

C-RED-IT5: This is C-RED-IT5. Our live performance on October 3rd at the Bell House in Brooklyn, New York was sold out. But good news! Additional tickets are now available. Info and tickets at missiontozyxx.space.

[intro music fades into C-53 wandering through a barren sandstorm]

C-53: [into communicator] Hello? Bargie? Anybody? Can anyone hear me? Ugh, the sandstorm must be blocking the signal. Ugh, and my feet are so sore. Why would you make it so the thing that you walk on becomes *painful* to walk on when you walk on it to—it makes no sense! Well, maybe I can find some shelter if I just open my eyes real wide in this sandstorm. [pained] Oh! Rodd! It's hea--ah! [pouring water on eyes] Why would you make ocular sensors so wet?

[sandstorm noises fade into the intro crawl music]

NARRATOR: Space. Some is chill. Some is tooped up. All is part of the 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. 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! [music swells]

PLECK: Hey, Bargie?

BARGIE: Yeah?

PLECK: Who are all these people surrounding the ship?

[Pleck opens a window]

BARGIE: Oh, there's just a lot of sentients who are interested in speaking to me! The sentient spaceship!

PLECK: Oh, really?

BARGIE: I know. It's very exciting times for me right now. Bargie's having a moment!

PLECK: Oh, great.

[We cut to outside of Bargie where a slew of photographers and journalists are gathered]

JOURNALIST: Bargarean Jade, question-

BARGIE: Yes, I'll be with you in a second. I'm just talking to my inside.

PHOTOGRAPHER: What, there's inside of you?

BARGIE: Yes, I have inside.

JOURNALIST: I love you.

BARGIE: I love you too.

SCIENTIST: Say a word!

JOURNALIST: Say two words!

BARGIE: It's just a bunch of scientists and reporters.

PLECK: Oh, scientists?

BARGIE: Yeah, they're asking me questions like, "What makes you tick?"

PLECK: Oh. What does make you tick, Bargie?

BARGIE: [grimly] Oh, *you know...*

PLECK: Uh...

AJ: Pain and rage?

DAR: It's that giant clock.

BARGIE: Anyway, they also took a couple of my wires. They said they're going to use it to study what I am?

PLECK: Oh, cool.

BARGIE: I don't know what that means.

PLECK: Sounds fun!

DAR: Were they important wires?

BARGIE: The bathroom doesn't work. Don't worry about it.

PLECK: [upset] No! Ugh.

AJ: [walking up] Listen, the scientists need to figure out what they need to figure out, and if that means that we don't have a bathroom, that's what it means.

PLECK: Okay. Alright.

JOURNALIST: Can you move the crew away from the window for these photos, please?

PLECK: Do you want us to hide?

JOURNALIST: This shoot is about how the spaceship is alive, and if we see these people in the window...

BARGIE: Yeah, I can just bounce them to another direction.

[Bargie rotates violently and the crew shoots across her into the wall]

JOURNALIST: Oh, perfect. Perfect shot. Thank you.

PLECK: [brushing self off] Ow!

[communicator chimes]

AJ: Uh, wait. Where's... Where's Robot Man?

DAR: Yeah, C? Are you going to get that?

AJ: [running around and shouting] Robot Man!

PLECK: Yeah?

[communicator continues chiming]

AJ: Robot Man!

PLECK: AJ, relax. Relax.

AJ: Robot Man!

DAR: AJ, he doesn't need... He's around here somewhere. He'll answer the call.

AJ: Yeah, where is he, though? Normally, when we do these missions, he's... [shouting]
Robot Man!

PLECK: AJ, how does your speaker, your helmet speaker, get that loud? How is that possible?

AJ: Sometimes when I have to do crowd control, I'm on crowd control setting now.

PLECK: Okay, alright.

AJ: Normally, it's like, you know...

PLECK: Yeah, yeah.

AJ: Obey us!

PLECK: Right.

AJ: Surrender your will to us!

PLECK: Yeah, yeah, yeah. Sure.

BARGIE: [confused] Is someone going to get that?

DAR: Sure.

BARGIE: It's going to go to voicemail if nobody answers that.

AJ: It's just the button...

