

C-RED-IT5: Do you have questions about the Midnight Shadow? Would you like AJ to share their paste recipes? Then contact the crew at crew@missiontozyxx.space for a chance to be featured on our upcoming mailbag episodes. Or maybe you have questions for the mystical Zima Masters? Submit a request at ZimaPrime.space for a chance to be featured on their upcoming mailbag episodes.

NARRATOR: [foreboding music] It is a time of fear and unrest. Emperor Nermut Bundaloy rules the galaxy with an iron fist. And also a planet crusher.... crusher. [music picks up tempo] Now, Zima Knight Pleck Decksetter and his intrepid crew travel the farthest reaches of the galaxy to defeat wackness, bring balance to the Space, and meet weird bug creatures and stuff. This is Mission To Zyxx. [music swells]

PLECK: Hello? Hello?

[Pleck walks around searching]

AJ: Hey! Wait, hold on Papa. Are we in a different part of Bargie?

PLECK: I must have taken a wrong turn.

DAR: Ow!

PLECK: Dar, you alright?

DAR: [muffled] Ow!

PLECK: What's happening?

DAR: [takes blanket off] Why are you both stepping on me?

PLECK: Oh, gah! Sorry! I didn't... I feel like the corridor used to go the other direction.

AJ: I just woke up and came out and it's like, what? What's going on?

PLECK: Yeah, Dar, why are you underneath us?

DAR: This isn't my room. I'm usually sleeping so soundly on three mattresses.

PLECK: I'm glad that the mattresses are still enough, you know, big enough for you.

AJ: Because you're gigantic.

PLECK: Yeah.

DAR: I'm very large right now. I'm in my last 'mester.

C-53: [muffled] Dar, if you could just...

DAR: Oh, squeeze you out?

C-53: Ever so slightly.

DAR: Let me just...

[popping noises as C-53 exits Dar's flaps]

C-53: Okay.

PLECK: C-53, were you in Dar's room?

C-53: I powered on and was getting very little sensory information.

AJ: Mr. Robot Man, I think you're going to need to scan this place.

PLECK: Yeah, what is going... Where are the lights? Everything is...

CHERYL: Hi, everybody. Hi there. Welcome to my ship.

C-53: Uh, hi. We were on a different ship.

CHERYL: I know. I know.

DAR: Have you kidnapped us?

AJ: Did you kidnap Bargie?

CHERYL: No, my name is Cheryl. I'm Bargie's best friend. Okay, Bargie... had to go deal with a couple things.

PLECK: Wait, you're Bargie's best friend?

DAR: I'm sorry. This is a red flag.

AJ: Wait a minute. Wait a minute. I thought I was Bargie's best friend.

PLECK: No... AJ.

C-53: Why would you—

CHERYL: Okay, so she didn't give me guys your names or any information, really.

DAR: Where is Bargie?

CHERYL: Bargie has had to go deal with a couple things. But until then, welcome to my homey little place.

PLECK: Thank you so much, Cheryl. Can you turn the lights on in here, please?

CHERYL: Oh, I don't believe in lights. I believe in experiencing life in the dark.

C-53: Uhh..

CHERYL: I may have a sunny exterior, [deep] but I've seen dark shit.

PLECK: Uh. Okay.

AJ: Okay, I can see why you're friends with Bargie.

PLECK: Yeah, yeah, that makes sense.

CHERYL: We're just two gal ships who just love to brunch, you know?

PLECK: Cheryl, can I just ask, how is it possible that we ended up on you and we didn't know?

CHERYL: We hatch-to-hatched platonically. And I believe you were asleep. I don't know. I didn't ask questions, but if Bargie ever wants anything from me, she's saved me enough times that I would do anything for her. [gritted teeth] I would murder. I would destroy. I would take a life form and make it deceased.

DAR: Okay.

AJ: Hey, can I have a quick aside with you guys?

PLECK: Uh-huh.

DAR: Wait, where are we having this aside?

AJ: Oh, wait, sorry. Are you not involved?

C-53: Okay, I'm going to go infrared here, so... [beeps] Okay, AJ, can you come towards the sideways?

AJ: Okay.

[AJ stumbles forward]

C-53: Okay, Pleck, turn around.

[Pleck rotates]

PLECK: Uh-huh.

C-53: Now we should be pretty good.

AJ: Okay. My aside is this. This ship is sort of like, kind of has mood swings. Am I right?

C-53: There's maybe some things we don't know about Cheryl.

AJ: Follow up, do you want me to just like, blow a hole in it and just like we can just go out into space?

PLECK: No!

C-53: Why would that be a good idea?

[Dar walks to the group]

DAR: Be blasted out into space?

PLECK: That's your solution?

AJ: Anyone got a better idea?

CHERYL: [laughing] Hi, I'm Cheryl the ship. You know I can hear you. Everything that you're saying is going into me.

AJ: Well, that was an aside, Cheryl, so.

PLECK: I don't know how we got here or why exactly Bargie felt like she needed to transfer us, but—

CHERYL: Well, she left a message.

PLECK: Oh. Can we listen to that? Yeah.

C-53: We'd love to hear it.

DAR: Feels like that should have been the first thing we got to do.

PLECK: Yeah, I should have thought of that.

[Message plays]

BARGIE: All right, this side you press record... Hello? Crew of me. I just want to say I'm going to be gone for a little bit, okay? It's nothing to do with you or anything we've done in the past. But if anybody asks, you don't know where I am and you don't know what I'm doing.

AJ: But we don't know where she is.

PLECK: We don't know where she is.

BARGIE: Okay, just don't ask any questions. Okay, how do I turn it off?

AJ: I'm satisfied with this.

BARGIE: How do I turn it off?

C-53: Cheryl, I think you can probably—

BARGIE: No, Cheryl, don't cut this. How do I turn it off? [shouting] Hey Pleck? How do I turn this off?

PLECK: I mean, I usually press the button.

[message ends]

C-53: Pleck, did you listen to her record this message?

PLECK: I remember her asking that question. The rest of it, I wasn't-- I don't remember any of that.

AJ: Papa, all due respect, but you're coming off as a jucking idiot right now.

PLECK Okay, AJ.

DAR: AJ, you've had quite a turn, if I can be this candid about your arc.

AJ: No, I'm just bummed. I liked Bargie. I don't like being in the dark.

PLECK: Listen, Cheryl, do you have a transmitter?

CHERYL: I sure do. [laughs]

PLECK: Can we just borrow that for a second? We're just going to call a buddy.

CHERYL: Yeah, the thing is, the video doesn't work, only the audio works.

PLECK: Okay, that's fine.

C-53: That's actually all right.

PLECK: [hushed] C-53, you think you can call Nermut? Maybe he can help us out.

C-53: Here we go. Papa Decksetter, I have an outgoing transmission for Master Missions Operations Manager, Nermut Bundaloy.

