

[orchestral main theme music begins]

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 meet weird bug creatures and stuff. This... is Mission to Zyxx.

[theme music comes to a climax, then ends]

BARGIE: Hey, Pleck?

PLECK: Oh, uh, yeah, Bargie, what's up?

BARGIE: Pleck, you have those, uh... those scrolls, right? Those, like, magical little scrolls that... do magic and stuff?

PLECK: Oh, y'know, I'm glad you asked, Bargie. I don't think the scrolls themselves are magical. I think it's more—

BARGIE: Is there like a formula for you to change the shape of a ship? Can you like—

PLECK: Yeah, they're not magic. They're not really spells.

BARGIE: Like, gimme a couple hocus pocus?

PLECK: No.

BARGIE: No? Then why are you carrying around a lot?

PLECK: Uh... I decided to pick up a second wood saber for like, tight quarters. [swooshing stick noise] So it's like a, sort of, close combat wood sa—

C-53: I'm not sure that qualifies as a full-fledged saber, then.

PLECK: Okay, well, it's sort of like a wood dagger.

BARGIE: So, to clarify, let me just take everything you said back. You can't... do anything.

PLECK: You know, Bargie, let me actually read to you a little bit from these ancient scrolls.

BARGIE: [sarcastic] Fantastic.

PLECK: Okay. [clears throat] Uh, just to kinda give you an idea, 'cause I feel like they're more just, like, prophecies that I kinda need to unpack. So, um, here—here's one of the scrolls: [sound of page turning] "Candyman tempting the thoughts of a sweet tooth tortured by the weight loss program, cutting the corners, loose end, loosened, cut cut on the fence, could not to offend. Cut cut, cut cut."

BARGIE: Umm...

AJ: Yeah, that's the stuff.

BARGIE: That's just... garble, uh...

PLECK: Well, I think it's—

AJ: Those are sacred texts.

PLECK: Yeah, there's a message hidden in there somewhere.

BARGIE: Yeah, this is not magic. Okay.

C-53: "Could not to offend" doesn't make any sense.

PLECK: Okay, but what if you COULD not? To offend.

AJ: What if you said it fast, like "could-not-to-offend"? Like that?

C-53: No, that sounds even more annoying.

BARGIE: So... you can't do anything.

PLECK: Ah—no, listen—okay—

BARGIE: It's all... It's like finally, I had, like, a magical being inside of me who could change my shape and make me disappear so I could continue with all the horrible things I've done in the past couple months just... under the rug.

PLECK: Oh boy. Bargie, you know, maybe we can—maybe we can talk about, like, upgrading some of your equipment. Maybe we can change your hull a little bit, would—how about that?

BARGIE: I'm not exchanging money in public.

PLECK: Oh. Okay.

C-53: That's a very specific restriction, Barge.

PLECK: Yeah, is that—

BARGIE: No one will see any kroon hovering between me and space.

PLECK: Wait, Bargie, when you pay for something, do you—do you shoot the kroon through space at whoever you're paying?

BARGIE: Yeah. Of course. Wait, what do you think I am, huh?

PLECK: Okay. I'm just saying that—

BARGIE: I have a very limited amount of kroon, and Dar is in charge of it right now, okay?

PLECK: Wait, Dar's in charge of your kroon?

DAR: Yeah.

PLECK: Oh!

DAR: I'm very good with money.

PLECK: Well, you invested a literal pile of kroon into bitkroon and lost it all, so...

DAR: That's just numbers, okay?

PLECK: Huh. You never divested from bitkroon?

DAR: No, no, 'cause it's gonna spike right back up.

PLECK: [skeptical] Ehh...

C-53: It's been sort of a while. You'd think it would have... spiked by now.

DAR: Well, here's the thing. With the Emperor... everything's in flux, you know... but if you wanted to invest...?

PLECK: Okay.

DAR: Maybe...?

PLECK: Is this also in bitkroon?

DAR: Now, actually, YOU would be investing in a side venture that I'm working on.

PLECK: Uhhh... okay.

DAR: It's called itty-bitty kroon.

PLECK: Okay, I don't want that. I—a Zima doesn't need money.

C-53: Papa Decksetter, if you don't have any kroon, how did you get your wood dagger?

PLECK: I would say I, uh, created my wood dagger, you know, just sort of by snapping it off one of the trees that was in the parking lot of the library. [pronounced li-BRAR-ee, as in episode 303, A Quiet Place]

C-53: Uh-huh, and you created that branch that you snapped off?

PLECK: No no no, I created the wood dagger by snapping the branch.

C-53: Okay.

AJ: [dragging a massive log, leaves/branches scraping the ground] I made one too!

PLECK: Oh, AJ, that's—that's way too big.

AJ: Look at mine! Look at mine! [AJ swings the log and it starts hitting things]

DAR: Wooow.

PLECK: Ah! AJ! You cannot swing that around in here.

C-53: How did you get that on the ship without us noticing?

[sound of something breaking]

AJ: Ah! Oh...

DAR: Oh, sweetheart...

PLECK: AJ, how are you—how are you lifting that... log? You're very strong.

AJ: I was genetically bred to be stronger. Faster. [AJ drags the log across the ground] Nubile.

C-53: [incredulous] "Nubile?"

PLECK: Okay.

[AJ chucks the log into a corner and dusts off his hands]

BARGIE: Everyone be quiet. We are passing by a ship I know. Be quiet. Be quiet.

C-53/PLECK: Okay./Okay, alright.

BARGIE: Just, like, don't even say anything. I got a baaaaad history of investments. So I got involved 'cause I was like, how bad can it be? And it's bad. It's bad.

PLECK: Okay. Alright.

C-53: Okay... Bargie, there seems like a lot of that story we didn't get.

BARGIE: Shhh.

PLECK: Bargie, can they hear us in here?

[Bargie makes noises to get the crew to be quiet]

PLECK: [whispering] So the vacuum of space...

C-53: [whispering I would have thought they couldn't—the sound wouldn't travel from ship to—

BARGIE: [from multiple speakers at once] Shhh. Shhh. Shhh. Shhh.

C-53: Okay, okay. Alright. Okay.

BARGIE: Oh, nope. Oh, there's eye contact. [nervously preparing to improvise] Oh, no, okay, uh—[quick breathing]

BARGIE: [projecting out into space in a very fake cockney accent] 'Ello, my name is... Gorgie.

PLECK: [quietly] What?

BARGIE: [fake cockney] I'm just passing by... just passing by.

AJ: [whispering] That's not her name. Her name's Bargie.

C-53: [quietly] Yeah, AJ, we all—we all know that, yeah.

AJ: [whispering] Oh, okay!

BARGIE: [fake cockney] Goodbye.

