

NARRATOR: [foreboding music] It is a time of fear and unrest. Emperor Nermut Bundaloy rules the galaxy with an iron fist. And also a planet crusher.... crusher. [music picks up tempo] 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. [music swells]

[Pleck opens the door and strolls up to the crew]

PLECK: Hey, C-53?

C-53: Yes?

PLECK: How does my shirt look? I just want to make sure it's nice and clean for today.

C-53: No, it looks fine.

AJ: [curious] What's up? What's going on today?

C-53: Nothing.

PLECK: No, just-- I just wanted--

C-53: We were just--

PLECK: You know, sometimes, AJ, you--

C-53: --making sure everything's in order, AJ.

PLECK: You got to take care of your appearance, you know?

C-53: Yeah.

PLECK: For no reason in particular.

[phone rings]

BARGIE: Pleck?

PLECK: Yeah. Yeah, Bargie, what's up?

BARGIE: Pleck, go into your room.

PLECK: OK.

BARGIE: Inside your room, you know that tiny closet that's full of my boxes?

PLECK: Yep.

BARGIE: One of those could be, you know, a G-I-F-T.

PLECK: Really? OK, yeah, sure. OK, I'm ready.

AJ: What's a gyft?

PLECK: It's a--

AJ: Is it a planet? Is it a new kind of species? What's a gyft?

C-53: Well, they're very dangerous, AJ, so--

AJ: Oh, okay. Be careful, Papa. Would you want me to go in and take it out? [charges blaster]

PLECK: No, I'm good. No, no, no.

AJ: [shouting] Take out this gyft!

PLECK: I'm good. Thank you. Thank you, Bargie.

[Pleck opens the door to Bargie's closet]

BARGIE: Hey, OK. But not the smallest box.

PLECK: OK.

BARGIE: It's pure hyper proton fuel.

PLECK: What?

BARGIE: [whispering] For when I need it most.

C-53: Bargie, you have hyper proton fuel on the ship?

BARGIE: Uh, yeah.

C-53: OK. [curiously] And it's, you're saying it's in the smallest box.

PLECK: Bargie. Bargie, why would you say that out loud?

C-53: I'm just, you know-- [strolling up] Y'know, Pleck, why don't you actually let me take a look?

PLECK: No, C-53, you are in the Midnight Shadow. Who knows what would happen?

AJ: Mr. Robot Man, you've got to be careful about that gyft in there.

C-53: Yeah, yeah. I'm just saying, [murmuring] I should probably check out the hyper proton fuel situation.

PLECK: AJ, everything's fine. C-53, I will grab--

C-53: It can decay very fast.

PLECK: I understand that. I will grab the gyft.

AJ: Be careful, Papa. I'll cover you. [pulls out tube]

TUBE: WHYYyYYYY!

PLECK: Thanks, AJ.

AJ: Yeah, you got it.

[The door opens and Dar enters]

DAR: What are you all doing?

PLECK: [clearly lying] We're doing nothing.

BARGIE: We do nothing all the time. Why would we do something?

DAR: It's just you're all creeping on tiptoe in the direction of Pleck's bedroom.

PLECK: Dar, I mean, obviously, C-53 moves silently. So I mean, he's on tiptoes all the time. AJ is a super soldier, essentially.

AJ: That's right. [shouting] Tiptoe is the fastest running.

[AJ tiptoe-runs around]

PLECK: Yes, it's true.

C-53: He's just doing laps.

DAR: Wow.

PLECK: And I, as a certified Zima Knight, I walk on tiptoe all the time to increase the space between my heel and the floor.

DAR: [doubtful] Uh-huh.

C-53: Yeah, I think you'll find that makes perfect sense, Dar.

DAR: Yeah.

[communicator beeps]

C-53: Papa Decksetter, I have an incoming transmission from Master Missions Operations Manager Nermut Bundaloy. [whispering] Papa Decksetter, I can wrap that gift while we're—

PLECK: OK, that's right.

AJ: [whispering] That seems pretty dangerous.

[Zima Prime's music plays behind Nermut]

PLECK: Hello, Nermut.

NERMUT: Hey, guys. How are you?

PLECK: I'm terrific. How are you?

NERMUT: Good. Good to see you all. Wow. Everything looks standard.

PLECK: Yeah.

C-53: Yep, all systems nominal. We are aboard the Bargarean Jade, the ship that we are on.

NERMUT: Great.

PLECK: Yeah.

AJ: Look at me run!

NERMUT: Wow, tiptoes. Whoa, oh, cartwheels.

PLECK: Wow. AJ's got the zoomies, but otherwise we're all good.

NERMUT: Well, let's do a mission.

PLECK: Great.

C-53: [stilted] Our greatest delight in the universe is to undertake missions.

AJ: [crushes can] Let's do this.

NERMUT: Chose the right jobs.

BARGIE: [stilted] And I am so psyched because this is what I love to do. Every day I love new missions, and I can't wait to hear about this one.

DAR: [worried] What is wrong with everybody?

PLECK: Dar, we're just trying to have a good mission.

AJ: Yeah, let's do this. Let's mission it up.

NERMUT: You guys are going to meet with an individual who is going to provide a precious piece of intel on a chip. It's going to help us take down the Emperor!

PLECK: Great.

C-53: Sounds like an extremely important mission.

BARGIE: Hooray. Hooray.

PLECK: Count us in. Send those coords, and we'll be on our way.

NERMUT: Great. So this is Paula's Banquet Hall. [chimes]

PLECK: Great.

NERMUT: And you're going to need to go into the back room.

PLECK: Okay.

NERMUT: At 0144 in the afternoon.

AJ: Punctual. Love it! [crushes can]

PLECK: Yeah. All right.

