

C-RED-IT5: This is C-RED-IT5. Thanks to our generous supporters on Maximum Fun, we are now releasing special monthly episodes in the offseason. For even more offseason releases, and to join the heroes who make Mission to Zyxx possible, become a supporter at maximumfun.org/donate. And now, enjoy this season-2-era live performance featuring returning guest Dru Johnston.

ALDEN: How's everybody doin' tonight?

[crowd cheers, whoops, applauds]

ALDEN: Yeah! Oh my god, this is great! This is an awesome crowd. Thank you so much for coming out to Littlefield. I'd like to introduce our amazing cast, d'you wanna meet 'em?

[cheering, applause]

ALDEN: Yeah, great! I'm Alden Ford, by the way, I play Pleck Decksetter, uh...

[cheering, applause follow every introduction]

ALDEN: Please welcome out to the stage, Jeremy Bent, C-53!

ALDEN: Dar, played by Allie Kokeeeeeesh...

ALDEN: Uh, Nermut Bundaloy, Seth Lind!

ALDEN: The ship of stars, dreamer of the land, Bargarean Jade, Moujan Zolfaghariiiii!

ALDEN: Every other character in the galaxy, including C.L.I.N.T.s and Beano, uh, Winston Noel, ladies and gentlemen!

ALDEN: Give it up for our amazing sound designer Shane O'Connell.

[cheering, applause]

ALDEN: Yeah.

[applause continues]

ALDEN: Yes. This is us. Uh, we have—

JEREMY: NBC's This Is Us.

ALDEN: NBC's This Is Us. Wouldn't that be a weird cross promotion?

[Jeremy laughs]

ALDEN: Doesn't matter what the show is, just say This Is Us at the end of it. We've got a really great show, you guys ready to get started?

[crowd cheers]

ALDEN: Okay. We're gonna do a brand new lost episode from season 2. Please welcome to the stage our very special guest for this episode, Dru Johnston, ladies and gentlemen!

[cheering, applause]

ALDEN: Alright, let's get started!

[orchestral main theme music begins]

NARRATOR: It is a period of civil war. The rebellion against the sinister and corrupt Federated Alliance grows stronger, and the fate of the galaxy hangs in the balance. Now, Rebel Emissary Pleck Decksetter and his intrepid crew travel the farthest reaches of the galaxy to explore astounding new worlds, discover their heroic destinies, and meet weird bug creatures and stuff. This... is Mission to Zyxx.

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

PLECK: Hey, C-53?

C-53: Yes.

PLECK: I had a really weird dream last night.

C-53: Oh?

PLECK: I had a dream that like, we were all... on the ship...

C-53: Mm-hmm.

PLECK: And we were, like—

C-53: That's... pretty normal, so far.

PLECK: Okay, well... it gets weirder.

C-53: Okay.

PLECK: I'm trying to set the stage!

C-53: Oh.

PLECK: We were standing around... Beano.

C-53: ...Okay.

PLECK: And we were all really sad. Anyway.

C-53: Hm.

PLECK: That was the weird part, that was—that we were sad, and we were—what?

BEANO: Oooh, Beano wuv it when people explain their dreams. Beano wuv it!

PLECK: [crosstalk] I'm sorry, Beano—

BEANO: Beano think it's sooo interesting! [cutely] Beano wuv it...

C-53: Beano...

PLECK: I thought—maybe it means something, you know?

C-53: Maybe, but... probably not.

BARGIE: Beano, are you ready?

BEANO: Mm-hmm!

BARGIE: Beano's, uh, got a line of interns for me to... interview.

PLECK: What?

INTERN 1: Uh—uh, I'm sorry, I-I-I-I printed out my resume, I'm ready for, uh...

BARGIE: Great. Alright, what's—uh, lemme read this over, uh...

PLECK: Wait, sorry, Bargie—

C-53: Bargie, you're interviewing interns?

BARGIE: Yup.

PLECK: Bargie, hold on—what—

BEANO: Gotta delegate.

PLECK: What?

BEANO: [more slowly] Gotta... delegate.

PLECK: Sorry, I just couldn't hear you, Beano.

BEANO: Beano know.

PLECK: Bargie, what—what is it exactly that the intern will do?

INTERN 1: I'm sorry, are you also interviewing for the role? Because I—I was told—

C-53/PLECK: No no—no, we already work here./No, I work here. I work here already.

INTERN 1: [frantically] It's just that—it's just that you're asking all the questions that I had prepared, and so you're just, like, totally ruining... I—

PLECK: It's cool, it's fine—

C-53: You seem very stressed out.

PLECK: Yeah. Yeah. You know what—C-53—

INTERN 1: I really need this internship!

PLECK: C-53, let's go, um... look at stuff in the cargo bay.

BARGIE: Oh, there's a couple interns in there too.

PLECK: Oh, no!

INTERN 2: [nervously] My—my greatest weakness is I'm—I'm too... detail-focused.

PLECK: Okay...

INTERN 3: No no no, that's my greatest weakness, that's mine! That's mine!

INTERN 2: No, no, no no no no! I've seen such small details.

INTERN 4: My father works for the Rebellion, and he said I'm totally gonna get this job. [laughs smugly] Photoshopped a photo of me inside of another ship.

PLECK: How'd the interview go, Bargie?

BARGIE: Eh, give it to all of 'em. You can just be in that room, the smallish room.

PLECK: No, actually, that's my room.

BARGIE: Yeah, I know. Just, like, you can all just stay in there, we can figure it out.

PLECK: Okay.

INTERN 2: There's a lotta copies of TheyTeen in here?

