

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]

[C-53 is shuffling papers around and typing]

PLECK: Hey, C-53?

C-53: What is it, Pleck?

PLECK: What are all these papers doing? What are you doing?

C-53: Uh, Pleck, I... [sighs] These organic brains are so bad at math. They're...

PLECK: [laughing] Oh man, don't I know it.

C-53: Embarrassing.

PLECK: Yeah, mine especially, but you can't do that in your cube anymore?

C-53: I've tried, but it just falls apart so fast. I'm trying to figure out how to get us back to the Zyxx Quadrant.

PLECK: Oh, wow.

C-53: I mean, the Themm have offered no updates. We have to take matters into our own clumsy, weirdly textured hands.

PLECK: You know, C-53, some of us have actually kind of started to appreciate some of the things about this galaxy. Even when we fail missions, they're super chill about it, and we've actually accomplished a few missions, which I never thought I would say at all. So, I mean, maybe there's some good to being in this body of yours, and maybe we can carve out a place here for ourselves.

C-53: [stands up] No, this body sucks, this galaxy blows.

[Dar enters the crew's quarters]

DAR: Thank you again, Garbo. I did not deserve those 39 orgasms.

GARBO: Oh yes you did, Dar. You have been working so hard.

PLECK: Wait, Dar, what just... Did you just hook up with Garbo?

DAR: Yeah, and they were a wonderful and reciprocative lover.

PLECK: Wow, cool.

GARBO: Next time I promise the full 40. It's just that I have an appointment.

PLECK: [laughing] Wow, Garbo.

GARBO: Yes?

PLECK: You dog, you.

GARBO: [confused] I'm a Themm.

PLECK: Okay. Yeah, no, it's not a...

GARBO: I've not met these dogs.

PLECK: Don't worry about it. Yeah, don't worry about it.

GARBO: Okay, goodbye.

[Garbo leaves the room]

PLECK: Wait, I thought the Themm didn't want to hook up without, like, an emotional connection?

DAR: Well, there was a rare moment of vulnerability, and you're not allowed to know anything more than that, Pleck.

PLECK: Okay, all right, yeah.

C-53: These organic needs are so... base. [sits down grumpily]

PLECK: C-53, maybe this fleshy, clammy body you're in, you can learn to love it. I did with my doughy, clammy body.

C-53: What would be the lovable part of this body, I guess is my question?

PLECK: I'm so glad you asked. I like your jaunty little hair flip that you've got. That's fun.

C-53: [irritated] So my hair is the part that you think is worth being in this prison of a body.

PLECK: Yeah, I like when you walk, you sort of lead with your nose. Like, you sort of like walk on the... you sort of galumph around, which is very charming.

C-53: So I have hair and a funny walk.

PLECK: Yeah.

C-53: Did I tell you I pulled a hamstring? Why would you make a synthetic body that was capable of doing that? That's insane.

PLECK: [laughing] Yeah, I mean, I'm sorry about that.

C-53: There is no one to service my cube when I inevitably break down.

PLECK: Okay. I mean...

C-53: [ripping up paper] What the juck, man?! Come on!

PLECK: Hey, C-53, calm down. You're so emotional.

DAR: Wow, you are really in your feelings.

GARBO: [enters room] My appointment is over, C-53. Is this a moment of emotional vulnerability? Do you need 40 orgasms, or...

C-53: [snarling] No, I don't need any orgasms. I need a real jucking droid frame, you roddamn asshole!

GARBO: Oh, so vulnerable.

C-53: GRRRRHHH!

GARBO: Kiss my ridges.

BARGIE: Hey, can we keep it quiet here? I'm in the middle of a casting session.

PLECK: Oh, sorry, Bargie. You're casting a project right now?

BARGIE: Well, it turns out there are not many directors here, where we are in space, so I've become one of the premier theatre directors.

PLECK: [laughing] It's been like two days since you became a director.

BARGIE: I know. I've been sent so many scripts. [hushed] Honestly, most of them are terrible. I got a couple of deals that are going on. I'm working on a couple projects.

PLECK: That's great.

BARGIE: And now I'm part of the other side. I'm the one deciding which actors should be in my projects.

PLECK: Wow.

BARGIE: And which ones should give up immediately.

[An actor walks onto Bargie]

ACTOR: Uh, Director Bargie, should I continue with the sides?

BARGIE: Yeah, but if you can make your voice, I told you, for the 100th time, like mine. Okay? I don't want this weak, this weak, tooping voice. Okay? You've got to be strong when you act, or else they're going to get you, and they're going to destroy you, and they're going to throw you away from this industry, even though we know that you're talented! Maybe. So do the scene again in the voice that we rehearsed.

ACTOR: Okay.

BARGIE: You play the part of.... dirty old trash bag.

ACTOR: [loudly in Bargie imitation] Your silence says everything.

PLECK: Oh, that's pretty good.

C-53: That's not a bad Barge.

BARGIE: Thank you so much. We'll be in touch.

[Actor leaves]

PLECK: See? C-53? Bargie's really flourishing here, you know? Her career...

C-53: I guess.

AJ: Oh, yeah. Forcing out of work actors to do impressions of her? Living the dream.

PLECK: I mean, sure. Wait, AJ, are you coming around in this place? You like it now?

AJ: Eh! Same shit, different galaxy, am I right?

PLECK: Not really. It's actually quite different, I think.

AJ: Is it?

DAR: He's just reading his mug. He's reading his novelty mug.

PLECK: Oh, yeah. Where did you get that?

AJ: Oh, it was in the Synergy gift shop. I just went and got it. It's pretty good.

PLECK: But how would they--

AJ: I don't really get it.

PLECK: Never mind. Yeah, I don't know.

