

C-RED-IT5: This is C-RED-IT5 with a special announcement. Mission to Zyxx is coming to Los Angeles for our first-ever West Coast live show. Join us on July 29th at 7 PM at Dynasty Typewriter at the Hayworth as we record a brand new episode right in front of your eyes, featuring live sound design and extra special guests. Tickets available at [dynastytypewriter.com](http://dynastytypewriter.com), or our website, [missiontozyxx.space](http://missiontozyxx.space). Hooray for Holowood!

[orchestral 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]

BARGIE: Dar, you got the camera on you?

DAR: Yep.

BARGIE: Okay.

[camera beeps and starts whirring]

DAR: Rolling.

BARGIE: One, two, three. Welcome to Bargie's House! This is Bargie's House, boom boom boom! Zoom in to like, all the... electrical things, just like, you know, give everyone uh, big access to inside of me.

DAR: Got it.

BARGIE: Boom. This is the area where everyone hangs out. Bargie's House!

PLECK: Hey, uh, Bar—

BARGIE: Boom boom boom!

PLECK: Hey, Bargie? Sorry, I—I—

DAR: Wait, wait, wait. We're rolling. Pleck, get out of the frame.

PLECK: Sorr—okay.

DAR: Bargie, we can just edit around that.

PLECK: [crosstalk] Can I—can I just—

BARGIE: Yeah, yeah, okay.

PLECK: Sorry, can I just ask what—what is going on? What is this? What's the camera for?

DAR: Switching Ships.

PLECK: What?

DAR: Yeah.

C-53: Emissary Decksetter, are you not familiar with the program Switching Ships?

PLECK: I don't—[laughing] no, I have no idea.

C-53: It's extremely popular.

PLECK: What is it about?

C-53: Oh, it's when uh, residents of ships, uh, switch ships, in an attempt to improve the quality of the interior of the ships.

PLECK: So like, two crews—

BARGIE: Yeah. The last ship that, uh, that they did this on, they uh, they got an amazing film career now. They're doing a bunch of holos, you know?

PLECK: Oh, this is like that show Ship Flippers.

DAR: Uhhh...

PLECK: Where somebody buys an old ship and then flips and then resells it.

BARGIE: [crosstalk] No—hmm.

DAR: That's a little different.

C-53: That's a little different.

PLECK: How? How is it different?

DAR: There's only one ship in that program.

BARGIE: Yeah.

PLECK: Oh, I guess that's true, okay. Hm.

[incoming transmission sound]

C-53: Oh. Uh, Emissary Decksetter, I have an incoming transmission from Missions Operations Manager Nermut Bundaloy.

[transmission start sound]

PLECK: Oh. Hey, Nermut!

NERMUT: [over comms] Hey guys!

PLECK: How's the new office?

DAR: Hello, Nermie!

NERMUT: Well, check it out!

PLECK: Whoa-hoh!

NERMUT: All the data cables go through these trays on the ceiling, and there're like, quotes on the walls and... Can—can you see down that hall? There's like bippy pong tables that you can just use whenever, and there're like, little meeting rooms with whiteboards? And did you—do you see that? Someone just went by on a little scooter!

PLECK: It's very—Rebel-y looking.

NERMUT: Yeah, yeah. And look—check out this chair!

[squeaking sound of a swivel chair]

PLECK: Oh, man.

NERMUT: [chair raising and lowering] I can go really low, and then really high, and I can stand on—[Nermut yelps and falls off the chair]

PLECK: Okay, alright.

[clattering noises continue on Nermut's end]

PLECK: Well, congratulations!

NERMUT: Thanks!

PLECK: Yeah.

NERMUT: Uhhhhh... how about a mission?

PLECK: Yeah, let's do it.

DAR: [crosstalk] Great!

NERMUT: Great. Okay. So—

DAR: Give us our mission, mom.

NERMUT: Ah—

PLECK: [laughs] Yeah, you know what—

NERMUT: What—

DAR: ...Missions Operations Manager?

PLECK: Missions Operations Manager. Now we can just call you M.O.M.

NERMUT: [crosstalk] Yeah, that's—no, that—I think that—

C-53: Missions Operations Manager Nermut Bundaloy, perhaps you do not realize the letters M, O, and M, uh, form the word “mom”.

NERMUT: No, I get it, I just don't think that you have to say that, and now that it's a much shorter name, you don't even have to shorten it. Like, it's—

DAR: Hm. M.O.M. just rolls right off the gills.

PLECK: [crosstalk] Yeah.

[Nermut sighs]

PLECK: I mean, it's sort of—

BARGIE: It'll help me remember your name easier, y'know?

NERMUT: No, please—

BARGIE: [crosstalk] Ner—Nersin? Nersin.

PLECK: Yeah! It's one of the first—it's one of the first words we learned, so it's pretty easy for all of us to say.

NERMUT: Come on—

PLECK: [enunciating] M.O.M. Bundaloy.

DAR: My first word was... “death”.

PLECK: What?

NERMUT: Your first word was death?

DAR: [casually] Yeah.

C-53: It's extremely common on Dar's planet.

DAR: Mm-hmm.

NERMUT: Wow. Okay, I would go by that!

DAR: Death?

NERMUT: [intensely] Death. That's like a really cool Rebel name.

DAR: [crosstalk] No, you're really not a Death.

BARGIE: [crosstalk] No... nah, doesn't work.

C-53: That wouldn't make any sense.

NERMUT: Huh? Oh.

PLECK: Uh, Nermut, what's our mission?

NERMUT: Yeah. Okay, so here's the deal. This mission is coming from, ohh, Rebel Commander Seesu Gundu herself.

C-53: Wow.

NERMUT: Uhh, yeah.

PLECK: Oh.

NERMUT: So here's the deal. They were so pleased with the mission on Gesh, I suppose, is where we ended up, retrieving all the water, which—the Rebels are very hydrated right now, their skin is looking great, and they're thankful for that. And so we're going to do a high-level multifaceted infiltration mission.

C-53: Uh, Missions Operations Manager Nermut Bundaloy, are we cleared for that kind of work?

NERMUT: Oh, absolutely, yeah. This is a mission that the Rebellion has been trying to pull off for a long time, and they finally feel like they have the team for it.

PLECK: Is the team they're referring to... us?

NERMUT: Yeah!

DAR: What did you say?

NERMUT: What do you mean, “what did I say”? No, that—we—they were just really impressed with the water mission, and I also told them how we were like, one of the best teams in the Federated Alliance.

C-53: Well, that wouldn't be an accurate statement.

PLECK: That's not really accurate.

DAR: No way. We were below dead and missing teams.

NERMUT: We were sabotaged and never got to reach our full potential, and—

DAR: Sabotaged by our own—

PLECK: Yeah, mostly me. Was—usually me.

C-53: Usually.

PLECK: Yeah.

NERMUT: Sure—

PLECK: Yeah, you know what, Nermut? I'm on board with this. Give us a big, juicy mission, let's sink our teeth in and kill it! So keep goin', buddy.

