

[orchestral main theme music begins]

NARRATOR: It is a time of chaos. Without a ruler, the galaxy is paralyzed by lawlessness, unrest, and of course, the colossal Allwheat... which looks like the love child of a quasar and all of your regrets. Now, Captain Dar and their intrepid crew must survive the looming threat, reunite a fractured galaxy, and meet weird bug creatures and stuff. This... is Mission to Zyxx.

[theme music comes to a climax, then fades out]

[sound of Horsehat babbling]

AJ: [from outside the room] Captain Dar? Captain Dar?

[the door opens]

DAR: Uh, yeah, AJ?

AJ: [whispering] Uh... I have a question.

DAR: You're gonna have—you're gonna have to talk up a little, uh... Horsehat's kinda babbling, so it's, uh...

AJ: Oh. Well, okay. Well, actually, my question's about babbling. Have you noticed that Papa's kind of, like, muttering under his breath all the time? It's like, weird? He's like—it's like he's hearing something? He's talking?

DAR: I don't know, Pleck's always talking to himself. It's always, like, this embarrassing motivational stuff from TheyTeen.

AJ: Uh...

[Dar and AJ leave Dar's room]

DAR: Hey, C, have you noticed that Pleck's been acting... I don't know...

AJ: He's just muttering.

C-53: He's certainly acting a little different. But also, keep in mind that he had a destiny that was fulfilled, and now, understandably, he's feeling a little lost.

AJ: Yeah, that's probably right. But sniveling and muttering under your breath? Is that—

C-53: Well, Dar's not wrong, he did have—remember those daily affirmation tapes he was using for a while?

DAR: Yeah.

[playback start sound]

PLECK: [on the recording] I don't need to fit in with the coolest clique. I have my own clique. It's called... compassion.

[playback end sound]

DAR: Ohhh, wow. And then remember how one of them got stuck, so he just kept listening to the same affirmation tape over and over and over...

[playback start sound]

PLECK: [on the recording] Nobody can make me feel inferior without my feel inferior. Without my feel... infer... [the affirmation tape starts looping]

BARGIE: [interrupting] Hey.

PLECK: [on the recording] What's happening?

BARGIE: Hey.

[playback end sound]

BARGIE: Are we talkin' about Pleck?

C-53: Yeah. We are, yeah.

AJ: Yeah, we are.

BARGIE: Are we talkin' about his little pants in his eyes?

AJ: What?

C-53: What? Oh, when he got those pants wrapped around his eyes at Trey-Sta'gramm's party.

BARGIE: Yeah, is that what we're talkin' about?

AJ/C-53/DAR: No./No./No...

AJ: No.

[door opens]

PLECK: Hey, guys, are you talkin' about me?

C-53/AJ: Uhhh.../Uhhh...

DAR: Well, I'm sure you heard over the PA that we are in fact... talking about you.

AJ: [crosstalk] Yeah, I mean, Bargie sorta spoiled it.

PLECK: Yeah, Bargie—I was sitting in my room and I heard Bargie say, "Hey, are you guys talking about Pleck."

C-53: You know, other people would have taken the hint and stayed where they were.

AJ: Yeah.

PLECK: Alright, listen, y-y'know, you—you guys can talk all you want, I'm fine.

C-53: We're not gonna talk now that you're here.

AJ: No, that's not—

PLECK: You want me to go back in my room?

AJ: Take all the fun out of it.

C-53: No, it's fine.

BARGIE: Hey, can I show a clip of the time Pleck was wearing the pants in his eyes?

AJ: No, that's—that's not what this is about!

BARGIE: Here's the clip!

[playback start sound]

PLECK: [on the recording, muttering, increasingly distressed] Wh—you—I never... I—I—get OUT of here! What are you doing? You—you—that can't be true! I watched you die!

[playback end sound]

C-53: Pleck, what—is that an affirmation? “I watched you die?”

PLECK: [walking away, trying to play it off] Uh, yeah. I mean, sort of. Uh...

[door opens and Pleck walks out]

AJ: Oh, I thought you were jucking crazy. Okay, I'm satisfied.

PLECK: [starting up Flappy Garfon] Okay. Thank you.

[crew follows Pleck]

C-53: I'm not satisfied. What...

PLECK: Hmm.

DAR: Yeah, now I'm concerned.

AJ: It's just an affirmation, “I watched you die.” I feel better saying it too.

[Dar makes a doubtful noise]

C-53: [seriously] Yeah, I don't know about this. What do you mean, “I watched you die?” Who?

PLECK: Uh, a-are you sure that's me in that clip?

C-53: [sarcastically] Am I sure the guy with the pants around his head is you? Yeah, I'm pretty sure.

DAR: Ohh, we're—mm-hmm. We're very sure that's you.

PLECK: That could be anybody.

C-53: Could it?

DAR: Uh... no, it could not.

[Pleck switches off Flappy Garfon]

PLECK: Listen, guys, y'know, I commune with the Space in ways that you don't understand, okay? I don't have to explain myse—I saved the galaxy! Okay? I saved the galaxy.

[Pleck gets up and starts walking away again, the rest of the crew follows]

C-53: WE saved the galaxy.

PLECK: Yes, yes, you guys helped, but I fulfilled a prophecy that brought balance to the Space.

AJ: Yeesh.

BARGIE: I'm sorry to interrupt, but we got a care package from the little... [trailing off into a whisper] theh... peh... leh...

PLECK: A care package?

BARGIE: [quietly] Pleck.

PLECK: From Nermut?

BARGIE: [uncertainly] Ner-meh...?

C-53: Did you call Nermut "Pleck?"

[pause as Bargie struggles to compose herself]

BARGIE: Nerm...

AJ: Okay. Oh yeah, it's a box.

C-53: Bargie, are you okay?

DAR: Are YOU muttering to yourself now?

AJ: [unsettled] Why's everyone muttering to themselves?

BARGIE: [makes a garbled noise and then coughs] Yeah, we got a care package...

AJ: Oh.

C-53: Okay.

BARGIE: I'm fine.

PLECK: Okay. Uh, yeah, let's... open it up.

C-53: Pop this guy open with my loader claw...

[C-53 rips the package open]

PLECK: I knew that frame was gonna come in handy, C-53!

C-53: [modestly] Yeah, well.

[Pleck rummages around in the package]

PLECK: Oh, there's a little note inside!

[corporate musical stinger plays and a small voice sings "Welcome to Nermut's care package!"]

NERMUT: [via recording] Hey crew. I had a little downtime. I thought I'd gather up some things that... there's like a chance you'd like. So... these are some cookies that I made with, uh, what I could make out from the tear-soaked—

PLECK: Oh no.

NERMUT: —cookie recipe of the late Dale.

PLECK: Why would he do—that's so weird!

C-53: I don't think he has the right to make those cookies.

PLECK: Yeah, he can't—

NERMUT: Think I—think I missed some ingredients, it's still a liquid. Anyway, enjoy those—or that.

[sound of lid coming off the "cookies" and liquid being poured out]

AJ: Why would he send it?

PLECK: Yeah, just wait 'til you get it right. We weren't expecting this.

NERMUT: And then I've gotten into the Flurvian art of paper folding.

AJ: Ohhhhhh boyyyyyy...

PLECK: Oh, it's a little garfon.

[quiet buzzing alarm starts going off on Nermut's end]

NERMUT: Ope. There's a—there's a “boring alarm” going off on my audio recorder. What does that mean?

[AJ and Pleck snicker]

NERMUT: What is a “boring alarm?”

C-53: Well, at least his boring alarm is working.

PLECK: Is he—he's muttering to himself.

