

C-RED-IT5: This is C-RED-IT5 with a special announcement. Due to galactic political upheaval, Emperor Bundaloy has cancelled X-Marse this year. Please enjoy this lost scene featuring the crew of the Bargarean Jade, which takes place before the events of the Battle of the Planet Crushers. Rodd bless us, every one.

[version of transition music with jingling bells throughout and a couple chimes at the end]

BEANO: [walking much more slowly than usual, sighing sadly] Eh... ehh.

PLECK: What's wrong, Beano?

[Beano sighs]

C-53: Beano, you're making a lot of indistinct sounds, is there something wrong?

[Beano sighs, farts sadly, and sighs again]

PLECK: Oh. Beano, that was the saddest fart I've ever heard from you.

BEANO: Beano... just wanna know what X-Marse is.

PLECK: Wait, Beano, you wanna know what X-Marse is?

BEANO: Beano heard Bargie talking about X-Marse.

BARGIE: Yeah, I was talking, I was in a conversation with my son, and I was like, "Why do I only have to call you on X-Marse, why can't I call you more and check up on you more regularly," and he's like, "I'm living my life, mom, I'm no longer an amusement park, I'm now a laser... tag park." Anyway, uh, but, uh...

C-53/PLECK: Hm./Huh.

BARGIE: ...X-Marse.

[Beano scampers over]

BEANO: Beano wanna know what X-Marse is.

PLECK: Well, Beano—

C-53: Well, Beano, X-Marse isn't for a few months, so...

BEANO: [deep, threatening, Beano-go-insane voice] Beano wanna know what X—

C-53: Oh! Okay, alright.

PLECK: Okay, okay. Listen, uh, Beano, X-Marse is a very special time of year, usually in the winter, where family and friends gather 'round. Uh, we open boots and have presents in them...

DAR: And on my planet, it involves killing one of your tribe.

PLECK: Mm-hmm.

C-53: And of course, that brings us all back to the meaning of X-Marse, which, as we all know—

PLECK/C-53/NERMUT: It's survival./Survival./Survival.

BARGIE: [crosstalk] Survival. We already know this, we've discussed it.

BEANO: Ohhh. [Beano scampers energetically] Beano wuv X-Marse!

NERMUT/C-53: Wow!/Yeah, no, it's—

PLECK: Hey, yeah! Y'know, Pleck love X-Marse too.

C-53: Yeah, it's—

NERMUT: He went from 0 to 100 on X-Marse.

BEANO: [petulantly] Beano wanna do X-Marse right now!

NERMUT/C-53/PLECK: Oh, well, that's not—Well, Beano, that's not really—/Uh... okay.

BEANO: Beano wanna do X-Marse right now—

NERMUT: [crosstalk] Yeah. Well, you'd have to have—you'd have to have—

BEANO: [deep, threatening] —or Beano go insane!

PLECK: Okay! Beano, listen—

C-53: Beano, usually you plan X-Marse, y'know, you buy—

PLECK: Yeah, you gotta buy everybody their boots—

C-53/PLECK: Boots, uh, for friends, and we—/And, uh, yeah, you know, you gotta—

BEANO: Beano think we should do X-Marse in Zistarkitarn. [farting noise]

PLECK: Oh... I mean, you know, that's kind of a fun, kinda kitschy thing to do.

C-53: Y'know, a lot of university students will have, uh, that kind of party.

PLECK: Yeah!

C-53: If you know "X-Marse in Zistarkitarn," it's...

PLECK: Yeah! Yeah. Well, you know what, Beano, great. Y'know, next time we pass, y'know, the Tiger Nebula Strip Mall, we'll hop in, grab some presents, we'll put some boots together—

BEANO: Beano—

BARGIE: I have—I have a bunch of boots.

PLECK: Wait, what?

BARGIE: I have a bunch of boots. You know, I've never opened them. I had a party back in the day, got a little wild, you know. So long ago we were still a democracy, before that was set on fire.

PLECK: Whoa, pre-monarchy.

C-53/NERMUT: Hm./Wow.

