

[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]

PLECK: Hey Bargie?

BARGIE: Yeah?

PLECK: I have a question. Uh—

[Beano runs up]

BEANO: Beano love questions!

BARGIE: Okay, we're already starting this off very annoying.

PLECK: [laughing] I—w-why, because both Beano and I are talking?

BARGIE: [laughing] Yes.

PLECK: Okay. Listen, I just—I know you don't have guns, but I was looking out the window and there's those two—like, wha—

BARGIE: They're vanity.

PLECK: They're vanity guns?

BARGIE: Whenever you do well in a movie—in a holo—if you go top of the box office, they give you a vanity gun.

PLECK: Ah.

C-53: Emissary Decksetter, you are familiar... when famous actor will appear in a holo just to boost the ticket sales—

PLECK: Sure.

C-53: That's what's called a "hired gun."

PLECK: Oh.

C-53: That's where the term comes from.

PLECK: Ahhh. Okay, great.

[a door opens]

[Dar enters, groaning and itching]

PLECK: Dar—

C-53: Dar, you're really grinding the floor of the ship.

PLECK: What're you—what're you doing?

DAR: [distressed] I'm experiencing—just incredible itchiness? And burning, all at the same time. [Dar groans again]

PLECK: Oh, yeah, wow. This looks very uncomfortable for you, Dar.

C-53: Dar, I actually have a limited amount of first aid training. If you wanna flip over, I could try and diagnose you.

PLECK: Oh boy, I gotta get out of here.

DAR: Ohhh, sure.

[Dar plops down]

C-53: Hmm. Yeah, that's a lot of pustules.

[Dar continues groaning and itching]

BEANO: Oooh, Beano love pus! [licking and slurping noises]

[crew reacts in disgust]

C-53: Oh—yeah, you really should—

PLECK: Beano, get—get out of here! Go! [sound of spray bottle] No, Beano!

[Beano makes a disappointed sound and runs off]

C-53: Dar, this looks like—y'know, a fairly common STI.

DAR: [laughs] Y'know, it—it's just one of those things, I hooked up while we were, um... at the casino...

PLECK: Oh.

DAR: And I... may have caught... something.

PLECK: Oh no.

DAR: Just, uh...

PLECK: [quietly] Hey, C-53?

C-53: Yes, Emissary Decksetter?

[Dar continues itching and making distressed sounds while Pleck and C-53 have an aside]

PLECK: Something's going on with Dar. Like, first, they jucked that corpse, then they get an STI from a casino... like, that's weird, right?

C-53: That's... certainly out of character.

PLECK: Do you think maybe Dar, like... misses Nermut, and is sorta... y'know, flappin' it up?

C-53: Those aren't the words I would use, but yes, that seems like—

DAR: Okay, why don't we then just call Nermut, and we'll get approval to go to a clinic and clear this whole thing up?

PLECK: That's a good idea.

C-53: Alright, uh. Well, this is sort of an unusual situation. Should I send an outgoing transmission to Missions Operations Manager Nermut Bundaloy?

PLECK: Sure. Let's give it a shot!

C-53: It feels... wrong, somehow, but... here we go.

[transmission start sound]

NERMUT: [statisfy, away from the microphone] Okay, so, uh... good to see you, like, uh... that's uh—sorry it took me long to answer the door, I'm busy... uh...

PLECK: Hey, Nermut!

NERMUT: Hm?

PLECK: Hey! What're you—

NERMUT: [clear, closer to the mic] Oh, hey g—

PLECK: You're rearranging your office?

NERMUT: Uh, yeah, um... my parents are gonna visit, so.

PLECK: Oh!

NERMUT: Yeah! They're gonna come see my new digs.

PLECK: Hey!

NERMUT: So I was just straightening and everything, so... yeah.

C-53: Where do your parents lie politically? Are they embarrassed you've left the Federated Alliance, or...?

NERMUT: [sighs] We just, like, try not to bring up politics, y'know what I mean?

PLECK: Sure. Are you worried that if—that they're gonna rat you out to the Alliance, and the Alliance is gonna come murder you?

NERMUT: I wasn't... [short pause] Ohhh, boy.

PLECK: I mean, it sounds like from what I've heard from your parents, they're kind of like—I don't know, I would say "loyalists" would be the word that I would use.

C-53: Yeah. They're pretty well-to-do, if I'm not mistaken.

NERMUT: Yeah, yeah, I mean, for—for Lirds.

PLECK: You're—

NERMUT: Hm?

PLECK: The species you are is called "Lird"?

NERMUT: Yeah, we're Lirds.

PLECK: What is that—okay.

BEANO: [scampering over] Beano love that name.

PLECK: I—[Pleck sighs]

BARGIE: Does that stand for something?

BEANO: Beano stands for Beano. [Beano scampers away]

NERMUT: [sighing under his breath] Oh my gosh.

DAR: [itching] Okay, chatty cattie, get me to a CLINIC.

PLECK: Dar—okay, alright—uh, listen, Nermut, we gotta find a doctor or medic or something...

C-53: [crosstalk] Missions Operations Manager Nermut Bundaloy, we need to requisition some medical expenses immediately.

NERMUT: [crosstalk] I—wh—Dar—

[Dar groans]

NERMUT: What?

DAR: Fine, full disclosure, I hooked up with a Roaran named Chad...

NERMUT: I don't wanna—[trying to drown out Dar] mimimimimimi!

DAR: [annoyed] Chad obviously LIED...

NERMUT: I can't believe I have to put in this request. [Nermut sighs, connection starts breaking up] Want you... [static] feel better.

PLECK: No—what's happening? Hello?

[static increases]

SEESU: [panicked] Hello? Hello? Is anybody on this feed?

PLECK: Oh, h-hold on—

SEESU: Hello?

PLECK: Hello?

SEESU: Hello, it's Seesu Gundu. Is—is this one of our ships?

PLECK: Yeah, we're sort of in the middle of something right now.

SEESU: Okay, that's not important, whatever that is.

PLECK: [crosstalk] Okay. Sure. Yeah. Right.

SEESU: This is very important. A very famous member of the Rebellion has gone missing.

PLECK: Whoa, really?

SEESU: My... [short pause] my ex.

PLECK: Y—uh, your ex?

C-53: Do you mean... Commander Rolphus Tiddle?

SEESU: We... As everybody knows, we had a falling out, and... we're separated, we're not divorced. Okay? We're [enunciating] sep-a-rat-ed.

PLECK: Yeah, I mean, it's none of our business.

C-53: Are you saying Rolphus Tiddle is missing?

SEESU: He's missing. He hasn't liked any of my holo media, and...

PLECK: Oh.

SEESU: It's been a while, and I just wanna make sure he's okay...

PLECK: [cutting in] Seesu, I—

DAR: [crosstalk] Do you think he just moved on?

PLECK: [crosstalk] Seesu, I don't—yeah, I was gonna say—

SEESU: No, 'cause I'm just putting it—if you can find him...

NERMUT: Commander Gundu, did you—did you call this channel because we're one of the best Rebel Emissary team—

SEESU: [quickly] No, I just randomly put in numbers and just hoped. But—if you could find him...

C-53: Seems inefficient.

SEESU: If you could find him...

DAR: [itching] But, like, what's the time frame on this? HOW soon do we have to find him?