PLECK: Yeah, he's got the whole thing where he says Nermut's title...

DAR: And honestly, if I answer it, it just feels like I'm trying to reclaim something that I don't even know that I liked in the first place.

[communicator beeps and plays voicemail message]

RECORDED BARGIE: Hi, yes, this is Bargie's voicemail, the Bargarean Jade, holo star, ship of the stars. I'm currently lost in space, so I cannot answer your phone call. D'Lone, if this is you, don't be a coward. You know what you did! Bargie out.

NERMUT: [over voicemail] Oh, wow. Hey, everyone. It's Nermut trying to reach you, I've never gotten the ol' voicemail before. So, I guess call me back kind of immediately when you get this? [nervous] Everything is totally cool, but I would drop everything else you're doing. Just give me the old ringo. Please pick up. Hello?

AJ: [running and screaming] ROBOT MAN!

[transition]

C-53: [trudging through sand] Ah! A break in the sandstorm. Got to try and meet up with this representative before it starts up again. [dialing into keyboard] Okay, time to find Shai'An, son of Jakk. I guess I'll just, um... [walks off] Let's try this way. Ugh, the knees, too? Nothing on this body works right.

SHAI'AN: [singing throughout the entire conversation over piano music] There's a man over there! There's a man over there!

C-53: [walking up and raising voice] Excuse me. Hello, yes. Well, I'm not a man. It's sort of not worth getting into.

SHAI'AN: [singing louder] The chameleon skin of a man inside a machine! Or a machine inside a man?

C-53: Uh, yes. That's sort of accurate. I am C-53-- Where is that music coming from?

SHAI'AN: We greet you!

C-53: I greet you--

SHAI'AN: The crying of a bird!

C-53: [confused] Yes.

SHAI'AN: An insect on a leaf. The setting of the three suns. In harmony! We greet you.

C-53: [baffled] I-- And I, in return, greet you. I am C-53--

SHAI'AN: [loudly strolling over] The setting of the three suns!

C-53: Okay.

SHAI'AN: An insect on a leaf. We greet you!

C-53: Uh...

SHAI'AN: [falling to the ground] The setting of the *sun*.

C-53: Oh, okay, um... I feel like I'm missing something.

SHAI'AN: [cheerfully singing] Oh, my name is Shai'An! Shai'An, son of Jakk!

C-53: Fantastic.

SHAI'AN: My name is Shai'An. Son of Jakk, step back! Oh, you're gonna have a good time in this little town of mine. The Fells Wargo trucks a-comin'!

C-53: [slowly] I can understand the words you're saying, but the meaning is being lost.

SHAI'AN: [sitting down grumpily]

C-53: Ugh. [communicator beeps] Oh, wow, I can't even-- I can't contact Bargie or anybody. There's some kind of interference. Shai'An, son of Jakk, I am C-53. I'm a lead envoy from the COUP. [dialing into keypad] The COUP wants to know why everyone on this planet mysteriously disappeared.

SHAI'AN: [mournfully singing] What happened to the 54th sea? Why do there have to only be 53 seas? This rock has got water everywhere! We've got oceans and rivers and lakes, but only 53 seas. Seas.

C-53: [weirded out] Is-- Are-- Did you write a song about my name? Or is that--

SHAI'AN: [chummily singing] A song is as good as a handshake where I come from! A little island along this rock of mine. A song is as good as a handshake where I come from! We write a song as a handshake.

[music begins swelling in]

C-53: [singing] You write a song as a handshake!

SHAI'AN: Ah. We also don't have hands!

C-53: [singing] You couldn't shake it even if you wanted to! 'Cause you don't have hands!

SHAI'AN: [laughs]

C-53: [slowly] I think I understand on some level. Your people use song to communicate. Everything becomes a song, every word we have in our language would be a lyric in yours.

SHAI'AN: [singing slowly] I wrote a song about you. Now you do, too. Shai'An, son of Jakk.

C-53: [over piano playing] Oh, a song about you. [singing] I'm looking at a man. [music builds] He's got no hands! He's looking at me like he wants me to sing him a song. So I'm singing him a song. I hope it won't be too long before this man says, "Not a bad job on that song."

