

[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 if evil were a circle and on fire. Now, Captain Dar and their intrepid crew must survive the looming threats, 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 crew walking back to Bargie]

DAR: Alright, crew, listen.

AJ: Ugh.

DAR: I know we wanna see that experience as a negative—

BARGIE: Ugh.

DAR: But we shouldn't think of that asteroid as being, um... underpopulated. We should think of us as always preaching the importance of Seesu, okay?

[Bargie's hatch closes]

C-53: Captain, there were two people on that asteroid. Two.

PLECK: Yeah, that seems sort of like we're spinning our wheels. [taking off spacesuit/helmet] Captain Dar, I just don't know that we are getting anywhere by going to these random places. I—I know that Seesu wants to reach out to every planet—

DAR: *Every planet.*

BARGIE: Dar, you know I respect you. It's like you're a sibling I never had.

DAR: Absolutely. We get each other. Yes.

BARGIE: If you were a ship, I would keep you inside of me to keep you warm.

AJ: Aw, that's nice.

BARGIE: But here's the thing. I don't got that much gas, so...

PLECK: Wait, what, Bargie? You're out of gas?

BARGIE: Well, we just keep goin' to places, and I keep—I can't—you know, gas is money. You know what I mean?

AJ: That's true.

C-53: Yeah, Bargie's in a real—some of these planets are in the middle of nowhere!

DAR: Listen, I hear all of you—

PLECK: Yeah.

DAR: Buuut... we are doing something important. And one of these days, it's gonna feel like a win. You know? It's gonna feel good. Right now, it feels bad. Right now, it feels almost like I am leading us down a path full of failure and disappointment.

PLECK: Okay—

AJ: Whoa.

PLECK: Okay, Captain—

AJ: You're not wrong.

DAR: But, but, but! I'm sure—I'm *positive*—that we have a win in our future. [Dar plays a snippet of When The Saints on their trumpet] We're gonna have a win!

[incoming transmission sound]

C-53: Captain Dar, I have an incoming transmission from Temporary Emergency Emissarial Negotiations Missions Operations Manager Nermut Bundaloy.

[call connects]

DAR: [large sigh] Alright, Nermut.

NERMUT: Hey, team!

DAR: Give me somethin' good.

AJ: We need a win, buddy!

NERMUT: Don't worry. Well, the—you're just settin' 'em up and knocking 'em down. Thanks for doin' the hard work out there!

AJ: Yeah! [crushes can]

PLECK: [tiredly] Nermut—Nermut, I gotta say, we're all a little bit tired of goin' to these, y'know, these random, sometimes uninhabited planets.

C-53: Yeah, Nermut, these podunk planets—it's like, these votes aren't gonna add up to anything.

NERMUT: We have to go to every planet! Hearts, minds, tentacles, uh...

DAR: Mm-hmm.

NERMUT: ...eye... stalks, we're changin' 'em! Everyone matters in this galaxy.

C-53: Yeah, okay.

NERMUT: This is the hard work!

C-53: "Everyone matters" is a nice political slogan, but...

PLECK: Yeah, but there are trillions of planets in the galaxy, I mean—

AJ: It matters to Seesu! Seesu wants it, guys, so, like, I don't understand what the jucking problem is. [AJ bangs his fist on a control panel]

PLECK: Okay, AJ...

AJ: If she wants it, we're gonna do it!

NERMUT: Thank you, guys. And I've got great news for you—

C-53: Are you listening to the words we're saying?

PLECK: Yeah, we were just telling you that we're miserable—

C-53: We don't like this!

NERMUT: [brightly] You guys get to go to another planet.

C-53: C'mon—ugh.

PLECK: Great.

[Bargie sighs]

PLECK: Is this—

C-53: How many people live on this planet, Nermut?

NERMUT: [flipping through papers] This is—okay, guy—alright, let's check. Eyy, not bad! 5.1 billion.

DAR/PLECK/C-53: [in chorus, pleased] Okay. Alright. Yeah.

C-53: That's... actually not so bad.

PLECK: That's pretty good!

C-53: Yeah!

NERMUT: You know, you get a couple asteroids with two people, you get a 5.1 billion, it all averages out. We're doin' it!

PLECK: Okay, this—

C-53: Well, my point is, we should skip the asteroid with two people, and then the average would be much higher.

NERMUT: Okay, and I just—don't be mad, I... did get the coordinates wrong on the asteroid with two people.

C-53: Okay.

NERMUT: That was not—

PLECK: [laughing] That was—that was a mistake, Nermut?

NERMUT: Yeah, I had—I—see, the—I put it on a Post-it, and—look at these two Post-its, they're the same color? [flipping through Post-its]

C-53: [in disbelief] What does that have to do with anything?

NERMUT: Common mistake. I wrote down the coordinates on this Post-it.

PLECK: What's the other number?

NERMUT: The other number—well, the other number was the right planet.

PLECK: No, but what were the wrong coordinates?

NERMUT: For the asteroid!

C-53: What were the *right* coordinates?

NERMUT: For the planet—the different planet you *should* have gone to.

PLECK: Well, why—why did you write—

C-53: [exasperated] Which planet—why did we not go to that planet?

AJ: Right.

PLECK: What were the—where did the wrong coordinates come from, Nermut?

NERMUT: I wrote... I wrote them down on this! [shows Post-it]

PLECK: Yeah, but why did you write them down anywhere?

NERMUT: It was—[pause of shame] It's a lottery ticket.

PLECK: It's not even a coordinate!?

NERMUT: Well, it is, obviously! The asteroid was there.

C-53/PLECK: Oh, Nermut...

[door opens, Horsehat crying]

DAR: So the reason why I don't have a win...

NERMUT: Yeah.

DAR: [walking away to deal with Horsehat] ...is because *you* were bad at *your* job.

NERMUT: Right. But out... out of the armpit of loss comes the bustling, uhhh...

C-53: Keep going.

NERMUT: Uh, bustling, um... firepower of winning!