NERMUT: Parking out back.

PLECK: Great.

DAR: This is the fastest we have ever gotten through a mission briefing.

NERMUT: I know, right? We're getting better!

C-53: Yeah, Dar, consider how long we've been a crew. I think we've just finally hit our stride.

PLECK: Yes, good.

BARGIE: Yeah, I think that we're all just... pregnant with possibilities.

C-53: I think, Barge, that ju-

BARGIE: Huh? What I do?

AJ: [shushing] Shh. Don't wake the gyft.

[transition music fades into a static]

KAJJ INIQUITOUS: [strolling forward] My fellow Sparks, it is I, Kajj Iniquitous, bearing ill tidings. The wretched and idiotic Zimas are growing in power once again. I know this because somehow they have created an incredible info website at ZimaPrime.space by harnessing the awesome power of Wix.com. Its beauty is a terrible thing to behold. At once both polished and inviting, informative and entertaining, familiar and professional. It is, in a word, disgusting. But there is hope for wackness yet, for you see, the power they so confidently wield can be ours as well. By visiting Wix.com, where we may start and publish our own excellent but far more nefarious website for free. We may choose from over 500 stunning, customizable templates or start from scratch. Wix's premium plans provide unlimited storage, email addresses for everyone in our order, and a dedicated support team. And when our diabolical creation is complete, Wix provides built-in SEO tools that make it easy for other denizens of the wack to locate us online. For truly nothing could be wacker than looking for the ultimate evil in the galaxy with a search engine inquiry. And know this, my friends, the pitiful messes on the Infoweb shall finally kneel before the Sparks with the help of Wix.com's team of professional designers whom we may hire to lend professional design advice, help with setting up online sales, graphic design services, and more. And if you go to Wix.com and use the

coupon code ZYXX, you'll get 10% off any premium plan with more storage, a free domain for a year, and more. Wix.com/ZYXX. Keep it wack!

[transition music]

[the crew is walking on a strange planet]

AJ: Papa, do I have to keep this blindfold on still?

PLECK: Uh. Yes.

[a bell on a door dings as the crew enters a building]

C-53: This is a diplomatic function of this planet. It's customary to be blindfolded when meeting dignitaries.

AJ: You got it.

DAR: [suspicious] Why do you all sound so confident with your blindfolds on?

PLECK: Because—For the same reason we're all so confident when we tiptoe.

[door cracks open]

PAULA: Hey, it's Paula. OK, I'm going to open the door, OK?

AJ: Where am I?

PAULA: One, two, three.

[party poppers and confetti]

ALL: Surprise!

AJ: [charging gun] What's going on?

DAR: I'm sorry, should I take my blindfold off now?

C-53: Yeah. Dar, yeah. Take your blindfold off.

[Dar whiffs off the blindfold]

AJ: Should I take my blindfold off?

C-53: AJ-- take your blindfold off and put your blaster down.

[AJ takes off blindfold]

DAD: [LAUGHTER] There they are.

DAR: Dad?

DAD: Oh, yeah. It's me.

DAR: Catch me!

[Dar leaps into Dad's arms]

DAD: Hee hee, got you.

PLECK: Wow.

DAD: I'm going to spin you around!

[Dad spins Dar around, shattering several plates]

DAR: Hee hee, hee hee.

DAD: Oh, look at you. Look at you. Oh, my goodness.

AJ: [whispering] What's going on?

DAD: You-- you-- I'm so proud of you. [tearing up] I'm going to cry.

DAR: Oh, Dad. If you cry, I'm going to cry.

AJ: What's going on?

DAD: [tearing up]

C-53: AJ, this is-- This is Dar's parent.

DAD: Hey, pleasure to meet you. My name is [alien screeching] but you can call me Dad.

PLECK: Oh, pleasure to meet you, Dad.

DAD: Oh.

C-53: Hi, Dad.

DAD: Ah, yeah, put it here.

[Dad grabs Pleck]

C-53: Wow. Wow. OK.

PLECK: All right, watch out. My whole body.

AJ: So Dar's Dad is the contact that we're supposed to meet? With the micro-

PLECK: AJ, AJ, it was a surprise party. We didn't tell you because we knew you couldn't keep the secret.

AJ: I kept the secret when you told me that you're scared of Banji fruit.

PLECK: OK, that's not-- well, you obviously didn't because you just told everyone.

C-53: [curious] What is it about Banjie fruit?

PLECK: It's a fruit with fur. I don't like it. It's got hair on it.

C-53: It's not the only fruit with hair on it...

PLECK: Dad, it is great to finally meet you after-- I mean, these years, these couple years with Dar on the road.

DAD: [excited] Oh!

PLECK: I've heard so much about you.

DAD: [enthused] You did? Oh, well, that's nice, Dar.

AJ: Dar's never mentioned you to me.

PLECK: OK.

DAD: Yeah, well, it's great to meet Dar's friends.

PLECK: Yeah, well, yeah.

DAR: [hesitant] Yeah, these are my... friends.

DAD: Oh, that sounds like so much fun.

DAR: Oh, it's so good to see you.

[Dad pulls Dar into a hug]

DAD: Oh, it's really great to see you, too. It's so good to see you. I miss you.

C-53: Dar, I hope you'll forgive us, but we went behind your back and contacted Dad about setting up this surprise baby shower.

DAD: Yeah, I put-- I asked Paula, I said, can we use your banquet hall for my little Dar? And Paula said no, at first. Because there was another event happening. But I reminded Paula that we go back. And Paula said, well, you know, you're putting me in a difficult position. And I said, Paula, come on, -

AJ: [hushed aside] Why do we give a shit about this?

DAD: - we got history. What was that, guy?

AJ: [laughing] Nothing. I just think you're--

C-53: AJ!