BARGIE: [dropping the accent, relieved] Okay, they left.

PLECK: Bargie, don't you have, like, vocal simulators you can play? That sorta just sounded like your voice doing a voice.

BARGIE: I'm a real actor, you know? I don't use fake enhancers.

DAR: [supportively] Exactly!

BARGIE: There's nothing fake about me. You get what you get. If I'm gonna do another voice, it's me doing an impression. I can do anybody: Tell me, and I'll do it.

PLECK: Oh, uh... do, uh... do Nermut.

BARGIE: [with a much lower pitch and a dubious British accent] My name is Nermut.

PLECK: [crosstalk, laughing] No, that's the same voice—

BARGIE: [same voice] I'm a little thing. I like to dance.

AJ: [laughing too hard] Bang on, I love it! Okay, do me next! Do me next!

BARGIE: [after a long pause] Who's that?

AJ: Oh, hi!

[pause]

[incoming transmission sound]

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

PLECK: Hey, Nermut!

[sound of tornadas snarling]

NERMUT: [talking to someone off camera] Uh—yep! Okay, so, you guys, we have come to an agreement: you have five minutes left in the nest, and then it will be fully Nermut's nest for the day.

PLECK: Nermut, what are you doing with those tornadas?

NERMUT: Eh—huh? Oh, we came to, uh... we came to a sort of truce where they will not eat me if they are allowed to kind of, I guess, sublet.

[a tornada snarls and snaps, Nermut skitters away]

PLECK: So you have tornadas living in your nest?

C-53: So you're sharing your home with...

PLECK: Natural predators.

C-53: Yeah.

NERMUT: I mean, guys, this is working; the sharing economy is strong. And so—

C-53: Well, what—so what are you—what are you getting back from them?

NERMUT: Uh, they—so the exchange is, they're not tearing me tail from plume?

DAR: Nermut, do you need... money? Because... I have a little side hustle...

NERMUT: Uhhh... I—

DAR: ...uh, with itty-bitty-bitly kroon... and if you're—

C-53: Is this a new venture, Dar?

DAR: Yeah, yeah, this one's just for Nermut.

C-53: Okay.

NERMUT: Hmm. You know, Dar, I'm committed to being a breadwinner. And I may have no income, but I still, out of pride, will say no.

AJ: That's pretty regressive, man.

PLECK: Hmm.

DAR: Hmm. I see.

PLECK: Uh, Nermut, do we have a mission?

NERMUT: Yes. Tornadas—[shoos away the tornadas] Great. Alright. Alright, guys. I've been looking through the database and I found a planet: [whispers, with significance] Amber. I don't know if you know it?

PLECK: Uh, no.

C-53: No, can't say that I do.

NERMUT: Okay. It makes sense that you wouldn't because the inhabitants of this planet have never sided with any of the dominant galactic groups: They never aligned with the Monarchy, they never aligned with the Federated Alliance, they never aligned with the Rebellion, they have not aligned with the Emperor. So, this is a prime place for us to go in and establish contact with the local leader on behalf of the burgeoning battle against Wackness!

PLECK: Nermut, why would we have any confidence that the people of Amber would follow us? I mean, they've never declared any sort of allegiance before.

C-53: Yeah, you sort of assume they are people who just don't get behind big causes.

NERMUT: That's the thing: our cause is pretty little, and—

PLECK: I mean, that's—that's true.

NERMUT: You know, like, they seem like the kind of people want to get on the ground floor!

DAR: They want to get on the ground floor of something? I think we should definitely go... to this place.

PLECK: Dar, no, I don't—I don't think this is the kind of—

DAR: We need to get to Amber right away.

PLECK: Okay—

DAR: Barge?

PLECK: Listen, Bargie, Dar, I don't know what kind of scheme you're running right now, but we—we sort of have, like, a bigger—

DAR: [gasping indignantly] Ah! Ah! Ha! Scheme?!

BARGIE: Scheme?!

DAR: [in a bad impersonation of Bargie's terrible cockney accent] I don't knowww...

BARGIE: [with a bad cockney accent] I don't know...

PLECK: [exasperated] Dar—

DAR: [accent slightly traveling to Australia] I don't knowww...

PLECK: Okay.

[Bargie giggles]

DAR: I... I...

PLECK: Nermut?

NERMUT: Yeah?

PLECK: Just tell us where to go.

NERMUT: Alright guys, I'm going to give one of my collaborators, the tornada, the honor of pushing this button, which will send the coordinates...

PLECK: What—? Is the tornada—

C-53: Nermut—

NERMUT: What?

C-53: Nermut, it's just swiping at you.

NERMUT: [yelps, dodging the tornada] Ah—yah! No—I'm gonna put the Missionator in his face—[beep as coordinates come in] Ey, he did it!

PLECK: Oh, he did send the—he did send the coordinates.

[Nermut sighs in relief]

[ending transmission sound]

C-53: I'm a little worried about Nermut.

PLECK: I'm worried about... Dar.

[Dar laughs]

BARGIE: [in the same terrible cockney accent] I'm worried about Bargie.

PLECK: [laughing] Oh. Oh, no.

[transition music]

PLECK: Oh wow, Amber is beautiful! C-53, do you know anything about this place?

C-53: Well, historically, it's been sort of a cultural hub for various free thinkers, artists, dissidents, who all wish to exist outside the Monarchy, the Federated Alliance, the Rebellion...

DAR: This place is PERFECT. I just need to set up my projector, my slides, and I think I'm gonna help—

PLECK: [interrupting] Dar, do you have like a whole—you have like a whole system here.



DAR: Yeah, but I promise I won't fall behind. I only need to carry these three suitcases [Dar pats the suitcase]. You know, set up the equipment. I hope someone has a microphone I can borrow.

CITIZEN 1: [frantic, not waiting for any responses] Oh my Rodd, oh my Rodd, you're here! Whew, good! Okay, good. Have a nice day! Have a nice day, bye!

C-53: [bewildered] Oh, uh. Okay.

PLECK: Uh...

DAR: Where are they going?

C-53: They came up to us and left us so quickly.

PLECK: Oh. Alright.

AJ: I shoulda brought my wood saber.

PLECK: You don't really need that, we—

AJ: Shoulda brought it.

PLECK: Y'know, let's just go into this situation assuming—

CITIZEN 2: [running up, panting] Oh! Hey! Guys! Thank goodness you're here. Phew! Catch ya later. [runs off again]

PLECK: [crosstalk] Uh—hey, hi there—wha—uh...

C-53: [calling after the citizen] Uh, h—hello, who are you?

PLECK: Hm. Interesting.

DAR: [calling after the citizen] Are you interested in an investment?

