

NARRATOR: [contemplative music] Space. Some is chill. Some is tooped up. All is part of a great, infinite, cosmic ballet. The venerable starship, the RSS Synergy, forges ever deeper into uncharted regions of their galaxy, growing the coalition of united planets in the name of science, benevolence, and peace. [chorus joins into the music] Now, Lead Envoy C-53 and his intrepid crew explore new worlds, forge alliances, and search for a way back home to finally fulfill their Mission to Zyxx! [crawl swells]

[intro music, the crew is lounging on Bargie as Dar enters]

PLECK: Oh, hey, Dar! How'd it go?

DAR: [groans and falls face first onto a couch]

AJ: So, good, right?

C-53: Doesn't sound great.

DAR: [upset] It. Was. NOT. Good.

BARGIE: Did you go to a tooping party?

DAR: Yes. It was advertised as a raw, hardcore tooping party.

BARGIE: I know. You told us that many times.

DAR: I was pretty excited about it, so I wanted you all to know what I was getting up to last night.

AJ: You said "hardcore" and "raw," like, you repeated it a lot.

BARGIE: You said the word "raw" very slowly, very often.

DAR: I know. I was very excited about last night. Thank you again for watching Horsehat.

PLECK: No problem.

BARGIE: Right. [laughing] We all did that.

PLECK: Yeah, they went right down.

BARGIE: So? You gonna tell us or what?

DAR: There's...

C-53: [curious] Yeah, Dar, any deets?

AJ: Yeah!

DAR: There's nothing to tell, no deets to share, no goss to spill. It's...

PLECK: How's that possible?

DAR: I really put it out there. I mean, look at what I'm wearing. [Dar gestures at their outfit]

PLECK: Yeah, bandolier and a loincloth, like always.

BARGIE: And the loincloth says "Toop me."

DAR: Exactly.

AJ: And there's arrows pointing at different chutes.

C-53: I don't know how much more--

BARGIE: And the back of it says "raaaaaaaaaaw."

DAR: [pacing] Listen, I would ask, is there something wrong with me? What is it that I'm not doing for Themm? I have tooped my way across Zyxx!

PLECK: This is a sort of heady society, Dar, I don't know if they can... Have we checked how they procreate? Is tooping even...

DAR: Oh, they do. It's just that they want to make a meaningful connection before they do it. [upset] And I just wanna toop...

C-53: Maybe it's time to, you know, see if you could make a connection with someone here in this part of space?

DAR: We're gonna leave this place! We're not here for the long haul. I just want to be up front [dramatic] and raw.

PLECK: Uh, I don't know if the raw thing is gonna happen.

[communicator chimes]

C-53: Lead Envoy C-53, there is an incoming transmission from Missions Operations, Missions Assignments, and Missions Envoy Associate Nermut Bundaloy.

PLECK: Hey, Nermut, what's up, man?

NERMUT: Hello.

PLECK: Hey. One mission in the books, huh?

NERMUT: Not bad. Not bad.

DAR: Yeah, I may have struck out last night, [laughs proudly] but we nailed that first mission.

NERMUT: Yeah, I mean, you're telling me that the peace was brokered.

PLECK: Yeah, yeah. Well, I mean, we didn't really do that part, but we did hold down a parking spot for a while.

DAR: [happy] We held on to that parking spot!

BARGIE: And I flew up.

PLECK: [laughing] Yeah, good job, Bargie.

DAR: Look, I'm not gonna toot my own horn, but... no I'm going to. [Dar toots out a horn solo]

BARGIE: That's a good horn.

NERMUT: Wow.

C-53: I mean, you can't deny.

AJ: That's the captain's horn. You're not the captain anymore.

DAR: This was mine. It doesn't have to be just for the captain.

AJ: [quietly] But I thought that was, like, your captain's horn.

DAR: [upset] I got really good at this while we were lost in space, AJ! Let me have this.

AJ: Just saying. You're not, you know, we gotta follow protocol. We gotta follow--

DAR: Fine! [Dar crunches the horn and throws it out the hatch]

C-53: You didn't have to do that.

PLECK: Wow.

C-53: That seems...

DAR: No, it's fine.

C-53: Unnecessary...

DAR: I can't just enjoy the horn, even when I'm not the captain anymore. No one can enjoy the horn.

NERMUT: I think C-53, technically, you could probably have that horn now since you're lead envoy.

C-53: Well, it's sort of a moot point as the horn has been destroyed, but also I lack the hands to manipulate the horn.

PLECK: Or a mouth.

NERMUT: All right, so now--

AJ: Yeah, or lungs.

PLECK: Diaphragm. Lips.

C-53: I can still speak. You don't need any of those things to make yourself heard.

NERMUT: Sure, there's not a speaker in a marching band, though, so it's kind of--

C-53: [broadcasting loudly] Okay, can everyone hear me?

PLECK: [pained] Ow! Man, who would you ever need a toaster to be that loud?

C-53: If there were a fire risk or any other sort of emergency, I think you'd be thankful your toaster was that loud.

PLECK: Oh, alright.

NERMUT: Wow. Oh, sorry guys, I buried the lede. Look-

[The POV of the audio swaps to Nermut]

AJ: Wow, that's another office.

NERMUT: [skittering around] I'm in OptiSoft. I'm in--

C-53: We don't.

NERMUT: The software service company that was through the window last time, behind me.

AJ: What?

NERMUT: Now I'm in the office!

PLECK: Nermut, it's functionally identical to the office you were in last time.

C-53: Nermut, I'm a *droid* and I can't tell the difference between the two locations you were in.

NERMUT: [typing] I'll tell you what isn't identical, revenue, which is up 55% month over month because of some extremely successful marketing of redundant cloud services. [happy] Wahoo!

PLECK: You know what, Nermut, I'm just glad you're happy. You seem happier, honestly, than I've seen you in a long time.

NERMUT: I mean, look, can you see where the cubicles end? [grabs camera]

PLECK: No.

AJ: No.

NERMUT: That's the right answer.

C-53: That would depress many people, Nermut, but--

[Dar grabs a handful of horns from a closet]

DAR: [angry] Guess I can't enjoy any of these horns either!

PLECK: Ow! Oh Dar!

[Dar tosses instruments at everyone]

PLECK: There's so many-- where did you even get these?

DAR: I've really come to love brass instruments!

PLECK: Oh, Dar!

C-53: Dar, as lead envoy, I must insist you stop throwing these horns about someone who can't-- well, not horns, but such a spike or talon on the edges.

DAR: [mockingly] Well, as lead envoy, these all belong to you, your highness!

PLECK: No, it's not royalty...

C-53: It's not...

NERMUT: Yeesh.

DAR: [angry] Nermut, did you just call so that I would have to empty my room of the joy of music, or do you have a purpose for.. patching in?

NERMUT: Yes, indeed, I have a mission. [typing]

AJ: All right, let's do this.

NERMUT: As we've established, the Coalition of United Planets was very pleased with our first mission, but it did reveal one issue. C-53 lacks a suitable body for the role of lead envoy.

PLECK: [excited] Wait, Nermut, our mission is to get C-53 a new droid frame?

NERMUT: Yes.

PLECK: Amazing!

