

C-RED-IT5: This is C-RED-IT5 with a message of gratitude to all of our supporters on Maximum Fun. These Freshies make the show possible. If you're a Max Fun listener who finds yourself enjoying the show, we invite you to update your listening habits to include Mission to Zyxx. If you're not a supporter yet and want to help keep the show in existence, enlist at MaximumFun.org/donate. Oh, and you'll also get tons of bonus content like live episodes, mailbag episodes, ringtones, and way more. That's maximumfun.org/donate. Thank you so much.

[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 fades out]

[sound of scribbling]

AJ: Hey, Papa.

PLECK: Uh, yeah?

AJ: You know, I've been thinkin' about that view on RV:28-26.

PLECK: Oh, that's—that's great, AJ.

AJ: Yeah, it was... really inspiring.

PLECK: Yeah. Yeah, I agree.

AJ: So I drew this picture.

PLECK: Oh. [more enthusiastically] Oh, wow, okay!

AJ: You see?

PLECK: Yeah, very nice!

AJ: Of the planet and all of us on it.

PLECK: Yeah!

C-53: Wow, AJ, that's actually very sweet, do you want me to—

AJ: [not listening, banging on a door] Dar!

C-53: Okay.

AJ: Dar, you want to see my—the picture I drew?

DAR: [over the sound of water running] Wow! Very good picture.

AJ: Ship, can you see it?

BARGIE: Yeah, you just drew a circle.

AJ: Yeah, that's RV:28-26.

DAR/C-53: Right, he drew the whole—/Yeah, there's—

DAR: The whole planet.

C-53: And there's little marks on the atmosphere, that's us.

AJ: That's us! That's us.

C-53: Yeah. Mm-hmm.

DAR: And we're all just standing right on top of its atmosphere.

AJ: [proudly] Thank you.

C-53: AJ, would you like me to put this on the refrigerator?

AJ: I mean...

PLECK: That is what it's... yeah. I mean—

AJ: That's fair, I mean... I don't understand—

C-53: Okay. Well, lemme just—there we go.

DAR: AJ, the fridge is a place of prominence. This is a very big deal.

AJ: I know, look at all this stuff! Bargie's head shot...

PLECK/BARGIE/DAR: Uh-huh. Uh-huh./Yep./Uh-huh.

AJ: Yeah, a little—some nests on top...

C-53/BARGIE/DAR: Mm, yeah./Yup./Yeah.

C-53: And these are tickets to Pee-Nee Gorno's concert.

AJ: Oooh!

BARGIE: Yep.

C-53: You weren't there for that, but we went, yeah.

AJ: Yeah.

DAR: Hey, Papa, could I grab a quick aside with you?

PLECK: Uh, sure.

DAR: Is it just me, or—I don't know, sometimes... AJ kind of feels like a test run?

PLECK: You mean, like, for, uh... having a child?

DAR: Yeah. He kind of feels like, uh, training wheels, almost.

PLECK: Yeah. You know, I mean, there's a lot of the same... you gotta have discipline, you gotta teach discipline. Um...

DAR: Sure. And I'm glad we're in agreement, 'cause I wanted to ask, how am I doing?

PLECK: You are doing great, Dar. You're doin' great. And—

DAR: You think I'm—I'm making an impact on AJ?

PLECK: Well, you did throw him down the hall yesterday, which—

DAR: Now, I—I said "training wheels," I didn't say he was EXACTLY like how it's going to be when it's mine.

PLECK: Yeah. And—and honestly, y'know, your child probably won't have a blaster to brandish all the time, so... I think it's sort of a different thing. But you should—you should probably throw him around a little bit less. I—I honestly—

DAR: I mean, I got tossed around all the time when I was AJ's age.

PLECK: Yeah, but you don't have any bones, your brain's not in your head... Listen, Dar, depending on what you give birth to, you might have to be pretty careful with it.

DAR: I'm pretty sure whatever I give birth to is going to be a LOT like me.

PLECK: I mean, I'm sure—I'm sure it will be in a lot of ways, but—

DAR: Tough.

PLECK: I mean, I don't wanna—listen—

DAR: Beautiful.

PLECK: Sure.

DAR: Sssssexual.

PLECK: [laughs] That doesn't really imply any kind of sturdiness, the amount of sensuality—

DAR: And at least once a month, very, very hot.

PLECK: Sure.

C-53: And these are VIP passes to the premiere of Atmos-Fear 5.

AJ: Wow!

BARGIE: Yep. And that's a photo of my wedding from yesterday.

[Dar coughs and sputters, then laughs]

PLECK: Wait, wait, what?

C-53: Wha—wha—Bargie, what? What did you say?

DAR: Bargie, what?

BARGIE: Yeah, it's not a big deal, I got married yesterday.

PLECK: Bar—yeah, Bargie, we were all... on the ship, we didn't have a mission yesterday—

BARGIE: I'm married now.

DAR: But—you—

C-53: At the very least, you could have woken us up.

DAR: You could've invited us!

C-53: You had—

BARGIE: It was quick, it happened, it's not out of love or anything like that, it's...

C-53: You had invitations printed!

DAR: You know how much I love a wedding!

BARGIE: Anyway, just continue, it's not a big deal, I'm married now, so.

PLECK: Wait, who is "we?"

BARGIE: I'm a—I'm a taken ship.

DAR: Who's—who's the sentient you're married to?

BARGIE: The ship that's next to me right now.

PLECK: Oh, wow.

[the crew moves to look out the window]

C-53: I had noticed the ship was close.

BARGIE: It's near death. It's in its last engine. It's the oldest—one of the most oldest ships out there, and it's full of—

[beeping as comms link is established]

BLAZING ROCHESTER: [gravelly, decrepit voice] My beautiful young bride...

BARGIE: Yeah. Okay, right.

PLECK: [disgusted] Ughhh.

C-53: Wowwww.

BARGIE: Yep. Very young, I'm very young. [whispering] He doesn't know how old I am.

[The Blazing Rochester makes raspy vocalizations in the background]

AJ: So much smoke coming out of it.

PLECK: Wow, is that—yeah, is that—

DAR: That ship runs on coal!

PLECK: Yeah, is that a steam-powered ship, Bargie?

BARGIE: [hurriedly] Yeah, yeah, we're in love. We're in love. Oh, I love you so much.

C-53: Bargie, what's his name?

BLAZING ROCHESTER: My name is... the Blazing Rochesterrr.

PLECK: Is this ship made of cast iron?

BLAZING ROCHESTER: Well, I mean...

BARGIE: Yeah, it's one of the earliest prototypes of a ship.

C-53: It seems too heavy to leave ANY atmosphere.

BLAZING ROCHESTER: I've got a couple extremely modern parts that are made of something called... steel.

C-53: Wowwww.

PLECK: Okay... Alright...

BARGIE: He also has a lot of very good financial investments, and... not that I'm interested, but he's worth a lot of money.

AJ: Oh, so when he blows up, you'll probably... you'll probably get all the money.

BARGIE: [drowning out the last half of AJ's sentence] No, he's never gonna blow up. The only blowing up that's happening is the love—

AJ: I mean, he's on fire right now. I don't know...

BARGIE: I know, I like that. Very much.

BLAZING ROCHESTER: It's sort of a hemorrhoid...

PLECK: C-53, how does it work to have a coal-burning propulsion engine out in space?

C-53: I... I mean, I'm dazzled by the fact that something could be on fire in the vacuum of space... Hey, I've got a lot of questions, too.

PLECK: What is this—what is that big...

BLAZING ROCHESTER: That's how we did it in the good old days!

C-53: That doesn't answer the question!

BARGIE: I'm just gonna push him a little, I'm gonna push him away.

[banging, thumping, crew members exclaiming]

BARGIE: I'm pushing you away. Ope—using my—okay, there you go.

[the Blazing Rochester creaks, groans, makes sounds of acceptance]

BARGIE: Bye-bye. Byeeeee. Goodbye, I love you. Definitely it's love, that this is.

[comms link to the Blazing Rochester shuts off]

PLECK: What is that paddle wheel on the back of the Blazing Rochester?