PLECK: Dar... can we—let's wait until—

DAR: Pleck, I promised—

CITIZEN 2: [calling back to Dar from a distance] Maybe!

DAR: I promised Bargie. I promised Bargie.

PLECK: Okay, alright, fine.

C-53: [calling after the exiting citizen politely] Goodbye!

C-53: I'm searching my cultural database to see if this is a part of life here on Amber: Extremely Short Conversations... but I can't find anything for that.

PLECK: I think we need to try to find whoever's in charge here.

AJ-2884: So that looks like the biggest building. Should we head there?

PLECK/C-53: Yeah, honestly, that's probably a good idea./Hmm, that's probably a good bet.

[short transition music]

PLECK: Oh, wow, it's very nice in here. Very opulent.

AJ: [annoyed at having to point out the obvious] It's the biggest building.

DAR: [agreeing] Ornate!

PLECK: Uh, hello?

DAR: Ooh, wow. Listen to how your voice echoes in here, Pleck!

C-53: It seems like a municipal—

[a door opens]

GRANDMA: [politely] Hello?

C-53/PLECK/AJ: Oh!

GRANDMA: Hello?

[crew all give a short greeting in chorus]

GRANDMA: Oh, hi!

DAR: [impressed] Listen to how that response echoes in here!

GRANDMA: [pleasant, professional, like a politician] Hi! Wow! You guys—you're not from here.

PLECK: No, actually, we just landed. You know, we're uh, I-I'm Zima Knight Pleck Decksetter.

GRANDMA: Oh, okay!

PLECK: Uh, this is C-53, and Dar, and, uh, AJ.

GRANDMA: Wow! Hello, hello, hello. I am Grandma... the Third.

PLECK: Grandma the Third?

GRANDMA: Yes.

PLECK: Wow. Uh—

DAR: Pleasure.

GRANDMA: Hi!

PLECK: Are you—are you the leader of this world?

GRANDMA: Oh, my Rodd, no! I am not the leader. I am the City Councilwoman, so, you know. Yeah.

C-53: Oh, well that's, uh... that's actually also ver—of use to us, so.

PLECK: Yeah!

MELISSA: [whispery, quavery, terrified] Uh, Madam—Madam Councilwoman—

GRANDMA: [cheerfully] Yes, hi!

MELISSA: [voice still shaking] I—I brought the... the papers, uh, you requested.

GRANDMA: Thank you so much. These are late.

MELISSA: I know.

GRANDMA: Okay...

MELISSA: [hesitantly] I'm still here. [triumphantly] I'm still here!

PLECK: Uh...

[Melissa can be heard running away laughing.]

PLECK: Oh wow. Is—you know, City Councilwoman—should I call you City Councilwoman? Is that the right title? Or?

GRANDMA: Yeah, you can call me 'City Councilwoman', you can call me 'Ma,' you can call me 'Grandy,' you can call me 'Lady Who Lunches,' you know? Whatever you like, you know?

C-53: Yeah. Lot of options.

GRANDMA: You got a lot.

DAR: I really like 'Grandy.'

PLECK: How about, uh, 'Gam-Gam'? That's what—that's what I used to call my grandma.

GRANDMA: Well, I'm not a grandmother.

PLECK: Oh!

GRANDMA: To be clear.

PLECK: Okay.

C-53 [in his Explain-A-Thing-To-Pleck tone]: Yeah, 'Grandma' is her name.

GRANDMA: It's my name.

PLECK: Oh!

DAR: Right. Her title is 'Councilwoman.'

GRANDMA: That I was given.

PLECK: [quietly, wheezing a little] Councilwoman—

DAR: Her name is Grandma.

GRANDMA: Do I look like a grandmother to you?

C-53: Yes, she would be an absurdly young grandmother!

PLECK: No! I was gonna say you look ver—

AJ: Papa. Papa, you're being kind of problematic right now.

PLECK: Okay. Okay, never mind. Listen, uh, City Councilwoman, Grandma—

GRANDMA: Yes.

PLECK: We're actually trying to just get to know some of the planets here in the Zyxx Quadrant.

AJ: We're recruiting for a war!

PLECK: Okay, that's not actually—

C-53: [In the background] Oh wow... okay so... that's a hard sell.

AJ: WOOO!

GRANDMA: A war?!

AJ: [crushes a can] LET'S DO IT!

GRANDMA: What?

PLECK: Okay, this is AJ. Uh—

DAR: You'll have to excuse AJ. He's very stupid.

AJ: [slightly hurt] Whoa...

GRANDMA: Look... I don't know what kind of war you're sellin'. We don't want any of it here.

PLECK: Okay.

C-53: Yeah. Makes sense.

GRANDMA: Amber's people are for Amber.

PLECK: Yeah, that's —you know, that's really good.

DAR: Now, when you—when you refer to 'Amber's people,' um, it's hard to overlook the fact that this government building is empty.

GRANDMA: Well, it seems some folks are out sick!

PLECK: Huh.

MELISSA: [nervously] Councilwoman, sorry, I forgot, um...

GRANDMA: Yes?

MELISSA: There's one paper I forgot to include.

GRANDMA: [menacing] Wow. You forgot the paper!

MELISSA: I did forget one of the papers.

GRANDMA: Well, I'd walk slowly on your way home tonight.

MELISSA: [distressed] No, please. No. No, no, not—

GRANDMA: I'm just telling you what you should do: Walk slowly on your way home.

MELISSA: No, I'd rather hurry!

GRANDMA: Oh, enjoy it. Oh, enjoy it.

MELISSA: [as she walks away, whimpering] That sounds good. Walking...

GRANDMA: [glibly] She is one of my best friends. We are so close. That's Melissa. Me and Melissa joke. That's how we joke. You know, "Girls' Night", "Drinking Wine", et cetera.

C-53: She's—Melissa's really good at acting scared.

GRANDMA: Yeah.

PLECK: Can I just ask: How many other people work in the government building here?

GRANDMA: Oh, you know, upwards of uhhh... two... three...

PLECK: 'Two, three,' is that including you and Melissa?

GRANDMA: Me, Melissa...

PLECK: That's two.

[there is a squeaking sound]

GRANDMA: Oh, yes! And... that worm.

PLECK: I—does the worm work here? Or is the worm just here?

GRANDMA: The worm is on the payroll.

PLECK/C-53: Okay./Oh, okay.

PLECK: Interesting.

DAR: Oh.

GRANDMA: Mm-hmm.

WORM: [squeakily] Squeak squeak!

PLECK: Well—

WORM: Squeak squeak!

GRANDMA: [affably, to the worm] Hey there!

C-53: It just kind of mops that one part of the building?

GRANDMA: Yeah, it's—it's pretty important.