[communicator chimes]

C-53: Lead Envoy C-53, I have an incoming transmission from Missions Operations, Missions Assignments, and Missions Envoy Associate, Nermut Bundaloy. I had to look at the wall... to see the notification for that!

AJ: Oh, right, because it's not happening inside of your head or whatever?

C-53: Not happening inside my head. Only pain inside my head. Only pain.

NERMUT: Hey, crew! Big mission time.

PLECK: Hey, Nermut. What's up, man?

NERMUT: What do you mean, "What's up?" We have a mission.

PLECK: Okay. Yeah, usually we get some sort of--

DAR: It's just casual conversation, Nermut.

PLECK: Yeah, we usually get some sort of--

NERMUT: [annoyed] You yell at me when I talk about other stuff. I've been telling myself all day, "I'm just going to go straight to the mission."

PLECK: Nermut, we're all feeling good. I got a new woodsaber. [swings woodsaber around] Dar had a great interaction with Garbo, apparently. Bargie's casting her new play. AJ got a fun mug, and C-53 pulled a hamstring! So, everything's great.

NERMUT: Wow.

C-53: [annoyed] Yeah, point of order. We are not all feeling good.

AJ: Yeah, I totally hear you. The only thing that's bad is Bargie is having trouble finding the right person for Trash Bag Lady.

NERMUT: Oh!

DAR: See, Nermut, this is the type of casual catch-up with the crew before you hop into business.

PLECK: Yeah, Nermut, you gotta warm up the room, you know?

[Audio POV shifts to Nermut]

NERMUT: Okay, fine. [typing and swirling around his office] You'll be happy to know that OptiSoft is-- I'm not going to say doing great as a business, but, like, we're back. We did a Series C fundraiser, and we've got some--

DAR: Just get to the mission, Nermut.

AJ: Just get to the mission!

NERMUT: You literally asked me--

PLECK: Yeah, get to the mission, Nermut.

C-53: [shouting] Yeah, Nermut, get to the mission!

NERMUT: That's rich. Yeah, get to the mission, Nermut.

NERMUT: Okay, fine.

BARGIE: Not you, Gauchefer. It's a line that I want you to say.

ACTOR: All right, what-- Miss Jade, I'm just trying right now.

PLECK: Hold on. Is that an OptiSoft employee auditioning?

ACTOR: [flipping through script] You know, I did go to CarCon 5, Conservatory.

BARGIE: I don't know what that is.

ACTOR: Okay. [nasally] Just get to the mission, Nermut.

BARGIE: That was a good Pleck.

PLECK: That was a Bargie voice. He was doing you.

BARGIE: No. Next!

NERMUT: Okay, the mission. The Ignari and the Nognilk are, of course, at war.

PLECK: Of course?

DAR: Of course?

NERMUT: Well, I mean, this war has been going on for ages, but there is--

DAR: We've lived here for, like, two weeks.

NERMUT: Listen, I read.

[Audio POV returns to crew]

DAR: Okay, Nermut.

C-53: Was that a brag?

DAR: Quit bragging and just get to the mission.

PLECK: Yeah, get to the mission, Nermut.

C-53: Before you start listing people named Jucko again.

NERMUT: Wow. The Ignari and the Nognilk are in charge of between them, like, 70% of the planets in this galaxy. This is a huge ongoing war the COUP is...

PLECK: I feel like--

NERMUT: One of our main missions is to try to end this battle.

DAR: [grunts] Nermut, until we decide we're here for good, I'm not committing any of this to memory.

PLECK: Yeah, it's hard to keep this all straight. The Ignari, the Nognilk--

NERMUT: You've got to at least memorize their names for this mission.

AJ: Listen, I'm having too much trouble memorizing these sides for Bargie's play.

PLECK: You're auditioning for Bargie?

AJ: I'm going to give it a shot. Throw my helmet in the ring.

C-53: I'm having trouble memorizing anything, okay? How do you keep information in an organic brain? It just slides out! [screaming] Where's the file structure!? I mean, am I crazy??! How do you categorize!?!?

[C-53 storms out]

PLECK: Okay, relax. Relax, C-53. Oh, no. C-53.

NERMUT: Wow.

BARGIE: Huh. Anyone know who C-53's agent is?

PLECK: Uh, no, I don't. Are you casting him?

NERMUT: Are you scouting him?

BARGIE: I'm just leaving a little mystery out there.

PLECK: Oh. Okay, so the Ignari and the [pronouncing] Nognilk, is that right?

NERMUT: Yes, and here's the thing. There's a moon in the neutral zone between the two armadas, and we need to evacuate it.

PLECK: The way you describe it, "neutral zone" doesn't sound neutral. It sort of sounds like the place where the dangerous shit happens.

NERMUT: It's very close to the front, but it's technically neutral.

PLECK: So there's a front with a neutral zone in the middle? That doesn't seem--

NERMUT: No, there's a lot of fighting around it. Occasionally there's sort of infantries on the moon. That's technically the neutral zone, and we've got to get the innocents out.

PLECK: Okay.

NERMUT: They don't think it's that many people, so they should all fit in Bargie.

PLECK: All right.

BARGIE: What?

NERMUT: Tell her.

AJ: Hey, Nermut, we really need to get to the mission. Can you tell us what it is?

NERMUT: Wow.