DAR: Isn't my Dad the best at telling stories?

DAD: Yeah, so anyway, I'm talking to Paula.

DAR: Of course.

DAD: And then Paula says, I don't want to have this conversation anymore!

DAR: [laughs]

DAD: So... exactly right.

C-53: Was that a joke...?

DAD: Hey, pal, what do you work out with?

[Dad pats Pleck's arms]

PLECK: Me?

DAD: Yeah.

PLECK: What do I work out with? Mostly-- I'm so glad you asked. Mostly a wood saber.

DAD: Oh, must be nice.

PLECK: Yeah, thank you. May I just say that you look as strong as Dar. Exactly as strong as Dar.

C-53: Yeah, the differences between Dar and Dad on a physical level are almost indistinguishable.

DAR: [offended] Indistinguishable?

C-53: Honestly, other than the voice, you're extremely similar to Dad.

AJ: [loudly] It's weird how you all look alike. Super weird.

C-53: AJ, don't say it that way.

PLECK: I wouldn't say it's weird.

AJ: I mean, you all look alike to me.

DAD: Oh boy.

C-53: AJ, that's--

AJ: What? What did I say?

PLECK: No, you can't.

DAD: Oh...

AJ: What did I say?

[Dan walks up and rattles]

DAN: [cutely] Auntuncle Dar, Auntuncle Dar, I miss you so much. Look at me. I'm grown up.

DAD: Oh, here, let me throw you up in the air.

[Dad tosses Dan up into the air]

DAN: Wee! Wee! Wee! Wee!

PLECK: [whispering] C-53, is that a child of Dar's species?

C-53: I think so.

PLECK: They're the exact same height and weight?

AJ: I mean, they all look alike. Am I crazy?

PLECK: I mean, AJ, yes. To a Tellurian-- can I ask, Dad, how long does it take for a young member of your species to go from birth to full size?

DAD: Oh, I would say about 30 to 40 seconds.

C-53: [shocked] Wow. That's-- that's-- yeah.

DAR: All right, Dan, you're done. It's my turn. Throw me. Throw me.

[Dad throws Dar]

DAD: All right, here we go.

DAR: Wee! Wee! Woo! Wee!

C-53: This seems very dangerous to be doing.

DAN: Wait, my turn, my turn. Both of us, both of us.

DAD: OK.

[Dad doubles up on tossing]

DAN and DAR: Wee! Wee!

PLECK: Well, that's why you get Paula's banquet hall. It's very high ceiling.

C-53: It's a very spacious banquet hall.

PLECK: Yeah, very high ceiling.

DAL: Let me join. Let me join, too, all three of us.

[Dad juggles!]

DAD: OK, now.

DAN and DAL and DAR: Wee! Wee! Wee! Woo! Wee!

C-53: Very impressed that Dad can juggle three of you.

DAG: Don't forget old Dag. Let old Dag get in there!

DAD: OK.

[Dang, Dad can *juggle*]

DAN and **DAL** and **DAG** and **DAR:** Alright! Woo! Wee! Wee! Wee! Wee! Wee! Wee!

C-53: Just to be clear, it's Dar, Dad, Dan, Dag, Dab, and Dal?

PLECK: That sounds right. Just--

DAD: [shouting] That's the family! Hehe!

[transition]

DAB: [stirring drink] What is it that you do?

C-53: Oh, well, so I actually work with Dar. I'm part of a diplomatic team. We visit planets.

DAB: Sounds FISHY to me.

C-53: Oh, um--

DAB: You know what's a good diplomatic relation?

C-53: What's a good--

DAB: Your family. That is a relationship you should diplomatize. Dar, they're off wearing small clothes. [slurps]

C-53: Small clothes?

DAB: What do they do out there, huh? [pours drink] Drugs?

C-53: Uh--

DAB: Parties?

C-53: Well, actually--

DAB: Guns? [slams table] Violence? Rock and roll music?

C-53: Can I get you some punch? Do you need punch?

DAB: Murders? Drugs?

C-53: [walking away] I'm just gonna-- I'm gonna get punch is what I'll do.

DAB: Rock and roll music? Books?

C-53: [confused] Books?

DAB: Space?

[transition]

DAW: Hey, Dar, it's me, Daw, your high school sweetheart. Wow, you look amazing.

DAR: Oh.

DAW: [laughs] Wow, our chemistry is still there, you know, if you stayed. It could have really been something, but it's too late now.

DAR: Oh, wow, who did you end up in a sexless marriage with?

[Das walks up]

DAS: Me, Das.

DAW: Das, your best friend from high school?

PLECK: Oh, boy.

DAR: Yeah.

DAS: Yeah. Yeah, it's amazing. [takes out yearbook] You know what, I brought our junior year yearbook. Hey, everybody, look at Dar's picture.

DAD: Aw.

DAS: Check it out.

DAD: That's sweet.

DAS: Isn't that amazing?

DAD: I remember that, Dar.

PLECK: That's when you were going by Norm.

DAR: [nervous laughter] Oh, yeah, always needed to be different.

DAD: What a haircut.

PLECK: Dar, I'm sorry.

AJ: Everybody doesn't look the same in this yearbook to me.

PLECK: Thank you, AJ. Dar, I have to ask a question about this picture. Are the-- what are those wires running between each of your chest talons?

DAR: [embarrassed] Um, it's not terribly common here, but I had crooked chest talons.

PLECK: Oh, no.

DAR: When I was a teenager.

DAD: Yeah. Sorry, that was my fault.

PLECK: That was your fault?

DAD: Because when I was carrying Dar to term, I kind of-- I was a little addicted.

PLECK: [confused laughter] To what?

DAD: To Paz-Lar.

PLECK: OK.