BARGIE: Yeah. So the police came, they raided the place, it was a crazy party.

PLECK: Wait—Bargie, when you say “the place,” you mean you.

BARGIE: Yeah. They raided the place. Uh, at that point, I had very low self esteem, I didn't consider myself a me, I considered myself a place.

NERMUT/C-53: Wow./Oh, that's so sad.

BARGIE: Anyway, I still have all the boots.

C-53: Hm.

PLECK: Oh. Whoa!

[something clicks open]

BARGIE: Let me just shove 'em out—

[boots start spilling out]

BEANO: Ooooooh!

C-53/PLECK: Bargie! Bargie!/Bargie—

[a few more boots tumble out]

NERMUT: [muffled] Wow! Ow! Ack—

C-53: Bargie, there are dozens of these.

BARGIE: Yeah, we didn't get to open 'em.

PLECK: Bargie, you've hel—you've—

NERMUT: [climbing out of the boots] Get these boots off me!

PLECK: Nermut, why are you always standing under the delivery chute?

NERMUT: Oh, you know, you never know when you're gonna get something delivered! But it's—I mean, I'm in a pile of boot.

PLECK: Ugh. Get outta there.

BARGIE: I apologize for the dust and the smell, but lemme tell ya, that party was crazy. Ahhhhh, it was a crazy party.

PLECK: You know, I don't know if we should be opening these boots. These are—these are like collector's i—some of these belong to celebrities.

BEANO: Oh, Beano open 'em.

DAR/PLECK/C-53/NERMUT: Whoa!/No, Beano—oh.../Oh, whoa, that's—well, there we go./Whoa—oh—okay.

[Beano rips into the boot, then sighs sadly and shakes it out]

PLECK: Oh. Wow.

BEANO: [disappointed] Drugs.

PLECK: That's just a pile of drugs.

DAR: Wow.

BARGIE: Yeah, that was LaCraine LaCrosse's.

PLECK/C-53: Yeah, yeah./Hm.

DAR: But it's, uh... it's the wrong color.

C-53: Yeah, well, this dust has clearly, uh... gone bad, and has just become... dust, as you see.

PLECK: Hmm. Yeah, that'll happen.

C-53: Yeah.

DAR: Uh... open another!

[Beano opens another boot and makes interested noises]

PLECK: Oh, wow!

C-53: It's a cape.

[Bargie and Pleck snicker]

DAR: It's a little big for you, but you could grow into it.

BEANO: [running circles] Oooh, Beano love statement pieces.

BARGIE: That was probably from Lin-Lin Manoh.

PLECK: Oh.

BARGIE: He was a real nasty little piece.

BEANO: Ooh, ooh!

PLECK: You know, Beano, a lot of the time—

DAR: We all take turns...

PLECK: We all take turns opening boots, that's kind of—

DAR: Yeah, yeah.

C-53: You don't just open a bunch of boots in a row.

BEANO: [opening another boot] Beano open another boot.

DAR/C-53/PLECK: Okay./Okay. Well. Very good./Okay. Rude.

BEANO: [disappointed] Eh... another boot.

C-53: Hm.

DAR: Wow, a boot inside a boot!

BEANO: It's a nesting boot.

PLECK: Okay, sure. Yeah.

DAR: Okay.

BARGIE: Wait, open up the one that's been making noises, it's been driving me crazy for such a long time.

PLECK: There's something that's still activated in one of these boots?

[Beano scampers over and unzips the boot]

[something inside wheezes and gasps]

PLECK: Ah! Ugh!

CREATURE: [gasping] Kill me!

PLECK/C-53: Oh no!/Oh boy.

[Beano whimpers and runs away]

CREATURE: Kill me!

PLECK/C-53: That's—oh boy, wow./Oh boy. Oh, wow. Um—

CREATURE: Kill me!

PLECK: That's not—uh...

DAR: Uhhh... you opened it, Beano, do as that tiny... creature says.

CREATURE: Kill me!

C-53: Well, shouldn't we see if this thing has family, or...

CREATURE: Kill me!

DAR: Oh, no. It's been trapped in a boot for—

CREATURE: Kill me!

