

NARRATOR: It is a time of fear and unrest. Emperor Nermut Bundaloy rules the galaxy with an iron fist... and also, a planet crusher crusher. 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!

[Main theme]

RECORDED VOICE: So, today's tutorial, we're going to be talking about how to get your wood saber to glow. So, first step you take out-

[KNOCKING]

PLECK: Hello?

[*door opens*]

C-53: Papa Decksetter-

PLECK: Yeah?

C-53: I've been keeping an ongoing list of our assets thus far-

PLECK: Oh, yeah.

C-53: -and just wondering if I could go over it with you briefly.

PLECK: Yeah, absolutely.

C-53: We have disabled the planet crusher crusher by robbing it of its only source of fuel, dubtornium,

PLECK: Mmm-hmm, mmm-hmm, mmm-hmmm

C-53: Of course, there's the fleet of a thousand and two K-fighters currently on Nal-Kaa -

PLECK: Uh-huh, uh-huh, right

C-53: -contained within Kevin.

PLECK: Mm-hmm.

C-53: There's a potentially limitless army of uh, recruits on the planet Kirkland-

PLECK: Mm

C-53: - courtesy of Jan

PLECK: Jan's army, yeah

C-53: There's the smuggling routes, from B-Rock

PLECK: Yeah

C-53: There's, of course, the Midnight Shadow.

PLECK: Yeah!

C-53: And of course-

PLECK: Ultimate power.

C-53: your dinglehopper

PLECK: Oh, yeah!

C-53: and of course Marf

PLECK: Yeah!

C-53: -a powerful Zima of her own right. There's, for whatever it's worth, Zima Prime.

PLECK: Yes, full of... something.

C-53: Yeah.

PLECK: Yeah.

C-53: And, failing all else, we do have Rodd's phone number.

PLECK: That's true.

C-53: So, Papa Decksetter,

PLECK: Yeah.

C-53: what's-

PLECK & C-53: -the plan?

C-53: [*overtalking PLECK*] No. No no no. No I was-I asked you. I asked *you* what's the plan.

PLECK: [*overtalking C-53*] No. I, no I was asking you what's the plan.

C-53: I asked *you* what's the plan.

PLECK: You're a literal robot. You haven't been working on that part?

C-53: I'm not a war machine-

PLECK: -I-

C-53: -I'm a protocol and diplomatic relations droid.

PLECK: Isn't there's something that's in the Midnight Shadow that's, like, espionage protocols?

C-53: Espionage is very different than a full fledged frontal assault!

PLECK: Ugh.

C-53: I-[*setting toggled on, muffled, distorted voice*] I'm able to cloak. I work in the shadows!

PLECK: [*dejected*] Okay. Alright.

C-53: [*toggle clicks off, normal voice*] Midnight shadows-

PLECK: Okay.

C-53: -and you don't have a plan? I thought you were guiding us this whole time with the Space!

PLECK: My plan was to collect all of this stuff and then we'll figure-and then the Space guides us towards... you know.

C-53: Towards what?

PLECK: The-the end! The big plan! The one with... that... makes us win!

C-53: Right so then what *is* that plan?

PLECK: Okay. I. Am. uh, now that I know that *you're* not working on it... currently... I'll work on it more. [*sound of dusting off hands*] Starting-starting now.

C-53: This is way-this is way too late to start-

PLECK: [*laughing*]

C-53: -the emperor's got a massive head-start on everything that we're doing. We're-we're at most *maybe* we've got four missions before the emperor catches up with us.

PLECK: [*sighs*] Oh man, I hadn't even thought about it like that.

[*door opens*]

AJ-2884: I feel like it's going well.

PLECK: No

C-53: [*exasperated*] AJ...

PLECK: AJ...

C-53: I would say it's actually not going that well.

AJ: Why? What do you mean? What do you mean? We're nailing it!

DAR: [*voice distant from another room*] Okay, are you all ready for me?

PLECK: Oh no. Dar, what's going on?

DAR: I'm just saying I need to know, I need verbal confirmation that you are *ready* for me.

C-53: Dar, it's hard to prepare appropriately if we don't know what we're preparing for.

PLECK: Dar, listen, you know we've seen all of these changes

DAR: You've been warned!

PLECK: I-I'm just saying we can handle-Oh. My. Rodd!

[*Dar squeezes herself through the doorframe, which splinters somewhat in the process*]

C-53: *Wow.*

DAR: You've been *waaaaaarned*

PLECK: [*laughing*] Oh, no! Dar!

DAR: Ugghhhhhhhhh

PLECK: Dar, I promised I would not say anything when you entered the seventh octomester, but-

DAR: I know-

PLECK: -it is difficult.

DAR: -we're all thinking it.

PLECK: How... how are you... fitting-

DAR: Retaining this much fluid? I don't know how I'm retaining *this* much fluid.

PLECK: Dar-

AJ-2884: You know-

PLECK: -I-I gotta ask, are you gonna be able to get out of the hatch when we leave the ship on this mission?

AJ-2884: Yeeeeeeeeee... Papa!

DAR: Okay. I-

PLECK: I'm talking just, logistically. Literally I-

DAR: [*tearing up*] I know you're talking logistically, but it also kind of feels like you're just... [*inhales a sob*]

AJ-2884: Keep crying-

DAR: Pointing out-

AJ-2884: -you'll release some of the water

DAR: It's just how like-

C-53: [*admonishing, but laughing*] AJ....

DAR: -how you're pointing out that I'm-

AJ-2884: That's it, that's it.

PLECK: Okay, okay.

DAR: -so huge.

AJ-2884: It's gotta go somewhere.

DAR: I'm so huge.

PLECK: Dar, I mean

DAR: I just.

C-53: AJ, don't press Dar like you're trying to squeeze out-

[fluid sloshes]

AJ-2884: *[laughing]* Come on. Come on.

PLECK: AJ, don't...

AJ-2884: *[laughing]* Yeah..

PLECK: Okay, Dar... uh

DAR: *[voice returns to normal]* Ugh. Sorry about that. It's just that um, my emotions kind of come in waves.

[incoming transmission noise]

C-53: Papa Decksetter, I have an incoming transmission from Master Missions Operation Manager Nermut Bundaloy.

PLECK: Great. Hey, Nermut.

NERMUT: Hi guys!

DAR: Hey, Nermut.

NERMUT: Oh Dar, you're finally the right size for that Flarn shirt you got at Marf's!

DAR: Yeah, I uh, *[starting to tear up again]* I correctly guessed how large I was going to be-

NERMUT: Oh you look-

DAR: -in the seventh-

AJ-2884: Yikes.

DAR: -octomester.

NERMUT: -you look great!

DAR: *[cheerful]* Oh! Thank you-thank you, Nermut!

NERMUT: Yeah, you look amazing. You look, you look, you know, like, I honestly, like, I-I love Dar, and the more there is, the better.

DAR: *[sniffing, voice choked]* Nermut, that is-

AJ-2884: *[to Nermut]* You don't have to deal with it right now.

NERMUT: *[sighs]*

AJ-2884: Who's with me?

C-53: AJ!

PLECK: *[disappointed]* Alright, AJ! Nermut, what's up.

NERMUT: Ah, I just got back from a hike! Haha.

AJ-2884: Oh. Great.

NERMUT: Yeah.

PLECK: You went on a hike?

NERMUT: Yeah! Spurch and I hiked up the pipe!

PLECK: That's not a hike. Why were you in the pipe?

C-53: Nermut, [*sighs*]

NERMUT: Yeah?

C-53: I-we-you know, honestly we're sort of starting to feel like... not really making any progress-

NERMUT: Huh?

C-53: -in our mission to defeat the emperor. It sort of feels like we're just, you know

PLECK: Yeah, Nermut, what we need is for you to be there on Zima Prime, working together with the Zimas to come up with a plan.

NERMUT: Yeah, yeah, I am!

AJ-2884: Papa, don't worry. I'm sure Nermut isn't, like, jucking around or anything.

PLECK: Okay.

NERMUT: You're-okay, I've got a brand new mission, but first!. Let me pull down this d-, uh, pull this sheet off this diorama. Okay.

PLECK: [*sighs*] Alright. Nermut.