DAD: You know Paz-Lar?

C-53: Yeah.

DAD: Hell of an addiction to Paz-Lar.

C-53: Paz-Lar, yeah, it's a really popular mobile game.

DAD: Yeah.

C-53: Probably lying on your side a lot playing it in bed.

DAD: Yeah, and at the time, I thought, it's harmless, you know? We didn't know back then. We didn't know what we know now.

PLECK: You know, Dad, I have really just-- I've really enjoyed getting to know Dar. And I just want to say you raised a really great kid.

DAD: [happily] Oh, that is so nice of you. That is so nice. Can I pick you up?

PLECK: Me? Oh, wow. Yes. You know, I think it's-- [Dad tosses Pleck up] Oh, wee! Woo-hoo! OK. Yeah! Look ou-

[crashing sound]

DAD: Oh, I dropped you.

PLECK: OK, wow. Wow. OK. Yeah, that is a real treat.

DAD: Yeah.

PLECK: You know, Dar has never thrown me like that.

DAD: [confused] You don't throw?

DAR: What?

DAD: You've never thrown your friends?

DAR: No, it's because you always threw me.

DAD: Well, I mean--

DAR: It's our thing.

DAD: I know, but--

DAN: No, no, Dar, throw me.

DAR: Um--

DAN: Throw me.

DAR: OK.

PLECK: Give it a shot, Dar.

DAN: It's not a test, but throw me.

DAR: Ah!

[Dar tosses Dan up and Dan flies out the building]

PLECK: Uh-oh. Oh, no, you got-- A little far. Dar, you got to go sort of straight up.

DAR: It's just of all the singular windows to be open in the banquet hall--

DAD: Yeah.

PLECK: Yeah.

DAR: I had to toss them out that way.

DAD: That was my request, one open window.

[Daz runs in and tosses Dan down]

DAZ: Hey, here, this kid landed in my truck.

DAD: Oh, thank you so much.

DAZ: You're welcome. There you go.

DAN: [happily] I'm fine.

DAD: That guy is a real prick.

PLECK: Hmm.

DAD: You know that? You know that?

[Daz runs back]

DAZ: And you know what? Juck all you.

PLECK: OK, that's--

DAZ: Juck all you.

DAD: Oh, my goodness.

DAR: Juck you too.

DAD: You know what? You know what? I'm going to kill you at X-Marse.

DAZ: You got to find me first. [running away] Woo-hoo-hoo-hoo-hoo-hoo.

PLECK: Dar, you were serious? Every X-Marse, someone dies on the planet?

DAR: Yeah, Dad is-- he's an ace shot.

PLECK: Wow.

DAD: That is correct.

PLECK: Wow. Dad, what do you do for work here on--

DAD: Well, I don't work so much anymore since the accident, but, you know--

DAR: [concerned] What accident?

PLECK: I'm so sorry.

DAD: Well, you know, I didn't want to bother you. I didn't want to worry you or anything.

DAR: What was the accident, though?

DAD: Oh, there was a giant blade! Uh, cut right through me.

PLECK: What?

DAR: [shouting] What?!

DAD: Oh, yeah, huge blade. You know, there was a ship taking off, and I guess it was just kind of, you know, not put together so well, and that thing just went [whooshes]--

[Dax walks up]

DAX: Dad is being modest, OK?

DAD: Oh, don't worry her.

DAX: The blade killed him. He was dead for five months.

DAD: Yeah, OK. It's not a big deal.

DAX: It took all of our medical professions to bring him back to life, and he's like, don't tell Dar. Don't tell Dar.

DAD: That's not a big deal.

DAX: We mourned him.

DAR: Dax!

DAX: He was buried in the ground.

DAD: Beautiful flowers.

[Dag runs in]

DAG: Two pieces! Two pieces - cut in twain! We had to-- we buried him in two places.

DAR: OK, Dag, we get it. Dax, why didn't anyone call me?

DAX: Eh, you were busy. You're out there doing whatever you're doing in your big old space with your fancy friends.

DAD: Yeah, I don't want to--

DAR: [annoyed] OK, just because I left the planet doesn't mean I don't care about all of you, especially Dad.

DAD: Oh, it's fine. [pulls Dar into hug] I just died for five months, and I was brought back by our best scientists and doctors.

DAG: Two places we put him!

DAR: [angrily] Dag!

DAD: And I guess they miss me so much. You know, I'm well-liked around here. They put me together.

PLECK: Dad, I'm glad you're OK.

DAD: Oh, it's fine. Well, I'm excited because-- [walking to C-53] oh, you're a robot.

C-53: Oh, yes. Yeah, I- Yeah.

DAD: When I was younger, I used to dream about being a robot.

C-53: Really?

DAD: Yeah.

[Dar pulls Pleck into an aside]

DAR: Uh, Pleck? Do you think I'm a bad child?

PLECK: No, not at all, Dar. You're a great child, I think.

DAR: But Dad died, and I didn't even know.

PLECK: I mean--

DAR: I think I have to move back home.

PLECK: [hushed] What? No, Dar, you can't. We've come so far.

DAR: Yeah, but I'm-- I'm legitimately the only one of my species that doesn't live here.

PLECK: [disbelief] Seriously?

DAR: Yeah. It's just me. I'm the only one who ever left.

PLECK: Wow.

DAR: Yeah, that's a lot of pressure.

PLECK: Yeah. Yeah.

[AJ walks up]

AJ: Dar, it's pretty isolating for you, huh?

DAR: Oh. Yes, you definitely could say that.

AJ: I'm just saying, like, all these people seem really happy, and they've all stayed. That one bought a house, like, recently!

DAR: Yeah, everyone here owns their own house.

AJ: No way!

DAR: Yeah.