NERMUT: Okay. So, Bargie is going to fly you deep into Federated Alliance territory so you can steal something of incredible value to the Rebellion.

C-53: Hmm.

NERMUT: And, you are going to, at some point, meet up with... [whispering] a serious artist.

PLECK: Ooh.

NERMUT: [whispering] Of cons.

C-53: Uh, a con artist.

NERMUT: Yes.

C-53: A swindler.

NERMUT: Yeah, sure. She's gonna get you inside.

DAR: Charlatan. That's another word for it, yeah.

C-53: Yup. Sure. A “confidence woman” is the longer version of the term.

DAR: [gasps] Wow.

PLECK: Sure.

NERMUT: Her name is [hesitantly] Tresedora Lonlée. Lon-lay. Hm, I don't know.

DAR: Well, I love her already, so I can't wait.

PLECK: Where—where are we meeting her?

NERMUT: So, y—[Nermut types for a moment] That—it's weird, it doesn't say where you're meeting her...?

[a door opens and Tre steps out]

TRES: Because she's meeting you.

[Dar gasps]

PLECK: Whoa-ho-ho-hoa!

C-53: Wow!

NERMUT: Whoa!

DAR: Whoa!

BARGIE: Oh yeah, sorry, someone else is in the—eh, I always forget to tell you.

PLECK: Bargie, how long has she been here?

BARGIE: Like, three days.

DAR: What?

C-53: What?

DAR: How have you camouflaged yourself like that?

TRES: First rule of a con. If you're not already conning, you're getting conned.

PLECK: Wait—

DAR: [thoughtfully] If you're not already conning, you're getting conned.

C-53: Yeah, sure. No, that makes sense.

PLECK: I mean, yeah, I guess, no. Always—

C-53: Think about it.

PLECK: Yeah. Always be conning.

TRES: Exactly.

DAR: Your costume is incredible.

TRES: Thank you.

C-53: Yeah, you looked like a totally normal... you know, steam coupling.

TRES: [crosstalk] Part of the ship. Yep.

C-53: Wow.

PLECK: Yeah, master of disguise. Uh—

C-53: Incredible!

PLECK: Tresedora, allow me to introduce myself. I'm Emissary Pleck Decksetter, this is C-53, and Dar.

DAR: And of course...

BARGIE: Yeah, c'mon.

DAR: ...you've been hiding inside of the Bargarean Jade for three days.

BARGIE: [sarcastically] You're welcome.

TRES: Gang. You're telling me stuff I already know.

C-53: Any con artist worth their salt would, of course, have done extensive research before hiding out a ship for three days.

TRES: Yeah, it's time to actually get to work. Are you ready to work?

PLECK: [enthusiastic] Uh—yeah, I'm ready.

C-53: Absolutely.

DAR/TRES/PLECK: Yeah./Okay./Let's do it.

TRES: The second rule of a con is: everyone's involved in the con.



NERMUT: Guys, I have a day chock full of meetings here, so I'm gonna sign off. I just could not be more excited for you. You're going to go in deep. You're goin' hard. You're going to—I uh... yup.

DAR: Bye mom.

PLECK: Why—why were you making such—such strong eye contact with Dar when you said that?

NERMUT: What? No, I just—I was looking at each of you individually and I, um... Death, signing off.

[end transmission sound]

C-53: So—Tresedora, I'm afraid—

TRES: You can call me Tres.

C-53/PLECK: Tres./Tres?

TRES: Yep.

C-53: Tres, I'm afraid the... exact details of the con were left out of our mission briefing.

TRES: Sure. Have you, uh—I gotta ask this. I'm getting a, sort of a new kid vibe. Have you guys pulled a con before?

C-53: Ooh, uh, good question.

DAR/PLECK: Uhhh... yeah./Uhhh... yeah. Well, y'know—

BARGIE: I once conned, uh—you know him. Uh, Spaceship Spielship, yeah, the director. [short dramatic pause] I conned him into falling in love.

PLECK: With you?

BARGIE: With me.

PLECK: Oh.

BARGIE: We had 14 wonderful years together. We made a couple of holos—

PLECK: That doesn't—Bargie, that doesn't sound like a con, that sounds like a relationship.

C-53: [crosstalk] Is that a con, Barge?

DAR: [crosstalk] Yeah.

BARGIE: He's uh. he's my son's father.

PLECK: Wait—

C-53: Uh, yeah, Bargie, that's not a con...

PLECK: Bargie, Blimpie is the illegitimate son of Spaceship Spielship?

BARGIE: Yyyup.

DAR: That kind of explains why he wants to be a theme park, I think.

C-53: Hmm, yeah.

PLECK: Yeah, that sorta puts things into perspective, you—I've always kinda thought you gave Blimpie sort of a—too much of a hard time, but man, he's got a lot to live up to, and he's not doin' it.

BARGIE: He looks like his father, and it's hard. Anyway, let's move past, why are we talking about me?

PLECK: Well, you know, uh, y—C-53, you have a long history, you've pulled a couple cons in your day, right? Good with sleight of hand.

C-53: Well, this frame regrettably, uh, doesn't have quite the finger dexterity that my previous frame did. Here, watch.

[cards shuffling]

C-53: Pick a card.

PLECK: Okay, great. Yep.

C-53: Alright, great. Uh, put it back into the deck.

PLECK: You got it.

[cards shuffling, then falling to the ground]

C-53: See, now that's—now I just lose all the cards.

PLECK: [crosstalk] Oh. Yeah.

C-53: The fingers are very sticky, is the problem.

PLECK: Sure.

DAR: Permanently sticky.

C-53: Yeah.

TRES: It's not a problem. Because one of the most important things we need for this con is sticky fingers.

C-53: Okay, I'm back in.

PLECK: Great, great.

TRES: So, C-53, you're gonna be Sticky Fingers.

PLECK: Oh, that's your—

C-53: Oh, is that my con name?

TRES: It's your con name, it's also what your role in the con's gonna be.

C-53: Great.

PLECK: Great. Well, Dar was like, practically a con person for a while.

DAR: Perhaps you're aware of my most famous con. There were eleven of us...

[Pleck laughs quietly]

DAR: We were all out of the game, but... this one old friend really wanted to get us all back together.

TRES: I haven't heard of that.

PLECK: No?

TRES: No, I haven't heard of that. I don't busy myself with other people's cons.

PLECK: Oh, sure.

TRES: Third rule of cons is: if you're worrying about other people's cons, keep your eyes on your own con.

PLECK: Oh, that makes sense, yeah.

C-53: That's a good rule.

DAR: Hey.

TRES: Yeah. The fourth rule is the most important rule.

C-53: Oh, what—

TRES: Which is—

C-53: Why would—why isn't that the first rule?

TRES: Uhh... because you—you don't wanna overwhelm people with the most important rule.

C-53: You wanna build up to it.

TRES: You wanna build up to it.

C-53: Okay.

DAR: That's a tip, not a rule, what you just said.