NERMUT: I mean, they of course didn't know-- when I say "droid frame," they don't seem to know what those words mean, but I've patched it together and I-- Yes, we're going to get a new body for C. So this name may not mean much to you yet, but believe me, this is an incredible honor, because you will be visiting Dr. Elliot Traumaticore.

AJ: Whoaaa...

NERMUT: The only robotics scientist in this galaxy who has come close to creating a fully autonomous AI like we have in the Zyxx Quadrant.

C-53: So we're talking about some kind of amateur here.

AJ: Right.

PLECK: Yeah, I mean, this is-- as robotics are concerned, this galaxy is sort of--

NERMUT: Well, they've never seen a sentient ship, so--

PLECK: Centuries behind us.

NERMUT: Yeah.

[Audio POV returns to crew]

BARGIE: Can I make some pitches as to how they should make sentient ships?

PLECK: Some pit-- you want to pitch sentient ships to this doctor, Bargie?

BARGIE: Yeah, I mean, I have a list of how we could be better.

AJ: Go for it, Bargie.

BARGIE: And my ideal partner--

AJ: Sure.

PLECK: Wow! Oh, wait, you want to make-- you want this doctor to make you, like, a--

AJ: Bride of Bargie, or a groom of Bargie...

DAR: But, Bargie, what about Jeremiah Frankenfurter?

AJ: Yeah, what about Jeremiah?

BARGIE: We're open, we're fluid.

PLECK: Oh.

AJ: Wow.

DAR: That's beautiful. That's beautiful, and I'm very happy for the both of you.

BARGIE: Also, I haven't seen him since he was beamed off of me. Typical.

PLECK: [laughing] Yeah, no, Jeremiah--

BARGIE: I think they might be dead.

DAR: So it's very open, very fluid.

NERMUT: Yeah, Jeremiah's around here. Jeremiah's trucking around the Synergy.

BARGIE: News to me. So here's my pitch. Hold on, I'm printing it out now on my old printer. [Bargie prints a piece of paper very slowly]

NERMUT: Okay, so that could be something you start with, is maybe, like, a--

PLECK: Yeah, laser printer, maybe.

BARGIE: No, I'm perfect, I'm fine, I love me for who I am.

NERMUT: Not improvements for you?

PLECK: Oh, okay.

BARGIE: No, oh, no, I-

DAR: We would never improve upon Bargie.

BARGIE: Everything led me to this moment, and I'm okay with who I am.

PLECK: Yeah, listen, Bargie--

BARGIE: Don't you dare tell me who I am.

AJ: No, totally. Whenever I'm cool with who I am, I always make demands of others. That is definitely how I operate.

PLECK: Well, I think, AJ-

BARGIE: I think they should be longer.

PLECK: The ship should be longer?

NERMUT: The ship should be longer.

BARGIE: They should have at least three floors.

DAR: Oh, you're a size queen. I see, okay.

AJ: Yeah.

BARGIE: They should have--

[Pleck grabs the printed out piece of paper]

PLECK: Bargie... This is just a blueprint of, like, a bigger, sexy ship.

NERMUT: Yeah, I mean, not to put a fine point on it, so far you're describing Tiny Toots.

DAR: [scolding] Why? Why, Nermut?

BARGIE: This conversation's ended. This conversation is ended. I'm reprinting back, I'm reprinting back.

PLECK: No, no, Nermut! You're going to static!

[call disconnects]

C-53: We really should get those coordinates from him at the start of the call. This is not the first time this has happened.

PLECK: Well, I guess we should clean up all these broken horns and get on our way, right?

[Pleck starts sweeping]

DAR: I'm going to keep this one tiny horn, though. [honks]

PLECK: Dar, did you steal that horn from a Pheenis?

DAR: Yeah. You don't get to have this one, C.

C-53: [baffled] I don't- I can't.

DAR: You can have everything else, including the leadership position.

C-53: Dar, I can't use any horn. I don't understand how this became a point of contention between us.

[HORN HONKS]

PLECK: Well, hey, C-53, this is exciting, right, bud? Finally get out of that toaster. Maybe you'll get, like, a cool--maybe get one, like, with guns in the shoulders or tire treads instead of legs!

DAR: Are you designing your perfect partner right now?

PLECK: [laughing] I don't know, I'm just spitballing!

C-53: Pleck, would you be excited to have your legs removed and new legs put on?

PLECK: Hell yeah, Knight. Hell yeah, Rook.

C-53: Okay, and now what if you were told the person who made those legs had only just figured out how to make the legs?

PLECK: [hesitant] Eh, I'll think on it, Knight.

C-53: Okay.

PLECK: Good point, Rook.

[transition]

ROLPHUS: [over announcement system] Attention, all crew of the RSS Synergy. This is Ensign Rolphus Tiddle, lead espionage and reconnaissance officer, currently awaiting assignment. But in the interim, I've also been named head of laundry operations. And today I have a friendly reminder. When you turn in your taut, wet look, definitely sexy

for a reason, uniforms to be washed, please, please first remove your communicator badge. The spiky parts really do a number on the washers. Just take the badges off, okay? And now for you civilians aboard this beautiful Grande Class Starship, I have great news. Support for the Coalition of United Planets comes from StitchFix. Chances are you're itching to get back out to one of the Synergy's many stylish restaurants and bars, but your closet says otherwise. Get some much needed style updates with the help of StitchFix. Seriously, people, I've seen some of you and it's like your clothes are somehow from the past and the future, and that's not a compliment. StitchFix offers clothing hand-selected by expert stylists for your unique size, style, number of head ridges, and budget. Every piece is chosen for your fit and your life. It's the easy solution to finding what makes you look and feel your best. My latest fix included a killer pair of maggie jeans, a beautiful even-tied casual button-up, and a pair of big speed nomad sneakers. It's an off-duty look so fresh, nobody would ever confuse me for a reluctant divorcee who's out of his depth and totally lost, both literally and emotionally. StitchFix has free shipping, easy returns and exchanges, and a prepaid return envelope is included. There's no subscription required. Pay just a \$20 styling fee for each box, which gets credited towards pieces you keep, and there are no hidden fees ever, ever. Get started today at stitchfix.com/Zyxx, and you'll get 25% off when you keep everything in your fix. I repeat, stitchfix.com/Zyxx for 25% off when you keep everything in your fix. stitchfix.com/Zyxxx

GARBO: Good, Rolphus. Um, next time use, uh, charisma.

ROLPHUS: Um, excuse me?

GARBO: Yes.

ROLPHUS: [angrily] This charisma sold underwear for the rebellion!

[transition, the crew walks off of Bargie onto a bustling space station]

PLECK: Wow, there are a lot of other people on this space station.

C-53: Well, Pleck, you know, a prominent scientist might have any number of people working as his support staff.

PLECK: Yeah, but there are all those buildings over there, and the streets.

C-53: Sort of like a little, it's like a little town, almost.

PLECK: Yeah, very retro, too, like all these glass domes covering like a arboretum and laboratories. Very cool.

C-53: Well, okay, this fills me with a little bit more confidence. This guy clearly does know how to build a space station.

SBAGLI: Hey there, would you like some free floppy disks?

PLECK: Uh.

C-53: Oh, wow. I've never lost confidence so quickly.