[sound of guitar tuning in Seesu's background]

SEESU: Y'know... soon?

[groan in the background, guitar tuning continues]

PLECK: Okay.

SEESU: It's just that our son is having a recital, and...

PLECK: Oh, Centurion Tiddle, right!

NERMUT: Oh.

SEESU: It's—I mean, and it's not like I care if he's not there, but...

PLECK: Sure, yeah.

C-53: Sounds sorta like you do care.

SEESU: [offended] No! What!? I mean, find him!

NERMUT: Commander Gundu, we—we'll find—okay—

SEESU: [ignoring Nermut] And if he asks how I am doing, I am doing well! Anyway, okay! Thank you, bye bye.

[transmission ends]

PLECK: Alright, pleasure to m—okay.

NERMUT: Commander Gundu, thank you for—oh.

C-53: Oh, she's gone. Yeah. Sorry.

NERMUT: Wow. Okay, let's start checking planets!

DAR/C-53: What?/Hm.

PLECK: No, I don't think it really works that way, Nermut, I think we need some leads, right?

BARGIE: [solemnly] I know where he is.

PLECK: What?

BARGIE: Yeah.

DAR: You know where he is, Bargie?

BARGIE: There's only can be one place. He's in The Dumps.

NERMUT: Well, we know he's in the dumps.

C-53: [crosstalk] Well, sure, obviously he's disappointed, but...

BARGIE: No. He's in the place called The Dumps.

DAR: Ohhhhh.

PLECK: What did—wait—

BARGIE: Dar knows about this.

C-53: [crosstalk] Oh, The Dumps.

DAR: Oh, I've sent MANY a being to The Dumps.

BARGIE: When you are dumped...

C-53: [crosstalk] You go to The Dumps.

BARGIE: You are taken to The Dumps...

DAR: That's how you know you've been dumped.

PLECK: So—wait, The Dumps is a place? A physical place?

DAR: Yeah.

C-53: Emissary Decksetter, you've never heard of The Dumps? It's an asteroid where broken-hearted people are abducted and deposited in a society of their own.

PLECK: No, I mean, I just—I—I—

C-53: You haven't had a relationship serious enough to—yeah, okay.

PLECK: [crosstalk] Sure, they weren't really—no. Yeah, yeah.

C-53: [crosstalk] That's—that makes a lot of sense.

PLECK: [crosstalk] I mean that's probably—yeah, mostly what it is, yeah.

C-53: [agreeably] Sure sure sure.

PLECK: Well, okay, I mean, do you think that's where he is?

BARGIE: Oh yeah.

DAR: Oh yeah.

BARGIE: It's an area of broken-hearted people who just don't have their stuff together.

PLECK: Huh.

C-53: Yeah, Emissary Decksetter, if you've never been to The Dumps, I advise extreme caution. The people there are...

BARGIE: Working through it.

C-53: Yeah, just really going through a tough time, and it's very sad.

PLECK: Oh, boy.

NERMUT: But guys, this is amazing! We can rescue Commander Rolphus Tiddle for the Rebellion? What could be a more exciting mission?

PLECK: Okay, let's lay in a course.

DAR: What? No! Wh-d-d—the things for Dar! [itching frantically]

PLECK: Uh, Dar, can you—can you and Bargie go and do that, sort of as like, an errand? I just don't feel like we need to be there for that...

DAR: [offended] Ooooookay...

C-53: [crosstalk] Oh, Emissary Decksetter, I don't know if that—

PLECK: Did I say something wrong?

C-53: Yeah, a little bit.

DAR: [imitating Pleck] "Can YOU GALS just go to the doctor and take care of your bits together..."

BARGIE: [crosstalk] Wow, I'm now understanding. Okay.

PLECK: I just feel like a trip to a doctor for an STI is—I mean, wh—

BARGIE: [imitating Pleck] "You gender neutral being and you ship-that-sometimes-identifies-as-female, just leave and go be on your own."

PLECK: That's not—I didn't say anything—

BEANO: [running over] Beano think Pleck is problematic.

[Dar laughs]

PLECK: Not—

BARGIE: Wow, you know what, if I could—if we were in a relationship, I'd send you to The Dumps. Hundred percent. Right now.

PLECK: Okay. Fine. Fine! Listen, I just—I'm just s—

NERMUT: [trying to be heard over Pleck] Wait, wait, wait, wait, wait!

PLECK: What, Nermut?

NERMUT: I don't know a lot about The Dumps, but I imagine it's probably a place with a good clinic! A lot of people get dumped when your partner finds out that [indistinctly] nyermernaner...

BARGIE: What?

DAR: What?

C-53: I believe Missions Operations Manager Nermut Bundaloy makes an excellent point. I imagine there is excellent STI care in The Dumps.

NERMUT: Yeah.

PLECK: Alright, fine.

DAR: It's just that I have never been dumped, so I have no idea what The Dumps are like.

PLECK: Sure.

C-53: Sure, you're not being taken there, though. We're—we're choosing to go there.

NERMUT: Right! Two garfons with one 'stroid.

PLECK: [short pause] ...Sure.

[transition music]

BALLWHEAT: [upbeat, affable] Oh, uh, hey there, guys! It's Councillor Ballwheat, of the Council of Seven. Hi! I just stepped out of a meeting with my six best friends to share a fun announcement with all of you highly valued partners. Support for the harmonious Federated Alliance comes from Nutrafol. It's not just genetics that have it out for your hair. Stress, diet, and environmental toxins all can compromise hair health. So maybe you're interested in something that's a hundred percent drug free with ingredients clinically shown to improve thinning hair? Nutrafol's scientists and researchers worked for years to come up with a formula that improves hair from within. The botanical ingredients are shown to improve hair without compromising sexual health or any other kind of health. Nutrafol is manufactured in an FDA certified facility and is made of clinically tested medical grade botanical ingredients. And it's available in two distinct formulas for men and women to suit your metabolic needs. To get your first month's supply with subscription for \$10, visit nutrafol.com, N-U-T-R-A-F-O-L dot com, and use the code MTZ during checkout. Eh, well, I don't really know what that stands for, but that's fun. That's Nutrafol! N-U-T-R-A-F-O-L dot com, and code MTZ.

BALLWHEAT: Okay, great! Like, uh, all hail the Federated Alliance! Well, I am headed back into my nice meeting.

[Ballwheat walks back into the room]

KASSU: And we turn the babies into killers!

[Arcuri laughs]

RUNFF: Yes.

BALLWHEAT: Uhh...

RUNFF: Oh! Oh, oh—

CORPUSTANIAN: Come in, Councillor Ballwheat! Eh, we—welcome back, w-we were just, ah, discussing your stunning vacation photos.

KASSU: Oh! Yes! Vacations. [giggles]

RUNFF: [crosstalk] Yes, they're amazing.

BALLWHEAT: Awesome! Lemme show you some.

ARCURI/KASSU/CORPUSTANIAN: Hahaha, yes, we're all... good friends./So nice./See, we're all... friends.

BALLWHEAT: [attempting enthusiasm] Yay...

[transition music]

PLECK: Guys, is there anything I should know before we go to The Dumps? Like, before we get off the ship? 'Cause I'm—I'm a little bit nervous about what I've heard.