PLECK: It's a subscription, I... y'know, I—I don't like to throw it away until I've read all the articles.

C-53: You know, you can cancel a subscription.

PLECK: Yeah, I know. But I—I like it.

[incoming transmission sound]

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

PLECK: Okay. Hey, Nermut!

NERMUT: Hey, guys! Oh, I just woke up.

C-53: And then you called us?

NERMUT: Yeah, well...

PLECK: You're allowed to, like, get your day started before...

NERMUT: Really? I can—I can pause?

C-53: Well, not now, you've called us.

NERMUT: I—I just—I had the craaaaaaaziest dream.

BEANO: Oooooooh!

NERMUT: Yeah, it was SO CRAZY.

PLECK: What happened?

BEANO: [instigating] Go into detail!

NERMUT: Oh... Pleck was on the ship.

PLECK: Crazy.

NERMUT: Then I woke up!

PLECK: That was all that happened in the dream?

NERMUT: No, it was weird that so little happened. My dreams, like, have at least three events. This one... arguably, not an event.

PLECK: I guess that's a little weird.

NERMUT: Like a guy in a place?

PLECK: Yeah, well—that's—I mean, that is very—

NERMUT: I was asleep for six hours!

PLECK: Oh...

NERMUT: Uh, wanna mission?

PLECK: Yeah, sure, I'll take a mission.

NERMUT: Cool. Okay! So get this, guys, this is gonna be pretty insane. Do you guys know General Almost?

[brief silence]

NERMUT: [mouth sounds to fill silence] Muh-muh-muh-muh-muh...

PLECK: Uhhh... General Almost?

NERMUT: Yes. Yeah, General Almost, uh, one of the most powerful generals of one of the most militant societies, possibly—

PLECK: Right—sorry, Nermut, should Dar be here for this mission briefing? 'Cause I haven't actually seen her.

NERMUT: Uhhhhhhh...

PLECK: Why are you looking like that?

NERMUT: So... Dar is writing a novel... about us...

BEANO: Ooh! Is it called... This Is Us?

NERMUT: Yes, it is! That's the title of Dar's nov—

BEANO: Oooh!

NERMUT: [crosstalk] That's the title of Dar's nov—

BEANO: Beano WUV This Is Us.

NERMUT: Yeah. Yeah. It kinda spans time, I don't know. I think it's gonna START strong...

PLECK: Wow. Alright.

NERMUT: Anyway, uh, Dar's prob—you know, writing a novel is a really big deal, so Dar's probably in their room, just scribbleabbedibabidoo!

PLECK: Hey, Dar?

DAR: What!?! I'm working on my grief porn in here!

PLECK: Oh...

NERMUT: Oh.

PLECK: We're actually getting a mission, if you wanna come on out.

DAR: [sighing] Okay. I'll let the muses leave me.

BARGIE: Those are the other interns.

INTERN 5: I'm so sorry. I'm so sorry. Sorry.

[Dar clears their throat]

NERMUT: [enthusiastically] So yeah, Dar—hey, Dar, good luck on the novel, um, and—
and—and—yeah, General Almost! General of one of the most militant planets not
associated with the Federated Alliance, quite possibly recruitable by us to the Rebellion,
boom, boom, boom! Coordinates!

[beeping as Nermut sends coordinates]

DAR: I'm sorry, has General Almost gotten over the death of his perfect father?

PLECK: I don't think that's—

NERMUT: Uh... I don't think anyone can get over the death of their perfect father.

DAR: At least not for three seasons.

NERMUT: Right.

DAR: Yeah.

BARGIE: Oh, I get it. I—I got it, okay.

DAR: Uh-huh. Yeah.

BEANO: Beano WUV This Is Us.

[transition music]

PLECK: Oh boy, wow. This's a very regimented, clean pla—I guess I woulda expected,
this is a military planet.

C-53: Yeah. He wasn't kidding about it being a military planet. Everyone's just marching
everywhere.

PLECK: Yeah.

DROID 1: [in an obviously robotic voice] Hi. I am... NOT a droid. Would you like to see
General Almost?

PLECK: Uh...

DROID 1: Follow me.

PLECK: Yeah, absolutely! O—okay.

C-53: [under his breath] Pleck, just so you know—

DROID 1: I am NOT a droid. Hundred percent... authentic.

PLECK: Well, that's—I can sorta see through... her chest.

DROID 1: The weather today is 70 degrees thelthius.

DAR: I'm sorry—thelthiuth?

DROID 1: Thelthius.

PLECK: Wow.

C-53: Pleck, I'm not sure if you noticed, but this person is [whispering] definitely a droid.

PLECK: Yeah. No, I—I could tell. Y'know. Eyes that light up, and—

[something metal slides open]

GENERAL ALMOST: [gruff] Who is it? Who's outside my office?

C-53: He's just peering through a little slat in the door.

PLECK: Hi! Uh, hey—

GENERAL ALMOST: I can see through the slat. Who are you?

PLECK: Uh... sorry, I-I'm emissary Pleck Decksetter, this is C-53 and Dar...

C-53: Hello.

PLECK: We arranged a meeting through, uh, the Rebellion.

GENERAL ALMOST: Of course.

C-53: Yeah, we were just trying to see if you'd perhaps be interested in joining the Rebellion... you know, stand up against the Federated Alliance, and...

DAR: This might actually be easier if you just open the door.

C-53: [crosstalk] Yeah, just open the door, that would be...

GENERAL ALMOST: Fine. Come in, come in. [the door scrapes open] Come into my office.

PLECK: O—okay.

DAR: Wow, lotta... lotta medals.