NERMUT: So I have a mission tracking our progress here with little these models. So, here's-

PLECK: Nermut.

NERMUT: Hmm?

PLECK: See, this is what I'm talking about. You spend so much time on that diorama and I think what we need is to just get to the emperor. Just get to the planet crusher crusher or something.

NERMUT: Yes. So-

C-53: We need practical information to take that thing down

NERMUT: Absolutely

BARGIE: And I need a very good lawyer.

NERMUT: ...Okay, I don't know if that's gonna happen on this mission.

AJ-2884: Yeah!

BARGIE: Like a really good lawyer.

AJ-2884: Let's get a lawyer! Let's do this! [*sound of can crushing*]

PLECK: Okay.

NERMUT: Okay. So I think guys, who knows? This mission could deliver us to those ends, [*Missionator boot song plays*] you know, exactly, so here is our brand new mission.

C-53: Okay. Alright.

PLECK: Alright.

NERMUT: So you are going to the back room of a restaurant. And-

C-53 & PLECK: Uh

NERMUT: -you're gon-

C-53: N-Nermut, we-I think we did this one.

NERMUT: ...No?

C-53: Back room of a restaurant?

NERMUT: Yeah. [*sound of typing*] Oh, yes. That part is the same as I guess technically the same as last mission. Yeah, yeah, yeah-

C-53: Oh, okay. Okay. Alright.

NERMUT: And you're going to meet an informant who has a microchip-

C-53: O-okay-

NERMUT: -of information-

C-53: -see now-

AJ-2884: Yeah!

C-53: -Nermut, this-uh, I, this is exactly the same as-

NERMUT: Uh, no-no-no-no-no, that was, but that was like-uh, that was a ruse the last time. This really is, like, this is a microchip.

C-53: Okay, so we're actually meeting-

AJ-2884: Wait, wait. Guys, is this *my* baby shower?

PLECK: No, AJ...

C-53: AJ, why would you have a baby shower?

NERMUT: Why would-

DAR: AJ...

AJ-2884: I don't know! I mean, I, uh...

NERMUT: Are you pregnant?

AJ-2884: [*pregnant pause*]....I.... no.

C-53: Okay.

NERMUT: Okay, it's not your baby shower.

DAR: Is this just a ruse of a ruse to get me a'rused so that I won't know that I'm getting another party?!

PLECK: Uhhh...

NERMUT: Uh... no-

PLECK: I mean, maybe.

C-53: No-

NERMUT: A ruse for a ruse? I don't know, the negatives kept negating each other out. What if-if-if you mean you don't have a party, then yes. This is not a party we're going to.

DAR: [*as though they're in on a secret*] Ah, ah,-

PLECK: What's what's the-

DAR: -okay sure, I *don't* have a party. Hokay, alright!

NERMUT: Oh, boy.

DAR: This day is looking up!

PLECK: Nermut-

NERMUT: It's not a ruse!

PLECK: -what's the mission.

AJ-2884: So this mission is exactly the same as the one that we did last.

NERMUT: It's coincidental! It's totally new! [*types a few more keys*]

AJ-2884: But-

NERMUT: You're going to the back room of a restaurant. Uh, you're gonna have to be blindfolded when you get there.

AJ-2884: What!

PLECK: Nermut!

C-53: What! See, Nermut, this is exactly the same!

NERMUT: It's not! I-

AJ-2884: Time loop! We're in a time loop, guys.

NERMUT: No we're not!

AJ-2884: We're in a time loop!

BARGIE: I don't have another present!

AJ-2884: Get your guns out! [*locks and loads blaster*] Get your guns out! It's a time loop!

BARGIE: I don't have another present. I don't have another present

NERMUT: You don't need a present! It's not a baby shower!

BARGIE: I don't have time!

AJ-2884: We're not in the present! We're in the past! Time loop, guys!

PLECK: [*laughing*] AJ-

AJ-2884: Keep your heads on a swivel! [*locks and loads blaster again*]

C-53 & PLECK: AJ!

AJ-2884: Time loop!

C-53: AJ, who are you gonna shoot in this time loop?

PLECK: AJ, stop! How would a blaster-

AJ-2884: Time! I'm gonna shoot time! We're gonna blast our way out!

C-53: You're going to shoot time?

AJ-2884: We gotta blast our way out of this time loop! [*locks and loads blaster a third time*]

C-53: [*sighs*] Nermut, what restaurant are we going to?

DAR: Yeah.

NERMUT: It's called Paula's Banquet Hall.

PLECK: No!

C-53: Come on!

DAR: Wait, Nermut!

PLECK: Nermut.

AJ-2884: We're in a time loop! We're out of-

NERMUT: Wait guys. No. Ope. Ep. Sorry, that was-I was looking at yesterday's mission this time.

C-53: Okay. Okay.

NERMUT: Okay. So, uh, uh-alright, sorry. It is [*presses key*] Chez Bargez.

BARGIE: Ahhh. Chez Bargez.

PLECK: Chez Bargez?

C-53: Papa Decksetter, you may not know this, but Chez Bargez is a chain of Bargie-themed restaurants opened in the last, uh, I dunno, eight months or so?

BARGIE: Yeah. I have a whole franchise.

C-53: Uh, Bargie, I don't know if this is-

BARGIE: This is good-

C-53: maybe our best move. Uh, Nermut?

BARGIE: This is a good idea. I don't need a lawyer-

NERMUT: Yeah?

BARGIE: -I don't need a lawyer. Okay?

NERMUT: Oh boy.

BARGIE: I'm gonna, oh, this is great. Oh, I love it.

NERMUT: Okay. Yeah.

DAR: Oh. This is gonna be the best second baby shower ever!

NERMUT: Oh, Dar

PLECK: Oh, hey, Dar, I-I hate to tell you this.

AJ-2884: Oooh

DAR: I need this.

NERMUT: Oh, boy. I dunno how to tell you this is not a thing.

DAR: I need this.

[scene transition music plays, interrupted by a transmission with the sound of typing in the background]

CENTURION: Dear Diary, Life's been pretty whatever since Mom and Dad got crushed by the emperor. Sometimes I'm angry. Sometimes I'm sad. Sometimes I feel like I got bees inside me like some kind of two-mouthed robot. But mostly, I'm fine. I'm fine, gahh! I spend a lot of time by myself these days with my headphones on and my hair covering my eyes. If anyone asks, I tell them I'm listening to death metal. But honestly, Diary? I'm catching up on my favorite audio dramas. My absolute favorite is the new science fiction podcast *VAST Horizon*. Aw, man, it's so cool! And dark! And awesome! Okay, so *VAST Horizon* is about an agronomist named Nolira, who's on this big, rad spaceship called the Bifrost going to populate a new system with 400,000 people onboard. But something happens and Nolira wakes up in one of the ship's emergency rooms, alone. She has to overcome a ton of mission critical problems just to survive. Her only companion is the ship's malfunctioning AI, who's constantly putting Nolira in danger. Is it intentional, or is it the only way to help her? Oh Diary, you're the only one I can tell my true feelings to. Who else would even care that I love action-packed sci-fi in an audio format? With an awesome voice cast, and award-winning sound design team, and a sprawling epic story! I guess no one will ever truly understand me. Amazing new episodes of *VAST Horizon* are released every two weeks, and I get it for free on whatever

podcast app I want! I just jucking love audio dramas, okay? Get off my back, Diary! Love, Centurion Tiddle.

[*scene transition music resumes*]

[*Door opens, ringing a bell. Footsteps enter*]

CHEZ BARGEZ AUTOMATON: Welcome to Chez Bargez! Welcome to Chez Bargez! Welcome to Chez Bargez!

AJ-2884: Wow! It's a tiny Bargie!

PLECK: Wow.

AJ-2884: It's a tiny Bargie! [*laughs*]

C-53: Yeah, it's the maître d' here.

CHEZ BARGEZ AUTOMATON: Sit wherever you want! I don't care! Sit wherever you want! I don't care!

DAR: Oh, so accurate.

C-53: Yeah, it's actually...

AUTOMATON: We're going out of business! We're going out of business!

PLECK: [*laughs*] Okay! It's so interesting that this is such a nice place, but that the maître d' is uh, is like an automaton of Bargie.

GRAYDON: Hi, everybody! Sit wherever you want!