AJ: [excited] Yes! Yes, of course! It rolls off the tongue! "Out of the armpit of loss comes the bustling firepower of winning!" That's just like—

C-53: You're saying firepower is going to emerge from an armpit.

[Nermut sighs]

C-53: Is the metaphor you chose.

AJ: Well, I mean...

NERMUT: [quietly] That's stinky.

AJ: Is this a—I mean, I guess I should tell you guys...

PLECK: Also, a bustling armpit?

[Nermut sighs again]

C-53: Wait, wait. AJ, what were *you* saying?

AJ: My armpit cannon.

NERMUT: Oh, boy.

C-53: How many weapons are there, AJ?

AJ: Watch, so hold on—[sound of armor detaching]

PLECK: Wow.

AJ: Yeah, this fires a mortar.

NERMUT/C-53: A mortar!?!/It fires a mortar!?

AJ: Yeah.

C-53: How do you—

AJ: Right outta the ol' pit.

NERMUT: It's aimed downward!

C-53: How do you move your shoulder!?

AJ: I just sort of like, go this—I kinda have to, like—

PLECK: Where does the mortar—where—

AJ: I can do a deep—I have to do a deep hip bend...

PLECK: [laughing] AJ—

NERMUT: That's a terrible design. That's still not pointed up!

PLECK: AJ...

AJ: Just watch, just—[AJ grunts, something heavy slides into place] right like this, I hafta—

NERMUT: That's barely horizontal!

AJ: [straining] Yeah.

PLECK: [still laughing] AJ—AJ, where is the mortar currently?

C-53: Yeah, where's the shell?

AJ: Oh, it's swimmin' around somewhere in my—

C-53: “Swimmin’ around!?”

NERMUT: Swimming!?

AJ: Yeah...

C-53: Hmm.

AJ: It’s more just like—I’m sorta—I sorta massage it up into my—[AJ starts massaging to demonstrate]

PLECK: [laughing] That can’t be right.

NERMUT: Wow.

C-53: Oh, that’s—you can see it through the skin.

NERMUT: [rifling through papers] Um, so guys, here’s—uh, no, that’s not a coordinate... Yes, this I’m sure is it. Nope. And... here you go.

C-53: Okay, verifying these coordinates so we don’t *waste our time*...

[couple seconds of beeping followed by a ping]

C-53: Okay, looks like it is populated.

AJ: Yeah, alright! Woo! [crushes a can]

PLECK: Good job, Nermut.

C-53: Signon-7b.

DAR: [returning from their room] Okay, so that’s a small win.

C-53: Okay.

BARGIE: Hmm, okay.

PLECK: Nermut, why—why don’t you have them digitally? Like, these are coordinates. These are strings of a dozen or so letters and numbers.

NERMUT: Yeah.

PLECK: These should be in a computer somewhere, not in this—

NERMUT: I lost my power cable.

DAR: What?

PLECK: To the missionator.

NERMUT: Well, yeah, so I use my cu—like, the next office over, I go get it off theirs, and I write it down, and I come back to my office.

PLECK: That’s a terrible system, Nermut.

NERMUT: Hm, arguably not... *not* a system.

[C-53 sighs]

PLECK: This explains a lot.

[transition music]

[static]

LEADER: [speaking with a preacher cadence] Know-Nadas, the Allwheat smiles upon you for finding your way here blindfolded.

[applause, quiet organ music]

LEADER: We gather to rejoice in our *absolute ig-no-rance*... of the Allwheat.

[more applause, cheering]

LEADER: Yes, yes! The less we know, the more perfect our minds, for to know anything quantifiable of the infinite is, by definition... to know nothing.

FOLLOWER 1: That's smart!

FOLLOWER 2: So true!

FOLLOWER 3: I like that! Smart.

LEADER: So too is the infinite nature of our... in-no-cence.

[agreement from the crowd]

LEADER: Our lives are devoted to worshipping the utter IN-COMPREHENSION—

FOLLOWER 4: What did you say?

LEADER: Who amongst us can guess what the mighty Allwheat could be?

FOLLOWER 5: I believe it is perchance an egg waiting to hatch!

LEADER: Ooh, maybe. May-be.

FOLLOWER 6: What if it might be the eye of an enormous lookie-loo peepin' upon our sins?

LEADER: [gasps] Maybe! Maybe!

FOLLOWER 7: Hadn't thought about that, or anything.

FOLLOWER 8: I think mayhaps could be... an ingrown star.

LEADER: [unimpressed] I mean, that's pretty unlikely, but I mean... it could be. Well, maybe, maybe, maybe! Yeah.

[beeping horn of a Pheenis scooter]

[organ music cuts out]

PHEENIS MARSH: ‘Scuse me. Sorry. I am Dr. Pheenis Marsh. I must tell you that *evidence* suggests—

LEADER: [adamantly] Agh, evidence! Uh-uh!

PHEENIS MARSH: Hear me out! Hear me out—

LEADER: Pish-posh!

PHEENIS MARSH: [taking the microphone] Evidence suggests that the Allwheat is actually a rift in the fabric of the—

LEADER: Ooh—ah, la la la!

PHEENIS MARSH: [honking scooter horn] No, uncover—listen to me—

LEADER: [not listening] La la la!

PHEENIS MARSH: The Allwheat can be known if only we can launch someone inside it to see what is on the other side—

FOLLOWER 9: What!?

FOLLOWER 10: Booooo!

PHEENIS MARSH: —and we have very little time—

[crowd starts boo-ing]

LEADER: [intoning dramatically] Begone! Begooooone!

PHEENIS MARSH: —Stop turning around, stop covering your ears and eyes—

LEADER: Scoot!

PHEENIS MARSH: Ah!

LEADER: Scoot!

[scooter horn beeping]

PHEENIS MARSH: Ah! Oh, you hit my expensive scooter. [scooter horn beeps]

LEADER: Brothers and sisters, mop your ears until you forget those *poi-sonous* facts!

PHEENIS MARSH: [muffled] Unmop them!

FOLLOWERS: Mop! Mop, mop. Moppin’ my ears. Moppin’ ‘em!