C-53: Yeah. Well, it looks great.

PLECK: Now, is it—is it... Do you find that just as a city councilwoman there's just not a need for a bigger staff, or?

GRANDMA: [vaguely] Well, the people have just been... uh... going away. Trips... you know.

AJ: How would you guys like to... go to WAR?

[AJ charges his weapon]

PLECK/C-53: [together, chidingly] AJ...

AJ: LET'S DO IT!

PLECK/C-53: Listen, you can't—/AJ, you can't—

AJ: WOO!

C-53: Can you read the room?!

PLECK: You can't—you can't jump on that.

[pause]

AJ: Okay, how would I even... do that?

C-53: Okay. AJ...

DAR: Oh right, AJ doesn't know how to read, so...

C-53: Yeah.

AJ: No, I didn't say that. I didn't say that.

DAR: Hey, Pleck, can I borrow one of your daggers real quick?

PLECK: Well, sure. Yeah. Be careful!

[Dar waves the wood dagger in front of AJ]

DAR: [speaking in an excited tone, the way one might speak to a dog] AJ, look at the stick! Look at the stick.

AJ: Oh! Hold on, that's an ancient weapon—

DAR: [enticingly, waving the dagger] Ohhh! Ohhh! Ohhh—

AJ: Okay, I'm following it with my eyes—

PLECK: [crosstalk, hesitantly] Dar, you need to—Dar, you need to give me my wood saber back—okay—

DAR: Okay, go get it! [throws the dagger]

AJ: Yay! Alright! I'll be right back.

[AJ runs off and steps on the worm]

[the worm screams sadly]

[Grandma gasps]

PLECK: Aww, AJ!

C-53: AJ...

GRANDMA: What...?!

C-53: [disappointed] AJ... [C-53 sighs]

GRANDMA: Oh, my goodness!

PLECK: That's a third of the staff of this City Hall.

C-53: Councilwoman Grandy, I am so sorry.

GRANDMA: Oh... Melissa! Melissa!

[in the distance, Melissa makes nervous noises and starts walking over]

GRANDMA: Melissa, I need you to take over Lil'—Lil' Inch's job.

MELISSA: Oh, really?

GRANDMA: Yeah.

MELISSA: So just washing up that one space?

GRANDMA: Yeah, you have to wash the one space.

[Melissa makes nervous noises]

MELISSA: [nervously] Okay!

GRANDMA: And do your job still!

[Melissa makes a stressed keening noise]

MELISSA: Okay, and I'll just walk really slow!

GRANDMA: Yes.

MELISSA: And I won't be disappeared!

GRANDMA: Yes, you better walk slow!

PLECK: I'm sorry-

[Melissa retreats making high pitched sounds of stress]

C-53: And this is just that "fun game" you play with Melissa.

GRANDMA: [laughs] Yes! Melissa!

[Melissa laughs nervously while mopping]

GRANDMA: You get it, right?

DAR: Real quick, Councilwoman Grandy, I'm just gonna pull my two friends aside here. And... talk. Talk to them privately.

PLECK: Yeah, just one second. Just one second, Grandy, if you don't—don't mind.

[Dar laughs nervously]

GRANDY: Oh, sure! Sure, sure!

[the crew moves off to the side]

DAR: Guys, listen.

C-53: Mm-hmm.



DAR: This place is giving me the creepiest vibes!

PLECK: Yeah, I don't know about this.

C-53: Yeah, something untoward does seem to be going on in this town.

[AJ returns]

AJ: Hey! I-I-I-I got the—I got the dagger!

DAR: [voice like they are speaking to a good dog] Oh yes, you did!

[AJ pants]

DAR: Who's a good boy?!

AJ: But here's—yeah, I am! But I just wanted—

DAR: [still as though speaking to a good dog] Who's a good boy?

AJ: I am, I'm the best! But, uh, I just wanted to say... something weird happened. I was getting the dagger. And I looked. I saw one of those people that we came in looking at? They were there. And then all of a sudden, they kinda got... disappeared.

PLECK: What—what do you mean, AJ?

C-53: What do you mean they “got disappeared?”

AJ: I—that's what—I don't know how else to say it. I guess I'm “reading the room.”

C-53: Well, that's not—

PLECK: “Got disappeared?”

C-53: That's not really what—

DAR: I can—not—no.

PLECK: Describe—AJ—AJ, describe what happened.

AJ: Well, they were there...

C-53: Uh-huh.

DAR: Uh-huh.

AJ: And they just... disappeared.

C-53: So they didn't “got disappeared,” they disappeared.

AJ: Well, I think that's the proper use... of that is, “got disappeared.”

PLECK: [crosstalk] I don't think it is...

C-53: I'm pretty sure that's not it.

AJ: They screamed and just vanished.

PLECK: Okay.

AJ: It was—

C-53: Well, that's—

[a door opens and a child enters]

THEO: [nervously] Uh... uh, G-Gran—Grandma, Grandy, Lady who Lunches, uh, Councilwoman, I...

GRANDMA: Yes?

THEO: [nervously] I cannot seem to f-find my parents.

PLECK: Oh no!

AJ: Hey, read the room pal!

PLECK: AJ, that's not what that means!

C-53: AJ, chill out.

GRANDMA: You can't find your parents?

THEO: I was with them...

GRANDMA: Uh-huh.

THEO: In our home?

GRANDMA: Mm-hmm.

THEO: And... they've always been there, until they were gone!

GRANDMA: Sure, sure, sure, sure.

THEO: [pleadingly] And I... would so like them back!

GRANDMA: Ohh! How about something else?

THEO: Uh, I—

GRANDMA: How about... a job!

THEO: Okay, I would—I believe there's a minimum age for—

PLECK: Seems pretty young for a job...

GRANDMA: And what's the age you are?

THEO: I—I am nine.

GRANDMA: Oh, that's a good age.

THEO: Thank you.

GRANDMA: We have an opening.

[Grandma picks up the mop, which drips on the floor]

THEO: Oh. Is this an extremely t-tiny mop?

GRANDMA: Yes. Little Inch used to clean that little area, and you're little with little hands.

THEO: [extremely nervous] Okay! Yes, yes! Scrub scrub scrub!

GRANDMA: Clean it up.

THEO: Yes, yes, yes!

GRANDMA: Clean it up!

THEO: Yes! Yes!

PLECK: I'm sorry to break in here, Councilwoman Grandy?

GRANDMA: Yes?

PLECK: Uh... listen, I don't want to get involved with whatever's happening on this planet—

GRANDMA: [politely, firmly] And you shouldn't.

PLECK: But what is happening on this planet?