TRES: What—

PLECK: No, no, she was setting up the rule.

DAR: Got it.

C-53: Yeah.

TRES: Yeah, I'm explaining why I'm getting to the most important, the fourth.

DAR: [crosstalk] Uh-huh.

TRES: It's not gonna work if we're not friends.

[moment of silence]

PLECK: Huh.

DAR: [muttering] It's not gonna work if we're not friends...

C-53: That's the—that's the fourth... rule of cons?

TRES: Yeah.

PLECK: Is that the fourth and final rule?

TRES: Yeah.

PLECK: Huh.

TRES: And I would actually say? The first three rules... were a con.

C-53: Wow.

BARGIE: Ohh, wow. Okay, you're good. You're good. You're good.

PLECK: [crosstalk, impressed] Oh. Man. Wow. Pfft.

C-53 [crosstalk]: She got us good.

TRES: There's only one rule.

PLECK: Wait, that we have to be friends?

TRES: Yes.

DAR: I've never heard of any of these rules before.

TRES: Well, how well'd those cons go?

DAR: I mean at first, we thought...

PLECK: You did get captured by the Alliance. And now you're here with us.

DAR: Okay, I was gonna say—at first, it seemed like it wasn't gonna work. And then it did work. And then... it worked. And then... it didn't work.

PLECK: I think you—That sounds like a textbook long con.

DAR: I mean, yeah, I was the only fall person, I'm the only one that was captured, and...

C-53: Tres, may I ask, is that why we must all be friends? So that if at any point during the con, the con is exposed, that we won't flip on each other?

TRES: Exactly.

[Dar makes a relieved/impressed sound]

PLECK: Really, that's kinda folded in to rule number four!

TRES: Yeah.

C-53: I think being a good friend involves not conning your friends.

TRES: Yep. All right, let's get down to business.

C-53: Okay.

DAR: Okay.

TRES: Dar.

DAR: Uh-huh.

TRES: Marry, juck, kill: Pleck, C-53, Bargie.

DAR/BARGIE: Oh./What?

C-53: Oh, I thought we meant “get down to business” as in—

TRES: This is business. What is the—

C-53: [crosstalk] Okay. Yep. Sure.

TRES: What is the fourth and only rule?

C-53: Uh-huh, yeah, well, we’re—

PLECK: Gotta be friends. Gotta be friends.

DAR: Easy. Okay, obviously, marry C.

C-53: Thank you.

DAR: We have great chemistry.

C-53: Yes, naturally.

DAR: Juck Bargie, because...

BARGIE: Yup.

DAR: ...talk about a story, and then, um...

PLECK: Yep.

DAR: Death to Pleck, yeah.

PLECK: Yeah, no, that makes sense.

BARGIE: Yeah, make...

PLECK: That was sort of a softball, there.

DAR: Yeah, Tres Lonlée.

TRES: Yeah. I mean, I'm not gonna be rude.

DAR: Mm-hmm.

PLECK: Wait, is your last name pronounced “lonely”?

TRES: Yeah.

PLECK: Oh.

TRES: Why?

PLECK: Ah, I'm just curious.

C-53: So your name is “très lonely”?

TRES: Yup.

C-53: Hm.

BARGIE: Okay, okay, my turn, my turn. Juck, marry, kill: Banan Foransic, Jordan B’Korkan, or Gork the Sork.

DAR: Oh boy.

PLECK: Oh, boy, wow, that is—

C-53: Hm. Yeah, that’s tricky.

DAR: Well, Gork is so charming, but...

TRES: Yeah. Marry, I think ma—marry Gork.

C-53: Hmm. See, I think I would juck Gork.

[Pleck laughs quietly]

DAR: But then who would you marry?

C-53/DAR: Hm./No no no—

C-53: [thoughtfully] And then I'm gonna marry Banan, but I don't feel good about that.

TRES: Can I ask a question?

DAR: Yeah.

TRES: How d—when you guys play, does marrying mean no jucking, or does marrying include jucking?

C-53: Oh, this is a good clarification.

PLECK: [crosstalk] No, I've always thought marrying—

TRES: [crosstalk] Right? Cause I feel like that's—

BARGIE: [crosstalk] It depends on the culture, right?

PLECK: Sure.

TRES: Sure.

DAR: Sure.

PLECK: Yeah. Well, you know, I always thought just for the purposes of the game, “marry” was like, “I want to spend the rest of my life with you, but I don't get to juck you.”

TRES: Right. That's what—okay, that—those are my rules too, I just wanted to check.

DAR: Ohh. Yeah.

C-53: Oh, alright.

TRES: Yeah.

DAR: I mean, that's true of my own planet. You marry someone that you spend the rest of your life with, but you only reproduce with other people.

PLECK: Did marry, juck, kill originate on your planet, Dar?

DAR: Oh my Rodd, I think it did.

PLECK: Yeah, that must—that makes sense.

DAR: [crosstalk] That makes sense.

PLECK: Yeah, that really makes sense.

DAR: Yeah, we marry, and never juck the person we're married to, we juck everybody else...

PLECK: Yeah.

DAR: And then we kill at least one person every X-Marse. Yeah.

PLECK: [crosstalk, synchronized with Dar] Then... kill a I—every X-Marse. Yeah.

C-53: Okay. That all checks out.

[Pleck and Dar hum thoughtfully]



TRES: We often played at the... the beginning of any academy semester.

DAR: You went to academy for cons?

TRES: Yeah.

PLECK: UCon?

C-53: UCon, sure.

BARGIE: Wait, did we—? I'm sorry, did we finish the mission? Can I go into sleep mode now?

PLECK: Uh—

TRES: No, sorry, you're right, you're right. Let's get practical.

PLECK: Okay, great.

TRES: Um, Pleck and C, do you—grab this rope.

C-53/PLECK: Yep./Okay. Yep.

TRES: Uh, put it around your wrists.

PLECK/C-53: Alright./Um.

TRES: Great. Then take each other's hands.

PLECK: Sure.

C-53: Sure.

PLECK: Ooh—

TRES: Un-knot the rope without letting go of each other's hands.

C-53: Okay. I just have a small... helper arm that I can... [mechanical sound of arm coming out and untying the rope]

PLECK: Yep. There we go!

C-53: ...and we just kind of untie that.

PLECK: Nice.

TRES: Okay!

DAR: That was really fast.

C-53: Did that violate the spirit of the game?

TRES: Um—I mean—no, because that's who you are. And so that can't violate the spirit of the game.

PLECK: That's great. [sound of rope rustling] The rope is now tied around my hands, I'm not really sure what to do.

TRES: Dar.

DAR: Yeah.

TRES: I want you to come over here.

DAR: Ookay.

TRES: Grab Pleck's hands, and get the rope off of his arms without letting go of his hands.

DAR: Can I break his arms?

PLECK: [laughing] No! No no no no no. No! [solemnly] Dar, please—please don't hurt me like that.

DAR: Um. I'll just—[swooshing of something cutting through the air]

PLECK: Oh—oh, wow. Sliced it right in half with one of those chest talons.