[communicator chimes]

NERMUT: Hello, this is Master Missions Operations Manager Nermut Bundaloy here on Zima Prime.

AJ: Whassssup!

NERMUT: Oh, AJ!

PLECK: Hey, Nermut.

NERMUT: Pleck!

PLECK: Hey, yeah, we're calling from Cheryl.

NERMUT: Oh, gosh. It's so good to hear from you. I've been dialing Bargie all day.

PLECK: Do you know where she is?

NERMUT: No, I keep getting her voicemail.

DAR: Why didn't you dial one of us?

AJ: [angry] Yeah, you sound like a jucking idiot, Nermut.

PLECK: Okay, AJ

C-53: AJ, you're really coming after people.

DAR: What is this?

AJ: I'm upset. I don't like being in unfamiliar places.

NERMUT: Wait, the screen is totally dark.

C-53: Oh, yeah, this is going to be an audio-only call.

NERMUT: What would I see if it were video?

C-53: The same.

PLECK: It'd be the same. Cheryl doesn't have any lights, so...

AJ: [angrily] What are you, a jucking idiot? It'd be the same.

C-53: AJ..

PLECK: Okay, listen, Nermut.

AJ: Who's mad? Let's get mad!

DAR: AJ, why are you acting out?

C-53: You've got a real hornet in your helmet, friend!

[AJ paces]

AJ: I'm afraid of the dark, okay? I'm afraid of the dark.

PLECK: What?

C-53: Okay! AJ... I'm going to do this. Some people find these disorienting, but this might help.

[C-53 lights his eyes, emitting a low hum]

AJ: Sorry, guys. I just... Okay, that's better.

C-53: I know that's not much, but...

PLECK: Oh, wow. No, that's got... Wow, your eyes really emit quite a bit of light.

C-53: Yeah, most people find it distracting, because then you look towards my face when I speak.

DAR: Yeah, but you're right. I want to make eye contact, but it's just hurting so much.

C-53: It's very bright, yeah.

PLECK: Nermut, listen, whatever the mission is, you're going to have to help us get there, because, honestly, Cheryl's not the most helpful ship.

NERMUT: Okay, I'll do that.

CHERYL: [singing] I'm Cheryl the ship, and I'm having fun. I'm having a fun time by myself.

NERMUT: So, guys, here's the mission. [takes out paper] I have this pamphlet. You can't see it, but you'd be so... Believe me, if you saw this pamphlet, you'd be into it.

PLECK: Wait, Nermut, our mission is in a pamphlet?

NERMUT: Yes. Are you—

AJ: [shouting] Let's do this. Let's do this. Let's go inside that pamphlet.

NERMUT: That's right, AJ!

PLECK: No.

NERMUT: No, it's not the pamphlet. You're not going into the pamphlet.

DAR: Is it that we're going to a spa?

NERMUT: Close.

DAR: The worst option would be we're going *into* the pamphlet.

AJ: All right. If we're going to have to blow ourselves out of this pamphlet, we're going to have to break out the big guns!

C-53: AJ, no going into a pamphlet.

[AJ ejects his butt gun]

NERMUT: I'm glad I don't have a visual. I assume that was the butt gun.

DAR: Oh, I missed the butt gun!

C-53: Yeah, sorry Dar, I didn't turn my head fast enough.

NERMUT: I was at the community bulletin board here on Zima Prime, and there's normally all sorts of pamphlets. I read them for fun, and normally I don't give them too much thought, but this one, this is a retreat run by Angelina Torp.

PLECK: Who's Angelina Torp?

NERMUT: [deliberate] Angelina.

C-53: Oh, a dissident.

PLECK: Oh, one of the dissident Angelinas.

NERMUT: Yes, 12 of the 13 pages of dissidents were Angelinas. This is one of them. She's running a retreat. So I signed everyone up.

DAR: Wait, wait, wait, wait. What is the retreat?

NERMUT: This retreat is called *Know Yourself, Know the All*.

PLECK: That sounds sort of like...

DAR: A typo?

PLECK: Psychobabble. Yeah, it sounds like gibberish.

NERMUT: Exactly. It's in this pamphlet. So you're all signed up. You're pre-registered.

PLECK: [annoyed] Nermut, listen, this sounds like a self-help seminar. What are we doing?

NERMUT: We need help.

C-53: Yeah, but not from ourselves.

PLECK: We don't need self-help.

NERMUT: No, guys, we've been looking outside for all of this help. We go to a planet. What if the answers are in us?

C-53: That just seems so... unlikely.

PLECK: [laughing] You've gotten so impressionable since you moved to Zima Prime and I don't like it.

NERMUT: Thank you- oh.

[AJ walks forward]

AJ: So how do we get inside this pamphlet?

PLECK: No, AJ.

NERMUT: AJ...

C-53: AJ? Do you want to tell us how we're going to get inside the pamphlet?

AJ: I've got a few ideas.

C-53: Okay.

CHERYL: Hey, I'm sorry to interrupt. I know Bargie said you guys don't like being interrupted.

PLECK: Actually, Bargie interrupts us all the time.

CHERYL: I've taken a seminar with Angelina and she, as you can see, changed my life.

NERMUT: Really? That's amazing.

CHERYL: I'm a very stable, happy ship. I no longer get as angry as I used to. I don't go into dark places.

C-53: Cheryl, you're saying you don't go to dark places *anymore*?

CHERYL: No, and I moisturize my hull every day.

NERMUT: : You credit Angelina for that?

CHERYL: A hundo percent.

NERMUT: Guys, I'd love to keep jawing and yaking, but you've got registration at 0902 sharp and you're going to pick up your--

PLECK: Ugh, 0902! Nermut!

C-53: Why is the registration at 0902?

NERMUT: Bright and early. I don't know.

AJ: First idea is this. We find some pamphlets and we steal their disguises.

C-53: The disguises the pamphlets are wearing?

AJ: We go in and disguise ourselves as pamphlets.

C-53: Okay.

PLECK: AJ, do you know what a pamphlet is?

AJ: It's like a--about yay high.

C-53: AJ, I can see how high you're holding your hand in the infrared and it's way too high.

PLECK: And it's incorrect, yeah.

NERMUT: Cheryl, you know where Angelina Torp's--you know where it is, right?

CHERYL: Yeah.

NERMUT: All right, take these guys there. I don't even need to send you coords.

CHERYL: Of course. No worries.

NERMUT: All right.

DAR: Hey, Nerm?

NERMUT: Yeah?

DAR: But if you don't hear from us-- [whispering] I think Cheryl has done something to our bodies.

PLECK: That's a safe assumption, Nermut. Just keep track of us, okay?

NERMUT: Okay. Guys, you know what? I look forward to hearing what you find inside yourselves.

CHERYL: I know what's inside of me. [laughs] [angrily] And I know what I'm going to do about it.