C-53: 90 years?

PLECK/BARGIE: Yeah./Yeah, that's about right.

NERMUT: Uh, Beano, this is part of X-Marse where if, you know, if a very suicidal being has been trapped, sort of genie-like in there, you do have to kill it.

BEANO: [running back over] But... isn't meaning of X-Marse... survival?

PLECK: Well, it's our survival.

NERMUT: Yeah, well.

BEANO: Oh, okay.

PLECK: At the expense of others, if necessary.

DAR: Yeah.

CREATURE: Kill me.

DAR: You know what might actually help set the X-Marse mood? Why don't we throw on the Holomark channel? There's just hour after hour after hour of senseless X-Marse holos to watch.

C-53: And they start that earlier and earlier every year, so... we might get lucky.

DAR: Oh my gosh. Yeah.

PLECK: And a lot of them—a lot of them star Bargie.

[sound of static, playback begins]

[old-timey violin soundtrack music]

HOLO BARGIE: Oh, what a beautiful X-Marse Eve. I can't wait until I get my X-Marse kiss underneath the... salacious rock.

DAR: [gasps] Bargie! Bargie, that's you!

BARGIE: Yeah, I'm in most of 'em.

C-53: Oh my Rodd—is that that same guy from the boot?

HOLO CREATURE: Kill me!

HOLO BARGIE: I'm not gonna kill you!

HOLO CREATURE: Just—just kill me!

HOLO BARGIE: No! Tomorrow's X-Marse Eve. You can't kill someone. It's about survival. Not about our own survival, but the survival of everybody.

HOLO CREATURE: Happy X-Marse!

HOLO BARGIE: Happy X-Marse. Buy the merch!

[playback stops]

NERMUT: Beano, we might've gotten that wrong earlier when we told you to kill that guy.

DAR: Riiiiight.

NERMUT: Yikes.

PLECK: Yeah.

C-53: Well, you know, times change, so.

PLECK: Sure, it was a different time.

DAR: Yeah, it was 90 years ago.

BEANO: Beano still not know—what is X-Marse?

DAR: Uhhh...

PLECK: Uh, listen, Beano, I gotta tell you, X-Marse is pretty much what we've done.

NERMUT: Yeah.

DAR: It's—it's boots...

C-53: You open some boots, you watch some Holomark Channel...

PLECK: Yep. Uh...

BEANO: But Beano think there must be... more to X-Marse.

NERMUT: I mean, I think it's a lot about... you have rough relationships with your family, and you try to fix that through what ends up being like, pretty poorly thought out gift.

PLECK: Mm-hmm.

NERMUT: It's always inside the same thing, a boot. Um...

C-53: To be honest, it's not a great receptacle for most gifts.

NERMUT: Yeah.

DAR: Yeah.

[keyboard clacking, buttons being pressed, beeping]

BARGIE: Hey, can someone stop Roger from touching all my buttons? Uh, we were—he wasn't my favorite co-star, we do not get along, the reason why he's in that boot—

CREATURE (ROGER): [crosstalk] Kill me!

C-53: O—Okay.

ROGER: Gotta be a way out.

[Dar laughs]

C-53: Roger—Roger, we can drop you off wherever you want, just... let us know—

ROGER: Uh. Death!

PLECK/C-53: No, Roger, certainly there's—/Oh, Roger, that—

BARGIE: Ah, he's been like this forever.

PLECK: Certainly, Roger—

[Roger opens the bathroom door]

ROGER: Got it!

[the toilet flushes]

PLECK: [yelling] Oh, Roger, nooooo!

NERMUT: Oh! Oh.

BARGIE: Ahh, he went down the toilet. Alright.

NERMUT: He got what he wanted.

BEANO: But—but really... [cheekily] what is X-Marse?

C-53: Hey, Beano, I guess—

DAR: Well, Beano, think about it. Usually at X-Marse, you're stuck with your family, and—I mean, this—

PLECK: Yeah. You've probably—probably been drinking.

DAR: And this group of people is definitely as close to family as any of us are gonna get, and...