C-53: [crosstalk] Yep. Chest talons, yep, there you go.

TRES: There you go.

PLECK: Thank you. Dar. That was much cooler and much less painful. Thank you. [Pleck pauses] Wow, I really feel like I'm closer to you guys now.

BARGIE: So did we—uh, did we complete the mission?

TRES: Actually, Bargie, don't go into sleep mode, but shut down your sensors. [sound of sensors powering off] Everyone, close your eyes.

PLECK/DAR: Oh. Okay./Oh. Okay.

C-53: Okay.

TRES: The ship has crashed.

PLECK/DAR: Oh./Oh.

BARGIE: What? What happened to me?

TRES: [crosstalk] And there's an escape pod. It's a hypothetical.

C-53: [crosstalk] Go on. It's a thought experiment.

TRES: It's a thought—After the crash, you find an escape pod.

C-53: Sure.

TRES: It only fits you...

C-53: Mm-hmm.

TRES: ...and one other member of this crew.

C-53: Okay.

TRES: Point at the person you're taking.

PLECK: With our eyes closed?

TRES: Yep.

PLECK: Okay.

C-53: Okay.

[sound of the crew shifting]

TRES: Everyone's pointing?

C-53: Yep.

PLECK: Yeah, yeah, mm.

TRES: Open your eyes. Okay, yeah, you're all pointing at C-53.

DAR: Okay.

TRES: Let's go con.

PLECK: Oh.

C-53: Oh, we're r—we're ready?

PLECK: Wait, what? We're—

DAR: I felt like you got us really close together, then you drove us apart real fast.

PLECK: Yeah.

TRES: Yeah. And the con is gonna be about finding your way back to each other.

C-53: Oh, wow.

DAR: Oh. [conspiratorially] Who are we conning?

C-53: Yeah, who's the con-ee in this situation?

TRES: Yep.

DAR: The mark.

TRES: Yes.

DAR: Is she a Connee, or is he a Mark?

TRES: It is.

C-53: Are we... conning a con-ee?

TRES: Yes.

C-53: Con-ee meaning the person being conned?

PLECK: [crosstalk] The recipient of a con.

TRES: Yes.

C-53: Or the name Connee?

TRES: Right.

C-53: We're conning a con-ee named Connee.

TRES: Yes.

C-53: Okay.

DAR: Okay...

TRES: And Mark.

C-53: And Mark.

TRES: Yes.

C-53: A mark named Mark.

TRES: Yes.

C-53: This—seems awfully convenient...

PLECK: [crosstalk] That c—that can't be right.

DAR: What—what do we want from them?

TRES: Do you—I'm sorry. Do you want more information about these people so that you feel bonded to them?

PLECK: Ohh.

DAR: Uhhhhh...

PLECK: Oh yeah, okay.

C-53: Uh—

PLECK: 'Cause once they become friends, they're part of the con and we can't leave them behind.

DAR: Ohh, wow, Pleck, yes!

PLECK: Yeah!

BARGIE: Wait, Pleck just figured something out?

[transition music]

FORMER HAND OF THE GOVERNOR: Hello, and, ehh, greetings, eh, citizens of Milsch. It is I, eh... eh, your most esteemed governor, here with a public service announcement, eh. As we enter the ninth year of our Milschian winter, scores of citizens are... eh, suffering from what can only be described as... eh... a bone-deep malaise. Luckily, we have a guaranteed pick me up: the new podcast Nerdificent. Every week on Nerdificent, comedians Dani Fernandez and Ify Nwadiwe deep dive into exceedingly, eh, fascinating nerdy subjects. Be it the mind-expanding frontiers of virtual reality, or the surprising renaissance of tabletop games, they take you from the origins to the exciting future of each thrilling nerdy topic. It's very cool. So listen and eh... eh, s-subscribe! To Nerdificent now, on Apple Podcasts or, eh... wherever... w-whenever you get your podcasts. It is infinitely more enjoyable than listening to the, eh... eh, haunting winds that howl through the, eh, w—endless canyons of Milsch. Nerdificent! Now I, eh... I'm going to go, eh... My dear wife is... making soup.

THE HORRIFIC WIFE: [wailing] Ahhh, I'm so happy!

[transition music]

TRES: Does everyone feel like they know their roles?

PLECK: I—I gotta tell you, Tres, I have no idea.

TRES: Wanna do a quick recap?

DAR: Uh... yeah, I'd love that.

TRES: Great. Dar, you're Back.

DAR: I'm Back. Yep.

TRES: You get that?

DAR: Mm-hmm.

TRES: Great. Pleck?

PLECK: Yeah?

TRES: Uh, Pleck, you're On the Up.

PLECK: I'm—I'm On the Up, yeah, I don't—I don't get—

TRES: [ignoring Pleck] Excellent. And C? You're Sticky Fingers.

PLECK: [crosstalk] Does that—does that have to do—

C-53: Sticky Fingers. [sound of sticky fingertips touching]

TRES: Yep.

C-53: I remember.

PLECK: On the Up, okay.

TRES: And I will be Master of Disguise.

C-53: Okay.

PLECK: Now see, that I understand.

DAR: That's perfect.

PLECK: I could do that. Maybe.

TRES: Right. I mean, it's sort of a riskier position.

PLECK: Yeah, I guess that's—

TRES: [matter-of-fact] And I wouldn't—Pleck, I wouldn't wanna put you...

PLECK: Yeah, you're right. I'll be on your—

[C.L.I.N.T. racks rifle]

C.L.I.N.T.-0521: [annoyed] Get down on the ground. Get down on the ground.

[crew stutters in surprise and drops to the ground]

C-53: Of course.

DAR: Even in formal wear, of course.

PLECK: Okay.

0521: What brings you to Gemino?

PLECK: Oh, uh, we're here... to, um... uh—

TRES: We're here to attend the party.

PLECK: Yep.

0521: Mmkay.

TRES: We're invited to the birthday party. We're old friends.

0521: Oh, old friends?

PLECK: Yep, yep.

DAR: Yeah.

0521: Well, if there's one thing a C.L.I.N.T. will let through to a party full of high-ranking VIPs of the Federated Alliance... it's an old friend.

PLECK: Are y—are you being sarcastic?

0521: No, what? What's wrong with you?

PLECK: No, good, great, 'cause we're old friends.

[pause]

0521: [skeptically] Are you?

TRES: Yeah, from way back.

PLECK: Way—

0521: [still sounding sarcastic] Oh, you're old friends from way back?

TRES/PLECK: Yeah./Yep, yep.

0521: Oh. Once I found out that you're old friends from way back...

C-53: [whispering] See, he's just—he sounds like he's being sarcastic.

PLECK: [crosstalk, whispering] He sounds facetious, he sounds a little facetious.

TRES: [crosstalk, whispering] He does sound facetious.

DAR: Do you—do you mind, do—do—can we get up? Can we get up?

0521: [casually] Oh, you can get off the ground.