LEADER: Mop! Mop, I say! Our unenlightenment must be to-TAL. When the Allwheat devours us all, or whatever—whatever happens—

FOLLOWER 11: We don’t know!

LEADER: —we shall be innocent of deigning to know what it is.

FOLLOWER 12: Yesssss!

LEADER: If it can even devour things, who knows?

PHEENIS MARSH: [beeping horn] It can! It WILL!

LEADER: [shushing the Pheenis] No no, mmm, muh-muh, nonono.
Muhmuhnonononono.

FOLLOWERS: Nonono. Lalala. Mop, moppin' my ears.

PHEENIS MARSH: [grabbing the microphone] Support for the Pheenises', uh, research, comes from—

[Pheenis Marsh is cut off by static]

[transition music]

PLECK: Nermut's, right, this is a bustling civilization. This is great!

C-53: Yeah, lotta roads and people.

DAR: Wow.

C-53: But, like, no spaceport. We just kinda, just had to land in the middle of nowhere.

AJ: Yeah...

PLECK: There's a lot of lawns and gardens, houses made out of wood and brick.

DAR: Oh, look at these little fences!

C-53: Yeah, very quaint.

PLECK: Yeah, sorta old-timey, y'know?

PAPERBOY: [ringing a bike bell] Newspaper! Newspaper! Look, the news!

PLECK: Oh, look at that jaunty little rock boy.

AJ: Yeah, made of rocks.

DAR: Oh, I like his little rock cap.

PAPERBOY: Hooray! Hip hip hooray!

PLECK: Wow!

C-53: Yeah, got a real zest for life.

PAPERBOY: Yaaay! Hippity-hop, hippity-hop, hippity-hop...

PLECK: Man.

C-53: Oh, sadly, he went downhill on his one-speed bicycle too fast for us to catch up with him.

DAR: Oh yeah.

PLECK: I really like this planet!

DAR: Charming.

PLECK: Uh, well, I guess let's, uh... y'know, door to door, I guess let's just—

AJ: There's our first house.

C-53: Yeah.

AJ: Lock and load, let's do it!

DAR: Yeah.

PLECK: Alright.

DAR: It's, like, so literal. This is actually a door that we're about to knock on.

C-53: Yeah. [flipping papers] Got all the literature ready.

DAR: Alright, here we go.

[Dar knocks so hard the door shakes]

[Pleck laughs]

HOMEOWNER: [from inside] Put it in the back.

[brief silence]

DAR: Excuse me?

C-53: Put it in the back...?

PLECK: Uh, hello?

HOMEOWNER: Just put it—just roll it up and put it in the back.

PLECK: Uh...

DAR: Oh, is the house talking?

PLECK: No, I think some—I think someone's in there.

HOMEOWNER: Just—um—okay, fine, I'm coming out, heheh.

[door creaks open]

HOMEOWNER: [dropping a glass in shock] Oh, what the... dink? What the dink is going on out here? Who—

PLECK: Uh—hi there!

HOMEOWNER: No—

DAR: Uh, hi.

AJ: Hey, what's up.

HOMEOWNER: [horrified] Oh, no...

DAR: So I'm Captain Dar...

HOMEOWNER: No!

DAR: This is C-53, this is AJ—

AJ: What's up?

DAR: And this is Pleck.

HOMEOWNER: ...Am I dead?

C-53: Uh, no, no no—

DAR/PLECK: Uh.../What?

HOMEOWNER: Am I dead?

C-53: No, you're alive, you're fine.

AJ: Ohh, what if this is a planet of dead people? [AJ racks rifle]

PLECK: AJ—

C-53: AJ...

HOMEOWNER: What—you're—I'm sorry for whatever I did. I—I don't know if this is, like, some sort of, uh, afterlife and I—you're here to torture me...

PLECK: No, Miss—

HOMEOWNER: ...for all my wrongs...

PLECK: Miss, calm—calm down. We are just here to, uh, give you a little information about, uh, Seesu Gundu, the future savior of all quadrants here in the galaxy.

[Dar blows a shaky note on their trumpet]

HOMEOWNER: Okay...

C-53: Let me first ask, ma'am, are you planning to vote in the upcoming galactic election?

HOMEOWNER: Am I planning to *what* in the upcoming *a-doo-min-a-da*? I don't know what you're sayin' to me!

C-53: That's—no.

[Dar sighs]

AJ: [shouting] Vote in the upcoming galactic election!

C-53: I—I don't think it was a volume issue, AJ.

AJ: Oh, okay, sorry.

HOMEOWNER: I don't know what any of those words mean, I swear, you can have anything in the house.

AJ: You don't know what "the" means?

PLECK: Uh, Miss, y'know—maybe we should take a step back, guys, uh—

DAR: Yeah yeah, sure.

C-53: Okay, let's start simply. Do you understand the word "vote"?

HOMEOWNER: The thing you get in when you're on a beach vacation.

PLECK: Uh, no, that's a—that's a boat.

C-53: Oh, no—okay, that's a boat.

DAR: Ohhhhh.

AJ: Oh, I—I got an idea! We came in a—the ship over there!

HOMEOWNER: Wh—

AJ: Bargie, say something!

HOMEOWNER: Okay—

BARGIE: I used to be in the movies!

PLECK: Okay—

HOMEOWNER: What the *dink*???

PLECK: Yeah, AJ, that didn't clarify anything.

DAR: Yeah...

PLECK: Miss, you know what? I'm just gonna leave you a little of our literature, it's here on this holographic chip. Uh, feel free to peruse whenever you get a chance. We really hope to see you at—

[slap, chip clatters to the ground]

C-53: She batted it outta your hand!

PLECK: Oh! Okay. Alright, you know what?

[door slams]

[Pleck and C-53 exclaim, Dar gasps]

PLECK: Wow.

DAR: Wow!

C-53: Wow, right in your face.

PLECK: [quietly] Yeah, well.

C-53: Y'know, not everyone wants to talk politics, but this is a pretty chilly reception.