C-53: I mean, I have to assume that's for... gaining speed through a particularly thick nebula? But I can't imagine that's going to come into play very often.

PLECK: That's so weird.

C-53: It's very strange.

[sound of incoming transmission]

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

PLECK: Oh, good.

[call connects to Nermut]

NERMUT: Hey, guys!

PLECK: Hey, Nermut! How's it goin'?

DAR: Hey, Nerm!

PLECK: Nermut, are you in a speeder right now?

NERMUT: Uh, yeah, kinda. I mean, it's—it's not... it's—it's a—

C-53: Yeah, you don't seem to be moving.

NERMUT: No no no no, this is—it's up on blocks, it's like, uh...

C-53: Oh, okay.

NERMUT: It's my—it's my house and—it's my home office. It's my home and office, here on Zima Prime.

PLECK: Oh. Cool.

NERMUT: So, um... yeah! [Nermut skitters outside] I've got a little outdoor space here under this awning... Oh, oh, sorry! Actually, uh, Kiarondo's here to install my speakers.

KIARONDO: Hello!

NERMUT: Yeah, sorry, Kiarondo. I'm on a—I'm on a call, but yeah, come on in! Just put 'em—just hang it up in the corners here.

KIARONDO: That's not where you should put them, my friend. [Kiarondo laughs mysteriously]

NERMUT: Uh... wh—then where?

KIARONDO: Leave me to my job, and I shall leave you to yours.

NERMUT: Okay. Aw, thank you, Master Kiarondo—whoa! That's not where I... wow.

KIARONDO: Trust in the space, Nermut, and the sound quality rewards will be considerable.

NERMUT: Alright! Thank you, Kiarondo. So, yeah, guys, it's—

KIARONDO: [interrupting] You're welcome!

NERMUT: Oh—thank—uh, great.

PLECK: So, Nermut, what is the mission?

NERMUT: Oh, I'm glad you asked. It's got a little back story.

PLECK: Okay.

NERMUT: So—

DAR: Okay, tuck in, everybody.

NERMUT: Yeah. Alright. So, I've been thinkin', what are our problems? We've got assassins after us...

PLECK/DAR: Yeah./Mm-hmm.

NERMUT: We've got weird ships hounding us.

DAR: Yes.

NERMUT: We've got agents of the Empire.

PLECK/DAR: Yeah./Yeah.

NERMUT: You know? Got a lot of—

PLECK: I mean, the emperor knows exactly where we are, because Bargie can't turn off her location services.

NERMUT: Yeah. So—

BARGIE: My son has the password.

PLECK: We know—Bargie, we know. You've talked to your son so many times between then and now!

NERMUT: Just ask him.

BARGIE: I'm respecting my son's privacy, I'm gonna get it from him when he's ready.

PLECK: Okay, Bargie—okay, fine, listen....

C-53: Alright, Barge.

PLECK: Nermut, go on.

NERMUT: So, you know, clickin' through the missionator, da-na-na, I'm not seein' much, so I call Flix Dunker, and I say, "Flix... we need a smuggler."

PLECK: Oh.

NERMUT: "We need someone who knows the safe routes through the galaxy, we need someone who—"

PLECK/C-53: Ohhh./Mmm.

DAR: Oh, so Flix Dunker has a mission for us.

PLECK: [laughing] Yeah, that's a good point.

C-53: Yeah, that's a fair point, Dar.

PLECK: Yeah, Nermut, is this your mission?

NERMUT: Yeah! I... I—I mean, I get a finder's fee at minimum.

C-53: Fee?

PLECK: What fee, what are you talking about?

DAR: You get paid?

NERMUT: Like, a thank—a pat on the... you know, nub, I don't know.

C-53: Nobody's patting your nub, Nermut.

DAR: Yikes.

PLECK: Yeah. Also, Nermut, your tail is back. You don't have to—

C-53: Nermut, who is this smuggler?

NERMUT: [trying to make it sound cool] B-Rock.

C-53: B-Rock.

PLECK: B-Rock?

NERMUT: B-Rock, I am told, is the primo smuggler in the quadrant—heck, the galaxy! And I know where he hangs out.

C-53: Well, that's pretty—okay.

DAR/PLECK/: Okaaay./Okay.

NERMUT: Big Tichi's Lounge. Coordinates incoming.

C-53: Oh, Big Tichi's. I'm familiar.

PLECK: Big Tichi... is that a... a tichi bar?

C-53: Oh yeah.

DAR: Oho. Oh, yeah.

PLECK: I love a tichi bar! I haven't been to a tichi bar since college, probably.

AJ: [crushing a can] Let's do this!

PLECK: Well, Nermut, yeah, I mean, let's give it a shot. Hey—hey, by the way?

NERMUT: Yeah?

PLECK: This is a good mission. Tell Flix Dunker he did a good job.

NERMUT: [protesting] Ah, no—

DAR: Yeah yeah yeah...

NERMUT: No way, it's my mission!

PLECK: Okay.

[transition music]

[police siren sounds]

JOSH: Hey there, Mom.

JAN: Hi, Josh.

JOSH: Look, Mom, I know you're pretty stressed out, uh, but that's no excuse to be driving against traffic on this one-way street, okay, Mom?

JAN: Um... y'know—but I just—I obviously have a lot going on—

JOSH: Mom, I'm not here to argue. Look, I was thinking, you could use a little support this season now that all the kids are out of school, and they're back home with you, and it's crazy.

JAN: Uh-huh.

JOSH: Down at the precinct, we all have subscriptions to Care/Of. It's a monthly supplement subscription service. It keeps you at your healthiest, Mom.

JAN: Uh...

JOSH: Okay, Mom, hear me out. Care/Of's custom-built vitamin packs can help give you energy, better sleep, they help you manage stress, and keep you feeling great.

JAN: Okay.

JOSH: Plus, their fun online quiz asks you about your diet, your health goals, your lifestyle choices, and it takes just five minutes. That's—that's only like a third of your free time each day, it should be fine.

JAN: Okay!

JOSH: And then, snap! Your personalized Care/Of subscription box gets sent right to your door every month with your personalized daily packs.

JAN: Okay.

JOSH: And now, this—this bit's a KPD secret, but since you're the mother to every cop in the precinct and—and also you create the air we breathe, I'll let you in on it, okay?

JAN: Okay.

JOSH: If you go to takecareof.com and enter promo code ZYXX, you'll get 25% off your first Care/Of order.

JAN: Great.

JOSH: That's takecareof.com, promo code Z-Y-X-X, for 25% off.

JAN: Thank you. Yeah, uh, that'd be great.

JOSH: Listen, Mom, I'm gonna let you off with a warning, okay? This time?

JAN: Alright, listen. Josh—

JOSH: Let's keep it street legal. And also, uh, Toad is on the roof.

[Jan sighs]

TOAD: Mom, flies?

JAN: Alright, Toad, just get in the van. I...

TOAD: Can I have flies?

[Jan sighs and starts the van]

JOSH: [calling after Jan] Takecareof.com/ZYXX!

[static]

[transition music]

[surf rock version of the Mission to Zyxx theme]

BAR PATRON 1: Can I get an order, please?

BRANDO: [incredibly smooth, casual, and cool] Bartender, this one is on me, for the girl.

BARTENDER: Ohhh. [laughs]

BRANDO: In fact, why don't we just get the... why don't we just get the round for everybody here at the tichi bar?

BARTENDER: Wooooow.

[a bar patron cheers]

[microphone feedback]

BARTENDER: [over the mic, sounding suspiciously like every other bartender we've heard] You hear that, everybody? Our next round's on Rockswell!

[the whole bar cheers]

C-53: Oh my Rodd, of course it's him.

DAR: Ugh. I gotta go. We all gotta go.

C-53: You know, there's probably another smuggler who's just as good, who—

DAR: Yeah, what does Flix Dunker really know?

PLECK: Hey, what're you—guys, what are you talking about?

AJ: No, guys, this guy's the best smuggler there is. When I was on a strike team, we tried to catch him all the time and never could.

PLECK: What—

AJ: He was so slick, and he'd always be like, [imitating Brando's cool voice] "Later."

PLECK: Wait, all three of you know B-Rock?