AJ: Man, must be nice. You don't own property, though, do you?

DAR: Well, not yet, but once my cryptocurrencies, you know, take flight, [worried] there's still time for me to turn this around before I have a family.

[C-53 and Dad fade back in]

C-53: That's true.

DAD: And that's how I booked Paula's banquet hall.

PLECK: And that is great.

DAR: Wild. Wow.

DAD: It's even better the second time, right?

PLECK: Yeah, very nice.

DAD: Yeah.

DAR: Yeah. What a journey.

[transition music, Dag and Pleck are in the bathroom chatting]

DAG: So you work for Dar.

PLECK: Well, I work with Dar, yeah.

DAG: But you work-- Dar's the captain. And you work for them.

PLECK: Well, the ship is sentient, actually, the Bargarean Jade.

DAG: So why is there a crew?

PLECK: Well, I like to think we're sort of just passengers, you know.

DAG: So why doesn't the ship just do the missions?

PLECK: Well, because Bargie couldn't-- I mean, Bargie's not really--

DAG: But the ship can talk, right?

PLECK: Right, but Bargie can't really--

DAG: [shouting] So why isn't the ship just doing the missions?

PLECK: I don't know.

DAG: If I was in charge, I would just cut the crew out, just make the ship do all the missions.

PLECK: [laughing] I think it's-- I mean, think about it.

DAG: Who do I need to tell? Who should I write to say that the ship should just do the missions by herself?

PLECK: Dag, just imagine a situation in which a ship has to, like, for example, sit in a throne room or attend a parliamentary--

DAG: OK, OK. So you work for Dar.

PLECK: [hesitantly] Well, I mean, I would say we are coworkers. I would say we're both right at the same level.

DAG: Well, if Dar left this planet, they better be working at the top is what I have to say. Why leave?

PLECK: Well, the galaxy's pretty big. You can't just be in charge once you leave. There's a long--

DAG: So you've been all over the galaxy.

PLECK: Oh, well, yeah.

DAG: So you know there's no better place than this planet. Why would you ever want to leave? It's all here.

PLECK: Yeah.

DAG: We got mountains. You see the mountain range over there?

PLECK: Yeah, very beautiful, beautiful mountains.

DAG: Trees. Lousy with them!

PLECK: [laughing] No, they're great trees. A lot of planets--

DAG: Lakes and rivers. Why would Dar-- why would they ever want to leave? Everything we have is on the planet. There's no need to leave.

[Dag enters a stall and pulls their pants down, tapping on their pad]

PLECK: Well, yeah, but there's a lot of stuff out in the galaxy. You know, not only--

DAG: Stuff.

PLECK: Yeah, not only is there beautiful things to see and people to meet, but there's adventures to go on, and there's things worth-- there's heroic deeds.

DAG: You could do all that here. You could have heroic deeds here. That's what I kept telling Dar, but they wouldn't listen. They wouldn't listen to old Dag! Nobody listens to old Dag.

PLECK: Have you always sounded like that?

DAG: Well, have you always sounded like that?

[Dag flushes]

PLECK: I don't--

DAG: Dag's always said like this.

PLECK: Dag, I gotta go.

DAG: I gotta go.

[Dag walks out]

PLECK: I'm sorry, are you--are you walking out of this--

DAG: Nobody walks out on Dag.

[Pleck walks to the party]

DAD: Who's ready for games? [singing] Party games, party games. Everybody loves that party games.

DAD and DAG: Party games, party games. Everybody loves that party games!

PLECK: All right, Dag.

DAV: All right, everybody, I got all the chairs in a circle. You're gonna sit down in a circle. You're gonna see there's--

[Everyone pulls a chair]

DAG: Oh, it's a fun one!

DAV: You're gonna see an envelope under every chair. Everybody get down there and get to--

C-53: Alright.

PLECK: Okay. I haven't played a party game in a long time. This is gonna be exciting.

DAR: What name did you get, Pleck?

PLECK: What name did I get?

DAR: That's the person you have to tackle before they tackle you.

PLECK: [opens paper] Oh, no.

DAB: Who's Pleck?

PLECK: Oh, no. Who is Dab?

[Dab charges at Pleck, screaming and tackles him]

DAB: Do you submit?

PLECK: I submit. Oh.

DAB: [laughing]

DAY: [Day rattles up with a walker] Oh, Dar, looks like I have you.. Be gentle on me. My chutes aren't the way they used to be.

DAR: Oh, well, listen, Day, it's--

DAY: I'm lying! [laughing, tackles Dar]

AJ: Whoa. Look at them just fighting.

DAR: [whacking Day] Day, today isn't your day!

AJ: All right, I've got Dap. [crushes can] Let's do this, Dap!

DAP: [Sounding incredibly bored] Oh, well, okay.

AJ: Let's do this.

DAP: Fine. [AJ whiffs punches] Okay, just putting my finger on your head.

AJ: Oh, it hurts, but I won't submit. I will not!

DAP: All right.

AJ: Let's baby shower this. Let's do it!

DAP: Yeah, all right. I'm just gonna gently throw you across the room.

[AJ screams and flies out]

DAD: Right out that window. [laughing]

[Daz runs up]

DAZ: Listen, listen, one kid lands in my truck. Okay, okay, that's fine. Just... a second?

DAD: You know what? Juck you.

C-53: Are you just hanging out in the parking lot?

DAZ: Mm-hmm. Where else am I gonna vape? Just stop launching [incomprehensible]

[Daz digs into the ground]

DAD: He dug right through the ground.

C-53: [opens paper] Ah, it looks like I have Daf.

DAF: [quietly, in a childlike voice] That's me.

C-53: Oh, hello. Hi. Looks like we're supposed to wrestle each other.