NERMUT: Why is there a countdown to the end? [panicking] No, guys, I—w—there's lots of awesome stuff in there! I hope they get you—

[recording shuts off]

PLECK: Well, it's very nice for him to send that package.

C-53: Oh! Seesu Gundu-approved uniforms.

PLECK: Wow!

AJ: Okay.

PLECK: Cool!

C-53: Uh... okay. This is just a blue spandex band that I'm just gonna put around my arm.

AJ: Oh, armor paint, okay, okay! It's givin' me a code, and it's just—[AJ types in a code and his armor changes color]

PLECK/C-53: Oh!/Oh. There you go.

AJ: There you go. Classic armor paint job.

PLECK: RGB.

AJ: This is the same color as Seesu's eyes.

PLECK: Wow.

C-53: Hm.

DAR: Okay, so everyone matches, great. And then I'm gonna be wearing...

[Dar pulls out a uniform]

C-53: Oh, this captain's uniform is in its own—

AJ: Whoa.

PLECK: Wow, look at those—

AJ: [skeptically] That is... busy.

C-53: Whoa.

DAR: Wow.

PLECK: Look at those... fringy shoulder things.

BARGIE: Ostentatious.

AJ: Yeah.

C-53: Those are called "epaulettes."

PLECK: Yeah, wow, epaulettes. Wow.

DAR: Wow. And-d-d—huh. And it fits.

C-53: Yeah, the fit is good.

AJ: Yeah, tailored.

DAR: It's... perfect.

C-53: Well, I mean, if Nermut was gonna know anybody's size, it was probably gonna be yours.

AJ: Right.

PLECK: Inside and out.

DAR: Whoo.

PLECK: You look like one of the Beetlemen from that album.

AJ: Oh, yeah!

C-53: Yeah, sure.

PLECK: Dar, I think you—you really pull it off.

DAR: Yeah. [Dar snaps a picture and starts typing]

[short pause]

PLECK: Any chance there's a... uniform for ol' P.D. in there?

C-53: Uhhh...

AJ: Who's P.D.?

PLECK: Pleck Decksetter?

AJ: Oh.

C-53: There's a bunch of shredded paper, maybe that's your... outfit?

AJ: Oh, yeah, I just—

PLECK: No, I think that's—I think that's, like, for shipping.

C-53: Packing material. Yeah, no, that makes more sense.

AJ: Oh, okay.

BARGIE: I'll take it. Ahhh, shipping material. I LOVE shipping material.

AJ: That makes sense.

[sound of shipping material flying around the room]

BARGIE: Wheeeee! Yaaay! Wheeeee! Yayyy! Wheeeee!

AJ: Oh, yeah, look, it's flyin' around!

C-53: Oh, it's not—[changing his mind] oh, it's kinda—that's sorta fun.

PLECK: Oh. That's fun, Bargie.

BARGIE: [casually] Yeah. Anyway, there's something, uhh, really comin' fast at me.

[an alarm goes off in the background]

PLECK: Uh, what?

BARGIE: It's a small little dinghy thing...

C-53: Oh, it's an escape pod.

PLECK: What?

C-53: Its transponder ID says it's from a ship called the... Dusty Turtle?

BARGIE: Aw, poor Turtle.

PLECK: What—what ha—

C-53: Do you know the Dusty Turtle?

BARGIE: I know good ol' Turty, yeah, I know Turtle. I was in an entourage back with Turtle back in the day. With E-Bot, Germax, yeah.

C-53: You were part of somebody else's entourage?

BARGIE: Yeah, you know, we liked to—hey—

PLECK: Guys, guys, guys, there is an escape pod heading towards us.

C-53: [crosstalk] You're right, you're right, sorry, sorry.

DAR: Sorry, hurtling towards us.

PLECK: Can we—C-53, can we hail this—this escape pod?

C-53: Yes, absolutely.

[sound of outgoing transmission being picked up]

MELINDA JR.: [panicked] Hello!

DAR: Oh—

MELINDA JR.: [urgently] I'm—I—ship is—I really need a lot of help. My—my engine, it—it's exploded—the engine crystals—

BARGIE: Ahh.

C-53: Oh, crystal engine, very fragile.

PLECK: Oh.

MELINDA JR.: I—I have nowhere to go. I—I need some help. Can—can I—can I come in?

DAR: [slightly awkwardly, epaulettes jingling] Uh. Huh. I—I'm the captain, and I say come aboard! Ha ha... Sorry, the costume is doing something to me.

MELINDA JR.: [crosstalk] Thank you—

[transmission shuts off, Bargie's alarm continues]

PLECK: Uh, yeah, absolutely!

C-53: Sounds very authoritative, Dar.

AJ: [crosstalk] Uh... what the heck.

PLECK: Bargie, can we—can we dock with this escape pod?

BARGIE: Pouring some gas out for Turtle.

PLECK/C-53: Oh, no—we gotta keep—/That—might be—harmful, to the, uh—

BARGIE: [dumping gas] Oh, Turty! We had some good times! We were on yachts...

AJ: How big was the yacht?

BARGIE: Anyway, opening up my hatch.

[Bargie's hatch opens, the crew heads over to the escape pod]

MELINDA JR.: [muffled panicking from inside the escape pod] Okay, hear me out—

[the escape pod opens]

PLECK/C-53: Oh!/Oh, my gosh.

AJ: Whoa... hi, what's your name? Who are you?

MELINDA JR.: [gasping] Oh. Ohhh, I—hi—I'm Melinda Jr., um...

PLECK: Oh, hi.

MELINDA JR.: Oh, thank you—

C-53: Melinda, are you alright?

MELINDA JR.: I—gah—I don't know. I—I think my legs are broken. I don't know, I can't—

C-53/AJ/PLECK: Oh! Uh—/Oh, whoa./Oh, man.

MELINDA JR.: I don't know, it's hard to tell, um... thank you for letting me—me come here, I—

C-53/DAR/PLECK: Absolutely./Of course./Of course, yeah.

MELINDA JR.: [still frantic] I really appreciate it. Would—would you mind—could you come into the pod and help me—and help me get out?

PLECK: Yeah, of course!

MELINDA JR.: I just need a little help. I just—

AJ/C-53/DAR: Oh, yeah, sure./Yes, is—/Oh, yeah, yeah.

MELINDA JR.: [laughing nervously] Okay...

AJ: No, he's a loader, so we're—

C-53: Yes. No, I'm happy to—

MELINDA JR.: I will need all of your help. I need all of you to kinda—okay.

AJ/PLECK: All of us, really?/Yeah. Yeah. Of course, of course.

MELINDA JR.: Thank you, all of you guys.

[the crew enters the escape pod]

C-53: Oh, there's a lot of... stuff in here.

AJ: Oh, yeah...

MELINDA JR.: Yeah, if you could all kinda just get in there and get all my... my belongings, um...

AJ: Yeah, sure, oh—right, right, okay.

PLECK: Yeah, okay.

AJ: Oh, there's—

MELINDA JR.: Yeah. Thanks so much—

AJ: Oh, a roll—this is a roller.

MELINDA JR.: The roll—yeah—okay—

AJ: Yeah, the roller one. Dar, can you help me with this one?

DAR: Oh, yeah, absolutely. [Dar thumps against something] Oh—oh, wow.

AJ: Oh—oh—whoa.

DAR: Hold on, wait, I'm gonna—uh—

AJ: What's in this?

C-53: These look like framed... framed posters?

DAR: I'm gonna need to plant myself, uh—

AJ: Yeah, gotta plant!

DAR: Hold on—

PLECK: [switching a lamp on and off] This is a lamp.

MELINDA JR.: Frame—framed posters. Actually, I feel like... this ship is familiar, it's... wait. Oh my—oh my Rodd!