DAR: Um, yeah, sure, I'll take a couple.

SBAGLI: I have my music on it.

DAR: Oh, I'm not allowed to enjoy music anymore. No, thank you.

AJ: [annoyed] Oh, come on.

C-53: Dar, please.

PLECK: Dar. Dar.

SBAGLI: Free floppy disks! Free floppy disks!

[Sbagli jams a floppy disk into C-53 and walks off]

C-53: Um, Pleck, could you take the floppy disks that the person jammed into my toaster slots?

PLECK: Yeah, no. Maybe I'll give it a listen, you know?

C-53: Do you even have a floppy player?

PLECK: No, I mean, I don't know how I would play this at all. I mean, it's all ones and zeros at some point, right? I can figure it out.

C-53: Can you?

PLECK: [laughing] I mean, not me personally, but...

C-53: That's sort of what I was getting at.

PLECK: But that guy wasn't like a scientist or anything. Why is he on the space station?

GUHY: [upset] Can you guys like, you're taking up the whole sidewalk.

PLECK: Oh, sorry.

GUHY: You're walking slow, you're really like, can I get by here?

DAR: Yeah, sure.

GUHY: Are you guys even from here?

AJ: Guys, guys!

C-53: No...

DAR: No, we're not.

AJ: [hushed] That guy doesn't have the back of a head!

PLECK: Oh, wow.

AJ: It's a bunch of wires and shit.

C-53: Fully exposed. Oh, that's a-

GUHY: [distorted] Excuse me for trying to get to work, everyone. I hope you're having a fun vacation.

AJ: What?

C-53: That was a droid? Okay..

GUHY: Excuse me for trying to get to work, everyone. I hope you're having a fun vacation.

C-53: Okay, he's just sort of doing a loop here.

PLECK: Oh, no.

GUHY: Excuse me for trying to get to work, everyone-exCUSEE MEEE-[glitching]

SBAGLI: [glitching] FReEEEEEFLOPPy-

AJ: We should kill them, right? I mean, that would be a solution. Deactivate them, sorry! Deactivate them.

PLECK: Yeah, no, I don't think we should do that either.

[Traumaticore walks up to the crew]

TRAUMATICORE: Oh, hello there. I see you've met my wonderful creations.

PLECK: Oh, YOUR creations. Yes, great. I think we're here to see you, actually!

AJ: We're here to see this ridgehead in a white coat? [gags]

PLECK: AJ.

TRAUMATICORE: Excuse me, DOCTOR in the white coat.

DAR: Oh, sure.

AJ: Oh.

TRAUMATICORE: Dr. Elliot Traumaticore.

AJ: [slowly] Wait, this guy has the same name as the guy we're supposed to see.

DAR: Oh, sweet AJ.

TRAUMATICORE: Hello!

AJ: [whispering] What could it mean...

C-53: Hello, Dr. Traumaticore. I am C-53, a sentient in need of some robotics expertise.

PLECK: AJ, hold the toaster a little closer so the doctor can hear.

AJ: Okay, I'll do my best.

TRAUMATICORE: Your toaster can talk?

AJ: Yeah.

PLECK: Yes.

AJ: Right.

PLECK: Our toaster is a droid. He's a droid inside of a toaster.

TRAUMATICORE: Ah, absolute-- may I just-- can I hold you?

C-53: Please.

TRAUMATICORE: Can I just-- Yes, absolutely. Would you all mind if I just had a word to the side with C-Five Three?

[Traumaticore picks C-53 up]

DAR: You want to have an aside, just the two of you?

C-53: Yeah, we're just going to-- we'll just do a quick aside, guys. We'll be right back.

[The two walk away]

AJ: Whoa.

PLECK: It's weird being on the other side of an aside, I've got to say.

DAR: Yeah, it should feel weird because when I was captain, I would have never done this to this crew.

[Traumaticore talks to C-53]

TRAUMATICORE: [worried] What happened? What did they do to you? Did they do this to you? Are you in trouble?

C-53: No, I'm okay. This is my crew. We're part of a group of envoys for COUP. I was in a more advanced frame that was destroyed in a particularly dangerous mission. So currently this toaster is the only thing that lets me be mobile but also project my voice. And it's, honestly, it's a little confining.

[Traumaticore walks back]

TRAUMATICORE: All right. Sorry, I just had to make sure that he was here on his own free will and perhaps you weren't torturing him.

PLECK: What? Torture?

C-53: Oh boy, is that common?

[Sharon walks up]

SHARON: Dr. Traumaticore?

TRAUMATICORE: Yes?

SHARON: I have the files you wanted me to process inside of my data.

TRAUMATICORE: Thank you so much, Sharon.

SHARON: You're welcomEEEEEEEE.[glitching]

DAR: Ah, you could have given Sharon any voice, but you wanted Sharon to sound like this.

TRAUMATICORE: Yes, every being, if you will, that's what they are to me, has their own take on, well, parts of my past.

C-53: Oh, so this Sharon is sort of a reflection of somebody you used to know.

TRAUMATICORE: Yes, well, slight alterations to the original Sharon, obviously.

AJ: [curious] What are the alterations?

SHARON: Dr. Traumaticore?

TRAUMATICORE: Yes, Sharon?

SHARON: [typing] Here are the documents. I think you're the greatest sentient eveEEeer. [glitching] I would never not date yoOooOu.

DAR: I have a theory on what the changes might be...

SHARON: NEEeeVEVEEVER- [Sharon walks off]

AJ: What are the differences?

PLECK: [laughing] Sorry, is Sharon your girlfriend, Dr. Traumaticore?

TRAUMATICORE: Well, we don't want to jinx it. It's still kind of recent. But the old Sharon, she was seeing someone, so when I asked her out, it was like, okay, we're just going to be coworkers because you're in a situation. We'll keep it professional. This Sharon, believe it or not, this Sharon is single, and she actually asked me out. So it's just the way--

PLECK: Wow.

TRAUMATICORE: I know.

AJ: So you're into Sharon? You know, why? Do you like off-putting personalities or...?

TRAUMATICORE: I'm sorry. I just wanna... You've come here because your friend is trapped in a toaster. You need my help to get him into a better body. But along the way, you want to ask me about my personal relationship with Sharon, both of us whom you just met. I just want to make sure.

C-53: Yeah, it's a little forward...

DAR: We tend to come in pretty hot...

TRAUMATICORE: It's a little inappropriate. It's a little inappropriate.

PLECK: Yeah, sorry, Dr. Traumaticore. But just to clarify, there are no other real people on this space station? Everyone's a robot except you?

TRAUMATICORE: Ah. Yes. The short answer is yes.

PLECK: [worried] Wait, what's the long answer?

TRAUMATICORE: Listen, we can talk about how I've created what I've created here and what it took, or we can help your friend in his body.

C-53: [piping up] I'm going to vote for the second. I would love to be helped out of this toaster.

TRAUMATICORE: But I'll give you both. I'll give you a short story.

AJ: [excited] Yay, a short story!

TRAUMATICORE: Oh, why don't you come in?

[The crew walks into Traumaticore's maglev, passing several Hermannoids]

C-53: Oh, absolutely. Yeah, happy to.

BECKEE: Hey, you want to go do some teenage things down by the creek?

