

[Dramatic orchestra music]

Narrator: It is a time of fear and unrest. Emperor, Nermut Bundaloy, rules the Galaxy with an iron fist. And also a planet crusher, crusher.

Now Zima Knight, Pleck Decksetter, and his intrepid crew travel the farthest reaches of the Galaxy to defeat Wackness, bring balance to the Space, and to meet weird bug creatures and stuff!

This is Mission to Zyxx!!

[Aboard Bargie]

AJ: Papa Decksetter. I'm ready for our lesson in the Space.

Pleck: Uh yeah.

AJ: Teach me.

Pleck: Oh, um, great. Yep, yuh. Seems like now is as good a time as any. Here, I'm just gonna grab some of these, uh, utensils over here.

AJ: "Un, hhuh."

Pleck: Just I want you to, can you turn off the cameras in your helmet? So you can't see anything?

AJ: Oh, yeah sure. [sound effects of screen turning off] Woah.

Pleck: I'm just going to throw these..

AJ: It's really dark in here.

Pleck: I'm just going to throw these forks at you, and try to catch them. Try to dodge or catch them, sort of, as they come at you.

AJ: Wait, but I can't see anything.

Pleck: Well see, exactly, that's. You have to reach out with your..

AJ: What kind of dumb test is this!?

Pleck: Ok, that's..

AJ: Are you just going to throw cutlery at me? What's going on?

Pleck: You have to use all of your senses, eh, outside of vision. Try to reach out with your feelings or your emotions.

AJ: What's that have to do with space?

Pleck: Try to feel the spoon as it passes through the space between the two of us. And you try to avoid it.

[Dar Enters]

Dar: Where are all the spoons?

Pleck: [to AJ, screen on sound effects] Hold it. [to Dar] Do you need one?

Dar: Well, yes. How else am I going to have my Gogurt?

Pleck: Ok, isn't Gogurt sort of, designed not to..?

Dar: When I'm this size, I need a spoon to eat the Gogurt, Pleck.

Pleck: Sure. Sure. Yeah. I'm sorry, yeah. Here you go.

Dar: Why are you hoarding all of the cutlery?

Pleck: I was gonna throw some at AJ.

Dar: Oh, carry on.

Pleck: Oh, alright, so AJ. Turn off the cameras [power down sound]. Here we go.

Aj: Okay.

AJ: [twirling wind sound, metallic thud] Ow!

C-53: Oh. That just hit him square on the forehead.

AJ: [Another metallic clang] Ow!!

Pleck: Now you have to try. [metallic thud] Now, you have to try to avoid it.

Dar: Does it actually hurt? You are wearing armor.

AJ: It's more of like, my pride.

Bargie: [Ship noises] Hey, where are my spoons?

Pleck: Bargie, I'm sorry, do you need a spoon?

Bargie: Yeah. I need a spoon.

Pleck: Okay. How do you? What?

Bargie: How am I going to eat this Gogurt?

Pleck: I don't know. Honestly. I don't know how you eat it with or without a spoon?

AJ: I, can I turn my eyes back on?

Pleck: Yeah. Turn them back on.

C-53: No, no, no. Keep them off for just a moment, AJ. Maybe the spoons is too much? What if I just stand right in front of you?

AJ: Ok?

C-53: OK. This is too much. What if I'm just going to stand in front of you. Ok, I'm just going to tap on your helmet. Okay? Then you're going to dodge me tapping.

AJ: Ok. Alright. [computer shut off sound. A body falls to the ground] Oh!

Dar: Oh, he's down. He's down on the ground!

Pleck: AJ!

AJ: Ooh! Uuhg!! He tapped me hard! [starts to get up]

Pleck: AJ, I'm just going to say. I feel like, I gotta say, I sorta feel like your first step in learning the space is to learn that like, just 'cause you're wearing armor, you don't have to, just, stand in the way of everything. I feel like you, your armor has inured you to the experiences of life.

AJ: So you say I want to get naked? Is that you're asking me to do?

Pleck: No. No. Not really. That's not really.. No please, don't.

AJ: I'll do it!! This is aghh!! [all his armor drops from his body]

Dar: Wow! He did that so fast!

AJ: It's all snap. [Dar laugh]

Pleck: What!? Really?

Pleck: Those are tear away?

AJ: Tear away armor. Yeah. Tear-away armor. You know, in case we need to poop, or something.

Pleck: Wait? You can't? You have to take it all off to poop? You can't? You have to take it all off to poop?

AJ: Where do you think I, how do you think I poop?

Pleck: I mean.

Dar: Wait, wait, wait, this..

AJ: Look at the, I'll put the armor back on.

Dar: Makes a lot of sense. He keeps his gun..

AJ: I'll put the armor back on.

PLECK: Yeah. Yeah. Wait, do you have to take off the..?

AJ: Mr, Robot Man. Where do you think I? How do you think I poop?

C-53: I would assume.... From.. your anus. Is that wrong?

AJ: That's right. Yeah, but what do I do with the pants? How do I get the pants and the armor off? I just do this!! Yuuhh!! [plastic armor falling to the ground sound]

C-53: Why don't you just remove the butt plate?

AJ: It's all sort of, interconnected.

C-53: Ok, I see. just by tugging on this.

DAR: Do you have to remove the gun before you go to the bathroom?

AJ: No.

C-53: You can poop around the gun?

AJ: I can, it's all mental. I'm either like.. GUN! or.. POOP!

C-53: Why did they do that? Why did they make a Clint that way?

AJ: I don't make the rules.

BARGIE: Uh, oh! Whoops!!

PLECK: What? What Bargie?

BARGIE: Uh, It's not a big deal. But um, one of the AOE's are around.

PLECK: What is an AOE?

C-53: Agent of the Empire. Of, course.

Dar: Oh..

PLECK: That's, that is a BIG deal! Bargie, what are we going to do?

BARGIE: That, they're just annoying. They're just annoying little things that go around and, beep, beep, beep, and capture people and put them to prison, for life. Whatever.

Pleck: Bargie. Bargie, that's not annoying. That's terrible. Bargie, we have to get out of here. Now.

C-53: Oh, wait. I, I might have an idea here. Ok, this is going to use a lot of power. But I think I can use the Midnight Shadow's stealth subroutines, to... [swift, big, whisshing sound] Yeah. Yeah, we're cloaked.

PLECK: What? You just cloaked Bargie?

C-53: Uh huh. We're totally sensor invisible at this point.

PLECK: Oh, my gosh.

Bargie: Ughh..

AJ: I.. don't feel any different.

[outside metallic clang]

Assassin Probe: [Germanic accent] Greeeeeetings!! [metallic clang] Greeeeeetings!!! [cloink]

Bargie: Oh, that alarm!. Oh, it's so annoying!!

PLECK: Ok, Bargie. Now I know what you mean.

ASSASSIN PROBE: The alarm! All the a part. Greetings! [Clank!] Greeeeeetingssss!!! [clank]

C-53: Yeah, This is not the Emperor's best agents.

Assassin Probe: Greetings! [clank]

Greetings! [clank]

Pleck: It's weird that the ship has one of those, has like a little, um. Like, glass dome and there's a guy ringing a bell inside it. Uh, C-53. Um. C-53, can you run a quick scan, are there any other ships around here.

C-53: Um, yeah, not within any, any kind of identifiable distance.

Pleck: What is this person doing?

Assassin Probe: [Clank] Seeectorrrr cleeeeerrrr!! [cloink cloing cloink]

Dar: I think this is what happens, when you work alone.

C-53: Yeah, I think you just make these weird rituals for yourself

Assassin Probe: Riing the bell, ring, ring, ring, the bell! [clank, cling] ring ring, the bell, ring ring ring, the bell [cling cling] Sector clear!

[hyperspace drive engages and ship disappears into hyperspace]

PLECK: Oh, boy.

BARGIE: Alright. He's gone. WOW!!! That was, that was close. Wow!