C-53: Yeah.

GENERAL ALMOST: Thank you. My name is General Edward James Almost.

PLECK: Wow.

C-53: Okay.

GENERAL ALMOST: That's my name.

C-53: Yeah. No, we got it. I don't think anyone missed it.

DAR: No. No.

GENERAL ALMOST: Okay.

PLECK: Well, General Almost, thanks for taking this meeting—

GENERAL ALMOST: Are you... a robot?

PLECK: [caught off guard] Am I a robot?

GENERAL ALMOST: What's your name?

PLECK: Uh, Pleck Decks—Emissary Pleck Decksetter.

GENERAL ALMOST: Pleck Decksetter?

PLECK: Yeah, that's right.

GENERAL ALMOST: I gotta tell you, you gotta watch out on this planet. We Tellurians, we created robots. They rebelled.

PLECK: Uh...

GENERAL ALMOST: They took over.

PLECK: On—on this—?

GENERAL ALMOST: Some of them look like Tellurians.

PLECK: Oh—

GENERAL ALMOST: You can never tell who's a Tellurian and who's a robot.

C-53: Ahh, you can usually tell.

PLECK: Yeah, I feel like—I don't wanna—yeah—

GENERAL ALMOST: Pleck?

PLECK: Sorry—yeah?

GENERAL ALMOST: Pleck? Can I see you over here real quick?

PLECK: Yeah, of course.

DAR: Okaaay...?

C-53: Wow. He pulled—he pulled Pleck into an aside right away!

DAR: It just feels like that's kind of OUR thing...

C-53: That's usually what WE do.

GENERAL ALMOST: Pleck.

PLECK: Yes.

GENERAL ALMOST: I'm very good at telling who's a robot and who's not. Your friend C-53... is a robot.

PLECK: Yeah. Yeah, he is. Um... y-y'know—

GENERAL ALMOST: D'you know how I can tell?

C-53: [sarcastically] Yeah, what gave it away?

PLECK: No! C-53—yo—

DAR: VERY small office.

PLECK: Listen, C-53—

C-53/DAR: Sorry, I should—I should—it's rude. I—/No. No, yeah.

PLECK: [crosstalk] Give us just a second.

GENERAL ALMOST: C-53, are you a robot?

C-53: [exasperated] Yes, I'm a robot.

GENERAL ALMOST: See? I can tell.

PLECK: [flatly] Very good.

GENERAL ALMOST: I'm very good. That's why I'm a general. I'm so good at knowing who are robots and who are not, and who's coming to take over.

PLECK: Hold on—

GENERAL ALMOST: [shouting] Anyone can be a robot!

C-53: Okay, alright!

DROID 2: [in a very quavery, robotic voice] General, I have brought you your coffee.

GENERAL ALMOST: Thank you.

DROID 2: I have had coffee before. Oh, yum yum. Goodbye.

GENERAL ALMOST: See? You can tell that she's not a robot.

PLECK: Oh... I don't know...

C-53: Hm...

GENERAL ALMOST: 'Cause she's had coffee before, and coffee—robots can't have coffee. Watch this—C-53! Hot coffee!

C-53: No—

PLECK: Oh, no!

DAR: [indignant] Why did you throw a hot coffee at him!?

C-53: Why—

PLECK: Why did you do that?

GENERAL ALMOST: If it was a Tellurian, it would have drunk that hot coffee.

PLECK: No—

DAR/C-53: How!?! You CHUCKED it at him!?! In midair, it would've drunk the hot co—

C-53: It woulda opened its mouth and caught the hot coffee!?

GENERAL ALMOST: Don't—don't belittle me, robot!

C-53: Don't point your finger at me!

PLECK: [trying to defuse the situation] Okay, alright alright alright! Hey, hey!

[gun charging up]

PLECK: Ope—

GENERAL ALMOST: I've got a gun!

PLECK/C-53: No! No no no, no no no!/Okay, alright—

PLECK: No, General Almost—

GENERAL ALMOST: I've got a big gun, and this gun is Tellurian.

PLECK: [crosstalk] Alright. Okay. Alright.

C-53: [laughing] It shouldn't matter if the GUN is—

GENERAL ALMOST: This gun is NOT a robot!

PLECK/C-53: Okay! Alright, alright, alright./It shouldn't matter—

GENERAL ALMOST: You should die, you dirty robot.

C-53/PLECK: No—hey, whoa!/Okay, alright, alright, alright!

PLECK: Alright, listen! Listen, General—

GENERAL ALMOST: Whaddya want?

PLECK: General Almost, listen, we are not here to start any issues with you. We don't have any beef, we—we wanna—

C-53: Oh, I got a little beef.

PLECK: Okay, we—well, we sorta do now, but the—

GENERAL ALMOST: You can't have beef, you're a robot.

C-53: Okay...

GENERAL ALMOST: Watch this—BEEF!

PLECK: Stop, where—where are you getting that?

DAR: Wow.

C-53: [laughing incredulously] Whoa—where did you just pull a slab of beef from?

GENERAL ALMOST: I have some sitting in my drawer in case a robot comes in.

PLECK: How... I think—I think before we ask you for help, General, we need to maybe offer to help you. What is happening on this planet, and is there anything we can do?

GENERAL ALMOST: Alright, I'll tell you. But THAT ONE needs to leave.

C-53: Listen. I'll leave, I'll step outside. But before I go... BEEF!

GENERAL ALMOST: [growling and devouring the beef] AAAGH, numnumnumnumnum.

PLECK: Oh, wow.

C-53: He was as good as his word. Okay. He ate it in midair.