EHTH'AN: Just change the oil on the reg and she'll run for you.

DAYN: Hey, there, it's your local podiatrist. I love your feet!

PLECK: Okay.

AJ: All these are robots?

TRAUMATICORE: These are Hermannoids.

C-53: Hermannoids...

TRAUMATICORE: You see, I've been at this station for quite some time now. And the planet I'm from in this galaxy, Gearth, I don't know if you're familiar with this galaxy.

C-53: You know, we're not.

TRAUMATICORE: Okay.

PLECK: Is it big?

TRAUMATICORE: It was big. It no longer exists. Really bad Hermanns destroyed Gearth a long time ago.

DAR: I bet it was pretty girthy.

TRAUMATICORE: [offended] That's a little insensitive. My home planet's destroyed.

DAR: [apologetic] I know, I'm sorry. I'm just-- I'm not myself today.

TRAUMATICORE: Clearly you all are from here. [types into panel, maglev takes off]

C-53: No, we're not.

SHET: Morning, Dr. T. Another beautiful day on Gearth.

TRAUMATICORE: Hello.

SHET: This planet that still exists.

AJ: Oh, okay, so you're traumatized from your planet blowing up, and so you've like recreated all these robots to be all the people that you love that you lost.

C-53: AJ, you reall-

AJ: Is that it?

PLECK: You sort of doubled down on what you just said we shouldn't be doing.

DAR: Firing off on all cylinders today.

AJ: I'm feeling great, I'm feeling great. But he never said that, but I intuited because he has like a tear kind of in his eye right now.

[Maglev stops and crew exits]

TRAUMATICORE: That was honestly spot on. And it brings a lot of-

PLECK: You're okay with AJ saying that?

TRAUMATICORE: I'm not okay with him saying it. It just happens to be spot on. It doesn't change the fact that it's rude and it hurts my feelings.

DAD: Elliot, son, I'm going to work and I will return.

C-53: Oh boy.

TRAUMATICORE: Have a good day, father.

DAD: [chipper] I will. It won't be my last! [hugs Traumaticore]

PLECK: Oh, no.

AJ: Whoa. So his actual dad is like totally dead! And that robot recreates his last day over and over because that totally reminded him that he's dead.

PLECK: AJ! Shhh!

DAR: Okay, that was a step too far.

AJ: [impressed] Wow.

TRAUMATICORE: [upset] It's just, I don't know anything about any of you other than the fact that you need me to help your friend!

C-53: Doctor, as lead envoy. I have to apologize for my crew. It's not really their place to question your decisions.

DAR: Wow, not OUR place! No more questions from the peanut gallery. [honks horn]

C-53: Dar...

PLECK: Okay, Dar, AJ, let's just leave them to it, okay? Doctor Traumaticore, could we actually maybe just stroll through your beautiful space station?

TRAUMATICORE: Oh, please.

PLECK: Great, wonderful. We'll try not to toop anything up.

[Traumaticore opens the door to the outside]

AJ: Yeah, are they all going to be talking about how they're not going to die? Is that going to be kind of something?

PLECK: AJ! We will talk about this later.

AJ: Okay, cool.

TRAUMATICORE: [frantic] Oh, just don't sign up for any e-mails! Don't give anyone your e-mail while you're here. They'll figure it out.

[crew sans C-53 exits]

[transition]

TRAIN: Stand clear of the closing doors, please, please, please-[glitches]

PLECK: Hey, Dar, I feel like things got just a little bit heated back there with Doctor Traumaticore.

DAR: Ugh, I know.

PLECK: And really with C-53 as well.

DAR: It's not that I'm upset about the demotion—

AJ: Seems like it.

DAR: It's just that, ugh, I can't help but kind of revert to the Dar I was before I had a leadership position, you know?

PLECK: Yeah, you kind of rose to the occasion as captain.

DAR: Yeah, now that I'm not the captain, I kind of get to be the same surly but horny alien that I was before.

AJ: Sure, but Captain Dar, isn't that exactly what you might say if you were, you know, like, making excuses for rude behavior and didn't want anyone to know how upset you were?

PLECK: Wow, AJ, you are really diagnosing everybody today.

AJ: I mean, they did destroy like 30 brass instruments. That's not really surly or horny, so....

PLECK: Yeah, I mean, if anything, it's anti-horny, right? Because the horns...

DAR: [exasperated] Okay.

SEYCH: Excuse me. Sorry. I am Dr. Traumaticore's Psychiatrist. [glitching] And I've noticed there's some eEEemotional problems happening in this circle of sentients.

AJ: See, Captain Dar, even this tooped-up robot sees what's going on.

PLECK: Yeah, that's true.

SEYCH: [glitching] Yes, would you like me to prescribe you something? Like me to prescribe youUUUUUUU[glitching]

PLECK: I don't know.

DAR: If we say yes, will that stop that twitch in your neck?

SEYCH: [hoarse] NoOo.

DAR: Oh, no.

PLECK: Then we're probably good, I think.

DAR: We're fine. We're fine. Hustle. Hustle. Hustle down this corridor.

[Crew runs]

SEYCH: Whatever you're feeling is normal!

PLECK: Some of these robots are really creepy. Is this what Gearth was like?

MICHAEL: Excuse you, excuse you. My name is Michael. [glitches] Would you like to donate to my school's Zogball teamMM?

PLECK: I don't have--we're post-money. We're post-money.

MICHAEL: Zogball helps so many of the youth in troubled neighborhoods.

DAR: How do you know Dr. Traumaticore, Michael?

MICHAEL: Would you like to... DO DO DONDON-

AJ: You want me to sign? I'm just going to sign. I'm going to sign. I probably won't do anything about it, but I'm just going to sign. [AJ scribbles out a signature]

MICHAEL: THank OOOUUUU

PLECK: Is there a single normal robot on this space station?

AUNT: It's me, your aunt. Please come into my bosom!

PLECK: Oh no. What!

AJ: What?

PLECK: Her arms are so big.

AUNT: It's me. Please come into my bosomMMMM [glitches]

[Pleck yelps as the Aunt pulls him in]

AJ: Incredibly strong.

DAR: Wow, this aunt has a-

AUNT: I AM AM AMA AM AMMMMMMI am-

PLECK: [struggles out and runs away] We've got to get out of here! We've got to get out of here.

[An engineer shuts down the Aunt]

ENGINEER: I'm sorry, I'm sorry. The aunt's arms were built twice as large as they should be, and we're trying to retire this model.

PLECK: Who are you?

ENGINEER: I'm so sorry.

DAR: You're not an android?

ENGINEER: [glitching] The aunt's arms were built twice as large as they are supposed to be, so we're retiring that model.

PLECK: Oh no! It's a robotic version of an apologetic engineer. We've got to go!

AJ: Go, go, go!

AUNT: Come into my bosom.

PLECK: No, no!

[transition]

C-53: Well, so, Dr. Traumaticore, if you just sort of pop the latch on the back of the toaster, you'll be able to see my cube there. That's where my sentience is actually stored.

[Cube slot opens]

TRAUMATICORE: My word, this is-- I've never seen anything this technologically advanced. Only now am I realizing I've been... half-assing it.