BARGIE: And you can't stop thinking about the people who you were with, what they're doing on X-Marse now, with other people...

DAR: Oh yeah, you're always thinking about other people who you think are having a better time because they're projecting it on social holo...

PLECK: Sure, sure.

NERMUT: Right.

BEANO: Beano know. But... what IS X-Marse?

[Pleck laughs, Dar sighs]

BARGIE: Yeah, this is it.

C-53: Okay, Beano, I need you to just explain: what do YOU mean by “what is X-Marse?”

BEANO: [mysteriously] Beano know.

NERMUT: Oh boy.

PLECK: Okay. Listen, uh, Beano—

DAR: I do need a drink now, I feel like THAT's in the X-Marse spirit.

BARGIE: Oh, I have some of those, they're from that party.

[something clicks open, bottles clink]

DAR: Oh!

NERMUT/PLECK: Oh, wow./Oh, wow.

BARGIE/NERMUT: Yeah, yeah, I think—/Oh—oh, yeah!

C-53: That—that might not be good anymore.

PLECK: Aged in the bottle.

DAR: Wow!

NERMUT: Toss one of those over here!

BEANO: Ooh, ooh! [runs to the bottles and drags one back over to Nermut]

DAR: I mean, they're all giant jugs with just, three x's on them.

[bottle uncorks]

C-53: Oh, here you go.

[Nermut starts guzzling]

DAR: Can't really toss that over.

PLECK: Wait, was this—this was a prohibition era bar?

BARGIE: Yeah, what am I gonna say.

PLECK: Wow. Listen, uh, Beano—

[Nermut's empty bottle clinks on the floor]

C-53: Nermut, did you drink that whole jug?

NERMUT: [drunkenly] Ehhh, yesh.

[Bargie giggles]

NERMUT: [stumbling] Heh.

C-53: What happened to your teeth?

[Nermut laughs and stumbles around]

PLECK: Okay.

C-53: Nermut—

NERMUT: [stumbles into a control panel] I suddenly know a dance.

PLECK: Okay. You know—you actually don't know—

NERMUT: [slurring] Watch this—the X-Marse dan—[glass is knocked over and it smashes]
Ope! I'm fallin' over. [Nermut falls to the floor]

PLECK: Yeah, you don't know a dance.

NERMUT: Okay. You guys? In about 20 minutes, get me up.

BEANO: Beano wanna hear the story of X-Marse.

BARGIE: Oh, okay.

PLECK: Uhhh... well, y—

C-53: Well, you know, Beano, a year ago we had a... very good fortune of meeting an amazing man by the name of Rip Seeso.

NERMUT: [lisp[ing drunkenly] Rip Theetho!

C-53: Okay.

DAR: [laughing] Just keep drinking, sweetie.

[Nermut starts gulping down another bottle]

DAR: Okay.

C-53: And... he told us... he told us some wonderful stories about the true meaning of X-Marse. So maybe, if we remember Rip Seeso's words... that might help.

PLECK: Yeah! You know, C-53, maybe you could play back a story that Rip Seeso told us about X-Marse, um... you know, maybe one that was cut for time.

C-53: Hm. I believe I have one of those.

PLECK: Mission time, cut for mission time.

C-53: Yeah, of course. Yeah. No, we all understood what you were saying.

BEANO: Ooh, Beano wuv editing.

C-53: Um, Beano... enjoy.

[playback begins]

URCHIN DROID: Tell us about the first X-Marse, then, Mr. Seeso.

RIP SEESO: Rip Seeso.

URCHIN DROID: Oh, Mr. Rip Seeso.

RIP SEESO: Thank you. Thank you.

URCHIN DROID: Yes, Rip Seeso.

RIP SEESO: Would you like to hear the story of the very first X-Marse?

PLECK: That'd be great, yeah.

DAR: We would, yeah!

RIP SEESO: Well. Long, long ago, before anyone was born except the people in the story, there was a decree sent out from the center of the galaxy. That galaxy's ruler said, "I want to do a census. I want to know every creature that lives in the galaxy. I want to know their name, their ethnicity, their height and weight."