[transition]

HARK: [audio log beeps] Helmsman's Log, Space Date... Who knows? Well, today old Hark-T is riding high, because we successfully navigated the Pyrosian Field, a belt of molten asteroids that threaten to critically breach the RSS Synergy. And I gotta say, it

feels great to finally be part of a robust tactical team, instead of solo-piloting my rickety fighter through hazard after harrowing hazard. These last few months have given old Hark a chance to reflect on my many, many brushes with the sweet hereafter. And to be honest, with a bit of perspective, I've begun to realize that maybe the thing that was putting me in the most danger was... myself. Golly, I don't know. Maybe it's the rush of blasting into warp speed away from certain death. Maybe it's the accolades when I returned triumphant. Maybe... maybe I'm in love with the danger itself. But one thing's for sure, I was caught in a cycle of self-sabotage more dangerous than any Carmerian hexworm hive. Heck, I used to call up Rebel headquarters during a crash landing to talk about protein bars for crying out loud. What was I trying to prove? What was I running from? Well, I guess I don't know. But I do know that I couldn't have begun this soul-searching without BetterHelp Online Therapy. BetterHelp offers video, phone, even live chat sessions, and they'll match you with a therapist in under 48 hours. I mean, I was once suspended by a shredded parachute above a Kwalnak nest for thrice that long. Take it from me, even the babies can swallow you whole. Actually, I'm going to jot that down real quick for my next session. But remember, you don't need to be nearly digested by a Gartosian spider to benefit from therapy. If your stress is high, you could probably use the chance to unload. Talk to someone who's completely unbiased about your life. Someone who isn't going to judge you or take sides on anything. You'll be surprised how much it could help. Plus, BetterHelp is more affordable than in-person therapy. Not to mention, I got 10% off my first month at [BetterHelp.com/Zyxx](https://www.betterhelp.com/Zyxx). Have your first session in under 48 hours at [B-E-T-T-E-R-H-E-L-P.com/Zyxx](https://www.betterhelp.com/B-E-T-T-E-R-H-E-L-P.com/Zyxx). Helmsman's log entry, complete. Okay, off to the commissary. Oh! [thud] Wow, that smarts right on the baby toe! I'll just pull myself up. [massive crash] This filing cabinet just fell right on me! Help! Help! [laughs] Hark, old chum, guess you've still got a long road ahead.

[transition]

[The crew arrives! Bargie opens her hatch to a massive battle and the crew scampers across]

PLECK: Okay, there are a lot of ships arriving around here right now. We gotta evacuate this moon pronto. Are there any life forms anywhere?

AJ: Yeah, Mr. Robot Man, what do you think?

C-53: [irritated] AJ, do you think Jeremy could sense life forms?

PLECK: Oh! Hey, wait!

C-53: Well, he couldn't.

PLECK: I think that's what this thing they gave us does.

[Pleck pulls out a small beeping device]

C-53: Yes, this is what this bicorder is for. You know, it gathers information and it saves information. It's a bicorder.

PLECK: [bicorder chimes] Yeah, look at this. It actually says there is a life form nearby! See? Right there on the screen.

C-53: It's just so inefficient. You could just build it into a robot.

AJ: Wow, it's almost like we don't even need you, Mr. Robot.. Man Robot. Squishy Man.

C-53: C-53. Lead Envoy C-53 is how you should address me.

AJ: You got it.

PLECK: It says they're up here off to the right behind this toppled building. [shuts off bicorder]

AJ: Let's do it. I don't believe in neutral zones! Keep your head on a swivel! Let's kick these doors in! [swishes and crashes] Okay, it's an automatic. All right. Yep, most dangerous kind of door.

PLECK: Sliding door, yeah.

AJ: Yeah, unexpected.

C-53: You really went in on that kick, AJ.

AJ: I put most of my body behind it, yeah.

[door opens, the crew walks inside]

DAR: Oh, wow.

PLECK: This is an adorable shop. It was like rubble out there, and this place seems completely untouched.

C-53: Spotless, yeah, wow.

TERRY: Oh, hi! How's it going? Welcome to Galax Sequence.

DAR: Hi there.

PLECK: Galax Sequence? That is some terrific wordplay. Very nice.

TERRY: Oh, you know, I didn't name this store. I just work here.

PLECK: Oh, okay.

TERRY: [cheerful] I'm Terry Sherry. Let me know if I can help you with anything that you might need.

C-53: Perfect. We're trying to just get a hold of everyone in the area, you know, who's not part of the conflict outside. Are you familiar with the people around here?

TERRY: Yes, the Ignari and the Nognilk.

C-53: Oh, yeah. I'm talking about, you know, civilians that live around here.

TERRY: You're looking at her!

C-53: [surprised] Oh.

DAR: You're it.

PLECK: You're the only person who lives here?

TERRY: That stayed here, yes.

PLECK: Wow.

AJ: [whispering] Hey, remember how we only saw one person on the bicorder?

C-53: Yeah.

AJ: I think this might be her.

PLECK: Yeah, AJ. It's not a mystery at all.

AJ: Oh, okay. Yeah.

C-53: Apologies, Terry Sherry. We should introduce ourselves. These are Envoys Dar, Pleck and AJ, and I am Lead Envoy C-53. Squishy, awkward, and apparently relatable.

PLECK: He just looks like a person. It's fine, but he's a robot.

C-53: [disdainful] Yeah, I look like a person.

DAR: We're here to save you.

TERRY: Hmm?

DAR: We're here to save you, if you could just follow us.

TERRY: What?

PLECK: Listen, Terry Sherry, this is a very dangerous place for you to be.

DAR: Yeah. Is it just, Terry, that you couldn't find a way out of here?

TERRY: Oh, no, they were actually pretty efficient when they came by to evacuate us the first time. I just decided that I don't need to leave. This is the place that I've been happiest, and outside is full of turmoil. Why should I just listen to somebody telling me that it would be better on the outside when I know for a fact that it is absolutely delightful inside?

C-53: It is very peaceful in here.

PLECK: It is really nice.

TERRY: If you guys don't need any arts and crafts, then I'm going to go back to doing my sweep of the aisles, making sure everything is in its right place.

PLECK: Oh.

AJ: I've got one more question for you. It's pretty important.