[Dar sighs]

C-53: Well, I don't know him as B-Rock, but I do know him as...

DAR/C-53: [in unison] Brando Rockswell.

AJ: Oh, yeah, that's how I—yeah, I know that one.

PLECK: Dar, C-53, how do you both know him?

DAR/C-53: [in unison] We were partners.

PLECK: Wha—C-53, you had sex with Brando Rockswell?

C-53: [in his Pleck-is-asking-dumb-questions voice] No, I was his smuggling partner. Alright? I was—

PLECK: Ohhhhh.

C-53: I was his second in command, we were smugglin' all over the galaxy.

PLECK: Yeah, that make—that makes sense, that makes sense.

C-53: How do you think I ended up working for the monarchy?

PLECK: I never asked, I guess. Wait, Dar, so you were his smuggling partner, too?

DAR: Oh, no, we just jucked.

PLECK: Okay, alright.

DAR: And boy, was it—[Dar laughs]

PLECK: [regretting asking] Actually, you know what? I should've—

DAR: It was REAL nice.

PLECK: Yeah, I should've—I don't know why I mixed—of course that was—alright.

DAR: [gleefully] Wooohoo, listen, it only happened once, but it is SEARED into my memory.

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

DAR: It is something I like to revisit on cold, lonely nights.

PLECK: Alright. Okay, listen—

C-53: Yeah, so Pleck, maybe we just... hm, find another smuggler, get the heck outta here.

DAR: Yeah, we should just go, because I kind of left the—

AJ: No, this guy's the best there is.

DAR: I kinda left, uh, ol' B-Rock here brokenhearted, if you know what I mean.

PLECK: Uhhh...

C-53: And I haven't seen Brando in... ah, almost ten years, so... aaah, I just think there's, you know, water under the bridge for a good reason. Yeah yeah yeah.

DAR: Yeah... history. There's too much history, y'know, with me, and with C...

AJ: [running off] Mr. Rockswell!

DAR/C-53: Okay./Alright, well.

AJ: Mr. Rockswell!

DAR: Very well handled.

AJ: Oh, hi, uh, wow! This is such an honor. Uh, big fan. Uh—

BRANDO: Wow. Is that a C.L.I.N.T.? [Brando whips out a gun and cocks it]

AJ: [fangirling] Didja see the way drew his gun? Didja see that? How he drew his blaster?

C-53: [flatly] Yeah, he's gonna kill you, AJ.

AJ: [still fangirling] He's got it right up to my head!

C-53: Yeah. Uh-huh. Yeah.

AJ: It's right up to my head.

BRANDO: I know. I know I'm not—I know I'm not looking right now, because I don't need to look before I pull the trigger. So maybe, could I—

C-53: [confidently] Brando, he's with me.

BRANDO: [slowly] C... fifty... three. As I live and breathe.

C-53: Brando Rockswell.

BRANDO: Really got a pair of robot balls to come in here.

C-53: Yeah. Well, I wouldn't be here if I didn't need your help.

AJ: Super honored. Um, AJ.

C-53: Yeah, this is AJ. I'm sorry, he's very... aggro.

AJ: You—I loved it. Amazing that you drew a blaster on me, it's pretty awesome.

BRANDO: Alright. Lemme put the gun back in a fancy way behind my hip. [Brando spins the gun and puts it back]

AJ: [still fangirling] MY gun is in my butt! I shouldn't have told you that, I'm just nervous. I'm just nervous!

PLECK: You know what, AJ? Let's hang back. Let's get a drink, okay?

AJ: Okay. Okay. Alright.

PLECK: [along with AJ] Okay? Okay. Alright, yep.

AJ: I'll just say, y'know, I used to chase after you. We all would chase after you, and... just, the... excitement's all at this end of the table, 'cause, I mean, really love your stuff.

BRANDO: You're really stretching my patience, C.L.I.N.T.

AJ: [laughs nervously] Wow. Okay. Uh, yeah, Papa, let's get a drink.

BRANDO: You know, C-53, you were in a very different body last time I saw you, but... I'll smell that cube anywhere.

C-53: [thinly veiled bragging] Well... yeah, I don't wanna brag, but this is the Midnight Shadow.

BRANDO: [skeptically] What are you doing here?

C-53: Listen, this wasn't my idea.

DAR: It—it wasn't my idea either, just for clarity.

BRANDO: Oh... look, I—wow, I was so distracted by my gestating pool of rage, and didn't even notice this big beauty over here. And you are... glowing. You look great.

DAR: [flattered, laughing] Oh, no, no, no. That's not 'til the next octomester, I don't start glowing.

BRANDO: Oh, well... maybe, I don't know what it is, but you look fantastic, lemme just say that real quick.

DAR: Oh my Rodd.

BRANDO: It's great to see you.

DAR: No, you don't remember me.

BRANDO: Ummm... I—I—didn't—

C-53: Brando, you don't... remember their name?

DAR: You don't—you don't—yeah, this is—

BRANDO: [sipping a drink] Yeah, no, yeah. Your name. Yeah. Yeah, your name, I know.

C-53: So say... say their name.

BRANDO: Sure, I just said it. I said it—

DAR: I want you to call me by MY name.

BRANDO: Uh... er, you want me to—

AJ: [running up] Hey, Dar, do you guys want drinks or what? We're getting—

C-53: Oh my Rodd. Um—

BRANDO: It's Dar. And I just came up with that. From my brain. Memory.

AJ: So nobody wants drinks?

C-53: [annoyed] No, we're good, AJ. Thank you.

AJ: [crosstalk, jogging away] Okay. I'm gonna go back to the bar.

C-53: Yeah. Go back to the bar, please.

[AJ bumps into a bar patron]

BAR PATRON 2: Hey, watch where you're running! I've got a beverage here.

BARTENDER: Heyyy, gentlemen.

PLECK: Hello there.

BARTENDER: Uhhh...

AJ: Hello.

PLECK: Hey, um, you know, if—if Brando Rockswell's buyin', I'll, uh—I guess we'll take two orange beers?

BARTENDER: Oh, yeah, that was a... that was a round on the house for everyone who was in the bar.

PLECK: Uh, we were actually in the bar at that time.

BARTENDER: [rewinding the security tape] Ummm, I'm going to rewind the tape here of you entering, and then we'll, uh... oh!

PLECK: You had that security camera was right there.

BARTENDER: Yep, and let's see, and pause! You can see he's—

PLECK: [frustrated] Yeah, we're right there—you can see us in the doorway!

BARTENDER: Mouth is open, you're almost—let's cut to the other camera that's horizontal, the profile view next to the door. And, ope! Your nose is just a hair short. Not quite in.

AJ: Well, I'm in, but he's not, right?

BARTENDER: Oh, yeah, you—actually, good thinkin', C.L.I.N.T.! Yeah, the C.L.I.N.T., just the chin of his helmet is in, and pink one, you're—you're just a hair behind. What's your poison, C.L.I.N.T.?

AJ: Oh, uh, orange beer.

BARTENDER: Here you go.

PLECK: Okay. Alright, well, then—

BARTENDER: That one's on Brando Rockswell, and...

AJ: Alright!

BARTENDER: What about you, buddy?

PLECK: I guess I'll just take an orange beer.

BARTENDER: Okay, here you go. That's 16 kroon.

PLECK: 16 kroon?

BARTENDER: Well, it's the last orange beer. They always—they always—we ramp it up as we go, the price, the supply and demand.

AJ: Yeah, it's a sliding scale, Papa.

PLECK: [dropping kroon on the counter] Okay, fine, okay. Here you go.

BAR PATRON 3: I'll give you 18 kroon!

BARTENDER: [sliding the glass away from Pleck] Oh, hang on!

PLECK: Wait, stop it—no, no, stop!

BARTENDER: What?

PLECK: It's not an auction, you can't—

BARTENDER: What—it is! It's—

PLECK: I already bought it! I already gave you money! It's—it's not how a bar works! I just—

BAR PATRON 3: Uh, do you want to try and beat 18 kroon? Because you can't.

PLECK: Also, why did she give YOU 18 kroon? I bought the—she should buy it from me.

BARTENDER: She outbid you.