PLECK: Okay. Yeah, let's get to that retreat.

[transition music]

MELISSA: Um, um, listen, everyone. I, um, Melissa, have an announcement to make! [crowd applauds] For too long, the people of Amber have been at the mercy of the tyrants of the Got Disappeared Party. And here we are, once again, every inhabitant of the planet, in this underground waiting room, fighting our time until we are forgiven and returned to the surface. It is time to take matters into our own hands. I'm talking, of course, about using this time to catch up on some incredible audio dramas. Now hear me out. Allow me to recommend my favorite new science fiction podcast, *Vast Horizon*. It's an epic tale of survival against all odds. *Vast Horizon* is about an agronomist named Nolira, who's on an enormous spaceship called the Bifrost, which is on its way to populate a new system with 400,000 people on board. Well, something happens, and Nolira wakes up in one of the ship's emergency rooms, alone. It's a story about one woman's quest to solve the mystery of a mouse's disappearance. Ha ha ha ha, it's like this show was made for me. Anyway, the show's beautifully sound-designed audio logs follow Nolira as she overcomes a series of mission-critical problems just to survive. And her only companion is the ship's malfunctioning AI, who is constantly putting Nolira in danger. *Vast Horizon* is available for free wherever you get your podcasts, and epic new episodes are released every two weeks. Oh, and the primary vote for this year's Lightrail party will be held tomorrow morning, right here by the back of the line. We have 35 candidates this year, so hopefully that won't backfire horribly.

[transition music, the crew walks through a retreat facility]

PLECK: Ugh, is that incense?

C-53: Yes, I'm sensing a high number of particulates in the air.

PLECK: Ugh, boy.

DAR: Look at all these eager-to-self-actualize retreaters.

AJ: Huh, sort of reminds me of the Zimas, right, Papa?

PLECK: Okay, it's definitely different than the Zimas.

DAR: Oh, everybody's already in *this* room.

C-53: Okay, maybe we can just sneak in quietly and pretend like we've been here the whole time.

[door opens]

ANGELINA: And everyone turn and face the door.

DAR: [wincing] Ooh!

PLECK: Hi there. I thought that it started at 0902?

ANGELINA: No, the class starts at 0845. Registration is at 0902.

C-53: Registration is...

PLECK: During the class?

ANGELINA: It is during the class. We'll take a pause, register, and continue.

C-53: Okay. Sorry about that.

PLECK: Sorry, our bad.

[pausing music]

ANGELINA: That's all right. The All is all right.

PLECK: Okay.

DAR: Yeah, Pleck, the All is the *alright*.

ANGELINA: Pleck?

AJ: Papa, she knew your name.

C-53: We just– said it aloud.

ANGELINA: But that's not how I knew it.

PLECK: Okay.

ANGELINA: Pleck, Robot, Paul.

AJ: That's close. Close though.

C-53: That's neither of our names.

AJ: So close though.

DAR: So are you just handing out nicknames to people?

ANGELINA: Nicknames. I'm stripping you of your nickname and handing you your real name, which I retain the right to strip away and give you back your nickname.

SUNFOREST: [walking up] I've gone between Paul and Sunforest countless times.

PLECK: Wait, you were Paul?

SUNFOREST: I started as Paul.

ANGELINA: Everyone starts as a Paul, Pleck.

BIRDIE BEE: [buzzing around] My name was Bert, and then she called me Birdie. Birdie Bee.

SUNFOREST: That's true.

PLECK: So that was sort of more of a nickname then.

[bell dings]

SUNFOREST: Everyone go to a cubby, grab a mat, a cushion, a ball, a cube, and another mat.

ANGELINA: And I'll warn you, you won't need the cube.

C-53: Okay, so we can just grab the two mats and the ball.

ANGELINA: No, take the cube. You just won't need it.

DAR: So, excuse me, but are you the cult leader?

ANGELINA: Oh, [laughs] I don't like the word leader.

PLECK: What?

C-53: That's... suspicious.

PLECK: Cultist?

ANGELINA: I don't like the -ist on the end of words.

PLECK: You must be Angelina. Angelina Torp?

ANGELINA: Angelina Torp, T-O-R-P.

AJ: [disbelief] Wait, Papa, how did you know her name?

PLECK: AJ, Nermut told us.

C-53: AJ, Nermut said-

AJ: I must have been mind-wiped.

ANGELINA: Your Papa is in touch with the All.

PLECK: Okay, yeah, sure, I mean, you might say - I like to think of it as the Space, but yeah, I think so.

ANGELINA: Space, Rodd, Katarsanism, what is all of space-time religion? It's the All. You're in touch with the All, Pleck. Let the All touch you back.

PLECK: Okay, yeah, all right, yeah, I like that. That's a good way of thinking about it, you know?

C-53: [annoyed] No, it's not.

DAR: I disagree.

AJ: I love it.

ANGELINA: You have many moons inside of you.

DAR: Oh, are you pointing at me?

ANGELINA: Yes, you, Dennis.

DAR: I can't tell if you're trying to guess my name or you've just given me Dennis.

ANGELINA: Everyone grab all of the props. [into mic] Please make your way to your meditation mats.

DAR: Oh, I see a good spot up in the front.

ANGELINA: Yes, please come to the front.

DAR: Excuse me, out of the way.

[Everyone finds their spot]

BIRDIE BEE: Ow, ow, ow, ow.

AJ: You guys coming or what? What's going on?

C-53: Dar, we could - maybe we should just stay in the back.

DAR: No, everyone's facing the door.

C-53: Yeah, you're right, okay.

ANGELINA: And everyone please face away from the door. [ding]

C-53: Oh, jeez.

DAR: That was bound to happen.

ANGELINA: Now everybody lie prone on your -

NOT-A-CULTIST: Angelina, Angelina, I've had some back problems recently. Is there a modification?

ANGELINA: Modification to the exercise or to your back?

FOR-SURE-NOT-A-CULTIST: To me. [sobbing]

PLECK: Oh, no.

AJ: Whoa.

ANGELINA: It's all right, cry it out, lay on your back, feel the pain no matter how excruciating.

C-53: I don't think that's good advice.

PLECK: Her solution was to just do it anyway?

DEFINITELY-IN-NO-WAY-A-CULTIST: [cracking] Ow, that really hurts.

ANGELINA: Yes, it should hurt. It should. Pain is just the mind telling your body that something is bad for you.

PLECK: Yeah, that checks out.

DAR: And usually you're supposed to listen to that.

ANGELINA: Okay, can I have the four of you up front, please? [clicks mic off]

DAR: I am up front. I saved us all a spot up front.

ANGELINA: Yes, I want all four of you up front.

THIS-GUY-ALSO-ISN'T-A-CULTIST: None of them have their lanyards. Did they skip registration?