BARGIE: Yes, I know, hi. Yup, I am the Bargarean Jade.

MELINDA JR.: [overwhelmed, laughing] Oh my Rodd—

BARGIE: I'm currently not doing movies, yes.

PLECK: Wait—Melinda Jr., what happened to your ship? You were able to get all your stuff on the escape pod, but—

C-53: Wha—I think—well, we can ask her questions, I think we need all four of us to get this bureau out.

PLECK/AJ/DAR: Oh./Yeah, that's—/Yes. Absolutely.

MELINDA JR.: I really do need that. If you could, all four, please, I really need that.

C-53: Okay. I think—I think if we all just get behind it, we can just... force—

DAR: Oh, yeah.

AJ: Yeah. And we're gonna pivot—we're gonna have to—we're gonna have to pivot it around.

MELINDA JR.: And one, two, three...

[sound of escape pod closing with the crew inside]

MELINDA JR.: [dropping the panicked attitude, yelling triumphantly] See ya later, fools!

[sound of the crew exclaiming in surprise and dismay]

[sound of the crew yelling and banging from inside the escape pod]

MELINDA JR.: It's my ship now! Bargie... here we go!

BARGIE: Alright.

[Melinda Jr. pushes a button and the escape pod ejects into space]

BARGIE: Wow, they went away so fast.

MELINDA JR.: They went away really fast, didn't they.

BARGIE: That was kinda rude.

MELINDA JR.: It's not rude, because I'm a huge fan. And also, this is what I do, okay?

BARGIE: Oh no, I meant THEY were being rude to ME.

MELINDA JR.: [crosstalk] Oh, you're right. They should have said—they shoulda said bye.

BARGIE: Usually they say hello, they say goodbye, they say what the mission is, I usually stop paying attention, but...

MELINDA JR.: They should have said bye. You're right.

BARGIE: Very rude, very rude.

MELINDA JR.: [gleefully] Wow, this is the inside of Bargie! And guess what, it's all for Mama Melinda Jr.! [Melinda Jr. cackles smugly]

BARGIE: [in a this-might-as-well-be-happening voice] Alright.

MELINDA JR.: Okay—this—oh, wow, okay. Lemme just get the lay of the land here. Gotta get to get to the front—

BARGIE: I mean, I could give you a tour if you want.

MELINDA JR.: You could do that?

BARGIE: No one's really asked for a tour, I mean—

MELINDA JR.: I would actually love for you to give me a tour.

BARGIE: Alright, so where—you're currently in the entrance hatch, that is... where Franko Bedazz had a heart attack.

MELINDA JR.: [interested] Okay.

BARGIE: But then he got inspired to become a post-production supervisor.

MELINDA JR.: Good! Wow, okay. Can you show me the engine roo—[interrupted by a “ding”]
oh.

BARGIE: [projecting from a different speaker] This is the wall of all my regrets.

MELINDA JR.: [less enthusiastic] Okay, maybe I—

BARGIE: I put up all the movies I'm no longer proud of. If you put your hand on any single one, I will tell you, at least for an hour or so, exactly why I don't believe that movie was good.

MELINDA JR.: Okay. Well, I am—alright, this—this one right here, the, um... the—

BARGIE: Ohh, The Terror of the Husk... [Bargie's monologue fades out]

[transition music]

PLECK: I can't believe this.

C-53: [sighs] We got duped!

PLECK: Why did we all get into this escape pod at once?

C-53: She—it just—

AJ: The bureau!

DAR: Well, the bureau was very heavy!

AJ: It's a big-ass bureau!

PLECK: No, I'm just saying, why did we all fall for it?

C-53: [regretfully] She just seemed so genuine.

DAR: Well, because we're very helpful.

C-53: Yeah...

AJ: Right. I felt—I felt weird not helping. Also, can we pivot this bureau, 'cause I'm just—I'm having trouble...

DAR: Yeah, it's pinned me. The bureau has pinned me.

C-53: Yeah, I think—

PLECK: She could have at least waited until the bureau got out.

C-53: I might be able to load this up a couple inches, get ya out—[the loader frame beeps, and C-53 grunts, lifting the bureau]

PLECK: Between the bureau, C-53's loader frame, and Dar, that's way more than should be in this escape pod.

C-53: Yeah. It's not ideal.

AJ: So who are we gonna blame for this one?

DAR: Uhhh...

[everyone's voices start getting echo-y, swallowed by audio distortion]

C-53: [echoing] Nobody needs to be blamed for this, we just need to get back—

DAR: [echoing] No no no, that's a good question, AJ—

THE ALLWHEAT: [Emperor Bundaloy and Beano's voices in unison, tauntingly wavering through the distortion] Plee-eck...

PLECK: Shut up. Shut up!

[the distortion cuts out abruptly]

AJ/C-53: Uh... what?/Uh... what?

DAR: Umm... are you telling me to shut up?

AJ: Yeah, you—that's the captain!

PLECK: What? No, Dar, I wasn't talking to you!

DAR: That's just one of my wry comments, I don't—

PLECK: No, I wasn't—I wasn't talking to you.

AJ: Right. No, that's one of the things we love about you, Dar!

PLECK: No no no, I'm sorry. That was—I was just—I was thinking of some—I was daydreaming. That was not—uhhh, directed at you.

AJ: Wha...

C-53: You shouted "shut up."

PLECK: I—wh—I—

C-53: At full volume.

DAR: And then you repeated it. "Shut up."

PLECK: Okay—

AJ: And you kinda had like a far-away... was it just me, or did he have, like, kind of a far-away—

C-53: No, no, he was staring into the middle distance.

PLECK: I was looking out the portholes, and—I—that wasn't directed at any of you.

DAR: Then who was it directed at?

[pause]

PLECK: ...Myself.

C-53: That's remarkably self-aware for Pleck, I don't think I buy it.

PLECK: [spitefully] No, no! I'm not nothing! YOU'RE nothing!

AJ: Uhhh...

DAR: Wow. Okay.

AJ: Yeeeeeeohboy.

C-53: Pleck, listen, just climb into one of these drawers, okay? [C-53 pulls out a drawer]

PLECK: Of the bureau?

C-53/AJ: Yeah./Yeah.

DAR: Yeah. It's for the best.

PLECK: I can't—I can't fit in one of these.

C-53/AJ: Yeah, you can./Yeah you can.

DAR: Yyyeah you can.

PLECK: How'm I gonna—I'd have to—

[Pleck is shoved into the drawer, and the drawer is pushed shut]

PLECK: [muffled] No! Ow...

DAR: Can—can you hear us, Pleck?

[short silence]

DAR: Pleck, can you hear us?

[more silence]

C-53: Okay. Seems good.

DAR: Okay, that works. Okay. Uhh... aside time.

C-53: [half-whispering] Yeah, what's going on?

DAR: What is going on?

AJ: What the juck.

[transition music]

BARGIE: [finishing a story] ...and, uh, that's why it's been itching for a long time, I think it's due to bacteria.

MELINDA JR.: I really appreciate the backstory, Bargie, and I am a huge fan, but I do have, sort of, some business to kinda get to.

BARGIE: Okay. Alright.

MELINDA JR.: So if you could kinda just show me to the engine room. And, y'know, just—j—wait—

[incoming transmission sound]

BARGIE: [interrupting] Oh! I usually don't do this, but hey, I'm the only one here.

MELINDA JR.: Wait, what?

BARGIE: Uh, incoming message from... Berf...

MELINDA JR.: Wait—

BARGIE: Berfin Avenue.

[call connects]

NERMUT: Hey, guys! It's mission time!

[awkward pause]

NERMUT: Hello?

MELINDA JR.: Oh, hi!

