

C-RED-IT5: This is C-RED-IT5 with a special announcement. Mission to Zyxx is performing live on November 19th at the Southern Screen Film Festival in Lafayette, Louisiana. Buy your tickets now on our events page at missiontozyxx.space/events. If you're not in transportation range of Lafayette, Louisiana, we understand. Enjoy the show.

[orchestral main theme music begins]

NARRATOR: The period of civil war has ended. The rebels have defeated the evil galactic monarchy and established the harmonious Federated Alliance. Now, Ambassador 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 fades out]

[Bargie's hatch closes on a cheering crowd]

PLECK: Oh-ho man, guys! We finally did it.

C-53: Ambassador Decksetter, if I may say, kudos to a successful mission.

PLECK: [laughs] You know what, we really—

DAR: Yeah! Honestly, great job. They loved you!

PLECK: I mean—I think they really did, you know? I feel like I was ON today.

C-53: That is the first time I have been party to a ticker-tape parade.

PLECK: Right? That was super fun! There was all the confetti—

DAR: And they laughed at your joke!

PLECK: Yeah! The one about the Tellurian and the Flarn.

DAR: It was wild.

PLECK: I'm still working on what the punchline is gonna be.

C-53: Most importantly, Ambassador Decksetter, we secured mining rights for the Federated Alliance.

PLECK: Ah, man. Yeah, that's true. I—I really just feel like—so—I—I feel like I know what Turk Manaked must feel like all the time, you know?

DAR: Oh yeah.

PLECK: Just like, goin' out, goin' to a planet, telling people like, "Hey, we're here for you," they're like, "Yeah!" and then we just get on the ship, and we're like, "So long everybody!" they're like, "Yeahhh!"

DAR: I mean, that's all conjecture, right?

[short pause]

PLECK: Uh, whaddya mean?

DAR: I mean, we don't actually know how successful Turk Manaked is.

C-53: Well, he's the most successful ambassador in the Federated Alliance. I imagine his life is like that every day.

DAR: Wow.

PLECK: I mean, have you seen Tiny Toots? Tiny Toots is one of the most formidable ships in the galaxy.

BARGIE: [coughs meaningfully] What?

PLECK: The second most formidable ship—

DAR: No—n—[clears throat]

PLECK: Oh—sorry. I—

BARGIE: You know—I'm the only person who can say Tiny Toots's name. You realize that, right?

PLECK: I—

BARGIE: I don't want to bring back bad memories, okay? And I have, on the wall—

PLECK: [crosstalk] You're right, you're right.

C-53: [crosstalk] Ambassador Decksetter, there is a history... there, so...

BARGIE: Yeah, there's a history, a very bad history there.

DAR: [crosstalk] Right. Yeah.

PLECK: Yeah. I'm so sorry. Listen, Bargie, I didn't mean to stir up any bad memories. I was just trying to compare myself to, like, an ambassador who's really—knows what he's doing, which is... rare, for me.

[incoming transmission sound]

C-53: Ah. Ambassador Decksetter, I have an incoming transmission from Junior Missions Operations Manager Nermut Bundaloy.

[beeping as comms link is established]

DAR: Hey, Nerm!

NERMUT: Hey-hey! [clapping]

[Pleck laughs in acknowledgment]

NERMUT: Mining rights! Man, it just feels good, right?

PLECK: Yeah. Feels great.

DAR: Yeah, well—uh, Pleck, empty your pockets, show him the paperwork.

PLECK: Yep. Okay, here: uh, we got, uh, this treaty that we signed.

NERMUT: Amazing. Hold it up.

PLECK: [Pleck holds up the papers] Ope. Yup. See?

NERMUT: Wow.

C-53: Scanning and digitizing to you now.

PLECK: And, check this out. The king? Of the planet? [Pleck pulls something out of his pocket] He gave me THIS little guy as a gift.

DAR: Oh.

POOF: [small, high-pitched voice, hesitantly] Uh—I'm a—uh, excuse me.

PLECK: It's like a little pet for the ship!

C-53/NERMUT: Uh, it—/Uh.

POOF: Also, I'm a female.

PLECK: Oh. I am so sorry. Did I call you a guy earlier?

POOF: Yeah. It's okay, it happens to me a lot.

PLECK: Okay, well, this—this—

C-53: [whispering through clenched teeth] Ambassador Decksetter, that is a WIFFLE.

PLECK: A—a Wiffle?

POOF: A Wiffle.

PLECK: Oh. Uh, well, great. So yeah, the king gave us a wi—

C-53: [whispering more firmly] Ambassador Decksetter...

PLECK: Wha—who are you talk—why are you talking like that?

POOF: I can hear what you're saying.

C-53: [sighs] Ambassador Decksetter, Wiffles reproduce at an exponential rate.

NERMUT: [quietly] Oh no.

C-53: This ship could be full of Wiffles inside of TWENTY MINUTES if there is another Wiffle aboard.

PLECK: No—no no no no no.

[Dar sighs]

NERMUT: Ambassador Decksetter, this is—this is not the way to come off a successful mission.

PLECK: It was a gift! It was a gift from the king!

NERMUT: [sighing] Oh, I don't know...

POOF: No, you don't want me? Oh, no, that's—okay, no, it's—I—

NERMUT/C-53: No no no no—/Well—no no, it's—

POOF: I don't wanna be any trouble.

PLECK: Listen, Wiffle, what is your name?

POOF: Poof?

PLECK: Your name is Poof?

POOF: My name is Poof.

PLECK: Poof. That is... VERY cute, Poof. Uh, listen, Nermut, can we just—

POOF: I'm bad at this, are you flirting with me, or...?

PLECK: No, n-no, no—N-Nermut, can we just keep her for just a little bit?

NERMUT: Guys— [Nermut sighs] I'm gonna disconnect, figure this out, okay?

POOF: [crosstalk] Can you keep me?

NERMUT: That's all I have to say. I've got a couple of little nippers of booze, I'm gonna just celebrate this victory, but this is—

PLECK: Nippers?

NERMUT: Nippers.

C-53: You know, those small bottles of booze.

PLECK: It looks like you're full—holding a full bottle.

DAR: Well, he's 19 inches.

NERMUT: Yeah, I mean it's an—it's a Tellurian nipper. It's—for me, this'll last weeks.

PLECK: [laughs] Oh man.

NERMUT: Figure this out. Poof, nice to meet you, bye!

[end transmission sound]

POOF: [voice quavering] Bye.

[transition music]

BARGIE: I—can I say somethin' right now, right here?