PLECK: Oh! That's—

RIP SEESO: "I want to know their political affiliations—"

PLECK: Hmm.

RIP SEESO: "I want to know their eye color. I'd like to know... what kind of sex they have, how often—"

PLECK: Yeah.

RIP SEESO: "And is it dirty."

URCHIN DROID: That's a thorough census, that is.

RIP SEESO: It was a very thorough c—

C-53: [in the Tiny TM frame, with a dubious British accent] Quite similar to the work we do, to be perfectly honest.

PLECK: Yeah, I mean, honestly, that sorta sounds like the Federated Alliance.

DAR: Ah, I was waiting for you to make this about you, Pleck. It felt like—it—it—

PLECK: To be fair, C-53 brought that up first.

DAR: It really—it really felt like you were just—

PLECK: [crosstalk] You didn't call C-53 out for saying that!

DAR: —ITCHING to say, [in a fancy voice with a horse whinny at the end] "I do the same thiiing!"

PLECK: Is that what you think my voice sounds like?

DAR: Yes.

C-53: Yes, that's quite close to how you sound. [imitating Dar's voice but with the Tiny TM accent] "I like to do this!" That's a pretty good Pleck.

PLECK: Alright. Continue, Rip Seeso.

RIP SEESO: So... there was this couple. This young couple. And they was... with child. Not both of 'em, they weren't that sort of species, it was just the one, the female one was great with child.

C-53: And collectively, the couple—

RIP SEESO: Exactly. Right.

C-53: "We're with—" Yeah.

RIP SEESO: Like, that's what they'd say to their friend, like, "We're with child!"

C-53: "We're with child," yeah.

DAR: Ugh, hate couples that do that.

C-53: Ugh.

DAR: Ugh. Really disgusting.

C-53: [emphatically] I hate this couple.

[Dar laughs]

RIP SEESO: Well, now. it's still early in the story. Don't judge them. Don't write them off just yet.

DAR: Alright. It's gonna take a lot to turn this around for us, though.

RIP SEESO: Understood. So, this young couple, their names were... Geranius and Mertzoid. Geranius and Mertzoid had to go back to their own planet... Beezlehem. They had to go there to be counted on the home planet, right? And talk about their sex lives and how tall they were. [Rip Seeso sighs] Wouldn't you know? There was no room at the space port for them. And so, they went to talk to the quartermaster of the space port, who said, "I don't have any room for you, but you can get in that garbage compactor. And I'll tell you what, I won't press the button to smush you with the walls."

PLECK: Common problem.

RIP SEESO: It is a common problem.

DAR: And very generous of that quartermaster, I must say.

URCHIN DROID: I've been smushed in a garbage 'pact, I 'ave.

PLECK: Is that why one of your legs is shorter than the other?

URCHIN DROID: No. That's from the story, that's why my legs are shorter.

PLECK: We didn't get to that part of the story, so I wasn't sure if—

[the urchin droid hobbles over and kicks Pleck]

PLECK: Ow! Owww.

C-53: Maybe if you stop bringing it up so much they won't kick you quite so frequently.

RIP SEESO: You shouldn't have brought it up, sir.

PLECK: You're right. I'm sorry. Sorry, continue. So they got in the garbage compactor...

RIP SEESO: The garbage compactor. There's Mertzoid. She's about to give birth. It's her time to birth this youngling that she's got inside of her. Mertzoid was a Tellurian, so...

PLECK: A Tellurian!

RIP SEESO: Yeah.

PLECK: Oh, the story's about Tellurians, that's great!

DAR: Pleck! Why—what?

C-53: Is that the only way you can understand the story, if is there a Tellurian?

PLECK: Sometimes it helps me understand things if I can envision it in a way that I can relate to.

URCHIN DROID: That's unconscious bias, that's what that is! [kicks Pleck]

PLECK: Ow!

[short pause]

PLECK: Rip Seeso, please continue your story.