C-53: Oh, that's-- Hey, you know, Doctor, you haven't had any contemporaries working on artificial intelligence. You had no one to bounce ideas off of, you know, it's very difficult.

TRAUMATICORE: With this technology, I could possibly go full-ass.

C-53: Yeah, I hope you do! I'm looking to have a full-ass frame.

TRAUMATICORE: [beeping] I think I have it.

C-53: Okay, wow, really?

TRAUMATICORE: How do you feel about Plaid?

C-53: Ooh, um, you know what? I'm willing to give it a shot! Doctor, my sentience is in your capable hands.

TRAUMATICORE: Just checking, you can't feel pain, right? [runs drill]

C-53: Uh, it actually depends on the construction of the frame, so...

TRAUMATICORE: Okay. Don't worry.

C-53: I wish you hadn't asked that question... right now, but...

[transition]

AJ: Okay, okay, I think we lost that aunt with the giant arms.

PLECK: Yeah.

AJ: I think we're good.

PLECK: But this town, this town of robots, it just keeps going! This space station must have thousands of robots on it, it's insane!

AJ: It's really crazy.

DAR: Guy must get real bored and lonely out here.

PLECK: They're all in their own endless loops of their routines. At first it looks like a real city, but you look closer and they're all just doing the same thing over and over again.

TEACHER: [glitching] Your book report was so great! "A" star! [prints out star sticker]

DAR: I mean, I'll take that star sticker. [Dar grabs the sticker]

TEACHER: Your book report was so great! "A" star! [prints out star sticker]

PLECK: Oh, this loop is very short.

DAR: Wait, I'll take another sticker. [Dar grabs the sticker]

TEACHER: Your book reEEEeport was so great! "A" star! [prints out star sticker]

PLECK: Oh, wow.

DAR: Oh, don't mind if I do. [Dar grabs the sticker]

PLECK: Okay, three stars for Dar. Alright, let's go.

TEACHER: Your book report was sOOOooOOo great! "A" star! [prints out star sticker]

DAR: Pleck, just a sec. I'll take another. Thank you. [Dar grabs the sticker]

AJ: Yeah, taking meaningless accolades from a robot is definitely something you do if you had no self-esteem issues. Yep, yep. Good stuff.

PLECK: Okay, that's...

AJ: The creepy thing is that the star comes out of her mouth.

PLECK: Yeah, it's always on the tip of her tongue.

[The crew walks away and Wahl interrupts them]

WAHLT: [apologetic] Oh, hey, hey everyone. I'm sorry to bug you. Have you seen like a gray leather wallet?

AJ: No, man. Sorry.

PLECK: No, man.

WAHLT: Bummer. [sticks hands in pockets]

AJ: Yeah, sorry.

WAHLT: Bummer.

DAR: Do you need to borrow something?

WAHLT: I mean...

DAR: You haven't walked off. You're just sitting there running your hands over your...

WAHLT: I'm just certain it was here, so one of you must have taken it.

PLECK: We just got here.

DAR: Ah. You stuck around to accuse us of stealing it. Okay.

FLAYN: Guys, have you seen his wallet?

DAR: Oh, we're being flanked.

PLECK: No, it's not...

WAHLT: I guess I'll look somewhere else.

PLECK: Okay, good luck. I'll let you know if it turns up.

FLAYN: It should be around here. [starts looking in trashcan]

PLECK: Now, is that a robot who was programmed to not know where his wallet was? Or is that a robot that was programmed to do something else and he's lost his wallet?

WAHLTT: Hey, everyone. Sorry, did you see a guy looking for a gray wallet?

PLECK: Yeah, yeah, we did.

DAR: Yeah, he went that way, but...

PLECK: Yeah, looks just like you.

WAHLTT: He took my wallet and then he lost it.

PLECK: I see what's happening.

AJ: [confused] Wait, so the robots are doing this or just the loop?

PLECK: [laughing] There's sort of a dual thing where they are. Part of their loop is stealing each other's wallet. There's one wallet between the two of them.

DAR: Wait, but then... So then whose wallet are you looking for?

FLAYN: Oh, I'm looking for their wallet, too.

AJ: What? Whose wallet?

DAR: Is this programmed?

PLECK: How... What part of... What part of Gearth does this reflect is my question?

AJ: [shouting] My nose is bleeding!

PLECK: It shouldn't be.

AJ: It is, though. How are they programmed to do this loop? What's going on?

FLAYN: I'm gonna go look for that wallet.

WAHLTTT: Hey, everyone. Did you see a couple of guys come through here?

AJ: There's a third one?!

PLECK: No!

WAHLTTT: One of them said they lost a wallet. The other one claimed it was their wallet.

PLECK: What's the truth?

WAHLTTT: Oh, I was hoping you knew. It's just crazy, right? That's crazy.

AJ: So this is a loop? Like, this whole thing is a loop?

PLECK: I don't know.

WAHLTTT: [pats pockets] Wait a second. This is crazy, but I don't have my wallet.

PLECK: I knew it! I knew it! Guys, we gotta get out of here. This is...

WAHLTTT: I don't... Like, no questions asked, but if one of you took it, can I have it back?

PLECK: I don't have your wallet, man. I think one of those other two guys probably has it.

WAHLTTT: Okay.

AJ: But you also have a friend who's programmed to help you, I guess?

FLAYNE: Hey, has anyone seen his wallet?

AJ: There's another woman? Like, why is there another woman?

FLAYNE: He lost this wallet. We're trying to look for the wallet.

AJ: Oh, I hate this.

DAR: Okay, we're leaving. Good luck.

WAHLTTT: I don't, like, kNOOOOOOOO[glitches]

DAR: That's why I always use a fanny pack.

[transition]

C-53: So, Doctor, I know you might not be familiar with the cube interface that my sentience is stored in, but I can actually probably run you through where the most likely connections from my central processing unit to whatever, you know, servo control...

TRAUMATICORE: Oh, um, I'm actually done.

C-53: Oh, wow.

TRAUMATICORE: Yeah, you were... Yeah, I knocked you out. Like, when you told me you might feel pain, I just... I took care of it. I shut you down for a moment. I took care of everything. You're done here.

[An enormous tube of green liquid opens]

C-53: [speaking with no vocal distortion] My Rodd. This frame is indistinguishable from an organic body. I can't... I've never seen anything like this!

TRAUMATICORE: I know it's a lot to take in right now. You were speaking to me, you were going back and forth, and then you're here now. I...

C-53: And then I... It was like a blip, and now... Doctor, am I... Is this body based on somebody you knew?

TRAUMATICORE: Yeah, I had a roommate in college. His name was Jeremy. Real dick. But I think... But I think it'll fit you much better than it fit the original Jeremy.

C-53: Okay.

TRAUMATICORE: Here's the thing. It's... I... Nothing about anyone you came here with, but it seems like it fits the crew you're with. It's very unassuming. You have arms and legs. Again, you went from a toaster.... It seems like you were almost useless, perhaps physically, before your old state.

C-53: Doctor, there's no... I have no sensors. I have no infrared. I'm not connecting to the sort of greater data sphere at all! I mean, it seems like this is just a regular organic body?

TRAUMATICORE: It seems like.

C-53: Yeah, I...

TRAUMATICORE: It seems like.

C-53: Yeah.

