[file opens]

PLECK: Oh no...

C-53: That sun's about 40 times the size that it used to be in the sky.

PLECK: Ohh boy. Hmm. Yeah, Gerp, uhh... I gotta tell ya, I think this—this star's gettin' bigger. I—

GERP: [happily] Yes! It is getting bigger! It's so beautiful. It warms my tank. I think there's less water in here!

[sound of steam rising]

PLECK: Oh, no!

NERMUT: Huh. Are we here to do, like, astronomy, or to find those other Gurps, am I right? Let's get over to—

C-53: No, we're not here to do either of those.

PLECK: Nermut. Nermut!

NERMUT: What?

PLECK: What are you doing?

NERMUT: I just—This is...

DAR: You have a little knife and fork out!

PLECK: Where did you even get that?

NERMUT: Huh? I packed a knife and fork.

C-53: Nermut.

NERMUT: What?

C-53: We are here on a diplomatic mission.

NERMUT: Yes!

GERP: What are you looking for?

NERMUT: You should not do emissary work on an empty stomach.

[Dar and Nermut speaking simultaneously]

NERMUT: Hmm, what are we looking for?

DAR: We were looking for water.

GERP: Water? Well, when I was where I was before I forgot where I came from, there was water. Take me... that way! [splashing sounds]

C-53: That... sounds promising.

PLECK: Okay, li—sure, Gerp—okay, this way? [tank sloshes] Ohh wow, this is—this is heavy. I'm not sure why I'm the one carrying—

NERMUT: I'll—I'll—I'll—I'll—I'll do it.

[Dar and Pleck speaking simultaneously]

PLECK: No, Nermut, why would you ever—

DAR: You absolutely will not take it.

GERP: That guy looks excited to carry me, he's got a little bib on, and, uh—

PLECK: Where did you get a bib!?

C-53: Nermut, the question is why are you carrying a knife, a fork, and bib in your slacks?

NERMUT: Because when I heard water planet, I thought of home and thought there might be s—

PLECK: Wait, you're from a water planet?

NERMUT: I mean, there's a lot of water on my planet, yeah.

GERP: A lot of water on my planet! [Nermut sighs] Um, me too! That way!

PLECK: Okay, alright.

C-53: Alright.

PLECK: Dar, can you carry Gerp?

NERMUT: Okay. Y'know—

DAR: Yes, I can carry Gerp.

PLECK: And just—make sure [quietly] Nermut doesn't get too close.

DAR: [crosstalk] Very far away from Nermut.

NERMUT: Listen, it—this species obviously wouldn't know if it's alive or dead. It's—

PLECK: What're you—what the juck, Nermut?

C-53: Am I speaking to the same Nermut Bundaloy that had memorized all of the Federated Alliance protocols?

NERMUT: Yeah, of course.

C-53: But—

NERMUT: Listen, Pleck, you've eaten Garfon.

PLECK: Yeah, it was dead, though, it was already dead.

NERMUT: Yeah, well, this fish will be dead! A—this Gerp—

GERP: Um, if you wanna eat Gerp, I think you can. We should just find some more Gerp—

NERMUT: Yes! Consent! [water splashes as Nermut jumps into the tank]

PLECK: Oh no! Nermut! Nermut, oh—agh!



DAR: Uh...

NERMUT: [splashing stops] Whagh—why'd you pull me out?

PLECK: No—

NERMUT: Why—? Agh, I had 'im...

PLECK: Nermut... Nermut!

NERMUT: What?

GERP: [cheerfully] Oh, boy! Less water in my tank!

DAR: Oh no...

PLECK Oh, no, Nermut! Oh...

[C-53's servos move, he slaps Nermut]

[Nermut screams, fading into the distance]

C-53: Oh.

DAR: ...So we'll catch up to him in a second.

C-53: That was one of my softer slaps. I feel... a little guilty.

DAR: I mean, his bones are hollow.

SEVERAL GURPS: [in chorus] Gerp! Gerp! Gerp!

CURIOUS GERP: Did you bring us friends?

PLECK: Oh—boy. Wow. Are these your friends, Gerp?

GERP: I think so. Hey, it's Gerp!

SOME GERP: Hey!

ME GERP: Gerp, it's me, Gerp!

GERP: Oh, it's Gerp! Guys, these are Gerp, and that's Gerp, that's Gerp, and I'm—Gerp!

GERP, SON OF GERP: But I'm Gerp!

GERP: These are visitors!

PLECK: Uh, hi there, uh, Gerp, Gerp, Gerp, uh...

GERP TOO: And me! I'm Gerp too!

ALSO GERP: [splashing] I'm also Gerp!

PLECK: Oh boy.

FRIENDLY GERP: My friends call me Gerp 'cause my name is Gerp!

C-53: I think we... sort of get it.

FIRST NAME GERP: First name Gerp, no last name!

GERP, SON OF GERP: Gerp was my father! Call me Gerp.