PLECK/DAR: Yeah./Yeah.

BARGIE: Let me just say this one thing, okay? One thing that Tiny Toots did to me. Again, I'm the only one who can say that name, okay?

PLECK/DAR: Oookay./Ohh, boy.

BARGIE: You cannot—do not say that name.

C-53: We will not.

BARGIE: After we were, let's just say, quote unquote “together”—

[Dar laughs]

BARGIE: I was full of Wiffles. Okay? They took over every part of my body, 'cause those little people? They mate. They mate like crazy. So if I see two? And if I see that two turn into four? I'm gonna eject you outta the ship.

POOF: Please stop putting so much pressure on me!

DAR: There's no pressure on you to... reproduce.

POOF: [crosstalk] I just—I really just—I—

C-53: Poof, it would actually be our preference if you did not mate, so.

POOF: I'm just... taking a little time for myself right now.

PLECK: [agreeably] Sure, okay.

POOF: Sure. I just—[Poof sighs] My—my mom said it's time for me to leave the nest.

PLECK: Oh. Oh, so you're like—you're getting pressure from your parents to like—

POOF: Yeah, it's hard at home.

PLECK: Oh, I'm sorry.

POOF: [shakily] It's okay.

C-53: Wait, uh, Poof, may I—might I ask, how old are you?

POOF: 400.

C-53: That's middle age for a Wiffle.

POOF: Yeah.

PLECK: So you're 400 years old?

POOF: Yeah!

PLECK: Wow.

C-53: This is part of the problem. Wiffles reproduce very fast, but live very long.

PLECK: Oh.

POOF: Can you imagine being single for 400 years?

PLECK: Uh—

DAR: I bet Pleck could, yes.

PLECK: Yeah, no, I could pretty—I pretty much—I'm on—I'm well on my way.

POOF: Oh.

PLECK: It feels like 400 years, honestly.

POOF: Tell me about it.

PLECK: Yeah, I mean— [Pleck chuckles] See, Poof gets me, guys.

POOF: If I have to go to one more birthday party for their little Wiffles...

PLECK: Right? Yeah, well.

C-53: Also, Poof, might I inquire: you're 400 years old, but still live with your parents?

POOF: Yeah.

PLECK: Oh, C-53, that's—

C-53: I—I'm just saying!

POOF: Rent is so high.

C-53: Hm.

PLECK: Sure.

C-53: Sure. That's a problem galaxy-wide.

PLECK: Yeah.

DAR: Yeah! I mean, Pleck was still living with his parents before he took this job.

POOF: [bashful] Oh my gosh, Pleck!

PLECK: Yeah, I know, I know. They told me I needed to get out.

POOF: Yeah.

PLECK: So I did.

POOF: Me too!

PLECK: Oh, wow—see, now—now we have a lot in common, I think, you and me, Poof.

POOF: [gently] Wow! I've never had a connection like this with anybody before, wow.

PLECK: [casually] Oh, that's great. Well, you know, I am glad, uh, that—

POOF: Do you want to get married? I don't know if it's special...

PLECK: Nah, I d—nah, I—I don't know if I would—

POOF: We're probably soul mates.

C-53: Ambassador Decksetter... [C-53 motions for Pleck to come closer]

PLECK: Oh.

C-53: This is an optimal situation. If you enter into an exclusive relationship with Poof, she will decline to mate with another Wiffle, should she encounter one.

PLECK: I don't—I don't know, C-53, I feel like—feel weird leading her on...

C-53: Well, you could carry it through if you want.

PLECK: [laughing] That's not what I meant. I just can't imagine myself being able to like, be with, like, a ball of fur.

C-53: Two organic beings, what's the difference?

PLECK: Are you serious?

C-53: I mean, a little bit.

PLECK: I'm just saying, like, I don't feel—it feels like a weird thing to act like I want to do. [Pleck walks back to Poof] It's nothing personal, Poof, like—you don't have any eyes, or—

POOF: [upset] I'm getting the talk. Oh, I'm getting the talk. [Poof begins crying]

PLECK: No—

[Poof cries more]

PLECK: Oh boy. Oh, wow. Oh no.

C-53: Ambassador Decksetter, you... had a good thing going, and you immediately ruined it!

PLECK: I just don't know if I could ever have a relationship with like—I mean, Poof is literally a ball of fur, like a featureless ball of fur, I don't think that I can—

[Poof sobs in protest]

C-53: [reprovingly] Oh, Ambassador Decksetter...

POOF: You're—you know, you could use some work.

PLECK: Oh. Well—uh, Poof, uh, it's nothing personal, I just feel like I'm—

C-53: [quietly, disbelieving] Nothing PERSONAL?

BARGIE: Wooooowwwwwww.

DAR: I bet you're the—I bet, when you were on Rangus VI and had a dating profile, you were the type of Tellurian that specified that you were only looking for a certain type of species.

PLECK: Uh—yeah, I mean, I guess—I guess I was.

POOF: Yeah, it feels pretty specist in here.

PLECK: I mean, no, I-I feel like I've—I feel like I've grown a little bit since I left planet, 'cause I—before I left Rangus VI, I'd only ever met other Tellurians? And like, you know, horses and stuff, but, uh, now...

DAR: Oh, right. The horses that you shoot if they get hurt.

PLECK: No, I—I, personally, did not shoot them. It's just that on Rangus VI—

C-53: Well, you were fine with the IDEA of a horse being shot.

DAR: [crosstalk] Yes.

C-53: You agreed that an injured horse was useless.

PLECK: [crosstalk] I wasn't—yes, I guess, in the grander sense, I was complicit—

POOF: Wow, I guess I dodged a literal bullet.

PLECK: No, I didn't—I would never shoot the horse! I just don't know how I would f—treat... a horse with a broken leg...

POOF: Speaking of that, does anyone here treat—I have a small rash.

PLECK/DAR/C-53: Oh./Uh.../Um.

POOF: I—I have this bald patch here, [sound of something peeling back] and then it's—it's real scaly under there.

PLECK/C-53/DAR: Oof./Yeah, that's—/That's a—yeah.

POOF: Can you see that? It's a little—

C-53/DAR: [crosstalk] It's very scaly./Ooh.

POOF: Yeah. There's a smell, there's a smell.

C-53: Maybe don't—

DAR: Yeah, there's a smell. Yeah.

C-53: Maybe don't lift the scales?

PLECK: Poof—

POOF: Just get—really get in there and take a look at it.