AJ: Papa's right! [charges weapon] Get down on the ground, Grandy! Get down on the gr—uh—

[low-level humming, distortion]

AJ: [distorted] Uh-oh. I feel...weird.

PLECK: AJ!

C-53: AJ!

[AJ gets disappeared]

C-53: Okay...

GRANDMA: [completely unconcerned] Oh, no! Your friend! What happened? He was here, and then he was gone. Oh, no!

PLECK: [threateningly] Where is AJ?

GRANDMA: Ugh, your little annoying friend is gone! Oh, so sad.

C-53: Councilwoman Grandy, this feels disingenuous that you—

GRANDMA: [offended] I—What?! What?!

C-53: I—just seems like you DON'T really care what happened to our friend.

GRANDMA: I do care! I care about everyone who enters my planet! [Scrambles to correct herself] The planet!

PLECK: Wait, YOUR planet?

C-53: Wait wait wait—

GRANDMA: THE planet.

PLECK: You said “my planet.”

C-53: At first you said “my planet.”

DAR: You said “my planet.”

GRANDMA: Well, I—it's because I care about it so much.

C-53: Well, okay, here's what I'd like to know: what do you plan to do about all the people disappearing?

GRANDMA: Well, I plan to, uh, set up a search party to figure out where they're hiding.

C-53: Okay. Who—

PLECK: Who's gonna—who is gonna constitute this search party? I don't think anybody's left!

GRANDMA: Eh—

PLECK: I want to help. I wanna help find your townsfolk.

GRANDMA: Oh, okay.

PLECK: As a Zima Knight, I think I'm up to the task.

GRANDMA: Oh... well, uh... I guess you could go looking for them.

PLECK: Really?

GRANDMA: Sure! Go! Have a look! Have a nice mosey.

[short transition music]

[the crew is walking around outside]

PLECK: C-53, do you have any sort of scanners you can run to try to figure out what is happening to these people?

C-53: Hm. Unfortunately, I can't. This On-N-Off Yumbassador frame doesn't have any long-range lifeform scanners. I CAN run a scan for Bargie-style fries, if that's helpful.

PLECK: I don't think we need... that.

C-53: Oh.

PLECK: I guess let's just... make a sweep.

C-53: That's... insane optimism, they're clearly gone.

PLECK: Yeah. Yeah, they got disappeared. Is that grammatically correct? "Got disappeared?"

C-53: I mean... I was going to say "no," but seeing it happen in front of me... I mean, people get disappeared. That is... that's not inaccurate. So maybe it is.

PLECK: [laughing] I guess—I guess. It just doesn't sit right with me.

C-53: I don't love it either, but I think it's the best we've got for now.

MELISSA: [quietly trying to get the crew's attention] Psst! Psst! Heeey!

PLECK: Melissa!

C-53: Melissa.

MELISSA: [whispering] Hey! I can tell you where they are. First, you must cross... the Wailing Sands.

C-53/PLECK: Oh. That sounds.../Uh...

MELISSA: And then travel down... the Blister Gorge!

PLECK: Oh.

MELISSA: And then... cross over the dunes of Rai'Lu!

C-53: Okay, so we got Wailing Sands—

PLECK: Yep.

C-53: Blister Gorge.

MELISSA: If you could—

C-53: Dunes of Rai—

MELISSA: They're the signs, right over there, it's just—

C-53: Oh! Okay, those are just—

MELISSA: Street names.

C-53: Okay, I see. Wailing Sands Boulevard, Blister Gorge Court.

PLECK: Oh. So how far away are we talking?

MELISSA: 'S about four or five blocks.

PLECK: Okay.

C-53: Oh, okay, that's not—that's actually not that bad.

THEO: [still mopping] And if we go there, we'll find... my parents!

[the crew all exclaim in surprise]

PLECK/C-53/DAR: Oh! Oh./Oh, boy, wow./Oh... oh wow.

PLECK: Oh, wow. You are—I didn't see you.

C-53: You really... you really get underfoot, uh, fella.

THEO: Sorry, yes. I've just been scrubbing the sidewalk here under you.

PLECK: I don't think you have to do that.

THEO: Oh, no? Oh, thank goodness.

DAR: Also, why are you using such a tiny mop? That mop is for a worm. You should use a... a mop for a child.

THEO: I agr—I could not agree more.

PLECK: I can't believe they—I can't believe they make those.

THEO: No, this is—distinct different sizes, and I would love a child-sized mop. Um...

PLECK: What is your name?

THEO: I'm Theo.

PLECK: Theo. Theo, it's gonna be okay. We're gonna—we're gonna follow these, uh—

THEO: Oh, thank goodness, how do you know that?

PLECK: What?

THEO: You're sure it's gonna be okay? That's such a relief!

PLECK: Okay. No, I—that's just sort of something you say to a kid—

DAR: We really can't make that promise.

PLECK: Yeah, you s—it's something you sorta say to a kid when things look grim.

THEO: It's not gonna be okay?

PLECK: I-I—I can't make any promises.

C-53: Yeah. Theo, the future is an indefinite state, we can't know if it's going to be good or bad.

THEO: Oh, no! Nobody knows!?

PLECK: Well, nobody really—

C-53: Technically, no.

THEO: Nobody knows the future!?

DAR: Technically, no.

THEO: Not a big—adults??

DAR: We no know...

MELISSA: Follow me.

PLECK: You know, uh, Melissa, I just want to thank you for, you know, helping us out. I'm sure you did at a great peril.

[Melissa groans nervously]

PLECK: Y'know, if you're in trouble here, maybe we can help you take Grandy down!

MELISSA: Oh.

[short pause as everyone keeps walking]

MELISSA: Hey, Grandy, they're right over here!

PLECK: Oh, no.

MELISSA: Yeah, they were trying to undermine you!

PLECK: Melissa, why?

C-53: Melissa... this hurts.

[Melissa whimpers]

GRANDMA: [smugly] Hello, hello, hello. Melissa, I'm gonna give you a kiss.

MELISSA: [weakly] Thank you.

DAR: Oh.

PLECK: Wow, they're—

[Grandy gives Melissa a big smooch]

[low humming, distortion, Melissa screams]

[Melissa gets disappeared]

PLECK: Oh no!

C-53: Ohhh... that was a trick kiss!

PLECK: Kiss of a—Kiss of Got-Disappeared-ing.

GRANDMA: She took too long.

DAR: [disappointed] "Got-Disappeared-ing..." What are we doing to the language right now?

GRANDMA: Yes, it's "got disappeared." It's grammatically correct.

PLECK: I just feel like there's gotta be a better—

GRANDMA: [firmly interrupting] There isn't. And you know what? I'm gonna got-disappear ya, right now!