TRAUMATICORE: You have many surprises I filled you with.

C-53: [upset] This is my body! I don't want surprises. Let's have some specifics here, Doctor.

TRAUMATICORE: I kept some of your toaster elements. Just in case.

C-53: Doctor, that was... I don't know if I made that clear, but it was very not necessary to do that. Is this my voice? Is this what I sound like?

TRAUMATICORE: This is how Jeremy sounded.

C-53: Okay. Where are the toaster parts?

TRAUMATICORE: If I just told you how everything worked and where it was located, wouldn't that take out some of the fun of it? Don't you want some self-discovery?

C-53: I... You have to understand, for me, this is a very disorien... Wow, these are my hands, huh? [brushes hands across shirt]

TRAUMATICORE: Yeah, you've got fingers now.

C-53: Yeah. I mean, I've had fingers before, but these are really... I even have nails.

TRAUMATICORE: Let's play just a small getting-to-know-ourselves game. [gets out notebook and begins scribbling] What was something that you... What was your thing in your old body?

C-53: I mean, I guess if I had a thing, it was sort of... You know, I'm the knowledgeable one. I sort of have most information sort of quick at hand.

TRAUMATICORE: Okay. I'm just going to shoot this one at you, and you just say what comes to your mind first.

C-53: Sure.

TRAUMATICORE: Alright. Five times five.

C-53: Uh..... [pause] Twenty... five.

TRAUMATICORE: Great.

C-53: That sort of took longer than it normally does.

TRAUMATICORE: Okay. If I were leaving from a train station, point A at 3:45 PM.

C-53: Okay. Sure.

TRAUMATICORE: Let's just say point A was 400 kilometers from point B.

C-53: Okay. I'm getting you mostly here.

TRAUMATICORE: Yeah. And you're riding your space tricycle.

C-53: Okay.

TRAUMATICORE: Okay? Which doesn't go very fast.

C-53: Sure.

TRAUMATICORE: Three miles per hour.

C-53: [distressed] Oh, okay. So different units. Okay.

TRAUMATICORE: How long would it take you to get from point A to point B on a space tricycle?

C-53: Jeez.

TRAUMATICORE: You told me you were a very knowledgeable being. I don't think it would be much for you to handle both units.

C-53: You're right, you're right... Do you have like a pencil and paper or something?

TRAUMATICORE: Did you do the paper and pencil before?

C-53: No, but I can't seem to work it out.

TRAUMATICORE: Surprise! Surprise, it takes time!

C-53: [angry] Surprise WHAT? Surprise you made me less useful?

TRAUMATICORE: You had everything just come to you with the blink of an eye. You could solve any question, any problem. And maybe that helped the missions you were on or whatever activities you and your friends did.

C-53: It frequently- Yes, it did. It was extremely useful!

TRAUMATICORE: But did it make you happy?

[beat]

C-53: YES!

TRAUMATICORE: [instantly regretting] Well, I missed it. I'm sorry. I dropped the ball on this. I apologize. I thought you were--

C-53: [angry] Aw geez, Doc! Doc, come on!

TRAUMATICORE: I assumed. I made so many assumptions at the beginning of this process.

C-53: Wow.

TRAUMATICORE: I figured you were almost like a miserable brain slave for them.

C-53: No!

TRAUMATICORE: They just use you when they need you to give them information. And they just force you into this toaster. But you were too afraid to say anything about

it. I thought I was freeing you! I thought the knowledge was crippling you, and I just thought not being as perfect would make you a happier sentient.

C-53: You know, honestly, I think you might be doing me a favor if you put me back inside the toaster.

TRAUMATICORE: That's not possible.

C-53: What do you mean that's not possible?

TRAUMATICORE: That's just not-- I took it completely apart.

C-53: Oh, come on!

TRAUMATICORE: They were your shackles! I destroyed them!

C-53: Wait a second. What did you do with my cube? Did you upload me into this weird new body?

TRAUMATICORE: It's right here. It's right here in your chest. You follow the nipple line and right in the middle--

[tapping]

C-53: Stop tapping. Stop touching my chest.

TRAUMATICORE: Just want you to know where your body is and how it works!

C-53: Okay. I get it. I get it.

TRAUMATICORE: I like to think of it as a little cubed heart.

C-53: Well, it's a terrible analogy because it's my brain more than anything, so...

TRAUMATICORE: Hmm.

C-53: [wipes brow] What is this? Is there water coming out of my head?

TRAUMATICORE: Yeah, you're sweating. You're sweating.

C-53: Why would you make a frame that sweats?!

TRAUMATICORE: I just thought you wanted to feel the experience of life.

C-53: Not this part of life. This sucks. It's clammy and weird! I hate this!

TRAUMATICORE: Listen, a Hermann's life is filled with plight.

C-53: [yelling] I am not a Hermann! Also, did Jeremy yell a lot? I feel like I'm yelling way more than I used to!

TRAUMATICORE: Listen, I said Jeremy was a dick, but he had his moments. And I made you a better version of Jeremy. Jeremy's not bad.

C-53: [angry] Jeremy sucks!

[transition]

SEESU: [cycling] That's right, people. Ride it like you stole it. Feel your heart pumping as you own that hill. I, Seesu Gundu, am proud to be not only the author of my new book, Making It Work in a New Galaxy, available for free at the ship's bookstore, because apparently books are free here, but also the newest and tightest spin instructor here at the Synergy's Gymnasium. You are taking care of your bodies, and that's what matters. And don't forget to take care of your inner self as well. And what better way to do it than with BetterHelp, an official sponsor of the Coalition of United Planets. Don't let up, people. Hey, I mean you, Gerskin! Now, BetterHelp is a customized online therapy that offers video, phone, and even live chat sessions. You know, they'll match you with the therapist in under 48 hours. I said 48. And I've heard that's how long this class feels. I know that was a joke. Okay, let's increase that resistance. Kerskin, I'm looking at you. And remember, you don't need a traumatic event, like an interdimensional rift, a messy on and off again divorce, or a galactic ruler ship snatched out from under you to benefit from therapy. Maybe you're feeling anxious or depressed or you're stressed because you feel like it's too much to manage. Well, get some tools to cope and make life just a little bit easier. But let's make this ride harder. Ride to the beat under your feet. Plus, BetterHelp is way more affordable than in-person therapy but can be just as effective. And unlike the ship's holographic therapist, all named Tilda, BetterHelp's therapists are actual real people. I miss real people. See if it's for you. Riders in this class get 10% off their first month at betterhelp.com/Zyxx. That's betterhelp.com/Zyxx. The finish line is yours. Hey, keep it up. 3, 2, 1, whoo! Yeah! Oh, wow. You all brought it. Each and every one of you. Even Jherskin! I can't. I'm sorry I can't say your name. Okay, betterhelp.com/Zyxx. Keep it going!

[transition]

DAR: Uh, Pleck, I just want to say it was a good intention removing me from the room with C and the doctor. I was getting heated in there, but um... I do not enjoy exploring this place.

PLECK: This has been much weirder. I wish we had stayed with C-53 because that at least seemed normal. It was at least a person acting in a normal way.

AJ: All right, I'm going to get to the bottom of this. I can find this wallet. I'm sure it's here somewhere.