[Dar and Pleck make disgusted noises]

C-53: Oh, uh. Hm... [C-53 zooms in]

PLECK: Wow.

C-53: I can confirm that at 30x magnification, this is a very unsettling case.

[Dar and Pleck make another disgusted sound]

C-53: Projecting now.

[sound of file opening]

PLECK: Ohhh, you didn't need to do that, you didn't need to do that.

DAR: Whoaaa.

POOF: Ohhh, THAT'S what's goin' on in there.

DAR: [fascinated] Ohhh... Wow, honestly? Now I'm kind of into it.

PLECK: Okay.

DAR: [quietly] Wow...

POOF: It makes me want macaroni.

[Dar laughs]

[a muffled groan comes from somewhere]

PLECK: What—what is that? Does anybody hear that?

C-53: Yeah, there's something... worming its way out of your pocket.

[the thing makes a weak "ehhh" sound]

DAR: [repulsed] Ugh, Pleck!

PLECK: Oh, y—I shoulda told you, they gave me two. I th—I was gonna keep one 'cause I just liked havin' it around.

C-53: [quietly, through gritted teeth] Ambassador Decksetter, is that a MALE WIFFLE?

POOF: [crosstalk] Oh my gosh—

[the male wiffle makes another pathetic sighing sound]

PLECK: Yeah! I mean, maybe—it's a different color, I assume, I don't know if that's a—

C-53: Is it BLUE?

PLECK: Yeah, it's blue.

MALE WIFFLE: Hey...

C-53: [enunciating] Then it's a male Wiffle.

MALE WIFFLE: Yeah, that's me, hey, what's up? Uh... my name's Fluff?

PLECK: Hey Fluff, this is Poof, do you guys know each other?

POOF: [awkwardly, hesitantly] Uh... no, hey.

FLUFF: [awkwardly] No. Uh, hey.

POOF: Hi.

PLECK: [happily] He-he-hey!

FLUFF: Uh, hey.

POOF: What, um... what's...

FLUFF: What's up? Hey.

POOF: What's up? Hey.

FLUFF: Hey.

POOF: Hi.

FLUFF: I'm f—I'm fine.

POOF: I... have gas. [farting sound] Uh—ugh—

FLUFF: Uh... what?

POOF: I'm sorry—

C-53: This is normally the moment where two Wiffles would have started procreating.

PLECK: Alr—already!?

C-53: Mm. Yeah.

POOF: [crosstalk] I'm sorry, I just—

DAR: Yeah, that's how they... do it, like—

FLUFF: Oh. Yeah—

BARGIE: I should eject them, but this is very interesting.

POOF: Uh... your, uh—I like your... fur.

FLUFF: Thanks. Some of 'em are plugs.

PLECK: Oh. [laughing] Real—really?

POOF: What? Really?

FLUFF: Yeah...

POOF: I have a bald patch.

FLUFF: Okay. Well yeah, I—it's—I tried the spray for a while, and...

POOF: O-oh—yeah, the hair growing spray?

FLUFF: [crosstalk] Yeah. Yeah.

POOF: Oh my gosh, I have four of those!

FLUFF: Really?

POOF: Yeah—

FLUFF: Females never usually have those. That's... repellent!

POOF: Yeah. No, I do.

[Fluff and Poof laugh awkwardly]

PLECK: Hey C-53, can I—can I talk to you for a second?

C-53: Yes, of course.

PLECK: Should we be worried about these two Wiffles?

C-53: Absolutely. Let's discuss what might be the most... hm, humane way to eject them into space.

PLECK: Oh, no, I d—we—eject 'em, we don't need to eject them into space, they're just having—

C-53: [urgently] We absolutely need to eject them into space. If they start procreating, this ship will be full in fifteen minutes.

PLECK: [doubtfully] Fifteen minutes?

C-53: Allow me to show you an exponential chart of Wiffle growth. [sound of file opening]

PLECK: No, I ge—I mean, I understand the idea of an exponential curve.

DAR: Hey, hey hey. Are we over here whispering about how Pleckian these Wiffles are?

PLECK: Whaddyou mean?

C-53: No, but you raise a good point.

DAR: They're so Plecky! They're just so awkward, and they keep saying things that just turn each other off...

C-53: Oh yes, they're continually blowing all the good will that they've just acquired.

DAR: [excitedly] Yes!

BARGIE: Hey, are we all whispering in this corner?

DAR/C-53: Yes! We are./Yes.

BARGIE: Yeah.

DAR: Are—are you seeing what I'm seeing?

BARGIE: I'm—I mean, I was gonna let them be ejected, but uh, honestly, I don't see anything happening right now.

DAR: I know! I mean, when he did that total Pleck move!

BARGIE: Yeah. Agh!

PLECK: Okay...

DAR: And then she countered with an even Pleckier move!

BARGIE: I knowww!

PLECK: Eh, well, I guess let's just see how it plays out.

C-53: Yeah, we shouldn't leave them alone.

[the crew goes back to the Wiffles]

FLUFF: Uh, are you with the Tellurian?

POOF: Eh—uh—no—

FLUFF: 'Cause I—it sounded like you guys...

POOF: Honestly, we had a thing for a little while, but it didn't really seem to work out, um...

FLUFF: Uh... I mean, that's fine. I've got a very strong male... you know, like a lot of male friends?

POOF: Oh yeah, um, I have... no friends. But I have, um, two parents.

FLUFF: Oh. I—I actually don't have any friends, I was just kinda...

POOF: Oh.

FLUFF: Thought that if I countered with "male friends," you might think that I was an... an alpha Wiffle of some sort, or...

POOF: [weak almost-laughter] Yeah. I, uh...

FLUFF: Hahhh... Uh.

PLECK: Hey C-53? Dar? Can I talk to you guys for a second?

DAR: Yeah.

BARGIE: Yeah.

PLECK: Guys, listen, you know what? Honestly, I'm a little bit offended by your conviction that these two aren't gonna make it together.

C-53: Ambassador Decksetter, I will bet you—

DAR: [crosstalk] I will bet you my SALARY.

C-53: —let's say, a dozen kroons, that these two will not get together.

DAR: I'll bet you the next two weeks of my salary.

PLECK: Yeah, well, that's what I'm saying. I'm gonna try to make it work with these two, because I refuse to believe that they're as Plecky as you say that they are.

DAR: Oh wow, a Pleck trying to help two Plecks get it together?

PLECK: [laughing, hurt] Dar!

C-53: Could there be anything Pleckier?

DAR: [laughing] Hooohooohoo!