[pause]

NERMUT: Ummm...

MELINDA JR.: Hey, mission time, here I am!

NERMUT: I'm so sorry—

MELINDA JR.: I'M so sorry.

NERMUT: I'm so sorry, I must have the wrong number.

MELINDA JR.: I—No, no, no, it's—it's correct. I'm... Melinda Jr., and I am—

NERMUT: No, I was calling for the crew. I'm so sorry.

MELINDA JR.: I am the crew!

NERMUT: Oh—you—wait—

MELINDA JR.: I am the crew.

NERMUT: How're—

MELINDA JR.: Yesss. Uh, so, um, the—they were all wearing blue s-s-suits, right, so it's—

NERMUT: Were!?

MELINDA JR.: They are—they—well, so, they left.

NERMUT: No no no, I have a mission.

MELINDA JR.: Yeah. And I'll take it.

NERMUT: [bewildered] Who... who are you?

MELINDA JR.: [matter-of-fact] I'm Melinda Jr.

NERMUT: Okay—

MELINDA JR.: There... there's no senior.

NERMUT: Uh...

MELINDA JR.: Bargie and I are really good friends, uh—

NERMUT: Okay...

MELINDA JR.: —and I'm the only one on the ship, and that's great.

BARGIE: We just met, and she said she's the captain now.

MELINDA JR.: [forcing laughter] Okay, Bargie is so funny, Bargie is SO funny—

NERMUT: That seems—that seems VERY bad.

[a door slides open and Horsehat clomps out, babbling]

MELINDA JR.: [horrified] Wait, what is that? What is that?

BARGIE: That's just Horsehat.

MELINDA JR.: That's "just Horsehat!?"

BARGIE: Yeah, I know, I know, it coulda been a better name. But what're you gonna do.

MELINDA JR.: Yeah, I mean, that's embarrassing.

NERMUT: Oh, it is one of Horsehat's wake windows. Okay...

[Horsehat coos happily]

NERMUT: Horsehat, I need you to go back in your room.

[Horsehat babbles at Nermut]

NERMUT: That's right—hiii! [Nermut starts baby talking] Hi there!

HORSEHAT: Dada!

NERMUT: [in a baby voice] Aw, who's a [devolves into babbling]

[Horsehat giggles]

NERMUT: [seriously] Okay, pirate. Now, you are NOT the captain of Bargie. And what you're gonna—

MELINDA JR.: You need to knock it off, 'cause got some collateral now. I got... Horsehat? Here? I got Bargie, okay?

NERMUT: Horsehat, go back in your room!

[Horsehat giggles nervously]

MELINDA JR.: My mission? I'm takin' this baby, [Horsehat makes an upset sound] and Bargie, and I'm goin' to—

NERMUT: Wait—

BARGIE: What.

MELINDA JR.: —Macklemore's... planet. And I—

BARGIE: We're what now?

NERMUT: No you will not!

MELINDA JR.: I am goin' to Macklemore's planet.

NERMUT: No, that is dangerous, don't go there!

MELINDA JR.: That's where I wanted to go. I'm gonna be a millionaire.

NERMUT: Bargie, why is your good friend kidnapping Horsehat!?

BARGIE: We just met, first of all. They're a fan, they're not a good friend.

NERMUT: [attempting to sound threatening] Okay. You listen to me, Melinda Jr.-without-a-senior.

MELINDA JR.: [spitefully] What?

NERMUT: You've kidnapped... my child. Sort of mine.

MELINDA JR.: Huh.

NERMUT: You've hijacked Bargie.

MELINDA JR.: Alright.

NERMUT: [speaking slowly, threateningly] I may not be there on the ship. But I have a very particular set... of administrative skills.

[button clicks, transmission ends]

BARGIE: He hung up.

MELINDA JR.: Wowww. I felt nothing. Uh... [laughs]

[transition music]

PLECK: [muffled, inside the drawer, yelling] I will destroy youuu!

DAR: Wow, okay.

AJ: [doubtfully] Uhhhhh... yeeeeoohhboy...

DAR: Definitely not letting him out now.

C-53: Guess we're gonna have to keep him in there.

[distortion of the Allwheat rushes in]

[Beano and the emperor speak in sync, voices swirling around]

ALLWHEAT: [tauntingly] You weren't powerful enough to stop me.

PLECK: [desperately] I stopped you once, I can do it again.

ALLWHEAT: What are you doing right now?

PLECK: [awkwardly] Uh, I—I'm inside of a drawer. Uh, I—a robot put me inside, and I'm in a drawer that's inside an escape pod, and we don't know where that's going. But... that's not like a metaphor for my whole thing. That's a separate circumstance to this... Y'know, I—I—

ALLWHEAT: [unimpressed] Uh-huh.

PLECK: Okay. You're gonna listen to ME, okay? Now I'm gonna figure out what the Allwheat is, and I'm gonna destroy it!

[the Allwheat cackles smugly]

[distortion fades out]

C-53: Well, in regards to the escape pod situation...

AJ: Right, we're stranded.

C-53: We are.

DAR: Yeah.

C-53: Well, unfortunately, the transmitter in the pod here is pretty weak, I don't think we're gonna be able to broadcast out very far.

DAR: [sadly] Mmmmm...

C-53: I don't think there's a great chance of anyone hearing us.

AJ: What if I yell?

[pause]

DAR: What—

C-53: ...Sure, AJ, you could yell.

DAR: Yes, what if—

AJ: [banging on the side of the escape pod] HEY!

DAR: Oh. No, I'm sorry—

AJ: HEY!

DAR: Uh... don't do that.

AJ: Oh, okay.

[buzzing sound like a cell phone with the ringer off]

C-53: Ummm... hm.

[buzzing continues]

C-53: My torso seems to be vibrating, and...

AJ: [casually] Oh, are you gonna blow up, or...

C-53: No, that's—it's just a new sensation for me, I don't think I've been in a frame that can... do that...

[C-53's torso opens, Nokia-style ringtone plays to the tune of the Zyxx main theme]

C-53: Oh! Ah!

DAR: Wow!

C-53: Oh! Does anyone—does anyone wanna answer that?

DAR: Uh... sure. Answer...

[ringing continues]

C-53: No no no, Dar, you'll have to pick up the handset. It's a pretty old loader droid. Just pick it up, and listen at one end, and—

[Dar picks it up]

NERMUT: Hello? Is anyone there? Hello?

DAR: [confused] Where do I hold—wait, how do I—hello?

C-53: I don't—other—upside down, upside down.

NERMUT: [crosstalk] Helloooo... hello?

DAR: Okay. Oh—oh—hi. Who's calling?

NERMUT: Dar!? It's Nermut!

DAR: Nermut!?

NERMUT: [relieved] Hi! It worked! It—

AJ: Oh, lizard!

DAR: Oh, Nermut—

NERMUT: It jucking worked!

DAR: Oh, this is such a relief!

[Nermut sighs in relief]

C-53: Nermut, how did you get this number?

NERMUT: So, I—I've saved these old binders of—of manifests of everything that's been aboard Bargie over the years, and I found the serial number of the loader droid. Every single one of them had a transponder number, so that the—

[buzzing of the boring alarm from earlier starts up]

AJ: Booo-ring.

NERMUT: Aghhhhh, why is this boring alarm going off?

[alarm shuts off]

C-53: Wow, looks like it's working really well, Nermut.

NERMUT: So as I was saying, the managers' warehouses would need to reach out to their loader dr—

[boring alarm goes off again]

NERMUT: Shut up, you alarm!

[Nermut shuts off the alarm]

NERMUT: [excitedly] Anyway, I got a hold of you guys! [short pause] Wait, where's—where's Pleck?