DAF: Okay. Um, fine, just hit me, I guess.

C-53: Oh, I don't feel fully comfortable with this.

DAF: I'm only two years old. My favorite toy is a garfon doll!

DAR: Don't fall for it, C. This is a ruse, a hardcore ruse.

DAF: [sadly] I've never been hugged before.

C-53: Oh, I'm so sorry for you. Why don't I just come in here-[C-53 grabs and smashes Daf]

DAF: [growling, smashing C-53 into tables]

C-53: [exertion] Might've... bit off a more than I could chew here! I submit, I submit!

DAD: That's our game.

PLECK: Are you okay?

[C-53 walks up]

C-53: Oh, I'm fine.

AJ: This game rules.

DAD: Oh, thanks, yeah.

AJ: That guy's pretty cool, I vaped with him.

DAD: Okay.

PLECK: Hey, hey, Dar.

DAR: Yeah?

PLECK: How is that party game, like, what is-- how is that related to the baby shower?

DAR: Finding your opponent and wrestling them to the ground?

PLECK: Yeah, like, why is that traditional in a baby shower?

DAR: Well, I guess there are lots of struggles that you will have with your child one day, and, you know, you could win or they could win.

[Dag wrestles]

DAG: I SUBMITTTT!

PLECK: Wow, that's a really powerful metaphor.

DAR: And also, obviously, when you reach full maturation in 30 to 40 seconds, it's either tackle or be tackled.

PLECK: Yeah, I guess that makes sense, yeah.

DAD: [dinging glass] Okay, before we do another game, I think we should have some cake.

ALL: [cheering]

ALL: Yum, yum, yes, whoo!

C-53: Oh, lotta Zimas..

PLECK: Makes sense.

ZIMA MASTER PELL: One cake, here it is.

C-53: Master Pell, Little Boy?

ZIMA MASTER PELL: That's right.

LITTLE BOY: [hovering] Hi, remember, I'm a girl.

C-53: We didn't forget.

ZIMA MASTER PELL: I might be a cater-waiter, but also my fists go on fire using the space.

[fire alarm beeps]

ZIMA MASTER PELL: Oops, sorry, sorry, sorry. Enjoy the cake.

C-53: Thank you.

DAR: Dad, I couldn't help but notice that this is just a very specifically 19-inch-tall cake.

DAD: Yeah.

[Nermut pops out of the icing]

NERMUT: [excited] Yay! Hi, Dar! It's--oh, too much frosting. It's me, it's Nermut.

AJ: Oh, it's Nermut, okay!

DAR: That was evident.

PLECK: Hey, Nermut.

NERMUT: Hey, and inside here is not just me, but my keyboard. All right.

PLECK: Oh, no.

NERMUT: [rummaging with tech] Let's get that in the--get this into the PA, okay. And let's get a microphone.

C-53: Wow, he really...

DAD: Wow, how exciting.

C-53: --brought a whole audio setup.

NERMUT: Okay, and the cowbell. [pulls out of cake]

DAD: Oh!

DAR: Dad?

DAD: Yeah?

DAR: Do you know why Nermut chose to hide in the cake and just didn't surprise me with everybody else?

DAD: [happily] Oh, I don't know.

AJ: So we gonna eat the the cake, or--

NERMUT: All right, everybody. This is a song I wrote for this occasion. I want to thank everyone for making it out to the big event. Dad and I are just pumped. One, two, three,

four. [singing] ♪ Grow, grow, growing inside you, you, you ♪ ♪ Is a t-t-t-tinier you, you ♪
♪ Gonna pop out, gonna be just like you ♪ ♪ Just like you ♪ [hacking] Okay, I'm choking
on some frosting.

C-53: [grossed out] This is the most disgusting song I've ever heard.

NERMUT: I got some frosting.

AJ: I like it. [singing] ♪ Grow, grow, growing inside you ♪

NERMUT: Yeah! AJ, get up here, get up here!

AJ: No, that's all right.

NERMUT: Okay, guys, thanks so much.

DAD: Did I miss my part?

DAR: Oh.

NERMUT: Oh, yeah, I'll keep playing.

DAD: It was mostly scatting.

NERMUT: I'll keep playing while you sing.

C-53: Take it, Dad.

AJ: Go for it.

NERMUT: Go for it, Dad!

DAD: Okay. [walks up to mic scatting]

DAR: [encouraging] Woo, yeah, Dad!

DAD: [scatting]

DAR: Yes!

AJ: Yeah, lay it on me.

DAR: Aw, juck, yeah!

C-53: Dad can scat!

DAR: Are you guys hearing this?

AJ: He's a scat dad.

DAR: Yeah.

DAD: ♪ There I go, there I go, there I go right now ♪

DAR: There is literally not a better scatter than Dad.

DAD: ♪ Hello, hi, what's going on? ♪ ♪ Oh, nothing much ♪

DAR: [giddy] This is the best part. This is the best part.

C-53: He's doing characters within the scat!

DAD: ♪ Oh, hey there, neighbor ♪ ♪ Oh, hey, what's going on? ♪ ♪ Oh, nothing much ♪

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

C-53: Yeah, absolutely.

[Pleck and C-53 walk off]

PLECK: C-53-

C-53: Yeah, what's going on?

PLECK: I just realized something.

C-53: Mm-hmm.

PLECK: Dar's Dad is a goof.

C-53: Oh, yeah, I mean, I assumed that right away from his loose-fitting floral shirt and cargo shorts.

PLECK: Yeah, I mean, it's not who I would have pictured as Dar's parent, but I gotta say, you know, with the singing and the stories that go nowhere, you know who he reminds me of?

C-53: Hmm?

[beat]

PLECK: Nermut.