CONFUSED GERP: Wait, where's Gerp?

GERP: Oh! I'm here! And I brought visitors!

[Gurps cheer for Gerp]

GERP, BEARER OF BAD NEWS: I have sad news to report.

[Gurps gasp]

ME GERP: What is it, Gerp?

GERP, BEARER OF BAD NEWS: I'm Gerp!

[Gurps moan sadly]

PLECK: Uhh... Wow, it is a real pleasure to meet you Gurps, uh—

GERP: Oh, thank you. You might be asking, "where's the leadership?" Well, anybody that I can ever remember having power, they're gone now. It's just Gerp! We all like each other, so... I guess you could just talk to Gerp!

PLECK: Oh, that's good. I mean, you guys sort of have, like, a real utopian society here.

C-53: Emissary Decksetter, I think we need to review the concept of a "utopian society."

PLECK: Oh, I-I guess I just mean that like, they kinda got it all figured out, you know, like—

C-53: Do they?

DAR: Uhh, let's just step aside here for a second, guys.

PLECK: Okay, yeah. Can we—Gerp, just give us one second.

GERP: Okay, I'm Gerp!

INTERRUPTING GERP: I'm Gerp!

DAR: You sure are! [in a lower voice] Not that they'll remember us talking about this in front of them, but I still think... decorum.

C-53: Sure.

PLECK: Yeah, sure. We should keep it over here for now.

DAR: Yeah.

C-53: Yeah, their planet is about to... be incinerated. They're gonna fall into their own sun.

PLECK: Oh my—I mean, is there anything we can do?

C-53: I don't know, can you reverse the movement of a planet?

DAR: [hesitantly] We could baggie all of them and take them back onto the ship.

GERP: Excuse me, I think you forgot to put down Gerp! Dar's carrying Gerp.

DAR: Oh—

C-53: Oh jeez.

GERP: Are you saying our planet is in some sort of danger?

PLECK: No, nononono. No. No, nonono.

C-53: Oh. Well, um—

DAR: [overly reassuring] Noooooo.

GERP, SON OF GERP: Wait, what? Our planet's in danger?

[chorus of Gurps repeats "Our planet's in danger" in various tones]

GERP: Hey, look! Visitors! I'm Gerp!

[multiple Gurps begin reintroducing themselves]

PLECK: Okay, alright, we're—we're f—we're fine, we're fine, we're fine.

C-53: [crosstalk] Okay, alright.

DAR: Okay, that's a relief. Wait, wait wa-w-wait. Where's Nermut?

[sound of struggling underwater]

PLECK: [laughing] Oh, Nermut—

[Nermut makes sounds around something in his mouth]

C-53: Get that out of your mouth right now, Nermut.

PLECK: [crosstalk] Get it out, get it out! Spit it out.

[splashing sound as Nermut spits out the Gurp]

PLECK: Nermut, we can't take you anywhere.

NERMUT: Yes, you can! I've gone places—

C-53: You have zero impulse control.

NERMUT: Okay. These Gurps are going to be burnt up by their own star pretty soon anyway. These are so close to the prime delicacy on my planet. If you understood what tasty— [Nermut shudders]

PLECK: Well, listen—

GERP, SON OF GERP: Gerp was my father. I'm Gerp.

GERP: I'm Gerp!

INTERJECTING GERP: Gerp.

GERP, SON OF GERP: We're so happy. Everything's the best.

GERP: [crosstalk] Have you seen the star?

GERP, SON OF GERP: Oh, the star!

GERP: Have you seen the star?

PLECK: I mean, yeah, it's huge, it's b—

GERP: It's beautiful.

PLECK: I feel like it's bi—I mean, C-53, is it bigger than it was when we got here?

C-53: [quietly] Oh yeah.

DAR: Uh, it's so much bigger.

SEVERAL GURPS: [in chorus] Big star, big star, big star, big star!

DAR: I'm—

C-53: Emissary Decksetter, let me show you a projection of how soon we are going to fall into the star.

[file opens]

PLECK: Oh, brill—Oh, wow. It's looking—yeah. Today. That's today.

GERP: Oh, the top of my bowl is bubbling!

C-53: Mm-hmm.

PLECK: Oh boy.

OPTIMISTIC GERP: Our bowls aren't half empty, they're half full!

SEVERAL GURPS: [in chorus] Yeah!

GERP, SON OF GERP: Yeah, all the bowls are half full!

DAR: I know I mentioned earlier that I felt ridiculous wearing this swimsuit, but I feel even stupider right now because it's just riding up in all this sweat...

PLECK: But you're getting a tan, which is nice.

C-53: Ambassador Decksetter, did you apply preventative lotion before exiting Bargie?

PLECK: Nah, I—I tan pretty easy, so I think I'm probably good.

NERMUT: Nah...

C-53: You're... very red.

NERMUT: You're very—yeah.

PLECK: I feel pretty good.