[AJ starts rooting through trash]

PLECK: AJ, stop digging.

AJ: Gotta be!

PLECK: No, stop. It doesn't matter.

AJ: Gotta be.

[Traumaticore runs outside]

TRAUMATICORE: Excuse me!

DAR: Oh, great. Here's the doctor.

TRAUMATICORE: [sounding noticeably frailer than when we last saw him] Are you rummaging in my trash? What's happening over here? Who are you? Who are you people? Why are you at my station?

PLECK: Was he this old when we talked to him earlier?

AJ: It's like the one that we met, but older somehow.

PLECK: Sorry, Dr. Traumaticore, were you wearing that white suit and walking with that cane when we talked to you earlier?

AJ: And was your hair lighter or were you wrinkled? Is this a timey-wimey thing!? It better not be a timey-wimey thing!

PLECK: Maybe it is. I can't even... Where's C-53?

TRAUMATICORE: Who?

PLECK: C-53, the robot that we left you with! The toaster!

DAR: The toaster you've been helping.

TRAUMATICORE: The toaster I've been helping. Hold on a second. [taps Pleck]

PLECK: You don't know who we are?

TRAUMATICORE: No, I've made everyone here, so I don't... None of you seem like anything I've created.

PLECK: You've made everyone here, but we met you earlier... So one of... Either you or the other Dr. Traumaticore is a robot!

TRAUMATICORE: Oh, the other Dr. Traumat- Yes, you ran into my... My double. I...

DAR: [angry] How can you say that so casually? You ran into my double?!

TRAUMATICORE: Yes. You see, I made a double of myself in the prime of my life.

PLECK: What?

AJ: [whispering] Oh, I hate this robot stuff.

PLECK: We gave our robot to your robot?

DAR: Wait, wait, wait. Now, now. Let's not jump to conclusions. This could be the robot. We were responsible and gave C to the non-robot! AJ, check him for parts.

AJ: Okay.

[AJ grabs Traumaticore and starts feeling around]

TRAUMATICORE: [gasping]

AJ: Yeah, that's real.

PLECK: Okay, that's... I don't think a robot-

AJ: Those are guys.

DAR: Yep, tickle him under the armpits. That's the way to do it. Oh, stop that.

AJ: I feel... heart, kidney, liver...

TRAUMATICORE: Please. I am a doctor!

AJ: Okay, yeah, that's... That's real.

TRAUMATICORE: You don't tickle doctors! I don't know what galaxy you're from. Where I'm from, you do not tickle doctors! Get a hold of yourselves.

AJ: Sorry.

DAR: We don't tickle doctors where we're from, either. This is all new to us.

AJ: No one's tickling doctors. Don't worry about that.

PLECK: Well, listen, doctor, it's great to meet you, finally. But we need to find our protocol droid. I think we may have accidentally given him to your double.

TRAUMATICORE: Oh. Did you bring your droid here for me to work on it?

PLECK: That was the plan.

DAR: That was the intention.

TRAUMATICORE: The thing is, I'm from a planet called Gearth, and I'm the only survivor of it.

DAR: Uh-huh.

TRAUMATICORE: I've been here so long alone that at one point I started to miss the nuances of Gearth. So I started to make all these flawed robots to remind me of the not-so-great part of Gearth as well.

DAR: No kidding.

PLECK: But one of the robots you made is... you.

TRAUMATICORE: Yeah, I... Let's just say at one point I wanted to break down who I was on the inside. I don't know how to explain it, but I wanted to make a better version of myself, but I fell short in some ways.

PLECK: And that's who has C-53.

DAR: The bad version of you.

TRAUMATICORE: Oh, well, I don't... Why did you leave him with...

PLECK: We thought was you. He said he was you!

AJ: Yeah, he's gonna put our friend in a new body, or he's making him a new robot body.

TRAUMATICORE: Oh, is that what he told you he was going to do? I mean, he wants to... He's literally me, so he wants to build and invent, but he hasn't quite been able to actually assemble anything. I don't quite have the technology for him to understand...

DAR: Doctor, you'll have to excuse us. We're feeling an overwhelming need to run back to C-53 right now.

PLECK: Yeah, we should not be talking to you if we don't know where C-53 is.

DAR: Do you wanna... do you wanna just...

AJ: I can carry you. Come on. You can come with me.

[AJ lifts Traumaticore and starts running]

TRAUMATICORE: Whoa.

AJ: I'm not a robot. I'm just a super soldier.

TRAUMATICORE: You're very strong.

AJ: What's with the wallet guys?

TRAUMATICORE: Oh, the wallet guys. You haven't seen a grey wallet, have you? No!

PLECK: Wait, the wallet is actually missing? The wallet is actually missing.

TRAUMATICORE: That's a little scientist humor! I was just messing with you. I know it's- Yeah, he never finds it.

PLECK: Is there a wallet though? Is it somewhere?

TRAUMATICORE: There is a wallet somewhere.

PLECK: Really?

DAR: Do you have the wallet?

TRAUMATICORE: No, but I'll give you a hint. It's in the first place that robot looked.

PLECK: [worried] Oh no. But he's not programmed to look there again!

AJ: [shouting] I hate this stuff. My nose is bleeding!

[transition]

TRAUMATIBOT: Okay, I think you're all done here, C-53.

C-53: No, no, no, no, no. Doctor, listen. I don't know what you did here, but I'm going to need a different... I... I... This is... It's got so many problems.

[The crew plus Traumaticore runs in]

TRAUMATICORE: You there, Elliot. What are you doing?

TRAUMATIBOT: Oh, Master. I didn't know that you were...

PLECK: Whoa!

TRAUMATIBOT: I did it. I finally did it. I've created my first Hermannoid!

C-53: [freaking out] Wait a minute. What is going on? I'm the first Hermannoid you've ever created?!

PLECK: Who is this person?

AJ: Shouting a lot...

C-53: Who is this...!? Nobody even recognizes me!

PLECK: [shouting] Who is this guy who's yelling a lot? Where is C-53?

C-53: Here. Here is C-53.

DAR: This is C-53!

PLECK: You're... C-53, that's you?

C-53: Yes. I did not pick the plaid pants, okay?

DAR: Did you pick the toaster slots in your butt?

C-53: How do you... Are those visible? Where are those?

DAR: That's the first thing I noticed.

AJ: Oh, it's a full-ass Hermannoid.

C-53: Geez louise.

PLECK: [excited] C-53, you look amazing! You look exactly like a Tellurian, you know, except with a couple of ridges in your head!

AJ: Ugh. Barf, am I right?

C-53: Ugh. This is a nightmare.

PLECK: Man, how did you do it? Dr. Traumaticore.

C-53: Wait a minute. Wait a minute. Why are you talking to him? This is Dr. Traumaticore.

TRAUMATICORE: Well, we're actually both Dr. Traumaticore.

AJ: Wait... no, who...

TRAUMATIBOT: But I'm the Hermann Traumaticore.

TRAUMATICORE: He's the Hermannoid Traumaticore.

C-53: [angry] Oh, come on.

PLECK: No, no, no, no, C-53, this is incredible. C, Dr. Traumaticore created Dr. Traumaticore, and then he created you!

C-53: He did not create me! Okay!

PLECK: Created your body.