C-53: [realizing] Oh, yeah. Uh huh.

PLECK: Like, I feel like they're very similar people.

C-53: Yeah.

PLECK: Just a little bigger and with more confidence.

[cheering]

NERMUT: Give it up for Dad!

DAD: Oh, you're being kind, you're being kind.

C-53: People falling for people who remind them of their parents is not uncommon.

PLECK: I think there's something there.

DAD: [walking up] Hey, what are you guys talking about?

PLECK: Nothing.

C-53: Nothing. Hey, loved the scat routine.

PLECK: Great scatting.

DAD: Thank you! Thank you so much. I practi-

C-53: Where did you learn how to scat?

DAD: Oh, there's a college, there's a university here that you can go for for that.

C-53: Oh!

NERMUT: [skitters up] Hey there.

DAD: Oh, hey.

NERMUT: Oh, so good to meet you in person.

DAD: Yeah, you seem so cool. You know, I love the cake thing.

NERMUT: Right, isn't that funny?

DAD: I think it's really, I think it's really swell.

NERMUT: Yeah, yeah.

DAD: Hey, where'd you get that floral, where'd you get that floral shirt?

NERMUT: Oh, I ordered this from Zags Floral Online on the Info Web.

DAD: Zags?

NERMUT: Yeah, two-day shipping with the offer code.

DAD: Yeah, yeah, I'm a member!

NERMUT: Are you?!

DAD: Yeah.

NERMUT: Oh, look at this, I have my card right here.

DAD: Oh, wow, okay, you got the--

NERMUT: Zaggy Boys.

DAD: Oh, you got the platinum, yeah.

NERMUT: You're in Zaggy Boys member club too?

DAD: Yeah, I'm a Zaggy Boy, all right.

NERMUT: Yeah, wow.

DAD: Hey, you want to do the Zaggy Boy shake?

NERMUT: Yeah.

[Nermut and Dad complex shake]

NERMUT and **DAD:** Zaggy Boys!

PLECK: An online shirt company has their own dance?

C-53: Oh! You don't know about Zaggy Boys?

PLECK: No.

NERMUT: I was just, you know, is it, can I call, can I call you Dad, actually?

DAR: That's their name.

NERMUT: Oh, so--

DAD: Yeah, you could definitely call me that.

NERMUT: Cool, cool, I mean, I just like, it's so great to finally meet you because I, I mean, I hope I'm not out of line to say that I'm going to care for this child so much.

DAD: Oh, well, I would say that's pretty *in* line.

NERMUT: Huh?

DAD: You said, "I hope I'm not out of line," and I said, "I think it's pretty *in* line."

NERMUT: Oh, cool. Like my favorite type of skates.

DAD: What do you want me to call you?

NERMUT: Me? You know what, normally I ask for Master Missions Operations Manager Nermut Bundaloy, but why don't you just call me Nermut?

DAD: Yeah, okay, because I'm not going to say the other one.

NERMUT: Okay.

DAD: [chewing on it] Nermut.

NERMUT: Dad, I'm so glad that you're a cool parent.

DAD: Eh.

NERMUT: I was nervous because, like, obviously, as the father of Dar's child, I just--

DAD: [confused] The what?

NERMUT: As the father of--

DAD: I don't follow.

NERMUT: So I--okay, here we go. [hesitant] Dar and I have--we've had a lot of sex.

DAD: Okay.

DAR: Oh, boy.

C-53: [disbelief] Wow!

DAF: What's that?

AJ: Oh nice! I didn't know that.

DAR: [frantic] Oh, Rodd.

DAF: What's that?

DAR: Nermut, Nermut, you don't have to--

NERMUT: You know, just as the father, this is incredible--

DAD: You keep saying that word, but you're not the one carrying--

NERMUT: No, no, no, Dar's carrying the child.

DAD: [annoyed] So then what the juck are you talking about, okay? You know, I really like you, but--

NERMUT: No, I like you, too.

DAD: -- for the love of Rodd!

DAR: [exasperated] Okay, Nermut, so I never really wanted to have to explain this to you. I thought, you know, you'd just kind of get the idea or--

NERMUT: No, I don't pick up on hints.

DAR: So when two people... juck, it activates something inside of the parent, and as everyone on my planet is equipped with both female and male organs, we then self-procreate.

NERMUT: Wow.

DAR: And... I am the father and mother.

NERMUT: Hmm.

AJ: Oh!

NERMUT: [glumly] Okay... Congratulations...

C-53: The term is parthenogenesis, if you are curious about the actual technical--

NERMUT: I'm actually gonna crawl back in the cake. [skitters off]

C-53: Oh, yeah, okay.

DAR: Just a pile of crumbs.

NERMUT: Gonna pile it back on to that cake.

C-53: Now you're just ruining the sides of the cake.

DAR: It's like he's burying himself in the sand.

[Nermut wiggles into the cake]

PLECK: His little butt sticking out.

AJ: I gotta tell you, I mean, how depressing must it be to be on a planet where everybody's the exact same? You know? The only people around are the people who are, like, genetically identical to you.

C-53: Yeah. You don't identify with that?

AJ: [laughing] Talk about a bummer.

C-53: You don't identify with that in any way?

AJ: Why would I, huh? What?

C-53: Growing up with Ms. Janelle, wasn't everyone the same?

AJ: Yeah, I mean, sure, we were the same height, same weight, same genetic material, same hair color, eye color, facial features, but, you know, our voices sort of were a little different, and, you know, we all sort of had different names for one another, so it's kind of a different situation than here.

C-53: [confused] Is it, though?

AJ: Okay, okay, here's the difference.

C-53: Okay.

AJ: I think it's a totally different thing, because I, like, left the CLINTs and I'm kind of doing my own thing, and—

C-53: Ah. And most other CLINTs just stay at home?