NERMUT: You're pinker than normal.

GERP: Sometimes I remember people... hmm... something...

PLECK: Do they look like... this skeleton over here?

GERP: Whoa, look! Hmm, if I try to remember, it was about that size. Their skin, it started to... sizzle.

PLECK: Oh boy.

GERP: It wasn't—they couldn't—and they made such horrible noises!

SEVERAL GURPS: [chanting and splashing] Big star, big star, big star!

GERP, SON OF GERP: I remember—I remember one of their heads exploded!

PLECK: Wh—what?

GERP, SON OF GERP: Just exploded.

GERP: Hmm.

ME GERP: I remember—one of them came, and they were like, “we’re here to take your water,” and they started to take our water, and then they fell down, and they became a skeleton.

GERP, SON OF GERP: Yeah, I remember one of ’em said, “I actually tan pretty well,” and then his head exploded!

PLECK: Okay, fair enough, uh—how hot is it, C-53?

C-53: It’s close to 200 degrees out here.

PLECK: Oh, that’s... higher than I thought. You know what? [sending transmission sound] Hey, uh, hey Bargie?

BARGIE: [over comms] Yeah.

PLECK: Uh, could you just swing by and pick me up? I'm just gonna apply some sunscreen here. Some sta—some starscreen.

BARGIE: Okay, but uh... Roberto is currently with me. We're going through some scene work, so you're gonna have to, uh, be part of it.

PLECK: Oh! Yeah, sure, I'm happy to weigh in.

GERP, SON OF GERP: Wow, your head is bubbling.

PLECK: Okay. Just—but—as quickly as possible, please.

[transition music]

[ambient bar sounds]

UNNAMED BARTENDER: Hey there, pull up a chair. Get you your regular. Whoa now, you look a little down. Y'know what I do when I need cheering up, which is pretty much all the time? I... I listen to my favorite podcast, Spontaneation. It's—it's a completely improvised show where you never know what's coming. It's totally improvised, okay? Host Paul F. Tompkins and his special guests bring you—YOU—into hilarious new worlds every episode, from the monologue, to interviews, to... to what, narrative sketches. And one crazy thing about Paul, this is so crazy: he sounds like Rip Seeso, the famous raconteur from Chimnacia, but like, with a totally different accent. So get this: in honor of Pride Month, right now—hang on—[to someone else] You're banned! You!

BARTENDER'S BROTHER: I'm banned? Oh, me?

UNNAMED BARTENDER: No, I'm looking at somebody else.

BARTENDER'S BROTHER: I'm banned?

UNNAMED BARTENDER: You are two minutes, maximum.

BARTENDER'S BROTHER: You're banned!

UNNAMED BARTENDER: [to the original person again] Sorry, that's my brother, we don't—we don't get along. Anyway, what was I talkin' about? Right. Spontaneation, this month, in honor of Pride Month, has an incredible lineup of super talented LGBTQ performers stopping by the show all month long. People like Stephanie Beatriz from Brooklyn 99, y'know? And Natalie Morales from Parks and Recreation? You don't want to miss this, okay? So here's your next order coming up, I don't care what you want to order, this is what's coming: you are listening to Spontaneation with Paul F. Tompkins every Monday. Every Monday, on Apple Podcasts, Stitcher, or wherever you listen to podcasts, I don't care where you listen. Why would I have a dog in that fight? I just care what you listen to, you know? And when you leave, I want you to take my stupid brother!

BARTENDER'S BROTHER: You're the stupid one.

[transition music]

C-53: I don't know if you've looked at these uniforms. These are Federated Alliance uniforms.

NERMUT: On the—on the skeleton?

C-53: Yeah.

GERP: Uhh, hmm... I've... tried to remember...

C-53: Gerp, do you remember any explosions happening?

GERP: Oh, yeah! Other big, bright stars and—yelling... screaming...

GERP, SON OF GERP: People screaming: "Ohh, we've thrown the gravitational pull of the planet off!"

GERP: Yes! Big star, getting closer, everyone scared...

TRAUMATIZED GERP 1: People screaming, "Not enough escape pods for so many soldiers."

TRAUMATIZED GERP 2: People screaming, "This is the end of our life!"

C-53: Well, that was a terrifying interlude.

DAR: Yeah, um, really just sitting in it right now. Umm...

NERMUT: Now, wait, are we to believe that there was a—Alliance battle happening while this star was coming so close that Tellurian life couldn't exist?

C-53: No, they knocked this planet out of its orbit.

NERMUT: Ohhh...

C-53: They—

NERMUT: That's worse.

C-53: Yeah. They doomed a world. They destroyed an entire ecosystem.

NERMUT: Huh.

DAR: Huh, could you imagine different groups who just hated each other so much they would sacrifice an entire planet?

[short pause]

NERMUT: No.

C-53: No, that's so dumb.

WHISPERING GERP: [splashing and whispering] Hey! Hey! Hey. Hey. Shh, shh shh shh shh.