DAR: Thank you.

C-53: Okay.

[everyone gets up and dusts themselves off]

PLECK: What—uh, is there a lot of C.L.I.N.T. detail around the party?

0521: Uhhhhh, I would say maybe... five hundred, six hundred?

TRES: Great, and Dar, could you turn around?

DAR: Absolutely.

TRES: And on her back, could you just draw a map of where everybody...

0521: Well, yeah, I'll—happy to draw a back map.

[Pleck makes a sound halfway between “huh” and “yeah”]

0521: Here we go. [C.L.I.N.T.-0251 uncaps a marker] A lot of people don't know this, but I'm kind of the guy who's the best at drawing maps.

[sound of marker scribbling, Dar giggling]

PLECK: You're sort of a cartographer C.L.I.N.T.



0521: Huh. I don't know.

[marker sounds and Dar's giggles continue]

0521: Ookay, and...

DAR: Oh, could you just? Yeah, right—like—yeah.

0521: Yeah, you've got a knot there, yeah.

[marker sounds continue]

DAR: Ohhh.

0521: Okay, great!

C-53: Okay, but this is compromising the map. You're just drawing over that one spot over and over again.

0521: Well, okay, yeah—

DAR: C, that was very important.

0521: The scale is sort of—

C-53: This doesn't seem super accurate.

0521: Alright, well, enjoy the party.

C-53: Okay!

DAR: Thank you.

0521: "Old friends from way back," I don't need to see IDs, get on in there!

DAR: Alright!

PLECK: Oh, wow, that was—

TYRELL: Thank you, 0521. These must be some old friends, my name is Tyrell. I welcome you to the party of Connee and her twin brother Mark.

DAR/PLECK: Oh, wow./Oh. Yes.

TYRELL: And this is my twin brother, Tyrrak.

[there is a squishing sound every time the twins take turns speaking]

TYRRAK: Ah. Thank you, Tyrell. And here, of course, on Gemino, we are all...

TYRELL: Twins.

DAR: Well, haha, can you really be twins when you're attached to each other? You know what I'm sayin'?

TYRELL: Well, yes, you literally definitely ca—

TYRRAK: Um, let me take you over here...

TYRELL: The speech is to begin very soon.

[the crew follows Tyrell and Tyrrak]

[someone taps silverware against a glass, then taps a microphone]

[Dar gasps]

MARK: Uh. Hello.

[Mark and Connee make strained whining noises]

[both Mark and Connee speak in strained, high-pitched "fancy" voices through the microphone]

MARK: Welcome to our birthday party!

CONNEE: Today is the day we was born, [indistinctly] both of us at the same time.

MARK: As you know, I am... Mark.

CONNEE: And I am... [pronounced like "kuh-NEE"] Connee.

MARK: The Patsy twins. And as you know, here on our birthday, as is custom on Gemino, Connee and I are leaving our most valuable safe open.

CONNEE: For you to peruse through all of our most expensive jewels and such.

MARK: As a show of trust to all the other twins on Gemino.

PLECK: [crosstalk] Huh.

C-53: Seems almost... like a setup, at this point.

DAR: Yeah, this feels like a con.

MARK: For some of you, it might seem like a setup...

CONNEE: Hmm.

MARK: But I assure you—Connee, is it a setup?

CONNEE: Mm, let me answer that: no.

[Dar laughs quietly]

PLECK: Oh.

C-53: I mean, they say that...

CONNEE: And as is also custom at these parties, the person who's the most pink gets to say a speech to us all.

[polite applause]

PLECK: Oh. That's...

DAR: Oh, that's—

C-53: That's gotta be you.

TYRONE: It's me, Tyrone and Tyrell, let me escort you up, sir, you're very pink.

PLECK: [hesitant] Oh. Thank you.

DAR: What happened to Tyrruff?

TYRONE: Huh? Oh.

[squishing noise as Tyrrak emerges]

TYRRAK: [whispering] We're triplets.

[pause]

[Pleck laughs quietly]

DAR: [laughing] But you're attached.

C-53: But you're... attached triplets, and we somehow didn't see Tyrone?

TRES: No. Look from the other—look from the other angle.

TYRONE: [crosstalk] Yeah, there—turn—

C-53: [crosstalk] Oh, I see, okay, it was just that they were at a...

TRES: [crosstalk] It depends on which way they're—

TYRONE: [crosstalk] Don't—don't out us!

C-53: [crosstalk] We were perpendicular to... I see.

TYRONE: Gemino... We were born on Triplo—

[squishing sound]

TYRRAK: [quietly] We snuck into Gemino.

DAR: Okay.

C-53: Okay. Do—this is a lot of back story I feel like we don't need to hear.

TYRRAK: Fine! You—

[squishing sound]

TYRONE: You called me out.

TRES: Alright, hey—hey—

C-53: [crosstalk] I don't know that we called you out.

TYRONE: [crosstalk] Give me your pink friend!

TRES: Pleck, Pleck—

PLECK: [whispering] What? What?

TRES: Get up there and give a speech.

PLECK: Yes! [stumbling forward] Yep.

TRES: You're On the Up!

C-53: [crosstalk] You're On the Up.

TYRONE: Now, to the dais, the pinkest—

TYRELL: What is your name, say your name?

[microphone feedback]

PLECK: Uh, my name is, uh, Pleck?

TYRELL: Welcome, pink Pleck.

[polite applause]

C-53: [sighing] Ugh, he just used his real name.

VOICE: Yes, pink Pleck!

PLECK: Uh, yeah, so, hey! Just wanted to say, as a guy... who just goes way back... way, aw man, way back with Mark and Connee... [Pleck's speech fades into the background]

DAR: All right, perfect, while he's up there, uhhh...

C-53: Even Pleck doing his worst job will probably distract them for at least five to ten minutes.

DAR: That's all we need, right?

TRES: For sure. That's it. That's all we need. Dar, turn around, let's look at that map.

DAR: Alright. Um...

C-53: Okay.

[Dar grunts]

C-53: This... hmm... this residence has a certain labyrinth-like quality.

TRES: For sure.

[Dar, C-53, and Tre begin walking out of the room]

PLECK: [over the microphone in the background] Man, just only the other day, that the three of us, and my twin Fleck, were...

[the door opens as they exit]

TRES: And we don't want to lose our place. So C, it's probably good if you run your hands along the walls wherever we go. So that we'll know—

C-53: Okay.

TRES: —from the trail of stick that you leave behind—

C-53: Okay.

TRES: —if we've been somewhere before.

C-53: Sure. [pause] Is that—is that why I'm Sticky Fingers?

TRES: Yeah, why else?

C-53: I'm just—I could've just—as we walked along, been recording the whole time.

DAR: Okay, this is important. We can't turn down this way, there—when he was drawing, I felt on this top chute that there's a whole squad.

[C.L.I.N.T. racks rifle]

C.L.I.N.T.: Hey, what're you guys doing back here?

TRES: [quickly] Get down. Get down?