ANGELINA: It's very unclear to me, but that is a good point. Let me check my files.
[flips through files]

C-53: It might be under the name "Nermut Bundaloy"?

ANGELINA: Yes, okay, four under Nermut Bundaloy. What- You missed registration.
[into mic] You're disrupting the vibe in here, okay?

C-53: Okay, we're sorry about that.

PLECK: Yeah, I apologize. We're just-You know, we're here for the retreat.

ANGELINA: Uh-huh. I'm having a *vision*!

PLECK: Uh, okay.

ANGELINA: I'm having a very intense vision right now.

C-53: Okay, we can leave you alone....

ANGELINA: No, I'd like all four of you to stay, and I'd like you up front, actually.

C-53: Okay.

ANGELINA: Okay, even further up front than you already are.

[the crew walks forward hesitantly]

C-53: This close?

DAR: So just, like, step closer?

ANGELINA: Yes.

C-53: You want me this close to you?

ANGELINA: I'd like us in a huddle, actually.

AJ: Oh, an aside?

ANGELINA: Yes, an aside.

AJ: Yay!

ANGELINA: I'd like to have an aside with all four of you.

C-53: Okay.

PLECK: Okay.

ANGELINA: [away from mic] Listen, I have a pretty good thing going here, alright? And the four of you walk in here with your attitudes, disrupting what's going on, disrupting my room.

C-53: So you admit this is a scam?

ANGELINA: It's not a scam, alright?

DAR: It's a cult.

ANGELINA: It's not. I don't like the word "it's a," okay? Now, just lay on your mats and let it happen. I've dealt with skeptics before. You're not the first, okay?

C-53: Okay.

PLECK: Okay.

SUNFOREST: [excited] What did she say? What did she say when you were in a huddle? What did she reveal to you?

C-53: Nothing important.

DAR: Paul, go back to your mat.

SUNFOREST: My name is Sunforest.

C-53: Sunforest, put your feet up on your cube. Go back to your mat.

SUNFOREST: You can't trick me into using this cube.

AJ: Sunforest, we learned some stuff. And I'll trade it for you if you tell me how to get inside this baby. [flaps pamphlet]

BIRDIE BEE: Yeah, wait, hold on, I'm in on this too. Birdie Bee's in.

SUNFOREST: No one's ever gotten into the pamphlet. Many have tried.

C-53: [disbelief] Many have tried to get into a pamphlet?!

ANGELINA: And breathe in.

EVERYONE: [inhales]

C-53: I dunno what I'm supposed to do here.

ANGELINA: Not that.

PLECK: That's fair. That's fair, C-53.

ANGELINA: [pauses music] I'm going to have to ask you to leave.

DAR: I'm sorry, what?

ANGELINA: I'm going to have to ask you, the robot, Pleck, everyone but Paul.

AJ: Yeah!

BIRDIE BEE: Even Birdie Bee? [flapping]

ANGELINA: Birdie Bee, I've asked to leave many times. And Birdie Bee continues to stay.

PLECK: [whispering] You know what, you know what, C-53, Dar, I think that's fine. Let's go take a break. We'll catch up with Angelina after this, whatever this is.

C-53: They might have a pool or something.

PLECK: Yeah, okay.

[transition music]

KID: Cowabunga! [splash]

[the crew lounges in the pool]

PLECK: Oh, man, C-53.

DAR: This is perfect.

PLECK: You've got to get in here, C-53.

C-53: Eh, it's just... I'm going through settings here, trying to find waterproofing mode.

PLECK: It's the Midnight Shadow, C-53.

C-53: Yeah, I know, it's just I can't-

PLECK: This is great.

C-53: If I don't activate the mode, it's-- [laughter] Here we go. Now it's hot.

PLECK: Oh, wow, the Midnight Shadow has floaties.

[C-53 splashes underwater, muffling the feed]

C-53: Yeah!

PLECK: Oh.

C-53: This is the life.

PLECK: This is restorative in a way I had not envisioned. Man, I forget how great a pool is.

LIFEGUARD: All right, kiddos, free for all!

[the kids rush into the pool, splashing everywhere]

KID: I'm gonna pee in the pool again. Yay!

PLECK: Okay...

C-53: Alright. This has gotten less attractive.

PLECK: Yeah.

OTHER KID: I'm going to need some noodles! [shouting] Noodle fight, noodle fight, noodle fight.

C-53: Ah, geez! This kid's got some arm strength!

KID: Hey, this big thing is displacing a lot of the water.

DAR: This "big thing"?

SICK KID: I got a cold. And when I have a cold, I like to rub my nose into the water to get it clean.

DAR: [frantically splashing] Okay, this big thing is trying to get out of the pool, out of the pool. Children, stop using me as a flotation device.

KID: All my Band-Aids fell off.

DAR: [shudders]

C-53: Okay, we got to get out.

PLECK: Yeah.

[transition]

AJ: Wow, Angelina, really--

ANGELINA: Yes?

AJ: --super psyched. Super psyched to be the one who made it.

ANGELINA: Very impressed with you.

AJ: Best of the best. I will say I'm kind of the alpha of the group. But anyway, let's do this.

BIRDIE BEE: I'm the Birdie Bee of the group.

AJ: Yikes.

ANGELINA: Oh.

SUNFOREST: Sorta the Sunforest.

ANGELINA: You each serve a distinct, important purpose. And now, for 50 kroons each, I could tell you what that purpose is, not just in this room, but for the universe.

[muttering as the three gives Angelina money]

ANGELINA: A personalized vision for each of you. Fifty kroon.

SUNFOREST: Wow.

BIRDIE BEE: Me first, me first, me first.

ANGELINA: Yes, Birdie Bee. [ding] I am having a vision unrelated to the kroons. It's happening naturally.

BIRDIE BEE: Oh, wow.

ANGELINA: Yes.

AJ: Whoa, incredible timing.

ANGELINA: Yes. You have a great destiny ahead of you, Birdie Bee.

BIRDIE BEE: I do?

ANGELINA: Yes. What is your favorite thing in the universe to do?

BIRDIE BEE: Eating, um... and singing, um... and walking.

ANGELINA: Singing... Yes.

BIRDIE BEE: And painting.

ANGELINA: I see it. I see singing, walking, painting. I see the path, the rainbow path, and the All pushing you forward towards singing, walking, and painting. And for 50 kroons—

BIRDIE BEE: Here you go, here you go, here you go! [clinking of coins]

ANGELINA: —and all that you need to propel you down that path to singing, walking, and painting greatness is faith in yourself, Birdie Bee.

BIRDIE BEE: Wow.

ANGELINA: Faith in yourself.

AJ: Amazing.

ANGELINA: All right, Paul.

AJ: Actually, my real name is AJ.

ANGELINA: AJ.

AJ: Well, actually, my real name is AJ-2884, but-

ANGELINA: That's the name that was given to you by your creator.

AJ: Huh! How did you know that?