PLECK: Uh.

AJ-2884: Oh, sounds good.

PLECK: Hello, sure.

GRAYDON: Hi! Sit wherever you want. You can spread out wherever you want. You can sit at different tables, you can sit at the same table, you can sit on the floor, on the bar, wherever you want.

PLECK: Uh...

DAR: Thank you. So are you the actual maître d', not the- uh?

GRAYDON: [*high pitched laughter*] No! No, I'm the head chef here. I'm Graydon!

PLECK: Oh! Hello, Graydon

GRAYDON: [*surprised*] You don't know me?

PLECK: Um

DAR: It's just-

GRAYDON: [*more tense*] You don't know me?

PLECK: Nnnn

GRAYDON: I thought everybody knew me!

DAR: It's just normally you don't usually get greeted by the chef when you walk into a restaurant.

GRAYDON: Of course! Then, this isn't a normal restaurant, is it? [*laughs*]

C-53: Yeah you don't-

DAR: I'm getting the sense that it's not. [*awkward laughter*]

GRAYDON: Oh, I thought you knew me! I thought you came here 'cause you knew me!

C-53: Graydon, I don't think we've ever met, so no, we don't know you.

GRAYDON: Oh, I thought you-oh, I thought my-oh, I thought-I thought everybody knew who I was 'cause of my food. It's okay! Have a seat! What do you want? [*chairs squeak along floor as they're pulled out*] Let me get you some fizzy. Here's some fizzy.

AJ-2884: Oh

PLECK: Oh wow. Nice.

AJ-2884: Oh wow.

[*glass is filled with liquid*]

GRAYDON: Yeah, this is made of sediment, [*another glass is filled*] and uh, liquid. Just like in all those Bargie movies!

PLECK: Oh, yeah, I guess I can see that.

C-53: She's always drinking the sediment and liquid.

AJ-2884: It's classic Bargie.

GRAYDON: Yeah. Sediment and liquid.

AUTOMATON: The Bargie drink of Chef Bargez. Drink it up!

PLECK: What was that?

C-53: It would seem the restaurant is equipped with a limited form of AI that's able to re-create Bargie-style reactions.

[*AJ-2884 slurps a fizzy through a straw*]

PLECK: Huh.

AJ-2884: Wow, that was really good!

GRAYDON: Right?

AJ-2884: You can really taste the sediment.

GRAYDON: It's what's in the sediment, that's right!

AJ-2884: Yeah!

GRAYDON: That's right.

PLECK: Graydon, this is, uh, this is a really, uh, beautiful restaurant. How long have you been the chef here?

GRAYDON: [*voice more sedate*] Oh, fourteen years.

PLECK: Wow, okay

C-53: Uh-

GRAYDON: Yeah, fourteen years and in the past five months it turned into a Bargie restaurant, [*voice returns to incredibly peppy tone*] and I stayed on!

PLECK: Oh, great!

AJ-2884: [*sarcastically*] Oh, wow.

GRAYDON: [*incredibly peppy tone strains*] It's not my fault. Anyway, please enjoy! Uh, can I, are you here, you have any reservations or anything?

PLECK: Uh actually, yeah, we-we're meeting someone here. Uh, so could-

DAR: Ooh, that fizzy put me over the top. I, uh... I need to go to the little Dar's room.

AJ-2884: Take your time, Dar, because you know, you're-there's a ton of fluid in you and it-

PLECK: Okay..

AJ-2884: -would just be better...

GRAYDON: Congratulations, by the way!

AJ-2884: Okay

CHILD: Daddy, daddy, that person's fat.

PLECK: [*laughs*] Okay...

FATHER: That's... son?

CHILD: Yeah?

FATHER: That's rude but accurate, okay?

CHILD: [*sadly*] Okay...

AJ-2884: [*chairs scoot out*] Hey, you shut your juckin' mouth, kid.

PLECK: Okay-

CHILD: Oh, language!

FATHER: Excuse me? Excuse me?

AJ-2884: [*locks and loads blaster*] Shut your juckin' mouth! Get out of here. Get out!

CHILD: Uh-uh-uh

PLECK: Okay. AJ. AJ.

FATHER: What the??

CHILD: I urinated my trouser!

PLECK: Graydon, uh, look. Uh, y-, uh, maybe we should order some food, huh?

GRAYDON: Yeah! It's a-well, it's a chef's tasting menu, so I just kind of bring stuff out and you try it!

PLECK: Oh, great! Okay, great!

GRAYDON: And if you don't like it, if you don't like it, I *don't* know but I will burn the place down.

PLECK: [*talking at same time as C-53*] Okay, that's not-yeah, that's not, that's-

C-53: [*talking at same time as PLECK*] Oh! Oh, no, no. No, no, no! Graydon, no.

AJ-2884: Yeah, that seems fair.

GRAYDON: No, I'll do it! I'll do it! I swear! You'll like it, trust me.

C-53: O-okay...

PLECK: Okay

AJ-2884: This is amazing. This looks amazing. Graydon, what-what is this?

GRAYDON: This, uh... this used to be called, uh, Sweet, uh, Safoofa? And now it's, uh, called Bargie Chunks. Enjoy.

PLECK: Oh, no... uh.

C-53: Hmm. I don't know if that name is appropriate.

AJ-2884: These are del-oh, my. These chunks! Let me put these chunks up in my helmet.

GRAYDON: They taste good, right? [*laughs*]

AJ-2884: It's delicious.

PLECK: That is really good, yeah.

AJ-2884: Sublime.

C-53: Graydon, I have to ask. You have uncommon skill when it comes to cooking-

GRAYDON: [*genuinely pleased*] Thank you so much!

C-53: Yeah, you're very welcome. What-I mean, how'd you learn?

GRAYDON: Oh. Well, you are born with this well, eh, uh, I'm a cheffini. This is what we do.

C-53: Ah. Of course. Yes.

PLECK: What is-what is a cheftini?

GRAYDON: We are bred from the soil! So, the nutrients of the soil make us, and then we cook the nutrients.

PLECK: What... what does that mean?

GRAYDON: I grow from the ground

C-53: Cheftinis actually, uh, gestate underground, Pleck.

GRAYDON: Mm-hmm.

C-53: And then once they're born, they toil the land and make food then of that which cooks it. It's a perfect circle.

GRAYDON: That's right!

PLECK: What kind of cuisine are you guys known for here at Chez Bargez?

GRAYDON: We've got everything here! Everyone loves us.

C-53: Huh!

AJ-2884: Wow.

GRAYDON: And they like me, I'm so-you don't know me??

PLECK: I-

AJ-2884: Uh-

GRAYDON: Is this a joke?

C-53: Graydon, I feel very guilty about not knowing you, but-but honestly I do not.

GRAYDON: [*takes several steps*] Look at the wall! Look at all the stuff that's written about me!

AJ-2884: Well there's a lot of-

GRAYDON: Look at that!

AJ-2884: -Bargie merch kind of covering you right now.

C-53: Yeah, there's a lot of t-shirts

GRAYDON: Yeah, I know, we had to do them. Look, under this- [*fabric rustling*] I'm gonna lift up this tag of this little t-shirt here. Oops! And what does that say?

PLECK: Oh. It- Yeah-

GRAYDON: Graydon. Graydon great!

PLECK: Great. Graydon Great. Yeah. That's, uh-

GRAYDON: Yeah!

PLECK: -that's sort of a punchy review headline, I'd say.

GRAYDON: Yeah!

PLECK: Yeah

GRAYDON: Graydon great!

[airhorn interrupts, dance music starts playing]

AUTOMATON: It's Bargie o'clock! It's Bargie o'clock!

GRAYDON: *[yelling]* Oh!

AUTOMATON: Everybody get up and dance!

GRAYDON and AUTOMATON: Everybody get up and dance!

AUTOMATON: -and slap your friend!

PLECK: Okay, yeah, uh, wow.

AUTOMATON: Everybody get up and dance-

AJ-2884: Oh, wait, who is

C-53: Okay....

AUTOMATON: -and slap your friend!

GRAYDON: You just get up and slap your friend!

PLECK: Okay- *[sound of smack]* OW! Why does everybody hit me when we do- why don't I get to hit anybody? *[another smacking sound]* Ow.