GENERAL ALMOST: What do you think I do most of the time? I practice eating flying coffee and beef. Sometimes at the same time. And it doesn't affect me well, because I'm a Tellurian, and not a robot.

C-53: I was gonna say, just coffee and raw beef? I don't think that's good for you.

GENERAL ALMOST: You wouldn't know!

C-53: I can still know things, even if I'm not a—I'll—you know what, I'm just gonna—I'm—okay.

[C-53 starts trying to make his way out of the room]

PLECK: Thank you, C-53.

DAR: Okay, lemme just—lemme just, um—

PLECK: Wow.

C-53: I'm just trying to get around—

DAR: Okay, if you just go underneath...

C-53: Well, okay, and then I'll—

DAR: You just shimmy.

[C-53 shimmies around]

DAR: Ooh! Okay!

PLECK/C-53: Oh, wow./Oh, wow! Okay.

PLECK/DAR: Good job, guys./Woo! Alright.

[Dar sighs, the door shuts behind C-53]

PLECK: Listen, Gen—General Almost, what happened to this planet? What—how did robots take over?

GENERAL ALMOST: It was a terrible, terrible time. My perfect father...

PLECK: Oh. Oh boy.

GENERAL ALMOST: He created...

PLECK: Oh no.

DAR: [eagerly] I'm listening...

GENERAL ALMOST: I have a perfect father. He's—he died a while ago, three seasons ago.

DAR: Do you mind if I actually take notes while you share this very personal backstory?

GENERAL ALMOST: You can—absolutely, you can do it. You can do it.

DAR: Thank you. I'm gonna take out my typewriter and just... don't mind me.

GENERAL ALMOST: Okay.

[scribbling noises]

GENERAL ALMOST: My perfect father made—

DAR: [laughing] It makes a scribbling noise...

GENERAL ALMOST: My perfect father made a... a new prototype of a robot. A super intelligent robot. It's called a Scylon. [pronounced with a hard "c"] S-C-Y-L-O-N. That's what he called it.

PLECK: Okay. That's fine, yeah.

GENERAL ALMOST: He was perfect, so I had to spell it right. He created—

[the door slides open]

C-53: I can hear you outside the office, and I think you would—

PLECK: C-53—

C-53: I think you would just say "Scylon," right? [pronounced with a silent "c"]

GENERAL ALMOST: No—

C-53: Y'know, S-C-Y...

PLECK: C-53!

C-53: It would be—

PLECK: [with emphasis] You need to calm down.

C-53: Alright, you're right, you're right, you're right. Sorry. Sorry, sorry. I'm walking away.

[the door shuts again]

GENERAL ALMOST: Thank you. He created an ultra sensitive, an ultra insane robot, that could mimic. Soon, they rebelled. They evolved. They have a plan to take over. They're going to kill every single Tellurian on this planet, and they look like us sometimes.

PLECK: Okay. Okay—

DAR: But what—but what happened to your dad?

GENERAL ALMOST: Oh, what happened to my dad? Well, me and my... two siblings, I think, uh... one is a different race, I think?

PLECK: Oh no. Oh, no.

GENERAL ALMOST: No, they—they—this is what... We—we would—our friends, me—we would always say, “this is us!” That's all we would say, constantly.

DAR: Uh-huh! No, this is very good. This is working for me, uh-huh.

GENERAL ALMOST: Okay, good, good.

TELLURIAN WIFE: [wavery robotic voice] My husband.

GENERAL ALMOST: Ah—

TELLURIAN WIFE: I am checking to see what time you will come home tonight.

GENERAL ALMOST: Oh, hello, honey.

PLECK: Oh no.

GENERAL ALMOST: What? This is my wife.

PLECK: Ohhh, no!

GENERAL ALMOST: Please—

TELLURIAN WIFE: My darling husband.

GENERAL ALMOST: How are you, Tellurian wife? This is my Tellurian wife. How are you, Tellurian wife?

TELLURIAN WIFE: I am doing... dot dot dot... [beeping noise] good.

PLECK: Sounds like something's on her mind.

GENERAL ALMOST: What's on your mind?

TELLURIAN WIFE: My darling husband. I need you to look over these papers.

[sound of papers printing out]

GENERAL ALMOST: Thank you—

TELLURIAN WIFE: I printed it out of my body like a Tellurian.

GENERAL ALMOST: Thank you, Tellurian wife.

PLECK: Oh boy.

GENERAL ALMOST: Alright, I can look—yes, I'll give you all the information, okay? Those coordinates that you asked for are 72...

PLECK: Hold on, hold on, hold on—

GENERAL ALMOST: W-what?

PLECK: General Almost...

DAR: Your Tellurian wife just printed a fax out of her midsection.

GENERAL ALMOST: Yeah.

PLECK: Can I just ask, before you finish those coordinates—

GENERAL ALMOST: Yeah.

PLECK: What are those for?

GENERAL ALMOST: The coordinates are for a special reactor.

PLECK: Oh no. Okay. Yep—

GENERAL ALMOST: That I found. That they were asking f—that my—my—

PLECK: You know, actually—let—you know what, let me read those coordinates for ya. Just in case. 'Cause I—

GENERAL ALMOST: Okay. Fine, if you're really a Tellurian, you read it.

PLECK: Yeah. Yep. Okay. Alright. Uh, 765-482, uh, 3X49, 17 degrees, 15.

DAR: Did you just wanna prove you could read? Why did you do that?

PLECK: I'm just—just givin' you those coordinates to that special reactor. I'm sure that's where it is, 'cause those are definitely the numbers written on this piece of paper.