ANGELINA: Mmm, I'm wise, Paul.

AJ: Is it because it's written on my arm?

ANGELINA: Yes.

AJ: Whoa!

ANGELINA: What is it that you like to do most in the universe, Paul?

AJ: Wow, that's a good question. Uh, shooting, blastering.

ANGELINA: Yes, I see. [ding] I'm having a vision unrelated to the kroons you gave me earlier.

AJ: Whoa! What?

ANGELINA: Yes, Paul, shooting, blasting things.

AJ: Yeah.

ANGELINA: Yes.

AJ: Juck yeah!

ANGELINA: Yes, there's a rainbow path stretching ahead of you, propelled by the All.

AJ: The All?

ANGELINA: Yes, and for 50 kroons, I could tell you how to propel yourself down the path.

AJ: Can I give you Papa's 50 kroon?

ANGELINA: It really-- it makes almost no difference at all to me.

[AJ exchanges the kroon]

ANGELINA: Wonderful. Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes. All you need is faith. Faith in...

AJ: Faith in-- What? Yoo—

ANGELINA: Yourself, Paul.

AJ: Yes, yes, yes, yourself. Faith in yourself. I wasn't going to say yogurt.

ANGELINA: Yes, no.

AJ: I wasn't going to say yogurt. I was going to say yourself.

[transition]

[the crew walks away from the pool]

C-53: Well, at least we had a little bit of time in the pool.

PLECK: Yeah, that was pretty refreshing, you know, all things considered.

DAR: [annoyed] Considering that it's filled with urine.

C-53: I'm going to have to sterilize later.

PLECK: Fair enough.

C-53: Well, a drink to cool down.

PLECK: Perfect.

[playful island music]

BARTENDER: [cheerful] Hello there. Hi there.

C-53: Oh, well, that's not what you generally expect out of a bartender.

BARTENDER: What can I serve you? We serve a lot of soothing drinks here.

PLECK: You know what? I will take an orange beer, please.

BARTENDER: We don't have that. What else do you want?

PLECK: Okay, yeah, just any beer is great.

BARTENDER: We don't have those. What else do you want? Anything you want. We have it here.

PLECK: Okay. What do you recommend?

BARTENDER: I recommend a Junglebird.

C-53: Oh, sorta sounds like a cocktail situa—

PLECK: Oh, yeah, okay. A cocktail, yeah. I'll take a Junglebird. What is it? What's in it?

BARTENDER: Oh, it's filled with two pints of hope and a sparkle of innocence.

PLECK: Okay. Is that like a brand name or like what is the actual substance?

BARTENDER: Oh, you know what you want. [starts preparing drink] How about a little Volcano Breezebreeze?

PLECK: Oh, yeah.

C-53: Okay.

BARTENDER: Yum, yum, yum.

PLECK: So we're not doing the Junglebird or?

BARTENDER: I don't feel it's what you want.

C-53: Okay, great.

BARTENDER: [pouring ingredients together] Eight parts nothingness, one part sadness, and a sprinkle of dysentery.

PLECK: Okay, dysentery?!

C-53: That's-

BARTENDER: [slides drink] It's refreshing.

DAR: Honestly, what I'm looking for right now is like when you hear from someone you haven't heard from in a long time.

BARTENDER: That's it, yep.

DAR: But it's not because you had like a falling out or anything. It's just because, you know, you grow apart a little bit.

BARTENDER: Oh, separation. Separation, okay. [mixes ingredients]

DAR: Right, but whenever you do get to talk to them, it always just feels like home.

BARTENDER: Fantastic.

DAR: You feel connected again, but it's temporary. It's a temporary nice warm feeling of friendship.

BARTENDER: Cherry on top, that's a cherry on top. That's actually called the Spatial Pooch.

PLECK: Wow.

DAR: Yeah, well, I'll have one of those.

BARTENDER: Okay, here you go. [slides drink]

PLECK: Dar, wow, you really knew your way around this menu.

DAR: [drinks] Well, you know, I've really had to get creative with mocktails since I got pregnant.

PLECK: Yeah, I hadn't thought about that.

C-53: Now, this is probably a stupid robot question, but can you actually taste that stuff when you drink one of those?

DAR: I mean, I'm tasting it right now.

BARTENDER: Yeah, you don't drink it with your mouth.

C-53: Oh, so how would I ingest this? I would just pour it over my frame?

BARTENDER: Mm-hmm.

C-53: Okay. [pours it]

PLECK: What am I supposed to do?

BARTENDER: You don't drink it with your mouth.

PLECK: Do I look at it?

BARTENDER: You don't drink it with your mouth.

PLECK: Dar. You obviously know what's happening. What am I supposed to do?

DAR: You don't drink it with your mouth.

PLECK: Come on.

BARTENDER: Here's a straw. [shoves straw] Figure it out.

PLECK: All right, well, I'm just going to--I guess I'll just--

C-53: Don't just put it up your nose, Pleck.

PLECK: You said not with my mouth.

C-53: Okay, but then I think-- It's implied. Don't do it with your nose either.

PLECK: I'm very confused.

[transition]

AJ: Here's the thing, Angelina. You're talking about the Space and the All and the-- How can the All be the All, you know?

ANGELINA: How can they... *what* be the *what*?

AJ: Wait, are you introducing something new? The What? Is the What something I should be thinking about?

ANGELINA: Now, Paul, you've answered your own question. Don't you agree? How can the All be the All? How can the What be the What? I want everyone to give it up for Paul, who's answered his own question.

[culti–NOT that applaud]

LIKE,-IT'S-SO-OBVIOUS-THAT-THIS-PERSON-ISN'T-A-CULTIST: Good job, Paul! Paul rules!

AJ: Oh, yeah. Yeah, I did. Well, it's pretty easy to answer your own question when you're one with the All-- when you're What with the All.

ANGELINA: Wow, Paul, ask yourself another question, Paul.

AJ: Am I hungry? Yes.

[applause]

ANGELINA: Everyone.

EVERYONE: Wow.

ANGELINA: Paul!

CULTIST: I wanna know if I'm hungry!

ANGELINA: Paul, ask yourself another question, Paul.

AJ: Am I overly suggestible? No.

ANGELINA: Oh.

[applause]

EVERYONE: Oh, wow.

AJ: Yeah.

ANGELINA: Well, the two of you have ascended to the highest plane. [gasps] Possible for both of you. There are higher planes possible.

AJ: Wait, so we're at the highest plane, but there are higher planes possible?

ANGELINA: There's always a higher plane possible.

BIRDIE BEE: Wow! It's like a mountain, on top of a mountain!

ANGELINA: How does it feel? How are we feeling? We're feeling powerful.

AJ: Powerful.

ANGELINA: Yes, we're feeling like--

BIRDIE BEE: Open.

ANGELINA: Open.

BIRDIE BEE: Free.