AJ: [banging his fist on the table] 20 kroon!

BARTENDER: No, the—

AJ: [aside, to Pleck] Papa, do you have 20 kroon?

PLECK: No!

[sound of people playing pool]

BRANDO: C-53, you have real nerve showing that cube around here again.

C-53: Well, it looks like your ear healed up from the incident on Orbus Vog .

BRANDO: That was the... the quickest mission we've ever accomplished. I feel pretty good about that.

C-53: Yeah, it was... it was pretty crazy, wasn't it?

BRANDO: Yeah, you really... shot everything out of the sky when you needed to, in pinpoint perfection.

DAR: I mean, you know what was crazy, was when you and I spent the night together. [laughs] That was nuts.

C-53: But you know what I always come back to... is that time on Quargon 8, when you left me for dead. That's the time that I guess I REALLY remember with you, Brando.

BRANDO: I remember that also.

C-53: [sarcastically] Yeah, I hope so. And we were pinned down by C.L.I.N.T.s, smoke grenades goin' off everywhere—

BRANDO: [mumbling] Pinned down by C.L.I.N.T.s.

C-53: Blaster fire.

BRANDO: Blaster fire, yeah.

C-53: And you... left me there!

DAR: Did you.. juck? Because you talk so close to each other's faces when you're talking.

[C-53 and Brando start talking over each other]

C-53: Well, some—sometimes—

BRANDO: Well, this is classic, just like, tension. This is just a different type of tension.

C-53: Yeah, sometimes things are very personal, and you gotta get right up in somebody's face.

DAR: Yeah, but for me, this type of tension is—

BRANDO: This is the only way I know how to show my aggressive tension.

C-53: Yeah. Right in here.

DAR: Ugh... okay. I'm getting it now.

MUNCHIE: Ey, Brando! So I got some information about the deals that we're gonna be doin' after we... leave the bar.

BRANDO: Oh, lemme just make a real quick announcement. Hey, everybody, just got another deal for another smuggling!

[everyone in the bar starts cheering, a couple sentients chant Brando's name]

MUNCHIE: I can't believe you're my partner, you know?

BRANDO: Yeah.

MUNCHIE: So amazing.

C-53: [offended] I'm sorry, I'm sorry. Who are you? Who are you? Excuse me—

BRANDO: This is my new, uh, droid, 458. [Brando pats the droid]

MUNCHIE: Better known as Munchieeeee.

BRANDO: Ol' Munch and I have been flyin' around for, uh... wow. Ever since you were out of my life, C-53.

C-53: Or since you... left me to die?

BRANDO: I saved your life.

C-53: Did ya?

BRANDO: See, I remember that we were on a very important mission to, uh, smuggle toys for the species known as the Tots, and it was very important.

C-53: I know how important toys are for Tots, alright? You don't have to remind me.

BRANDO: I remember yelling your name... and you were not there.

C-53: Well, I DON'T remember anything, because I was MIND WIPED by the MONARCHY, and worked in THEIR palace for the next three years!

DAR: Left you for dead, like how I left you without saying anything.

BRANDO: We were both dead... tired.

C-53: [annoyed] That's not really the same situation, okay?

DAR: It's really not. It's not.

BRANDO: Well, it's when you feel like you're—

DAR: But I just want on record that I left YOU, and didn't leave my number.

[scene shifts from the pool table to the bar]

BARTENDER: So, uh, what's your story, Pinky? Are—are you like a Rangus guy? Kind of a rube?

PLECK: I mean, there's billions of Tellurians from the Rangus system, so that's—

BARTENDER: Yeah, but you're like in one of the—you're like in the, what? Some of—V, VII?

PLECK: Yeah. Yeah. VI.

BARTENDER: Ah! I'm not one who stereotypes, but you know. But if the shoe fits...

AJ: Yeah, how like, your whole species are bartenders.

BARTENDER: Okay.

PLECK: Wait, I'm sorry, is your whole species—is your—you're a bartender species?

BARTENDER: Yeah, I mean, you're allowed to choose another job if you don't wanna, like, be cool, but...

AJ: [taking off his helmet] I mean, look how many arms he has, Papa.

PLECK: Yeah, I mean, it makes... it makes sense.

BARTENDER: Yeah. [blows a raspberry]

AJ: [sips beer] I've never had beer before, this is pretty good.

BARTENDER: Oh, this your first beer?

PLECK: AJ, you've never had a beer before?

AJ: No.

BARTENDER: Oh, hang on, lemme get my camera out. We got a wall. Here, I'm gonna take a picture...

AJ: Oh, okay.

PLECK: Wait, you have a whole wall of people who've never had a drink before?

BARTENDER: Well, the first one, that's—it's their first one. Yeah, look at all these people. It's a—they're all—they're—

PLECK: I mean, statistically, how is that possible that you have enough people walk into this bar that have never had a drink before?

AJ: Oh yeah! Look at all those holos, I didn't notice. I wondered what they were for, but that's what they're for.

BARTENDER: Yeah. You reach the drinking age, and then you celebrate with your first beer.

PLECK: At this bar?

BARTENDER: [matter-of-factly] Big Tichi's.

AJ: [whispering] Papa. Papa.

PLECK: What? What is it, AJ?

AJ: [slurring slightly, still whispering] I'm not the drinking age. I'm only five.

[scene transitions to Brando/C-53/Dar]

[Brando Rockswell sips his drink]

BRANDO: C-53, what was I supposed to do? I had to leave you behind 'cause I had to get those Koosh balls back to the kids.

C-53: It was always about the Koosh balls, wasn't it? About the koosh balls, or about the... wacky wall crawlers, or about sticky hands, or whatever it was. It was never about me, was it, Brando?

BARGIE: ...No, it was about the kids.

C-53: Okay. Okay.

DAR: And not that I wanted it to be about me at the time, but now I'm gonna make this about me... I left no lasting impression on you?

BRANDO: Dar, I... Dar—Darden. Right? Darden?

C-53: Wow. No.

[Dar inhales and lets out a shaky groan]

BRANDO: Uh... All—all I know is that you might not say you're glowing, but you are glowing to me.

DAR: Oh, this is so troubling, 'cause that works on me, 'cause I feel, like, a little tingle in my groin, but then I think about the fact that I made no impression on this charming person.

BRANDO: No, I have a... I'm pretty sure we holotaped it, and, uh... Munchie, you could—you have that in your files, right?

MUNCHIE: It's the part of the job I don't like. It just... it feels invasive.

C-53: Yeah. Yeah, tell me about it, Munchie. So you... you like this Munchie? This Munchie's workin' out for you better than me?

BRANDO: Well, Munchie doesn't... abandon me.

C-53: I did not abandon you!

BRANDO: I just remember turnin' around, and you were gone, and so I left.

C-53: They had snapped off one of my legs!

BRANDO: So I'm assuming that, uh, you've come back after all this time, and, uh... you need something, I'm assuming?

DAR: Yeah, we do need something!

BRANDO: 'Cause obviously we're not gonna, you know, get to the bottom of... of what happened ten years ago anytime soon.

C-53: No, I don't think—no, I don't think we are gonna get to the bottom of it.

BRANDO: I mean, I would love to get to the bottom of it, but it just doesn't look like it—

C-53: Oh, I would LOVE to get to the bottom of it.

BRANDO: So we both would love to get to the bottom.

MUNCHIE: [calling out to the whole bar] Hey, guys, looks like they're having a bottom-off!

C-53: [quietly] Munchie... what the hell?

DAR: I love this.

BAR PATRON 4: Whoa, a bottom-off?

MUNCHIE: Yeah!

BAR PATRON 5: Hey, everybody in the bar! They're having a bottom-off!

BAR PATRON 6: Oh, whoa!

BAR PATRONS: [chanting] Bottom-off! Bottom-off! Bottom-off!

C-53: [ready to get into it] Okay! Alright! I'll remove my exterior casing. I'm not above this.

[error sound]

PRE-RECORDED RONKA VOICE: Whoa! Ted Ronka here to let you know any unauthorized modification of this frame invalidates your warranty with the Ronka Cybernetics Corporation. A friendly reminder from your pal, Ted Ronka!