DAR: What?

WHISPERING GERP: I'm Gerp.

C-53: Hi—Hi, Gerp.

DAR: Hi Gerp.

NERMUT: [crosstalk] Hi Gerp.



GERP: Ooh, I'm Gerp.

C-53: Uh, hello, Gerp.

NERMUT: H-Hi, Gerp.

GERP, WHO WANTS TO BE INCLUDED: I'm Gerp.

C-53: Oh—I made a mistake in greeting the first one.

DAR: Yep.

GERP: So, you guys came to the planet for the... bright star?

DAR: [regretfully] Ooh, yeah.

C-53: No, Gerp, I'm sad to say we were here for the water, which apparently no longer exists.

GERP: Oh yeah, we remember that day. It all went away.

C-53: Gerp, your cognitive powers seem to grow the hotter it gets on this planet.

GERP: [giggles] It makes me feel good. It also makes my whole tank go bubbly. Look!

NERMUT: Now see, this is—I mean guys, this—it's literally cooking in its own water. Come on, just give me this one!

GERP: Mmmmm, feels good!

NERMUT: Come on, it's—

DAR: Literally, no.

NERMUT: What? It is boiled fish! [Nermut sighs]

[incoming transmission]

PLECK: [over comms] Hey, guys.

[Dar, Nermut, and C-53 answer simultaneously]

DAR: Hey!

NERMUT: Hey!

C-53: Heyyy.

DAR: How're ya feeling, buddy? You—you're awake?

PLECK: I just heard you guys—I just heard you guys on communicator, I thought maybe... you needed my help.

DAR: Oh—no...

C-53: No, we're okay. How's the ice bath?

DAR: ...Yeah.

PLECK: Oh boy, wow, it was—you guys were right, I should not have stayed out there for that long.

C-53: Yeah.

PLECK: It was... bad.

NERMUT: I can hear your skin crackling.

PLECK: Yeah, well, it's fine.

NERMUT: Uhhh...

BEANO: [over comms with Pleck] Beano get more ice!

PLECK: Guh...

NERMUT: [pleasantly surprised] Oh, Beano's helping.

PLECK: I'm gonna go back into my coma. I'll talk to you guys later.

C-53: Alright.

DAR: Okay.

[communicator turns off]

DAR: Listen, guys. We're not gonna get any water on this planet.

NERMUT: There's l—water in every one of these tanks!

DAR: We're not tak—

GERP: We need water? We have water.

AGREEABLE GERP: We—yeah, we have water!

WET GERP: Gerp has water.

C-53: Well, Gerp, if we take your water, won't you all die?

GERP: I don't know. I've never been out of my water.

C-53: Okay, that's a pretty good bet.

DAR: I—I think the answer to that is you would—you would die. Each one of you Gurps would die.

GERP, SON OF GERP: Well, we might not, we might become part of the bright star.

SEVERAL GURPS: [chorusing] Yeah, the bright star!

DAR: No—no, Gerp—

PHILOSOPHICAL GERP: Maybe—maybe all that which comes from the big star must return to the big star.

GERP, SON OF GERP: Maybe energy can neither be [laughs] created or destroyed, but only transferred, therefore Gerp would actually just become part of the universe!

NERMUT: [sharpening knife and fork] Yeah!

GERP: Yeah, and maybe Gerp has seen so much, so many sizzling bodies, maybe... maybe the star is what makes that all makes sense. We love the bright star.

DAR: Okay, my small fishy zealots. You do not need to jump out of your little tanks—

NERMUT: [chanting] Jump! Jump! Jump! Jump!

SEVERAL GURPS: [joining the chant] Jump! Jump! Jump! Jump!

C-53: Nermut!

DAR: Bundaloy!

NERMUT: What!?

DAR: You stop that right there, or I will have C slap you right back onto the ship!

NERMUT: What? They were chanting it. I was just—they want it.

DAR: No no, you—

GERP: We love to chant! Anything you say, we'll chant it.

DAR: Ugh, okay—

C-53: You know that these Gulp are very impressionable.

NERMUT: [breathlessly] Yeah!

C-53: Nermut, I am just gonna—pick you up by your leg, and just gonna—[Nermut yelps, protests] I do not trust you. I don't think you're in control of yourself—

NERMUT: [strangled] Uh—c'mon—ow—okay—ugh, oh, the blood's going to my head... [Nermut trails off dizzily and there is a quiet thump]

GERP, SON OF GERP: All us Gulp just want you to be happy. We're incredibly happy!

GERP: Are you happy?

Dar: Oh. Uhhh, [in a slightly higher tone] eh, that's a really—

C-53: Hmm, that is a complicated question, Gulp.

DAR: Yeah. I can't really—

GERP, SON OF GERP: It's—it's not, are you happy, Gulp?

GERP: Yes—

GERP, SON OF GERP: We are happy!

GERP: We are happy!