RIP SEESO: So Mertzoid gives birth to a beautiful child. Now this child was beloved by many, for many thought that perhaps his child had the—the power to—to unite the entire galaxy. That this child would one day grow up to become a great teacher, and by example, show everyone the true meaning of X-Marse.

PLECK: [strangled] Oh—

RIP SEESO: But... the child got lost in the rubbish.

PLECK: Oh no.

RIP SEESO: It was born and then just... slipped down in that garbage. And they never found him. Rumor has it... he's still around.

PLECK: That seems like the least likely scenario.

DAR: I loved it.

PLECK: That seems—I mean, almost definitely not still arou—if it was the first X-Marse... I can't imagine—

C-53: Oh, I'm sorry, Ambassador Decksetter. Were you there? Were you there in the garbage compactor?

PLECK: No. No.

RIP SEESO: Wait, were you, sir?

PLECK: No, no, no. No, I wasn't.

RIP SEESO: Oh. Thought we had a lead.

URCHIN DROID: It's a mysterious 'oliday, X-Marse is.

[playback end sound]

BARGIE: Well, that was dark.

PLECK: Yeah, not the s... not the most upbeat.

BEANO: Ooh, Beano wuv it!

PLECK: Do you understand, Beano, now, what X-Marse is?

BEANO: [ambiguously] Beano know.

BARGIE: Hey, I actually, uh, got a boot in my mail... hatch. Couple days ago.

PLECK: What? Really?

C-53: A couple days ago? It's the middle of Zistarkitarn.

BARGIE: And, uh... I know, but sometimes, you know... mail comes across the universe very fast or slow depending on how much postage you put on it, and this one was—

C-53: [crosstalk] Sure. Sometimes, yeah.

PLECK: [crosstalk] Sure. If you ship—

DAR: Oh, and I mean, what priority you set it at.

PLECK: Yeah, I mean, if you ship it ground, it's not gonna get here.

DAR: Yeah.

C-53: Yeah, Rodd help you if you go for the Super Saver shipping.

PLECK: Sure.

C-53: You don't know when that's gonna get there.

BARGIE: So here it is. I mean—

[delivery chute opens, boot falls on Nermut]

NERMUT: Ow! Ah—zh—just tell me—

PLECK: Nermut, you have to get out of the w—don't st—

C-53: Just stand aside!

NERMUT: I don't know when it's gonna be something good!

PLECK: It's always gonna be something that hits you!

NERMUT: What if it's just like, a blanket?

PLECK: You think Bargie would receive a shipment of an—a—a loose blanket.

NERMUT: I mean...

C-53: Well, why don't you open it.

NERMUT: Okay. I guess I earned it. [Nermut unzips the boot]

PLECK: Wait, guys, hold on a second. This boot is from Miss Janelle Fitzmeyer.

DAR: No kidding!

PLECK: "To the crew of the Bargarean Jade, xoxo."

NERMUT: Wow!

C-53: There's a little holo attached.

NERMUT: Okay.

PLECK: Huh.

[playback begins]

JANELLE: [sound of pen writing in the background] Joy, joy, joy. 'Tis a season of grace and truthfulness. Hello dear Pleck, C-53, Dar, Nermut, Bargie, and of course, Beano, treasured friends. I thought I would send you a very early X-Marse update. This past year since I've seen you last, I have lost 46 etons of weightlessness. That is very good for my blood pressure. I also took up percussion. [quick drum solo ending with a cymbal, writing sounds resume] Well, please enjoy the bebops and zuzus that I made for you in this nice little tin box. I also included a two-kroon coin, and it's from a very rare issue year, so I hope you enjoy that. All is well with the C.L.I.N.T.s. They are not as smart as they used to be, uh, something is a little off, but we thought we would add something fun this year to their programming, and that's hip-hop dancing. I also thought you'd enjoy knowing that. You are always welcome to visit me here. I do have a trundle bed in my guest room that will sleep three, so I hope to see your beautiful faces soon. Alright. Ta-ta, love love, kiss kiss, hug hug. Janelle Fitzmeyer.

[playback ends]

PLECK: Oh...

NERMUT: She is so nice...

PLECK: She really just is the best. She's just—she's an empath, you know?