C-53: Well, just know that the people you encounter here, Emissary Decksetter, are—very emotionally fragile, so... I guess, try not to do that thing you normally do and immediately poke at a person's most vulnerable area?

PLECK: Do I do that?

C-53: I mean, I feel like you do it a lot.

PLECK: Alright! Yeah, no, well, I will definitely keep it in mind. Bargie, lower the ol' hatch.

BARGIE: Alright, good luck.

[Bargie's hatch opens]

[sad sack emo bullshit music in the distance]

PLECK: What is this music?

C-53: Yeah, this music is just sort of playing all the time here in The Dumps.

PLECK: Oh, it's very... oh, man.

C-53: Yeah. It's not... it's not great.

PLECK: Yeah, is that...

C-53: Yeah, I think when you're in a certain emotional state, this kind of music can be helpful.

PLECK: Huh.

[someone begins sobbing loudly]

PLECK: Oh, boy.

DUMPEE 1: It's like—I thought we were soulmates, you know what I mean? Like, I thought, like, we had so much in common.

C-53: Okay, Emissary Decksetter, do not engage right now, just sort of don't make eye contact.

DAR: Okay, um, you—you crying thing?

DUMPEE 1: [crying] I'm not crying! And I—I am going through a lot right now, okay?

DAR: Sure. You sure are. Now tell me—where did you go to get your STI cleared up?

DUMPEE 1: How did you know? Did he tell you? Did he give it to other people too?
[runs away, crying] Oh my god. Oh my god.

DAR: [crosstalk] No no no, come back! Come—come back!

DAR: Okay, wait, this—this one, you! Tell me, where do I go—

JOY: [cheerfully] Hi, welcome to The Dumps!

DAR/PLECK/C-53: Oh./Oh!/Oh, thank you.

PLECK: Hello!

JOY: Hi!

DAR: You're—you actually seem... okay.

JOY: Well, the thing about me is I don't really belong here, but I am the governor, so welcome.

PLECK: Oh! You—w—

JOY: Would you like a tour?

PLECK: The Dumps has a governor?

JOY: Uhh... yeah, they made me. But, uh, y'know, I'll be outta here any day now, so I'm just gonna fulfil my duties and be on my way, so.

PLECK: Sure.

JOY: Just come this way, I can give ya a tour of the place.

PLECK: Man.

JOY: You guys, uh... you guys don't seem...

PLECK/C-53: No. No actually, we're—we're just—/No, no no no, we're not, uh...

PLECK: We're sort of here on kind of like a... I—I would say, like, a diplomatic mission. I'm Emissary Pleck Decksetter, this is C-53, and this is Dar.

JOY: Oh, okay.

DAR: Do you have a bathroom?

JOY: A bathroom?

DAR: Yeah.

JOY: Yeah, this place is full of 'em.

[Dar laughs]

JOY: Those three are occupied, but, uh, the one on the end there, that should be empty.

DAR: Oh, okay, great!

[Dar opens the door]

[someone inside sobs loudly]

DAR: No, there is someone crying inside of it.

PLECK: Oh, boy.

JOY: Oh, sorry, he had his feet tucked up, so you couldn't tell.

PLECK/C-53: Ohhh./Oh, yeah. Uh-huh, yeah.

PLECK: Yeah, I don't think your name, uh—should I just call you governor?

JOY: Oh, uh, Joy is fine, uh... please, don't—don't remind me I'm the governor of this place, I'll be outta here soon.

PLECK: Joy! That's a great name. Well, y'know, I gotta—

JOY: Oh, thank you!

PLECK: I gotta say, everything I heard about The Dumps, I expected this to be a real downer, but you—you just seem like a real upbeat young lady!

C-53: Yeah, just like your name.

JOY: Well, yeah, y'know? Tell that to the next guy, I shouldn't be here.

PLECK: Yeah. Yeah, sure. Wait—uh, what does that—what does that mea—how do you get off of The Dumps?

JOY: Oh, y'know, the—the panel just decides that you're ready, and I've been before them so many times, and I just—I can't seem to catch a break.

PLECK: Well, hey, I mean—yeah. If you need anybody to vouch for ya, just let us know, 'cause you seem like a very helpful, cool person.

C-53: Governor Joy, I must ask, how many times have you been before this panel?

JOY: Oof. Okay, well, I try to schedule a meeting every day, so I would say... that's 432 times.

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

PLECK: That's a long...

C-53: That seems a lot.

PLECK: That's a long t—and now, have you left and then come back? I'm confused.

JOY: Yes, I've been gone, and I've been back almost immediately, and I don't know what glitch in the system is causing me to come back because I just shouldn't BE here.

PLECK: Huh. Well that seems, uh...

C-53: Well, did you have a relationship that ended?

JOY: [evasively] I had a relationship; it didn't end.

PLECK: Are—are you—are you sure about that?

C-53: Hm.

JOY: Oho, well, you guys ask a lot of questions. Come, what can I help you with?

PLECK: Uh, sure. Yeah, you're right. I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I apologize.

C-53: [crosstalk] You're right, yeah, we're getting... very personal.

DAR: It is literally impossible to find a place to relieve myself. Every time I turn over a bush, there's someone crying in there. I try—

[a bush rustles and someone starts sobbing]

DUMPEE 2: [crying] His name was Joann! [sobs]

PLECK: [quietly] Oh boy.

DAR: [sympathetically] I'm sure it was. Can you just move to the side so I can—

[the dumpee runs off crying, a door opens and sad emo music can be heard again]

DAR: Joy, if we could just keep this tour moving, maybe then I'll be able to find a place...

JOY: Oh, sure. But the locals are real friendly.

PLECK: [crosstalk] Okay, sure.

DUMPEE 3: Hey, sorry to interrupt, um—just let me—do—do I remind you of my dad?

PLECK/C-53: Uh, I don't actually know your d—/Uh, that would be...

DUMPEE 3: Do—do I—[cocks a pistol] Yeah, do I remind you of my dad.

PLECK/C-53: You actually don't, yeah, I don't really know./That's sort of impossible for us to answer...

DUMPEE 3: Exactly, I do NOT.

C-53: That's not what we said...

DUMPEE 3: Sooo, sounds like SOMEBODY's wrong. [the dumpee stomps away]
Hmph!

PLECK: Uh...

C-53: Governor Joy?

JOY: Mm-hmm?

C-53: Are there... adequate mental health resources for the people here in the dumps?
It seems...

JOY: Oh... [brief pause] No.

C-53: Oh. Okay.

PLECK: [laughing] That's a shame.

JOY: No, no, we kinda don't believe in that kinda thing, so, uh...

DAR: You don't believe in that sort of thing?

PLECK: Well, y'know, yeah! I mean, y'know, I—listen, I—obviously never been dumped, but it just sorta seems to me like ya—y'know, you really just gotta buck up, roll with the punches, and get on with your life!

C-53: I just don't think that seems like very good practical advice for anyone suffering from heartbreak.

PLECK: Eh, well, eh.

DAR: Now, Joy, out of curiosity—

JOY: Yes.

DAR: Is there a place where a creature such as myself could have a... droid with medical knowledge look at my, um... bits?

JOY: Oh, yes, I do see...

DAR: It's, uh... it's burning and itchy and at times i-it's almost like a constipation, but from the front?

PLECK: Wow.