C-53: Well, you're everyone's friend!

PLECK: *[exasperated]* Okay...

DANIEL BUFF: Ha! *[smack]*

PLECK: OW! Who are you?

DANIEL BUFF: I'm D-I'm Daniel Buff!

AJ-2884: Get the juck out of here! *[locks and loads blaster]*

DANIEL BUFF: *[yells in fright]*

C-53: *[laughing]* AJ, you've gotta stop pulling that gun out!

AJ-2884: Sorry.

PLECK: *[sighs]* Okay... AJ, guys, can we just focus, please?

[more air horns, dance music stops]

C-53: Uh, yes. Graydon, we should actually let you know we're here to meet someone in the back room. Uh-

GRAYDON: Oh, the chef's table! You're the group! Okay!

C-53: Oh, yes. Yes.

AJ-2884: Yeah!

C-53: We're the group.

AJ-2884: That's right. *We're* the group.

GRAYDON: Okay well, sorry about that. There's an even more special menu for you in the back. Follow me. [*footsteps*]

PLECK: You know, C-53, it feels like this is a really nice restaurant that just sort of uh-uh-uh [*door squeaks open*] sort of a layer of Bargie over it-

C-53: Yeah-

PLECK: -that kind of takes away from the experience.

C-53: -it-it-it-it does diminish-

AUTOMATON: Welcome to the back! You're in the back, now!

C-53: No... [*laughs*] -that's so-

AJ-2884: Uh, [*laughs*]

AUTOMATON: Welcome to the back! You're in the back, now!

GRAYDON: Welcome to the back!

PLECK: [*laughing*] Oh, e-even the chef's table is-

GRAYDON: Everybody slap your friend!

AUTOMATON: Everyone slap your friend! [*several slaps*] It's Bargie o'clock!

PLECK: Ow! OW!

DANIEL BUFF: [*door swings open*] Hey, it's your friend, Daniel! [*slaps PLECK*]

PLECK: OW! Wha-you're not even

AJ-2884: Bro?

DANIEL BUFF: [*yelling*]

AJ-2884: Step off, bro! [*locks and loads blaster*]

DANIEL BUFF: Whoa! Whoa! Whoa!

AJ-2884: Step. Off.

GRAYDON: Welcome to the back. Uh, there's a table over there. I think whoever was supposed to meet you is either running late or they just came and they're not here any more.

PLECK: [*laughing*] I mean, I guess that's a possibility.

AJ-2884: Those are the two options.

C-53: Well, sure. Huh.

PLECK: Well, I guess we'll just have a seat

C-53: Yeah, we'll just wait for them.

GRAYDON: Sure, I'll be right out. Look at all the pots!

AJ-2884: *[laughs]* There are so many!

PLECK: Yeah, there are a lot of pots

C-53: A lot of copper pots.

GRAYDON: Look at all the pots I have.

PLECK: C-53, I think it's really impressive that uh, that Graydon can cook so much food in such a short amount of time. He's so small, and-

C-53: Yeah, he doesn't have any fingers, either.

PLECK: -he doesn't have any fingers he just sort of like... wavy...

C-53: -have like a mitten, but so deftly maneuvered.

PLECK: And those-

C-53: I mean, watch him spread that sauce, just-

PLECK: Yeah.

C-53: -so much care.

[Graydon wails]

AJ-2884: He's crying, though. That's weird.

[Graydon wails]

C-53: Yeah, he seems pretty sad.

[Bell chimes top of hour]

[Toilet flushes]

DAR: *[singing to herself]*

AUTOMATON: Wash your hands! Washing your hands like Bargie! Wash your hands like Bargie!

DAR: What? I don't think Bargie actually washes their hands, though.

BECCA: I know, right?

DAR: Wah! Where-I'm sorry, I'm just so large. Where are you talking? It just sounds so close to my face.

BECCA: Oh, I'm just, down here.

DAR: [gasps] It's you!

BECCA: Yeah, I guess so.

DAR: What I uh you probably don't remember, but you were in a Zip ride and I was there, but I didn't look like this, uh, I-I looked very different, but *you* look the same-you're still bleeding!

BECCA: Yeah, I am still bleeding. You know, it's a funny story, uh, when I got on Bargie, I was just about to um, finally reunite with uh [*Becca continues talking, but it becomes harder to understand what they are saying as the Automaton sings*]

AUTOMATON: [*airhorn sounding*] Hey, someone said the word Bargie! Someone said the word Bargie! Time to dance! Everybody do the Bargie dance! Hands out! Hands in! Hands in! Hands out! Everybody do the Bargie! Everybody do the Bargie!

[sound of C-53's servos entering] [several more airhorns]

AJ-2884: Oh, I love the doing the Bargie! Man, that's so fun!

PLECK: Oh, man. I just-uh, I just feel like

GRAYDON: Are you guys ready for your Bargie Booges?

PLECK: Uh, yeah, sure.

C-53: Hmm. Yeah

GRAYDON: Oh, the Bargie Booge?

PLECK: Oh, they're little Bargies.

GRAYDON: Do you know how Tellurians have garfon?

C-53: Uh, yes. Yeah, sure.

AJ-2884: Yeah.

PLECK: Yeah, we do have garfon. Often.

GRAYDON: That's what this is.

[sounds of crunchy chewing]

PLECK: Um

AJ-2884: Oh, I tasted it. I tasted it.

PLECK: Oh, uh, okay

GRAYDON: Yeah, that's what this is

C-53: What do you mean that's what this-you mean this is garfon?

GRAYDON: Uh-huh! That's what this is!

C-53: Well-

PLECK: Why would you preface it by saying, "you know how Tellurians have garfon?"

GRAYDON: Mm-hmm. Yeah, that's what this is.

C-53: Well, okay.

PLECK: Alright...

AJ-2884: Alright. You know, it sort of tastes like garfon.

PLECK: Oh, wow!

GRAYDON! Yeah! Right?

AJ-2884: Mm-hmm

GRAYDON: But we do something a little different.

C-53: Gray-Graydon, is it garfon, or is it not garfon?

GRAYDON: ...It's *garfon*.

AJ-2884: Yeah, it tasted like it. I'm kind of the C.L.I.N.T. with the best palate, so.

C-53: Okay. Okay.

GRAYDON: [excited] Guys, guys, it's *not* garfon!

AJ-2884: Wait, what?

[**GRAYDON** laughing]

PLECK: What?

GRAYDON: It's not!

C-53: Wha-what is it?

GRAYDON: Ooh, I can't tell you.

PLECK: Okay.

AJ-2884: Is it-wait, Graydon, is it-?

GRAYDON: It might hurt your stomach.

AJ-2884: Oh, it. Oh, wait. Yeah, no I-

GRAYDON: It *might*. It might hurt your stomach. But it-it shouldn't. But it might, okay? Some people might have an allergy to this.

PLECK: Uh-

C-53: Okay, well then you should tell us what it is.

GRAYDON: Sure. Do you know how Tellurians have, like, soy?

C-53: Yes.

PLECK: Uh, yes.

C-53: Yeah.

GRAYDON: You know that bean?

C-53: The soy bean? Yeah.

PLECK: Uh-huh, uh-huh, uh-huh.

GRAYDON: Mm-hmm. That's what this is.

C-53: Okay, so it's just soy garfon.

PLECK: Okay, is-?

AJ-2884: I thought it was

GRAYDON: Yeah!

AJ-2884: Oh, Dar! You've gotta try one of these Bargie Booges.

GRAYDON: [frantically, all run together] Oh, no, no, no! Not if you're pregnant! Not if you're pregnant!

DAR: Ooh, yeah. I'll try that.

GRAYDON: Ooh, no no! Oh g- no! [less frantic] Oh, oops. Oh, gosh.

DAR: [*quoting Graydon*]: "Oh, oops"?

GRAYDON: Oh...

DAR: "Oh, oops" what?

GRAYDON: It's... [exhales] you're not supposed to eat that if-if you're pregnant. It-it could kind of speed things up. I'm sorry.

PLECK: What?

C-53: Sp-It could *kind of* speed things up?

GRAYDON: It's not-

DAR: And if I ate many more of these, how much could we speed things up?

GRAYDON: Sssorry, I-I-I, like. Oh, well, if you had a lot of them?