C.L.I.N.T.: [mildly surprised] Oh. Okay. You want me to get down?

C-53/DAR: Yeah, you get down on the ground./Yeah, yeah, get down.

C.L.I.N.T.: Oh, okay. Alright.

C-53: Show us your FAIC?

C.L.I.N.T.: Oh, alright, here it is.

[sound of C.L.I.N.T. pulling out FAIC]

TRES: Oh, it's a good FAIC.

DAR: It's a good FAIC.

C-53: Yeah. Pretty good FAIC.

C.L.I.N.T.: Alright, just leave—leave me alone.

TRES: Alright. On your way.

C.L.I.N.T.: Okay.

[C.L.I.N.T. gets up and walks away]

C-53: Wow, Tres, that was good.

DAR: Wow, that felt sooo good.

TRES: Yeah.

C-53: I'd never thought to do that. Wow.

[scene shifts back to Pleck, audience is applauding]

MARK: Oh, great speech, Pleck.

CONNIE: That was such a wonderful speech.

MARK: Smashing speech, smashing.

PLECK: Thank you.

CONNIE: So good.

MARK: What a lovely night.

CONNIE: The loveliest. [sighs happily]

MARK: The way the night is structured—

PLECK/CONNIE: Yes./Yes.

MARK: [laughs] I feel funny for even saying this, but a crack crew could really come in and do some real damage if they wanted to.

PLECK: Huh, not that that would ever happen, but—

MARK: Well, the first thing that would happen is that they'd have to have a fall guy who would create a distraction.

PLECK: Ahh... oh.

MARK [laughing] A fun distraction.

CONNIE: What's so fun!

PLECK: [crosstalk, nervously] Yeah, yeah. Sure.

CONNIE: And then maybe a person who's very large, known for their muscles.

MARK: [still laughing] Yes, they would need a security person.

PLECK: [deadpan] Oh. Yeah. Totally.

[scene shifts back to the rest of the crew, who are rummaging around]

DAR: Okay, now—Tres, what is the thing that we need to grab while we're in here?

TRES: Oh, wait, what? No, get out of the vault.

DAR: What?

TRES: Why would we walk into the vault?

DAR: Why wouldn't we walk into the vault?

C-53: [crosstalk] Seems like the whole purpose was to go into the vault.

TRES: Didn't that seem obvious?

C-53: Um...

TRES: We're at a birthday party. What do you think the most valuable item here is?

DAR: The cake.

TRES: Yes.

C-53: I—I guess I don't know—you're—

TRES: [hastily] We're wasting time.

[scene shifts back to Pleck]

MARK: [calling out] Young man, young man! Uh—

[Connee squeals]

MARK: Connee and I would like to invite you to our personal table, please come with us.

CONNIE: Please!

PLECK: Oh, no, I couldn't—

MARK: No, you must come with us!

PLECK: I couldn't possibly—

MARK: [slightly more intensely] No, come with us.

PLECK: Oh. Uhh, yeah, sure, yep.

MARK: We'll come back behind the stage.

PLECK: Behind the stage.

MARK/CONNIE: Yes./Yes.

PLECK: Eh, this is a party in your honor, why w—can't we—



MARK: Well, yes, of course, but we want to talk to you.

PLECK: Ookay.

[Mark and Connee both laugh, light but a little forced]

MARK: Please, everyone, enjoy, enjoy! Come with us, Pleck.

PLECK: Okay. Alright.

[Mark continues laughing as they pull Pleck behind the stage]

MARK: Pleck, I'll tell you this: when I think of the things that we have in that that vault...

[Mark and Connee laugh again]

PLECK: Lots of, uh, like, valuables? Or...

MARK: Well, sure, we've got the jewels, and the jewels are all conflict jewels. We've—

CONNEE: Conflict jewels, yes.

PLECK: Oh boy, wow.

CONNEE: Also in the vault are all the checks that we have for, oh, you know, the murders that we've commissioned. [giggles]

MARK: [wheezing, laughing] We—We are hit men for the Federated Alliance.

CONNEE: Uh-oh!

PLECK: Uhhh...

MARK: We are rich hit men who do it for sport, we don't even cash the check.

CONNEE: Only on the weekends. Only on the weekends.

MARK: It is—it is just fun. It's a weekend thing.

CONNEE: It's a weekend thing!

PLECK: Wow. Just... happy birthday, guys. Happy birthday to you.

MARK: Ohhh, it's better than the alternative, am I right? [laughs]

PLECK: Uh... yeah.

CONNEE: We're having fun! [singsong] Happy birthday!

MARK: Happy birthday to us!

PLECK: [resigned] Happy birthday.

[glasses clink in a toast]

[scene changes back to the rest of the crew]

DAR: Alright—

TRES: Yes.

DAR: How are you hiding so much stuff?

TRES: I have, uh, luggage.

DAR: [slowly, impressed] Wow, I didn't even realize.

C-53: You have a luggage set with you?

TRES: Yeah.

C-53: Huh! It's right there! How...

TRES: Yeah! Fifth rule of a con is: walk like you should have luggage.

DAR: Fifth—you told u—

C-53: You said that there were four rules to a con—

DAR: [accusingly] Tre...

C-53: And then the fourth rule—

DAR: Was the only rule!

C-53: Was the only rule, the previous three rules were cons!

TRES: Yes, the fifth rule is: walk like you should always have luggage, and the sixth rule is: I lied about the number of...

C-53: Wow.

[multiple C.L.I.N.T.s rack rifles]

SEVERAL C.L.I.N.T.S: [in chorus] Get down on the ground. Get down on the ground. Get down on the ground.

[sound of more rifles]

C.L.I.N.T.S: [in chorus] Get down on the ground! Get down on the ground!

TRES: Get down on the ground.

C.L.I.N.T.S: [in chorus] Oh. Okay. Okay. Okay.

[sound of C.L.I.N.T.s dropping to the ground]

C-53: I can't believe that worked twice in a row like that! Even on a group!

TRES: Yeah!

DAR: Now go to sleep.

C.L.I.N.T.S: [in chorus] Okay. Okay. Okay.

[C.L.I.N.T.s begin breathing peacefully in sleep]

C-53: We could have just been telling them whatever for so I—ah, I feel like such a fool.

DAR: I do feel a little foolish right now.

TRES: Don't feel foolish.

C.L.I.N.T. 1: [whispering] I'm the C.L.I.N.T. that's best at sleeping.

[quiet C.L.I.N.T. breathing continues]

C.L.I.N.T. 2: [whispering] I'm the C.L.I.N.T. that's best at sleeping.

DAR: C.L.I.N.T.s are so sad.

C.L.I.N.T. 3: I'm the C.L.I.N.T. that is best at sleeping.

TRES: Yeah. I think the saddest thing about C.L.I.N.T.s is that they should all be friends, and the only thing they can't be is friends.

C-53: That is actually extremely tragic when you lay it out like that.

DAR: You are blowing my jucking mind.