PLECK: Yeah. She was *not* interested. Well—

C-53: Are we—I'm just gonna take one second, check my files, make sure we're on Signon-7b. 'Cause... [beeping sounds]

PLECK: Sure, yeah.

PAPERBOY: [ringing bike bell] Hippity-hop, hippity-hop, hippity-hop...

DAR: Oh! Looks like I can finally get that newspaper.

PAPERBOY: [ringing bell] Newspaper! Newspaper!

DAR: Hey, um... uh, newspaper rock boy?

PAPERBOY: [voice lowering] WHAT THE—

[the paperboy screeches and rides away]

PLECK: Wow.

C-53: Pretty non-standard reaction to buying a newspaper from a paperboy.

[the paperboy continues screaming in the distance]

DAR: Okay, I've gotten strong reactions before, but...

AJ: Wow, look at 'em go.

DAR: That was rude.

C-53: Very.

AJ: Wow. Goin' uphill, too.

CHILD: Mom, what are those monsters doing in the neighbor's yard?

C-53: Oh, no...

[pause]

C-53: Uh, Captain Dar, can I—can I, uh, parlay with you, uh, very quietly?

DAR: Sure. What's up?

C-53: Okay. Uh...

AJ: You know, I could hit 'em from this distance. [AJ racks rifle]

PLECK: Put your gun down, AJ.

AJ: Takin' off.

PLECK: [laughing] No, no—

DAR: Yeah, I was about to say the same—AJ, put—

AJ: I got it, hold on.

DAR: AJ, don't shoot the child.

C-53: [quietly] Dar, um... can I be candid with you for a moment?

DAR: All the time.

C-53: Uh, we have broken the Primo Directivo.

DAR: Um... [pause] oh, boy. The *Primo* Directivo? [nervously] Okay.

PLECK: Wait, C-53, what is the Primo Directivo?

C-53: Pleck, what are you, a rube?

PLECK: What?

C-53: You haven't heard of the Primo Directivo?

PLECK: I don't know what that—what—what do those words even mean?

AJ: Papa. It's a bad thing when you break the Primo Directivo.

PLECK: What is the Primo Directivo?

AJ: I... I don't know.

C-53: It is the *first order* for all space-faring civilizations. You don't just land on some planet that doesn't know what space travel is and start tellin' 'em about space travel!

PLECK: Uh... okay.

C-53: If people find out that we broke the Primo Directivo on Seesu's say-so, that's a huge no-no!

DAR: Alright, I hate to say it, but we are, um... in trouble, and we need to get back into that house.

PLECK: Okay.

C-53: Good. Yes.

[gentle knocking]

[the door opens]

PLECK: [sheepishly] Hello again, hehe.

DAR: You know what? We're gonna need to come inside.

HOMEOWNER: [sarcastically] Oh! I'm *hosting* all of a sudden!

PLECK: Oh...

HOMEOWNER: So people crash land on my porch—

PLECK: [crosstalk, quietly] I mean, we just landed...

HOMEOWNER: —and now all of a sudden I'm supposed to have *cookies*? [suddenly friendly] Yeah, come in.

[crew walks inside]

HOMEOWNER: [eating something crunchy] You eat shit dips, right, big guy?

C-53: Yeah, I don't.

HOMEOWNER: [sympathetically] You got a dietary restriction?

PLECK: C-53 can't eat.

C-53: Yeah. I'm on—

HOMEOWNER: Okay, so I would call that a dietary restriction.

C-53: Sure, yeah. This might be a shock for you, uh, I am a sentient robot.

HOMEOWNER: I don't know what sentient is.

C-53: Oh, boy.

DAR: Oy...

HOMEOWNER: Okay. Well, let me show you the house.

PLECK: Oh! Thank you.

AJ: Wow.

HOMEOWNER: You're welcome, so this is kinda the sitting area...

C-53: This is lovely.

HOMEOWNER: Thank you so much.

AJ: Yeah. It smells... *very* bad here.

PLECK: Uh—

[Dar laughs]

HOMEOWNER: That's really messed up, 'cause I just put in an air freshener.

AJ: Did you!

HOMEOWNER: Yeah.

AJ: Uh... well, I'm sorry, it doesn't smell bad. I was wrong. [noncommittally] It doesn't smell like butts in here. Does anyone else think it smells like butts? I don't.

C-53: [whispering] AJ!

PLECK: Alright, AJ. Um, listen, Miss, uh—sorry, what was your name?

HOMEOWNER: Wooop!

PLECK: Roop?

WOOOP!: Woooop!

PLECK: Okay, uh, listen, Woooop!, we should sort of explain our situation. We—and I would prefer if you would keep this just sort of between us—we are visitors from outside of your planet.

WOOOP!: What's a planet?

[Pleck laughs]

C-53: Hmm. The lack of contact with the greater galactic community has really had a detrimental effect on their vocabulary.

DAR: Mm-hmm. I think that—that was a big leap, Pleck. I think you should have started a little smaller.

C-53: Yeah, that's—let's start small, start small.

DAR: We're from out of town.

PLECK: Yeah.

WOOOP!: Two towns over, Dangfango?

C-53: No no no no. Imagine a town that is, uh... so far in the sky, it's on a star you see at night.

WOOOP!: You take a skywow to it?

PLECK: A what?

C-53: A *skywow*?

WOOOP!: That thing! [laughing] It goes in the air, it's got, uh, wings.

PLECK: Uh...

WOOOP!: You have to, like, show up, and you go through a big metal thing, and they make you take out your lotions and stuff. A skywow.

C-53: Okay, well, we call that—that's an airplane. Uh, so in some fashion, yes, you would take a "skywow," as you would call it, to get there.

PLECK: But imagine if a skywow could go up and then just keep goin' up.

AJ: And imagine if that skywow could sing, *and* dance, **AND** act, if it was a triple threat.

PLECK: Yeah, AJ, that's not really relevant to this explana—

AJ: No, she's got it all, is what I'm saying.

PLECK: I know, I know.

WOOOP!: Oh, you're talkin' about my sister, Baaayum!