JOY: Oh my gosh, yes! We have a full facility for that. It's just gonna be on the other side of the—the asteroid, though.

DAR: I see. And given the amount of foot traffic here, that could take you... how long to walk?

JOY: Yeah, traffic's real bad here, uh... probably, uh, three to four days?

C-53/PLECK: Hmm. That's high, yeah./That seems like too long.

DAR: Okay! Um... this'll just be like a whole mind-over-matter situation.

PLECK: Mm-hmm.

JOY: Oh, now you get this place. Great!

PLECK: Oh! Okay, wow.

[sound of a large bell]

PLECK: W-what is that noise?

JOY: That's my favorite noise of the day. It's time for the panel.

PLECK: With the panel—do you mind if we join you? Maybe we can vouch for you and tell—

JOY: [crosstalk] Oh, sure!

PLECK: —tell the panel how cool and normal you are.

C-53: Yeah.

JOY: Oh my gosh, yes! I've only ever done this thing alone, so it'll be nice to have friends.

C-53: [crosstalk] Oh!

PLECK: Great.

[transition music]

PANELIST 1: So, alright... [shuffling papers] looks like we're here to see Joy again.

PANELIST 2: [banging gavel] The panel calls before itself... the governor, Joy.

PANELIST 3: Joy, yes.

JOY: Hi, I'm ready to resign my position.

PANELIST 1: Okay, Joy, let's go through the three questions we go through. [shuffling papers]

JOY: [upbeat] Yes. I can't wait!

PANELIST 1: Number one. How are you feeling today?

JOY: [hesitant] Oh, real... g-good.

PANELIST 2: Number two, how are you actually feeling today?

JOY: [upbeat] Oh, I can't feel anything, actually, so... I would say that's pretty fantastic!

PANELIST 3: Number three. For real, Joy. Seriously. How are you feeling?

JOY: [breaking down] Okay, I'm a mess! I ca—I can't—I d—I can't stop thinking— [Joy starts blubbing]

PLECK: Oh, I see.

JOY: Okay, okay—

PANELIST 1: [crosstalk] Alright...[stamping something] Good night—

PLECK: Oh, no!

PANELIST 1: [crosstalk] Alright, see you tomorrow.

C-53: [crosstalk] Oh.

PLECK: Oh...

JOY: Pleck—no, guys, just give me one more ch—I coulda—I had it at two questions! Just leave it at the two questions!

PANELIST 3: Joy, would you like us to ask the questions again?

PANELIST 2: Yeah.

PLECK: [encouraging] You got this, Joy! I think you can do it.

JOY: [choked up] Yes. Okay.

PANELIST 1: Why don't we do it backwards this time?

PANELIST 2/PANELIST 3: Okay, yes. Yes./Okay.

JOY: Okay, yeah, backwards sounds great.

PANELIST 3: For real, Joy, how are y—like, seriously?

JOY: [breaking down again] I can't do it! I can't! I just—I ca—I wake up in the morning, I hate looking at myself—

[the panelists begin dissenting and stamping the forms repeatedly]

PLECK: [crosstalk] You don't have to—stop stamping it! No—[quietly] She gets it!

JOY: [emotional] I wake up, and I can only think about one thing, and then who ca—
[calmer] Ho-how did I do?

PLECK/C-53: Not—not great, Joy./Hm, Joy, it doesn't seem like they approved.

PANELIST 2: Same time tomorrow.

[the crew and Joy exit the room]

JOY: [sadly] 'Kay. Alr—okay, yep.

PLECK: Oh boy. Y'know, Joy, I—you know what I said earlier about just kinda musclin' through, I don't think that's gonna work. I think you need to, like, talk it out with somebody. Maybe you can find somebody else in The Dumps who's like, going through the same thing you're going through.

JOY: I mean... that would require me to be going through something, so...

PLECK: Oh, boy, wow, we are back at square one, aren't we.

DRUNK DUMPEE: [slurring words] You guys... you guys... goin' to th'... The Dumps Bar?

PLECK: There's a bar here?

DRUNK DUMPEE: [slurring. stumbling, spilling drink] It's happy hour at th' bar!

PLECK: Cool. Did you just come from there, or...?

DAR: [crosstalk] That's... that seems hard to believe.

DRUNK DUMPEE: In 'n' out, baby.

JOY: That's actually the happiest place here. We should go!

DRUNK DUMPEE: Yeah!

PLECK: Okay, yeah, sure, I mean, yeah, let's—

C-53: Fair enough.

PLECK: Let's go, I guess.

[the crew begins walking]

PLECK: Hey Joy, I have a question.

JOY: Yes.

PLECK: So, obviously, everyone here has just been dumped. How many people hook up here at The Dumps?

JOY: Oh... I would say about eighty percent of the population here?

PLECK/C-53: Yeah, that sounds about right, yeah, yeah./Yeah, that sounds right, yeah.

PLECK: And it doesn't—I imagine it doesn't work out.

JOY: [wistfully] It's never good, it's never... it's never good.

PLECK: Oh. Oh, no.

C-53: Oh, wow.

PLECK: Wow. The stare you just gave me was... yikes.

JOY: Alright, well, we can just move on, then! Let's go to the bar.

PLECK: Alright, sure, sure. Hey Dar, are you okay?

DAR: [carefully] I'm just... trying not to scream.

PLECK: I—I—Dar, I have a question. You know, like, when you get heat, or whatever?

DAR: My monthly.

PLECK: Yeah! W-what—that burns everything off, so maybe you just... maybe just wait for that, and then you're good to go!

DAR: Um... my monthly's actually a little late this month, so... um...

PLECK: [freaking out] Oh my—oh my Rodd. Dar—wow! Uh... does that—

DAR: Why are you freaking out?

PLECK: Does that mean you—does that mean you might be pregnant?

DAR: Shut your wet mouth!

PLECK: What? [Dar smacks Pleck] Ow! Ow.

DAR: I'm not pregnant, that's not how this works.

PLECK: I thought that's what you meant, like if it was late, that might mean that you were—

DAR: No, it just means I'm gonna burn a lot hotter this month.

PLECK: Oh. Okay. Alright. But then what are you worried about?

DAR: I just—it's gonna come in REAL hot.

PLECK: Okay. Wow, man, gee. That—that got me thinkin', I was like, Nermut? Was it Chad? Was it Allen?

[the crew walks into the bar]

PLECK: Wow, this bar is... large. I guess it makes sense, you'd want a large bar here in The Dumps.

[sad music starts up again]

EMO SINGER: Your hair...

PLECK: Nope. Same song.

EMO SINGER: ...is the rings on a planet.

PLECK: What does that mean?

EMO SINGER: Rings on a planet, yeah!

DAR: Ugh. C, do we think that the only music that they listen to on this asteroid is the same one artist?

[piano music begins]

C-53: No, there's actually a number of artists. There's a lot of, um... sad women who play piano.

DAR/PLECK: Oh./Sure.

C-53: Um.

SAD WOMAN SINGER: I... I saw him in the cloud...

C-53: Okay, so there's a good example of that.

SAD WOMAN SINGER: I saw my life with him...

PLECK/DAR: Oh, wow./Uh.

SAD WOMAN SINGER: But he is now a cloud... [continues singing with piano]

PLECK: He's a clown!?