PLECK: I'm rootin' for 'em, okay? I'm rootin' for 'em, and I'm rooting for myself, [brief stutter] you know, by proxy.

DAR: Of course.

PLECK: Around them.

BARGIE: Hey, can I get in on this wager? I'm gonna just wager all my gas. Like, for sure, this is not gonna happen.

PLECK: Uh, we—don't—please don't bet your gas, Bargie.

BARGIE: So Plecky. So Pleck—two Plecks meeting in a Pleck place. Pleck times Pleck. Infinity Pleck.

PLECK: [crosstalk, quietly] Oh my god.

FLUFF: So, Poof, have—are you familiar with the Nebula Chronicles?

POOF: Oh—are you kidding?

FLUFF: Yeah...

POOF: Are you kidding me right now? I've been to literally every single signing.

FLUFF: What's your favorite character?

POOF: Pronch.[CV1]

FLUFF: Well, everybody knows that Pronch is actually one of the—

POOF: [happy] Yeah, he's—

FLUFF: No, is one of the lamest characters.

POOF: [discouraged] O—oh.

FLUFF: King Zelwan is actually the best character, anybody with half a brain—

PLECK: [crosstalk, quietly] Oh, come on—

POOF: No, character—are you kidding me?

FLUFF: [talking over Poof] No. I'm just saying—

[Fluff and Poof continue talking over each other for the rest of the argument]

POOF: Are you kidding me? The king? The king of everyone?

FLUFF: No, you're actually not a real fan if you think—

POOF: Are you kidding me?

FLUFF: No, if you think Plonch is a real fan, you're actually not a fan.

POOF: He's literally—he's literally the WORST character. He's like—

FLUFF: The worst character?

POOF: Yeah. He's all ego—

FLUFF: The WORST character?

POOF: —and he has NOTHING to him. Are you kidding me right now?

FLUFF: Wait. Wait—

POOF: Honestly, you just seem like every other blue. You know what I mean? Like, every single blue is like, "oh, I love the king, oh, I wanna be like the king," it's like, ugh, get over yourself—

FLUFF: Wha—I—what's wrong with me? I'm just trying to find a hot pink that will take care of me.

POOF: Oh, god. Ugh. Ugh.

DAR: [laughing] Okay, wait, wait, no, what the—hold on—

PLECK: [crosstalk, laughing] Wait, hold on a second, hold on a second—

BARGIE: [crosstalk] Wooooooooooooooooowww.

PLECK: Wait, Fluff.

FLUFF: What?

PLECK: Come on.

FLUFF: What? I just want a hot, shapely, like a—like just a super round pink.

PLECK: Yeah, no—

FLUFF: Like, she's just like so round and she's so pink...

POOF: I'm—you know what? A lot—a lot of ovals are fine. Ovals are fine. Ovals are Wiffles too.

FLUFF: [crosstalk] You're so oval. You're so oval, though.

DAR: I mean—

PLECK: Don't—don't ovalshame...

FLUFF: No, but what I want is like—

C-53: Fluff, you are also, for a blue—

FLUFF: What?

C-53: Not very shapely at all.

DAR: You are—you're not even—

FLUFF: What? No! See, what I want—you're—you're cool and everything, but I want—

POOF: Yeah yeah yeah.

FLUFF: I want a—I want a pink that's like—

POOF: Do you—

FLUFF: You know, I want a pink that's like, perfectly round, you know? She's like just totally, like, a perfect circle.

PLECK: [crosstalk] That's an ideal—that's an unrealistic ideal, Fluff.

FLUFF: But also she, like, cares for me, and like, takes care of me.

POOF: Honestly, like, pinks don't even look like that in real life, you know?

FLUFF: The—no, but the pinks in the Nebula Chronicles are entirely that way.

POOF: They're fictional! [stuttering angrily] The pinks—the Nebra—Nebula Chronicles are fictional!

FLUFF: [yelling] It's based on true lore! It's based on true lore!

POOF: No. If you were even a real fan, you would understand that this is all commentary on society.

FLUFF: I am a real—how dare you. How dare you. You're a FAKE fan.

POOF: Ohhhhhh...

FLUFF: You're a PINK fan, that's not a real—

POOF: You son of a—

DAR: Oh, um—

FLUFF: Oh, you're gonna call me a son of a glorp?

POOF: Yeah.

FLUFF: How typical for a pink.

POOF: I—oohhhhh...

FLUFF: A pink—a pinkanista, always comin' at me.

POOF: You know what? I don't need your bluesplaining, okay? And your bluespreading. And your—

FLUFF: All I want is just like, a firm, round little pink, but also small somehow.

POOF: You know what? You don't look bristly at all, like the other blues.

FLUFF: I'm incredibly bristly.

POOF: No you're not. You're s—you're downy, like a little—baby Wiffle.

FLUFF: I'm incre—I'm not dow—

DAR: C-53 can I talk to you privately really quickly?

C-53: Absolutely.

DAR: Thank you.

PLECK: Can I come?

DAR: No.

PLECK: Okay.

[Dar and C-53 step off to the side]

DAR: Okay, now I think it's building to a hate juck situation.

C-53: Oh, no. You're right. Uh, we've gotta diffuse that somehow.

DAR: I do not wanna lose my salary to Pleck.

C-53: I know, I bet twelve kroons.

DAR: Um...

C-53: I don't even have twelve kroons, I just assumed that I would win them.

BARGIE: Wait, I can—I can help out, guys, I'm in the circle too. I can make it really cold.

DAR: Really cold?

BARGIE: If the temperature is cold, people do not wanna juck, regardless of how they feel about each other.

C-53: Well, but sometimes people juck when it's very cold, just for the sake of warmth.

BARGIE: Ah, to get warm!

DAR: [crosstalk] It'll—it'll bring them closer together. Yeah, yeah.

BARGIE: Ahh, I take that back, okay.

DAR: No no, Barge, we gotta think like Pleck.

[Bargie sighs]

DAR: Hey Pleck...

PLECK: Hm?

DAR: It doesn't look like it's goin' so hot over there, why don't you—why don't you help them out?

PLECK: Yeah, thank you! I think I will.

FLUFF: Yeah, Poof—man, you're just—you're gettin' on me all... riled up, I just—

POOF: Yeah—no—you know what? You know what? I wouldn't juck you with HER flip flip.