PLECK: Oh... uh—

WOOOP!: The triple threat of town.

PLECK: S-Sorry, your sister's name is Bam?

WOOOP!: Baaayum!

PLECK: Okay.

[the door creaks open]

BAAAYUM!: Woop! Hey, sister!

WOOOP!: Yeah, Baaayum!?

BAAAYUM!: I'm going upstairs to prepare for my performance, 'cause I'm a triple threat!

AJ: [impressed] Wow.

C-53: "Triple threat" they have, but "airplane" they don't have.

PLECK: Yeah.

WOOOP!: Okay.

PLECK: Uhhh...

AJ: Uh...

WOOOP!: You all... are aliens, right?

C-53: [regretfully] Ahhh...

AJ: Uh...

DAR: [matter-of-fact] Oh! She figured it out.

WOOOP!: You're from a different place, maybe a different time, but nonetheless—

AJ: Time, what? No, it's not timey-wimey—

PLECK: No, we never said anything about time, we're not—

C-53: Well, "time," we're in the same time.

PLECK: The time is now.

DAR: Yeah.

WOOOP!: Nonetheless, you don't want anyone to know that you're here.

C-53: Okay, that's true, yes.

DAR: That would be for the best. That would be for the best.

AJ: [knowledgeably] That's true, because of the Primo Directive.

DAR: Yeah, so if you could just forget about us, we'll be on our way...

PLECK: We're just gonna—

AJ: [racking rifle] Or just look right into this...

C-53: AJ...

PLECK: No, AJ...

[sound of camera flash going off multiple times]

[Pleck, AJ, and C-53 yell]

AJ: Whoa, they're takin' pictures of us! Permission to, like, just, open up a can?

PLECK: A-AJ, no. No.

C-53: AJ, stop.

WOOOI!: [smugly] Okay, I just sent that picture to the local newspaper.

C-53: Oh... no no no no. No, no.

PLECK: Oh, okay.

WOOOI!: And now everybody knows who you are.

PLECK: Okay.

WOOOI!: You said your name was Pleck, you said your name was Captain—

DAR: Yep, that's me.

WOOOI!: You said your name was I Don't Eat, and you said your name was AJ?

C-53: That's not quite what I said.

AJ: Yeah, that's right.

WOOOI!: Already sent to the paper.

PLECK: Okay. Alright—

WOOOI!: And now everybody's gonna know MY name. Wooop!

DAR: Wooop!, look, we're between a rock and a hard place.

PLECK: Good! Nice.

DAR: [conspiratorially] I didn't know that you didn't know about us, and we're in a little bit of trouble, so if you could just, uh... help us out of this jam?

PLECK: That'd be great.

WOOOI!: [typing] Okay, fine, fine, fine, fine. [digital ping and woosh] There, I deleted the e-mail.

PLECK: Thank you.

DAR: You can do that?

WOOOP!: [in a “yeah, duh” voice] Yeah, it’s called unsending.

PLECK: You can—

DAR: No, that is NOT a technology that we have.

C-53: No, we sorta wish we had that.

PLECK: What is “unsending?”

DAR: That would be *brilliant*.

PLECK: No, once it goes, it goes into their server, and then you don’t have access to it.

WOOOP!: Nope, for up to 30 minutes, you’re allowed to—

PLECK: [crosstalk] *30 minutes!?*

WOOOP!: —unsend any e-mail you’d like to.

DAR: Wow, I would unsend *every* e-mail.

C-53: But... if they’ve read it in that 30 minutes...

WOOOP!: They immediately have to go to sleep, and then they are supposed to tell themselves it was a dream.

C-53: Wow! What a flawless system.

PLECK: That’s a good system!

DAR: Really, yeah. Whoof!

WOOOP!: But *I* knows you’re here.

PLECK: Uh, yeah.

C-53: Yeah.

DAR: Riiiiight.

WOOOP!: [threateningly] *I* knows you’re here. I think I got you at my fingertips. And I can make *you*... do whatever the dink I want you to.

PLECK: Uh...

DAR: Oh!

PLECK: I mean—

DAR: Uhhh...

PLECK: We’re happy to help in any way we can.

DAR: Oooh, no no, they're blackmailing us. You're blackmailing us, right?

AJ: Yeah. [running away] Guys, we are dinked! We're *big-time* dinked right now!

PLECK: Okay, AJ...

C-53: You picked that up really quick.

WOOOP!: That's right, you are DINKED. And I *am* blackmailin' you, because I won't tell anybody about you, and your little ship that talks and sings and sleeps... if you help me sabotage my sister, at the pote for the town belle.

C-53: The "pote?"

DAR: We're gonna need to dig into what *that* sentence means.

WOOOP!: Every year, the town does a popularity contest. They get a little pallot, and they pote, and they put it in the box, and everyone potes for who they want to be the town belle.

PLECK: [finally understanding] Pote.

C-53: Pote.

PLECK: Pote.

WOOOP!: The town belle gets a sash, and then the town belle gets to perform for the next year, whatever they want, and everyone has to go, and everyone has to cheer them on.

PLECK: Is—is this something you would *want* to do, if it was—if you were—

WOOOP!: Is this something—who *wouldn't* wanna be the town belle?

PLECK: Uh... I—

DAR: Yeah, who wouldn't want to be *poted* town belle?

WOOOP!: There's a commissioner who presides over the whole thing, makes sure all the poting goes smoothly.

C-53/PLECK/AJ: Hmm./Hmm./Uh-huh.

C-53: Okay, so this actually helps a lot. Uh... so, we were actually coming to find out if you were going to *pote*—

PLECK: [laughing] Uh, C-53, I think we're past—we're past that.

C-53: No? We're not?

WOOOP!: You can help—

DAR: Oh yeah. Unfortunately.

C-53: I thought maybe we could salvage this.

WOOOP!: You can help me get poted town belle?

PLECK: No, no...

WOOOP!: You can help me get poted town belle?

C-53: Ah... is there uh, a pote for that coming up?