AJ: That was close. Good thing, I'm invisible.

BARGIE: Honestly. I kind of like it. I've never been so wanted in my life.

PLECK: Huh?

BARGIE: Everybody wants me.

PLECK: Yeah.

C-53: Bargie, I think you're confusing good attention with bad attention.

BARGIE: There's like signs up, in various stores! Wanted! Bargie, Wanted.

PLECK: Aaahh.

AJ: Papa, I think I've got it. I'm turning my eyes off. And I'm throwing the cutlery.

PLECK: Ow! Ah!

DAR: Oh! naw!

AJ: I can feel it!! I can feel, the..

Pleck: Ouch!! Alright!

C-53: You're doing a pretty good job at hitting Pleck

AJ: Yeah! I can feel it!

Pleck: Ok, well, no. I mean. I see, this isn't part of the training because I've um.. [sound of multiple forks thrown and hit pleck]

AJ: Yeah, I can feel it. I DO feel the space!.

PLECK: Ok, Ow!! That's.. Good. That's, fine.

C-53: That was a direct hit!

PLECK: Okay. But, okay, but that's great.

AJ: Yeah! Whooo! Juck yeah!! I can do it!!

PLECK: Great, I guess you figured it out.

AJ: I threw that fork, YEAH!!

PLECK: I'm figuring out exactly how the training works for both of us. I'm still..

C-53: Yes.

AJ: I think it's working.

[Missions Operations sound cue]

PLECK: in process..

C-53: Ah. Papa Decksetter. I do have an incoming transmission from Master Missions Operations Manager, Nermut Bundaloy.

Pleck: Hey, Nermut.

NERMUT: Hey, guys!!

PLKCK: Hey! How's it going?

NERMUT: Great!

PLECK: You're very happy?

C-53: This is the most chipper we've ever seen you on Filem.

NERMUT: Well, I've got, uh. There's a mouse in my nest. Um, but it's like a friendly mouse. And it turns out, like I wa..

PLECK: Nermut, you have a friendly mouse in your nest?

NERMUT: Yeah. I mean, the last time I encountered rodents, they ate my pants. And, I, this one I was like, oh, it's like a smaller rodent, so it's going to like eat a kerchief, or?

PLECK: Yeah, I think the rats that ate your pants were sort of, maybe doing it out of spite?

NERMUT: Wow. Anyway. So yeah, it's been kinda like, a little lonely in the nest. And, like, so I'm looking at this little character and it's, [squeak squeak] OH WHAT!??

MOUSE: Wha wov yeu! What wov yeu!

NERMUT: Are you serious!? Are you kidding me!? It, what!??

Pleck: Wow! Nermut, that's really great.

MOUSE: Rar ovv yeu!!! Wa wuv yew!!

NERMUT: So yeah, it's like!! Oh, my Rodd!! It's purring!!

MOUSE: purr, purr

PLECK: Wow. You know, Nermut. I'm really glad that. Uh, ya know, you're out on the sheer cliff.

Nermut: Yeah

Pleck: With the, ya know, just the blistering winds in your face all the time.

Nermut: Yeah, uh huh!

Pleck: I'm glad you found a companion.

NERMUT: Thank you! I'm going to name you..

[large leathery wings, flapping and approaching.]

MOUSE: NEEEEEE!!

[Tornado deep growl, teeth and beak clamp shut with a snap sound]

NERMUT: No! Noooooo!!!! Whaaaa!!! N- Nooooo!!!! Ahhhh!!! Whaaaat!!!?? Naaaaahhh!!

Pleck: Ahh, Nermut. we

C-53: It's coughed the bones back into your face.

Nermut: Oooff, naahhh. Nooooooff, nooo! Nahhhh...

Pleck: Wow, that is a.. harsh, harsh lesson

Dar: At least you hadn't gotten around to naming it. SoooOo..

Pleck: That's true. You were on the way.

Dar: You weren't, you weren't that attached.

C-53: True point Dar puts out, that's a small mercy.

Nermut: It literally told me it loved me. So, I don't know if that's a

Dar: I didn't hear that. I just heard a bunch of 'mews'.

Nermut: That's? That's really?

Dar: Yeah. I think you did. I just heard a bunch of 'mews'.

Nermut: Really? Really? Did I imagine that?

Dar: Yeah. Yeah. I think you did.

Nermut: Oh, boy.

C-53: You've been on the cliffs for a long time.

Nermut: Ah, yeah.

Pleck: Nermut. I think you need to get out of there. Take a break.

Nermut: No. Actually, guys. I went, I went and had dinner at my parents' house.

Pleck: Oh

Nermut: And I picked up my mail.

Pleck: Okay? Congratulations?

Dar: Yeah, good job?

AJ: Wait a minute?

Nermut: Yeah?

AJ: Wait. He's not on the ship?

Dar: Where would he be on the ship?

Pleck: Where? He's a hologram.

Nermut: What's? I'm on the planet Phalegm. I'm on an, oh, okay. Um.

Pleck: Nermut? Nermut is thousands of light years away.

AJ: What!?

Nermut: Uhg.Ok

Pleck: AJ, we're just going to give you.

Dar: AJ. Turn off, turn off your cameras again.

AJ: Ok, will do.

Pleck: Can you turn of the mics? [microphones]

AJ: Mmmhummm. [Dar laughs]

Pleck: Hmm? Cool.

C-53: Wow. I can't believe we didn't think of this sooner.

Dar: Ahh, noo.

Nermut: Great! I got my mail! And look at this! Uh, wait. Not that. That's a credit card offer. Um, THIS!! [sound of small speaker horns to a royal melody and " da da da" singing singers]

Pleck: Whoah.

Dar: Singing mail...

Nermut: Is it as crazy, so okay. Look at the address. To. Nermut. Bundaloy. BUT! Look at the, "Your Excellency."

C-53: Oh...

Nermut: I mean, I'm a Master Missions Operator, but that seems like a level above me. Right?

Pleck: Nermut. They mailed you the mail for the emperor.

Nermut: Yes!

Pleck: It got mis-delivered.

C-53: I don't know if this is for you?

Pleck: What does it say, Nermut?

NERMUT: Yes! Your excellency, we request the honor of your presence at the nuptials of Lady, Trella McFaunch

C-53: Um, hmmm...

Nermut: I don't know if you know that name. I looked it up..

C-53: It's in the McFaunch family.

Nermut: Of the..

C-53: Of the Monarchy.

Nermut: Yes!

C-53: Three of the eleven Monarchs were from the McFaunch's.

Nermut: Guys. This is it. A Monarchy and Empire wedding. Designed, I'm sure, to unite the old loyalists. And the new imperial regime.

Pleck: Interesting. Eh, umm, Nermut!

Nermut: So here's, here's what I did. You notice what's not here. The RSVP card. I RSVP'd plus four!

C-53: Okay, what?

Dar: I'm sorry what??

C-53: Very rude. You shouldn't have. Do not.

Pleck: Nermut, what's going to happen when we show up, and none of us are the Emperor?

C-53: People know what the Emperor looks like, Nermut!

Nermut: [Raptors squawking] So here's what we're going to do. Give me a second [button click and holo powering down sound]

Pleck: Oh! He disconnected the call!

C-53: I think this is a bad idea.

Pleck: Umm

C-53: We're going to attend the wedding of strangers we don't know?

Pleck: I mean. People do it. It's called wedding crashing.

Bargie: That was a movie of mine.

Pleck: That was, oh, yeah, Bargie! That was.. Wedding Crashing

Bargie: I'll tell you exactly what happens.

Dar: Oh, yes! That's when the two ships crash into each other..

C-53: And hatch to hatch while.

Dar: At a wedding.

Bargie: Yep. My character. She got an invitation. Because someone was sending a card to another Bargie. And it was for a, for a Royal wedding.