PLECK: No no no no no, listen. You're—

[humming, distortion, Pleck starts yelling]

GRANDMA: Here ya go! You're goin'! You're goin'! And you're gone.

[Pleck gets disappeared]

GRANDMA: Anyone else got comments?

C-53: Uh... I'm okay, actually, we're sort of alright.

DAR: Uh...

THEO: No.

GRANDMA: Well, you're all gettin' disappeared anyway! [distortion as C-53 and Dar start to get disappeared] Goodbye! Even the little boy!

[Theo whimpers]



GRANDMA: Say goodbye!

[Theo gets disappeared]

[Grandma sighs, there is a moment of peace]

GRANDMA: [contemplatively talking to herself] Ah, this is great. Oh, wow. It's crazy we got visitors. Oh, boy. I shouldn't have disappeared all of them. I really—I really want to have sex one of these days, it's been so long. I disappeared my only boyfriend. What were you thinking, Grandy? Damn.

GRANDMA: [takes a breath] Guess I better go back to work. You know there's potholes in this dang city I gotta fix. [mockingly] “Oh, we need the potholes fixed.” Ugh, your houses look like SHIT. Why should I fix your potholes? You don't take care of your house... Lucia!

[transition music]

[sound of a huge crowd of people in the background]

AJ: Papa!

PLECK: Ah! Ah—AJ!

AJ: Papa? Papa, can you hear me?

PLECK: Yes, I can hear you. AJ. Where—where are you?

AJ: [worried] Papa, can you see me?

PLECK: I can't—I can't see you, it—

AJ: I'm waving my arms!

PLECK: Oh. Okay, AJ—

TAKE-A-NUMBER BOT: Please take a number and wait in line.

[C-53 yells in the distance]

PLECK: Oh... okay—oh! C-53!

C-53: Oh, Pleck!

PLECK: You got disappeared!

C-53: I guess I did. Um... where... are we?

AJ: Do you guys want cutsies?

PLECK: Uh—

C-53: Huh?

AJ: Do you guys wanna cut in line?

PLECK: In front—in front of Melissa?

[Melissa laughs nervously]

PLECK: No, it's fine. Melissa, you don't have to—

MELISSA: We all have numbers, we don't want to get in MORE trouble.

TAKE-A-NUMBER BOT: Please take a number and get in line.

C-53: Okay. Just take this number... oh!

PLECK: Oh, Theo!

THEO: I—I can't reach—

PLECK: Are you alright?

THEO: Yes! Can—can—can you get my num—

C-53: Here, I'll—I'll get ya a number.

THEO: Oh, thank you!

C-53: Dar, are you sure you're not gonna take a number?

DAR: Uh, listen, I've got a little thing going on right here.

CITIZEN 3: So you're cutting this kroon into, like, little bitty-bitty-bitty tiny-tiny teensy-teensy little piec—

CITIZEN 4: Now, will it help us buy a house, or will it—

DAR: [confidently] Oh, it'll help you buy eight houses.

CITIZEN 3: Eight!?

CITIZEN 4: Okay, see, we don't know if we're gonna do that though, 'cause we can't leave right now.

CITIZEN 3: Right.

DAR: But you have to think about your future.

PLECK: Dar—

DAR: Where are you down the line? Literally and metaphorically.

CITIZEN 4: Here. I guess here.

CITIZEN 3: Both here.

PLECK: Dar, you know what, just catch up with us later, okay.

CITIZEN 3/CITIZEN 4: We're investing./We're investing.

PLECK: I understand that.

AJ: Papa. This place is crazy.

PLECK: Yeah. AJ, what is happening here?

C-53: This line is MILES long.

AJ: [in a "not to brag, but" voice] Well, I've done a little recon. You know, when I was a C.L.I.N.T., I used to be one of the best at recon. So, I asked the people in front of me, and they said that this line is for everyone who got disappeared.

PLECK: Okay, that's—

C-53: Okay, that was your—that was your recon?

That was a recount. I thought you were dead.

[familiar squeaking]

C-53: Little Inch!

PLECK: Little Inch!

C-53: [happily] Little Inch!

PLECK: I thought you were dead!

AJ: No. No, Little Inch was disappeared right when I stepped on him, at the moment of stepping.

C-53: Wooow.

PLECK: Oh, wow.

[Little Inch squeaks]

PLECK: Oh, thank Rodd, Little Inch is alive.

THEO: That means I don't even have a job.

PLECK: Oh, Theo, that's—that's not important.

C-53: Theo... that's what you're worried about? Theo, if we're here, that means your parents are in this line somewhere.

THEO: [on the verge of tears] MMMMMMOMMY?

C-53: I mean, she—she could be—

THEO'S MOM: Yeah?

[Theo cries out]

THEO'S MOM: [unenthused] Okay, well. We have a kid again, so.

STEVE: Oh boy.

THEO: Ah.. uh... I forgot how neglectful they were.

THEO'S MOM: [sighs] You didn't have to be so worried. Ugh, he gets that from you, Steve.

STEVE: You know what—

THEO: Somehow after they disappeared, I idealized my family in a way that seems so... untrue.

PLECK: Yeah, that happened—happened fast.

AJ: Well, based on my reconnaissance, we are in the Got Disappeared Department.

PLECK/C-53: Hmm.

AJ: It's a government building.

PLECK: Melissa, do you know anything about this place?

MELISSA: Well, we... you know, we voted for Grandy...

C-53: Uh-huh.

MELISSA: And on Amber, when you vote for a councilperson, you imbue them with a incredibly powerful form of telekinesis.

C-53: ...Why do you do that?

MELISSA: Well, it's supposed to be for public transport.

C-53: Oh. That's—that actually makes some kind of sense.

MELISSA: But occasionally, the councilperson will use it to disappear people.

PLECK: Occasionally?

MELISSA: Well, there's the Got Disappeared Party. So you kinda know what you're gonna get there.

C-53: Okay.

PLECK: Sure.

C-53: Was that Grandy's party?

MELISSA: Yeah, it was.

C-53: Okay. So that's—

PLECK: And you voted for her?

MELISSA: Well, it was—

PLECK: C-53, I just realized. That's why everybody was running.

C-53: Okay. Yeah, I guess without public transit, you would just have to run everywhere.

PLECK: That's the quickest way to get from point A to point B.

MELISSA: Yeah. Well, there is the Light Rail Party.

C-53: Wait, so—

PLECK: There's a Light Rail Party?!

MELISSA: [frustrated] Well, the candidate wasn't likable!

C-53: But... but don't you want a light rail system?

MELISSA: Well if I can't feel like I can't even have an orange beer with them, I don't know if I want to vote for them.

C-53: [exasperated] Well, who cares about—if they're gonna build the light rail—

PLECK: Melissa...