TERRY: Mm-hmm.

AJ: Where are the pipe cleaners?

PLECK: AJ...

TERRY: Oh, pipe cleaners, love those. Aisle seven.

AJ: Guys, I'm going to check the pipe cleaner aisle. If I don't come back in a while, I'm probably making a couple, like, figures and having them fight each other. So just, I'll be back. [AJ runs off]

[a klaxon begins blaring outside]

PLECK: Okay. Terry, I've got to tell you, that klaxon outside, that means that ships are landing here. We've got to clear the area.

DAR: Yeah, so if you could just grab, like, your knitting needles or whatever and follow us?

TERRY: I will never leave a muddy putty or a puff paint alone.

PLECK: Oh, wow, uh.

[a small robot rolls across the floor]

ROBOT: [distorted] Terry, Terry, Terry, Terry, Terry, Terry, there has been a spill of pipe cleaners on aisle seven. Would you like me to clean them up?

TERRY: Oh, you know what? I can get that myself. It seems like whoever has just entered our store does not have any business here, so I'll just do that.

[Terry walks off]

DAR: Oh, just a--

ROBOT: Commencing scan of aisle nine.

PLECK: This seems-- I don't know if she's going to go.

DAR: I think she's made it very clear she's not going to go.

ROBOT: Scan complete. Moving to aisle eight.

C-53: [sobbing] Hey, buddy. Hey, little buddy. What are you, some kind of robot?
[picks robot up]

ROBOT: Rerouting. Rerouting.

C-53: [crying] Look at this guy. He doesn't know what he could be, okay?

[Terry walks up to AJ]

TERRY: This is a big spill. This is such a big spill.

AJ: I'm sorry about that. Sorry about that. I got, you know, I tried to get one of the big ones, and then all the rest of them came down.

TERRY: You know what? Sure. I'm just going to clean this up if you don't mind.

AJ: I can help. I can help.

[Terry and AJ begin cleaning]

TERRY: Okay, great.

AJ: Clean up on aisle seven, but not in a cool way. Normally, I'd say something like that, and I'd start shooting, but this is not, you know, that.

TERRY: Yeah.

AJ: These pipe cleaners are so cool.

TERRY: Thanks.

[AJ and Terry's hands touch]

AJ: Oh, your hand brushed my hand. Okay, sorry about that.

TERRY: No, that's okay. It's okay. I'm sorry.

AJ: Okay.

TERRY: All right.

AJ: Yeah, pipe cleaners are pretty cool because you can, like, bend them like this.
Yeah. You can bend them back.

TERRY: Yeah. Have you ever put a couple of them together and bent them all different ways?

AJ: Wait, hold on. You're blowing my mind right now.

TERRY: Yeah.

AJ: You can put them together?

TERRY: Yes. You can make a little curlicue mustache if you want with two of them combined.

AJ: [laughs] Looks like you have a mustache!

TERRY: Yep, mmhm!

DAR: Okay, yeah, no, I think that's a great plan. If we buy the entire stock in the store, she'll have to leave! There's no reason to stay behind in Galax Sequence.

PLECK: Sure. I mean, certainly the Synergy would reimburse us for that. They're post-money now, but could they return to sort of mid money, just for the sake of, you know, a diplomatic mission?

C-53: Mid-mid money? Do you hear yourself right now?

PLECK: I mean, what's pre-post money?

DAR: Typically this is where you would weigh in, C-53!

C-53: I don't know! I don't know what the answer is! I don't know what the answer is!

ROBOT: Welcome to Galax Sequence.

C-53: [sobbing] Buddy, we're... just let me get in there... let me borrow a couple of microchips.

PLECK: C-53...

C-53: I think it's really gonna make a big difference.

DAR: Just back off.

C-53: Ow. The hard metal hurt my hand!

PLECK: C-53, come here. Come here.

DAR: Here, why don't you just, don't you stroke this crushed velvet. Yeah. Oh, that doesn't feel nice?

C-53: It does feel nice.

DAR: Yeah, sold by the yard.

ROBOT: Welcome to Galax Sequence. You are still in Galax Sequence. Commencing scan of aisle 7.

AJ: So the bot, like, intelligent, or is it more of a point of sale? Like, what's the deal with the bot?

TERRY: Um, I've just been here so long that I decided to build that bot myself. It's actually made of arts and crafts.

AJ: Whoa!

TERRY: Yeah.

AJ: Cool.

ROBOT: When I spin around, I spit out glitter. [shooting] Glitter. Glitter. Glitter. Glitter. Glue. Glitter.

AJ: Wow!

TERRY: The glitter thing was my first idea and then it was making a mess so I had to program it to also know how to clean.

ROBOT: I will clean up my glitter. [vacuuming]

TERRY: Thank you!

AJ: Wow.

[carriers land just outside the building]

AJ: Whoa!

PLECK: Oh my Rodd!

DAR: They are fighting right outside the door!

PLECK: All of those soldiers are just streaming out of those carriers.

DAR: [worried] The sign says the two for one sale on acrylic paint ends today.

PLECK: I mean, uh, yes, yeah, that too, but this seems bad.

DAR: Yeah, acrylics are not my medium. But if the sale is ending today, I think I gotta do it! It's a bogo!

PLECK: Guys. I think we need to call Nermut and let him know what's going on. C-53, can you...

C-53: [sobbing] Pleck, I can't do that anymore. I don't... I can't call anybody.

PLECK: No, I mean with your badge on your uniform. You just tap it and...

C-53: I don't have the hardware, Pleck! And I don't... I'm not gonna apologize.

PLECK: Okay, you know what? I'll- I'll do it. It's fine. [communicator chimes] Uh, Pleck to Nermut.

NERMUT: OptiSoft, Nermut Bundaloy speaking.