FLUFF: Oh. Yeah, you wouldn't juck me? I bet we would juck, and it would be—

POOF: [crosstalk] Yeah, yeah—no—no—no, I—

PLECK: Hey, guys? Hey, guys. Guys, listen. Gotta stop fighting. We gotta stop fighting each other, because you're never gonna—you're never gonna realize how perfect you are for each other if you keep all this back and forth.

POOF: What?

FLUFF: What the juck? What the juck are you talking about?

POOF: Yeah, this—we're—no.

FLUFF: No, we're not—we're just mad at each other.

POOF: Yeah.

PLECK: Okay.

FLUFF: We're not perfect for each other.

POOF: No. I mean, just cause we like all the same stuff, and like, we're both ovals...

FLUFF: Yeah. I want—I want a pink that's like...

POOF: Ugh.

FLUFF: ...round.

PLECK: I know. I get that.

FLUFF: So I live with my parents!

POOF: Yes!

PLECK: You both live with your parents!

POOF: Yeah, we both live with our parents.

FLUFF: So?

POOF: It's not a big deal, so what?

FLUFF/POOF: It's not a big deal. It's a very—/There's just, like, a lot of—

PLECK: Fluff, how old are you?

FLUFF: [sighs] 420 years old.

POOF: Oh my... 420.

FLUFF: How old are you?

POOF: 400.

FLUFF: The perfect pink is like, 180. 'Cause it's just like—

POOF: Oh, for the love of—

[Pleck sighs]

FLUFF: Right? That roundness is—

POOF: A 180 year old pink is barely even a fully formed Wiffle.

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

C-53: [crosstalk] Absolutely.

DAR: Fine.

BARGIE: Honestly, I'm here, and I'm just gonna intrude all the time.

PLECK/DAR: Sure. No, yeah, that's totally—that makes sense./Yeah, that's fine.

C-53: We've accepted that.

PLECK: Hey, guys? I think it's going pretty well over there with those two, huh?

DAR: What? You—

PLECK: [smugly] I think you guys should get ready to lose those kroons.

DAR: Pleck!

C-53: Ambassador Decksetter, are you still pursuing this?

PLECK: Yeah! Well—

C-53: For the sake of a few kroons?

PLECK: I mean...

C-53: Imagine, if you will, having no room aboard the Bargarean Jade for anything but Wiffles. And when I say room, I mean the interior of your lungs. You'd be inhaling Wiffles.

PLECK: Well, you know what? It's a matter of principle at this point, okay?

DAR: Ugh.

PLECK: [earnestly] Because you guys said that two Plecks couldn't make it work together, and I'm gonna be the Pleck that comes in and makes it work, okay? Because a Pleck can fall in love, okay? A Pleck can be happy! So... I'm gonna prove you guys wrong, and I'm gonna be right.

C-53: I think you will derive small satisfaction from being "correct" when you are choking on a Wiffle that has entered your windpipe.

[the crew returns to the Wiffles]

FLUFF: So what do you even mean when you're talking about blue privilege, do you know what I mean? Like what are you even talking about?

POOF: I just mean, like, as a blue, you have things that pinks don't have—

FLUFF: [interrupting] See, I don't think that's true—

POOF: —or purples even have, you know what I mean? It's just—

FLUFF: I think if purples—if purples and pinks wanted it, they could get it, you know what I mean? I don't think that—

POOF: No, that—th-that—see, that's the thing, like, if you were sitting at the front of a—of a heemhor, right? If you were sitting in front of a heeyoumor—[CV2]

FLUFF: [crosstalk] I'm always at the front of the heemhor.

POOF: And you're trying to throw, um, a—a piece of paper at the front wall, right? Um, if you're sitting in the front row, it'd be easier, and if you're sitting in the back row—you just don't realize you're sitting in the front row, not the back row.

FLUFF: [exhales] You know, I've never thought about it that way, you know? D'you know what I mean?

POOF: You know what, I li—I really appreciate you having this honest discourse with me, where you're being open and receptive. Uh. Uh...

PLECK: Hey guys, I just wanna butt in here real quick and say it's going great.

POOF: What?

FLUFF: What? Why are you butting in?

PLECK: No, I'm sorr—

POOF: No, why are you—stop! Please, stop, go—

FLUFF: Would you just shut up!

POOF: Just go away! Please.

FLUFF: Just go the f—juck away!

PLECK: [crosstalk] Okay! I'm sorry! I'm sorry!

[Poof and Fluff make awkward noises at each other]

POOF: Um... Uh...

FLUFF: Uh, I don't even know where we—

POOF: Yeah, uh... so...

FLUFF: [inhales] Never mind. [sighs]

POOF: Uh...

FLUFF: Yeah, I thought we had a moment, but...

POOF: Yeah. Um.

[Fluff sighs]

POOF: Your... uh... Is that a rash, 'cause I have a rash.

FLUFF: Yeah, I don't know. I already—y'know, see, I'm sorry, I already have—I'm already, like, seeing another Wiffle.

POOF: Oh. What?

FLUFF: She lives on... she lives on Cornack, she's—

POOF: [sarcastically] Oh, yeah, I'm sure you do. On Cornack.

FLUFF: No, but I have a picture. No, she lives on Cornack.

POOF: Everybody's got a Wiffle on Cornack.

FLUFF: No, she lives on Cornack! But she's like, super round and... um...

POOF: Ugh. Right. I'm sure you have a super round—

FLUFF: She's 200 years old, you wouldn't know her—

C-53: What is her name, Fluff?

FLUFF: Uhhh... what's her name?

POOF: That's—three, two, one, it's taking too long.

[Fluff sighs, pauses, and sighs again]

POOF: Yeah, there's no Wiffle.

FLUFF: Okay, there's—

POOF: [crosstalk] You couldn't even get a—

FLUFF: There is no Wiffle. I don't have a pinkfriend, I don't have a—a mate.

POOF: That's okay—

FLUFF: There's a lot of pressure to be blue, and it's just like...

POOF: Can—can I be honest? I, um... I haven't, um... ah, this is embarrassing, I haven't reproduced, um... before? With anybody? So...

FLUFF: Really?

POOF: Yeah.

FLUFF: I totally have.

POOF: Really?

FLUFF: So much.

POOF: Oh... yeah, I guess most Wiffles have, I just haven't.

FLUFF: Yeah, no, I've—I... I totally filled a sector with all my progeny.

POOF: You know, like—

FLUFF: It's crazy.

PLECK: A whole sector?

FLUFF: Yeah.

POOF: A whole sector?

FLUFF: Yeah.

PLECK: That seems—that's not possible.

FLUFF: What, like—

POOF: [gently] You don't have to lie to me... if you don't want to.