DAR: If I just took-

[*Dar gulps down a giant mouthful*]

GRAYDON: Oh no! Oh no. I mean

PLECK: [laughing] Oh, no! Oh no. Oh, Dar.

C-53: Oh, Dar. I don't think this is a good idea.

GRAYDON: I mean, they're Bargie Booges, so they're very tiny, but, I mean, you took all of them, so, it could speed things up.

DAR: I would love to speed things up. Give me an estimate, here. A guesstimate, if you will.

PLECK: What is happening?

[Dar makes startled noises and there is the sound of a t-shirt ripping]

GRAYDON: It was not-it was not soy. I'm sorry.

[Everyone makes startled noises]

C-53: [laughing] Graydon, what is it?

AJ-2884: I.. thought it wasn't soy. I thought I could taste it.

GRAYDON: I'm so sorry. You just have to give me a heads-up if there's a pregnant person in the party, it- Oh boy, yeah. This is going to happen for another couple seconds

PLECK: Okay.

DAR: Whew! Whew. Wow!

C-53: Dar, are you alright?

DAR: Ooh. I think I've been taken right through the danger zone.

PLECK: Huh.

C-53: Oh!

AJ-2884: So what else you got, Graydon? I mean...

GRAYDON: Oh, sure! Let me go in the back. You see those pots?

AJ-2884: Yeah, *[excitedly]* what's in 'em? What's in 'em?!

GRAYDON: Oh, so many things for you. The whole meal is all in those pots.

AJ-2884: *[gasps]* I believe

GRAYDON: Be right back!

[footsteps retreating. Pleck sighs]

AJ-2884: I-I like him. I think he's great.

PLECK: I can't really figure out what his deal is.

C-53: Yeah. I was initially unnerved that when he winks the lids appear, and then disappear completely.

PLECK: Yeah. And his mouth just seems be like a cir-a pink circle that just sort of-

C-53: Changes-

PLECK: -Changes shape when he talks, yeah.

[*door opens, footsteps*]

DAR: Sorry. Before I, uh, shapeshifted into eternity, I wanted to re-introduce you to a former acquaintance of all of ours.

BECCA: Hi.

PLECK: Oh, wow!

AJ-2884: Wait, who is this guy?

PLECK: We met this guy on, uh, Bargie when Bargie was driving for Zip.

DAR: Listen, I would tell you their name but uh I uh, couldn't hear anything over the, the music that Bargie sings-

[interrupted by air horn]

AUTOMATON: Did somebody say the word Bargie? Time for the chef to sing the Bargie song! [*singing*] Sing! Chef! Sing! Chef! It's your turn, chef! Go for it, now!

[*As Graydon sings, the Bargie Automaton chants (Bargie)*]

GRAYDON: Bargie, Bargie, you're my best (*Bargie*)

Bargie, Bargie(*Bargie*), like the rest,(*Bargie*)

Bargie, Bargie(*Bargie*), you're my queen(*Bargie*),

Queen, queen (*Bargie*), I see you (*Bargie*), queen.

[airhorns]

PLECK: [laughing] Wow!

C-53: [deadpan] Wow.

PLECK: Wow, that's pretty... pretty intense. Uh-

GRAYDON: Yeah, it's, uh...

BECCA: Wow that's a really beautiful song.

AJ-2884: So this guy's just gonna sit with us? What's going on?

PLECK: [sighs] I-I don't know. Dar is he-is this a friend of yours? Or?

GRAYDON: Is there someone you're adding to the party?

DAR: Yes, we are adding someone to *my* party, Pleck.

PLECK: Your party?

DAR: This is my new friend.

BECCA: Hi. I'm Becca.

PLECK: Uh, hi. [laughs] Hi, Becca.

BECCA: Hello

PLECK: It's great to meet you. I, uh, have a seat, I guess.

BECCA: 'kay, I'll pull up a chair.

AJ-2884: Wait so what are you putting-what's this stuff that you're putting down here?

GRAYDON: Oh, it's a sampler platter.

PLECK: Huh.

GRAYDON: Yeah, it's all about textures, it's all about comfort.

PLECK: Uh-huh.

GRAYDON: It's all about sensations. Um, it's all about textures.

PLECK: Yeah, you said that earlier but, I-I agree with you!

AJ-2884: Papa, it's the...

GRAYDON: Yeah, it's different textures!

C-53: No, He's right to say to say textures twice.

PLECK: Okay!

GRAYDON: Oh, I bookend it with textures.

[Music plays. As the Automaton sings, sauce begins to spray onto everything.]

AUTOMATON: *[singing]*

Time to add Bargie sauce!

No matter what you're eating!

Time to add the Bargie sauce!

No matter how hard work you put into to it.

Time to add Bargie sauce!

Yum yum yum yum yum yum!

PLECK: *[laughing]* Oh, no! Please! Everywhere! Oh! Oh!

C-53: *[laughing]* Why? How could this happen?

GRAYDON: I'm sorry.

AJ-2884: It's good, though.

GRAYDON: I really like working here. Um... I just wanna let everybody know that.

C-53: Graydon, it doesn't feel like

PLECK: It doesn't feel like you do.

GRAYDON: I know. I'm very proud to work here. I'm able to cook what I wanna cook, and um, it's going well, and um [clears throat]

AJ-2884: Oh, wow.

GRAYDON: I just wanna let everybody know that.

C-53: Graydon, you're smiling, but tears are coming out of your eyes.

GRAYDON: Yeah, uh, there was a lot of budget cuts. I used to import the finest ingredients and since um, Bargie took over it's, um. It's worse ingredients. It's-it's just not good.

C-53: Hmm.

PLECK: Uh.

GRAYDON: I'm just-I'm so sorry, I have to say... [deep sigh] It-it's-it's not soy. It's not anything you'd think. It's all made of zipshitz.

C-53: Oh, no...

PLECK: Zipshitz?

GRAYDON: It's zipshitz. Yeah, it's... it's

PLECK: What is zipshitz?

GRAYDON: It's from-it's basically like fr-like the sewers that we have here?

PLECK: Oh, no

GRAYDON: Like underground? It's basically like kind of where all, all waste goes and, um. It's all filtered out through these rocks and then they crush the rocks down, and the rocks make these powder, and that's zipshitz.

PLECK: [laughing] Oh, no! Graydon!

C-53: Yeah, it's crushed down sewer powder.

GRAYDON: I'm sorry. I tried my best to doll it all up for you guys but there's massive budget cuts, uh, and, and I apologize. This is not the restaurant I opened.

AJ-2884: I can taste it.

PLECK: What were you ser-what were you serving then?

GRAYDON: Oh! Oh, all sorts of, uh, all sorts of great stuff, you know. Uh, neenos. Uh, uh, petro- uh, lynxes. Uh, chetchis. Um, croops and lots and lots, I mean just plen-every, every meal came with-came with a snarg.

C-53: Um.

PLECK: And now it's just zipshitz?

GRAYDON: It's all made out of zipshitz here and I'm so sorry about that. Yeah.

C-53: Okay. Most of that's

PLECK: Why?

GRAYDON: There's air. There's water. But it's mostly zipshitz.

AJ-2884: Ah, that's the secret ingredient!

AUTOMATON: Did somebody say secret? [*singing*] It's time for Bargie Secrets! Bargie Secrets! Everybody go around and n-reveal yourself.

[sound of clock ticking every half second]

GRAYDON: Alright, everybody's gotta go around and reveal themselves.

BECCA: Uh... okay, well

GRAYDON: Any secret about yourself. You just have to go-it won't let you-she won't-it turns off everything in here if we don't all go around, so everyone's gotta kind of, uh, dish out a secret.

DAR: [*deadpan*] I snuck a couple more Bargie Booges when no one was looking.

PLECK: [*laughing*] Oh, no! Dar, no!

[*bell chimes*]

BECCA: Oh! Um... I'm Deltroinen.

[*bell chimes*]

GRAYDON: Alright!

DAR: That is such a good reveal.

PLECK: The only thing I've ever won is best sportsmanship in fourth grade zyball.

[*bell chimes*]

C-53: Uh, the *Midnight Shadow* actually... also has the song.