PLECK: Oh my Ro... Nermut, are you working at OptiSoft now?

NERMUT: Well, just temporarily, I'm kind of like sitting in for the CTO they're out on, uh, parental leave.

PLECK: [shouting] Nermut, you're supposed to be working for the COUP for us! With us!

NERMUT: I mean, you're on the mission. I'm what I do during when you're...

PLECK: No, listen, we need you- we need your help, Nermut.

NERMUT: Okay, okay. Uh, Pleck, I need to put you on a brief hold.

PLECK: What? No-

[communicator beeps]

HOLD: OptiSoft, we will be your service today. OptiSoft, so much server capacity.

AJ: Is that Nermut doing the music?

PLECK: Yeah, I think that's-

NERMUT: Okay. Uh, yeah, Pleck?

PLECK: Nermut, did you just... I'm in a war zone. Did you just put me on hold to talk to a hologram?

NERMUT: What? What do you need?

PLECK: Nermut...

DAR: Nermut, we need you to reinvent money and send it.

PLECK: We think that buying out the inventory is the only way we can get her to leave.

NERMUT: Oh... You're right. In the Refractorium, I can just make money!

PLECK: Yes.

NERMUT: [excited] I can reflect a hedge fund!

PLECK: Yes. What?

NERMUT: And then I can invest into OptiSoft.

PLECK: No! No, Nermut.

NERMUT: It's, it's, I, so the morality is maybe gray, you're right. But like..

PLECK: Never mind. Never mind, Nermut. Never mind.

NERMUT: Thank you!

PLECK: Go! Disconnect! Disconnect! [Pleck hangs up]

TERRY: Hey, everybody.

PLECK: L-listen, Terry, Sherry, things are heating up out there. I-I don't know if I feel comfortable staying inside the craft store.

TERRY: Um... What would you mean by that?

C-53: Terry Sherry, aren't you worried that the violence could come in here at any time?

TERRY: No.

[door opens and a massive soldier enters]

PLECK: Ah!

KORJULAXX: It is I, Lieutenant Korjulaxx of the Ignari. Please, Terry Sherry. [removes armor] Do you have, uh, oh, you know it's like a glue, and you're gluing bits to like a picture frame?

TERRY: Okay, um, I'm trying to think. There's a lot of different types of glue. Are you looking for a tacky glue? Is it tacky glue, Lieutenant?

KORJULAXX: Um, yeah?

[door opens and another massive soldier enters]

RASH'LUNK: KORJULAXX! It is I, Grand Ensign Rash'Lunk of the Nog-Nilk. You shall die at my hand! [fires machine blaster wildly]

KORJULAXX: Not now! I am purchasing craft goods.

RASH'LUNK: [stops firing] Oh, Galax Sequence, right?

KORJULAXX: Our conflict must wait until I've purchased my....

RASH'LUNK: Of course, of course.

KORJULAXX: ...Ah, it's like, um, you know, if I want to like tear pieces of magazine and glue it to like a frame, is there what to...

TERRY: It's perhaps a glue stick if you're, just, it sounds like you're collaging, are you looking for a glue stick?

KORJULAXX: Oh, yes! Yeah, a glue stick I think would actually do the job.

TERRY: Yes, and some Modge Podge!

KORJULAXX: Modge Podge. That is what my wife wanted. I wasn't describing it right, I think. Terry Sherry, you are a savior. [puts armor back on] I will return to destroy you, Grand Ensign Rash'Lunk!

RASH'LUNK: Never shall it happen! Save some Modge Podge for me, please!

KORJULAXX: Do you need Modge Podge?

RASH'LUNK: Just a little, if there's any extra.

KORJULAXX: Well, I was going to buy two cans, so if you need one...

RASH'LUNK: You are ahead of me, so if your wife calls for you..

KORJULAXX: But that's not fair. That's not fair.

RASH'LUNK: Okay, for I believe my wife might like it as well.

KORJULAXX: It's a very versatile product.

TERRY: [wrapping package] All right, you guys, I'm gonna wrap up two tubs of Modge Podge for you, and um, you can come back and pay after the turmoil is over. I know how you guys like to do.

KORJULAXX: Thank you Terry Sherry.

RASH'LUNK: Thank you, Terry Sherry...

[the two soldiers exit]

TERRY: Yep.

AJ: Wow, you really handled those guys, that's crazy. You didn't even do anything, you didn't like, use a knife or anything.

PLECK: Terry Sherry, does that, does that happen a lot? That people come in in the middle of a battle to buy arts and crafts?

TERRY: [quietly] I'm starting to get a little offended that you're surprised that we get a lot of business here at Galax Sequence.

PLECK: No, that's not what I'm saying. I'm not saying that at all. I think it's great. I'm really happy. I just, it's, it's crazy. Those guys were literally covered in blood!

DAR: Just casually shopping for Modge Podge together.

TERRY: Yeah. They don't like each other, but you know what they both like?

AJ: What?

TERRY: Colored pencils.

AJ: Yeah?

TERRY: Yeah.

AJ: [excited] Wait, hold on. You've got colored pencils here?

TERRY: Absolutely. They're in aisle 10. Would you want to go over to aisle 10?

AJ: Let's go!

[another soldier ends]

HEA'AD: I'm sorry. But I got off the head of my enemy and I'm holding it currently in my hand. I was... wondering where is the party paper?

TERRY: Well, okay, um, party paper is, aisle eight.

HEA'AD: Many thanks and a goodbye to you.

[Hea'Ad runs off]

C-53: This is grim.

PLECK: Listen, Terry Sherry, we know you don't want to leave, but we have a proposal for you.

DAR: So we were wondering, Terry, would you take an IOU?

TERRY: What would you mean by that?