SHAI'AN: [laugh singing] He's like a child! He writes songs like a child!

[piano dinks down]

C-53: Well, I just don't know that I've done a lot of it before.

SHAI'AN: [dramatic sad singing] You're like a child... A little starling flying through my sky. [LAUGHS] Sleep.

[peaceful music builds]

C-53: Oh, son-- all of a sudden, I'm so drowsy. [SIGHS]

SHAI'AN: [sleepily singing] We both sleep as I cradle you.

C-53: Shai'An, son of Jakk. I can't... stay awake.

SHAI'AN: The cat is in the silver spoon, [quietly] and the cradle is the moon.

BOTH: [SNORES]

[transition]

PLECK: Oh, uh, hey, guys. Nermut's calling again. You know what? I'm just going to pick it up. [communicator chimes] Hey, Nermut.

NERMUT: Ah, there you guys are.

PLECK: Sorry, we didn't pick up the-- we thought C-53 was going to pick it up, so--

NERMUT: No, he's not there.

DAR: Is he back with you?

NERMUT: Well, that's kind of the thing, is he's-- he's on a mission.

DAR: What?

PLECK: Wait, we're not on a mission.

AJ: Ohh.... hwat?

PLECK: We're waiting for a mission.

NERMUT: Right. I'll give you a mission momentarily, and that mission is related to the solo mission that C-53 went on.

PLECK: [angry] What? What a solo mission? Wait. What are you talking about? Hold on.

DAR: [grabbing AJ] What?

AJ: No, Dar, you're squeezing my arm hard!

DAR: It's just so much change, you know? I just-- I don't understand.

PLECK: Yeah, where is C-53, Nermut?

NERMUT: Well, you're going to find out because your mission is to rescue him, but he-- as lead envoy, he sometimes--

PLECK: [shouting] Nermut!

NERMUT: Yes?

PLECK: Nermut, we're a crew. We're a team. If C-53 is in danger, it's probably because we weren't with him.

AJ: He might still be on the ship. [screaming] Robot Man!

PLECK: AJ, I can't-- my ears cannot handle any more of that.

DAR: [slowly] How long has this been going on?

NERMUT: This particular mission, let's see, he left--

DAR: No, no, no, no, no. Solo missions.

PLECK: Yeah, how many of these solo missions has C-53 gone on?

NERMUT: [MUMBLING AND SKITTERING]

PLECK: He just left.

AJ: Yeah, why did he just walk away?

DAR: Nermut, get back on screen!

PLECK: Nermut, get back on the screen.

DAR: Nermut! Nermut, get back on screen and quit being a coward!

AJ: [screaming] LIZARD MAN!

NERMUT: [quietly] OK, so he has gone on six of these. They've all gone well.

PLECK: Six?

NERMUT: Yes, he's gone on six solo missions.

PLECK: We haven't even gone on six crew missions. We've only been here for a couple weeks!

NERMUT: He's lead envoy. Lead envoy.

DAR: Ugh, we know.

PLECK: Nermut, how does he even have the hours in the day to go on missions without us?

NERMUT: Well, you all sleep every night, and he seems to think he doesn't have to.

PLECK: No, he does.

NERMUT: That makes sense. He's been very sleepy on some of these missions, but that's when he goes at night.

PLECK: Nermut.

NERMUT: Yes?

PLECK: Where is C-53?

NERMUT: OK, C-53 was sent on a solo mission to GEC-3.

AJ: [quietly] No, it's C-53.

NERMUT: [angry] Now you know that? You just literally yelled Robot Man—Don't do it!

PLECK: GEC-3? That barely sounds like a planet. What's-- I mean, is there a civilization there?

NERMUT: Well, it's funny you should ask. There was. So the only one there now is Shai'An, son of Jakk, who C-53 was sent to make contact with to find out why everyone else is missing.

DAR: Pleck, you're asking all the wrong questions. I want to know what makes C-53 better than all of us!

PLECK: No, Dar, we're a team!

NERMUT: He has a cube with sentience that it—

AJ: Is it because he sweats now, or is that-- because I don't sweat.

NERMUT: That if anything is a deficit.

PLECK: Nermut, Nermut, I just want to recap.

NERMUT: Sure.