C-53: Yeah, we were lucky to have met her at all.

NERMUT: Right!

DAR: Very sweet. Very very sweet.

PLECK: Yeah!

NERMUT: Yeah.

BARGIE: Wow. Oh! Well, since we're all gathered here today, there's a new song by Pee-Nee Gorno.

NERMUT: Really!

PLECK: Interesting.

BARGIE: It's from his holiday X-Marse album that came out—

DAR: Oh yeah!

PLECK: Is he—

BARGIE: —now, because I think—

C-53: Yeah, critics described it as “extremely ill-advised.”

[playback start sound]

PRODUCER: Alright, Pee-Nee, we are rolling. So... whenever you're ready.

[upbeat acoustic guitar begins playing]

PEE-NEE: [singing, jingling bells] Come gather 'round, children, and open your boots... I got a X-Marse surprise for one of you-sss, it's my new X-Marse album, you're listening right now... I got a lot riding on this project because I've been down, financialllyyy... I'm very vulnerable and I need no—

[bells cut out, guitar plays a couple awkward chords and drops out]

PEE-NEE: [with a slight British accent] Wh—why are we stopping? Why are we stopping?

[playback end sound]

DAR: I mean, there is nothing more X-Marse than a kroon-grab holiday song.

BEANO: [adoringly] Ooh, Beano wuv a kroon grab.

NERMUT: I had imagined he was just kind of stoned to death at that concert.

PLECK: Hmm.

NERMUT: He made it out!

PLECK: He survived.

NERMUT: Yeah.

BEANO: [tenderly] Ooh, Beano wuv X-Marse. And Beano wuv all of you.

NERMUT: Whoa.

PLECK: Oh!

DAR: Aww.

C-53: Aw.

PLECK/NERMUT: Thanks, Beano./Thanks, Beano!

DAR: Beano, you are certainly growing on all of us.

PLECK: Yeah, you know, Beano we really thought—

BEANO: Kids love me!

PLECK: —you were gonna be gone after a couple missions, but turns out you were... around for a long time.

BEANO: [celebratory] Eh! Eh!

PLECK: And when you're gone—IF you're gone—

[Dar laughs]

BEANO: Eh?

PLECK: Huh?

[short pause]

PLECK: We'll probably miss you.

BARGIE: And I'll never ditch any of you, ever. Definitely... not.

PLECK: Aw, thanks, Bargie, that means a lot.

DAR: Wow.

PLECK: Happy X-Marse, everybody.

NERMUT: Happy X-Marse.

[Beano farts and runs away]

C-53: Rodd bless us, every one.

[the bathroom door slides open]

ROGER: [rising from the toilet] Kill me!

PLECK: Oh no! Whoa! Where did you come from?

NERMUT: Whoa, wait, wait, what?

DAR: Wait, wait, wait—

ROGER: Kill me!

C-53: He crawled back up the toilet!

ROGER: [splashing] Kill me!

[end credits music]

[outtake begins]

PLECK/ALDEN: Nermut, what's in—what's in that boot?

NERMUT/SETH: Oh, okay! Just gonna dig in here... Oh, it's just a sausage.

DAR/ALLIE: Mm-hmm.

ADVERTISER/MOUJAN: [shouting like an obnoxious radio DJ] You get ten percent off at Sausage Land, down by the arena skate center off of Route 77882!

NERMUT/SETH: Wow, this sausage is also an audio coupon.

ADVERTISER/MOUJAN: Who loves sausage? WE-iner love sausage! D'you get that? D'you know what we just did?

NERMUT/SETH: Yeah, I get the joke—

ADVERTISER/MOUJAN: Who loves sausage? WE-iner love sausage!!!

NERMUT/SETH: [crosstalk] Yep. Got it.

ADVERTISER/MOUJAN: And now it's fifty percent off, this weekEND!!!

NERMUT/SETH: Honestly, a good deal. Wow.

PLECK/ALDEN: Bargie, I'm surprised at how many of the items in these boots are, like, still... kickin', you know?

BARGIE/MOUJAN: Yeah.