ANGELINA: And if we were to subtract the number of kroons we had coming in from the number of kroons we have now in terms of weight, how much is still on your body?

AJ: [smug] Trick question.

ANGELINA: Well--

AJ: Is it a trick question?

ANGELINA: It's not a trick question.

AJ: Oh, I don't-- so how much money do I have? Is that what you're asking?

ANGELINA: Well, it's not what I asked, but it is what I'm asking.

AJ: Okay, wow, whoa. How much is this many?[gives kroon]

ANGELINA: Ah, the exact amount to ascend.

AJ: It's the All at work.

ANGELINA: Yes.

BIRDIE BEE: But I have more than that. I have more than that.

ANGELINA: You have the exact amount to ascend higher.

AJ: Angelina, just a quick question. As I'm ascending, is it possible to get in one of these pamphlets? [takes out pamphlet] Now that I'm powerful and kind of using the All?

ANGELINA: I'll let you in on a secret that we normally only tell people who have achieved ascension level, or AS, 92. But you seem like an eager student, so--

AJ: I am. I'm very eager. Birdie Bee's got nothing on me.

BIRDIE BEE: What? I have this more kroon. Birdie Bee has a lot of kroon. [throwing kroon]

ANGELINA: Birdie Bee does. Birdie Bee, I'll let you hear this as well. It's a little treat, a little secret to my two best students. It is, in fact, possible to become paper. If the mind can conform to paper, the body can as well.

AJ: I knew it. I knew it.

ANGELINA: But you're not ready. It would cause serious psychologica-

AJ: I'm ready to be paper.

ANGELINA: Paul.

AJ: I'm ready.

ANGELINA: Paul, what's your name?

AJ: AJ-2884.

ANGELINA: You are not ready, Paul.

AJ: I should have said paper.

ANGELINA: [angrily] You should have said Paul, which is the name that I gave you 45 minutes ago.

AJ: Right.

ANGELINA: You've ascended faster than anyone ever has before.

AJ: Oh, good. I feel like I am.

ANGELINA: Yes, and for- [ding] I'm having a vision! For 10 kroon, I can tell you what it is.

AJ: Oh, you've got it. [gives her kroon]

ANGELINA: Paul, you will, before this day is through, become a pamphlet.

AJ: Fantastic. And then I'll finally find that dissident.

ANGELINA: [off mic] What?

BIRDIE BEE: What?

AJ: What? We're looking for a dissident, my team and I. Angelina? Wait!

[transition music]

C-53: Oh, see now. This is a spread.

PLECK: Oh, yeah.

C-53: Pleck, you ever have one of these little batteries? These are so good. [crunches battery]

PLECK: You just-- wait, what do you do with those? You just put that into your head?

C-53: Yeah.

PLECK: What happens to it?

C-53: Oh, it just sort of pops, and you get the battery acid in. That's delicious.

PLECK: But then what happens to the rest of the battery?

C-53: You just compact it and expel it later.

PLECK: You said that like I could do that.

C-53: No no, you can't do that.

DAR: Oh, these batteries are divine.

PLECK: Dar, you can eat-

C-53: See, Dar knows-

PLECK: Okay.

DAR: Okay, C-53, I'm going to hand you a plate so that you can just load up for me.

C-53: Sure, absolutely.

PLECK: I'm just going to look for like-

PYEERKIN: Shrimp?

PLECK: Oh.

PYEERKIN: Did someone say they were looking for shrimp?

PLECK: No, I--

PYEERKIN: I think you're looking for shrimp. [takes handful of shrimp]

PLECK: I'll take a shrimp. Hello.

PYEERKIN: What sort of shrimp do you want?

PLECK: I feel like we've met before.

PYEERKIN: You might have met my sister.

PLECK: Your sister?

PYEERKIN: Or my cousin.

PLECK: Okay.

PYEERKIN: Or my aunt.

C-53: Do you all sort of look alike?

PYEERKIN: Or my best friend, Emily.

PLECK: Yeah.

PYEERKIN: Or my enemy, Michelle.

PLECK: Okay. Are you guys all equally into shrimp?

PYEERKIN: We love shrimp!

C-53: Okay. So what shrimp do you recommend? If we're going to--

PYEERKIN: I recommend the shrimp with the large tails. But I do not recommend the shrimp with no tails. They are not shrimp. Those are mock shrimp.

PLECK: Mock shrimp?

C-53: Oh, sure, yeah. Mock shrimp.

PYEERKIN: Do you want to invest in a time trade?

PLECK: What is a time trade?

C-53: Oh, ehh, eh.

PYEERKIN: Do you ever want to own property in a beautiful island? [unzips projector]

DAR: Oh, boy. You asked her, and then she brought out a whole presentation.

PYEERKIN: Now tell me three things you're afraid of.

PLECK: Three things I'm afraid of? Okay. Banji fruit. The cold, dark vacuum of space. Leaving nothing behind when I die, like leaving no legacy, friends, family.

PYEERKIN: Okay. At the shrimp island, you'll never have that problem, because there's--

PLECK: Which problem does that solve?

PYEERKIN: There's no Banji fruit.

PLECK: Oh, great. Okay, cool.

PYEERKIN: The second one is not a problem.

PLECK: Uh-huh.

PYEERKIN: And your friends will visit you so much.

PLECK: Okay, hey, this is sounding pretty good, C-53.

C-53: [shouting] I'm over here by the batteries.

PLECK: Oh, no!

PYEERKIN: What's your Sentient Serial Number?

PLECK: Oh, uh, why do you need that?

PYEERKIN: I...uh... I was just doing a nice background check to see if you're qualified.

[As Pleck speaks, there is the sound of C-53 walking swiftly towards him.]

PLECK: Oh, yeah, Okay. It's 866-- ow! Ow!

[C-53 grabs Pleck]

C-53: Don't give out your sentient serial number!

PLECK: But it's for a background check.

C-53: You don't know this woman.

DAR: No.

PLECK: She's the shrimp lady. We saw her at the CLINTillion!

DAR: No, we did not see her. We saw her aunt or her enemy. We don't know this person.

PLECK :All right, all right, all right.

PYEERKIN: My name is Pyeerkin.

C-53 and **PLECK:** [confused] Pyeerkin?

PYEERKIN: Pyeerkin.

PLECK: Listen, Pyeerkin, this has been a real delight. You know what? I'll think on it, and I'll come back, you know.

PYEERKIN: Okay.

PLECK: All right.

PYEERKIN: I have your number, so I'm going to call you relentlessly. [packing up]

PLECK: All right.

PYEERKIN: Never not pick up.

PLECK: Okay, you got it.

DAR: Guys, I think actually all the shrimp is mock shrimp.

C-53: Oh, no, Dar.

DAR: I mean, I've made it a third of the way through this chafing dish, and I have to say that it's not settling very well.