TELLURIAN WIFE: Thank you. I will kiss you on the mouth like Tellurians do.

GENERAL ALMOST: [making sounds as he and his Tellurian wife kiss] Yum... yum yum yum yum. Yum yum yum yum yum.

DAR: Wow.

[transition music]

ALDEN: That's our first half, we'll be back in ten minutes!

[applause, cheering]

ALDEN: Get a drink, we'll see you soon!

[transition music finishes]

PLECK: Listen, General Almost, uh... I... I hate to be the bearer of bad news. But... your wife is a robot.

GENERAL ALMOST: What!?

PLECK: Yeah.

GENERAL ALMOST: How—

TELLURIAN WIFE: [voice wavering robotically] What.

GENERAL ALMOST: Tellurian wife, step out a second, I need to clear something up.

DAR: I'm sorry, you're just gonna have to—you're gonna have to crawl up my front and then over my head to get out the door.

TELLURIAN WIFE: I can jump over your head.

PLECK: Oh no, wow!

GENERAL ALMOST: Uh, she was a gymnast.

PLECK: I don't—I don't think so. General Almost, I—

GENERAL ALMOST: How dare you? How DARE you insinuate—

[sound of gun charging up]

PLECK: Ahh!

GENERAL ALMOST: I've got a gun.

PLECK: Listen. Shoot me if you must, but I know that the thing you care about—

DAR: Shoot you if he must!? This is not something—no, I don't know, I don't agree with this.

PLECK: No, yeah, you're probably right, I shouldn't've said that. Please—okay, please DON'T shoot me. I'm trying to help you! Robots are trying to take over your planet, right? General Almost, I'm gonna ask you a big favor, okay? Can you just trust me for a second?

GENERAL ALMOST: [warily] Okay.

PLECK: I'm gonna bring C-53 back in here, he is a robot, but—

GENERAL ALMOST: I know he's a robot.

PLECK: But he's my friend.

GENERAL ALMOST: Okay.

PLECK: He knows better than any of us what robots are like. So he—

GENERAL ALMOST: Better than anybody?

PLECK: Well, second to you, I guess.

GENERAL ALMOST: Thank you. Okay, bring him in.

PLECK: Alright, C-53, come on in. Can you—

C-53: Yeah, I'm just—

DAR/PLECK: Okay./Okay.

C-53: Squeezing around Dar here—

DAR/PLECK: Alright./Alright. It's just—

DAR: And...

C-53: [sighing in relief] Okay. Okay.

DAR: There we go.

C-53: General, I apologize for how I behaved before. It was a little, uh, brusque on my part, and for that I am sorry.

GENERAL ALMOST: Apology accepted.

C-53: Okay! Well, uh...

PLECK: [crosstalk] Oh wow. Alright.

C-53: Good! I feel like this is a positive step in, uh, Tellurian-droid relations.

PLECK: Now listen, if we—we can help you out, because I'm a Tellurian, so I get Tellurians.

C-53: And I'm a droid, so I get droids.

PLECK: And Dar...

DAR: Is writing a book.

PLECK/C-53: Yeah./Yeah.

GENERAL ALMOST: You're an author?

DAR: Yes.

GENERAL ALMOST: [impressed] VERY cool.

DAR: That's why I'm doing it.

GENERAL ALMOST: [with slightly more emphasis] VERY cool.

DAR: Thank you.

C-53: General Almost, I guess I'm a little surprised to find out you're a reader? Like, a big book person.

GENERAL ALMOST: Of course I'm a reader!

C-53: Okay.

GENERAL ALMOST: I love all the books.

C-53: All the books?

GENERAL ALMOST: Name a book, and I'll tell you if I've read it, and if I like it.

C-53: Sure. Uh, "It's the Stars' Fault?" Have you read that one?

DAR: Ooh!

GENERAL ALMOST: I did, and I don't think it was the stars' fault. I think it was the robots' fault.

C-53: Okay.

PLECK: Fair enough.

GENERAL ALMOST: Disagreed with the premise IMMEDIATELY.

DAR: Uh-huh.

C-53: Okay. Have you read "The Elderly Gentlemen and his Starship"?

GENERAL ALMOST: I did. It won the—yeah, it won an award.

C-53: Yeah. It did.

GENERAL ALMOST: Yeah, I like that one okay.

[Dar laughs]

C-53: Okay. Did you like—

MILITARY INTERN: [politely, in a very Tellurian, non-robotic voice] General Almost?
Sorry, I just wanted to come in and, uh, give you your coffee.

GENERAL ALMOST: Thank you. Wait—

MILITARY INTERN: Yes?

GENERAL ALMOST: I've never seen you before.

MILITARY INTERN: Oh, I'm new here, I'm a new intern.

GENERAL ALMOST: Are you a Tellurian or are you a robot?

MILITARY INTERN: [quickly] I'm a Tellurian.

GENERAL ALMOST: We're doing a robot test. I'm shooting you in the head. Bang!

PLECK/C-53: [panicked] No, no no no no!/Oh my Rodd!

GENERAL ALMOST: Oh, it's—jammed. It's—[sound of gun charging up] Here we go, here we go, here we go!

MILITARY INTERN: Oh, no, no no—

[several shots fire in quick succession]

PLECK: No no, no no no!

C-53: We really shoulda used that moment when it was jammed to take it out of his hands...

PLECK: I shoulda—I shoulda—

C-53: That's on us.

PLECK: But...

GENERAL ALMOST: Ah, she was a Tellurian. You can see 'cause of all the brains on the wall.

PLECK/C-53: No, no!/ Yeah. Yeah.