DAR: Ohhh...

C-53: I think she said "cloud," but it—I don't know...

JOY: Eh, it's really open for interpretation.

C-53: Well, Governor Joy, you've been so helpful, can we buy you a drink?

JOY: Oh, sure!

[the crew approaches the bar]

BARTENDER: [in the same voice as the bartender from Milsch] Alright, what can I get you guys?

PLECK: Oh boy. Wow.

BARTENDER: What's up?

PLECK: This is crazy. C-53, this is the same bartender.

C-53: Oh, I'm not—

BARTENDER: Welcome to—oh, you've been—you've been here before? I don't recognize you...

DAR: Uhhh...

C-53: No, I'm not sure it is the same bartender.

DAR: No, no.

PLECK: Hey, listen, uh, sorry—do you work at the... do you work at the Milsch Hotel Bar—rooftop bar?

BARTENDER: [sarcastically] Yeah, I'm in two different places right now, the same time!

PLECK: No, I mean d—have you ever worked there.

BARTENDER: [disdainfully] No. I don't work at the Milsch Hotel Bar. That's Ez Nuk.

PLECK: Oh—Ez Nuk.

BARTENDER: Ez Nuk works the Milsch Hotel, my name is Tezz Rynn.

PLECK: Tezarin?

BARTENDER: Tezz Rynn.

PLECK: Man.

BARTENDER: Sorry. You know what, sorry. Uh—I gotta be honest, I just went through a breakup.

C-53/PLECK: Oh, see, that—yeah, that explains a lot. Sure. Yeah./Ohhh, yeah, that makes—that makes sense.

BARTENDER: [crosstalk] So I'm a little tense.

DAR: [crosstalk] That does make sense.

BARTENDER: I'm sorry.

PLECK: Were y—before the breakup, which bar were you working at?

BARTENDER: Ah, it's weird, I was working here, but uh—i-in a relationship, and then I just got stuck here.

PLECK: [crosstalk] Oof, wow, yikes. That's a shame.

BARTENDER: [crosstalk] In The Dumps, yeah, it's... ahh, yeah.

PLECK: So they hired an off-world—a—a—

BARTENDER: Generally speaking, you can't trust these Dump people to work the bar, 'cause they just drink it all down, y'know.

PLECK/C-53: Sure, yeah, that makes sense./Yeah, that makes—that makes sense.

PLECK: But now you work here.

C-53: Are you drinking a lot?

BARTENDER: [high-pitched, as if holding back tears] Yeah.

[Pleck laughs quietly]

C-53: Okay. [brief pause] Well, do you have any power?

BARTENDER: Only low powerrrrr, y'know what I'm saying?

C-53: Yeah, that's okay. I'll take—I'll take low power.

BARTENDER: Okay. Alright, there you go.

C-53: Thank you.

BARTENDER: Pinky?

PLECK: Uh, I'll take an orange beer.

BARTENDER: Okay. [begins pouring orange beer]

DAR: Joy—uh, what're we getting you?

JOY: Oh, just a shot of anything.

BARTENDER: Anything brand muscat for the governor...

JOY: Thank you.

BARTENDER: And here's your orange beer.

PLECK: Thank you.

BARTENDER: And, uh...

DAR: Rubbing alcohol.

BARTENDER: [concerned] Wow. On the double.

BAR PATRON: 'Scuse me, lemme grab that orange beer from you.

PLECK: No, I was a—oh. Ahh... I was actu—

[the bar patron begins gulping down the orange beer]

PLECK: Oh, wow. Yeah.

DAR/C-53: Whoa./Yeah, he really s—

[the bar patron sighs as he finishes the beer]

BARTENDER: Oh, you know what, I'll get you another orange beer on the hou—oh...

PLECK: What?

BARTENDER: That was our last orange beer.

[crunching of glass]

PLECK: How is he—[Pleck sighs]

BAR PATRON: Sorry 'bout that, friend, I, uh...

PLECK: That's...

DAR: He ate that whole glass.

[Pleck makes a disgusted noise]

C-53: Yeah, just chewed right through it.

PLECK: Ugh, jeez.

BAR PATRON: [makes a startled noise] Joy!

JOY: Oh, hey! I didn't know you'd be here.

BAR PATRON: [trying to be smooth] Hey, uh... hey baby, how ya doin'?

PLECK: Whoa.

JOY: Oh...

DAR: What?

BAR PATRON: [crosstalk] What, did I—

JOY: Joy is fine.

BAR PATRON: Are we not sayin' affectionate terms to—what's goin' on?

PLECK: Uh, hey C-53, Dar, can I talk to you guys for a second?

C-53: Yeah. Uh-huh.

[the crew steps aside]

PLECK: [whispering] That's Rolphus Tiddle!

C-53: Yeah. It's Rolphus Tiddle.

DAR: Yeah, yeah, yeah.

PLECK: [crosstalk] Okay. I'm just... making sure. Uh—

DAR: But he's—he's not broken up about Seesu—

PLECK/C-53: No, he's—/He's clearly...

DAR: He's hung up on Joy!

ROLPHUS: I'm—listen, Joy, I'm not hung up on Seesu anymore, Joy.

PLECK: Oh. Okay.

JOY: I don't care, Rolphus, you can do whatever you want. We're just havin' fun, that's it.

ROLPHUS: Okay.

[the crew walks back over]

PLECK: [casually] Hey, uh, Rolphus, what—what's goin' on with you, man?

ROLPHUS: [aggressively, shoving Pleck] What's goin' on with YOU, man?

PLECK: Whoa! Hey, listen, listen—

DAR/C-53/BARTENDER: Whoa! Oh, uh.../Yeah, see, uh—/Easy, easy!

C-53: Emissary Decksetter, I don't know if this is a good idea right now.

PLECK: [under his breath] Ugh, yeah...

DAR: Rolphus...

ROLPHUS: Huh.

DAR: My bro. Uh...

ROLPHUS: Well, okay.

DAR: Let's just like, have another drink...

C-53: Yeah, why don't you and Dar go grab a drink?

ROLPHUS: Okay.

[Dar and Rolphus walk away]

PLECK: Hey—Joy, are you—are you dating Rolphus Tiddle?

JOY: I, uh... you know, dating's a strong word.

C-53: Mm-hmm.

JOY: I mean, it's like, we're hangin' out, but it's not—

PLECK: I thought—I thought you said that was a really bad idea here.

JOY: Oh, sure. But it's not that bad if you don't care.

PLECK: Yeah, I guess...

JOY: Well the thing is, I'm fine, because I never got broken up with. I'm still in a steady relationship back on my home planet...

PLECK/C-53: [crosstalk] Oh no./Okay.

PLECK: Oh boy.

C-53: Yeah, what's, uh, what's your partner's name?

JOY: Greg.

C-53: Okay. Tell us about Greg a little bit.

JOY: Y'know, we haven't, uh.. we haven't caught up in a little bit, but uh, we're just tryin' to give each other a little space.

PLECK: Sure.

C-53: Mm-hmm.

PLECK: Like a long-distance relationship.

JOY: Yeah! And, you know, long emotional distance, and...

PLECK/C-53: Sure, sure./Yeah.

JOY: Uh, trying to respect each other's boundaries—

PLECK: [interrupting] Can I ask, Joy, what did—

JOY: Yes?