PLECK: Oh, no.

C-53: What do you think it's made of?

DAR: I mean, honestly, all I'm getting is battery acid.

C-53: Wow. I'm giving these a try. [takes in "shrimp"] Oh yeah, these are good!

DAR: Everything here is just batteries.

PLECK: Okay, I'm going to talk to-- somebody's in charge here. I'm going to talk to the chef here. Excuse me?

CHEF: [garbled robot voice] Yeah?

PLECK: Okay. Here's the issue.

CHEF: [garbled robot noises]

PLECK: Can you understand what he- is this the chef? Or did I just randomly address an air conditioner?

C-53: I think you just talked to an air conditioner.

AJ: Papa!

PLECK: Hey, AJ, what's up?

AJ: This is Angelina Torp. She was the dissident we were supposed to find.

ANGELINA: [disdainful] Yeah, we've met.

PLECK: Listen, Angelina, I'm sorry. Your workshop wasn't for us, but we did want to talk to you. You know, we represent a small movement trying to undermine the power of the emperor.

ANGELINA: Intrigue. Trying to undermine the power of the emperor. We don't recognize the power of the emperor here at the retreat.

PLECK: [enthused] Excellent. Good. Neither do we. We have it on good authority that you have-- you know, you have your issues with the emperor. So do we.

ANGELINA: I'm having a vision! Pleck, I'm having a vision.

PLECK: Excellent. Great.

ANGELINA: [ding] I'm having a vision. And for merely 250 kroons, I can tell you the contents of the vision. It involves you. It involves the emperor. It involves an explosion. [gasp]

C-53: Angelina, we don't have a ton of kroon for b--

ANGELINA: [ding] The price just went down for 175 kroons. It's a fire sale.

DAR: Yeah, we still can't afford this vision.

PLECK: Yeah, I mean, I only have like 100 kroon, and AJ has all of them, so--

ANGELINA: [pressed] Oh, the vision hurts! I need to get it out of me for 125 kroons. 125 kroons—

C-53: Do the visions tell you how much they cost?

ANGELINA: 110 kroons. Only 110 kroons. 110 kroons. Going once.

BIRDIE BEE: Birdie Bee! Birdie Bee will pay! Birdie Bee will pay! [throwing kroons]

ANGELINA: Birdie Bee, Birdie Bee, Birdie Bee! For 110 kroons, we'll hear the vision about Pleck and the emperor and an explosion.

PLECK: Thank you, Birdie Bee.

ANGELINA: [gasp] Pleck. The vision that I'm seeing is that Pleck is-- you are the chosen-- wah. You're the chosen-- Wah.

AJ: Oh, Papa.

PLECK: Okay.

ANGELINA: You're the chosen-- I want to say it, but I can't. My hand is-- my hand is empty.

C-53: Is it..

PLECK and **C-53:** The chosen one?

ANGELINA: Wah. Wait.

[Angelina hears a low buzz]

PLECK: Yeah, listen, Angelina, I really appreciate—

ANGELINA [ethereally] No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no. No, hold on, hold on. You subscribe to TheyTeen.

PLECK: What?

ANGELINA: You subscribe to TheyTeen. It's a source of shame for you.

AJ: I never said that to her, Papa!

DAR: It would be a source of shame for any adult Tellurian.

PLECK: It's—The articles are surprisingly progressive and well-written.

ANGELINA: I'm sorry, this hasn't happened in a long time for me.

C-53: This hasn't happened to you? I thought your whole thing was predicting the future.

ANGELINA: [annoyed] No, are you dumb? You're a robot. You couldn't tell? That's all garbage, okay?

C-53: We knew it was garbage. It seem-

DAR: No, no, we all knew it was garbage.

AJ: [nervous laughter] We all knew it was garbage.

[lightning strikes]

PLECK: Ah, ah! It's a perfectly-- it's a sunny beach. There was just a bolt of lightning!

ANGELINA: Listen to me: The worst is yet to come!

PLECK: Oh, no. What?

ANGELINA: [distressed] The emperor has many faces, and so far you've seen but a few.

DAR: [distorted] Whoa, look at all those clouds rolling in.

ANGELINA: The clouds.

PLECK: [through fog] Angelina, what is going on?

[static slowly builds]

ANGELINA: Listen to me, Pleckthaniel Ugene Decksetter!

PLECK: Oh, my Rodd.

AJ: Oh, my RODD!

ANGELINA: Why didn't your parents spell it with an E? It's just Ugene.

C-53: Is that your real name?

PLECK: It's my full name. Pleck is my *real name*. It's just shortened from Pleckthaniel.

AJ: It's beautiful Papa.

ANGELINA: Pleckthaniel.

C-53: [laughing] Pleckthaniel.

PLECK: Don't laugh at her in the middle of a vision.

C-53: Sure, sure.

ANGELINA: Pleckthaniel, you'll have to be strong before the end.

PLECK: What?

ANGELINA: You'll have to face the emperor.

PLECK: Yes, yes, the emperor. It's my path. It's my destiny. What are you-

ANGELINA: BEFORE THE EN-

[Angelina vomits]

PLECK: Oh, there's bees in her mouth.

ANGELINA: Oh, I'm so sorry. [collapses]

PLECK: Do you need help?

ANGELINA: Walk away! No, no, I like the floor. I like the ground.

PLECK: Angelina?

ANGELINA: Yes?

PLECK: How do you know these things?

C-53: And you said the Emperor hasn't shown us his worst side. Like, what are his other sides? What does that mean? What do we need to know?

ANGELINA: He has many faces, and he's only shown you a handful.

AJ: And it's also spelled Ugene without an 'E'?

ANGELINA: There's no 'E'.

PLECK: AJ...

C-53: Is it U-J-E-A-N? Or-

ANGELINA: A 'J'?

C-53: I don't know. I'm asking you.

ANGELINA: A 'J' in Ugene?!

C-53: I didn't think so, but you said it was spelled weird.

ANGELINA: No, just no 'E'. U-G-E-N-E. A 'J' in Ugene?!

DAR: But then if Pleck knows his future, how does that affect the future?

PLECK: Dar, listen, I don't want to fight my destiny. If I'm supposed to face the emperor, it's what I'm going to do.

AJ: And if I'm supposed to be paper, that's what I'm supposed to do.

PLECK: AJ.

DAR: I don't think so, AJ.

C-53: Not sure that's anyone's path.

AJ: Birdie! Birdie, look at Birdie Bee.

BIRDIE BEE: Ahhh, oh, oGHHHAHHHHHHHHHH [somehow, the exact sounds of slowly transforming into a pamphlet]

ANGELINA: She's ascended to paper.

C-53: Wow.

AJ: Angelina, thank you for all that you've taught me about the All.

ANGELINA: Thank you, Paul, for being propelled forward by the All. For only 20 more kroons, I can tell you--

C-53: Okay, AJ, we gotta-

AJ: We haven't let her finish.