Pleck: Wait, Bargie, Bargie. The thing that just happened. is the plot of one of your movies?

Bargie: Uh. I don't know. I wasn't paying any attention.

Pleck: Oh, ah.

Bargie: I just heard the title of the movie.

Pleck: So how does it end?

Bargie: Oh, horribly.

Pleck: Oh?

C-53: Hmmmmm..

Bargie: Because. They cut me out of this third act.

C-53: I don't know

Pleck: How does this plot? How does the plot?

Bargie: I didn't finish watching it.

Dar: Oh. Yeah.

Bargie: If I'm not in it, then what's the point?

[incoming transmission squeaks]

C-53: Oh, uh. Nermut's, kinda like, back.

Pleck: Ok, wait [giggling] what?

C-53: I'm not going to give him the full rigamarole, if he cut off the call.

Pleck: Boy, that new frame is real caszh, C-53! Alright, hey Nermut!

Dar: I'm into it!

Pleck: Wait, hold on C-53! You've just been doing this srt of like, as a, as an intentional formality? This whole time?

C-53: I am a protocol and diplomatic relations droid, ok?

Nermut: Guys, I..

C-53: That is my job, Nermut,

Nermut: Yeah.

C-53: Give me one second here.

Nermut: I figured it out!

C-53: If someone calls, I offer the courtesy of their name and rank. So that we're all on the same page

Pleck: And you felt like Nermut really didn't deserve it the second time?

C-53: I don't think so.

Pleck: Yeah, that checks out.

Dar: Huh!?

Pleck: Nermut, I'm sorry you heard that.

Nermut: [Heavy breathing] Advance Team!

[Sounds of seagulls and tornadas.]

Pleck: What?

Nermut: Any dignitary who is going to a place, they send an advance team to make sure it's secure. We can say the RSVP plus four. Because he's going to have an advance team 's comes to secure the entire area. He's the emperor! He's not going to meet anybody.

Pleck: You know, Nermut. I've got to say. That 90 second break you took, you really cracked the code.

Nermut: Thank you.

Pleck: You are a, you are a Master Missions Operations Manager!

Nermut: You know this gogurt has so much protien.

Pleck: Where did you get that?

Nermut: I like it. Huh!?

C-53: Mmmm. Mm hmm??

Nermut: My parent's fridge. You know when I went there to get the mail.

C-53: Sure. Yeah?

Dar: Did you also do also do your laundry when you were there?

Pleck: Nermut. I was going to say. Did they pack you a lunch? Be honest.

Nermut: Honest!??

Pleck: Yes.

Nermut: Yes. They did.

Pleck: Ok. K

Dar: How often are you actually staying at your parent's house?

Nerrmut: No, I'm always.. in the nest unless they need me.

Dar: Be honest.

Nermut: Dah.. Bu ab bu uh.. So advance team.

Dar: [Guffa]

C-53: Nermut. Despite waiving the courtesy of announcing you. This is an excellent idea.

Nermut: Thank you so much!

C-53: Remember, Papa Decksetter. That Gunther Ballwheat originally overthrew the Monarch with the council of Seven.

Nermut: Right!

Pleck: Yeah, that's true.

C-53: Many high-functionaries of the Monarchy are going to be there. Some of whom, probably hate the Empire.

Nermut: Exactly!

C-53: We might find a number of allies at this particular function, Papa Decksetter.

Nermut: Right!

Pleck: Hmm? Interesting.

Nermut: So guys. I signed everyone up for the salmon.

Dar: What?

C-53: I can't eat. That!

[Jaunty brass, up tempo and mellow transition music]

[Restaurant noises. Soft jazz on organ, voices having conversations and dishes clanking]

Customer: Hey, um. The cheese didn't melt on my sandwich. Could you put it back on the grill, please?

Cook: [silent pause] No!

Customer: [upset] Ok.

[News broadcast music introduction]

Dudu Dop Quisp: I'm Dudu Dop Quisp.

Barnacle Kisses: And I'm Barnacle Kisses.

Dudu Dop Quisp: And this [together] is Holo Tonight!

Dudu Dop Quisp: The headline remains: Barge at Large! The Bargarean Jade had been impossible to find, despite being under investigation for hundreds of tax evasion claims.

Barnacle Kisses: Bargarean Jade sounds guilty!

Dudu Dop Quisp: And what's this? Fifteen more inditements for hiring bounty hunters to hide her trail. And opening children's hospitals, letting them fill up, and then closing them back down. For Shame!!

Barnacle Kisses: Toot, toot, toot? More like criminal law-suit, suit, suit!

Dudu Sop Quisp: All this and more.. on [together] Holo Tonight.

Barnacle Kisses: Plus a new video from Pene Gorno. Spoiler! It's pretty sad.

Dudu Dop Quisp: Oh, no!

[Electronic buzzing TV-like, scene change sound effect and jaunty orchestra music]

C-53: Papa Decksetter, I have to say. This is one of Nermut's better plans. We look like a perfect, Empire advance team. Even AJ here as our security detail.

AJ: Lock and load! Let's do this!! [Brandishes blaster and powers it up] Woo!!

Pleck: No, AJ! No, AJ.. [lowers volume] This is a wedding.

C-53: Yeah. You shouldn't get to..

Dar: We're so, so, sorry. We're so sorry. We're sorry

Pleck: Sorry.

C-53: Sorry

AJ: It's festive, it's festive! Woo! Woo-oo! Let's do it! Let's get married!

Dar: Ah, uhh.

C-53: Good cover [to AJ]

AJ: Thank you.

[light footsteps quickly approach]

Catherine: Oh, hello. Hi! Hi, there.

Pleck: Hi.

Catherine: Are you on the list? Ah?

Pleck: Oh, yeah. Absolutely, we're..

C-53: Yes. We are, uh, guests of the Nermut Bundaloy.

Catherine: Oh, fantastic.

Dar: And we are all having the salmon.

Catherine: Ok. And here's your table assignment.

C-53: Oh! Table.. number, one.

Catherine: Yes.

AJ: TABLE NUMBER ONE!!

Pleck: Wait. We're table number one?

AJ: Lets to it!! We're number ONE!!

C-53: We're guests of the Emperor. Of course.

Catherine: The Groom and the Bride will be sitting in the center of your table.

C-53: Oh, wow!

Pleck: Ahh, oh!

C-53: That's going to be weird.

Pleck: Oh, boy, yeah..

Dar: Yeah, yeah, yeah. No presh.

C-53: Ah, Well. Thank you.

Pleck: I'm sorry. I don't think we've been introduced. What's your name?

Catherine: I'm Catherine Pa'pai'e

Pleck: Catherine. Ah-hu-how are you, uh? How do you know th-

Catherine. I'm the coordinator of the wedding.

Pleck: Oh! Oh, wow! Wonderful.

Catherine: So many pots need to go together, or else they fall apart.

Pleck: This is, by far, the biggest wedding I've ever been to.

Catherine: Huge? Yes.

Mover: Catherine, Catherine, Catherine! Where do you want this ice sculpture in the shape of a man carving an ice sculpture?

Catherine: Ooff. Ok, let's see. The seventh quadrant next to the left next to the..

Dar: Wow! Incredibly intricate!

Catherine: Next to table seventy-seven.

Mover: Ok! Right, right, right, right, right, right, right.

Catherine: Make sure it's always frozen. If I see any water falling off of it? Off with your testes!
[scissor snip three times]

Mover: Ok. Woah! Well, yes. I absolutely will, keep-it-on-ice!

AJ: Woah, woah, woah, woah! Canapés!! [running across the room]

Pleck: Ok. Ah, Catherine. It was great to meet you. We're going to catch a canapé and just, ah. Make ourselves.

AJ: Oh, hey. Hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey!

Derf: [Deep grumbly voice] Ah yes. Ohh, hello. Would you like a lukewarm glass of chardonnay? Or a mushroom stuffed with, a smaller mushrooms?