C-53: Yeah, I voided the warranty, okay? You wanna mix it up, we'll mix it up, friend.

BRANDO: Alright, let me take off my—my jacket has, like, a—my old ship doing a loop-de-loop on the back of it.

BAR PATRON 7: [quietly] What the heck?

BAR PATRON 8: [quietly] Yeah, what the heck?

DAR: I want you to know, he wouldn't take that jacket off when we jucked.

BRANDO: Because that's how I juck, Dar... den.

[scene transitions back to the bar, AJ cracks open a beer]

PLECK: AJ, I don't like what this Brando Rockswell's doing to C-53 and Dar. They look very upset.

AJ: [drunk, slurring words] W'll why doncha do somethin' about it, Pap—big ol'... if you're Zima warrior, Zima Knight.

PLECK: Are you trying to goad me into fighting?

AJ: Why doncha fight 'im? I wanna see my Papa fight 'im.

PLECK: I don't know if I like this.

AJ: Bet you could beat 'im up. Probably. [AJ takes another sip]

PLECK: Listen, I'm not gonna—AJ, I'm not gonna beat him up, I'm just sayin'—

AJ: Knock 'im with the Dinglehopper.

PLECK: I'm not gonna... I'm not gonna hit him!

AJ: [setting the bottle down] Uh, I want another orange beer. It's good. It's good!

PLECK: Hey, AJ, I think you're probably good. You're probably—

AJ: [drunk, happy] It's good, Papa!

BARTENDER: Slidin' it down to you. You're on the wall, you drink all night. Yeah.

PLECK: Okay...

AJ: "On the wall, you drink all night." It doesn't rhyme, but I love it.

BARTENDER: Oh, I like that.

PLECK: Hold on. I don't know if we should—

AJ: Papa, look at me put it in my helmet! [AJ starts pouring beer in his helmet]

BARTENDER: That's gutsy!

PLECK: No, AJ, listen—

BARTENDER: Oh, I like this guy, he's fun.

PLECK: AJ—

AJ: Tastes good.

PLECK: No, AJ, we gotta—we gotta stay vigilant, okay?

AJ: At first I was like, "it tastes bad," but now I'm like, "it tastes good."

BARTENDER: Yeah, you got the taste.

AJ: The taste is good.

PLECK: Yeah, I mean that's... usually how it works.

BARTENDER: Pink one, you kind of a lightweight or something? You only just had the one?

AJ: [getting up] Papa's a lightweight. Not like me. I know how to DRINK!

PLECK: Okay, AJ, let's just—

AJ: [beer spilling] I know how to DRINK!

PLECK: AJ, stop. You need to calm down.

AJ: [very drunk] YOU needa calm down. [AJ starts swinging a barstool around]

PLECK: No, AJ—put the stool down.

AJ: I'll put—YOU put the stool down.

PLECK: No, I'm not hol— I'm not holding a stool.

BARTENDER: How can he put it down when you're holding it?

AJ: Hey, why don' YOU hold a stool, Papa?

PLECK: [as if trying to convince a child] AJ. AJ, let's not cause a scene here.

AJ: [as if taunting] You want me to sober up? You want me to sober up?

PLECK: Yeah, actually, I do want you to sober up.

[AJ grunts and beer splashes to the floor]

AJ: [suddenly stone-cold sober] Okay. Alright, sorry about that.

PLECK: Wait, what!?

BARTENDER: Oh, all the alcohol just fell out of his armor!

AJ: Yeah.

PLECK: Wait, how did you do that?

AJ: [matter-of-fact, sitting down again] Sweat it out.

BARTENDER: You just—whoa.

PLECK: Ugh. What?

AJ: [putting his helmet back on] I just went, "AAAH!", sweat it out all my pores.

BARTENDER: Oh, nasty.

AJ: [innocently] What?

[scene shifts away from the bar]

MUNCHIE: Alright, everybody, rules about the bottom-off. Round one: they each... bottom off.
Go!

BRANDO: So it was a decade ago, and I remember saving your life, and then I left.

C-53: ...Okay. [smugly] It was a decade ago, and I have footage of you leaving me behind.

[bar patrons "ooh"]

BRANDO: Well, I mean, your turn's not over, 'cause I have to see the footage.

C-53: Okay. Very well. Here we go.

BRANDO: IF it exists.

BAR PATRONS: [chanting] Ev-i-dence! Ev-i-dence! Ev-i-dence!

C-53: Alright, okay, alright, okay, alright, alright, alright. My cube has been mind-wiped a few times, so there's been a little degradation of the footage. Alright? But... I'll play it for you right now.

[playback start sound]

[sound of sirens, explosions]

C-53: [distorted, struggling] Brando... Brando, I'm hit! You can't—you can't—you can't leave me behind!

BRANDO: C, where are you? I can't see you. C!

C-53: It's so—they're throwing smoke grenades, I can't—

BRANDO: Yeah, it's very cloudy in there, just—

C-53: Yeah, let's—just keep speaking, I'll—I'll crawl toward the direction of your voice.

BRANDO: Look, C, I feel like this is a crossroads. I think this is what people call a crossroads, and I'm gonna—I'm gonna have to make a tough decision soon. I got my best friend...

C-53: [urgently] Yeah, that's me.

BRANDO: And then I have this... load of Koosh balls I have to get to the kids on the other side of town.

C-53: I understand, those kids need those Koosh balls.

BRANDO: C, I'm gonna give you a couple more seconds. If you don't show up...

[footage starts getting more staticky]

C-53: Okay. I'll try to go fast towards the sound of your voice—

BRANDO: Alright.

[playback ends]

BAR PATRON 9: Kinda—kind of a tough call so far.

BRANDO: Yeah, it was just so degraded, I don't think that we could have really told what was happening in there.

C-53: I was down. He left with a shipload of Koosh balls!

BRANDO: For KIDS!

DAR: You and I jucked ten months ago, and you said you loved me! And I felt very uncomfortable about that amount of emotion, so I snuck out!

MUNCHIE: [calling out to the whole lounge again] It's a triple bottom-off!

[Munchie starts a chant and the rest of the bar joins]

BAR PATRONS: Bottom-off-off! Bottom-off-off!

[scene shifts back to AJ and Pleck]

PLECK: You know, AJ, it's been nice to just have a moment with, uh, y'know, my noob, just kinda get a couple drinks.

AJ: Yeah. It's great, I love it.

PLECK: And this bar is great!

AJ: Wall! Drinks for free!

BARTENDER: Hey, thanks, guys!

PLECK: Big Tichi's, yeah!

AJ: Big Tichi's!

PLECK: Alright!

BARTENDER: Glad you're enjoying yourselves! [sliding along a drink] Here's one for the—for the wall noob, and hey, you know what? Here's one for you, too, pink guy. This one's on B-Rock.

PLECK: Oh, great! I finally made it into Brando's round. Yeah, alright.

[during the following exchange, the bartender and Pleck start sliding the drink back and forth towards themselves]

BARTENDER: Oh, this is B-Rock's round.

PLECK: Wait, yeah, I s—I said that. Brando Rockswell.

BARTENDER: That's Brando Rockswell. I'm B-Rock.

PLECK: You're B-Rock?

BARTENDER: Yeah.

PLECK: B-Rock the smuggler?

BARTENDER: Hey—[B-Rock sputters] You're blowin' up my spot. Gimme that drink back.

PLECK: No, I—agh.

[B-Rock pours the drink out]

BARTENDER: C'mon, what are you tryin' to do? I'm just your neighborhood bartender.

AJ: [whispering, impressed] Wait, so you were B-Rock the entire time?

BARTENDER (B-ROCK): Yeah, I didn't turn into B-Rock.

AJ: Oh, you—okay.

PLECK: Wait, AJ—that means we came here to meet B-Rock!

B-ROCK: I mean, you can't really get a drink here without meetin' me, so—

PLECK: Okay, no, I mean [whispering] we're here to meet you about smuggling.

B-ROCK: Oh, I don't know, I mean, I don't think you can afford ol' B-Rock.

PLECK: Okay.

AJ: Yeah, I mean, I guess not. I mean, it is against the emperor.

B-ROCK: What'd you say?