[scene changes back to Pleck]

MARK: Pleck, it is just so refreshing to talk with someone like us, you know?

PLECK: [crosstalk] Uh-huh. Yeah.

CONNIE: Yes, ugh, so refreshing.

PLECK: Y—yeah, no, we're—I'm basically just like you guys, yep. Just lovin'...that Alliance, and killin'...

[Mark and Connee laugh]

[Pleck laughs nervously]

MARK: Oh, even though you don't have a twin, we still like you.

PLECK: Oh, yeah, well, you know. [stuttering] It's—uh—w—good ol' Fleck—ol' Teck...

MARK: Fleck or Teck, which was—was it?

PLECK: I'm—no, I—sorry, it was Teck. Fleck is a different—it's a different guy.

MARK: Is it your triplet? We have a strict anti-triplet policy.

PLECK/CONNIE: No, absolutely not./No triplets.

PLECK: No, it's just—just the two of us. Just me and ol' Teck.

CONNIE: Right, okay.

MARK: Co—Connee.

CONNIE: Yes.

MARK: Do you think he's a triplet? Good Rodd.

PLECK: No, that's not. I gotta—I gotta level with you, I'm just me. I just don't—I don't have any—any siblings at all, I'm an only child. I was born on a farm planet, and, uh...

MARK: What?

PLECK: What?

[Mark and Connee laugh incredulously]

MARK: Connee, let's kill him.

[Mark and Connee push their chairs back and get up]

PLECK: Uhhh... Oh, I'm sorry. You're gonna kill... me.

MARK: You. Because you're an only child, which—

CONNIE: Which is—ugh, it's despicable!

MARK: It's despicable.

PLECK: Um... are you sure that's the tradition, though? 'Cause that seems sad. [Pleck's voice fades out as the scene transitions back to the others] It doesn't seem necessary.

DAR: Alright. How do we get Pleck out of here?

TRES: Yeah, I don't know. He's supposed to be On the Up, and he's in deep.

C-53: Yeah, he's not great at... cracking things.

DAR: [crosstalk] Subtle messages.

TRES: If one person is lagging behind, the group goes and gets them.

C-53: Okay. That's fair.

DAR: [crosstalk] 'Cause we're friends. No friend left behind.

TRES: No friend left behind.

PLECK: [muffled] Listen, Connee, Mark. You can kill me if you must. But, uh, I'm gonna—uh, I just want you to... do it slow.

MARK: [muffled] What?

PLECK: Yeah, I just want you to—

MARK: You want us to kill you slowly?

PLECK: Yeah, I want you to—if you could—if you could kill me in a way that'd take like, eight, ten minutes, that would be ideal.

DAR: [whispering] Pleck!

MARK: Yeah-ha-heah!

CONNIE: Yesss!

DAR: [whispering] Pleck! [Dar starts thumping the ground]

PLECK: Wait, huh?

DAR: [whispering] Pleck!

PLECK: What?

DAR: Pleck, look up!

PLECK: Uh—what? Uh...

DAR: [through gritted teeth] Pleck, look up!

PLECK: Oh! Yes! What? Oh! Uh, so guys, before you kill—I'm just gonna climb up this ladderrr...

MARK: Seize him!

PLECK: Oh! Agh! Hey! Dar! Save yourselves! Tre has taught me something about friendship, and I'm gonna sacrifice myself—

[the vent squeaks open and Pleck's voice gets clearer as Dar jumps through]

DAR: Whoa, boy!

[there is a thump, and Connee squeals]

MARK: You flattened Connee!

[Pleck makes distressed noises]

DAR: And I'll do that to you, too.

MARK: [brandishing silverware] Try it.

[another thump as Dar jumps on Mark, and he yells]

[the crowd begins applauding]

PLECK: Oh! Wow!

MARK: [muffled] You flattened me!

PLECK: Yeah, you really—

C-53: Yeah, that was much simpler than one would imagine.

DAR: Ugh.

PLECK: [crosstalk] Thank you—thank you Dar.

DAR: [crosstalk] Pleck, you were supposed to be Up.

PLECK: I—ugh, I—see, I—I didn't really realize that physically meant—I thought I was gonna be like, up in their face.

DAR: [frustrated, monotone] That was our meeting place. Up, we're escaping through the roof.

PLECK: That was ve—there was a lot goin' on, guys, this got really weird.

TRES: Well, just, every other name turned out to be very literal, so I figured that was going to be pretty easy to...

PLECK: Sure.

C-53: Well, if you want to get up to where we are, just follow the sticky fingers. [C-53 flexes his sticky fingers]

PLECK: Oh. Is that what that was about?

C-53: Yeah. Should be a very easy-to-follow trail of, uhh, sticky slime on the wall.

PLECK: Sure. Listen guys, thank you for saving my life. I thought I was gonna be the one to, like, sacrifice myself. But it turns out I was the one who got saved because you guys are friends with me, so. [sound of Dar and Pleck climbing up to escape] Regardless, I feel like we really learned something through Tre about friendship today—

DAR: [crosstalk] Okay, okay, let's go, let's go.

PLECK: Okay? Alright, alright, sure. Fair.

C-53: Tres, did we make you proud by exhibiting the power of friendship?

TRES: Yeah, guys. Uh, this was really incredible. Um, it's been awesome working with you, and I'm gonna take this stuff and get outta here.

DAR: Uh...

C-53/PLECK: What?/What do you mean?

C-53: What stuff are we taking?

TRES: Uh, just the cake, and I'm just gonna... [Tre clicks her tongue]

DAR: What're you gonna do with luggage filled with cake?

TRES: You know, just... head on out.

PLECK: Wait, Trey, hold on—

C-53: Back—back to the Rebellion, or...?

TRES: Yep! Yes.

DAR: But—we—

PLECK: So is the cake important to the Rebellion in some way?

TRES: For sure. Hugely.

C-53: Seems like the Rebellion can make their own cake.

TRES: The... the Rebellion thanks you.

PLECK/DAR/C-53: Uh, okay./Hmm.../Hmm.

C-53: Tres, I feel like there's something being... unspoken.

TRES: Eh. Guys, you know, the... uh, most important thing about friendship is secrets, so.

PLECK: I thought the whole thing was like—wasn't—wasn't—

DAR: [crosstalk] No, no, no. Secrets—secrets are no fun if you don't tell anyone...

[squishing noises start coming from the cake]

DAR: What is happening.

PLECK: Whoa.

TRE'S FRIEND: Tre! I was in that cake. Ahhh...

PLECK: What?—who are you?

TRE'S FRIEND: Tre's best friend.

DAR: Best friend?

TRES: Yeahhh.

PLECK: Tres, I think you have to explain what's going on now because I'm very confused.

TRES: It feels pretty straightforward, but, um—

TRE'S FRIEND: Yeah, what?

TRES: Guys, don't be mad. Um, I...

[pause]

TRES: I conned you.



DAR/C-53: What?/Wow.

PLECK: [disbelieving] You conned us?