Dar: Oooooohhh ahh!

Pleck: OH, MY RODD.

C-53: My RODD!

Pleck: Derf!!!

Derf: My name is Oldest Derf.

Pleck: Derf. It's me!! It's Pleck!

Derf: Oh my!! What? Pleck!

Pleck: Yes..

Derf: Wow!! Oh, look at this!? Look at the old chosen one! [Loudly thumps Pleck's chest with his palm] Heeey! What are you doing here? This is crazy!

Pleck: What are YOU doing here?

Derf: I, uh. I'm just cater waitering.

C-53: [servo turning noise] Wow!

Dar: Are you here under cover? Or...?

Derf: Yeah! I guess under the cover of like, a good paycheck. A steady, a steady paycheck. This is good. It's good. What hey, what? Why are you so tiny?

Dar: I'm.. in my fourth Octomester.

Derf: Ah, cool. Makes sense. Don't explain that any longer. [To Pleck] Oh, hey! You got a new robot!! Good! This, that last one. Real, sucked the old, big one. You know what I mean?

Pleck: No, this is actually the same.

C-53: Same robot, different frame.

Derf: Oh, you, ah, man.

C-53: Yeah.

Derf: Why do you keep changing frames? Is it a confidence thing?

C-53: I just like a variety of experiences.

Derf: Oh. That's cool. You're a little looser now. You seem a little.. like a little fresh.

C-53: I don't want to toot my own horn, but, yeah.

AJ: Papa Decksetter.

Derf: Hey. Who's this.. Uh, Herb? Uh?

AJ: Papa Decksetter. Is this the incredible Master of the Space that you mentioned?

Pleck: Yes. Yes it is. I thought he was dead.

Derf: I, wait a second..

Pleck: But I guess he..

Derf: You're, ah.. You're papa-ing him?

Pleck: Ah? What do you mean?

Derf: You're papa-ing, him.

Pleck: That's just not. That's what he calls me. He's just not; I don't know what

Derf: That's, that's the correct term. That's an ancient, uh, term.

Pleck: Papa is the correct term!?

Derf: Yeah. He's papa-ing.

C-53: We finally know!

Derf: Wait! You can't take on a Noob!

Pleck: A Noob?

Derf: Yeah. You're his Papa, and he's your Noob.

Pleck: [disbelief] That can't be what it's called.

Derf: What? Do you? Have you not..? The scrolls!?? I, I feel like I'm harping on the scrolls a lot. But it's like, that's..

Pleck: I HAVE the scrolls.

C-53: No. Actually, you don't. Not anymore.

Dar: Aaaahhh.. Noooo.

Pleck: I have most of the scrolls.

Derf: What do you mean, most?

Dar: Uhhh...

Pleck: Nermut made one into a nest.

Derf: Ner-Nermut!! THE AVATAR OF THE WACK!??

Pleck: No, the other one.

Derf: Of course he took the scrolls!!! You can't let him have access to your private treasure mine.

Pleck: No.

AJ: Papa, you let the Avatar of the Wack, take the scrolls!??

Pleck: AJ!!

Derf: Thank you!

AJ: What a BETRAYAL!??

Derf: Thank you, young one! But how are you teaching?

AJ: Thank you, Papa Derf.

Derf: But, uh, uh, how are you teaching? What have you been teaching him?

AJ: Uhhh?

Derf: Grand Papa Derf. I am the oldest Derf.

Dar: Oh.

Derf: Did you strip him down and throw silverware at him? While we're at him?

Pleck: Yes, yes, I did.

C-53: Actually, I can confirm he did do that.

Derf: Oh, okay, good. How did it go?

Dar: Okay, he striped himself down.

C-53: Now, that's fast.

AJ: WATCH! [heavy plastic armor drops to the ground with a *thud*]

Derf: Ok, good. That's great! He's doing well!

Pleck: Okay. Listen! Derf, Derf! Listen. We have to go some place private and talk. This is a.. This is an imperial wedding.

Derf: I'm sorta'.. Why don't you just come with me? I'm going to pass some canapés and we'll have a little chat?

AJ: Listen here's what we're going to do! Papa, Grandpapa, and I will go and chat about the Space. And Mr. Robotman, and.

Pleck: It's...

C-53: I have a name.

AJ: ..And Mr. Robotman, and Dar. Uh, you guys try to find the information we need. Right? LET'S DO THIS!! IT'S A PLAN!! [slams fist on a tray and the table rattles]

Pleck: AJ!! You need to turn it, DOWN! Okay?

C-53: You just need to put your fist. Into that pile of Canapés

Derf: Let's not forget he's still nude. Completely nude

AJ: Alright

Pleck: Yeah

AJ: So

Pleck: Please put that back on.

[Transition music. Five gentle harp arpeggios and falls ending with percussion]

Creature at table: How do you all know the lucky couple?

C-53: I, uh..

Creature at table: Table one!?

C-53: Yeah!

Dar: Ooh, yeah!

Creature at the table: Ooohh, wowee! Table one! Is that the [lamp shade click sound, whispering] Emperor's table?

Dar: Oh! We, shouldn't, say. Yeah, yeah

C-53: Oh, we don't want to step, ah, out of our, you know

Lady guest: Did Someone say, Emperor's table? Hahh!!

Creature at the table: Yes!

Rhonda: Oooooohhh ooohh!

Creature at the Table: This is my sister, Rhonda

Rhonda: I am literally obsessed with Nermut Bundaloy! [Lamp shade click] You guys know Nermut Bundaloy?

Creature at the Table: [ominously] They do. They're at Table One... [lamp click]

C-53: We do know Nermut Bundaloy. [lamp click]

Dar: We do very well!

Rhonda: I follow all of his social media. And I know everything he is doing. I didn't think he would be here today? This is craazyyy!!

Creature at the Table: Rhonda's is Always on THE Sosh!

C-53: We're sort of here on his behalf. Soo...

Dar: Yes! We're his..

C-53: ..advance team.

Dar: Yes.

C-53: Just, ya know. Sending his regards and, uh. But maybe he'll be here?

Creature at the Table: What's he like? Tell us a [scratchy] stoory!

C-53: Oh, uh?

Dar: Rats! Ate his pants, one time!

C-53: Sure, yeah!

Creature at the Table: [scratchy] Nooo!! Wow!

[Scene transition chimes]

Derf: Uh, Pleck! Certainly you have, allowed the Space to flow through you?

Pleck: Yes! Thank you.

Demanding Guest: Excuse me! [finger snaps]

Derf: Yes?

Demanding Guest: Chaardoonayy!??

Derf: Ah, wa, wait just one second. [cork pops] Here, here you are. Why you know this is actually a pinot grigio, but if you, uh..

Wealthy Guest: [slaps drink out of Derf's hand, glass clinks] My Wife Said Char-don-nay!!

Derf: Just put a sugar packet in it, and it's a Chardonnay.

Wealthy Guest: Alright, then. Very well.

Pleck: Derf. Can you just stop serving? There are..

Derf: Oh, ok..?

Pleck: This place is crawling with waiters. You don't need to do your job right now.

Derf: It's a sworn duty to do my job here. The Space is flowing through me and I have to make rent.

AJ: Yeah, that makes sense to me.

Pleck: You're not living on the 'Stroid anymore?

Derf: Well, I don't have, I'm a cater waiter. I don't have time to raise a child.

Pleck: What!? Ugh!

Derf: Hey, and I'm at a wedding. I'm sort of loosened up. I have a thing for..

AJ: Oh, yeah. Maybe you'll find somebody?

Derf: Exactly. A lot of people hook up with the waiters. A little known fact about weddings, especially Royal Weddings.. Cater waiters are sort of like, it's like bridesmaid, groomsmen, cater waiter.

Pleck: I don't think that's..

AJ: Clint!

Derf: Yeah, Clint? A little bit below.

AJ: Meh.