PLECK: What did HE say to you the last time you talked?

JOY: Okay. Um... [short pause] You know, I replay it in my head all the time.

PLECK: Sure.

JOY: Uh, he said... "I... no longer have feelings for you..."

PLECK: Mm-hmm.

JOY: "I... never felt about you the way you did about me..."

PLECK: Wow. Wow.

JOY: "I don't think we should see each other anymore..."

PLECK: Okay. Yup.

JOY: "I am actually—am married..."

PLECK: What?

JOY: "I have two kids..."

PLECK: Huh.

C-53: And you are...

JOY: "And this has been a huge mistake."

PLECK: Right, wow. Okay.

C-53: A-And you're still in a relationship with Greg.

[pause]

JOY: Yep. He never said "we're breaking up," so.

C-53: Oh. Oh, okay. Alright. Well.

PLECK: [crosstalk] Okay. Right. Great. Yep. Okay. Interesting.

JOY: He never said "we're breaking up," he never said "I'm dumping you..."

PLECK: Oh boy. Wow.

ROLPHUS: [stumbling over, slurring words] Yeah, I'm... I'm good, I'm good.

[drink spills on the ground]

C-53: Wow, you are considerably drunker... yeah.

PLECK: Oh, wow, you are WAY drunker than you were.

ROLPHUS: [slurring] Wh—well, they got orange beer back.

DAR: And he started drinking the rubbing alcohol I ordered.

PLECK/C-53: Oh, wow./That's—you sh—

ROLPHUS: I drank it too, I drank the pus alcohol.

PLECK: Ugh!

C-53: Oh, that's—you should not do that.

[Rolphus makes slurping noises]

PLECK: Oh. What—what is that?

ROLPHUS: Uhhh... what?

[brief pause, someone can be heard trying not to laugh]

ROLPHUS: Joy! I need to talk to you.

JOY: Okay, what is it, Rolphus? Do you wanna... do you wanna go fool around again? You got friends here, I think that'd be inappropriate.

ROLPHUS: [drunkenly] No, I think we need to... take some distance from each other.

PLECK: Huh...

ROLPHUS: I think we need to—

JOY: Okay.

ROLPHUS: I think we need to have some emotional distance as well.

JOY: Okay, alright, I—

ROLPHUS: Joy, I no longer have feelings for you.

PLECK: Oh boy.

ROLPHUS: I—

JOY: Are y—did you—

ROLPHUS: I don't think I—

JOY: Are you—

ROLPHUS: What? I never felt for you what you felt for me.

PLECK: Oh, boy, wow, this is—

ROLPHUS: In fact! I was married.

C-53/PLECK: Oh, ah, wow, this is.../Oh, ah, yeah—

ROLPHUS: [crosstalk] I have two kids.

C-53/PLECK: A grim reminder./A separate—oh boy, geez.

JOY: D-did somebody—did somebody tell you to—to—

ROLPHUS: No, this is—

JOY: Did you overhear what we were talk—

ROLPHUS: What? No, this is breaking up with somebody, Joy.

JOY: What? No, you're just saying everything that Greg said to me 'cause you think you're funny or something—

ROLPHUS: [still drunk] Joy. You're not in a relationship with Greg, and you're no longer in a relationship with meh.

PLECK: Oh boy.

ROLPHUS: [slurring] A—zh—you're free.

[Joy stutters]

ROLPHUS: You're freh.

C-53: You're what?

JOY: What're you—saying?

ROLPHUS: [crosstalk] You're freh. [sound of liquid spilling]

JOY: What—what ARE you saying?

ROLPHUS: I am dumping you, Joy. And, honestly, Greg dumped you too.

[several moments of silence, Joy attempts to start a sentence a couple times and fails]

BARTENDER: Uh, last call on happy hour.

PLECK: Okay, I don't—yeah, I don't think we need anything else.

JOY: [quietly] What—

BARTENDER: Then stick around for Super Sad Poetry Reading Night.

JOY: [crosstalk] I—belong here?

JOY: [tearfully] Have I been dumped? Is that—is that what happened?

C-53: Joy, I-I realize this is an emotionally tender moment for you, but... yes, you've been dumped. Not once, but apparently twice.

PLECK: Yeah, that was...

JOY: [sadly, thumping her fist on the table] Rolphus, I don't jucking care about—

C-53: Well then, just the once.

JOY: But really, Greg?

C-53: Yeah, by Greg. I'm—I'm so sorry, Joy.

JOY: So I—I... belong here?

ROLPHUS: Joy, if you wanna hook up or something right now...

PLECK: No, st—[sound of C-53 shoving Rolphus] Rolphus! Rolphus!

C-53: Rolphus, get the hell outta here.

PLECK: What the juck is wrong with you?

DAR: Go wait by the door, Rolphus!

JOY: Rolphus, I think I just need to... work through some feelings right now. I don't think... that would be a good idea?

ROLPHUS: You don't want me to just... jiggle your blobs a little bit, or someth...?

PLECK: What're you—Rolphus!

C-53: Rolphus, jeez.

JOY: [tearfully] Y'know, any other day, I woulda said, "Oh boy, sure!" but... not today, Rolphus. Not today.

[sound of microphone being tapped]

ANNOUNCER: Now coming up on stage with some spoken word is Joy. Joy, let it out.

JOY: I signed myself up while you guys were talking.

C-53: Oh. Okay, wow.

PLECK: Oh, wow. Okay.

[halfhearted applause from crowd]

ANNOUNCER: Joy, let it out, sister.

[applause dies out, slight microphone feedback]

JOY: I... felt fine. In fact, I felt nothing at all.

AUDIENCE MEMBER 1: [clapping] Say it!

JOY: But t—but today... I realized that I feel bad.

AUDIENCE MEMBER 2: Yeah!

JOY: [on the verge of tears] And that's okay!

VARIOUS AUDIENCE MEMBERS: [sadly] Yeah! Me too! Yeah! Yeah, me too! [quiet sobbing]

JOY: [through tears] Yeah, I feel really bad, I feel really bad right now, and I probably will for a while, and... y'know, I've never performed in front of people before, so I really appreciate you all being here.

AUDIENCE MEMBER 3: You're a natural!

AUDIENCE MEMBER 4: Your emotional honesty is compelling!

AUDIENCE MEMBER 5: I wanna dump YOU!

JOY: [still tearful] Thank you for listening, and my name is Joy.

[sad applause]

[Joy leaves the stage]

PANELIST 3: Joy?

PANELIST 1: Joy?

JOY: Yes?

PANELIST 3: It's us!

PANELIST 2: Yes!

PANELIST 3: The panel!

JOY: Oh.

PANELIST 1: We're here at happy hour getting blasted out of our minds!

PANELIST 2: Yep. Drunk as a bunk.

PANELIST 3: Yes.

C-53: [under his breath] That's not an expression, guys.

PLECK: That's not what that—

JOY: Oh. I didn't recognize you guys without—

PANELIST 1: We're wearing funny hats!

PANELIST 2/PANELIST 3: Yeah./Yeah!

PANELIST 2: ...this spinner. [sound of a propeller hat spinning]

PLECK: [laughing quietly] What?

JOY: [sadly] Yeah, you look very different with the funny hats.