WOOOP!: Yeah, the pote... is tonight.

C-53: Okay!

AJ: Whoaaa!

WOOOP!: There's one wrinkle, though.

PLECK: Only one?

DAR: Oh, there's ONE?

C-53: There's a lot of wrinkles, currently.

DAR: Yeah, at the moment, we're balancing a lot of balls.

C-53: I'd love to hear this wrinkle.

WOOOP!: The commissioner... is our *father*.

C-53/AJ/PLECK: Ohhh./Oh.../Whoa!

PLECK: Oh, no!

C-53: Honestly, that is a big wrinkle.

PLECK: That's a big wrinkle.

WOOOP!: All I need you to do... is sabotage my sister. I know she's gonna win it again. I just need you to undermine her in some way. Make her look like a real dipshit—not to be confused... with the shit dip.

C-53: [speaking along with Wooop!] Confused... with the shit dip, okay.

PLECK: Yeah. Uh-huh.

[Wooop! crunches on some more chips and shit dip]

AJ: Well, how could we... three extraterrestrials, and a robot—

DAR: Good counting, AJ, proud of you!

AJ: Thank you! Uh, undermine a local talent show?

WOOOP!: Uh, I dunno.... Pants her. Set her on fire. Uhhh...

AJ: Okay.

WOOOP!: Uhhh... Spit her with goo.

DAR: Just because we're aliens doesn't mean we *produce* goo.

PLECK: Yeah, that's... a little bit—

AJ: I—I do.

PLECK: What? What?

AJ: Well, it actually comes out of my other armpit. I have a mortar on one, and an all-purpose goo on the other.

PLECK: What is an all-purpose goo!?

AJ: [nonchalantly] It's for binding, spackling, things like that. It's all-purpose.

PLECK: Wow. Okay. Alright. That's—

AJ: I can't believe I haven't used my goo armpit before.

[Pleck laughs wheezily]

AJ: Or my mortar.

DAR: Yeah, it's weird that this is the first time we're just learning about this cannon.

AJ: Weird.

DAR: Of goo.

PLECK: Uh...

DAR: So, in order, let's just recap. Pants her. Set her on fire. Cover her in goo.

C-53: Just making a little list here. [muttering] Okay, pants her, set her on fire, cover her with... [talking normally again] Are you a species that, if we set fire to you, you would burn to death?

WOOOP!: Am I a *species*? That's very personal.

PLECK: Hm...

C-53: Uh... I might—I may have said something in your language—"Species," for you, means...

WOOOP!: Someone who has sex for money.

C-53: Oh, okay.

PLECK: Okay.

DAR: Ohhh!

C-53: Then I apologize.

WOOOP!: So what were you asking me? I don't eat—

C-53: If I light you on fire, will you burn to death?

WOOOP!: [walking away] No.

C-53: Okay.

DAR: So...

C-53: I think maybe this is the best plan, is we sabotage the show and then we get outta here. You know what I mean?

PLECK: I mean, yeah, it does seem like—

AJ: I hate this place.

PLECK: [reproachfully] AJ!

DAR: Uh...

AJ: I do, it smells—does anyone else—[whispering] does everyone else smell butts?

PLECK: I don't actually smell butts, AJ, I'm not really sure what you're talking about.

C-53: Well, AJ—

DAR: Yeah.

AJ: Am I the only one who smells butts?

C-53: AJ, it might be—it might be in the suit.

DAR: Maybe—AJ, it might be you.

AJ: Oh, yeah.

PLECK: Yeah, is it the helmet? Is there something wrong with your helmet?

AJ: Oh, yeah, it might be.

C-53: How often do you change those filters?

AJ: Change the...?

C-53: Here, I'm just gonna tap this... [sound of filter ejecting] Oh, wow. These are... soaked.

PLECK: Yeah, you gotta change that filter.

[Dar starts coughing and gagging]

C-53: These are...

AJ: Sorry.

C-53: Look how—look at this juice comin' out of it.

AJ: Okay.

PLECK: AJ, your filter smells like butts!

DAR: Ughhh.

AJ: Okay, alright, might be. This one's on ol' AJ. Let's put the filter back in.

[sound of filter re-inserting]

DAR: Ugh.

PLECK: No, you gotta—ugh, don't put it *back* in.

AJ: Well, what am I gonna do?

[Dar laughs]

C-53: Put fresh ones in there!

AJ: I don't know about the air here.

BAAAYUM!: [calling from across the house] Wooop!

WOOOP!: [from somewhere else in the house] Yeah.

BAAAYUM!: I'm off to the performance. I'll see you there!

WOOOP!: Okay.

AJ: So let me get this straight. The plan is, we, a mismatched group of aliens, are going into a crowd of people who don't know we exist, to preserve the Primo Directivo?

DAR: That's the gist of it, yeah.

PLECK: Yeah, it—when you say it sort of like that, it seems like not a *great* plan.

DAR: AJ, uh, quick aside?

AJ: Yeah.

DAR: [quietly] Just, you know, maybe also have your gun ready.

AJ: You got it, Captain.

[AJ's armor falls off, farting sounds, butt gun ejecting]

[transition music]

WOOOP!: Okay, this is it.

C-53: This is quite a production.

WOOOP!: Y-Yeah, this is *the* night of the year.

FWEEEHAEHN!: Welcome, welcome, it is I, Commissioner Fweeeheahn!

C-53: That's your—

WOOOP!: That's my dad.

C-53: Oh, wow, yeah.

PLECK: Oh.

FWEEEHEAHN!: The greatest day of the year here, when we crown the town belle, and...

CITIZEN 1: Town belle!

CITIZEN 2: Wow, I love belles!

CITIZEN 3: What belle?

FWEEEHEAHN!: I know there's not a lot of suspense about who it's gonna be, but it's still an exciting moment.

CITIZEN 4: Yeah!

CITIZEN 5: Voting is important! Every voice counts!

PLECK: Uh, Wooop!? Um...

WOOOP!: Yeah. This hurts.

PLECK: How many years has your sister been the town belle?