Derf: This Noob gets it! [chest double tap. To Pleck] And what made you think it was time to take on a Noob!??

Pleck: He approached ME!

Derf: He just imprinted on you, like a duck!! That doesn't mean you're in charge! It's like a fart teaching a burp how to stink!!

Pleck: .. I don't.. What are you? What!

Derf: That's something..

AJ: I'm writing that down. I'm writing that down.

Derf: That's a Zima thing! Have you? Have you Killed the Emperor?

Pleck: Are you paying attention, at all??

Derf: I don't follow the news. I follow the scrolls. I follow news from thousands of years ago. This is a prophecy!!

Pleck: What do you mean you don't follow the news? That's not news!

Derf: The Prophecy doesn't cover everything! It's not like, Oh! They don't do film reviews in the Prophecy!

Pleck: Derf. Listen. No, the Emperor is very much alive. The emperor has the entire Galaxy under his thumb. It's..

Derf: What are you doing to combat that? Have you gathered the Zima Warriors? From the great diaspora?

Pleck: I.. I didn't know there was a diaspora. I thought you were the last one?

Derf: No! There's a ton of Zima Warriors. You're in charge!! You're supposed to keep track of all of them!

Pleck: I've been focusing on my own place in the Space.

Derf: You know what? I know, you're very selfish. Like, "Ah, you're the Chosen One. Here's the things you have to do.."

AJ: I will say that we did meet someone who, really seemed, to.. I mean, Papa, no offense. But, I mean, this person really made you look like an idiot. The Space was incredible!!

Pleck: Ok

Derf: They were a Zima? A Zima Warrior?

Pleck: No. She was a.. She was just very talented with, uh.. Raw talent, I would say.

AJ: She rana gift shop. So..

Pleck: She gave me this woodsabre.

Derf: Wow!! Oh, where did you? She GAVE that to you?? She had THAT?

Pleck: Yes.

Derf: That is one of the most coveted woodsabres, the Dinglehopper, as we all know.

Pleck: What!!

Derf: Ah, the, Dinglehopper. That's what the..

Pleck: That's what she called it!

AJ: That's what it is.

Derf: Yes. Makes sense, that's what it is.

AJ: Right.

Derf: Look at the Dinglehopper you have right there.

Pleck: Yes.

Derf: That's a beautiful weapon. Let me just ask, does it glow when you use it?

Pleck: [sniffles] Some.. Sometimes... yeah.

AJ: It glowed when Marf used it.

Pleck: Yes, yeah. I'm working on..

AJ: It glowed.

Pleck: On the glowing part.

Derf: You haven't gotten it to glow?

Pleck: I'm working on that!

Derf: Why are you so defensive? I've, maybe I've been too hard on you? And the times I've appeared to you, gave you a lot of information, and then died. Or faked my death.

Pleck: Yes!

Derf: Maybe, I've been a little harsh!! I'll admit it. I'll admit it..

Pleck: Yes! I think so! I think so.

Derf: I'm sorry. I'm old. I'm very old. I'm set in my ways.

AJ: Oh, here's a question I have.

Derf: Ok! Great! Let's open it up, and now. Let's let the Noob have a swing!

AJ: Is it Magic or Religion? The Space?

Derf: Ah, that's a great question. [reassuring pat on the back, twice] It's neither. It's just the Space.

AJ: Ah. Yeah. That makes sense.

Pleck: What? That's what I said, and you said it didn't make sense.

AJ: Well, it didn't make sense then, but now it makes sense.

Pleck: Ugghh.

Derf: See. This guy gets it. This guy gets me. You know what? I'm thinking, maybe he's the chosen one?

Pleck: Why would!? He's, a clone! There's a.. There's literally millions just like him!

AJ: But, I'm the best.

Derf: The Chosen One can come from any quarter.

Pleck: It's in the.. My name is in the scrolls!!

Derf: That's true. But I can cross it out.

Pleck: I've been gathering people up to fight the emperor. What have you been doing? You've been serving canapes!

Elegant guest: Is this pre-wedding entertainment?

Wealthy guest: Is this some kind of dramatic duolog?

Pleck: I think dialog is the origin.

Wealthy guest: I SAY DUOLOG, SIR!!

Derf: Now would be a good time to shut that guy up with the Space.

Pleck: I.. That's not how the Space works!!

Derf: What? Ah, oh, you're telling ME how the Space works!? You've got, you're Noob cocky is what you've are!!

Pleck: What? What's that suppose to mean?

Derf: You have a Noob. So you think you run stuff.

Pleck: Huh?

Derf: And I'll tell you what you don't run. [pours drink] Is The Space.

Wealthy Guest: I mean. What is this scene even about?!

AJ: Grand Papa! [sweetly]

Derf: Yes? [gently]

AJ: You said there were other Zimas.

Derf: They are, in every planet. In every quadrant. There are Zimas. All you have to do is find like, a large, parties. Um, ceremonies.

Pleck: You're just describing cater waiters.

Derf: Yeah, that's exactly right.

Pleck: Wha- what about this guy? Is this guy a Zima?

Derf: Yeah. Watch. Are you ready? [sounds of hand shakes, ba ba ba vocalized, fist bumps and backflips]

Zima and Derf: Keep it fresh [double finger snap and Whheaa vocalization]

Derf: See that? We just did a little handshake. And now we end it with a... backflip!!

Elegant Guest: Hey! Now that's entertainment! [loud clapping]

Wealthy Guest: Ho ha ha! Very nice [fast clapping]

Derf: Oh, boy. My back.. [a chair is slid for him to sit down]

Dar: Well, actually, um.. We're not sure if Nermut is the father.

Big Fancy Crowd: Woooooah!! Whaaat!!??

Robotic Voice: What about his Wife, though?

C-53: Well, it's a matter of some contention. Some people are really, really talking about it.

Fancy Crowd: Ohhh!! OOOOOOhh! Ahhhh!!

C-53: Dar. People can't get enough of this Nermut Bundaloy gossip.

Dar: And it doesn't even feel like gossip because we're talking about Nermut.

C:53 (together) About Nermut

Wealthy Guest: This gossip is incredibly Hot!! This gossip is Hot!! It's Hot Goss!! [glass clanking with a table pound]

Robotic voice: Let's give them Kroon so they tell us more!

Wealthy Guest: Yeeess, I'll, I'll spill a secret. I'm managing the garrison right now. But we've had several weak points that I'll tell you about. Just give me more of that hot goss!! [pounds the table and silverware rattles]

Fancy Crowd: Oooooohhah!!

Chimnonid-Accent Bot: Did someone say Hot Goss!? Because I was in Nermut Bundaloy's tennis team. And he's quite a dick.

C-53: A lot of unusual accents on this planet.

[Tuba transition music with woodsabre noises]

AJ: Grandpapa Derf. I have a..

Derf: I'm your Papa Papa.

AJ: I have a question for you. If there are Zima warriors everywhere, we should be like.. Rallying them to our cause. Is there one place where they hang out?

Derf: Yes. Zima Prime. [cracks a can and pours a beverage]

Pleck: Zima Prime!?

Derf: Zima Prime.

Pleck: Where is that?

Derf: If you're a member of Zima Prime. Ah, you can find it within one to two days.

Derf: What?!

AJ: Business days, or..

Derf: Ah, wa, they do weekends.

AJ: Oh, wow!

Derf: It's a very, mystical, complicated, task.

Pleck: Huh?

Derf: What you do is you log on to the Zima Prime, ah, website. Um, you can use mine. It's, uh, Tom dot Wellington at, uh.

Pleck: Wait, is your actual name Tom Wellington?

Derf: No, that's uh.. That was my roommate's. I use his log in, to uh.. [packing a pack of cigarettes]

Pleck: Wait, is your roommate a Zima Knight?

Derf: He was. We, but we lost touch.

AJ: So you guys share the log in?

Derf: Yeah, yeah, yeah.