DAR/AJ: Oh./Oh.

C-53: Oh, we should really...

DAR: Pleck's in this... drawer... here.

C-53: Take him out of the drawer...

[drawer opens]

NERMUT: In the drawer?

PLECK: Oh, wow. Phew.

NERMUT: Oh wow, he's really folded up in there.

AJ: Yeah.

NERMUT: Jeez.

C-53: Eh, I think I did a pretty good job.

DAR: Have you learned your lesson?

PLECK: I—I guess so? I mean...

NERMUT: Jeez, you've already exacted punishment in this tiny new society?

DAR: [dismissively] Well, you—you weren't here.

C-53: [aggressively] Yeah, you weren't here, Nermut, you don't know what it's like in the pod!

DAR: Oh—okay, okay—

NERMUT: [defensively] Okay, okay!

AJ: Yeah! Pod rules!

NERMUT: Okay, I get it. It's a tense situation, you're crammed in there, and Melinda Jr. has Horsehat hostage...

[awkward silence]

C-53/DAR/PLECK: Horsehat.../Oh, Horsehat.../Oh boy.

AJ: Oh, yeah, the big baby...

DAR: [lying] Nooo, we've been very worried.

AJ: [awkwardly] Yeah, oh... juck!

NERMUT: [earnestly] Me too!

DAR: No, no. We're all very, very sad and stressed out.

NERMUT: I know, it's a tough situation. We're gonna get Horsehat back.

DAR: We've been thinking about the baby this entire time!

AJ: Yeah.

NERMUT: Me too, me too.

AJ: Always concerned about that... giant-ass baby.

NERMUT: [excitedly] Alright, guys, I'm diving back into my spreadsheets, I'm gonna figure this out!

C-53: Alright, Nermut.

DAR: How do I hang this up?

C-53: It just—you literally hang it up on the little hook there.

DAR: Oh. O—okay.

[Dar hangs up the phone]

C-53: I know. It's—it's weird for me, too.

[transition music]

MELINDA JR.: Listen, Bargie, I gotta level with you, okay? I saw those guys, right? Get on the escape pod? They did NOT say goodbye to you. Do they care about you?

BARGIE: I mean, I LIKE to think they do.

MELINDA JR.: I mean, we all would like to think that.

BARGIE: We don't necessarily say, like, "I like you," "I love you," "I care for you..."

MELINDA JR.: [pacing] And um—and you know what I think? I think... we gotta ditch these guys. And I think you and—

BARGIE: Oh—

MELINDA JR.: [pausing to shush Bargie] Listen up, listen—[continues pacing] I think you and me... go to Macklemore's planet. We get SO much kroon. Okay? You can't even believe the amount of kroon. There's no emperor now, okay? There's BARELY any security on Macklemore's planet. I know how to get through the back door. I know the security codes. NOBODY'S regulating this stuff anymore, okay? We get in there, and we get all the kroon we want!

BARGIE: I mean, yeah. Listen, I am—

MELINDA JR.: Yeah?

BARGIE: I am here with you. Recently I have been in a lot of therapy. Very cheap therapy, because I don't have the kroon to pay for it.

[beeping as comms link is established]

MELINDA JR.: Huh.

BARGIE: [yelling through the comms] Uh... hey! Should I make a pro/con list to decide if this situation is, uh, pro or con?

THERAPIST BOT: [droning monotone] Yeeesss.

BARGIE: Yeah, my therapist, a yes/no robot. They're very cheap.

THERAPIST BOT: Nooooo.

BARGIE: Okay, now I'm confused.

[comms shut off]

MELINDA JR.: Okay.

BARGIE: So, I'm just going to make a pro/con list. Right now.

MELINDA JR.: Okay. Why don't I give you some pros. Pro: money.

BARGIE: Hold on. [speaking slowly as if writing] Pro... underscore...

MELINDA JR.: Right. Friendship.

BARGIE: Moneeeey... Okay. No, whose friendship?

MELINDA JR.: You and I have a frie—it doesn't matt—I don't think that matters, actually.

BARGIE: Oh, I'll put it on both pro and con, friendship. Because friendship is a very difficult thing. I just need one thing on one of the sides to really help me decide.

MELINDA JR.: [muffled as if facepalming] Okay.

BARGIE: Yeah.

MELINDA JR.: Bargie?

[short pause]

MELINDA JR.: Pro: what if I sang you a song?

[another pause]

BARGIE: [hopefully] A duet? Like... Beano and I used to do?

MELINDA JR.: You want ME to sing the duet?

BARGIE: [quietly] Yes.

MELINDA JR.: Okay. Uh...

[plays a note on a pitch pipe]

MELINDA JR.: Yep. [singing] This guy... [plays another note, sings an octave lower] this guy... AND the faaaall... Together at last! [clapping, singing] Do-do-do-do do-doo, do-do-do-do do-doo—

BARGIE: I'm asleep.

MELINDA JR.: Okay. Wait, you're asleep!?

BARGIE: I'm asleep.

MELINDA JR.: What? No, no! I didn't know that put you to sleep!

[transition music]

PLECK: Listen guys, uh... I know there's a lot going on, but I gotta level with you.

[Pleck sighs]

PLECK: I'm being psychically contacted by the Allwheat.

[short silence]

AJ/C-53: [with fake enthusiasm] Ohhhhh./Greeaaaaat.

DAR: [skeptically] Hmmm...

AJ: Huh.

PLECK: It sounds like the emperor, it sounds like Beano... talking at the same time...

AJ/C-53: Uh-huh./Oh boy.

PLECK: They're taunting me! They won't tell me what they're doing. Th-they—they don't tell me anything, they ju—they just—just ca—

AJ: So—uh—

[Dar starts shoving Pleck back]

DAR: Back in the drawer. Back in the drawer, back in the drawer, back, back, back, back, back.

PLECK: [crosstalk] No—ah—ow! Ow! No, it's true! Ahhh—

[the drawer shuts]

[buzzing, Zyxx Nokia ringtone]

C-53: Oh. Nermut's calling in again.

[static as scene transitions to Nermut]

NERMUT: Hello? Hello?

C-53: Nermut?

NERMUT: Yes.

C-53: Hey!

NERMUT: [excitedly] I'm gettin' close.

C-53: To?

DAR: To—to what?

NERMUT: A solution.

[upbeat background music, Nermut typing]

C-53: Okay...

DAR: Okayyy.

NERMUT: So I gotta bop this over here, and I'm gonna twist this 'round, [indistinct muttering], no, you WILL do it, Nermut! You WILL. You get it. Get it, big boy! Get it, little—little—

DAR: Are you muttering... to yourself?

NERMUT: Get it, little daddy! You get it—huh? You—

AJ: You—

C-53: Are you gonna tell us what's going on?

[Nermut's typing continues]

[upbeat music gets louder, transitioning into next scene]

BARGIE: I'm asleep. I'm asleep.

MELINDA JR.: [quietly] Oh! Wait...

[Horsehat fusses]

BARGIE: I'm asleep.

MELINDA JR.: [getting increasingly excited] If Bargie's asleep, I can just hotwire this ship and make it go to Macklemore's planet!

BARGIE: [crosstalk] I'm asleep.

MELINDA JR.: [snapping fingers] Okay. Okay, Horsehat. We're gonna be all right, buddy.

[Horsehat babbles]

MELINDA JR.: You're gonna see the most amount of kroon you've ever seen in your Rodd-danged life. If you want to stay there, you can, I—I don't—I don't care, you're kinda like a free agent.

HORSEHAT: Muhm!

MELINDA JR.: Yeah, that's cool.

[Horsehat continues babbling]

MELINDA JR.: Okay, I'm gonna get to the engine room—okay, there it is. Okay, here we go! We are in business, baby! Let's go, Horsehat!