[*Song plays to the same tune as the Let's Party song*]

MIDNIGHT SHADOW FRAME: Stealth party! Stealth party! Stel-stel-stel-stel-stealth party!

PLECK: What? Why would.... That's the least stealthy song.

C-53: I-I dunno. I just don't know.

PLECK: Oh, boy.

[*bell chimes. Midnight Shadow Stealth Party song stops playing.*]

AJ-2884: Uh, I guess... um... I don't dream?

[*bell chimes*]

PLECK: Wow.

C-53: Yikes.

PLECK: At all?

AJ-2884: No.

PLECK: Never once?

AJ-2884: Nope, never. I... don't know what it is. I'm worried it's the whole, "Do I have a soul?" thing. I can't dream.

PLECK: Yeah, I uh. Oh, boy.

AJ-2884: Anyway, I don't dream.

[sound of footsteps]

GRAYDON: And I don't have a stomach. *[bell chimes, clock stops ticking]* Great job, everybody.

[Airhorn sounds]

PLECK: Wait. Wait, you don't have a stomach?

GRAYDON: *[cheerfully]* No!

C-53: How do you-how-how do you eat, Graydon?

PLECK: How do you taste the-how do you taste the food that you make?

GRAYDON: Oh I eat-I take

C-53: Well he can taste without a stomach.

GRAYDON: I have a mouth. I have a tongue. I have everything! I just don't have a stomach. That's why I can eat and eat and eat and eat.

AUTOMATON: And now it's time for a clip!

[Music plays]

ANNOUNCER: Introducing the star of the stage, screen, holo, radio, audio, video, filmmmmmmmm: Bargie!

RECORDED BARGIE: Hello, my name is Bargarean Jade. Welcome to my restaurant, Chez Bargez. Here we believe in the finest of produce and giving you meals that will change your life. I'm very proud of all the work we've done. We hired all of the best chefs since taking them away from their already promising careers and making them be part of my future. Thank you, from all of us here at Chez Bargez! Remember! Believe in your stars and... uh... yeah, I, you are all okay.

[double bell rings, signaling scene cut]

DIRECTOR: *[on recording]* Okay great, that was a great take. Just one more?

PLECK: Wow, they left that-they left that in the clip.

BARGIE: *[on recording]* I'm gonna go to sleep. I don't want to do this any more. This is stupid.

DIRECTOR: Bargie, stop thrashing about. Bargie. Ope. Ope. Oh. Uh.

BARGIE: This was like a bad investment. This was like a bad investment. I'm just sayin'. I don't want to do this.

[transmission end]

PLECK: Seems like they should've just like edited it at all.

BECCA: This is exactly what I come to Chez Bargie for.

PLECK: *[laughing]* You've been here before?

BECCA: This is my favorite restaurant.

PLECK: How? Man, there's so many layers to you.

DAR: I think I liked my first shower a little bit more.

PLECK: *[sighs]*

AJ-2884: Me, too, Dar.

C-53: Um, listen. Graydon, we're just trying to meet somebody here in the back room. We were told-

BECCA: Oh, you're here to meet me, I think.

C-53: *[shocked]* What?

PLECK: Wait, you?

BECCA: Yeah, I guess I thought the guy said "bathroom" and not "back room."

PLECK: Oh, uh-huh. Yeah.

C-53: Okay, yeah, well.

PLECK: Yeah, that makes sense.

BECCA: So, yeah. Did you were you looking for this?

PLECK: Oh! Microchip!

BECCA: Yeah.

[music plays]

AUTOMATON: *[singing]* Do the Bargie Shake! Do the Bargie Shake! Everybody do the Bargie Shake!

BECCA: Oh. Gotta do the shake.

PLECK: Okay, okay!

AUTOMATON: *[singing]* Do the Bargie Shake! Do the Bargie, take whatever's in your hands and throw it on the floor!

[sound of microchip smashing on the floor]

PLECK: No! Don't do-oh, Becca.

BECCA: I just-I had to do what the song said.

PLECK: [*defeated*] You didn't.

[*footsteps*]

GRAYDON: Uh-oh. Yeah. That's not gonna work now. I'm sorry about that.

BECCA: Wow. I shouldn't have blindly obeyed a song.

PLECK: Do you have a second copy of what's on that microchip?

BECCA: I do, yeah.

PLECK: Uh, good.

AJ-2884: Alright! Yeah!

PLECK: Thank Rodd.

BECCA: But I lost it a long time ago.

PLECK: Okay... Why would you even? Just say no!

BECCA: Well, you asked a question.

PLECK: No, but why would you? You obviously-you set us up and then completely dashed our hopes!

BECCA: Well, the fact remains there is a second copy. I just-

AJ-2884: Somewhere.

BECCA: -lost it.

PLECK: [*sputters*] Then for all intents and purposes you, you don't have a second copy.

GRAYDON: [*sighs*] This is hell. I'm going to light this place on fire. I-I'm in a living hell, and I'm so sorry.

PLECK: No! Listen

C-53: No, Graydon! No,

AJ-2884: Yeah

[oil being poured onto the floor]

C-53: Gray-Graydon, is there a way to just go back to being a regular restaurant and not a Chez Bargez? It seems like it really depresses you to work this way.

Graydon: Honestly? I'm gonna burn the place down.

C-53: Oh, uh I don't know

PLECK: Okay. That seems like-there's gotta be a third option

GRAYDON: No, that's it. Thank you.

PLECK: No.

C-53: No. No, no. Graydon!

AJ-2884: I mean-the floor is covered in oil. I don't know.

GRAYDON: Thank you, group of strangers, for giving me the idea. I'm going to light this place on fire.

PLECK: [*laughing*] No, no, no!

GRAYDON: I'm going to light the *floor* on fire! A new day! A new Graydon!

PLECK: Graydon

DAR: I stand corrected. This is definitely better than my last shower.

PLECK: Okay, listen. Graydon, You don't have to work here. You could-you could quit! You could start over! Start-start your own restaurant!

GRAYDON: Oh, yeah! I could do that! I could do *that!* I don't have to burn this place-oh, my-oh, you said it, and I was like, "yeah, that is the perfect idea!" but then you said I can do something else, and that makes a lot more sense. Oh! Bargie, I'm going to work some place else. Thank you for the opportunity, uh, but Graydon out!

AUTOMATON: Chef is clocking out! Chef is clocking out!

GRAYDON: Mm-hmm

AUTOMATON: [*pitch dropping, pace slowing down*] Chef is clocking out. Chef is clocking out.

AJ-2884: Time loop.

PLECK: That little Bargie is-

AJ-2884: We're in a time loop, guys! We're in a time loop!

PLECK: No.

C-53: AJ.

PLECK: AJ, we're not

AJ-2884: Let's get out of here! [*more frantically*] Let's get out of here!

AUTOMATON: Welcome to Bargie! Welcome to Chez Bargez-it wherever you want, I don't care! Welcome to Chez Bargez! Sit wherever you want. I don't care. I don't care...

GRAYDON: This hasn't happened before!

AJ-2884: Time loop! Time loop!

C-53: Oh, there's... there's a lot of sparks coming off that.

AUTOMATON: My name is Bargie!

[AJ locks and loads his blaster]

AJ-2884: Lock and load! I'll take this thing out

AUTOMATON: My name is Bargie! Watch my movies!

[Three blaster shots fired]

C-53: *[laughing]* AJ! Don't shoot a blaster in here!

GRAYDON: Everything's flammable in here!

AUTOMATON: I don't want—forget about me! I'm gonna live forever! I'm gonna live forever!

PLECK: Oh, no.

AUTOMATON: Don't look in under the bathroom floor! Don't look under the bathroom flo
[audio warps]. Help. Help. Help. Help.

C-53: These things take a long time to die.

AUTOMATON: Bargie malfunction. *[pitch modulating]* Welcome to Chez Bargez! Sit wherever you wa-wa-wa-wa *[pitch drops and audio stops]*

[Flame bursts]

C-53: The fire is starting to consume the restaurant. We should probably leave.

GRAYDON: Run! Everybody run; everybody get out of here!

BECCA: Okay, I'd just like a bag.

PLECK: This is-oh no, this is bad.

AUTOMATON: Everybody do the Bargie dance!

PLECK: Oh, no.

GRAYDON: You know what? Everybody leave. I'm gonna take care of this.