WOOOP!: 32.

C-53: Oh, boy.

PLECK: Oh... boyyyy, yeah.

AJ: Whoa.

C-53: They like her.

WOOOP!: She won it first year she was born.

PLECK/C-53: Wow./Wow.

WOOOP!: Everyone said the baby had, like, a "way" about her?

AJ: That's it, that's the it factor.

C-53: That's.. honestly a little creepy.

PLECK: Yeah.

CITIZEN 6: Look, there she is, still deserving of it even after 32 years!

[crowd applauds]

PLECK: AJ, how's the goo coming?

AJ: [sound of goo secreting] Papa, I'm secreting as fast as I can, but my glands can only do so much!

PLECK: Ugh... never mind.

AJ: Yeah. Don't ask if you don't wanna know. About the glands and the goo.

FWEEEHEAHN!: And we want to thank all of the contestants who submitted themselves to this, for some reason.

C-53: Are you the only one competing against your sister?

WOOOP!: You know, people kind of started dropping off once they realized that Baaayum! was gonna win it every year.

C-53: Yeah.

DAR: Yikes.

WOOOP!: So it's just been me, and then sometimes people throw in objects just as a fun joke.

C-53: Objects??

FWEEEHEAHN!: Will it be Wooop!? Will it be this broom? Will it be this gum wrapper?

C-53: [incredulous] Gum wrapper!?

WOOOP!: Yeah, that one—ooh, that one gets really close every year.

C-53: Really!?

PLECK: The same wrapper is running... multiple years in a row.

WOOOP!: Yeah. And it has gotten a *huge* makeover over the past year.

AJ: I get it. It's got somethin'.

WOOOP!: A lot of work done.

PLECK: Wow.

AJ: I get it.

FWEEEHEAHN!: Will it be this old steak...

PLECK/C-53/DAR: [sympathetically] Oh.

DAR: That feels like someone thought that was the trash.

FWEEEHEAHN!: [enthusiastically] Or will it be... Baaayum!?

[crowd cheers and applauds]

BAAAYUM!: [taking the microphone, singing a little tune] Bam bam bam, bam bam, bam bam, baaayum, baaayum, bayum!

WOOOP!: I hate when she luxuriates in her own name.

PLECK: Yeah...

C-53: Yeah.

[crowd continues applauding]

BAAAYUM!: Hi, everybody!

PLECK: Alright, AJ.

AJ: Yeah.

PLECK: You sneak under the stage...

AJ: Got it, perfect pants position. I'm gonna pants the sister at the right moment!

PLECK: Okay.

C-53: Okay.

DAR: Excellent.

PLECK: That's great.

C-53: I'll be hiding here in the wings. Now, I've disguised myself as this vending machine, and... y'know, this might seem a little aggressive, but I've rigged up a flamethrower attachment. [sound of flamethrower sparking and catching fire]

PLECK: Oh, wow, that's great.

C-53: Yeah. Well, you know, you gotta get the job done.

PLECK: I'm hoping that the hood of this robe is gonna keep anyone from noticing I'm not made of rocks.

DAR: Great, great. And I put on... this beard. [Dar scratches their beard]

PLECK: Yeah, Dar, I'm not sure if that will—

C-53: And that's... enough?

DAR: I—I mean, look at the audience, they all have beards.

C-53: Okay, but—

DAR: Yeah, but Dar, you're... much larger.

STAGE CREW: Stage crew comin' through. Oh, P'Wimwu! You grew a beard!

DAR: [awkwardly putting on a voice] Yes. Thaaank you.

PLECK: Oh! Okay, alright, it works.

C-53: Good cover.

DAR: This species is weird.

PLECK/AJ: Yeah.

WOOOP!: Uh, we don't call each other "species" unless we're actually species.

PLECK/C-53/AJ/DAR: [in chorus] Oh, right, right.

C-53: Sorry.

AJ: Wooop!, we're gonna get in position.

WOOOP!: Okay.

BAAAYUM!: [over applause] This competition is not about the looks, it's about the energy that you possess.

DAR: Uhhh...

BAAAYUM!: [brightly] My sister knows about that, isn't that right? Where is she? Wooop!, show yourself!

WOOOP!: Uh... I'm right here?

BAAAYUM!: Sister, I may be a triple threat, but that's because YOU'RE the one who rises me up.

[crowd awws]

WOOOP!: What the dink!? She's got a heart?

BAAAYUM!: And sister... this year, I want *you* to also... be my co-belle.

[crowd applauds, cheers]

WOOOP!: What!?

PLECK: Okay, now, now!

DAR: Now, now! Go now! AJ!

AJ: Into a roll and... pants, down!

WOOOP!: No—

DAR: C, fire!

WOOOP!: [horrified] No!

[sound of flamethrower, Baaayum! screams]

C-53: Haaah! Take that!

WOOOP!: No no no—

BAAAYUM!: Sister, what's happening!?

WOOOP!: No—

DAR: Alright, Pleck—

WOOOP!: No no no no no!

FWEEEHEAHN!: What is this?

DAR: Pleck, lift. Lift!

PLECK: [straining] And the goo!

[Pleck empties the all-purpose goo over Baaayum!]

BAAAYUM!: Oh, my bottom! My bottom is melting! [sounding as if she is melting] My bottom is melting...

WOOOP!: Why did you still do this!?

PLECK: I—it was the plan! It was the plan—

WOOOP!: She was being so nice, I was getting attention!

PLECK: I mean, I—

C-53: Yeah, Wooop!—yeah, Wooop!, you said we had to—

DAR: But we agreed. We agreed to sabotage her, and you'd let us go!

WOOOP!: Well, now her bottom half is melting, and it smells like butts in here!

C-53: Okay, well—

AJ: Okay, so it's not just me!

FWEEEHEAHN!: What is this sabotage of my delightful daughter Baaayum!? That was a triple threat! Pants, fire, goo...

WOOOP!: It was these freaks. [Woop! grabs the microphone] They came from another planet just to sabotage my beautiful sister!