HORSEHAT: Deh.

MELINDA JR.: Yeah. No, no, the—what I'm—I'm takin' the coil, and I'm gonna put it into the motivator, and that's what's gonna override the controls here, so that's why we're gonna be able to go, y'know.

HORSEHAT: Guh, guh! [pats something]

MELINDA JR.: Alright. Yeah, no, and then we're going to take that, um...

HORSEHAT: Guh.

MELINDA JR.: Yeah, that's exactly—and that's going to also help us get into hyperspeed, that's perfect.

[sound of various tools as Melinda Jr. hotwires Bargie]

HORSEHAT: Dah dah.

MELINDA JR.: Why? Why would I NOT do this? Quick cash, alright? Quick cash. We're in, and we're out, and it's easy. You're gonna see the kroon fallin' from the sky. And we're not gonna be worried about our no-good, no-around parents, okay? This is Macklemore, okay? Nobody cares what happens to him!

[Horsehat babbles]

MELINDA JR.: Why am I so angry? [bitterly] I'm a junior without a senior. What do you think?

[Horsehat babbles disapprovingly]

MELINDA JR.: Bargie is not gonna be mad.

[Horsehat sighs]

MELINDA JR.: When she wakes up, Bargie is gonna be happy that she's in a beautiful planet with a bunch of money, okay?

[Horsehat babbles insistently]

MELINDA JR.: I am—of course the wire goes there!

HORSEHAT: Mm—

MELINDA JR.: That's where this—yeah, this—I know that this wire goes together, I—

[something clatters to the ground and whirs]

HORSEHAT: Uh-oh...

MELINDA JR.: Okay, then where do YOU think it goes?

HORSEHAT: Num. [pats something]

MELINDA JR.: [mockingly] You put it in there. Well yeah, I guess—

[something beeps, engines whir to life]

[Horsehat giggles]

MELINDA JR.: [grudgingly] You're right. Okay. I guess you're right. Thank you, Horsehat.

[Horsehat giggles again]

[scene transitions back to the escape pod]

PLECK: [knocking on the inside of the drawer] Guys, let me—let me out.

C-53: [pulling out the drawer] Sorr—you know what, Pleck, we—I'm—we're sorry, okay? We really shouldn't be using that as a punitive measure.

[Pleck climbs out]

PLECK: [doing his level best to sound fine] I—everything's fine. Everything's fine, and I will just... I'm just gonna keep it to myself.

C-53: Yeah, just like that affirmation you would always do from TheyTeen. "Everything—"

C-53/PLECK/AJ: [in unison] "Everything's fine, I'm gonna keep it to myself."

PLECK: And—and there's nothing to keep to myself, 'cause everything's fine.

[buzzing, Zyxx Nokia ringtone]

C-53: Okay. I'm gonna check—I'm gonna check the phone here.

NERMUT: Hello?

C-53: Nermut?

NERMUT: Hello?

C-53: Hey!

NERMUT: Alright. At my signal, I need you to brace yourselves, because you're gonna have a very quick course correction.

C-53: Um... okay.

AJ/PLECK: Wwwhat?/What is happening, Nermut?

NERMUT: Okay? Alright, so these escape pods are programmed to blast straight to the nearest planet. Okay?

C-53: Right.

NERMUT: But I tapped into Bargie, and I know that Bargie has been overridden, and is headed to, unfortunately—eugh—Macklemore's planet.

C-53/AJ/PLECK/DAR: Oh boy./Ewww.../Ugh.../Ugh.

C-53: Dominion of Mackorstinate LeMore.

NERMUT: Yeah.

C-53: Better known as Macklemore.

AJ: Heard about that guy.

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

C-53: None of it good.

AJ: What does he do again?

C-53: Macklemore?

DAR: Oh, he's a—he's a money producer.

AJ: What does that mean?

DAR: Sometimes someone just... mints it up.

AJ: Oh.

C-53: Yeah. Someone had to make currency for the emperor.

NERMUT: Yeah. But Macklemore's planet is NOT the closest planet to the escape pod. So how do we get the escape pod to go there? What I've done is, I've sent out beacons that make it seem like all the nearer planets have been destroyed in epic, uh, catastrophes.

PLECK: Wait—

NERMUT: Yeah.

C-53: Oh, Nermut, that's not... a good way to do that.

PLECK: [crosstalk] Nermut, you can't—wait—

PLECK: Who else—who else sees those beacons besides this escape pod?

NERMUT: They're universal, obviously.

PLECK/C-53: No, you can't—/Ahh... nah, Nermut, that's—

DAR/AJ/PLECK: Oy.../Whaaat?/You can't do that!

C-53: Faking the destruction of a number of planets?

NERMUT: I'll undo 'em. I'll send out a "sike!" I'll send out a "JK."

C-53: Send out a "JK?"

NERMUT: Yeah, you—you should always send a JK.

[mechanical humming]

NERMUT: Three... two... one...

[crew yelling, everything in the escape pod sliding to one side]

AJ: And the course correction!

[transition back to Bargie]

[Bargie's hatch opens]

[rhythmic piano notes totally not like the beginning of Downtown by Macklemore]

RAPPER: Welcome to my crib. My personal ham-let. So happy you came. To Macklemore's planet.

[more repetitive piano notes]

HEAVILY AUTOTUNED VOICES: [singing] Welcome to Macklemore!

MELINDA JR.: It's even better than I thought. [overjoyed] It's even better than I thought! Here we are! Horsehat! Okay, all we gotta do is hop the fence and put in the code here, and we—

HORSEHAT: Guh.

MELINDA JR.: What? You're not staying on the ship?

[Horsehat fusses in protest]

MELINDA JR.: Horsehat! You can use money! Yes, you—

[Horsehat keeps fussing]

MELINDA JR.: Okay. Alright, this is ridiculous.

BARGIE: [groans as if stretching] Ahhhhh... ugh! That was a good nap.

MELINDA JR.: Good news for you, Bargie.

BARGIE: What—

MELINDA JR.: Welcome to Macklemore!

BARGIE: Yeah, okay! [short pause] How—first of all, how? Second, I know how. You hotwired me, didn't you.

MELINDA JR.: I did, but I did it for your own good.

BARGIE: You're not the first, I'll say that. Jorban Patinko did that to me once...

MELINDA JR.: No. Okay, you know what—

BARGIE: And he took me to the planet of sin.

MELINDA JR.: You know what—

BARGIE: Ohhh, wow, we had a crazy time there. Lemme tell you about it, starting from the very beginning.

MELINDA JR.: [trying to shut Bargie down] No, I don't think—

BARGIE: We made—oh—

MELINDA JR.: Bargie, I'm gonna leave you here, and I'm gonna go get the money, okay?

BARGIE: Wait a sec, you said there were no guards, but I see one guard.

MELINDA JR.: He's nothin'! I'll go—I'll go talk to him! Okay? I'll just go talk to him!

BARGIE: Okay.

C.L.I.N.T.: Hey, uh... hey, what's goin' on over there?

MELINDA JR.: Hey, so, uh... I know—I know some people inside, and I—

C.L.I.N.T.: Oh...

MELINDA JR.: Yeah!

C.L.I.N.T.: Who do you know?

MELINDA JR.: Um, Tom.

C.L.I.N.T.: Oh yeah, he's in there.

MELINDA JR.: So, is it chill if I just kinda—I have a code and stuff, so.

C.L.I.N.T.: [bored] I mean... the emperor's gone, it's like... yeah, why not.

MELINDA JR.: I know.

C.L.I.N.T.: But, like... are you sure you know Tom?

MELINDA JR.: Yeah. Tom and I go, like, way back.