AJ: How many people are sharing that log in?

Derf: I'll be honest, a lot.

Pleck: Derf!

Derf: Yes?

Pleck: You need to take me to Zima Prime. That's wha, that's where this is all leading. That's how we're going to take down the Emperor! You, me, AJ. Maybe we can get Marf on board? The rest of the Zimas! Come with us. We'll go to Zima Prime. We can, we can join the other Zima's and take down the Emperor.

Derf: I don't knooooowwww, well, uh. This is a goood gig.

AJ: Papa Decksetter, it's a good gig.

Derf: This is a really good gig.

Pleck: What are you.. What did you spend decades waiting for me for? So you can serve warm chardonnay to people?

Derf: What? I mean, I've died twice for you. And that was like, that was like one time too many.

Pleck: Neither of those.. Both of those were fake. Those were fake outs so you didn't have to hang out with me.

Derf: It's almost harder to produce a fake death than just die.

Pleck: Definitely untrue. You self immolated because I embarrassed you in the mall.

Derf: The mall!? The mall was my main social hang!? And you blew it! But isn't a fun surprise? Like, here I am, ha ha!

Pleck: Derf. If you're really interested in freshness, you'll come with me to Zima Prime and we will take down the Emperor together.

Derf: I, uh. I also have like a. I have like a book club that's meeting tonight. And, uh..

AJ: Papa Decksetter, he has a book club.

Derf: It's a book club. We're reading a real page turner. Sort of a sad teen thing called It's the Stars Fault.

Pleck: Ok. That's not even a new book!!

Derf: Wha, I don't need to read a freshly printed book every. A book club is just about having fun. It's not about covering. Probably, it's not about a publishing..

Pleck: I'm just saying you can read it, you can read, (shouting over Derf) You can read it any time!!!

Derf: Oh. Ok..

AJ: Stop fighting!! (crying) Stop fighting. (sobs)

Derf: Oh, now look what you've made the Noob cry! (AJ continues to sob) And you know a Noob tear, is, is the saddest thing in the Galaxy.

AJ: The tears are in the helmet, I can't get 'em out.

Derf: (shouting) He's drowning!! He's drowning, he's gonna drown in his helmet!! And sure we can replace him with another clone. Fine.

Pleck: Yeah, well uh, that's true. That's a good point. That's a good point.

Derf: It's sad. It's sad for right now.

AJ: What?

Derf: But, it's eh, cleaning up a body is.. especially when its clothes fall right off. You ever thrown out a naked body? It's so, it's super weird.

Pleck: Derf.

Derf: Because it's very easy to get caught. (Pleck sighs) Pleck! Ba, ah, ooh (bell chimes) Was that a bell? I mean I might have to start bringing out the steak, I think. What did you guys order?

Background character: I think so. Huh? Ok.

AJ: Salmon

Pleck: Salmon. We all got the salmon.

Derf: What are you.. You ordered salmon? What are you guys crazy? At a wedding? You ordered salmon? What are you? We had five orders of salmon.

Pleck: Yeah, we..

Derf: There are five total orders of salmon.

AJ: We're four of 'em.

Derf: Plus one, right?

Pleck: Dar can't eat the, fish anyway.

AJ: Yeah, and also Mister Robot Man can't eat the.. salmon either. So, it's really just the two of us.

Pleck: Just the two of us.

Derf: You guys are gonna eat the salmon? Cause let me tell, it's horrible.

AJ: (disappointed) Oh.

Derf: You go to a wedding and you order salmon? You don't know what you're doing.

Pleck: I don't go to a lot of weddings. Also, this is not, we're not attending the wedding!!

[30:00]

Fancy Crowd: (in unison) Hot goss! Hot goss! Hot goss! Hot goss! Hot goss! (pounding the tables with silverware and glasses rattling)

Dar: Alright! One more piece of really juicy, Nermie goss.

Gossiptron Owner: But be warned! [menacing] My Gossiptron will know if this gossip is true.

Gossiptron: [metallic voice] Accessing verisimilitude files.

C-53: Ooohh, wwweeelll, surely all of you are familiar with his, music alter ego?

The fancy Crowd: Wwwwhhhhaaaatttt!!

Dar: Nermut Bundaloy uses the pseudonym...

C-53: Bermut Nundaloy!!

Fancy Crowd: Nnnnnoooooo.. (gasps)

Dar and C-53: Yes.

Gossiptron: Running scan. [computer noises] This goss is hot!!

C-53: Here. Actually, get a little taste of this. One of his, uh, latest demos.

Dar: He did just release an album, but this is new.

C-53: This is fresh!

Nermut: [upbeat, rock drum beat] I'm sitting in a nest [mouse squeak], I'm dancing in a nest [squeak], I'm sleeping in a nest [squeak], straight hanging in a nest. [squeak] [chorus starts] With a mouse. [repeats the first verse in the background]

Lady Guest: His singing voice is quite different from his talking voice.

Wealthy Guest: It doesn't sound like the Emperor Nermut Bundaloy

Dar: Well, obviously, since he is, performing under a fake name, he also tunes..

C-53: Alters his voice.

Dar: His voice.

Crowd: [sharp inhales in question] Ahhhhh... (understanding)

Wealthy Guest: This goss is so hot! [a flame being put out noise] I bet all the dissidents I know, who hate the emperor, would be into this.

C-53: Oh ho ho ho, well.

Dar: In writing

Wealthy Guest: Yes!! I'm doing it now. [pen scribbling sound] Scribble, scribble! Dissidents like, General Forlock! Lady Vindifa.

Lady in crowd: Don't forget Lushia Morange.

Wealthy Guest: Ohh, she hates the Emperor! So many dissidents! Keep going and I'll list more.

C-53: Well, yes, well. Nermut Bundaloy, famously, also, uuumm, loves to eat gurp. Loves gurp!

Dar: Gurp! Gurp! Yes!

C-53: Loves Gurp!

Gossiptron: This Goss Is Hot!

Wealthy Guest: What? A Tellurian eating gurp!? [A guest with a deep voice makes a yuck noise] Let's all name the names, now!!

Deep Voice Guy: Yes!

C-53: Dissidents only.

Deep Voice Guy: Right.

Lady Guest: Suzzane Burrene

Deep Voice Guy: Elliot Built

Wealthy Guest: Ziff Flaous

Deep Voice Guy: Melanie Dee

Lady Guest: Shorpa the Little Torp

Wealthy Guest: Android 7592

C-53: Mmm.. Pretty good. Not as many names as Nermut Bundaloy would drop there.

Fancy Crowd: [clammoring in a panic for dissident names]

Wealthy Guest: No no no no no! We're going to drop more.

Deep Voice Guy: Ah, no no no no no no no, that's

Lady Guest: A secretly anyone who's named Angelina.

Wealthy Guest: Angelina is a famously dissident name.

Deep Voice Guy: Yes!

Angelina: I take exception to that!

Wealthy Guest: Shut up, Angelina! [pounds table, rattling silverware]

Deep Voice Guy: Shut up, Angelina!

Angelina: Oh, I do, I do, I do hate the Emperor.

Deep Voice Guy: Angelina Billingthee

Lady Guest: Angelina Porp.

Deep Voice Guy: Angelina Torrnr.

Lady Guest: Angelina Toop.

Deep Voice Guy: Angelina Besh.

C-53: Dar.. I have to say as a protocol and diplomatic relations droid. This is maybe my most successful day. Ever?

Dar: I know and I feel I'm getting a little.. Noob cocky?

C-53: Mmmmmmm...? Is that a phrase?

Pleck: Derf.

Derf: Yes?

Pleck: You've been waiting for me for decades. Now's the time. If not now then when?

Derf: I was going to really... juck a lot tonight. At this wedding.

Pleck: You know what Derf, I don't want to spend the rest of my days as a Zima Warrior, hooking up with wedding guests.

Derf: (laughs) Pfft, ohh, big mistake! That's like half of it!