AJ: Stay at home. So this is, like, it's, like, a different thing.

C-53: [sarcastically] Yeah, this whole situation has nothing in common with your situation.

AJ: I'm glad you agree.

C-53: Yeah, yeah I agree.

AJ: Also, I was sort of the alpha—it was always sort of apparent that I was destined for greater things.

C-53: Let me ask, what does being the alpha mean to you?

AJ: You know, just like, [smugly] I know what's going on. Most intelligent, battle-ready. My butt gun comes out faster than anyone else's.

C-53: Is that something CLINTs would brag about?

AJ: We would time it. See how fast it took to pass.

C-53: Wow.

DAD: [dinging glass] Everyone, everyone, I want to give a speech to my Dar.

ALL: [everyone shushes] Shut up. Shut up! Shut up. Shut up. Shut up.

DAF: You shut up.

DAG: You shut up.

C-53: No one is talking.

DAG: I'm gonna juck you up.

DAD: Okay. Oh, boy. Dar?

DAR: Dad.

DAD: I just want to say that, you know, even though you are the only being that has left this planet, you know, usually a parent would be a little disappointed in that, but that's not me. I'm not disappointed. I'm proud. You know, there was once upon a time I wanted to get off this rock, be a robot maybe, but I didn't do that. I didn't chase my dreams. I didn't have the courage to do that. But, Dar, you've done more. You know, you read about many planets, and you think, oh, that's impressive, but none of them are as impressive as you. You're my star, Dar. You're my star.

DAR: [crying] Oh, Dad.

DAD: Come here.

[Dad throws Dar]

DAR: Whee! [Dar lands] Dad, for that being one of the shortest, most direct speeches you've ever told..

DAD: Eheh?

DAR: I still really liked it. But if you wanted to ramble on for like 18 more minutes, I'd be happy with that, too.

DAD: Okay. I'll do that.

PLECK: Oh.

C-53: Dar, maybe we should just move on to the G-I-F-Ts.

DAR: Sure.

AJ: [panicked] The gyfts?! [charges blaster]

C-53: No, not the gyfts!

AJ: [firing wildly] Hold on, butt gun out, let's do this! Let's go. Let's go. Let's go. Gyfts, you're not taking us! Dad, get behind me. I got it!

[the gifts explode and the audio fades, showing that the episode thus far has been a recording]

DAR: Wow. All those gifts.

RECORDING-DAX: I bought her a cashmere sweater!

DAR: Ugh.

RECORDING-AJ: Oh, wait.

[recording ends]

PLECK: So, yeah. AJ shot up all the gifts, and then Paula asked us to leave. So, you really didn't miss all that much, Bargie.

C-53: Yeah.

BARGIE: You know, honestly, I should just be doing the missions myself.

[outro 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, Paula, Dab, and Day were played by Moujan Zolfaghari. Master Missions Operations Manager Nermet Bundaloy and Daz, the Truck Vaper, were played by Seth Lind. AJ and Dag were played by Winston Null. Dad was played by special guest Frank Garcia-Hell. You can see Frank perform on Saturday nights at UCB Sunset in LA with the Sketch Group Squadron and in the movie Scare Package, coming out later this year. Follow him on Twitter and Instagram @FrankGarciaHell. This episode was edited by Seth Lind and sound designed and mixed by Shane O'Connell. Recorded at Robert Doggy Jr.'s Puppy Palace in Brooklyn and Headgum in Los Angeles. 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.

MALLORY: What do you look for in a book?

BRIA: Literally if on the back it said like, "This book made me shit my pants," I'd be like, "I'm buying this book." Like, I think the problem with blurbs a lot of times—

BRIA: I like that we both want to crap ourselves over books. What's the best way to e-read in the tub?

MALLORY: Listen to that noise. I'm reviewing a plastic bag today.

BRIA: How do you find a good book?

MALLORY: This is the most fucked up weird shit you've ever read.

BRIA: Oh yeah, I'm like, "Get into it. Hand it over."

MALLORY: "Take my money."

BRIA: I'm Bria Grant.

MALLORY: And I'm Mallory O'Mara.

BRIA: We're Reading Glasses and we solve all your bookish problems. Every Thursday on Maximum Fun.

SINGER: One, two, one, two, three, four.

JUSTIN: Hi everybody, my name is Justin McElroy.

SYDNEY: And I'm Sydney McElroy. And together we're the hosts of Sawbones, a Marital Tour of Misguided Medicine. What does that mean for you, the podcast consumer? Well, it means that you're going to get a lot of stories about how we used to do weird stuff to people in order to try to fix them.

SYDNEY: Do you know that we used to think diseases were caused by bad smells? And that we used to eat mummies for medicine?

KID: That's super funny. I kind of like it.

JUSTIN: Well, thanks. And we hope you'll kind of like our show, Sawbones, a Marital Tour of Misguided Medicine. It's available every Friday wherever fine podcasts are sold. Or at its beautiful, picturesque home at—

KID: MaximumFun.org.

MAXIMUM FUN: MaximumFun.org. Comedy and culture. Artist owned. Audience supported.

ALDEN: Hey, Dad?

FRANK: Yeah?

ALDEN: Maybe you could clarify something for me. Everybody on the whole planet goes by a three-letter name that starts with the letter D.

FRANK: Correct. D-A.

ALDEN: Wow. That's... that can get maybe confusing.

FRANK: No.

ALDEN: Alright. Good talk. This lasagna is very good.

FRANK: Yeah. You know, you know, it's... Do you know how lasagna's made?

ALDEN: Uh, in noodles and sauce?

FRANK: Correct.

ALDEN: And then cheese on the top, right?

FRANK: If you want.