[Nermut skitters across the ground]

GERP, SON OF GERP: We are happy!

[sound of splash]

GERP: [happily] I'm in the inside of a mouth!

DAR: Wait—Nermut!

NERMUT: [splashing noises] Ugh—sorry! I just—guh. I'm carrying—I'm saving it!

C-53: Nermut, I was holding you upside down for your own benefit, not so that you could dive into the tanks of these Gulp.

NERMUT: [desperately] You dipped me in the tank and I took the opportunity. These Gulp look exactly like Milnids, and where I grew up, Milnids were served once a month.

C-53: [firmly] Nermut—

NERMUT: And if you got your Milni—

[C-53's servos move, he slaps Nermut]

[Nermut screaming, fading into the distance]

DAR: Let's be real, how much radiation are in these Gurp?

C-53: I mean a lot, at this point.

DAR: Yeah.

ENTRANCED GERP: The star is getting brighter, and brighter—

SEVERAL GURPS: [joining in the chant] And brighter, and brighter, and brighter...

GERP, SON OF GERP: Whoa! Look at that Gurp! That Gurp's about to get out of the tank!

DAR: No—

GERP: I'm gonna jump!

DAR: W-wait—

GERP: Visitors, take my water. I want you to!

[Dar stutters in opposition]

[sound of Gerp splashing, turns into wet scampering footsteps]

C-53: Ger—

DAR: Oh—okay—

C-53: Gerp, you seem to be... okay without water?

GERP: Hmm. Yeah! Mmmmm... look at me!

DAR: Wait, n—now they're all doing it!

[Gurps splashing, cheering]

GERP, SON OF GERP: I feel the best I've ever felt!

[wet, splashy Gurp footsteps run back and forth]

GERP: Yeah. Look! Look at me! I can walk! Far!

GERP, SON OF GERP: Walking on those things, what're they called? Oh yeah—feet!

GERP: [crosstalk] Fins!

GERP, SON OF GERP: But flipping your fins, you don't get too far. Legs are required for jumpin'.

GERP, SON OF GERP: Dancing.

GERP: [crosstalk] Dancing!

GERP, SON OF GERP: I'm Gerp!

GERP: I'm Gerp!

DAR: C, are they... evolving?

C-53: I—this is highly unusual, but—

GERP: Look, my fins turned into ten little individual digits!

C-53: This creature seems to have some sort of relation to massive amounts of stellar radiation, and the more they absorb, the faster they seem to be moving up the evolutionary chain. This is highly unusual.

INTELLIGENT GERP: The thing inside of me is getting smar... ter? I—I believe my—my name... I need a last name!

GERP: What about Gerp?

INTELLIGENT GERP: Gerp Gerp!

[Gurps begin speaking all at once]

GERP GERP: I'm Gerp Gerp!

GERP GERP TOO: Oh yeah, me too!

GERP: I'm Gerp Gerp!

GERP, SON OF GERP: I'll be Gerp Gerpson. My father was Gerp.

C-53: Alright, maybe they're not moving up that fast.

DAR: Still admirable.

C-53: It's... still impressive.

DAR: Yeah.

GERP: The bright star is... going to be here soon.

C-53: Dar, we have about 20 minutes before you and I are incinerated.

DAR: But—what do we do, do we—do we shuttle them to another planet?

GERP: [wet footsteps] Please don't take us from our planet. Look that way. Do you—you see the bright star? You see...

C-53: You can't avoid seeing the bright star at this point.

GERP: Exactly. See how it sorta sizzles your eyes if you look at it for too long? When I look away from the bright star, I still see it. Because it's been burned onto my retinas. But also because I feel like it lives inside of me. I love the bright star. I don't want to go anywhere else. Please, take our water, but leave Gerp.

C-53: Dar, I feel diplomatically we are not permitted to remove them. Gerp, we are honored by being presented with your water, but as you can see, it's mostly just boiling off from your bowls at this point.

DAR: Yeah.

GERP: Oh.

C-53: It would be largely useless for us to take this water.

GERP: Oh. Well, also you can stop by at our nearby planet. There's a lot of water there.

C-53: Your... n-nearby planet?

GERP: Yeah, Gesh! We're Gill, that's Gesh. Eh—we're planets that are really nearby each other, and that one has a lotta water.

C-53: Wait a minute...

DAR: Gill... Gesh is...

C-53: [crosstalk] Gesh...

DAR: ...twin planets.

GERP: Mm-hmm!

C-53: They told us.

GERP: It's close, a lil' hop, skip, and a jump. Look, I'm hopping, skipping and jumping. [wet footsteps] I've got legs!

SEVERAL GURPS: [chorusing] Me too!

GERP, SON OF GERP: Oops, I—I bumped into you, Gerp!

GERP: [laughing] Ooh!

[sound of squishing and morphing]

SEVERAL GURPS: [chorusing] W—whoa!