Pleck: No! I'm not going to do that! I have bigger plans! I'm going to, I'm going to save the Galaxy from Wackness, and take down the Emperor! I'm the chosen one, okay? And I, I, I don't, I don't need you anymore, Derf. Thank you.

Derf: Are you? Turning your back on your Papa?

Pleck: I mean the.. Yeah

Derf: Pappa Derf?

Pleck: Yeah, I mean. I guess I am. You, ya know what? Have fun after the wedding! I hope the after party is, is great.

Derf: You're going to go to Zima Prime by yourself?

Pleck: Yes. I'm going to use your log in.

Derf: That.... Is the freshest move of all.

Pleck: What?

Derf: You've finally become [pats Pleck's back heartily] a Zima Warrior. By ignoring your papa.

Pleck: Um? Really?

Derf: Yes. You've, like a baby bird who spits in its mother's face.

AJ: Em..

Pleck: That's not how..

AJ: Oh, it is. That's how I'm familiar with that.

Pleck: That's not how baby birds. I don't think that's..

Derf: Yes. This is going to be good. I feeel like I'm ready to take you to Zima Prime, and... And it's time we. We truly brought Freshness back.

Pleck: Yes!

Derf: Let's go!!

Pleck: Yes!

Derf: I'll, take my jacket in the back. And then we'll get on Bargie.

Pleck: But why do you have to do that?

Derf: De de de, it's not my jacket. I have to return this, uh.

AJ: Papa, it's not his jacket.

Pleck: Who cares?

Derf: You see? He gets it!

AJ: It's a small world in the catering business.

Derf: Exactly. And if this gets back, it's all Zima Warriors. It spreads it's like. Oh, it's Old Derf's not cleaning his jacket.

Riotous Crowd: HOT GOSS! HOT GOSS! HOT GOSS! HOT GOSS! [continues]

C-53: Dar. Dar. We may have gotten in a little too deep on this. [crowd roaring]

Dar: I'm. I am actually now really understanding about what Bargie meant about being wanted.

C-53: Ah. Dar. [Hot goss chants] Really.

Dar: Um?

Deep Voice Guy: Yeah! More, more, more! More, more, more, more, more!!

C-53: Dar. (cough) I'm really. I'm starting to run dry over here.

Dar: Oh. Yeah. Okay, well.

C-53: Oh, oh, oh, uh..

Gossiptron: Goss is required.

C-53: Nermut Bundaloy! Uh. His parents still make him lunch!

Gossiptron: This goss is hot!! [whirring increasing pitch]

Deep Voice Guy: Aaaahhh. Huh?

Dar: It's like that little lizard doesn't know how to take care of himself. Ya know?

C-53: Ha ha ha ha, yeah!

Lady Guest: Was that a nickname?

Gossiptron: [Rejection buzzer noise]

Deep Voice Guy: What lizard?

Gossiptron: Lizard? Does not compute with goss.

Dar: I'm sorry?

C-53: Uhhhaaa?

Lady Guest: Maybe Lizard is a nickname? He's so... sleazy, right?

Dar: Right?

C-53: Uhhhh, yeeeeeah, maybe? Yeah!

Lady Guest: Huh?

Gossiptron: Judging gossip databank of nicknames.. Lizard does not compute.

Dar: Ahhhh..

Gossiptron: Gossip, now, ice, cold. [rejection sound]

Wealthy Guest: Was this goss hot at all!?! [pounds table]

Folksy Guest: Were we mislead by the temperature of this goss?

C-53: Oh boy. They are turning, fast. [sounds of knives sharpening]

Riotous Crowd: [shouts and weapons being brandished]

Dar: Where did these pitchforks come from?

C-53: It, it seemed like everyone had one under their tables?

Background Guest: They're the wedding favors!

C-53: Oh, geez. Oh, no! Dar. We really might be in a lot of trouble here.

Dar: Oh. Ahhh..?

Robotic Voice: If you know Nermut, then you'd know the name of his elementary school? That we all attended.

Deep Voice Guy: Right!

C-53: Oh.. [laughs] Well everyone knows that.

Deep Voice Guy: Sure.

C-53: Uh, Nermut Bundaloy went to..

Dar: Ah hah.

Deep Voice Guy: Mmm hmmm..

C-53: Zyxx Prep!?

Deep Voice Guy and crowd: Killlll Theeemmm!! Killlll Theeemmm!!!

Wealthy Guest: He was home schooled!! Like all of us!! [crowd roars]

Derf: Let's go!

Pleck: Yes. Good!

Derf: Let's go. [back pats] All of us together!

Pleck: Yes.

Derf: And bring your other friends. The robot and the tiny one.

Pleck: Yeah, okay, good. Yeah. I mean, they'd, they'd be coming along any way.

AJ: Papa. I've put the coordinates to Bargie. She's on her way.

Pleck: Oh.

AJ: We should gather up Mister Robot Man and Dar.

Pleck: Uh, yeah. C-53 actually.

AJ: Huh?

Derf: This is going to be good. I.. I would never walk away from this situation. [Rioting crowd shouting Boo, I'm so mad, let's riot!!!]

Derf: What?

Pleck: Huh? What is happening?

Derf: What's happening?

Deep Voice Guy: I'm so mad!!

Lady Host: You know I've spent so many years planning this wedding and now a crowd of angry people are just going to ruin all the decorations!! It's like, why did I even do this!!?

Crowd: We were lied, we were lied to!!

Derf: I should have been serving more canapés! This is what happens to a crowd.

Wealthy guest: Grab him!!

Derf: woah!

Wealthy Guest: Grab him!

Derf: No, ah! I'll stop them. I'll, I'll stop them, you guys! [crowd gets blood thirsty]

Deep Voice Guy: Ahhhh, anger!

Derf: You guys run! Get to Bargie, go!!

Pleck: No, Derf. Come with us!

Derf: [while getting punched] Gather the Zimas!

AJ: Grandpapa!!

Wealthy Guest: Take the arms off!! Take the arms off, first!

Derf: I'll stay here, and stop them, and juck around and little bit.

Lady Guest: Eat! his! canapés!

Pleck: No, Derf!!

Derf: Pleck. These are my last words. I told you they wanted a piece of me.

Wealthy Guest: And the jaw!! Rip him apart!!

Lady Guest: Eat his eyes!! Eat his eyes!!

Pleck: Noo!! Aaahhhhhh!!!

Deep Voice Guy: Crush him with the ice sculpture , of a man carving an ice sculpture.

Derf: Gonna, gonna be hard to come back from this. Let me be honest. [more sounds of shouting and violent thuds]

Announcer: [over the PA] (gentle voice) And now a dance between the bride and groom.

C-53: Oooohhh. Well. I have to say for a while, it was exhilarating leading that crowd of gossip hounds.

Dar: I mean, at first, the high of being wanted was, incredible.

C-53: Yes, intoxicating.

Dar: Yeah. But then..

C-53: The low.

Dar: Wow, it's just like our fans turned on us, so quickly.

C-53: So fast.

Bargie: Yeah. It's great! I'm thinking I want to be wanted forever. Ya know, it's dangerous. It's, maybe, not good.. But everyone's eyes are on you.

AJ: But, wait. Wait a minute. I just realized something. Bargie, if you're on the run. Why are you doing missions with us? Why don't you just ditch us, you know. You could just launch us into space and then just like, disappear?

C-53: AJ, maybe don't give her any ideas.

Dar: AJ please don't say that.

AJ: I'm saying you could just launch us into space right now, and just boom and you're done.

C-53: Eh eh eh hey, who are you?

Bargie: The extra body inside of me has a valid point. First of all, I didn't know you were doing missions. I thought you just wanted me to drop you off at places. It didn't seem you had purpose. Okay? And secondly.. (sheepishly) friend, friendship.

Dar: I'm sorry, Bargie. Could you say that a little louder?