AJ: I mean, we're tryin' to fight the emperor, so these smugglers would, you know, help us with that. But you're right. We don't have the money, so—

B-ROCK: Wait, what did you just say?

AJ: Y'know, that—these would be for the emperor, so... but you're right. We don't have the money, so... we'll get going. [AJ gets up and starts to walk away]

B-ROCK: [whispering] Wait, wait, wait. Come back here.

AJ: Uh-huh.

B-ROCK: What did you say?

PLECK: Okay—

[a pause]

B-ROCK: You're up against WHO?

PLECK/AJ: The emperor.

[a longer pause]

B-ROCK: [whispering even quieter] What did you say?

AJ: [uncomfortable] Papa, what's happening?

[Pleck laughs]

B-ROCK: I hate the emperor.

PLECK: Yeah, really?

B-ROCK: Yeah.

PLECK: Yes!

B-ROCK: He crossed the whole bartender squadron in the Battle of the Planet Crushers.

PLECK: I'm so sorry. I'm so sorry to hear that.

AJ: The what?

B-ROCK: We lost a lot of good drink slingers.

AJ: What squadron?

B-ROCK: We lost a couple good barbacks.

PLECK: The bartender squadron.

B-ROCK: We lost several great hosts. We lost a great—the best keg switcher in the biz.

AJ: Oh, wow. You lost front of house and back of house.

B-ROCK: Yeah, we lost a whole staff.

PLECK: Huh.

B-ROCK: We lost our ordering guy. You don't think about him. You gotta have someone to keep your stock in order.

AJ: Yeah.

PLECK: Yeah, yeah. B-Rock, those bartenders were good bartenders... and good Rebels.

[Pleck pats B-Rock]

B-ROCK: You know what? I'll help you.

AJ: [lowering his voice] What did you say?

[scene shifts back to C-53/Dar/Brando]

BRANDO: Hey, Dardajen? Dardajen. I just wanna say... that you might not say you're glowing, but I can tell that you're glowing.

DAR: You are so close to my face when you say this, I feel like you're about to kiss me on my mouth!

BAR PATRONS: [chanting] Ev-i-dence! Ev-i-dence! Ev-i-dence!

DAR: Yeah, Munchie, play the tape! We both consented to this holo of our jucking being made.

BRANDO: It wasn't jucking, it was lovemaking.

[playback start sound]

BRANDO: Oh, right. This was backstage at the Mehnahnaroo concert. We saw... uh, Pee-Nee have a meltdown on stage.

DAR: [gasps] That's right! Oh, you can see from the holo that we're... hooking up in his green room.

BRANDO: Yeah.

BRANDO: [on the recording] Hey, uh... you're, uh, you're such a fine specimen. You're just really... what's your name again?

DAR: [on the recording] It's whatever you want it to be, baby.

BRANDO: [on the recording] Oh, yeah, that's what I like.

BAR PATRON 10: [borderline shrieking] They never told him their name! They never told him their name!

DAR: Alright, fast forward, fast forward. Fast forward.

[sound of tape fast-forwarding]

MIRANDA: [on the recording, hurriedly] Oh, is—is anyone in the room? It's... We're—we're going to need the room in a moment. Eh—please—eh... oh.

[the door shuts]

BRANDO: [on recording] Okay, now that Pee-Nee's manager's gone, I can tell you that... I love you.

DAR: [on recording, stuttering] Mm. Uh. Err. Umm. So. I. Uhh. Uhh. Uhh.

BRANDO: [on recording] This, uh—this makes me love you more.

[the door shuts]

BRANDO: [on recording] Munchie.

MUNCHIE: [on recording] Yeah?

BRANDO: [on recording] Hey, I could say that, uh... that might be the best juck I ever had.

DAR: Stop. The. Tape.

[playback end sound]

DAR: That was everything I needed to hear. Oh, I am so! Happy! My bottoms go back on.

[sound of pants zipping up]

BRANDO: And also, C, now that I see you without your—your casing, I, uh... I think, you know... I didn't see you ten years ago, but I can tell you what, I can see you right now. Loud and clear. Rise and shine. It—it's all patched up.

C-53: Are... YOU forgiving ME?

BRANDO: Yeah. I absolve you of all your sins.

C-53: You know what—

BRANDO: Let's just—let's just say that we've had equal and opposite rages for the last decade, and now it's, uh... now it's all good.

[scene shifts back to Pleck/AJ]

PLECK: [getting up] Well, AJ, I guess we should go round up Dar and C-53, huh?

AJ: Yeah, probably get a... an autograph from Brando Rockswell, probably, too.

PLECK: No, I was saying, I think that—

AJ: [trying to play it cool] Just standard mission protocol, just grab everybody, get the autographs, and get out.

PLECK: [laughing] Okay, listen, AJ. I kinda think—

AJ: I'm with you, Papa. Let's—we gotta do it.

PLECK: I'm just gonna go step in and grab them, and then we can go.

AJ: Okay. I'll just look for a pen.

PLECK: Okay. Not necessary.

[Pleck walks over to the others]

[the crowd chants Brando's name]

PLECK: Dar, C-53, it's time to go.

[Dar sighs]

C-53: Pleck, we are in the middle of a bottom-off here, okay? If you haven't been watching—

PLECK: You know what, C-53? I've watched enough. Okay? And I think—

MUNCHIE: House's rule for the last round of the bottom-off: an outsider comes in and deals with it all!

[Munchie cheers, the crowd cheers too]

BAR PATRON 11: Makes sense to me!

PLECK: No, listen, I don't wanna be involved in—

BAR PATRONS/MUNCHIE: Ar-bi-ter! Ar-bi-ter! Ar-bi-ter!

PLECK: Okay, alright, fine. Okay, you know what? Fine. Brando... y'know, AJ and I have been sitting over there at the bar this whole time, and you know what I think?

AJ: [hurrying up to Brando] AJ, uh, real honor—

PLECK: Okay, AJ, just... relax.

AJ: Just make it out to AJ-2884. Just—[pen clicks]

BRANDO: Cool.

AJ: "You'll get me next time." Just put it right on the shoulder there.

PLECK: I just want to say something. I think everybody in this bar thinks you're a pretty cool dude, okay?

BAR PATRON 12: Yeah, we love Brando!

PLECK: Okay, no, there's a second part to it. I'm not just stating a fact.

BAR PATRONS: Bran-do! Bran-do! Bran-do! Bran-do! Bran-do!

PLECK: No, stop stop stop stop stop. No. No.

[the crowd stops chanting]

PLECK: It's just the first half of a sentence!

B-ROCK: Well, a pretty long sentence.

PLECK: However... I happen to see through you, Brando. Okay? I think you're just a jerk to my friends, that's all I see. You tried to kill AJ and all of his C.L.I.N.T. buddies. I've—now, granted, I've killed a lot of C.L.I.N.T.s too, but, you know, for the purposes of this—

AJ: [concerned] Wait, what?

PLECK: N-never mind. It's beside the point. You left C-53 behind, your PARTNER, just 'cause it was foggy!

BRANDO: Well, it wasn't just any old fog.

C-53: No, it was smoky, but—

PLECK: I don't think Brando Rockswell is such a great smuggler after all. In fact, I don't even think he's the best smuggler in this bar!

B-ROCK: [whispering] What are you doin' to me over here!?

PLECK: I think you go to a kroon store, load up your ship with a bunch of—of crappy, uh, toys, and then you go sell 'em at a higher price to some schoolyard!

C-53: [quietly] Ah, Papa Decksetter, those toys would mostly go to charities, and...

BRANDO: Yeah, I don't make profit off of any of that stuff, actually.

DAR: It's, uh... it's actually the most honorable thing he does.

BRANDO: Look, check this out. It's, y'know... "For the Kids."

PLECK: Oh, you have a tattoo that says "for the kids."

DAR: Oh yeah, hachi machi...

PLECK: You know what? I probably overstepped on that one a little bit.

C-53: [forgivingly] Yeah, you just weren't—you didn't know all the details.