PLECK/C-53/DAR: [protesting] No. No, no—

WOOOP!: They're *aliens*...

PLECK: Ohhh, no.

WOOOP!: [disdainfully] And they want us to do something called "vote," which seems like some dinked up sex thing, if ya ask me.

PLECK: Okay...

C-53: It's not, it's not.

PLECK: Yeah, it's not at all.

DAR: It can be.

WOOOP!: And they're RUINING everything... they said they wanna hurt the commissioner, I heard, maybe.

PLECK: That's not—

C-53: We never said *that*.

PLECK: Alright, we gotta go.

AJ: Go go go!

PLECK: We gotta go.

WOOOP!: Get ‘em, commissioner.

FWEEEHEAHN!: Well—

WOOOP!: Get ‘em before they leave in a skywow that goes upper!

C-53: I will never understand this species.

AJ: This planet jucking sucks.

FWEEEHEAHN!: Security, grab those aliens! We gotta—we gotta read the—the potes are counted, we’re callin’ a winner. Security, grab those aliens! And everyone clap for the new belle... the gum wrapper!!!

[crowd applauds, cheers]

[Woop! sighs]

CITIZEN 7: Wait, if aliens exist, then what’s the point of any of this?

[transition music]

BARGIE: Alright, so let me get this straight, okay? You broke the Primo—what was it, Narrativo?

PLECK: Uh, Primo Directivo.

DAR: I mean, we didn’t *set out* to do it.

PLECK: Yeah, we didn’t *know* we were doing it.

BARGIE: Right. Right. But at the end of the day, the most important thing in the story is WE CAN UN-SEND *EMAILS NOW!*? Wooooowww!

PLECK: I mean, I don’t really know how the technology works, Bargie, but—

BARGIE: Wowww! Oh, wow! I’m gonna start right now. Okay, number one—

PLECK: Oh, no. No no no, no. *They* can do it. I don’t know how—

BARGIE: —Spaceship Spielship? Hey, it was small the entire time. He knows what that means.

PLECK: No, Bargie, I wouldn’t send that—

BARGIE: Message to Derek, that’s a dumb name. No one should be named Derek...

PLECK: I mean, that’s probably cool to send—

DAR: Bargie, you can un-send these by not writing them in the first place.

PLECK: [laughing] Yeah. Yeah, you haven’t sent them yet, Bargie.

BARGIE: To Berfit Fundersoy, that’s not a name. Why didn’t you have a easier name, like Derek?

PLECK: Oh boy.

BARGIE: Holowood Media Tonight? Here's a drunk text—

PLECK: Bargie, you're drunk?

DAR: No no no, texts aren't even emails.

PLECK: Yeah, we don't know *anything* about that.

C-53: Yeah, Bargie, you're—you're cuttin' loose here.

BARGIE: You know, I'm gonna email every single Corn I know. I know eight Corns. Corn number one, ughhh, Corn number two, oughhh.

PLECK: Bargie—Bargie, we don't have this technology.

BARGIE: Corn number three, ugh...

AJ: We don't have the technolojajyyy!

BARGIE: Pleck, I'm gonna send you a very terrible email right now, but you'll never get it!

PLECK: No, I'm reading it now, Bargie.

DAR: Oh, you just got it.

PLECK: I just got it. That's v-very...

BARGIE: What do you mean you just got it?

PLECK: That's a photo of *my butt*. [laughing] Where did you get that?

[incoming transmission sound]

C-53: Captain Dar, I have an incoming transmission from Temporary Emergency Emissarial Negotiations Missions Operations Manager Nermut Bundaloy.

BARGIE: Oh, no...

DAR: Hey, Nerm.

NERMUT: Bargie, this is so hurtful—

BARGIE: I didn't—did—I didn't—

NERMUT: Okay? I understand that my music is not for everyone, but—

PLECK: Nermut—

NERMUT: How can something be pandering *and* esoteric?

BARGIE: You weren't supposed to—

NERMUT: That does not even make sense. Okay?

BARGIE: I would never speak like that.

NERMUT: I'm an *artist*.

BARGIE: You know who sent that email? Pleck sent it.

PLECK: Nermut, Nermut... Nermut, listen, can you do us a favor? Just go to sleep and try to convince yourself that that email from Bargie was a dream.

NERMUT: [agreeably] Okay! Sounds good, bye.

[end transmission sound]

PLECK: Oh, wow, he hung up.

[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 and Baaayum! and the Paperboy were played by Moujan Zolfaghari. TEENMOM Nermut Bundaloy and Commissioner Fweeeheahn! were played by Seth Lind. AJ was played by Winston Noel. Wooop! was played by special guest Chrissy Shackelford. Chrissy is a performer and writer in New York City, who has written for Wyatt Cenac's *Problem Areas* on HBO and is a writer-producer for *The Big Fib*, premiering May 22nd on Disney+. Her face and voice will also appear as a special guest in multiple episodes. Tell your kids! Or tell a stranger's kids. She's currently working as the head writer for her own Twitter account, @chrissysh. Check out her website, chrissyshack.com. This episode was edited by Seth Lind, with sound design and mix by Shane O'Connell. Theme music composed by Brendan Ryan and performed by FAMES Macedonian Symphonic Orchestra, with additional performance by the Chime 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.

[end credits music fades out]

[Promo: Triple Click]

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KIRK: You can find Triple Click wherever you get your podcasts, and listen at MaximumFun.org.

MADDY: Bye!

[MaxFun Ad Survey announcement]

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[outtake begins]

WINSTON/AJ: What's the plan, Captain?

ALLIE/DAR: Okay, it's very simple. Uh... Wooop!? They're just looking to perform. So the four of us are in costume, and we are... [Allie screams]

ALLIE: [laughing] Sorry, one of my cats ran over me.

[entire cast starts laughing]

ALLIE: [laughing] I'm under a blanket, so that was *very* scary. [Allie laughs even harder]

[more laughter from cast]

WINSTON: Ohhh, that's fantastic.

[Allie cracks up again]

ALLIE: Okay—