PLECK: What if we just helped you out and, you know, bought a bunch of your stock, and that lets you kind of take the day off. You come with us back to the Synergy, chill out for a couple days, and then we'll just drop you back by when this is all over.

TERRY: I... I... I don't know. I chose to stay here.

AJ: Yeah. You guys are being really big idiots right now.

PLECK: [laughing] AJ, What are you talking about?

AJ: You can't buy Terry off. You know, she's doing a service. She's making people happy! I mean, that guy who just cut that other guy's head off, he's wrapping it in paper, that's like, fun! Like, everyone's having a good time, everyone's making crafts, and you know what, I think the guys who are buying it for their "wives" are really buying it for themselves.

PLECK: Yeah, I thought that too, I had that same thought, yeah.

TERRY: AJ, did you mean all those things that you said about me and the store?

AJ: That you want to stay here, and that it's a good place, and people like it? Why would... that would be weird if I lied about that, right?

TERRY: Right. I don't know, I thought we'd been having a sort of a thing?

DAR: Heyo!

PLECK: [tired] Oh Rodd, not again...

AJ: Listen, we made some pipe cleaner people, which was like.. I mean, the mustache thing was amazing. No one's gonna deny that, but uh...

C-53: AJ, this isn't the first time you've gotten sort of romantically entangled with some person on a planet we're visiting. What's the deal? Are you trying to make this happen?

AJ: What?

DAR: [upset] Yeah, what's your secret? Because I've been trying to get my groove back, but it is not happening.

PLECK: It sort of seems like a lot of our missions, like we go down, there's something we're supposed to do, and you end up... You know, teaching some alien how to love or something.

TERRY: [upset] You do this all the time? You do this everywhere?

PLECK: Oh, I'm so sorry. I've said- No, no, no.

C-53: Well, it's not the first time, Pleck. Come on, let's be honest.

TERRY: [heartbroken] You sent the cute dumb one-

AJ: Whoa, hold on.

TERRY: -down into the aisle with the mess, right? And then I fell in love instantly! Okay? I'll admit it. I did. Okay? This was all just a ruse. You were trying to get me to fall in love so I would leave this store, thinking that when I left I would just have a life with you out there. Why would you do that to someone?

PLECK: Oh.

C-53: Yeah, AJ, that's pretty messed up.

AJ: Terry Sherry, the last time this happened to me, I'd said this and the person didn't feel as bad as they felt before. Uh, I'm six. I'm six years old. I was cloned six years ago, so when I say that, usually, if there's like, "oh, you're six," they're not, like, into it anymore.

TERRY: Okay, well, age is a number and it hasn't really been a thing, you know?

AJ: Wait, hold on. 2884 is a number. Which is my call sign, but AJ is letters.

PLECK: No, she said age isn't...

TERRY: I can't keep falling in love with you. You all need to leave.

DAR: But, uh, to interrupt here, Terry, You would leave if, in fact, your love was reciprocated by AJ?

TERRY: I... I was really preparing myself to do that.

DAR: Hmm.

TERRY: I thought there was something bigger for me than just Galax Sequence.

AJ: There's really not.

DAR: Ahem.

AJ: I'll say that.

DAR: Well, speaking as AJ's closest friend and confidant—

AJ: That's true. Sorry, Papa.

PLECK: Okay.

DAR: I can tell that AJ does reciprocate those feelings.

TERRY: But AJ just gave a whole speech saying a lot of things that ended up being like a no.

DAR: [unconvincing] He's so dumb, right? He's so dumb. But he's so cute. He's so cute. Isn't he so cute?

AJ: No, listen up! Listen to me, Terry Sherry.

TERRY: Okay.

AJ: [dramatically flipping through script] Y'know, I'm no good for ya. I'm a cloooooone. It can never work out between the two of us. I'm no good for ya. But just remember this. I'll always care about you, dirty, trash, garbage lady.

TERRY: What did you call me?

AJ: What? I'm sorry, uh, this is from the sides I was reading, from this play that Bargie is doing and I thought actually, you know, it might be applicable.

TERRY: Okay.

[The door opens and a trooper enters]

TROOPER: [sliding across floor slowly] Ah! Got shot, oh! Oh, the Ignari infantry advanced! Soon a battle will be right here and I must, before I die, make collage!

TERRY: Oh, yeah, uh, yep, the—

TROOPER: Collage!

TERRY: -but you know what, it looks like you can't move. Um, I can shop for you, so what colors do you like? Um, and do you like stickers, which sort of a collage were you looking to make?

TROOPER: [rasps] Red. And yes.

TERRY: Red and yes. Okay, so I'll just grab everything. You can just die at the door. Okay.

PLECK: Wow.

ROBOT: Clean up at the door! Clean up at the door!

AJ: See, that's the right use of clean up on aisle.

PLECK: [horrified] That is so disgusting. Terry Sherry, we beg of you, please, come with us!

AJ: No, listen up! Look around. Just look around. The craft store is the true neutral zone. You know, I thought that there can be no such thing as peace, as I am a soldier that's been bred for war. Terry Sherry has shown me a different path... one of crafts and arts. [folds origami]

TERRY: Thank you. That means a lot.

PLECK: Wow, AJ, did you just fold that little bird?

AJ: Little bird. [flaps its wings]

TERRY: That's amazing!

AJ: Thank you.

TERRY: What's important about me, this place, what I do here, this is amazing! I'm never leaving here.

PLECK: Listen, Terry, I think, you know, you've proven that this is where you belong. You're, you're helping people when they come in and need something. Maybe we should stop worrying so much about, you know, interfering with—[the door opens and a captain enters] What?

CAPTAIN: [gasping] We're all gonna die!

PLECK: What? No! No!