C-53: The difference is significant.

PLECK: Okay. But look, this is exactly what you wanted. This is a perfect--

C-53: [shouting] This is not what I wanted!

PLECK: [laughing] Okay. This is a perfect droid frame for you. You can go anywhere! You can do anything that we can do.

C-53: Oh, yeah. What are you, an expert on droid frames all of a sudden?!

PLECK: I mean, it looks pretty good.

C-53: This frame is terrible.

PLECK: What's terrible about it?

C-53: No infrared. No ultraviolet. I'm bad at math all of a sudden.

PLECK: [excited] Yeah!

C-53: I sweat. Why? Why?

AJ: He also gets red in the face when he yells... y'know, it's not...

C-53: [yelling] Now I'm getting red when I yell?! This is terrible!

DAR: This is awesome.

TRAUMATICORE: [reverent] I'll be honest. I can fix anything you feel is wrong with you, but I have to say, I don't want to step on Dr. Traumaticore's toes. Listen, I'm quite taken aback. You'll have to forgive me. I'm having a moment. You see, I made these Hermannoids to reflect what I thought was Hermann life. I played the great creator, if you will.

AJ: Even Sharon?

TRAUMATICORE: But now, in watching Dr. Traumaticore create its own sentient being, it seems that the Hermannoid has become the Hermann.

C-53: [exasperated] No. No, it hasn't.

PLECK: C-53, just let him... He's an old man. Just let him finish what he's saying.

C-53: Fine, fine. Let him do whatever he wants! Everyone just do whatever you want! I'm going back to the ship.

[C-53 walks off]

TRAUMATIBOT: Master, it sounds like what you're saying is I'm a Hermann too. In fact, perhaps you're not my master, you're my peer! Wait a minute. If I'm my own true version of Dr. Traumaticore...

PLECK: [whispering aside] Guys, I feel like this might take a while. I feel like this might go on for a little while. We should probably...

C-53: Yeah, listen, I'm done with this, so whenever you're ready to go.

PLECK: C-53's already-

DAR: Lead the way, C.

WAHLT: Has anyone seen a gray wallet?

C-53: [screaming] Get out of here!

FLAYN: Has anyone seen his wallet?

AJ: What, why's!?

TRAUMATIBOT: Oh, by the way, since you are the first Hermannoid that I've made, I just want to be able to keep in touch, you know, from here and there...

AJ: Do not. No, don't give him your email.

TRAUMATIBOT: I just need your email just to stay in touch.

C-53: No, no!

AJ: No, do not...

DAR: That was your advice!

TRAUMATIBOT: Oh, what's the worst that could happen? It's an email. I'm not going to blast you constantly. It's not going to be overwhelming. Just check in here and there.

C-53: Sure, that's what you say. And then all of a sudden, I'm getting deals offered to me.

PLECK: Yeah, Hermann Doctor, is that a good idea?

TRAUMATICORE: Uh, I just... I don't want to shoot him down. He's done so great today. I don't... [whispering] Don't give him your email. Do not give him your email.

C-53: Okay, all right.

TRAUMATICORE: He'll never stop blasting.

PLECK: Listen, Doctor, Doctor, this has been enlightening, and, you know, even though I think C-53 is still kind of processing what's happening, I think you've done him a real favor today.

C-53: Let's goOoo already!

[toast ejects]

PLECK: Oh.

AJ: Wow, right out of the butt.

TRAUMATICORE: Now that's hot. That's crispy. You put the butter on that, it'll melt instantly.

C-53: [angry] I'm not going to eat... Are you saying I have to eat now?

TRAUMATIBOT: Yes, you have to eat to live now. I'm sorry. I should have made that clear.

C-53: Come on!

TRAUMATIBOT: Yeah.

C-53: [shouting] Come on!

C-RED-IT5: This is C-RED-IT5, credits and attributions droid commencing outro protocol. Pleck Decksetter was played by Alden Ford. Lead Envoy C-53 was played by

Jeremy Bent. Dar was played by Allie Kokesh. Bargie the Ship, Seesu Gundu, Sharon, The Aunt with Huge Arms, and The Lady Helping the Wallet Guys Look for Their Wallet were played by Moujan Zolfaghari. Nermut Bundaloy and the Wallet Guys were played by Seth Lind. AJ and Rolphus Tiddle were played by Winston Noell. Dr. Traumaticore and Dr. Traumaticore were played by special guest Ray Cordova. Ray is an actor, writer, comedian, born and raised in Queens, New York. He can be seen on the Netflix original series Astronomy Club, The Sketch Show, which he co-created, co-starred, co-wrote, and co-produced with his comedy troupe, Astronomy Club. This episode was edited by Alden Ford, with sound design and mix by Shane O'Connell. Theme music composed by Brendan Ryan and performed by FAMES Macedonian Symphonic Orchestra. Orchestra mixing by Danny Keith Taylor. Additional music by Shane O'Connell. Dar's horn's solo was performed by Riley Mulherkar. 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.

AD: From the internationally acclaimed creators of Who Shot Ya? comes the movie podcast Maximum Film. Starring producer and film festival programmer Drea Clark as a woman bound by passion.

DREA: I saw this eight months ago on the festival circuit and I loved it.

AD: Film critic Alonzo Duralde as a man corrupted by greed.

ALONZO: Why watch one Hallmark Christmas movie when I can watch seven?

AD: And comedian Ify Nwadiwe as a man protecting a love that society simply won't accept.

IFY: I think Pacific Rim is a perfect movie. And if you can't accept that, then I want you out of my life!

AD: From the makers of the movie podcast Who Shot Ya? comes Maximum Film.

IFY: That's right, we changed the name of our show to Maximum Film.

ALONZO: But don't worry, we're still a movie review show that isn't just a bunch of straight white dudes.

DREA: So tune in to Maximum Film at MaximumFun.org or wherever you get your podcasts.

ADAM: Are you ready to binge watch something... old?

BEN: The Greatest Generation is a podcast about Star Trek by a couple of hosts a little bit embarrassed to even have a Star Trek podcast. Hosted by me, Ben Harrison.

ADAM: And me, Adam Pranica. We get into the critical, the technical, the science fictional aspects of the show we love while roasting it and each other at the same time.

BEN: We've completed an entire series of episodes. We've completed an entire series about Star Trek The Next Generation. And another one about Star Trek Deep Space Nine. And we've just begun Star Trek Voyager. So now is a great time to start watching a new Star Trek series with us.

ADAM: So subscribe to The Greatest Generation on MaximumFun.org or wherever you get your podcasts. And become a friend of DeSoto today.

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MOUJAN: Your book report was so good.

ALLIE: Oh wait, that's creepy? All of my teachers... no, I can't say that.

JEREMY: What were you gonna...

ALLIE: Always used to reward me with their mouths.

CREW: Ohhhh no.

MOUJAN: [singing] Oh, Allie said that. Allie said that! That's what Allie said.

JEREMY: [singing] Allie Kokesh said that.

ALDEN: [singing] Never let her forget that she said that.

SETH: [singing] Cutting it out of the ep!

JEREMY: [singing] Too hot even for the outtake.

ALDEN: [singing] Never see the light of day. So...

ALLIE: That's important.

MOUJAN: Off season episode.