CLUMSY GERP: I bumped into you, Gerp and Gerp, and we're Gerp.

GERP: Now we're Gerp!

GERP, SON OF GERP: I'm becoming part of Gerp!

GERP: [more intensely] I'm becoming part of Gerp!

DAR: Oh, it's morphing into one very giant Gerp.

NERMUT: Oh, okay.

PLECK: [over comms] Hey, guys. Hey guys, Pleck here.

NERMUT: Yeah.

DAR: Hey Pleck.

PLECK: How's everything going? The same, or is it weird?

C-53: Oh, it is getting weird.

DAR: Oh, it's way weirder now.

NERMUT: It's... very weird.

C-53: Yeah. You really framed that well.

PLECK: Cool, just checking.

NERMUT: Um, the Gerp—the Gurps are morphing as the star comes closer, and it turns out, uh, we're only on Gill and the nearby planet of Gesh, which I assume is invisible beyond that giant star, uh—

C-53: They must be in perfect asynchronous orbit.



NERMUT: Yeah—that's where we need to go get the water, so, if we could get Bargie down here ASAP.

PLECK: Yeah, yeah, I'll—I'll, uh, I'll come on down. I mean, well—

C-53: No no, st-stay where you are, we'll—

PLECK: Bargie'll come on down, but I'll—yeah, I'll just be here.

C-53: Okay. That would be—

PLECK: Still in the ice.

C-53: Great. Um, Gerp?

GIANT GERP: [speaking with all the Gurps' voices at once] Yes?

C-53: It's been... good to know you.

GIANT GERP: [slowly] It's been good to know you!

SLOW GERP: [lagging behind] too!

C-53: I hope you're getting what you wanted by joining with the bright star.

GIANT GERP: Bright star...

C-53: We'll—we'll never forget you, Gerp.

GIANT GERP: [voices slightly asynchronous] We'll never forget you... visitors! I am Gerp!

DAR: We have to go.

C-53: Yeah, we gotta get out.

DAR: We gotta go.

NERMUT: We gotta get outta here.

[transition music, location shifts to Bargie]

C-53: Well, in case you were worried you'd never see a planet fall into a star...

[distant boom sound]

C-53: Got that—

DAR: There she goes.

C-53:—checked off the list.

DAR: Yep.

PLECK: Yeah, check it off the list, wow.

C-53: That is...

BARGIE: Can we please have some silence? I'm in the middle of a scene.

NERMUT: Oh.

C-53: Oh, uh, sorry Bargie.

DAR: Sorry, Bargie.

BARGIE: Okay. Uh, Roberto, do you wanna continue?

ROBERTO: [over comms] Uh, yes, Bargie, just—just center a little bit more on this one. Just...

BARGIE: Okay.

ROBERTO: ...great.

BARGIE: [seriously] You are my father. But are you my father? Or are you my father's father?

PLECK: [dramatically] Don't you recognize me?

BARGIE: Okay—who—Pleck—

PLECK: Have I aged so much to you?

BARGIE: Okay—

PLECK: What?

BARGIE: Yeah—

PLECK: Hm? What?

BARGIE: Yeah—sorry, I can't—this—Pleck is like not good, you know what I mean? Like, I'm trying to be—

ROBERTO: Bargie, I'm only here via holo, but I'm really feeling the energy off of Pleck.

PLECK: Oh, thank you. Thank you, Roberto.

BARGIE: Huh.

ROBERTO: He's got it! He's got something, I'm not quite sure what it is.

PLECK: Is it the space?

ROBERTO: I—what? I don't think so.

BARGIE: No, I got it, I got it, I got it.

ROBERTO: Also, I'm going to need 200 kroon.

BARGIE: Yeah yeah yeah, I'll gi—I'll give it to you. Don't worry, it's gonna, you're gonna get it so fast, you're not—you're gonna be like, ohhh—

ROBERTO: Great. The great part is that if you keep taking classes, eventually... you'll—you get success. Anyway, go ahead.

BARGIE: Okay.

C-53: Sounds like a bit of a racket.

BARGIE: Uhh...

DAR: How did they rope Pleck into this?

C-53: [quietly] I don't know...

BARGIE: Can we do the next scene?

ROBERTO: Yeah, we can do the next scene.

BARGIE: I feel like it's like—way better at that one.

ROBERTO: Okay.

BARGIE: Okay, okay.

[Pleck clears his throat]

BARGIE: Juntawa. Juntawa, juntawa. Juntawa. [Bargie clears her throat]

PLECK: [earnestly] Juntawa.

ROBERTO: Ah, Pleck, you moved me.

PLECK: Wha—really?

BARGIE: What?

ROBERTO: I don't know if you've ever considered this as a career, but—

BARGIE: Nope, he does not—he did never—that—

ROBERTO: —if you want it, it's there for you.

PLECK: Oh, uh, thank you. I really appreciate that.

ROBERTO: Uh, Bargie—

BARGIE: Okay, bu—uh, my notes?