PLECK: But you know what? I think my original point still stands. We don't need your smuggling routes. We don't need your ship. You can take your cheap toys for kids... and shove them right up YOUR bottom-off—

[Pleck's last few words are drowned out by a crash, a bar patron screams]

FINNIFORD J. RYAN: Crew of the Bargarean Jade!

PLECK: Oh, Rodd.

C-53: Are you kidding me?

FINNIFORD J. RYAN: I'm after you. Me, Finniford J. Ryan!

BAR PATRON 13: Ah! It's Finniford! Finniford J. Ryan!

BAR PATRONS: [in chorus] Finniford J. Ryan!?

AJ: Papa, this looks like it's one of, maybe, the emperor's assassins.

PLECK: No, I don't—no, no, AJ, I don't think so.

AJ: [racking rifle] Let's lock and load, let's do this, I'll get the butt gun out.

PLECK: I don't think so. You actually just need the one gun.

AJ: Alright.

PLECK: I don't even think you need that.

BRANDO: Do you guys need me to smooth this over?

C-53: No.

BRANDO: 'Cause it's actually—FJR and I go way back, so.

C-53: Really?

FINNIFORD J. RYAN: [growling affably] Brando! What's up? Always good to see ya.

BRANDO: Finny! Finny to the ford.

[Finniford J. Ryan laughs]

BRANDO: How are you?

PLECK: Uh, listen, Finniford, we don't have any gripes with you, we—

C-53: Yeah, what—what exactly is the issue, Finniford?

FINNIFORD J. RYAN: The Bargarean Jade owes me a LOTTA KROON!

PLECK: Oh. Uh—

C-53: So your issue is with Bargie.

FINNIFORD J. RYAN: I guess so.

C-53: Not—not the CREW of the Bargarean Jade.

FINNIFORD J. RYAN: Where is she?

C-53: She's...

PLECK: In space.

C-53: Yeah, in orbit.

BRANDO: Hey, FJR, why don't we take a walk outside and, uh... y'know, let me smooth things over, and we can talk about Bargie all you want.

FINNIFORD J. RYAN: Sounds good. So how ya been, Brando? Ya been good?

[Brando and Finniford head outside]

PLECK: Wow. I can't believe that worked.

C-53: Well, he's very charismatic, yeah.

DAR: So smooth. Sooo smooth! Just like his sex style. He was VERY GOOD in bed.

PLECK: Yeah, no, it's—it's...

DAR: I just wanted to really punctuate it—

PLECK: Okay.

DAR: [proudly] Because I want everyone here to know that I slept with that smooth, smooth criminal.

PLECK: Okay.

DAR: [suggestively] You think maybe we can hang out a little longer, and he and I can, uh... smuggle?

PLECK: What—Dar, no! What are you talking about? No!

AJ: Genitals? Smuggle genitals?

DAR: His genitals. Yeah, his genitals.

PLECK: We have to get—we—he just gave us a very narrow window, we have to get off of this planet.

[Dar sighs wistfully]

C-53: [regretfully] I'm... I'm reattaching my frame.

PLECK: Also, Dar, C-53, we found B-Rock! It turned out it wasn't even Brando Rockswell, it was the bartender!

DAR: Oh.

C-53: Oh. Sorta wish I had known that... before...

DAR: Yeah, before I spent all that emotional...

C-53: ...taking my whole casing off...

DAR: ...time... kind of unpacking all of that.

[the door to the bar crashes open]

FINNIFORD J. RYAN: Wait a minute...

PLECK: Okay, we gotta—we should go. We gotta go. We gotta go.

C-53: Yeah, yeah yeah.

FINNIFORD J. RYAN: Crew of the Bargarean Jade! I'm after you!

[surf rock theme plays, then fades out]

[transition music]

TER'NEKK: Hello, chosen ones. It is I, Zima Master Ter'nekk! As you know, it is my destiny to create a stunning website for Zima Prime. And I am here to tell you that my prophecy has finally been fulfilled, thanks to wix.com! Now, you—you may remember that for the last, uh, decade or so, the Zima Prime website has been complete garbage. We've all had to use Tom Wellington's login, a real pain in the butt. But! Our website is back up and better than ever, thanks to the Space! And also thanks, of course, to Wix. With their incredible intuitive design tools, I created our amazing website, zimaprime.space. Visit the shiny new zimaprime.space today to create your Zima name, book a session with one of our wise Zima Masters, or reserve a spot with Master Spurch at our spaceport, read our inspirational blog posts, and more. And get this, you can make a professional website by yourself, for free, with Wix. In fact, over 150 million people use Wix for their website. With Wix, you choose from more than 500 stunning templates, and then customize anything you want! It's almost like... I didn't even need a cosmic destiny to make this website... almost. Almost like that. And here's an extra-Fresh offer on top of all of that: head to wix.com and use coupon code ZYXX for 10% off any premium plan, which gives you more storage, a free domain for a year, and much, much more. That's W-I-X.com, coupon code Z-Y-X-X. [mysteriously] Yes, they rhyme, but their spellings could not be more different. Ah, the mysteries of the space.

[static, transition music]

PLECK: Oh boy, well... listen, Dar, C-53... I know you guys have real complicated relationships with Brando Rockswell, but... he saved us there, right at the last second.

C-53: I guess I've been waiting for him to do that for... ten years.

DAR: Same.

C-53: [annoyed] No, that's—that's my thing. You can have a different thing.

DAR: I know, it just felt like we've shared so much so far that...

PLECK: Yeah, I-I get it, y'know—

C-53: [apologetic] I know, it was an emotional day, I'm—I'm sorry.

AJ: He almost shot me, and it was awesome. It was great. Incredibly cool.

PLECK: AJ, I just want to talk to you—y'know, if Brando Rockswell jumped off a bridge, would you do it too?

AJ: Yeah, absolutely.

DAR: Here, uh, AJ, this is what it would feel like to jump off a bridge.

[Dar grunts and chucks AJ]

AJ: [flying away] AHHHHH I LEARNED MY LESsooon! [AJ crashes]

PLECK: Dar, you can't—you can't throw AJ...

DAR: That's tough love, baby! He just said he wanted to follow Brando off of a bridge. [Dar pauses] And now, I threw him INTO the bridge.

AJ: Oh, my rotator cuff's dislocated.

DAR: Luckily he's biologically engineered... that I can't hurt him.

PLECK: Yeah, he's... superior.

AJ: It's knitting back together. Feels good.

PLECK: Hey, Bargie, I just wanted to give you fair warning—when we were down at the bar, we ran into Finniford J. Ryan—y'know, the loan shark? And—

BARGIE: No. No.

PLECK: He says you owe him a lotta kroon.

BARGIE: What? Why—why would I... what? [quietly, rushed] You didn't tell him where I was, right? You didn't say where I was, right? You didn't say I was in space, I was in the sky, did you?

PLECK/C-53: Eh... well, you know... yeah, I mean, we mentioned—/Yeah, we mighta mentioned you were...

BARGIE: [stressed] Why would you say that? Why would you tell him I'm in space?

PLECK: You're in space most of the time, it—

BARGIE: Do you want me to be caught? Well, say goodbye to all the—all the amenities inside of me. That fridge is gonna be gone soon. It's gonna be just dust.

AJ: No, you can't take the fridge. [upset] You can't take the fridge, Bargie!

PLECK: Just take the drawing off of it.

AJ: It's my gallery! It's where I—it's my medium!

BARGIE: All I have right now is—is, I have the people inside of me, and my husband, who, uh, since you left... has not gone far. He's just...

[beeping as comms link is established]

[mechanical sounds, the Blazing Rochester groans]

BARGIE: ...still inches away from me, he did not move.

C-53: Oh yeah, I can—you can see him outside this porthole here.

BLAZING ROCHESTER: If anyone can give me a push...

BARGIE: [placatingly] I pulled you a couple times, hon-hon. Baby-boop. My darling ship... mate... person.

BLAZING ROCHESTER: Ugh, my ducts are clogged with... soot. [makes a horrible groaning sound]

AJ: It looks like—fire seems like it's spreading, right?

PLECK: Yeah, the fire—there's a lot more fire than there was.

BLAZING ROCHESTER: Oh, but I love you, Bargie, you're my young sprite. [getting a little too into it] Oh, Bargie, look at—crew, look at her! Look—you can't, you're inside of her—look at this beautiful... ooh. Look at that wing.