C-53: Yeah, I think we gotta get out of here.

[transition]

ZIMA MASTER LITTLE BOY: Hello, it is I, Master Little Boy. As a Zima Master, it is my destiny to instruct young Zimas to be chill as hell. [hovering] See, look at me levitate one inch off the ground. Now, I know you may be thinking, how can I learn to be so rad and chill? The answers you seek lie within the all-new Zima Prime website at zimaprime.space, provided for us in freshness by Wix.com. Zimaprime.space is full of indispensable advice on how to be chill, like inspirational blog posts, a destiny generator, a submission form to ask the Zima Masters any questions, and member-only content that allows you to decipher an ancient Zima scroll. And also, look at me, I can levitate three inches. Wee! But the chilliest vibe of them all comes from Wix.com, who makes it so easy to make a gorgeous website that even a bunch of hacky-sacking, cigarellio-smoking cater-waiters could do it. With [Wix](http://Wix.com), you can start and publish your website for free, using one of over 500 stunning customizable templates. All your content is optimized for any device, and every site includes [Wix's](http://Wix.com) powerful SEO tools, making it easier for people to find your chillness on the Infoweb. Hey, I can levitate! Wee! And here's the dangest nug in the dime canister. If you go to Wix.com and use the coupon ZYXX, you'll get 10% off of any premium plan, giving you more storage, a free domain for a year, and more. That's Wix.com, code ZYXX for 10% off of any premium plan. Look at me! Again, I can levitate! Three inches! That a lo- That's more than two! Wee!

[transition]

[Bargie's hatch opens]

PLECK: [tired] Bargie, it is good to be back.

DAR: Bargie, thank you!

C-53: Sight for sore ocular sensors, Bargie.

BARGIE: Hi, hello, sorry, sorry, sorry.

DAR: No, you do not have to apologize. We are just so happy to see you!

PLECK: Yeah, I know she's your friend, but Cheryl is sort of crazy.

BARGIE: Wow, that's a mean thing to say. Sometimes people are just emotional, and they've gone through things in the past, but that doesn't make them crazy.

PLECK: She wouldn't turn on the lights.

BARGIE: Oh, yeah, she's not meant to have a crew.

PLECK: What?

BARGIE: She's only meant to carry old meat. She's an old meat ship.

C-53: Yeah, that makes a lot of sense.

PLECK: [laughing] Old meat? Bargie, under what circumstances would you need a ship whose only job was to carry old meat?

BARGIE: There are certain places with, I don't know, I'm not the one--

C-53: Yeah, some places, that's the preference.

DAR: Disposing of old meat.

PLECK: So, like, the carpets.

C-53: That explains why it was so dark and why it was so cold in there.

DAR: And why the walls kept moving.

BARGIE: Also, why you guys still smell.

DAR: No, that's because we went in the pool.

C-53: Yeah, that might have been the pool.

BARGIE: Listen, where I had to go, I couldn't bring other people, okay? I was keeping you safe. Anyway, while I was gone, I came across something very interesting. I'm printing it out now. [printing] I think I might go there. I think it's a good thing for me.

PLECK: Bargie, this is a pamphlet for the retreat we were just at.

BARGIE: It says, "I will find the All that is in myself." I don't know what that means, but it sounds good.

PLECK: Yeah, it's less good than it sounds, Bargie, I gotta say.

C-53: Yeah, it's a pretty big kroon grab down there.

PLECK: Yeah, yeah.

BARGIE: But look at this quote from Paul. "The What is the What. That's what's up."

AJ: [excited] I said that, I said that! I got in the pamphlet! Yeah! Juck yeah! [crushes can]

PLECK: You finally did it.

AJ: I infiltrated the pamphlet.

DAR: Great mission.

AJ: We did it, guys. Mission accomplished. Call up the lizard. Let's do this.

C-53 and **PLECK:** "Call up the lizard"??

AJ: What?

NERMUT: [laughter]

[outro music]

C-RED-IT5: This is C-RED-IT5, Credits and Attributions droid, commencing outro protocol. Papa Pleckthaniel Ugene Decksetter was played by Alden Ford. C-53 was played by Jeremy Bent. Dar was played by Allie Kokesh. Bargie the ship, Cheryl the ship, Birdie Bee, the kid with the runny nose, the bartender, Pyeerkin, and the air conditioner were played by Moujan Zolfaghari. Master Missions Operations Manager Nermut Bundaloy, Sunforest, and the kid whose bandaids all fell off were played by Seth Lind. Paul was played by Winston Noel. Angelina Torp was played by special guest Jackie Jennings. Jackie is a writer and performer based in New York. Jackie is the lead host of the SyFy Channel and the podcast Boarding Party. She's written for the Chris Gethard Show, Funny or Die, and Above Average. Follow her on Twitter @OhHiJackie. This episode was edited by Jeremy Bent. Sound design and mix by Shane O'Connell. Recorded at Robert Doggy Jr's Puppy Palace in Brooklyn New York. Music composed by Brendan Ryan and performed by Thames Macedonian Symphonic Orchestra. Opening crawl narration by Jeremy Crutchley. Ship design for the Bargarean Jade by Eric Geusz. Audio hosting by Simplecast. Mission to Zyxx is a proud member of the Maximum Fun network.

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TERESA: Manners, Schmanners. Get it?

ELLIOT: Have you ever watched a movie so bad you just needed to talk to somebody about it?

DAN: Well, here at the Flophouse, we watch a bad movie and then talk about it.

STUART: Yeah, you don't have to do anything. We'll watch it and we'll talk it. We do the hard work.

DAN: Featuring the beautiful vocal talents of Dan McCoy.

STUART: Stuart Wellington.

ELLIOT: And me, America's rascal, Elliot Kalin.

DAN: New episodes every other Saturday at MaximumFun.org or wherever you get your podcasts, dude.

ALL: Bye-bye. Bye-bye.

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

ALDEN: I mean, yeah, yeah, okay. Th-

SETH: "Pleck -?" What do you want it to be? He's your guy.

JEREMY: Yeah, it's your character.

MOUJAN: Cookie, cookie!

ALDEN: Yeah, I think Ugene is really funny. Ugene is great.

ALLIE: Well..

ALDEN: Yeah.

WINSTON: Cookie was also in the mix.

ALDEN: Pleck Cookie Decksetter. [laughter] That sounds more like a nickname. I think that's gonna sound like a nickname.

ALLIE: I'll go back to calling you Sugarcane.

JEREMY: That's like if you-

SETH: Pleck Cookie.

JEREMY: That's like if you were a baseball player.

SETH: Sugarcane Cookie.

JEREMY: [announcer] Pleck "Cookie" Decksetter!

[laughter]

ALLIE: What if you're, yeah, like. -

ALDEN: Yeah, I think-