AUTOMATON: Put you hand in the-put your hand in the-Hey, you're hurting me. You're hurting me. Ow. Ow. Ow.

[Graydon struggles with Automaton and hits it.]

GRAYDON: *[crying]* You ruined my life. You ruined my life.

[Automaton voice distorts, slows down, and stops]

GRAYDON: Why is everyone looking at me? Leave!

C-53: *[laughing]* Graydon, I'm so sorry!

GRAYDON: I'm going to burn up in this place. Everybody get out of here.

C-53: Graydon, you're sure you don't wanna leave with us?

PLECK: No, Graydon, just-yeah, you gotta get out of here

GRAYDON: Oh, yeah, that's a good idea! I should leave with you guys!

C-53: Yeah, yeah, come with us, Graydon!

GRAYDON: Sorry, sorry. Yes, that's a better idea. Okay.

[fire burning crackling increases]

PLECK: Oh no, that-that fire is spreading rapidly. Graydon, are there-is there a fire extinguisher? Are there-are there-are there sprinkler systems anywhere?

GRAYDON: Budget cuts. So many budget cuts!

PLECK: They removed the sprinkler system from this restaurant?

GRAYDON: They removed all water from the restaurant!

C-53: Graydon, it must be more expensive to take the sprinkler system out, right?

GRAYDON: No, it's recycled oil. That's what's going through the pipes.

C-53: *[laughing]* Oh, no.

AJ-2884: It is a Bargie restaurant.

GRAYDON: It's just cooking oil recycled through the pipes!

[air horn sounds]

AUTOMATON: Droppin' oil! Droppin' oil!

PLECK: *[laughing]* Oh, no! Oh, no.

AUTOMATON: D-D-D-Droppin' oil!

PLECK: It's just spraying oil everywhere.

GRAYDON: It's a low-it's like-it's like a safflower oil.

[crashing sound]

AJ-2884: Oh, that's a collapsed door!

C-53: Uh, the front door's on fire!

PLECK: Uh...

GRAYDON: *[joyous]* We're all going to die together!

AJ-2884: Uh....

C-53: *[laughing]* Graydon! Come on, there's gotta be a... there has to be...

PLECK: *[laughing]* Graydon, why would you say it like that?

GRAYDON: Yay!

C-53: *[still laughing]* Graydon, please don't be happy about this.

GRAYDON: I have friends again!

AJ-2884: Uh...

C-53: Graydon, is there a secret exit, a back, uh, entrance to the-the restaurant? Anything?

GRAYDON: Nope! Budget cuts. They sealed off the back room. There's no exit!

C-53: That has to be more expensive!

GRAYDON: There's no exit! They sealed it off! Budget cuts!

PLECK: Okay, how can it be cheaper? How can it be cheaper to brick up a door than just leave the door?

GRAYDON: Because every time you open the door it lets out air and then that's if you-so if you seal it up, there's no A/C.

DAR: [*incredibly serious*] Well, I can't let Becca die this way.

[*Dar inhales deeply, followed by sound of water rushing*]

AJ-2884: Whoa!

PLECK: Dar! How did you shoot all that water out of you?

GRAYDON: [*softly*] What the juck?

DAR: Well, I just thought about, you know, Becca meeting an untimely demise, and I guess some kind of instinct took over? And...

PLECK: What about *us*?

BECCA: Wow, Dar. That's-that really means a lot to me.

DAR: Oh, it was just such a-I was just so happy we got to reconnect.

[*air horn*]

AUTOMATON: Water detected! Spewing up oil! Spewing up oil! Budget cuts!

PLECK: Oh, no

C-53: Yeah, we should really get out of here. This is a mess.

AUTOMATON: Budget cuts!

C-53: [*laughing*] Budget cuts?

AUTOMATON: Bargie wants budget cuts.

C-53: What?!

[*scene transition music plays. Audio is interrupted*]

KIA RONDO: I'll tell you this, my friend. It is not often that I'm tasked with installing such a large subwoofer in a speeder such as this, but I shall not fail you.

KAJJ INIQUITOUS: Excellent

KIA RONDO: I meant to thank you for booking this appointment on our all new website, zimaprime.space. You'll see our website has been given new life, thanks to the intuitive and powerful design of tools of Wix.com, where anyone can build a stunning website for free in just minutes! Wix.com's ingenious and easy to use interface allowed us to add appointment booking, as you know.

KAJJ INIQUITOUS: Of course

KIA RONDO: But countless customizable apps and features can be added in seconds: an integrated blog, embedded audio and video event listings, and members-only pages, and more.

KAJJ INIQUITOUS: Really

KIA RONDO: And with Wix's built-in SEO tools, your site will be easier to find and reach more people. It may be a perfect fit for a - what sort of business are you in?

KAJJ INIQUITOUS: Influencer.

KIA RONDO: I'm familiar. Okay, now, the tweeters are connected, so your high end should really sing.

KAJJ INIQUITOUS: Excellent

KIA RONDO: You know what, the later Beetlemen albums would really showcase this setup. Perhaps Crabby Road, or Let it Beetle?

KAJJ INIQUITOUS: [*scoffs*]

KIA RONDO: Okay, you don't need to make that face. Well, in any case, Wix.com can make any person, business or mystical religion look amazing online, thanks to their incredible customization options and over five hundred gorgeous templates. They helped us make our website, so you know they're fresh. Get this, my friend: if you go to Wix.com and use the coupon code ZYXX, you'll get ten per cent off any premium plan, giving you more storage, a free domain for a year, and more. That's Wix.com, code Z-Y-X-X for ten per cent off of any premium plan. Creation without limits, friend! [*beat*] Wait. Something's not right here. [*footsteps approaching*] An obnoxiously loud subwoofer, bad taste in music, dubious career choices. You're not fresh at all. [*malicious laughter from the "Influencer"*] This is some sort of trap! I must warn the others! [*bag being zipped shuf*]

[*Transition music cuts back in*]

PLECK: Well you know, uh, not all of our missions go great, but I think that one went worse than most.

BARGIE: What? Did you – Did you do with it?

C-53: We, uh, Bargie, I'm sorry to say we burnt down the entire restaurant.

AJ-2884: But the Bargie Chunks were great.

BARGIE: I'm sorry; you burned down? A Chez Bargez?

C-53: I guess we didn't burn it down, but we allowed it to burn down.

PLECK: Yeah.

BARGIE: It doesn't exist-

PLECK: Everything was covered-

BARGIE: -anymore?

PLECK:-Listen, Bargie, everything was covered in oil. We would never have been able to save the restaurant.

BARGIE: Ugh. You know what? I tried so hard to make all of these businesses work. I gave them ability to use my image, my voice, I don't even know what it's saying in there. I hope it's nice. I hope I'm a sweetheart. Am I a sweetheart in there?

PLECK: Uh, uh, no.

C-53: Um, not really, honestly.

PLECK: You should try to make it into one of those restaurants sometimes.

BARGIE: Er, that's not my thing. It's kind of, like, not classy, if the star of a restaurant goes to the restaurant.

C-53: Yeah

BARGIE: It's 'cause they're desperate, you know?

PLECK: Yeah. Bargie

C-53: I guess that's true.

PLECK: Bargie, it-it's not a great representation of you in there.

BARGIE: That's disappointing, because me and the investors, we came up with a plan; we're like, it's losing money because I'm not that big of a star, it's all a facade. So I was like, why don't you pour oil in the-instead of water. I dunno, I'm a ship, huh? That's how I deal with things.

PLECK: That was your idea, Bargie? To put oil in the-

BARGIE: Get rid of the doors! Why would you need doors? You just need one door. I have one hatch. You don't need multiple doors.

PLECK: Oh no!

C-53: Bargie, a restaurant is not like a ship.

BARGIE: What's an A/C? I don't have an A/C. And so I was like, "Get rid of the A/C!". An A/C! What is that?

PLECK: Wait, Bargie, do you not have a sprinkler system?

BARGIE: What is food? Just use - I don't - Like, you guys eat it and it comes out. What's the thing that it comes out as.

PLECK: Oh no, Bargie.

C-53: Oh no, Barge. Man.

BARGIE: I don't know! I'm not an - Someone gave me way too much-

PLECK: Power, yes.