BARGIE: Oh, well, that's too kind.

PLECK: [diplomatically] She's a beautiful—she's a beautiful ship.

BARGIE: Too kind.

BLAZING ROCHESTER: Just... the moment I laid scanners on her... ohhh, Bargie, I want you to know, you'll never have a care in the world. Lemme turn this internal camera on. You see these stacks of war bonds?

BARGIE: I do. I don't need them, all I need is you.

PLECK: Wow.

C-53: War bonds?

PLECK: War bonds? [laughing] Which... which war?

C-53: I—I can't even recognize this.

PLECK: [still laughing] Could be any number of wars.

BLAZING ROCHESTER: This was... the war of the Tenertian oligarchs.

PLECK: C-53, do—do you know what war that—?

C-53: Tenertian oligarchs?

BLAZING ROCHESTER: Yeah. They're still valuable!

C-53: That was four centuries ago!

[the Blazing Rochester chuckles]

BARGIE: You're so handsome when you're historic.

DAR: We've changed what money we use since then.

BLAZING ROCHESTER: This stack of weird money represents my love for you.

BARGIE: You didn't ask any questions about me, you just love me regardless.

BLAZING ROCHESTER: So—you're so beautiful, and that voice? That angel voice of yours...

[Bargie and the Blazing Rochester start flirting back and forth in their very gravelly voices]

BARGIE: Aw, you got an angel voice.

BLAZING ROCHESTER: Aww, you got an angel voice!

BARGIE: You got an angel voice!

BLAZING ROCHESTER: You got an angel voice!

BARGIE: You got an angel voice!

AJ: Ugh.

BARGIE: Ahh, look at that voice.

C-53: I'm just gonna turn off my audio sensors for a little bit...

[Dar chuckles]

BLAZING ROCHESTER: The thing I want you to know is...

BARGIE: Anything.

BLAZING ROCHESTER: Eh—[flames flare up]

BARGIE: I don't understand you.

C-53: Oh, that's a lot of fire.

BLAZING ROCHESTER: Ooh... ugh, this feels bad.

BARGIE: What is it?

BLAZING ROCHESTER: I'm dyin'.

BARGIE: No—

BLAZING ROCHESTER: Yep.

BARGIE: Why would you—

BLAZING ROCHESTER: [quickly] My love for you was too strong—[words cut off by an explosion]

BARGIE: Okay... [stuff outside the ship clangs] Welp. That was a bad decision...

C-53: I'm... honestly amazed he lasted that long.

PLECK: There's so much smoke in that explosion.

AJ: It's mostly smoke, yeah. Just pluming smoke.

C-53: It really—it shouldn't do that in space.

AJ: Well...

BARGIE: Wow.

PLECK: Yeah, that's—it's very strange.

BARGIE: Is it bad that I actually, uh... I fell in love with him?

[crew responds all at once]

PLECK: Uhhhhhhh...

DAR: Oh, Barge...

AJ: What?

C-53: Really, Barge?

BARGIE: [emotionally] He would just—he would—when I asked him questions, he'd respond, and... he knew my name, and... also he—coal turns into diamond!

PLECK: Hey, Barge, I'm—I'm sorry about the Blazing Rochester.

AJ: Hey, hey—it's really a blazing Rochester now, it's totally on fire.

PLECK: AJ...

C-53: AJ, does this feel like the right time to do this?

AJ: It's totally a—

PLECK: AJ...

AJ: I made a joke, right?

PLECK: Ehhh...

C-53: I mean, a—one in extremely poor taste, but—

AJ: [with more showmanship] Now THAT'S... a blazing Rochester.

C-53: Well...

PLECK: No, that's—that's the same joke you just made.

C-53: Yeah, it's the same joke.

AJ: Oh... okay. Looks like THAT Rochester... is BLAZING.

C-53: No, you were better off the first time.

AJ: Okay! Okay, okay. THAT ship... has exploded.

PLECK: That's true.

[Dar grunts and hurls AJ across the ship again, AJ yells]

PLECK: Oh no, Dar! No...

DAR: That time, we all KNOW we wanted me to do that.

C-53: Yeah, that's good parenting.

[end credits music]

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 and Munchie were played by Moujan Zolfaghari. Master Missions Operations Manager Nermut Bundaloy and The Bartender were played by Seth Lind. AJ and Finniford J. Ryan the Loan Shark were played by Winston Noel. Brando Rockswell the Smuggler was played by special guest Johnathan Fernandez. Johnathan is a writer and actor in Los Angeles, who just finished performing three seasons on the Lethal Weapon TV show on Fox. The short film he wrote and starred in, Lillian, is playing at the SoHo International Film Festival in New York later this month. He'll be posting a ton about it on Instagram and Twitter,

where you can find him @JthanPrime. This episode was edited by Jeremy Bent and Alden Ford, with sound design and mix by Shane O'Connell. Recorded at Robert Doggy Jr.'s Puppy Palace in Brooklyn, New York, and MaximumFun in Los Angeles. Music composed by Brendan Ryan and performed by FAMEs Macedonian Symphonic Orchestra. Additional music by Shane O'Connell. 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.

[end credits music fades out]

[Promo: Oh No, Ross and Carrie!]

ROSS: Hello, listeners of Maximum Fun. I want to tell you about our newest podcast that tells you all about the truth of the Flat Earth.

CARRIE: Have you been looking out over the horizon, and you've been thinking, "Wait a minute, this doesn't look round. I've been lied to my whole life."

ROSS: What is NASA doing with 52—

ROSS AND CARRIE: —million dollars a day?

CARRIE: Uh. Uh, come on. We explode the myths.

ROSS: Just kidding! We're Oh No, Ross and Carrie! and we investigate extraordinary claims.

CARRIE: That's right. We investigate extraordinary claims firsthand. We go undercover in fringe groups. We get alternative medicine treatments. And, we hang out with people who have unusual beliefs, like flat Earthers, 9/11 truthers...

ROSS: We do ghost investigations. We've joined Scientology. And we got baptized in the Mormon Church.

CARRIE: If it goes bump in the night, then so do we.

[Ross laughs]

CARRIE: Why don't you check out Oh No, Ross and Carrie! at maximumfun.org?

[Promo: Dr. Gameshow]

JO: Hi, I'm Jo Firestone.

MANOLO: And I'm Manolo Moreno.

JO: And we're the hosts of Dr. Gameshow, which is a podcast where we play games submitted by listeners regardless of quality or content with in-studio guests and callers from all over the world.

MANOLO: And you can win a custom magnet.

JO: A custom magnet!

MANOLO: Subscribe now to make sure you get our next episode.

JO: What's an example of a game, Manolo?

MANOLO: Pokémon or Medication.

JO: How do you play that?

MANOLO: You have to guess if something's a Pokémon name or medication.

JO: [Doing impression of Manolo] Medication.

MANOLO: First time listener, if you want to listen to episode highlights and also know how to participate, follow Dr. Gameshow on Facebook, Instagram and Twitter.

JO: We'd love to hear from you.

MANOLO: And it's really fun.

JO: For the whole family. We'll be every other Wednesday starting March 13th and we're coming to Max Fun!

MANOLO: Snorlax.

JO: Pokémon?

MANOLO: Yes.

JO: Nice!

Maximumfun.org: comedy and culture. Artist owned, audience supported.

[outtake begins]

NERMUT/SETH: Are your speakers actually always u—do these even plug in, or are you just projecting sound through all the speakers you install?

PLECK/ALDEN: Nermut...

NERMUT/SETH: Yeah.

PLECK/ALDEN: Eh... nah, don't...

NERMUT/SETH: Okay.

PLECK/ALDEN: Don't overthink it.

[quiet background laughter]

NERMUT/SETH: [laughing] Alright. Alright. We'll cut that out. Um. So, uhhh...

KIARONDO/JEREMY: Good idea!

[various cast members laugh]

ALLIE: Oh, sure sure sure sure. Uh-huh.

KIARONDO/JEREMY: Too complicated! Throw it away.

[Alden laughs]

SETH: Uh—