ROBERTO: Yeah, Bargie, I didn't quite—it sounded like you were just repeating the word “juntawa”...

[wheezy laughter in background]

BARGIE: No, I was—

ROBERTO: Were you speaking Juntawa—

BARGIE: No, I was speaking Juntawa.

ROBERTO: —or were you just saying “juntawa” over and over again? ‘Cause there's a difference.

BARGIE: I was up way really late last night just to get a chance to, uh—um.

PLECK: Ah, see, that's your mistake. Bargie, you gotta prepare.

ROBERTO: Pleck is right, Bargie, you have to prepare.

BARGIE: Wow. Okay, good notes coming from Pleck... Deck... tsarter.

ROBERTO: Bargie—

Bargie: [sighing] Mm-hmm.

ROBERTO: I know you've been in a lot of popcorn holos, but maybe...

BARGIE: Y'know, I'm just going to turn off the holo. I, uh, I'm turning it off.

ROBERTO: Bargie—

C-53: Ceasing transmission.

ROBERTO: Light and love to you.

[end transmission sound]

BARGIE: And we're not giving up on my career. Gonna go back to being big, baby!

DAR: Ohh, yeah. Bargie, we believe in you. Speaking of... Pleck?

PLECK: Yeah, yeah?

DAR: How are you feeling?

NERMUT: You are flaking.

DAR: Oh, boy.

PLECK: Yeah, I'm into the flaking phase. Uh, I'm good, I'm good!

NERMUT: Pleck, is it—is it weird to wish that you were just pink and not red?

PLECK: Yeah, it makes me really realize I was... I think I took a hard line about something I should have been kinda grateful for, because now I... really wish I was back.

NERMUT: To being...

PLECK: Pink.

DAR: Yeah.

C-53: Yeah. Yeah, that's your color.

DAR: Uhhh... Nermut, quick—quick sidebar?

NERMUT: Yeah?

DAR: Without you.

NERMUT: What?

PLECK: Yeah.

C-53: Ah. Yeah.

NERMUT: That's not—

DAR: Pleck.

PLECK: Yeah.

DAR: Uhh... I mean, it's not like we would have the authority to do this, but I think we have to put Nermut on some kind of probation.

C-53: Yeah, that—his behavior was unacceptable.

DAR: Ugh!

C-53: I mean, if we were still in the Federated Alliance, h-he could have been court martialed.

PLECK: Well, that was—that was too much.

C-53: You can't just put someone in your mouth that's talking to you.

DAR: Umm, Nermut...

C-53: Nermut.

NERMUT: Yes.

C-53: Uhh, we're going to put this, uh, as tactfully as we can.

NERMUT: Mm-hmm.

DAR: You're on probation.

NERMUT: W—what?

C-53: Nermut—

NERMUT: [annoyed] What?

C-53: I-I'll say it, you're a loose cannon out in the field.

NERMUT: No, a—that was a one off thing, I can be trusted, I'm cool as...

C-53: [interrupting] How can we be sure of that?

NERMUT: ...a... blumshon. What?

DAR: Blumshon?

NERMUT: I'm cool as a blumshon. It's like a... sort of a long vegetable?

[incoming transmission sound]

C-53: Um. Emissary Decksetter, I have an incoming transmission from Commander Rolphus Tiddle.

PLECK: Hey, Rolphus.

DAR: Ooh, Rolphie!

ROLPHUS: Crew of the Bargarean Jade, mission status report.

PLECK: Uh—we got it, man. But I will say we went to the wrong planet first.

ROLPHUS: Thank you so much for getting it.

PLECK: Yeah.

C-53: Also, the planet is currently being pulled into the gravity well of the nearby star.

DAR: And I'm sure you've already noticed, but our little friend here is... no longer pink, he is very red and raw...

PLECK: Yeah, I got a little bit of a sunburn—

ROLPHUS: I. Don't. Care.

PLECK: Okay—

ROLPHUS: I don't care about any of this. I just asked for a mission status report, you told me that you—

C-53: Well, were just updating you on the various—

DAR: I mean, these are all the statuses...

ROLPHUS: Crew of the Bargarean Jade—

DAR: Yes, Rolph.

ROLPHUS: The—[sighs] the Rebellion thanks you.

PLECK: No problem.

DAR: Weird. We've never heard that before.

PLECK: Happy to help.

ROLPHUS: But I will say this.

DAR: Ah, we've heard this before.

C-53: Yeah, this sound more familiar.

ROLPHUS: I can't do this anymore. I—you're an effective team, you've helped us twice. I cannot give you the missions anymore.

NERMUT: We don't get to go on missions anymore? Wha—

ROLPHUS: No, what—what I was hoping was, we need a really crack Missions Operations Manager back here at Rebel Base so that I don't have to interact with you, the crew of the Bargarean Jade.

PLECK: Oh, for like, efficiency purposes.