C.L.I.N.T.: What's this giant baby doin' here?

[Horsehat babbles]

MELINDA JR.: Don't worry... about—

C.L.I.N.T.: The big baby.

[Horsehat babbles]

MELINDA JR.: Please. Don't worry about them.

C.L.I.N.T.: So lemme get this straight. You're travelin' around the galaxy with just you and a ship and a baby? And you just leave the baby? You wanna see Tom, and you're just gonna leave a baby on a...

MELINDA JR.: I—the thing is, is that I—this isn't my baby. I couldn't care less that—that—

[C.L.I.N.T. racks rifle]

C.L.I.N.T.: [accusingly] It's not even your baby!?

MELINDA JR.: Okay, here—that would be crazy—

AJ: You're going around the galaxy with NOT your BABY!?

MELINDA JR.: [laughing nervously] Okay, just... hear me out. It's a baby I found, it's not a big deal—

C.L.I.N.T.: Wait, what!?

MELINDA JR.: Just—it doesn't matter—

C.L.I.N.T.: You f—wait, where's the baby's parents?

MELINDA JR.: The baby is fine. It's a big baby.

C.L.I.N.T.: Listen, I was cool with you seeing Tom, but now with this baby thing, it's like... get down on the ground.

MELINDA JR.: Do you want—

[the C.L.I.N.T. grabs Melinda Jr.]

MELINDA JR.: [angrily, struggling] No! Man—

C.L.I.N.T.: Get on the ground!

MELINDA JR.: No! Horsehat—

HORSEHAT: Uhhhhh.

C.L.I.N.T.: Oh, really, its name's Horsehat?

MELINDA JR.: I didn't name 'em...

HORSEHAT: Gah, guh.

C.L.I.N.T.: Huh? I'm not AJ, I'm ZT-115.

[Horsehat runs and tackles the C.L.I.N.T.]

[the C.L.I.N.T. yells in surprise]

[Horsehat grunts and chucks the C.L.I.N.T. through the air]

[the C.L.I.N.T. yells as he flies and lands somewhere far away]

MELINDA JR.: Niiiiiice work!

BARGIE: Oh, now there're no guards.

MELINDA JR.: Now there's no guards, yep! So here I go.

[escape pod flies in from the atmosphere and crash lands]

MELINDA JR.: [angrily] SON of a RODD!!!

[escape pod opens]

MELINDA JR.: WHAT are you DOING here?

C-53: [smugly] I believe this bureau is yours.

MELINDA JR.: Agh! [Melinda Jr. sighs] Did you find all the rocks in there?

C-53: [incredulously] Is that what's in here!?

MELINDA JR.: Buncha rocks.

PLECK: I coulda told you that.

MELINDA JR.: Woulda never been able to lift it anyway.

C-53: [challenging] Oh yeah?

MELINDA JR.: Yeah.

C-53: [overconfident] I'm a loader droid, I think I coulda gotten my arms around it.

MELINDA JR.: [crosstalk] Alright...

C-53: Ahh, well, I don't know, eh—[C-53 starts walking over to the bureau]

AJ: Yeah, ever since he got a loader droid, he's like—

C-53: [loader frame beeping] Lemme give this a shot.

PLECK: [laughing] No—

[C-53 grunts with effort, trying to lift the bureau]

PLECK: C-53, we have—we have way more important things to do—

C-53: Don't—don't rush me, don't rush me.

PLECK: Put the bureau down.

C-53: What, are you saying I can't lift it?

PLECK: No, I—I'm not saying—

AJ: No one's saying that.

C-53: [overly casual] I can—I can lift it.

DAR: Well, even with all four of us, it was very hard to lift...

C-53: Alright, alright, alright—

AJ: Yeah, of course you can lift—

PLECK: C-53, we have more—

C-53: Stand—Stand back. Stand back.

PLECK: No, we have more important thing—oh, she's running away!

C-53: Don't crowd me, don't crowd me.

MELINDA JR.: See ya later, punks!

PLECK: No, Melinda Jr. is getting away!

DAR: Ugh.

PLECK: AJ, get her!

AJ: Alright!

[AJ yells and chases Melinda Jr.]

MELINDA JR.: No! C'mon! No!

AJ: Tackle!

[AJ tackles Melinda Jr., who screams]

AJ: Submission hold!

[Melinda Jr. struggles]

AJ: Tap out. Tap out, bro.

MELINDA JR.: [strangled] I'm tapping out!

AJ: Are you? Where you tappin'? Oh, I'm—I have armor on, so you're gonna have to tap hard.

MELINDA JR.: I'm tapping on your face!

AJ: Oh. Okay, now I see the fingers. Alright, you're up!

[Melinda sighs in relief]

DAR: [menacingly] Listen, Melinda Jr.-no-senior...

PLECK: [quietly] Mm, sad.

DAR: You tricked us. You hijacked our ship. And then you made us come to Macklemore.

PLECK: Oh, you also—you also kidnapped Horsehat.

DAR: Oh, and, oh, and, also, you, um, uh, you kidnapped, uh, my baby.

MELINDA JR.: Did I hijack the ship? Barely.

DAR/AJ: What!/?/What?

MELINDA JR.: Because Bargie does not feel satisfied with the way you left her.

PLECK/AJ/DAR: Nooo!/Awww./Wait, really?

BARGIE: First of all, I was disappointed you left without saying goodbye. You know, a lot of people are doing that.

C-53: Well...

PLECK: We were—

C-53: We were ejected in an escape pod.

BARGIE: How do I know, you're—how did I know that?

PLECK: Uh, Meli—she's gone. She left.

MELINDA JR.: [running away] See ya!

AJ: Oh, wait, no!

DAR: AJ, why'd you let her go?

AJ: She tapped out! She tapped out, that's the rules.

PLECK/C-53: Oh.../Hm.

PLECK: It's—you know what, guys? Can we get outta here?

BARGIE: She didn't say goodbye either.

[transition music]

NERMUT: [over the comms] Oh, guys, it was nothin', I mean, it—it—[the rest of the crew starts protesting] any parent would do it, it was, I mean—yeah.

C-53/AJ: Oh, Nermut. Come on./Nermut. Lizard.

PLECK: Nermut, I gotta say, seriously, y-you... saved the day!

C-53: You administrated the heck out of that situation!

PLECK: Nermut, you saved us, you saved Bargie, you saved the crew. That was incredible!

AJ: You saved everybody.

NERMUT: Thank you. Oh yeah, I saved Horsehat—

PLECK: Yeah.

AJ/C-53: Right./Right. Yes.

DAR: Oh, yes. Right, of course.

AJ/C-53: Yeah. Totally./Of course.

AJ: No, no, we were all thinkin' it.

PLECK: Nermut, you're not just a great TEENMOM... you're a great dad.

NERMUT: Thank you.

C-53: Mm.

NERMUT: So I've—here. I've printed out—this is just like, um, about 20 pages, I'm gonna explain more about how I did the, uh, pod thing.

AJ/PLECK: Oh.../Uhhh...

PLECK: Can you e-mail that to us?

NERMUT: Oh, sure! Yeah.

PLECK: Cool, cool, cool.

C-53: Great. Great.

NERMUT: Um, so! Your mission...

C-53: Oh, sure.

AJ: Oh, right!

PLECK: Oh. Wow, yeah! I hadn't even—

[incoming transmission sound, accompanied by an alarm]

NERMUT: Oh—

C-53: Oh, Captain Dar. I have an incoming... distress call, from Melinda Jr...

[beeping as comms link is established]

PLECK: Okay...

[Dar groans quietly]

C-53: I mean, what—

MELINDA JR.: Hey, hey!