PLECK: You sent C-53—

NERMUT: Yes.

PLECK: --on his own--

NERMUT: Yeah.

PLECK: --to a planet--

NERMUT: GEC.

PLECK: --where the only thing we know about it is that people have disappeared from it.

NERMUT: Right.

DAR: [crushed] Because you think he's better than us.

NERMUT: Yeah.

PLECK: And now you're surprised that he's gone, and you want us to go help find--

NERMUT: [loudly] I knew he was gone! I'm calling to tell you he's gone.

DAR: [angry] Well, why don't you find another AI in a meat sack to find him?

NERMUT: I mean, we honestly would have, but there aren't any, so--

DAR: [shouting] We're not even your first choice for saving him?

PLECK: [angrily] Wait, you tried to send another team to save C-53?

NERMUT: I did--

PLECK: Oh, boy, Nermut.

NERMUT: If you all are so obsessed with being together as a crew with C-53, well, great. Your mission is to rescue him.

PLECK: I don't like this. I don't like this, Nermut. We're going to go save him, but it's because we're his *best friends*, and we're the *best crew*, not because it's our mission. Nermut, send us the coordinates, and then I want you to go sit in the corner of that big old office building and have a think about--

DAR: How you treated us today.

PLECK: Yeah, yeah.

NERMUT: Okay, here are the coordinates, [beeping and then skittering] and I'm going to sit in exactly the center of this giant office.

PLECK: Okay.

NERMUT: No corners for this lird.

PLECK: [dour] Okay.

AJ: Hey, here's a question. When we get down there, should we, like, call for him or something?

PLECK: [laughing] No. I think we could just look with our eyes first and see how that goes!

AJ: We don't need to... say anything?

PLECK: Nah. We certainly don't need to scream anything.

AJ: All right.

[transition, we're in a dingy droid sales facility]

FONDO: Thank you. Come again.

STEFAI: Oh, boss, I forgot to give him a warranty card for the nips on that droid.

FONDO: Stefai!

STEFAI: Gee, boss, I'm real sorry.

FONDO: How many times do I-- Wait. Stefai.

STEFAI: Yeah, boss?

FONDO: Where did you get that outfit? It looks amazing.

STEFAI: Wow, thanks, boss.

FONDO: Normally, you look all slumped and putrid in that oil-covered apron, but today--

STEFAI: You see, I've been using StitchFix.

FONDO: What?

STEFAI: StitchFix: they offer clothing hand-selected by expert stylists for your unique size, style, frame series, and budget.

FONDO: What?

STEFAI: It's the easy solution to finding what makes you look and feel your best.

FONDO: You're telling me I, Fondo Parquod, could look this snazzy?

STEFAI: Well, sure, boss. StitchFix even has free shipping, easy returns, and exchanges. A prepaid return envelope is included, and there's no subscription required. It's a much better customer experience than here at the Droid Emporium.

FONDO: Stefai!

STEFAI: I mean, there are no hidden fees ever.

FONDO: That's fair. We do have a lot of hidden fees. Those nips aren't really free.

STEFAI: Hey, boss, if you get started today at [StitchFix.com/zyxx](https://www.stitchfix.com/zyxx), you'll get 25% off when you keep everything in your fix.

FONDO: I'm listening. I mean, actually, say that one more time.

STEFAI: That's [StitchFix.com/Zyxx](https://www.stitchfix.com/Zyxx) for 25% off when you keep everything in your fix.

FONDO: Okay. [shouting] Hey, get out of here! I've got to get my fix!

[transition]

C-53: [yawning] Wow, still not used to sleeping. Very weird. Very uncomfortable to suddenly regain consciousness. [Shai'An grunts and enters] Oh, right. Uh, Shai'An, son of Jakk. [muttering to self] That's not very musical. [singing to piano] Shai'An, son of Jakk, thank you for guarding me as I slept!

[Shai'An drags a bison's body across the floor]

SHAI'AN: [singing] The smell of a bison recently slaughtered!

C-53: [grossed out] Oh, that's very bloody. [singing] Thank you, Shai'An, for this midday feast. I thank you for it, though I need it in the least!

SHAI'AN: I thank you for it!