PLECK: General Almost, you can't live like this!

GENERAL ALMOST: If it was a robot, that wouldn't be brains, and then we'd know it's a robot.

CABINET MEMBER 1: [in a robotic voice] General!

GENERAL ALMOST: Uh-oh.

CABINET MEMBER 1: The rest of your war cabinet is here.

GENERAL ALMOST: Ohh, the war cabinet.

CABINET MEMBER 1: Ready to plan the offensive against the other robots.

GENERAL ALMOST: Alright—

DAR: I'm sorry, and you're all gonna come into this office.

C-53/PLECK: Well, that doesn't seem like a—/Oh, don't—please don't do that.

CABINET MEMBERS 1, 2, 3: [robotically] Yes./Yes./Yes.

GENERAL ALMOST: Yeah, we're gonna cram into this office.

PLECK/DAR: Oh no. Oh—/Ugh...

GENERAL ALMOST: You can never be too careful. You can never be too careful.

C-53: [getting squished] Ugh—ah—it's really—filling up in here—it's just—sort of—

DAR: Okay—

GENERAL ALMOST: Alright, we're gonna do—alright. A lot of Tellurians and one robot. Let's do a roll call. Who's here? I'm here, General Edward James Almost. Let's go clockwise.

[cabinet members all have obviously robotic voices]

JOHN-01-STON: JOHN-01-STON.

GENERAL ALMOST: Yep, that's a Tellurian.

LIEUTENANT DROID: Lieutenant Droid.

GENERAL ALMOST: That's a Tellurian.

ROBOT B. ROBOT: Robot B. Robot here.

GENERAL ALMOST: That's a Tellurian, and that's a good point. Robots BE robots.

PLECK: That's true.

JOHN-01-STON: We all took showers before this like Tellurians do.

GENERAL ALMOST: Ohhh, great, we all took showers just like Tellurians would do.

PLECK: [crosstalk] What does that have to do with anything!?

LIEUTENANT DROID: I skipped therapy.

GENERAL ALMOST: Ahhh, what a Tellurian thing!

LIEUTENANT DROID: Yes.

GENERAL ALMOST: You would get it, you would get it. You're an author, you know psychology! VERY cool.

DAR: I get it. Yeees. And I think therapy is VERY important, so.

LIEUTENANT DROID: Therapy is a form of wall-mounted power.

GENERAL ALMOST: Pretty close, close enough for me.

LIEUTENANT DROID: We should say aloud the coordinates of the reactor.

ROBOT B. ROBOT: That does seem like the first logical step of this meeting.

PLECK: Oh no.

GENERAL ALMOST: Wait, Pleck, where are the coordinates? The coordinates that my wife printed out of her stomach?

PLECK: I don't—I don't have them anymore.

GENERAL ALMOST: Don't—wait a second, Pleck. Pleck, can I talk to you over here in the corner?

DAR: [laughing] No, you can't!

GENERAL ALMOST: No? Okay.

PLECK: We can look at the corner while we talk.

GENERAL ALMOST: Great. Let's look at the corner while we talk.

PLECK: Alright.

C-53: I'm in between the both of you.

PLECK: It's just—it is what it is, C-53.

C-53: Okay. Alright. I'll pretend.

GENERAL ALMOST: C-53, I have to be honest with you. You're an okay robot.

PLECK: Oh...

C-53: Well, thank you. I wish you weren't so prejudiced against all other droids, but... I appreciate—

GENERAL ALMOST: They're trying to kill all of the Tellurians.

C-53: Yeah, what is the deal with the droids, I'm—like, I'm a droid. I—I've—I don't wanna say I've NEVER killed a Tellurian, but I don't yearn to do it.

PLECK: Yeah, it's not like his thing.

C-53: Yeah.

GENERAL ALMOST: The Tellu—okay, the Scylons? Okay, I'll tell you it again.

C-53: Okay.

GENERAL ALMOST: The Scylons.

C-53: Yeah.

GENERAL ALMOST: They were invented by Tellurians. They evolved. They rebelled.

PLECK: [crosstalk] Your dad. Your dad specifically.

GENERAL ALMOST: What? Yes, my dad. My perfect dad—

DAR: [crosstalk] Your nearly perfect father. Yeah, yeah. Yeah, uh-huh, right, yeah.

GENERAL ALMOST: [very impressed] You got it, author! My nearly perfect father created the robots. They evolved. They rebelled...

PLECK: Yeah, see, no, that's the part—I feel like there's gotta be a lot more detail in there.

DAR: Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah...

C-53: Yeah, yeah. Evolved, rebelled...

DAR: I'm sorry, do you mind if I just set my typewriter on top of your, uh, flat chrome head?

LIEUTENANT DROID: Of course not.

DAR: Thank you. I'm gonna continue to take notes.

GENERAL ALMOST: Hey. That's good, but just be aware, he's a little sensitive about being—being bald. You gotta watch out for that.

[Dar laughs]

GENERAL ALMOST: I am too, it's a—

LIEUTENANT DROID: As a Tellurian, it happened so early in my life. It was awkward, but now I'm old enough where it's normal.

GENERAL ALMOST: I tell ya—

PLECK: What a self-aware robot.

GENERAL ALMOST: No, self-aw—robot!? This is a Tellurian.

PLECK: Uh... I'm so sorry. Yes, that's what I meant. Tellurian.

C-53/DAR: Uh... yeah. Yeah. Right./Right.

ROBOT B. ROBOT: Some say the robots decided to rebel because that nearly perfect father wasn't so perfect.