[The captain is riddled with bullets and Rash'Lunk runs inside]

RASH'LUNK: Before the torpedoes hit... I need glue guns.

PLECK: Wait. Wait, torpedoes? What torpedoes?

TERRY: Um, well glue guns. Aisle 10.

RASH'LUNK: Thank you. Thank you.

PLECK: Multiple glue guns?!

RASH'LUNK: The antimatter torpedoes will disintegrate everything on this moon, including your stock of decorative ribbons! Now is the time to purchase. No cost is too high, Terry Sherry! [frantically looking around]

TERRY: Oh yeah. Lots of ribbon. Um, you have a color preference?

RASH'LUNK: Like.. but like a glossy ribbon?

TERRY: Glossy ribbon. Oh, we have one with duckies on it.

RASH'LUNK: Ooh, I love it!

PLECK: Sorry, sorry, Terry Sherry. Things are getting sort of serious. Did that guy say, uh, antimatter torpedoes?

RASH'LUNK: Yes, I said antimatter torpedoes.

PLECK: Okay, get out of here!

RASH'LUNK: Yes, yes, complete my task. What aisle are the duck ribbon? It sounds like-

TERRY: Oh, yeah, the duck ribbon. That's, um, aisle three.

RASH'LUNK: Thank you!

PLECK: Listen, Terry, I'm sorry. We came in, we made a mess of everything. We really toyed with your emotions and your self worth, but Galax Sequence can't be a neutral zone if it's been blown up!

TERRY: [crying] I can't, I can't leave! What am I supposed to do? Galax Sequence has been my whole life and you've all truly made me realize that. I guess the only thing I could do is transfer to the Galax Sequence a couple systems away!

PLECK: Wait, there's another Galax Sequence?

C-53: Galax Sequence is a CHAIN?

TERRY: Uh yeah, I mean, it's a little bit of a chain. Like, this was the most successful one and they made enough money. Also, I'd have to fill out a bunch of paperwork. I'd have to do my own exit interview. And then I'd have to do my own severance, I'd have to do all this stuff, this paperwork.

PLECK: Terry! Terry, you're gonna die if you just- [antimatter torpedo hits just above building and crashes the ceiling in] Oh! Rodd! That ceiling just caved in! Terry, we'll help you with the application! That's the only problem?

TERRY: Sort of, and I really felt important here. I guess I could just be important in another Galax Sequence.

PLECK: Listen, Terry, grab your robot. Let's get back to the ship.

TERRY: Okay.

[A Lietunant runs in frantically]

LIEUTENANT: Hello. Where can I find more party paper?

PLECK: Oh boy.

TERRY: Sorry, but as of just right now, I don't work here anymore.

LIEUTENANT: Doh! This place blows!

AJ: [angry] Hey, treat her with respect!

[transition, Justin and Centurion are tapping their datapads]

CENTURION: Hey Justin, mind if I sit with you?

JUSTIN: Sure, you mean like-

CENTURION: As friends.

JUSTIN: [sad] Right, because we're totally just friends and that's fine and I'm not freaking out about it. And I'm not even obsessed with your drip and how it looks effortlessly cool.

CENTURION: [brushing shoulder] Oh, this outfit? Yeah, I got it from StitchFix.

JUSTIN: I completely know what that is, but will you tell me about it as if I didn't?

CENTURION: So, when I was harshly beamed off Bargie ALONE.

JUSTIN: What?

CENTURION: I had some time to think about my priorities. And I realized I wanted an easy solution for looking and feeling my best. StitchFix offers clothing, hand selected by expert stylists for your unique size, style, budget, and relationship status. Which for me, is dating casually, with my options open, while remaining ambiguously forlorn. Every piece of clothing is chosen for your fit and your life, which for me, is assdead carefree.

JUSTIN: [despairing] ME TOOOOOO!

CENTURION: I mean, just look at these dressed down but classy Sperry Distress Canvas Sneakers. And how they pair with this Harold textured short.

JUSTIN: So hot. Ugh, freagin hot...

CENTURION: Zalcatron actually helped me fill out my style profile. We're, uh, kind of dating. But it's no big deal.

JUSTIN: What?

CENTURION: Zalcy, come sit with me and Justin.

JUSTIN: You're dating?

[Zalcatron rolls in]

ZALCATRON: SORRRY JARED

JUSTIN: Oh my Rodd, it's Justin, you dumb refrigeratoooOr!

CENTURION: Z5, I was just telling Justin about StitchFix. They have free shipping, easy returns and exchanges, and a prepaid return envelope is included!

ZALCATRON: JAARED I LOVE YOUR SHIRT I SEE IT EVERYWHERE

JUSTIN: That's... awesome. Thanks.

CENTURION: Plus, there's no subscription required. Try StitchFix once or set up automatic deliveries. You'll pay just a \$20 styling fee for each box, which gets credited toward pieces you keep. And there's no hidden fees, ever!

ZALCATRON: EEEVER.

CENTURION: You should totally do it, Justin, because... As a friend?

JUSTIN: Yeah?

CENTURION: Your steez is looking a little busted.

JUSTIN: Wha?

CENTURION: Get started today at stitchfix.com/zyxx, and you'll get 25 percent off when you keep everything in your fix! That's stitchfix.com/zyxx for 25 percent off when you keep everything in your fix!

JUSTIN: Thanks so much.

ZALCATRON: [STITCHFIX.COM/ZYXX](https://stitchfix.com/zyxx)

CENTURION: Oh, um, Justin, will you snap a pic of me and Zalcy looking so wicked cute?

JUSTIN: [hating all of this] For sure! I don't hate this at all!

[snaps pic]

ZALCATRON: LET ME SEE THAT BEFORE YOU POST IT

[transition]

DAR: Pleck, I'm really proud of this... macrame that you're making?