C-53 AND SHAI'AN: [harmonizing as the music swells] I thank you for it!

[all around C-35 and Shai'An, parts of the land spring back to life from the desolate wasteland]

C-53: [playing with flowers] Oh my Rodd, the flowers are growing back all around us! [singing] Shai'An, I must ask you, where does this music come from?

[Shai'An taps his chest and grunts]

C-53: Oh, you're tapping your chest. It comes from you? [singing triumphantly] The music comes from you! You are the music! The music man... That's what they could call you, if they wanted to give you a name other than Shai'An!

SHAI'AN: [guitar strums] A song from my heart. Literally a song from my heart! A sentient face instead of a heart that plays its own muuuuuUUSIC! [unzips shirt]

FUSED PIANIST: [horrible sentient-face voice] HELLO!

C-53: Oh my Rodd, he's... got another entity fused to his chest? And he's playing what looks like a piano key necktie?

FUSED PIANIST: You got it!

C-53: Okay. You don't sing?

FUSED PIANIST: No, I don't sing. I just play the piano. I'm fused!

C-53: Yeah, well that I can see.

SHAI'AN: [singing as music booms] A song from my heart!

C-53: [singing] A song from his heart!

SHAI'AN: A song from my heart!

C-53: A song from his heart.

SHAI'AN: My...

C-53: His...

C-53 AND SHAI'AN: [C-53 off key] Heaaaaart!

C-53: I feel like when I was in a frame I would have had the range, but...

SHAI'AN: [laugh]

[transition, the crew trudges across the planet]

PLECK: This is GEC-3? I mean, there's nothing on this planet.

AJ: Yeah. Do you want me to shout?

PLECK: No.

AJ: Okay. It's fine.

DAR: [sadly] So this is where he goes to be alone.

PLECK: I don't think so. Dar, I think C-53 might be in real trouble. We need to help him.

[across the landscape a voice singing carries]

AJ: Do you guys hear that? Kind of like a lilting, kind of delicate melody.

DAR: Yeah. I do.

PLECK: Is it coming from that little oasis over there?

AJ: I don't know. In my training we would call this a vamp. But I'm not sure.

PLECK: What training? What training would you–

AJ: I served a tour of duty with CLINTSync!

PLECK: Oh, okay. Yeah. I think that's just a regular tour. I think you toured with them.

DAR: So are you both just going to talk over the vamp or what?

AJ: Well, that's what you do. You talk over a vamp.

PLECK: You sort of lay out what's going on.

AJ: Yeah, exactly. It's like: 'There's the oasis. We should follow it!'

SHAI'AN: [in the distance, singing] Two pebbles in the sun!

AJ: [whispering] What's that?

[the crew pushes aside the brush and spies on Shai'An singing and the Fused Pianist playing]

SHAI'AN: Two pebbles in the water!

PLECK: Whoa, look at that guy.

AJ: Yeah, he's really burly.

SHAI'AN: Echoing on the pond.

PLECK: He's got a nice voice, though.

SHAI'AN: To the edge of the pond.

DAR: Yeah, you really can have it all.

SHAI'AN: By the two pebbles bonded forever.

C-53: [singing] And life--

PLECK: [gasps] C-53!

AJ: Twist?

C-53: --it blooms all around them. Those two pebbles surrounded by green, by life! A lush verdant wave of–

C-53 AND SHAI'AN: [harmonizing] Life!

[a tree shoots up from the ground]

PLECK: [happily] C-53!

C-53: Oh, you're here. Thank Rodd!

PLECK: When you hit that last note, a palm tree just popped out of the ground!

AJ: Also, it was just artistry. It was just very--

PLECK: Yeah, it was--

AJ: It brought us into the song. Beautiful.

DAR: [grabbing AJ in distress] I mean, I've never seen C-53 sing like that before.

AJ: Dar, why are you squeezing my arm?

DAR: Why are you hiding that from us? Why are you hiding that from us?!

AJ: It really hurts when you squeeze it that hard.

SHAI'AN: [warlike singing and advancing towards the crew] Ah, strangers at the barricade! Strangers at the barricade! [piano plays] Strangers at the barricade. Who are they? Who are they?