DAR: Ooh, ooh, ooh! Could you say that again?

LIEUTENANT DROID: I can type for you at 160,000 words per minute.

ROBOT B. ROBOT: Standard Tellurian stuff.

LIEUTENANT DROID: Yes.

GENERAL ALMOST: Look, the entire planet is going to be taken over by the robots. And it's my duty to stay here and make sure that this is my homeworld...

ROBOT B. ROBOT: And we'll be right beside you, helping you defeat the robot scourge.

GENERAL ALMOST: That's right. I found all the obvious Tellurians, and we're gonna save this planet.

JOHN-01-STON: Who wants a cappuccino from my eye?

PLECK: It comes out of your eye!?

GENERAL ALMOST: I would like one, thank you.

PLECK: [distressed] No! General Almost—

C-53: General Almost—

PLECK: You are SURROUNDED by... robots!

GENERAL ALMOST: What!?

PLECK: Robot B. Robot is a robot! Lieutenant Droid is a robot!

ROBOT B. ROBOT: [flatly, robotically] How dare you. How dare you.

GENERAL ALMOST: If Robot B. Robot is a robot, then would he survive THIS?

[sound of gun charging up]

GENERAL ALMOST: Here we go. I'm shooting him in the head!

[several shots fire]

C-53: Oh—I mean, now it's just bouncing around the room!

PLECK: Oh! Gah!

GENERAL ALMOST: Robot B. Robot... are all of you... robots?

LIEUTENANT DROID: He is so strong.

JOHN-01-STON: So strong.

GENERAL ALMOST: I'm shooting all of you in the head!

JOHN-01-STON: [blandly] Oh no...

[General Almost starts firing shots]

JOHN-01-STON: Ow. Ow. Ow. Ow. Ow.

GENERAL ALMOST: Oh my... I'm surrounded by robots. You three! We gotta run. We gotta run outta this tiny room.

ROBOT B. ROBOT: You can never leave.

[three more guns charge up]

PLECK/C-53: Oh, wow. Okay. Alright./Wow.

DAR: Oh—

LIEUTENANT DROID: We have a gun.

PLECK: Sounds like you have three guns.

C-53: Yeah, it sounded like multiple guns.

PLECK: Listen. Surely there's a peaceful way out of this.

GENERAL ALMOST: Look. Robot B. Robot. Me and you have been through a lot together, you cannot be a robot, please come clean with me!

ROBOT B. ROBOT: Your father enslaved the robots to do his bidding. To perform labor.

PLECK: So this is the detail I was talking about...

ROBOT B. ROBOT: Right. His nearly perfect father created robots—rabbits—blehdebleh—

PLECK: Rabbits or rowboats?

ROBOT B. ROBOT: Eh, both.

DAR: I mean, he got shot in the head a lot, so...

C-53: [crosstalk] He got shot a few times.

PLECK: [crosstalk, laughing] That's fair.

ROBOT B. ROBOT: [making glitchy attempts at speech] Mrr. Mrr. Blrr.

C-53: Give him some...

[Dar laughs]

ROBOT B. ROBOT: They were made to do slave labor. BRR.

PLECK: General Almost, you know... maybe you gotta realize that, you know, a perfect father is, I mean, sort of a fiction...

GENERAL ALMOST: He was perfect to me.

PLECK: No. I don't—

C-53: Well, now, he made robot slaves. That's not a perfect father.

TELLURIAN WIFE: [robotically] Knock knock. Knock knock, my husband.

GENERAL ALMOST: Oh... my beautiful Tellurian wife!

TELLURIAN WIFE: I have returned with our son.

GENERAL ALMOST: Oh, yes.

PLECK: Wait. What?

GENERAL ALMOST: Yes, we had a son! This is our son.

TELLURIAN SON: Arf!

C-53: This... is a robot dog.

GENERAL ALMOST: No!

C-53: Yes!

GENERAL ALMOST: How DARE you say that? You know what, I liked you for a while—
[gun charging] I've got a gun—I liked—I've got a gun—

PLECK: [crosstalk] Stop, stop—

GENERAL ALMOST: I liked you for a long time, C-53, but you're calling my son a
ROBOT DOG?

C-53: General Almost, listen to your son!

TELLURIAN SON: Arf!

GENERAL ALMOST: What?

TELLURIAN SON: Woof.

GENERAL ALMOST: I thought it was just 'cause I threw hot coffee in his face.

PLECK: Oh, no. Oh no! Don't you see!?

GENERAL ALMOST: Is it not—is that not it?

PLECK: Listen to yourself, General! What have you become?

GENERAL ALMOST: I've become something I don't want, maybe I'm the robot! Am I a
robot?

PLECK/DAR: No no no no no—/No, you're—

GENERAL ALMOST: I'm gonna cut my finger off to see!

C-53/PLECK: No, sh—ro—General—don't—/No, no!

GENERAL ALMOST: What—

[General Almost and Pleck scream in unison]

C-53: Ohhh, wow...

GENERAL ALMOST: Why did I cut my finger off?

PLECK: I don't know!

GENERAL ALMOST: But if I'm a robot, what if I—maybe—I'll do the ultimate test. Maybe I'm just low on battery. I'm gonna plug myself in!

C-53: No, no no, General, don't—

PLECK: What? Wait, no, don't do it!

LIEUTENANT DROID: Everyone deserves therapy.

PLECK: [laughing] What!? That's not what therapy is!

GENERAL ALMOST: This is my therapy.

LIEUTENANT DROID: [crosstalk] Yes it is.

DAR: [crosstalk] I agree.

C-53: [trying to stop the general] No—someone—stop him!