C-53: That was, almost inaudible.

Bargie: Friend-ship. [coughs]

Dar: I'm sorry, I just.. It's like the audio file is being corrupted or something.

Bargie: Frondship.

AJ: Oh, its frondsha. I needed frondsha.

Bargie. Firsh, firsh. Whatever your name. You get it, it's hard for me to say.

AJ: Oh, holy shit! It's friendship!

Bargie: Shhh, shhhhh!!

Dar: Yeah. Of course it is, AJ.

Bargie: Don't let Pleck know!

Pleck: Hey guys, excuse me. I, uh, I have some studying to do.

Dar: Oh?

C-53: Pleck. Did you not hear what Bargie just said?

Dar: She said friendship. That's like your fetish.

Pleck: I'm just a..

Dar: You're a pervert for friendship.

Pleck: Sorry, guys. I'm just a little distracted right now. I'm gonna go read some scrolls, kinda catch up. Ya know? I learned a lot from Derf today, and I think it's that.. I can't get complacent.

C-53: Hmmm?

Pleck: I don't want to be one of those Zimas who just, a, caters weddings and, and, jucks afterwards.

C-53: Is that a lot of Zimas?

Pleck: Apparently, it's almost all of them.

C-53: Yikes!

AJ: It's the Zima way!

C-53: I have an incoming transmission from Master Missions Operations Manager, Nermut Bundaloy.

Pleck: You answer the call. I've got some work to do.

C-53: Alright. [Hollo transmission begins] (to Nermut) Hello, Nermut!

Nermut: Hey, guys!

Dar: Hey, Nermie.

Nermut: Hey guys. I'm just looking though these, uh, paparazzi photos from the wedding. That are online. That, it looks intense!

C-53: Yeah, there was a real mob at the end.

Nermut: Wow!

C-53: Yeah.

Nermut: Pretty great sculpture.

C-53: Oh yeah, that was amazing.

Nermut: Hah?

C-53: Listen, Nermut, ah.. We're pleased to report that we have this thirteen page list of named dissidents. All of them despise the Emperor.

Nermut: Woooooww!! This list is enormous! There's like, almost all Angelina's?

C-53: It's a lot of Angelina's.

Nermut: Ah, ok. Alright.

Dar: We need to find Los Angelinas.

C-53: And enjoy this technical diagram. Indicating a number of vulnerabilities in the Empire garrisons.

Nermut: Oh, ho, ho, ho, ho! This paid off!?

Dar and C-53: Yes!

Dar: Once the pinot grigio packets poured, everybody was spilling their secrets.

Nermut: Aw, man! I'm going to pretty much RSVP us to every wedding we get invited to.

C-53: Ah, yeah there are...

Bargie: Ah, by the way. I remembered the, uh, ending of the movie I did. Wedding Crashing.

C and Dar: Oh! Ah!

C-53: What happened?

Bargie: After the two ships fall in love. And, and crash into one another. They end up going to a wedding. That a lot of people get really angry. And they get kicked out because it becomes, becomes all about gossip. It's like a very gossip based movie. And everyone there's like. "Hot Goss, Hot Goss"

C-53: Oh, um. Bargie, that's just what happened to us.

Bargie: In the movie? Right?

C-53: No, no, no, no. Just on the surface of the..

Bargie: You know, that was just in the original script. That's what we shot. But I guess people were just like, that's crazy! That would never happen! So they cut it. Ah, and also I declared..

Assassin Ship: [Bell chiming] Greetings!! Ding, ding, ding. Greeeetings!!

Bargie: Oh, everyone shut your mouth! Shut up! Shut up! Shhh, shhhh, shhh, shhhh.

C-53: Going into stealth mode (large and quick enveloping noise to silence)

Assassin ship: [a few more clangs of the bell] So lonely.

AJ: I'm, I'm going to hail him. I'm going to hail him.

C-53: Don't, AJ...

Pleck: Alright, uh. Let's see. [Keyboard keys tapping] Zima prime dot space. Tom dot Wellington. Ahh. He never gave me the password. Let's see.. Keep it, keep it fresh? [buzzard] Space is the best? [buzzard]. Eeemm.. [keyboard typing]

Derf Ghost: AJ??

Pleck: Uh? What? Derf?

Derf Ghost: AJ??

Pleck: No. It's Pleck.

Derf Ghost: Oh. Oh shit. Uhhh? Could you give a message to AJ?

Pleck: No!! Space connect him yourself!

Derf: Nah! It's, no. You get like one Space, thing a day.

Pleck: Wha..!! What?

Derf: It's, uh, being in prison.

Pleck: Listen, while you're here, can I get the Zima, can I get the Zima Prime password?

Derf: I think I told you.

Pleck: No!

Derf: Ah, I mentioned it.

Pleck: No you didn't. You never told me.

Derf: Did you try, Keep it Fresh?

Pleck: Do you not know your password?

Derf: I've.. You know, I haven't been to Zima Prime in a while.

Pleck: Ahhhhhh

Derf: Is it, is it saved?

Pleck: On MY computer?

Derf: I, I don't know. is it?

Pleck: Is your password autofill on my computer?

Derf: Is there? Is there a yellow bar with stars in it?

Pleck: No!

Derf: Hmmmm....??

[from the distance]

Pleck: Get out of my life!!

Bargie: What's wrong with Pleck? Why does he just yelling?

C-53: I don't know. He's just screaming out into space?

Pleck: Get out! Get out of my life!!

C-53: Yeah.

Bargie: Wow. He's really emotional now.

C-53: I'm sure he's just working through something.

Pleck: I hate you!!

Bargie: Can we give him a bed? Will that make it better? Or?

C-53: Well. Let's not go too far.

Bargie: Yeah. That's too far.

[triumphant Zyxx music]

CRedIt5: This is C-Red-IT5. Credits and attributions droid, commencing outro protocol. Papa Decksetter was played by Alden Ford. C-53 was played by Jeremy Bent. Dar was played by Alie Kokesh, Bargie the ship and Katherine, the wedding coordinator were played by Mojan Zulfagarie. Master Missions Operations Manager, Nermut Bundaloy and the lonely agent of the Empire, were played by Seth Lind. AJ was played by Winston Noel. Oldest Derf was played by Justin Tyler. Justin is a director and theater producer of Jesus and Mira on Showtime, and hosts the weekly varitey show Gentrified with Alden Ford at the Upright Citizen's Brigade. He also co-hosts Comic Book Club, a weekly comic book show and podcast in NYC. Follow him on Twitter at jdsizzle. Thank you to the Audience at our season three kick off, live show, for chanting hot goss. This episode was edited by Seth Lind with sound design and mix by Shane O' Connell. Recorded at Bronze Studios, New York. Music composed by Brenden Ryan. And performed by Thammes Macedonian Symphonic Orchestra. Opening crawl narration, by Jeremy Crutchley. Ship design for the Bargarian Jade by Eric Goyce. Audio hosting, by SimpleCast. Mission to Zyxx is a proud member of the Maximum Fun Network.

And remember. Mission to Zyxx will be performing an all new episode, appearing on panels, meeting fans and stuffing their faces with hot chicken at the PodX podcast convention. In Nashville. May, 31st through June 2nd. Get your tickets at missiontozyxx.space, or get more info at PodX.com. See you there!

[Outtake]

Winston: Is there one place where they hang out? Or are they sort of dispersed?

Justin: Yes, yes. Zima Prime.

Alden: Zima Prime?!!

Justin: Zima Prime.

Alden: Where is that?

Justin: It's a mysterious planet that changes, uh, it's location often.

Alden: How!?

Alie: But you can always find it within two days [laughs]

Justin: Yeah. If you're a member of Zima Prime. Uh, you can find it within one to two days.

Winston: Business days, or..

Justin: Ah, they do weekends.

Alden: Ah, wow! [laughs] Alie!

Alie: I like that.

Transcribed by: Spathi