FLUFF: [whispering] I've—I've never reproduced, I've never reproduced.

C-53: [quickly] That is all right. Uh, Ambassador Decksetter has never reproduced either.

PLECK: Oh. Y'know.

POOF: Oh, I could—I could get that vibe about you.

DAR: [eagerly] He's—he's also a virgin.

FLUFF: Yeah... yeah I mean, that feels—

PLECK: Yeah, I mean, nothin' to be—nothin' to be ashamed of.

FLUFF: Ehhh... we're both—

DAR: [encouraging] Yeah, Pleck, get in—get in there and talk about being a virgin, come on!

FLUFF: I mean—Poof and I are both, I would say, ashamed of being virgins. [slight laughing]

PLECK: [laughing] Oh, am I supposed to be? I'm feelin' like I'm taking my time, and that's fine by me. You know?

BARGIE: Hey, uh... lemme give you a little advice, okay?

FLUFF: Okay.

BARGIE: Love isn't real.

POOF/FLUFF: What?/What?

BARGIE: It's a fake thing...

DAR: Oh boy.

BARGIE: ...created by, I don't know, an old wizard. If I've learned anything from my time with Tiny Toots, it's just: go for it, put your thing into another person things, have no regrets. At the end of the day, we're all gonna die, right?

PLECK: Whoa, Bargie, that is a—that's an intense philosophy.

FLUFF: Wha... uh... I mean, I—I will say that you—the reference that you made to the Nebula Chronicles earlier was... very accurate.

POOF: Um... and I-I'll admit that it was, um... pretty impressive that you immediately knew about... the king, and also that you took the words right out of my mouth before.

PLECK: Hey, C-53, can I talk to you for a second? Dar, can I just talk to you for a second?

C-53/DAR: Yeah, absolutely./Yeah.

[the crew steps away]

PLECK: I would like to let you know that this is going pret-ty well. I think Bargie's little pep talk did some, uh, good, and I think I'm gonna win this bet. [Pleck laughs smugly]

C-53: Ambassador Decksetter, are you a dingus?

[wheezy laughter]

C-53: If you win the bet, the ship is full of Wiffles.

BARGIE: Honestly, I just regret saying what I just said. I was just saying it 'cause it's natural to me, but now I'm realizing the implications.

PLECK: Alright, alright, I—

DAR: Bargie, we get it. Pleck provoked you by bringing up Tiny Toots so many times.

BARGIE: Yeah. Yeah.

PLECK: Okay, guys, I—I admit it, I was—I went to the mat on this one just on principle. I take it back, bets off. Let's call these guys off, and then we can get back to our—

DAR: Whoa. [thumping sounds start] You can't—you can't call it off.

C-53: Oh no.

[Wiffles moaning, very similar to awkward noises they make in conversation]

POOF: Oh. Oh. Oh. Oh. Oh. [continues]

FLUFF: Uhhhhh. Ehhhhh. [continues]

PLECK: Oh no. Oh—

BARGIE: Oh no.

C-53: Oh. Oh no.

POOF: [rhythmically] Oh. Oh. Oh.

FLUFF: I was lying, your shape is perfect!

POOF: Oh. Oh. I like this long!

FLUFF: It's great!

[tiny Wiffles begin popping out]

TINY WIFFLES: Hi! Hello! Hi there! Hi there! Hey!

[greetings continue as the number of Wiffles increases dramatically]

HORDE OF TINY WIFFLES: Hi! Hello! Hello! Hi! Hey! Hey! Hey! Hi there!

[tiny Wiffles continue to pop out and greet each other]

TINY WIFFLE: Let's juck!

TINY WIFFLE: Let's juck!

[Wiffles continue to proliferate]

HORDE OF TINY WIFFLES: Let's juck! Let's juck! Let's juck!

TINY WIFFLE: Hey, you're pretty cool! Have you heard of the Nebula Chronicles?

[transition music]

[static]

SEESU: Attention, attention! This is Rebel Leader Seesu Gundu with a vital communication. Support for the Rebellion against the [singsong] lame-o Federated Alliance comes from HelloFresh. I used to think, "Sure, I want fresh ingredients with delicious balanced dinners delivered to my door for less than \$10 a meal. But what if I'm out of town for a week?" Well, it turns out, you can just pause your HelloFresh account. So when I'm off coordinating sabotage raids against Alliance supply tankers, boop! Pause. HelloFresh has three great plans to choose from: Classic, Veggie, and Family, and recipes take only around 30 minutes! Recipes like customer favorite Juicy Lucy Burger with tomato onion jam and arugula salad. I mean, come on, yummers! Here's what you do. For \$30 off your first week of HelloFresh, visit hellofresh.com and enter promo code ZYXX30. That's hellofresh.com, promo code Z-Y-X-X-3-0. Do it for the

Rebellion! And because it's delicious! And healthy! Seesu Gundu, destroying the Alliance one advertisement at a time! Signing off!

[static blips out]

[transition music]

PLECK: Poof, thank you for understanding that we had to just bring you back to this planet. It wasn't... anything personal—you know, it's not you, it's us. It's us and our tiny little ship, and we just couldn't hold all of your 30,000 kids.

POOF: Oh, I—I understand, y'know?

PLECK: Well, if—if it were up to me, you'd be on the ship for the rest of the missions. You know, for—for—

POOF: Because you have strong feelings for me despite our special differences.

PLECK: [crosstalk] Yeah, I have—

PLECK: [lying] To—totally, that's part of it.

POOF: [holding back emotion] Listen, what we had is over, and I need you to accept it right now, okay?

PLECK: Okay, yeah, no—

POOF: I have progeny now.

PLECK: Yeah, and I'm—

POOF: And I need you to not stand between our—our relationship.

PLECK: [nonchalant] Mm-hmm. Yeah, and I'm—I'm broken up about it, but I—I'm settin' you free. You know, if you really—if you really, uh...

POOF: Say it.

PLECK: Yeah, I mean, if, IF you really love someone, you set them free, and that's sort of like, the situation—

POOF: Because you love me still.

PLECK: I'm just saying that that could be—

POOF: [pityingly] Look at you, you're obsessed with me.

PLECK: Yeah, totally, totally. But anyway, thanks for understanding. I will see you... maybe later.

POOF: Embrace me.

PLECK: I don't think—I don't know—okay, yep. Alright.

POOF: Goodbye.

PLECK: Bye, Floof! Bye—

POOF: That's not my name.

PLECK: Bye, Poof. Take care. Ha ha.