MELISSA: Electability is—is—matters!

PLECK: Melissa, I feel like you need to make some changes in your government system. Your entire civilization is grinding to a halt down here in the in the Got Disappeared Department.

MELISSA: Well, what do you want me to do?

C-53: I don't know, run as a candidate in the Light Rail Party.

[pause]

MELISSA: I'd never thought of that.

PLECK: Yeah, I think you could do it, y'know? You know how the government works.

MELISSA: I can't do much! I can just call a recall election, which will summon Grandy here, then Grandy and I will have to have a Battle of the Minds. And if that wins, I will become the Light Rail Leader and restore everybody back. [frantically] That's all I can do! My hands are tied!

C-53: Melissa, that sounds... exactly what we need to do.

PLECK: That sounds perfect. Ideal.

MELISSA: Oh.

[feedback from a megaphone turning on]

MELISSA: Okay—

PLECK: Where did she get that megaphone?

MELISSA: [through the megaphone] I recall the election of Councilwoman Grandma the Third, The Lady who Lunches! I summon her here now!

[got-disappeared sound in reverse as Grandma appears]

GRANDMA: What?!

MELISSA: [makes a nervous sound] Hello, Councilwoman.

GRANDMA: [with thinly veiled frustration] Hello, Melissa. I see you've come to challenge me.

MELISSA: I have, eh... [through the megaphone] For too long, the Light Rail Party has been ignored. And it's time for us to find out what we shall do, once and for all.

PLECK: You can do this Melissa! I believe in you.

GRANDMA: Melissa, I thought you were my friend. But I see you are my enemy, and I'm prepared to take you out.

MELISSA: [nervously] Ehhh...

C-53: Melissa, don't worry. The advantages of a light rail system are obvious, this crowd does not wanna get disappeared again...

MELISSA: [through megaphone] The Battle of the Minds, which means that each candidate will speak... will give a short speech.

PLECK: Oh, so like a debate.

C-53: They call it a Battle of the Minds.

MELISSA: We call it a Battle—

GRANDMA: It's a battle of the minds, actually.

PLECK: I mean, sure, I guess—

MELISSA: [through megaphone] The incumbent shall go first. Representing the Got Disappeared Party: Councilwoman Grandma the Third, Lady who Lunches.

GRANDMA: Thank you, Melissa.

MELISSA: [nervously, over megaphone] Eh-hh.

GRANDMA: [through megaphone, personable politician mode turned up to 11] Constituents... my people... the people of Amber: Why would you want the light rail system... when you can have the efficiency of the Got Disappeared system? With the Got Disappeared Party, you are lifted up and taken exactly to your workplace. I don't leave the people of Amber hanging, okay? I leave them standing where they need to be.

CROWD MEMBER 1: In line?

CROWD MEMBER 2: You got disappeared me!

GRANDMA: That's true! And you know why? Because I ran on the Got Disappeared platform, and NOT the Light Rail platform. The light rail takes you, sure, from one place to another, but it's not exactly where you want to go.

VARIOUS CROWD MEMBERS: That's true!

CROWD MEMBER 3: She's right, it only takes us to city center!

GRANDMA: Yeah!

CROWD MEMBER 3: I might as well do it myself!

GRANDMA: You might as well have walked the whole way. And then what? You're tired. And you're sweaty. And then the boss man says, "You don't have a job anymore, 'cause you look like trash."

CROWD MEMBER 4: I got fired for bein' too sweaty!

GRANDMA: Yeah, ya did. Yeah!

CROWD MEMBER 5: I find Melissa to be shrill.

CROWD MEMBER 6: And what about Melissa's emails?!

GRANDMA: Melissa's got too many unanswered emails, we've seen it! If ya vote for me, I'll open every email, even if I don't read it. I know all of you care. I know all of you care... about getting to where you need to be as fast as you can. Right, Mark? You care about gettin' where you need to be.

MARK: I do! I hate the light rail.

GRANDMA: Yeah. I made sure you got to your daughter's birthday party on time, remember that?

MARK: Yeah! My favorite daughter!

GRANDMA: Yes!

MARK'S DAUGHTER: Daddy, are you alive? I haven't seen you in seven months!

GRANDMA: Wowww!

MARK: Ah! Rubella!

GRANDMA: A reunion. [working up to a crescendo] Everyone benefits when we have the Got Disappeared System, am I right?!

[crowd starts cheering so loudly Grandma is almost drowned out]

GRANDMA: Everyone benefits! Everyone gets where they need to go!

CROWD: [chanting] Dis-ap-pear! Dis-ap-pear! Dis-ap-pear!

GRANDMA: [joining in] Dis-ap-pear! Yeeeeees!

[crowd continues to chant]

GRANDMA: Listen, a vote for me means you're all outta here, and you're right back where you were before you got disappeared, no questions asked!

[crowd erupts into uproarious applause]

[crowd members whoop, holler, cheer]

MELISSA: [grabbing a megaphone] I concede!

PLECK: No, Melissa-

MELISSA: I concede! That's a good deal!

PLECK: No... Melissa!

MELISSA: I concede!

GRANDMA: [graciously] Okay, Melissa, then I will remain your City Councilwoman!

[the crowd cheers harder]

GRANDMA: Yes! And you know what? You're all outta here!

[everyone is reverse-got-disappeared right back to where they came from]

DAR: [upset] Nooooo! Nooooooo!



PLECK: Dar! Dar, we're saved! We're—we're out! We're back at the surface!

DAR: I was so close! I had so many new investors!

PLECK: Ah.

C-53: Hm.

DAR: I could see it in their eyes! They were all... they were all HUNGRY!

PLECK: Dar, I don't know. Doesn't seem...

C-53: Yeah, Dar, uh—

PLECK: I think you need to cut your losses, Dar.

C-53: Yeah, maybe the benefit is this planet is functional again and these people can live their lives.

[beeping as comms link is established]

PLECK: Hey, uh... hey, Bargie?

BARGIE: Yeah?

PLECK: Uh—

BARIGE: Eh, uh, eh—[returning to dubious British accent] 'Ello!

[transition music]

[everyone back on Bargie]

AJ: We really coulda used my, uh... my wood saber out there.

[AJ drags his log across the ground and then starts swinging it around wildly]

C-53: I don't know that that was what we were missing, AJ.

[AJ continues swinging the log, it crashes into a couple things]

PLECK: You have to—

[the log hits C-53]

C-53: Ow! AJ.

PLECK: You have to—you should—could you do that in the cargo hold or something? It's just a little bit tight quarters here, and—

AJ: Alright. [another crash] Alright, I'll see you guys later.

PLECK: Okay.

AJ: [grunting with effort as he hauls the log off] I'm gonna go train with my wood saber!