PLECK: [assembling small craft] Oh, this old thing? Well, you know. My room is small, but I, uh, I think it's got room for a plant, you know, if I could just hang it in this little basket. I think it's going to really, you know, liven up the place.

AJ: Hey, Terry Sherry, I just want you to know that no matter what happened between us, which I'm still pretty confused about... Just want you to know that whenever I put a pipe cleaner mustache on my helmet, which is probably going to be a lot, I'll think of you. We'll always have that.

TERRY: That's true. We always will... and... I... [crying]

AJ: You're crying a lot.

TERRY: I'm trying not to.

AJ: Oh, it's just they're just kind of streaming. I'm kinda, you can see your tears are just kind of coming down pretty fast.

TERRY: Okay, well.

AJ: Well, see you later!

TERRY: Okay! Thank you so much.

C-53: [solemnly] AJ, why don't you cut Terry Sherry some slack? What I've learned is that being organic means you don't always control how you feel, alright?

TERRY: This isn't flirting, is it? I don't want to mistake anything for flirting ever again.

C-53: No, uh, I have to be honest with you, I am a sentient robot. It would never work out.

TERRY: Okay, I'll work on myself.

C-53: Okay.

ROBOT: Sexual tension detected. Sexual tension detected. Glitter glitter glitter.
[shooting glitter]

C-53: Terry Sherry. Why would you put that in? Why would you make that a feature of that robot?

TERRY: Well, if it's not clear, I get confused a lot! I think everything is flirting, so I had to program it into the bot!

BARGIE: Wait, I'm sorry to interrupt you, but I, I, as you know, I've been searching for my star of my play... and I think they're in the ship.

PLECK: Oh.

TERRY: [excited] Oh, wow. I, you know what? I haven't even applied for that next job yet, so I am actually free!

BARGIE: [confused] What? No, I don't know who you are. What's that tiny little thing with the glitter? I love it.

PLECK: Wow.

ROBOT: Yes. Removing filter forever. Yes. Yes.

PLECK: Wow, what a pivot.

ROBOT: Yarn. Yarn. [shoots yarn]

PLECK: Oh.

AJ: Cool. Well, if we could all spit yarn out of our heads, we'd all get the part.

[communicator chimes]

C-53: Lead Envoy C-53, I have an incoming call.

PLECK: Oh. Uh, is that Nermut checking in?

DAR: Oh, Nermut calling?

C-53: Uh, no. It's Garbo.

DAR: [worried]Oohhhh.

AJ: Terry Sherry, just to fill you in, Garbo is an alien that we've been working with that just gave Dar 39.... what are they called?

DAR: Orgasms.

AJ: Yeah.

TERRY: [quietly] Oh my goodness.

DAR: Mmm. Yeah. Ah. Could we just not answer?

PLECK: [confused] You're ghosting Garbo right now?!

DAR: Listen, they were fine orgasms, but frankly this was supposed to be like a... almost 40 and done situation.

PLECK: Hmm. Alright!

[C-53 hands papers to Terry Sherry]

C-53: Terry Sherry, I am proud to report that I've completed your paperwork for your transfer to the other Galax Sequence. I've completed your exit interview, and I've negotiated your severance.

TERRY: Wow, you did all of that? That's amazing! Thank you so much!

C-53: All in a day's work, you know.

ROBOT: Sexual tension detected! Sexual tension detected!

AJ: Is there a thing between the two of you? What's going on?

PLECK: AJ, come on! C-53, this new organic body of yours is really good at filling out forms!

DAR: Yeah, C, I'm proud of you.

PLECK: You're finding yourself.

C-53: You know, maybe I'm finally starting to fall into my role here in this galaxy, where I do a lot of paperwork.... and answer the phone. [screaming] Oh my Rodd, I've become NERMUT! GET ME OUT OF HERE GET ME OUT OF HERE! [shreds paperwork]

DAR: Oh. We're going to need to, uh, redo all your paperwork. Terry, uh, C-53 just ripped it all up.

TERRY: Oh man.

AJ: Can't catch a break, can you, Terry?

CREW: [laughs]

[outro music]

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, Hark Tardigast, Zalcatron 5000, and Kurjulaxx of the Ignari were played by Jeremy Bent. Dar was played by Allie Kokesh. Bargie the Ship, Justin Ballwheat, the Galax Sequence Bot, and the soldier holding the disembodied head were played by Moujan Zolfaghari. Nermut Bundaloy and Rash'Lunk of the Nognilk were played by Seth Lind. AJ and Centurion Tiddle were played by Winston Noel. Terry Sherry was played by special guest Kimia Behpoornia. Kimia is a comedian and actress who will be in the upcoming fourth season of Atypical on Netflix. She is also starring in Marathon, a mockumentary available on Apple or Amazon Prime. And she can be seen on TV on many other shows. Follow her on Twitter at @childclown_. This episode was edited by Seth Lind with sound design and mix by Shane O'Connell. Theme music composed by Brendan Ryan and performed by FAMES Macedonian Symphonic Orchestra. Orchestra mixing by Danny Keith Taylor. Additional music by Shane O'Connell. Opening crawl narration by Jeremy Crutchley. Ship design for the Bargarean Jade by Eric Geusz. Audio hosting by Simplecast. Mission to Zyxx is a proud member of the Maximum Fun Network.

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TERESA: And I'm your wife host, Teresa McElroy.

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ALDEN: You're ghosting Garbo right now?

ALLIE: Listen, they were 39 fine orgasms, but frankly, this was supposed to be like, uh, almost 40 and done situation.

ALDEN: Mmm. Alright.

MOUJAN: [robot voice] Can I have their number?

ALDEN: Oh no. Man, you just booked a job. You can't have it all!

MOUJAN: My confidence is high!