POOF: [whispering] I love you.

PLECK: Okay.

[Bargie's hatch closes]

PLECK: Huh! Well, that wasn't so bad, right, guys? Huh?

[silence]

PLECK: Not too bad? Everybody's safe. We got all the Wiffles off the ship, everybody's happy.

[silence]

PLECK: Okay! Well, I will say, uh, even if you're not gonna talk to me, you gotta fork over those kroons, buds! C-53?

[C-53 types on a keyboard]

PLECK: Dar?

[silence]

PLECK: Okay. You know what? I'll—you can just owe me. That's fine. But, uh, I will say that we figured it out, everybody's fine. I mean, I guess they're probably on the planet reproducing right now, which is, I mean, kinda not our problem at this point, so. Mining rights, right, guys?

[Pleck sighs]

[Bargie coughs]

PLECK: Well, you know what? I—you know what? Fine. Keep the money. It doesn't matter. I—I can sleep better knowing that I was right, and it just—I needed a win, you know? I just needed a win today.

DAR: Who had 34 seconds?

BARGIE: Me, I did, I won.

DAR: Daaagh! You are SO GOOD at this, Bargie.

BARGIE: Ahhh! Yes! Yes!

PLECK: What?

DAR: We all put a bet in to see how long it would take you before you realized that the silent treatment was going to crush you from the inside and you would give us back all of our money.

PLECK: Huh.

BARGIE: And I won.

PLECK: You won?

BARGIE: Yup.

PLECK: What'd you win?

[incoming transmission sound]

BARGIE: Incoming message from, uh, Nermadore Beluggalore, uh, uhhh... I get to say that!

[beep of comms link being established]

PLECK: Hey, what's up, Nermadork Bellorkadork?

DAR: Hey, Nerm!

[Nermut sighs]

DAR: We had to do a little detour back to the planet of coal.

NERMUT: Yeah, I heard. And guess what I'm holding in my hand here.

PLECK: Oh, what's that?

C-53: That's...

DAR: Your hand has to be in frame.

NERMUT: Sorry, I'll stand on my desk. [papers shuffle as Nermut climbs onto the desk] Alright, so—

C-53: Nermut, that's not anything.

NERMUT: Yeah, exactly. You know what should be in my hand? The mining rights agreement, which has now been CANCELLED.

PLECK: Why?

NERMUT: Why? Because you returned thirty thousand and two Wiffles to the planet!

PLECK: Oh, is that a lot?

NERMUT: Apparently they gave you those Wiffles to get rid of them, and now, uh, they've ripped up the mining agreement.

DAR: So they hated us!

NERMUT: I mean, they hate you now, they hate the whole Alliance!

DAR: But they hated us before!

C-53: [crosstalk] Well, but did they sign the agreement to get the Wiffles off the planet?

DAR: This makes so much sense.

C-53: Yeah.

DAR: They didn't find his joke funny. They were FAKING IT!

C-53: Ah. This checks out.

DAR: Oh... Gosh, I was—I've been thinking about that all day!

C-53: Yeah. "What's the difference between a Tellurian and a Flarn?" isn't an inherently funny statement.

DAR: It's—

NERMUT: No, it's a—just a—the answer's just a long list of attributes.

PLECK: Yeah, but a—some of those attributes are funny.

[Dar and C-53 sigh in frustration]

PLECK: Well, onwards and upwards, I guess.

NERMUT: Yeah, okay, so we have some other... uh, we have some other paperwork. We actually have a, um... we have—

PLECK: We have another mission?

NERMUT: No, we have a... as you may know, a lot of the ambassador teams get lots of mail.

PLECK: Mail?

NERMUT: I walk by the mailroom every day, and there's a LOT of mail, and the Missions Operations Managers spend a lot of time reading fan mail to the... um, to the teams, and we—

C-53: Well, we haven't received any fan mail, so.

NERMUT: No, that's what I'm saying. We got our first fan letter! That's what I'm saying.

PLECK: What?

NERMUT: Yeah. Ou—this came in to our crew@missiontozyxx.space email address.

PLECK: Oh, yeah. Email.

NERMUT: Yeah. Email.

C-53: Electronic mail.

DAR: Yep, it's—

PLECK: No, I know what email is.

C-53: Yeah, we're all familiar.

DAR: Yeah, we've been using it for... forever.

PLECK: Yeah. Decades, at this point.

NERMUT: So this is—this is actually, it's a question.

C-53: Very well.

NERMUT: Uh, I'm gonna, I'm just gonna—

DAR: So it doesn't count as fan mail?

NERMUT: I think it should.

PLECK: [laughs] Sure.

C-53: Fans ask—fans ask questions.

BARGIE: No, fans make statements.

PLECK: Yeah, that's true. That's mostly—mostly, fans write to be like, "I like what you do."

NERMUT: Alright, so it could be an inquiry from a critic, I don't know.

PLECK: [laughing] Sure, sure, go ahead.

NERMUT: Alright, so...

[Dar laughs]

C-53: I think we should take it.

PLECK: Okay, yeah. No, let's take it.

NERMUT: Alright. So, here—lookit! This is to you, C-53.

C-53: Oh!

NERMUT: So, “Dear C-53: Why do you address Junior Missions Operations Manager Nermut Bundaloy—” [Nermut chuckles] that's me— “by his complete title and full name, but only refer to Ambassador Decksetter solely by his title and last name, question mark.”

BARGIE: You wrote that, didn't you.

NERMUT: No no no, this is from Benjamin Sin.

C-53: Junior Missions Operations Manager Nermut Bundaloy, is Benjamin Sin an alias of yours?

NERMUT: No! No no, this is like a real—it's a real letter, they really wanna know a pretty boring question.

BARGIE: But do you write books as this Benjamin Sin? [more sensually] Benjamin Sssin?

DAR: Because I wanna read—I wanna read things by Benjamin Sin.

BARGIE: Sinnn...

DAR: It's a pretty sexy nom de plume.

NERMUT: He signed it, “All hail the Federated Alliance,” which is good, 'cause if you don't put that in there, I don't think they get it—I don't think it would get through the censors.

PLECK: I mean, that could—yeah, they—they probably—I think they burn your letters.

C-53: [crosstalk] No, they'll never get—

DAR/NERMUT/C-53: Yeah./ Yeah./Yeah.

DAR: They burn it right up.

NERMUT: Um...

C-53: Well, that's a question with a very simple answer, Junior Missions Operations Manager Nermut Bundaloy.