[AJ drags the tree trunk out of the room]

C-53: Papa Decksetter, I think you maybe need to give him some more active instruction in the Space. He's filling in a lot of the blanks himself, and I would say he's... doing it wrong.

PLECK: Well, the whole point of learning the Space is filling in the space between the spaces you already know with the spaces you don't.

C-53: Hm.

BARGIE: Dar, did you, uh, did you get it? Are we okay? Am I fine? Can I go back? Can I pay off all the bad things that I did? All the sins that I created?

DAR: Well... umm...

BARGIE: I'm gonna take that as a "no."

DAR: I know, I—I was tryin' to think of a clever way to tell you but, uh, we have less than nothing—

BARGIE: Wow.

DAR: Because, obviously, everything I invented is imaginary.

BARGIE: Okay. Uh-huh.

C-53: Hmm.

PLECK: Okay.

C-53: Okay.

[sound of incoming transmission]

BARGIE: Incoming message from Master... Visionary... Vermin Vorgan Heinken-Soupen.

C-53: Yeah, uh, Bargie's right. There's an incoming transmission from Master Missions Operations Manager Nermut Bundaloy.

PLECK: Okay.

[beeping as comms link is established]

PLECK: Alright.

NERMUT: Hey guys!

PLECK: [cheerfully] Nermut!

NERMUT: Uh...

PLECK: Hey, where—where'd the—where'd the tornadas go?

NERMUT: [satisfied] Ha-HAA! Right?! They're gone!

PLECK: Wh—where did they go?

DAR: Yeah, what'd you do?

NERMUT: Uh... I-I mean, the—

C-53: I can see 'em way off in the distance, there.

NERMUT: Right. I—we—we set up a perimeter agreement. Okay? Here's the paper.

PLECK: Uh-huh.

NERMUT: You can see the scratch marks on the bottom?

PLECK: Sure.

NERMUT: I'm pretty sure they agreed to this. So.

PLECK: I think—it looks like they just bit it.

C-53: Yeah. Or—or maybe slashed at it with their talons.

NERMUT: Eh, I think in—uh, in tornada, that represents a contractual-type deal, so—

PLECK: I feel like—

NERMUT: Yeah.

PLECK: Nermut, I feel like they were waiting for you to lay an egg.

NERMUT: I understand if you don't understand this legalese that has bound the tornada and I—

PLECK: I don't think that slash in the paper is legalese, I think—

NERMUT: [sound of crumpling paper] I will file this IN the stick nest...

NERMUT: ...uh, so guys! What's up? Amber! Are they with us?

PLECK: Uh—I—you know, Nermut—

NERMUT: Yeah.

PLECK: We got down there, there was a lot of politics that, you know.

NERMUT: Ughhh.

PLECK: It—hard for me to even describe, but... it almost feels like the failings of their two-party system has created a rift between them and the civilizations around them.

[paper rustling continues, a tornada screeches in the background]

NERMUT: Agh! Oh! Oh!

[the tornada screeches, Nermut brandishes the document]

NERMUT: Back! Look at this, you SIGNED IT! Yoouuuuu signed it!

[the tornada flies off]

C-53: I can't believe that worked!

NERMUT: Eh, see? Thank goodness for the legal system!

[outro music]

[end credits music begins]

C-RED-IT5: This is C-RED-IT5, credits and attributions droid, commencing outro protocol. Papa Pleck Decksetter was played by Alden Ford. C-53 was played by Jeremy Bent. Dar was played by Allie Kokesh. Bargie the ship was played by Moujan Zolfaghari. Master Missions Operations Manager Nermut Bundaloy and Theo were played by Seth Lind. AJ and Melissa were played by Winston Noel. Grandma was played by special guest Rachel Pegram. Rachel is an actress and comedian who performs regularly with ASSSSCAT at UCB NYC, and at Lo-Fi and at That Shit Ray at Union Hall in Brooklyn. You can follow her on Twitter @rachelpegam and on Instagram @iamrachelpegam. Thank you to the audience at the eason 3 kickoff live show for chanting "disappeared." This episode was edited by Seth Lind, with sound design and mix by Shane O'Connell. Recorded at Braund Studios in Brooklyn, New York. Music composed by Brendan Ryan and performed by FAMES Macedonian Symphonic Orchestra. Opening crawl narration by Jeremy Crutchley. Ship design for The Bargarean Jade by Eric Geusz. Audio hosting by Simplecast. Mission to Zyxx is a proud member of the Maximum Fun network.

[Promo: Everything's Coming Up Simpsons]

ALLIE: Hi, I'm Allie Goertz.

JULIA: And I'm Julia Prescot, and we're the hosts of...

ALLIE/JULIA: Everything's Coming Up Simpsons!

JULIA: Every episode, we cover a different episode of The Simpsons that is a favorite of our special guest.

ALLIE: We've had guests that are showrunners, and writers, and voice actors like Nancy Cartwright—

NANCY: I got a D minus, I passed!

ALLIE: And we've also had people that are on the MaxFun network already.

JULIA: We've had Weird Al Yankovic on the show.

WEIRD AL: I was just struck by how sharp the writing is. I mean, that's no surprise because it's The Simpsons, but I mean, like—you can't say that about a lot of TV shows, particularly ones that, at that point, had been on the air for 14 years.

ALLIE: Find us on maximumfun.org, iTunes, or wherever you get your podcasts. Alright, smell ya later!

[promo fades out]

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[outtake begins]

ALDEN: Um... so, can we—can we just get that—

JEREMY: [doing an impression, singing Ants Marching by Dave Matthews Band] Candyman, tempting the thoughts of a—

JEREMY AND WINSTON: Sweet tooth, tortured by weight loss—

ALDEN: Should I do that?

SETH: [over the singing] Please stop. Please stop.

JEREMY AND WINSTON: Program, cutting the corners. Loose end, loose end. Cut, cut—

SETH: Nope. Nope.

MOUJAN: Rachel, I'm so sorry.

SETH: This is like listening to the song, and it's not what people should have to do without... choosing to.

[Jeremy laughs]

RACHEL: [in the background] No, I love it.

WINSTON: Cut, cut! Cut! Cut!

ALDEN: Sorry, I just think it's—

JEREMY: [singing, Winston joins in at the end] 'Cause we know the little ants are marching...

SETH: No.

ALDEN: No.

ALDEN AND SETH: [in unison] NO!

ALDEN: No!

SETH: Absolutely not!

JEREMY & WINSTON: [still singing] Red and black antennae waving...

ALDEN: Rachel is gonna get up and leave the room.

[laughter]

JEREMY: She would be WELL within her rights at this point.

ALDEN: Yeah.