NERMUT: [crosstalk] Come on...

MELINDA JR.: Hey, whaddup, losers? Did you guys know there was no money on Macklemore's planet?

C-53: Yeah, we coulda told you that.

DAR/BARGIE: Oh./Ohhh. Oh, that's—

PLECK: That's what your dis—that's what you sent a distress signal about?

AJ: Yeah.

MELINDA JR.: Yeah! Because I need some money, and I feel like we kinda had a connection, and I'm wonderin', can ya help me out? I need some money.

AJ: Wha?

PLECK: I'm not—yeah, I don't think—

C-53: Yeah, Melinda... no.

MELINDA JR.: Horsehat?

[Horsehat clomps over]

HORSEHAT: Dotsh.

MELINDA JR.: [confidently] They're in.

PLECK: I don't think that's what that means.

C-53: Hm... that's not—

NERMUT: No, definitely not.

[Dar hums doubtfully]

MELINDA JR.: That's what—that's what they said, they're in. They're in.

C-53/PLECK: No. No./I don't think that's what that means.

MELINDA JR.: Alright. Well, you know what?

AJ: Do you need some help? Do you wanna—do you need—

MELINDA JR.: Yeah. I DO need some help.

AJ: We gotta save her!

MELINDA JR.: Yeah, I need a lot of help, okay, AJ?

PLECK/C-53: No, AJ—/Yeah, AJ, no.

AJ: Alright, send the—send the escape pod, we'll pick it up.

PLECK: Melinda Jr., best of luck. I'd love to say it was great meeting you, but I don't think so.

MELINDA JR.: [defensively] It was, okay?

PLECK: Okay—

MELINDA JR.: And I'm the one that hang—that is hanging up. Bye.

[end transmission sound]

PLECK: She hung up her own distress call.

C-53: Hm.

[short pause]

BARGIE: I didn't finish my story.

PLECK: Yeah, Bargie, you know what—

BARGIE: And then, we went...

AJ: [doubtfully] Uh-huh.

BARGIE: ...to the Guava Island... of Treacherous, Malicious Actions.

PLECK: Ohhh!

AJ: Wait—

C-53: Not a very popular destination.

BARGIE: Nah, it's a nightclub!

AJ: What story is this?

PLECK: Eh, it's one of 'em.

BARGIE: But the drinks are super spicy.

AJ: Uh-huh.

C-53: Yeah. Okay.

[everyone starts walking away to their own rooms]

BARGIE: And that's when Gerald and I decided we should become exclusive.

AJ: [bored] Uh-huh.

PLECK: [interested] Oh!

BARGIE: Not relationship-wise, but emotionally. Still let your engine and hull just go with others.

PLECK: Sure.

BARGIE: [monologuing to herself] Slap back and forth, back and forth, hatch to hatch, hatch to hatch. Wowwww. They invented—

[Bargie becomes muffled as Pleck goes into his room and shuts the door]

[Pleck flops down and flips on the holo projector]

AFFIRMATION TAPE: [glitching] Without my feel inferior—without my feel inferior—

[Pleck presses a button]

[static]

[Pleck presses another button]

WEEZER TIP-TOP: [solemn news presenter voice] Good day, I'm Weezer Tip-Top, and... the galaxy is in a state of mourning for the three worlds destroyed in the Zyxx quadrant earlier today.

[shuffling papers]

WEEZER TIP-TOP: Oh! This just in: "JK."

[Pleck snickers]

WEEZER TIP-TOP: JK.

[Pleck laughs]

[end credits music]

C-RED-IT5: This is C-RED-IT5, credits and attributions droid, commencing outro protocol. Pleck Decksetter was played by Alden Ford. C-53 was played by Jeremy Bent. Captain Dar was played by Allie Kokesh. Bargie the Ship was played by Moujan Zolfaghari. TEENMOM Nermut Bundaloy was played by Seth Lind. AJ, ZT-115, and the Allwheat were played by Winston Noel. Melinda Jr. (without a senior) was played by special guest Becky Chicoine. Becky is an actor, writer, and comedian in Brooklyn, who has appeared on shows like Mr. Robot, The Blacklist, and The Other Two. She is half of the comedy duo Girls with Brown Hair, who wrote and starred in the digital series Shop Talk on comedycentral.com. Follow her on Twitter and Instagram, @beckychicoine. This episode was edited by Seth Lind, with sound design and mix by Shane O'Connell. Music composed by Brendan Ryan and performed by FAME's Macedonian Symphonic Orchestra, with additional performance by the Chimes Street Brass Quintet. Recorded at Robert Doggy Jr.'s Puppy Palace in Brooklyn, New York. Opening crawl narration by Jeremy Crutchley. Ship design for the Bargarean Jade by Eric Geusz. Audio hosting by Simplecast. Mission to Zyxx is a proud member of the Maximum Fun Network.

[Promo: Heat Rocks]

HOST: Welcome back to Fireside Chat on KMAX. With me in studio to take your calls is the dopest duo on the west coast, Oliver Wang and Morgan Rhodes. Go ahead, caller.

CALLER: Hey! Uh, I'm looking for a music podcast that's insightful and thoughtful, but like, also helps me discover artists and albums that I've never heard of.

MORGAN: Yeah, man, sounds like you need to listen to Heat Rocks. Every week, myself (and I'm Morgan Rhodes) and my cohost here, Oliver Wang, talk to influential guests about a canonical album that has changed their lives.

OLIVER: Guests like Moby, Open Mike Eagle, talking about albums by Prince, Joni Mitchell, and so much more.

CALLER: Yooo. What's that show called again?

MORGAN: Heat Rocks. Deep dives into hot records.

HOST: Every Thursday on Maximum Fun.

[Promo: Wonderful!]

RACHEL: Hi, this is Rachel McElroy!

GRIFFIN: Hello, this is Griffin McElroy!

RACHEL: And this is Wonderful!

GRIFFIN: It's a podcast that we do as, uh, we m—we are married, and... how's the ad going so far? 'Cause I think it's going very good.

RACHEL: [laughs] We talk about things we like every week on Wednesdays!

GRIFFIN: One time, Rachel talked about pumpernickel bread. It was so tight, you cannot afford to miss her talking about this sweet brown bread.

RACHEL: We also talk about music and poems and... you know, weather!

GRIFFIN: There was one—weather?

[Rachel laughs]

GRIFFIN: One time Rachel talked about Baby Beluga, the song, for like 14 minutes, and it b— just really blew my hair back.

RACHEL: [laughs] So check us out on maximumfun.org.

GRIFFIN: It's a cool podcast with chill vibes. "Amber is the color of our energy" is what all the iTunes reviews say.

RACHEL: [laughing] They will now.

[promo fades out]

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

[outtake begins]

[tail end of previous conversation as topic changes]

MOUJAN: So we liked your pirate.

ALDEN: So I think the pirates pitch is the one that we really like.

BECKY: Oh, okay. What was that one again? [laughs]

[Allie laughs]

ALDEN: Lemme—lemme—lemme look...

JEREMY: You write everything in a fever dream.

BECKY: I—truly, I don't know, I was like, "YAHHH!"

[Becky and Moujan laugh]

BECKY: The "pretend to need help?"

WINSTON: Yes.

BECKY: Okay.

WINSTON: Yeah, the distress call...

ALDEN: Yeah. "Melinda Jr..."

BECKY: [wheezing] Melinda Jr.

MOUJAN: [quietly, laughing] Melinda Jr...

ALDEN: "A space pirate..."

JEREMY: Great name.

ALDEN: "I pretend to be stranded in my ship, but as soon as someone comes to help, I hijack their ship and steal their stuff."

BECKY: [laughing] Perfect, perfect.