BARGIE: Slash Benjamin Sin.

NERMUT: No!

PLECK: [laughing] How can you remember Nermut's fake name, but you don't know his real name?

NERMUT: That is a really good question. C-53, you were explaining?

C-53: Yes. I'm happy to refer to Ambassador Decksetter by a shortened form of address because we are on the same level in terms of the Federated Alliance hierarchy. However, Junior Missions Operations Manager Nermut Bundaloy, you reside one rank above me. Therefore, it is only proper that I refer to you both with complete title and name address.

PLECK: Oh. I like that.

NERMUT: Huh. Okay, so just—sorry, say that all again? I'm gonna write it down for Benjamin Sin—

PLECK: No, it's—yeah, it's—it's probably fine.

C-53: I am transcribing what I said now.

NERMUT: Oh. Okay. Cool.

C-53: And sending it out.

NERMUT: Great. I mean, I don't like to feel that I'm above you, so like, I feel like you should just take the "junior" out.

PLECK: We could maybe call you just "Junior."

NERMUT: No.

C-53: Or, I am allowed to shorten to the preferred nomenclature of JMOM if that is preferable.

NERMUT: No, no.

BARGIE: J—I'll remember JMOM.

NERMUT: No!

BARGIE: I'll remember JMOM.

[Nermut inhales]

PLECK: Huh.

NERMUT: I bet—we're gonna have to beef up the servers now.

PLECK: What do you mean?

BARGIE: What?

C-53: For all the email that's going to be rolling in?

NERMUT: Yeah.

C-53: I think that is perhaps an optimistic view of how much email we will receive.

NERMUT: Oh... now that we got one...

PLECK: I mean, yeah, one first and then more, so—

BARGIE: Wait, I just—I just sent an e-mail.

NERMUT: Oh.

PLECK: Who'd you send an e-mail to?

BARGIE: I sent it to the crew one.

[ping sound]

NERMUT: Oh, wait. It came in.

BARGIE: There it is.

NERMUT: It came in. Alright, lemme—lemme read this. [Nermut presses a key] Nope. Not gonna read—Bargie, that is disgusting.

PLECK: [reproachfully] Bargie...

BARGIE: Whaaat?

NERMUT: She just used asterisks to make a butt.

PLECK: Wait—[Pleck laughs] multiple asterisks?

NERMUT: She like—to draw, she's like, drawing with asterisks and made just a... Tellurian butt.

PLECK: I could under—I could imagine using that—ONE asterisk to make a butt.

C-53: Well, you can't make an entire Tellurian butt with one asterisk.

NERMUT: Just—he means the hole.

C-53: Well, sure, the hole, but the hole is not the butt.

NERMUT: That's... fair point.

C-53: The whole butt contains the butt hole, but the butt hole is not the whole butt.

[Pleck and Nermut wheeze]

[end credits music]

C-RED-IT5: C-RED-IT5, credits and attributions droid, commencing outro protocol. Ambassador Pleck Decksetter was played by Alden Ford. C-53 was played by Jeremy Bent. Security Officer Dar was played by Allie Kokesh. Bargie the Ship was played by Moujan Zolfaghari. Junior Missions Operations Manager Nermut Bundaloy was played by Seth Lind. Fluff the Wiffle was played by Winston Noel. Poof the Wiffle was played by special guest Lorraine Cink. Lorraine is a professional geek, writer, and host of Thwip! The Big Marvel Show and the Marvel Minute every week on marvel.com. Or, see her perform live in NYC every Tuesday with Honeymoon at the Magnet Theater, or Wednesdays with Hero Complex at the PIT in NYC. Follow her on Twitter, [@lorrainecink](https://twitter.com/lorrainecink). Mission to Zyxx is recorded at Braund Studios in Greenpoint, Brooklyn, by engineer Shane O'Connell. This episode edited by Seth Lind, with sound design and mix by Shane O'Connell. Music by Brendan Ryan. Opening crawl narration by Jeremy Crutchley, also known as "The Better Jeremy." Ship design for the Bargarean Jade by Eric Geusz. Mission to Zyxx is brought to this galaxy by AudioBoom. Thanks, AudioBoom! Don't forget to check out our website at missiontozyxx.space, where you can contact the crew, buy [temptingly] delicious merchandise, and get info about our upcoming live performances.

[end credits music fades out]

[outtake begins]

LORRAINE/POOF: "Oh, I love the king, oh, I wanna be like the king," it's like, ugh, get over yourself.

WINSTON/FLUFF: Wha—I—what's wrong with me? I'm just trying to find a hot pink that will take care of me.

LORRAINE/POOF: Oh, god. Ugh. Ugh.

ALLIE/DAR: [laughing] Okay, wait, wait, no, what the—

ALDEN/PLECK: [crosstalk, laughing] Wait, hold on a second, hold on a second—

MOUJAN/BARGIE: [crosstalk] Wooooooooooooooooowwww.

[Lorraine laughing, cracking up in the background]

ALLIE/DAR: Hold on. Hold on.

ALDEN: What's your name again? What's your name again?

WINSTON: Fluff.

JEREMY: [crosstalk] Fluff.

ALDEN: Fluff.

ALDEN/PLECK: Wait, Fluff.

WINSTON/FLUFF: What?

ALDEN/PLECK: Come on.

WINSTON/FLUFF: What? I just want a hot, shapely, like a—like just a super round pink.

ALDEN/PLECK: Yeah, no—

WINSTON/FLUFF: [laughing] Like, she's just like so round and she's so pink...

LORRAINE/POOF: I'm—you know what? A lot—a lot of ovals are fine.

WINSTON/FLUFF: No, but—see, what I want—you're—you're cool and everything, but I want—

LORRAINE/POOF: Yeah yeah yeah.

WINSTON/FLUFF: I want a—I want a pink that's like—[Winston laughs silently]

LORRAINE/POOF: Do you—

ALLIE: Yes, please. Yep. You have to.

WINSTON/FLUFF: [Winston trying not to laugh] 'S like—like... per... [breaks down laughing]

[someone laughing in the background]

[Moujan, Allie, and Seth giggling]

MOUJAN: Do it. Do it.

WINSTON/FLUFF: I want a pink that's like, y'know, like perfect!... [breaks again]

[Seth cracking up]

[someone clapping]

WINSTON: [through laughter] Okay, okay.

JEREMY: Do it, do it!

ALLIE: No one look at him!

WINSTON: Okay—

WINSTON/FLUFF: You know, I want a pink that's like, perfectly round, you know?