BARGIE: Power. It's not my fault. Again, I hope I came off as a beautiful sweetheart because

C-53 and **PLECK:** [*sighing*] Ah, yeah..

PLECK: No, Bargie...

C-53: And Dar, I'm sorry it wasn't actually a second baby shower.

DAR: [*deep sigh*] You know? It's okay. I guess the one solace here is knowing that I won't have to be pregnant forever. [*laughs nervously*]

C-53: Dangerously accelerated your pregnancy.

DAR: They said that-yeah, they said that I'm careening towards birth any moment now.

C-53: Yeah.

PLECK: Said - I mean - the word "imminent" at this point.

[*transmission chirps*]

C-53: Dar, I have an incoming transmission from... Becca?

DAR: [*excited*] Ooh! Goody!

[*transmission connects*]

BECCA: Hey.

DAR: Hi, Becca. How you doing?

PLECK: Hi, Becca.

BECCA: I'm okay.

PLECK: Where did you go? I thought you were with us!

DAR: [*concerned*] Did you get home safely?

BECCA: Yeah, I'm fine. I just called a Zip. [*beaf*] I shouldn't take these Zips! I mean I - I lost that microchip the last time I took a Zip.

PLECK: Becca, you lost - the last time you took a Zip was Bargie. You were on Bargie.

BECCA: Oh, yeah. Check that little closet I went into.

AJ-2884: Oh, Papa, that's your room!

PLECK: It's my room. [*sighs*] [*footsteps*]

BECCA: Anyway, Dar. Happy baby shower.

DAR: Thanks so much, Becca. I was-I was really glad you were there. 'M glad we could share it.

ZIP: [*chimes*] We've arrived at your destination!

BECCA: Yeah, me too. Okay. See ya.

[*footsteps approaching*]

PLECK: Guys, I. I found it; it's in here! It was in here the whole time!

C-53: What are the odds?

DAR: It was in there the whole time? Is your room very messy? How could you have missed this?

C-53: Yeah, your room's not that big!

PLECK: It's a very small microchip, okay?

DAR: But you have a *very* small bedroom.

PLECK: Okay, yes. I don't inventory everything in my room every time I go in and out. Okay?

DAR: Oh. I do. That's how I know if you guys have touched anything while I've been gone.

PLECK: I learned that lesson right away, Dar.

C-53: Yeah, I do, too. It's just a subroutine I have.

PLECK: Yeah, it's automatic in your case.

C-53: Yeah.

[*transmission chimes*]

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

[*transmission connects*]

PLECK: Hey, Nermut!

NERMUT: Hey, guys!

PLECK: Hey, uh

NERMUT: How's it going? I was just, uh, I was just grillin' some-some mallows with the Zimas.

PLECK: Cool. Cool. That's great.

NERMUT: Yeah.

PLECK: Why are you?

KIA RONDO: Shall we prepare a mallow for you?

PLECK: No, we're on the other side of the quadrant.

NERMUT: They're on my holo.

PLECK: L-Nermut, you should set aside time to call us. Just call us when you're not in the middle of-

NERMUT: There's only one time. We're-time is just a loop. You know what I mean? We're just looping and like-

AJ-2884: Wait, what?

[blaster is locked and loaded]

C-53: AJ, AJ, AJ, AJ

PLECK: Put the - AJ! AJ! Long story short is: mission accomplished.

AJ-2884: Sorry!

NERMUT: *[joyous laughter]*

PLECK: We got the microchip, and that's all you really need to know.

C-53: Well, we got a microchip.

DAR: It was in Pleck's bedroom.

C-53: Yeah, Pleck had it the whole time.

NERMUT: Alright! What's on it?

PLECK: Well, let's check it out!

C-53: Okay. Um, just pop it in here.

[digital beeps, chime of transmission opening. Twelve seconds of a badly corrupted audio recording plays. There are three different voices, but no words are discernible.]

PLECK: Wait, that's it?

C-53: The file goes on for another forty-five seconds or so, but I can't make any sense of it. It's either encrypted or corrupted.

PLECK: Huh. That's... not great.

C-53: Or, if we're very unlucky, the encryption is corrupted.

PLECK: Hmm.

[theme plays]

C-RED-IT5: This is C-RED-IT5, credits and attribution droid, commencing outro protocol. Papa Pleck Decksetter was played by Alden Ford. C-53 and Becca were played by Jeremy Bent. Dar was played by Allie Kokesh. Bargie the ship and the Chez Bargez Automaton were played by Moujan Zolfaghari. Master Missions Operations Manager Nermut Bundaloy and Daniel Buff were played by Seth Lind. AJ was played by Winston Noel. Chef Graydon was

played by special guest Don Fanelli. Don is the host of the popular podcast “The Need to Fail,” named one of Vulture’s best podcasts of 2018. New episodes drop every Tuesday on the Forever Dog Network, or wherever you get your podcasts. Catch Don performing monthly in Los Angeles at UCB Sunset with his group “Old Yorkers”. Check out his Twitter @donfanelli or his website don-fanelli.com. This episode was edited by Alden Ford with sound design and mix by Shane O’Connell. Recorded at Robert Doggy Jr’s Puppy Palace in Brooklyn, New York and Maximum Fun in Los Angeles. Music composed by Brendan Ryan and performed by FAME’s 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.

[Maximum Fun Promo: Minority Korner]

NNEKAY: Hey, I’m Nnekay!

JAMES: And I’m James! Together, we are the self-proclaimed Wonder Twins of podcasting. We host Minority Korner.

NNEKAY: We tackle subjects like LGBTQ topics, pop culture-

JAMES: And untold histories of American POCs, like the true story of escaped slave turned pirate turned navy man in the Civil War turned congressman Robert Smalls!

NNEKAY: Plus current events from our perspective.

JAMES: Deep dive movie and TV reviews. You’ll also get-

NNEKAY: Awesome book recommendations from the friendly neighborhood librarian!

JAMES: Don’t forget about award winning Jennifer Hudson impressions. [deep and husky singing voice] *And I’m telling you*

NNEKAY: While never taking ourselves too seriously.

JAMES: Minority Korner. Because together-

NNEKAY: -we’re the majority!

JAMES: Every Friday, here on

BOTH: Maximum Fun.

[Maximum Fun Promo: Tights and Fights]

HOST 1: Welcome, everyone to the live wrestling spectacular in Los Angeles.

HOST 2: [crowd booing] So far, the world’s most boring wrestling podcast has been destroying the competition!

HOST 3: Isn’t there anyone who can save us from this travesty?

HOST 1: Wait! Could it be?

HOST 2: It's Tights and Fights! The perfect wrestling podcast!

HOST 3: Tights and Fights is here to save us from the monotony of boring wrestling podcasts, with hilarious conversations [punching sound effect]

HOST 2: Woke trips through the history of wrestling!

HOST 3: And jokes about the finer points of people wearing spandex
[crowd counts 1, 2, 3, match bell rings three times]

HOST 1: What a match!

HOST 2: And the Tights and Fights podcast will be back every week!

HOST 3: Thursdays on MaximumFun.org, or wherever you get your podcasts! Please! These hosts have families!

[Jingle plays]

MaximumFun.org: Comedy and culture. Artist owned. Audience supported.

[outtake audio has no sound effects or re-pitched voices.]

C-53: Oh wow, do you have x-rays back there?

GRAYDON: Of course we do!

C-53: Oh, I would-

GRAYDON: How do you think we-yeah, that's like half our cooking process.

C-53: Are you kidding? I would I-I haven't had x-rays in so long. I would love-

PLECK: I'm sorry. You cook food with x-rays? I can't-I

GRAYDON: You can.

PLECK: I don't think that-

C-53: Yeah. Oh yeah, you can.

PLECK: Yeah, no, I don't think you can.

GRAYDON: Oh, yeah

C-53: Yeah you can.

GRAYDON: Ohhhhhhhh, yeah.

PLECK: I can eat something that's been x-rayed?

GRAYDON: Ohhhhhhhhhhhhh, yeah. Uh-huh.

C-53: Uh, I think you probably have eaten something that's been x-rayed.

PLECK: Oh, boy. That doesn't seem safe.

GRAYDON: Yeah! Mm-hmm. Sure.