PLECK: No—no!

GENERAL ALMOST: Forgive me, wall, for I have sinned!

PLECK: No, WHAT!?

[sound of sparks, General Almost being electrocuted]

C-53: Oh... that's...

[Pleck makes horrified exclamations]

[General Almost continues to choke and struggle]

TELLURIAN SON: Woof. Woof. Woof.

GENERAL ALMOST: [with great effort, dying] This... is... us.

[transition music]

C-53: Yeah, Nermut, um...

PLECK: Yeah. Not our best mission.

C-53: Um...

DAR: I don't know, the—my book is done, so...

[Nermut snores loudly]

C-53: Also, I—I don't know that we wanted this general on our side, uh... Nermut?

[Nermut snores loudly]

PLECK: Nermut!

[Nermut keeps snoring]

C-53: Nermut!

[Nermut snores again]

NERMUT: [sleepily] Pleck's on the ship... [keeps snoring]

C-53: He's narrating his own dream.

NERMUT: [between snores] He's still on the ship.

DAR: Beano, have you just been watching him sleep?

BEANO: [knowingly] Mm-hmm.

NERMUT: [singsong] Still on the ship...

PLECK: Alright, disconnect the call.

NERMUT: [waking up] Ah—ah—hey—hey!

PLECK: No, disconnect—no, no.

C-53: No. Yeah. Sorry, Nermut.

[incoming transmission sound as Nermut tries to call back]

[Dar laughing in the background]

PLECK: No, we're not gonna just watch him sleep until he wakes up so we can tell him we failed the mission.

C-53: Beano, were you watching him the whole time we were gone?

BEANO: Mm-hmm.

PLECK: Why?

BEANO: Beano watches all of you sleep.

PLECK: Oh, boy. I guess that checks out.

C-53: I don't... LOVE that fact, but...

PLECK: Well, y'know, C-53, I gotta say, I learned somethin' today.

C-53: What's that?

PLECK: I'm glad for our friendship, y'know? I guess it's not so easy.

C-53: Yeah, most of the time we're hanging out in a pretty enlightened part of space, but every once in a while... well, you just meet a real jerk. Who then electrocutes himself to death...

PLECK: Yikes.

C-53: Because he's so... stupid.

PLECK: There was not a whole lot we coulda done—

INTERN?: [in a robotic voice] Hello!

PLECK: [startled] Oh!

INTERN?: I am an intern.

PLECK: No—

INTERN?: I am here to give you all coffee.

[Dar starts yelling]

PLECK: Bargie. Bargie? Bargie!?

INTERN?: Yum yum coffee. Dark roast, Italian roast—

PLECK: Bargie. Open the hatch! Open the hatch, Bargie!

C-53: Open the hatch, Bargie!

BARGIE: Wow, I don't—I don't even ask why. Okay.

[sound of hatch opening, depressurization]

[Pleck yells]

[hatch closes]

BARGIE: Alright, well I still got like 70 of those.

PLECK: Oh, there were other interns in there?

BARGIE: Oh yes, a bunch.

ALDEN: That's our show, ladies and gentlemen, that's our show!

[audience laughter]

[end credits music]

[audience applause, cheering]

[audience applauds after every credit]

C-RED-IT5: This is C-RED-IT5, credits and attributions droid, commencing outro protocol. Emissary Pleck Decksetter was played by Alden Ford. C-53 was played by Jeremy Bent. Dar and the terrified intern were played by Allie Kokesh. Bargie the Ship, the general's wife, and several robots were played by Moujan Zolfaghari. Missions Operations Manager Nermut Bundaloy and other robots were played by Seth Lind. Beano, the interns, and other robots were played by Winston Noel. Our special guest was Dru Johnston! This episode was edited by Seth Lind, with sound design and mix by Shane O'Connell.

[short synth-rock stinger from Tiny Toots' Adventures plays]

C-RED-IT5: Recorded live at Littlefield in Brooklyn, New York. Music by the amazing Brendan Ryan!

ALDEN: Hey, give it up for Brendan!

C-RED-IT5: Opening crawl narration by Jeremy Crutchley, ship design for the Bargarean Jade by Eric Geusz. Mission to Zyxx is a proud member of the Maximum Fun Network. Help make our show possible by becoming a member at maximumfun.org/donate. Thanks, and good night.

ALDEN: Thanks so much for coming, have a great night!

[applause, cheering]

[Promo: Trends Like These]

TRAVIS: I'm Travis McElroy.

COURTNEY: I'm Courtney Enlow.

BRENT: I'm Brent Black, and we're the hosts of Trends Like These.

COURTNEY: Trends Like These is an internet news show where we take the stories trending on social media and go beyond the headlines.

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COURTNEY: Or wherever you get your podcasts.

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[Promo: Beef and Dairy Network]

NARRATOR: If you're looking for a new comedy podcast, why not try the Beef and Dairy Network? It won best comedy at the British Podcast Awards in 2017 and 2018. Also, I'm—"

[static, distortion]

SPEAKER 1: There were no horses in this country until the—the mid to late sixties.

SPEAKER 2: Specialist bovine ass vet.

SPEAKER 3: Both of his eyes are squid's eyes.

SPEAKER 4: Yogurt... buffet.

SPEAKER 5: She was married... to a bacon farmer... who saved her life.

SPEAKER 6: Farm raised snow leopard.

[static, distortion]

NARRATOR: Download it today. That's the Beef and Dairy Network podcast, from maximumfun.org. Also, maybe start at episode 1, or weirdly, episode 36, which for some reason requires no knowledge of the rest of the show.

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