PANELIST 2: [spinning the propeller again] Oh, my hat has a spinner.

PANELIST 1: Listen, we know our panel's not until tomorrow...

PANELIST 2: Right.

PANELIST 1: But we couldn't help but notice, you're working through something right now.

PANELIST 3: Even though what you did up there... wasn't... really poetry, was it?

JOY: It was really good, right?

PANELIST 3/PANELIST 2: Well, it was good, it was good, but—/It was...

JOY: It was very good poetry, right?

PANELIST 2: [supportively] Took a lot of bravery.

PANELIST 3: Yes.

JOY: It—it had like, meter, and like... y'know, you c—

PANELIST 3: [crosstalk] Did it?

PANELIST 1: [indulgently] Okay.

PANELIST 3: What you did was incredible, Joy.

PANELIST 1: Your part was on the floor.

PANELIST 3: You really wallowed in it, and we love that.

PANELIST 1: You know, whenever we go to happy hour, we always bring our paperwork.

PANELIST 2: Yes. We do.

PANELIST 3: That's right. And even my stamp. So Joy...

PLECK: Oh!

[sound of papers being stamped]

PLECK: [happily] Wow!

PANELIST 2: Congratulations.

PANELIST 1: You've been dumped. And you know.

[Joy makes a small emotional sound]

PLECK: Joy! You just got approved!

PANELIST 3: No, no, she's just gone through the first step.

JOY: Am I going—

PANELIST 2: Yeah.

JOY: Oh. I thought—

PLECK: Oh. How many steps are there?

PANELIST 2: Uh...

PANELIST 1/PANELIST 3: Four. Four./Four steps.

PANELIST 2: [crosstalk] Four, yeah.

PANELIST 1: D-U-M-P.

PLECK: [crosstalk] Okay. Sure.

PANELIST 3: Denial. Umbrage...

PANELIST 2: Yep.

PANELIST 1: Medication.

PANELIST 3: [affirming] Medication.

PLECK: Medication.

PANELIST 1: And peace.

PANELIST 3: And—and peace.

PANELIST 2: Peace.

PLECK/C-53: Oh, wow. Okay, yeah./Oh. Okay.

JOY: [emotional] I've never made it to umbrage before. Thank you.

PANELIST 2: [quietly] Oof.

PLECK: Alright. Well, Joy, hey, listen—uh... I know this has been a pretty painful day for you, but, uh, it seems like you're makin' a lot of progress. And I th—I think you're gonna step down as governor here before you know it.

PANELIST 2: I mean, it's been a long time, but yeah.

PLECK: Sure, sure, sure. Sure.

JOY: Okay. Y'know, the days are long here.

PLECK: Uh—wh-what?

C-53: On this asteroid, the days are long.

PANELIST 3: The days are long, but the nights are longer.

PLECK: Okay, wha—[laughs] I'm sorry, are the members of the panel also dumped?

PANELIST 2: Uh... that's a—

PANELIST 3: [laughing] That's a good question...

PANELIST 2: [suspiciously] Yeah, good question.

PLECK: Why are you looking at each other like that?

[all three panelists hem and haw]

DAR: Oh, they're all currently dating each other.

[all three panelists' hemming and hawing heightens]

C-53: [crosstalk] Oh, they're definitely—yeah.

PANELIST 1: [faking innocence] What're you talking about?

PLECK: Alright, we gotta go. We gotta go.

[sound of drink spilling]

DAR: [warningly] Rolphus...

ROLPHUS: [drunk] Whoa-oa! I'm fine, I'm fine to drive.

DAR: No, I'm just gonna carry you out of here.

ROLPHUS: Lemme drive the spaceship.

C-53: [crosstalk] No. Absolutely not.

ROLPHUS: I'm good for it.

PLECK: No, c'mon. C'mon, buddy.

ROLPHUS: I'm good for it. Get down on the ground.

PLECK: What—why does it—

ROLPHUS: What?

PLECK: Huh?

ROLPHUS: What did you say?

PLECK: You said “get down on the ground”?

ROLPHUS: [slurring] I don' know what you're talking 'bout.

PLECK: Weird.

C-53: [quietly] Yeah.

[transition music]

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

[static]

[transmission start]

SAMMO: What's up, my Rebels! It's Sammo here with a super cool message.

WINK: Yeah, Sammo, tell 'em the message!

SAMMO: Yeah, Wink, I'm doing it right now.

WINK: [giggles] Sorry. I am sooo dusted up.

SAMMO: Yeah, we spent all our Royal Nortan winnings on a big ol' bag o' dust, babay.

WINK: We... you can use that bag as a tent.

SAMMO: Anyway, listen up. Support for our Rebellion against the lame-o Federated Alliance...

WINK: So lame!

SAMMO: ...comes from... Squarespace!

WINK: Yeah! We, like, tootally built the Rebellion website using Squarespace! But, like, we did it because we're either on super important missions, or—totally dusted up.

SAMMO: Or both!

WINK: Or both! But Squarespace is how the Rebellion built our awesome site therebellion.space, where, ohhh man... you can find a brand new crazy encrypted communiqué that we, like, canNOT figure out.

SAMMO: We were like, "we'll just do more dust, and we can figure it out," but no.

WINK: No. Sammo, we're supposed to deliver a message.

SAMMO: We're—we're delivering the message now.

WINK: But it's encrypted.

SAMMO: No, the encrypted message is on therebellion.space, the awesome exclusive site full of crazy rebel intel, built with Squarespace.

WINK: [crosstalk, with vocal fry] Ohhhhh.

WINK: Yeah, it's got Turk Manaked's REB Talk poster, and Hark Tardigast's advice column.

SAMMO: And a link to this crazy offer: a free Squarespace trial...

WINK: Free!?

SAMMO: And a special discount...

WINK: What!?

SAMMO: When you buy a site or domain at squarespace.com/zyxx, using the offer code—

SAMMO/WINK: [unison] Z-Y-X-X.

WINK: That's crazyyy!

SAMMO: [singsong] That's a dust plan motherjuckers! Therebellion.space.

WINK: And SEND. 'Cause it's a message.

SAMMO: Ah—yeah. Just send it.

WINK: Did we?

SAMMO: We did.

WINK: Oh.

SAMMO: Yeah.

AUTOMATED VOICE: End of message.

[transition music]

[comms link is established]

PLECK: Hey Nermut, we are all set, uh—

NERMUT: Yeah?

PLECK: Rolphus is sleepin' it off in my room, uh...

NERMUT: Ohhhhh, that's awesome!

PLECK: Yeah, yeah, yeah.

NERMUT: [thrilled] What!?

PLECK: He was—he was not super happy about leaving, uh, he said a lot about—

NERMUT: What's he like? He seems like he's amazing.

C-53: Uh, well...

PLECK: Ah—w—I think he's gonna be... fine.

C-53/DAR/PLECK:He's... he's a complicated man./He'll be okay./He's gonna be fine.

NERMUT: Wow. That's amazing, we—[Dar sighs in relief] one of the Rebel commanders is in the ship, the other Rebel commander's gonna be so happy!

PLECK: Yeah, yeah.

NERMUT: [still very excited] What? Oh, man.

C-53: Yeah, Nermut, your parents might be impressed that we're with the leaders of the Rebellion.