ROLPHUS: Exactly, yeah. Exactly.

DAR: Ahh.

ROLPHUS: I know that Missions Operations Manager Bundaloy enjoys the field.

NERMUT: Yeah, I'm not in that game anymore, but—yeah, I'm—I'm really a field guy, if I could—

ROLPHUS: But I would say that if you are, if you are at Rebel Base, there is a six month path to promotion.

NERMUT: Yeah, I—I d—wuh? [pause] To—to—to promo—promotion to what?

C-53: Well of course, it would be Senior Missions Operations Manager.

NERMUT: Whoa—w... Guys, I—I feel like—I know, we've really become a unit here, eh... but I—I have something to tell you.

BARGIE: Ohhhh, wow. Sorry. I'm just, uh—

C-53: Yeah, Bargie, just uh... just give it two seconds, and I think we're clear.

BARGIE: Sorry, sorry, okay okay.

NERMUT: So I—I've thought about it and I have an announcement. I'm gonna—I'm gonna to go back to headquarters, and I'm gonna—

BARGIE: Ohhh nooo, ohhh...

C-53: There we—okay, yeah, uh-huh.

DAR: There we go.

ROLPHUS: Fantastic. I'm sending an autonomous shuttle to pick you up now, Missions Operations Manager Bundaloy.



NERMUT: Okay, yeah, I'm gonna—

C-53: Okay, I'll just escort Nermut out to the cargo bay here.

NERMUT: [crosstalk, stuttering] Can you—you can—I don't—do you—but—uh...

ROLPHUS: Great. Long live the Rebellion. [getting farther away] Tiddle out.

[end transmission sound]

PLECK: I gotta say, C53, I'm—I'm relieved. Nermut was—

C-53: He really blew it out there.

PLECK: Yeah!

C-53: In two different missions!

PLECK: Yeah!

C-53: He revealed to the Flarns immediately that we were working for the Rebellion, when we weren't even sure they were pro-Rebellion...

PLECK: Sure.

NERMUT: [from the cargo bay] Guys, the shuttle hasn't come yet.

C-53: Oh. Ah—

PLECK: Sorry, Sorry. Nope, that's—

C-53: No, sorry about that.

[Nermut runs over]

PLECK: Nermut?

NERMUT: Yeah.

PLECK: We love you, buddy.

NERMUT: I love you guys too, and I—

[buzzer sounds, door clangs open]

C-53: Ope, shuttle's here.

[end credits music]

C-RED-IT5: This is C-RED-IT5, credits and attributions droid, commencing outro protocol. Emissary Pleck Decksetter was played by Alden Ford. C-53 was played by Jeremy Bent. Security Officer Dar was played by Allie Kokesh. Bargie the ship was played by Moujan Zolfaghari. Missions Operations Manager Nermut Bundaloy was played by Seth Lind. Acting coach Roberto Krak'oor, Rolphus Tiddle, and Beano were played by Winston Noel. Gerp the Gerp was played by special guest Ali Gordon. Ali is an actress, writer, and improviser from New York City. She can be found performing at UCB or with the popular long running show Gas Station Horror at The Peoples Improv Theater. Ali is also a performer on Second Best, a D&D comedy podcast, which can be found anywhere you like to listen to podcasts. This episode was recorded at Robert Doggy Jr.'s Puppy Pound in Brooklyn, New York. This episode edited by Seth Lind, with sound design and mix by Shane O'Connell. Music by Brendan Ryan. Opening crawl narration by Jeremy Crutchley. Ship design for the Bargarean Jade by Eric Geusz. Mission to Zyxx is brought to this galaxy by Audioboom. Thanks, Audioboom! A very special thank you to our Patreon supporters for making season two possible. Hey, do you want to send a physical item to the Zyxx Quadrant? That would be rad! Address your parcel to The Zyxx Quadrant, PO Box 180494, Brooklyn, New York 11218, and our team of trained zerblins will take it from there.

[end credits music fades out]

[outtake begins]

ALDEN/GERP: Wait, where's Gerp?

ALI/GERP: Oh! I'm here! And I brought visitors!

ALL CAST: [in various voices] Gerp! Gerp! Hey, Gerp! Gerp! Gerp!

ALI/GERP: I think some introductions are in order.

SETH/GERP: Yeah.

ALI/GERP: I'm Gerp.

SETH/GERP: Don't start without Gerp!

WINSTON/GERP: I'm also Gerp.

MOUJAN/GERP: I have sad news to report.

[the cast as Gurps gasp]

ALLIE/GERP: What is it, Gerp?

MOUJAN/GERP: I'm Gerp!

JEREMY: [laughing] Ho-hoh!

[Seth and Alden laugh]

ALDEN: [laughing] So stupid.

ALLIE/DAR: But Gerp, what is the sad news?

MOUJAN/GERP: Oh, Gerp died.

ALL CAST: [sadly, unison] Ohhhhh.