TRES: Yeah, this was an unsanctioned con. This con was actually a rescue mission. This is my best friend.

TRE'S FRIEND: [awkwardly] Hey.

DAR: But we are all friends.

TRES: Yeah.

C-53: You told us that friendship mattered most, and we trusted you, and you conned us!

TRES: Guys, don't you think best friendship sort of trumps... friendship?

PLECK: [stuttering] I—bu—th—you're—the whole point! The whole rule of conning was that—that we were all in this together!

TRES: Right, but—close your eyes.

C-53/PLECK/DAR: Okay./Okay./Okay.

PLECK: Ope. Where'd she go?

C-53: Oh.

PLECK: Oh. Yeah, we shouldn't ha—yeah, well, we really trusted her right up till the end, and she screwed us again.

C-53: She just has a voice that you—you know, she suggests something, and you're like, "Okay, I'll try it."

DAR: Agh! And all I wanted to know was, why was her best friend in the cake?

C-53: You may never know, Dar.

[sound of a ship flying close]

LI'L BOOP BOOP: [high-pitched, painfully cutesy voice] Toodle-oodle! Toodle-oodle! Did somebody call a ship?

DAR: Bargie!?

PLECK/C-53: That's not Bargie./It's not Bargie.

LI'L BOOP BOOP: My name's not Bargie! My name is Li'l Boop Boop. [giggles] I'm your ship.

DAR/PLECK: What?/Li'l Boop Boop?

C-53: Oh, no. They switched ships. Bargie got on the show!

DAR: Hey, but she got the gig! She got the gig.

C-53: Good for Bargie.

LI'L BOOP BOOP: I might be a tiny ship made of wood in space, sounds like a bad idea, but I'm a lot of fun!

C-53/PLECK: The ship is made of wood?/She's made of wood!?

C-53: Bad idea.

PLECK: Little Boop Boop?

LI'L BOOP BOOP: Li'l Boop Boop!

C-53: But we should probably get out of here.

PLECK: Oh boy.

DAR: Yeah, we've just murdered the two hosts of a birthday party and stole the cake.

LI'L BOOP BOOP: I'm gonna throw down some string!

C-53/DAR/PLECK: String!?!/String!?!/String!?

[transition music]

[creaky wooden ship sounds]

DAR: [frustrated noise] I know we're all friends now, but this is really tight quarters.

PLECK: Yeah, it's all rocking chairs in here.

C-53: Yeah, why so many rocking chairs?

LI'L BOOP BOOP: Mmm, it's time to hear my little yodel!

PLECK: No, no, come on, Little Boop Boop, I don't wanna hear—

DAR: [crosstalk] Please—

LI'L BOOP BOOP: [singing to a tune like "Do Your Ears Hang Low", honking a horn on "Boop Boop"] I'm Li'l Boop Boop, I'm a little old ship, but I've got a big heart, I'm Li'l Boop Boop—

PLECK: [crosstalk] Oh boy.

LI'L BOOP BOOP: —sometimes I catch on fire and that's really weird in space—

PLECK: [crosstalk] No, no! What? How often does that—

LI'L BOOP BOOP: I'm Li'l Boop Boop, I'm Li'l Boop Boop—

PLECK: Li'l Boop Boop, how often does that happen?

LI'L BOOP BOOP: [cheerfully] Mm, once every every all the time? I don' know, I've lost count.

[incoming transmission sound different from Bargie's, a dull beeping]

PLECK: Uh, hey guys, uh—Nermut is calling.

[transmission start sound]

PLECK: Uh, hey, Nermut.

NERMUT: Okay! I'm so glad I reached you guys in time. Tres Lonlée is not who she says she is. You guys need to abort this mission immediately.

PLECK: Yeah, yeah, I know.

DAR/C-53: Uh-huh./We got it.

PLECK: Yeah, no, we figured that out.

NERMUT: Oh, I'm glad you figured it out in time. So you wanna come back to—

C-53: No, that's not what... we meant.

NERMUT: Uh—what?

DAR: [sighs] We kind of... got conned.

NERMUT: Ughhh... Hmm. Well, anyway, uh... what is—what is all that wood paneling? I don't—

C-53: It's... a bit of a long story.

PLECK: Listen, we're—could you get a—could you arrange sort of, make a pickup, maybe, before this ship catches on fire?

LI'L BOOP BOOP: [laughs] Sorry, I just heard a joke. Do you want me to tell you? I love you guys, you guys are my friends now.

PLECK: Wait, who was the crew that used to be on this ship? Where are they?

C-53: Well, I assume they're on Bargie.

DAR: And I assume they're a bunch of little wooden boys.

[whooshing star wipe transition]

[wooden clanking sounds]

BARGIE: Um, so, uh... welcome to my ship.

[wooden boys make various "whoa" sounds]

WOODEN BOY 1: I just heard a joke!

WOODEN BOY 2: Oh, well, tell it!

WOODEN BOY 1: No, I just heard it!

[wooden boys all laugh]

[Bargie's hatch opens]

BARGIE: Alright, opening hatch, opening hatch.

[sound of depressurization, wooden boys squeal as they are sucked out into space]

[pause]

[Beano runs over]

BEANO: Beano finally feel seen!

[end credits music]

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. Missions Operations Manager Nermut Bundaloy and conjoined triplets Tyrone, Tyrell, and Tyrrak were played by Seth Lind. Bargie the Ship, Connee the Mark, and Li'l Boop Boop were played by Moujan Zolfaghari. Cloned Light Infantry Nomadic Troopers, Mark the Con-ee, and Beano were played by Winston Noel. Tres Lonlée was played by special guest Nicole Drespel. Nicole is a writer for The Chris Gethard Show and Wet Hot American Summer: Ten Years Later. She's appeared on 30 Rock and Broad City, and performs every Friday night at the UCB East Village with Bucky. She also cohosts the Audioboom podcast InBox with Matt Stroup. This episode ended by Seth Lind, with sound design and mix by Shane O'Connell. This episode was recorded at Robert Doggy Jr.'s Puppy Pound in Brooklyn, New

York. 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. 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]

MOUJAN/BARGIE: Okay, okay, my turn, my turn. Juck, marry, kill: Lauren D'Fsurre, Dave JaJandu, or Gork the Catch.

ALLIE/DAR: Oh boy.

ALDEN/PLECK: Oh, boy, wow, that is—

JEREMY/C-53: Hm. Yeah, that's tricky.

ALLIE/DAR: Well, Gork is so charming, but...

NICOLE/TRES: Yeah. Marry, I think ma—marry Gork.

ALLIE/DAR: Marry Gork...

JEREMY/C-53: Hmm. See, I think I would juck Gork.

[quiet laughter]

ALLIE/DAR: But then who would you marry?

JEREMY/C-53: Hm. I know, I mean, it's tough.

MOUJAN/BARGIE: Yeah. Now name 'em back.

[multiple people erupt into laughter]

ALLIE/DAR: It's just that—

[uproarious laughter continues]

ALLIE/DAR: It's just that Gork—