NERMUT: [losing steam] Yeah... I mean, I'll—I'll let 'em know when I talk to 'em, they...

C-53: They're not coming?

NERMUT: Well, it turns out they got their dates mixed up, so my dad... had like, a Zi-Ball match...

PLECK: Your dad still plays Zi-Ball? He's pretty old for your species.

NERMUT: No no, he just was... watching a... match on holo that...

PLECK: Oh. That's much lower stakes.

NERMUT: Yeah, but—but I mean, you know, it's fi—I'm sure they'll... come sometime.

C-53: Yeah, I'm sure they're proud.

NERMUT: Yeah.

C-53: Should we tell Seesu?

NERMUT: [excited again] Oh, yeah!

[sound of comms link being established]

[fast paced workout music playing in the background]

SEESU: Hello?

PLECK: Hey, Commander... Gundu! Emissary Decksetter here, just lettin' you know—

SEESU: [with Pleck interjecting 'uh-huh's] I'm in the middle on my spin class, y'know, I'm just getting my... body hard. Really focusing on myself. When you're ALONE, you have so much time to be, like, self care. My face is glistening. Because all of my pores are gonna have zero pores right now.

C-53: You should have s—

SEESU: How—how many pores do you see?

PLECK/C-53: You should have some—you should have some pores, though./You should have some. They're important.

SEESU: I have zero pores.

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

SEESU: Did you—did you find him?

PLECK/C-53: Yeah, yeah./Yeah, he's—

PLECK: Yeah, no, he's—he's safe, he's with us, he's all good. Just sleepin' it off.

SEESU: Alright, let me see him?

DAR: Oh, uh, he's sleeping...

C-53/PLECK: Sort of... sleeping it off./Sort of asleep.

PLECK: But he sorta barfed a lot?

SEESU: [satisfied] Okay, good! So he's not doing well, is what I'm hearing.

DAR: Oh.

SEESU: That's—that feels good.

DAR: Okay.

PLECK: Well, Commander, thanks so much, uh, just, uh... happy to—

SEESU: Of course.

PLECK: Happy to help.

SEESU: Feel free to snap a-a... a photo of him—

PLECK: Asleep?

SEESU: Of him not doing well.

PLECK: Seems like an invasion of privacy.

SEESU: Okay, have fun! Long live the Rebellion.

NERMUT/C-53: [in unison] Long live the Rebellion.

[transmission ends]

PLECK: Huh. Y'know, I gotta say, I think the pendulum has swung. I think Seesu is maybe in a little bit of a denial about the whole situation. She reminded me of Joy a little bit, to be honest.

[transmission starts again]

SEESU: Hey, I'm back, here!

PLECK/C-53: Oh! Hey./Oh.

SEESU: I just wanted to say I am doing well. I just finished my spin class.

PLECK: Cool.

SEESU: And now I'm just running. Wanted to zap on in to let you know that my body is hard as a rock on top of a mountain.

DAR: He's still—he's still asleep.

PLECK: Yeah, he's still asleep.

SEESU: Good, good. Now was he with... someone?

PLECK/DAR: Ah... y'know—/He is alone—

SEESU: [interrupting] I don't care! I don't care. Long live the Rebellion.

PLECK: Cool. Yep. Yep.

DAR: [unenthused] Long live the Rebellion.

[transmission ends]

C-53: She hopped off a spin class bike and immediately began running.

NERMUT: Huh.

PLECK: Something is—

C-53: Yeah, I'm not sure she's okay.

[transmission starts again]

SEESU: [brightly] Pling plong, I'm back!

C-53: Oka—h-hi!

PLECK: Hey—

SEESU: Just wanted to check in!

DAR: How about we'll call you when he's awake?

PLECK: Yeah, Commander, we are about to jump to hyperspace, so—

SEESU: You know what is hyperspace-ing, this tight dress I have on! Look at it! Ain't it tight?

PLECK: Wow, that is like a ballgown.

C-53: [crosstalk] You were running seconds ago, now you're in a ballgown?

SEESU: 'Cause I'm goin' on a date. Can he hear this?

C-53: No, he's asleep, he's very—

DAR: He is SO passed out.

SEESU: Okay, well if you wanna, like, have this picture of me and my date just like, out, in your ship...

C-53: [crosstalk] No—

PLECK: [crosstalk] Yeah, you don't need to—okay.

SEESU: Just, like, put it out there.

DAR: Sure thing.

PLECK: Alright.

SEESU: Okay, goodbye, long live the Rebellion!

C-53: Alright.

C-53/DAR/PLECK: [tired, mumbling] Long live the Rebellion.

[transmission ends]

[Pleck sighs]

NERMUT: Guys, amazing job. See you soon.

PLECK: Alright, Nermut. See you later.

NERMUT: Over and out.

[Nermut's transmission ends]

PLECK: You know, guys, I think I really learned something important about relationships today.

DAR: Wonderful, congratulations, now excuse me.

PLECK: Oh thank you. No no no, now Dar, actually, this kind of involves you, 'cause you know, we all have different ways of dealing with being separated, Dar, from the person you may care about most, [parenthetically] Nermut, and—

DAR: I'm feeling very flustered right now, um... very flushed? Hot?

PLECK: Y'know, don't be embarrassed—

DAR: I'm heating up.

PLECK: We all have our ways of dealing with stuff. [Dar starts breathing heavily] Sometimes coping means... y'know, hanging out with a Roaran named Chad, or—or a corpse named Allen.

[sound of Dar breathing, steaming]

C-53: Emissary Decksetter, I really think you should just take a few steps back.

PLECK: No—now, C-53, I'm not just gonna walk away from an uncomfortable conversation. We have to talk this out 'cause we are friends. I care about Dar!

DAR: Oh, fire in the chutes!

[sound of flames flaring up]

[Pleck does a prolonged yell]

C-53: Oh!

BARGIE: Oh, wow, I felt that, I felt that.

C-53: Oh, wow, that's—that's like looking at magnesium burning.

PLECK: Agh. Wow.

BARGIE: Wow.

[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 and Rebel leader Seesu Gundu were played by Moujan Zolfaghari. Missions Operations Manager Nermut Bundaloy and The Dumps Bartender were played by Seth Lind. Rebel Commander Rolphus Tiddle and Beano were played by Winston Noel. Joy was played by special guest Alex Song. Alex has appeared on Girl Code, The Week Of, and The Chris Gethard Show, and has written for The Tonight Show, Night of Too Many Stars, and Comedy Knockout. She cohosts Asian AF at the UCB Theatre in New York City. Follow her on Twitter, @alexsnog [transcriber's note: as of November 2024, Alex uses they/them pronouns]. This episode edited 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, and Forever Dog Studios in Los Angeles. 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. This episode features original improvised breakup songs by Winston Noel, Shane O'Connell, Moujan Zolfaghari, and Jeremy Bent. Check out their music videos and plenty more rewards on our Patreon at patreon.com/missiontozyxx.

[end credits music fades out]

[outtake begins]

[wistful guitar strumming]

WINSTON: [singing softly] Eject me into spa-a-ace... Eject me into space—[breaks off laughing] I can't look at Alden doing it!

ALDEN: [laughing in the background] Ah, I'm sorry!

[guitar strumming continues]

WINSTON: [singing] Eject me into spa-a-ace, eject me into spa-a-ace...