C-53: [moves in front of crew and sings] Shai'An, be not afraid! These strangers at the barricade! These are my friends. And they have come to offer us aid!

AJ: Listen, the alien doesn't have hands, so I feel like I could take him.

PLECK: No, AJ, stop. No, I think this is fine. We don't need to--

C-53: AJ, it's not--

PLECK: No, I don't think it's that-- C-53, is everything okay? What happened here?

C-53: Envoy Decksetter, this is Shai'An, son of Jakk. But maybe I should put it a little differently.

AJ: Oh, what?

PLECK: Just explain what the--

C-53: [singing as cheerful music plays] Two pebbles--

DAR: Wait, what?

C-53: --soaking up the sun! Two pebbles, laughing, having fun!

SHAI'AN: [singing] Two pebbles.

AJ: Oh.

SHAI'AN: [strumming violin] They only want more, but now there aren't two pebbles, 'cause here are four more pebbles! Six pebbles in the sun.

C-53: And there'll be many more pebbles before we're done.

PLECK: Wow.

SHAI'AN: [walking up to Dar] And this pebble looks like this pebble used to be in charge, but is no longer in charge!

DAR: What?

PLECK: He nailed you, Dar.

AJ: I think it's just a song.

C-53: And this pebble is thinking of days gone by when he used to sing with other guys!

AJ: Hey! That's me, I think.

[long pause as piano builds up tempo]

PLECK: Are you guys gonna do one about me as a pebble, or--?

[beat]

SHAI'AN: [dismissively] Uh... There's also another pebble--

PLECK: Oh, come on!

SHAI'AN: --that looks like any old pebble.

PLECK: Oh, what?

C-53: Sort of a generic-looking pebble!

AJ: Oh, yeah, they're really nailing you.

PLECK: Ugh.

DAR: Oh, yeah. [communicator chimes] Bargie, I'm patching you in. Are you hearing this?

BARGIE: What?

[electric guitars rock out]

C-53: And a giant pebble! Way up in the sky!

BARGIE: What is this sound? I don't like it.

PLECK: No, Bargie, it's music! C-53 has discovered a society that communicates solely through song!

AJ: Where's the music coming from?

[Shai'An unzips his jacket]

FUSED PIANIST: Hello!

CREW: [SCREAMING AND VOMITING]

C-53: OK, let's-- OK, everyone, get it out. All right, this is just--

DAR: It's fused, it's fused!

FUSED PIANIST: I'm fused. Let's get over it.

AJ: It's.. somehow the keyboard's fused on it! It's like a double fuse!

C-53: Yeah, yeah, yeah.

AJ: Yeah, it looks like a--

FUSED PIANIST: [sadly] Hey, hey, come on. Don't kick a fused thing while it's fused.

AJ: Ugh!

PLECK: [walking up to C-53] C-53, this is amazing.

C-53: It's certainly an extremely unique planet. I don't think I've ever encountered anything quite like it.

PLECK: What happened here? Did you find out what happened to all of the rest of the people on the planet?

SHAI'AN: [rapping to uptempo piano music] Well, if you want to hear the story about GEC, listen to a story told by me. I'm going to tell you a little bit of rap--

DAR: History is cool!

SHAI'AN: --and how rap works on this planet!

C-53: Oh, he turned his hat backwards.

SHAI'AN: Yeah, here's the history. You heard it, never be a mystery!

SHAI'AN and FUSED PIANIST: [rapping together] It's a history rap! It's the history rap!

PLECK: Oh, so he can rap, but he can't sing.

AJ: Yeah.

SHAI'AN: Let me tell you something about the way that rap works on this planet. You don't have to think it up! You got to just plan it. And the only way that things rhyme is you say the word "rap" at the end of every line, and that's what things mean when they rhyme.

SHAI'AN and FUSED PIANIST: Rap!

SHAI'AN: A long time ago, there were millions of people on this planet.

SHAI'AN and FUSED PIANIST: Rap!

SHAI'AN: And, you know, someone came and killed everyone except me!

SHAI'AN and FUSED PIANIST: Rap!

SHAI'AN: Except for me and my dad, who's in my body now!

SHAI'AN and FUSED PIANIST: Rap!

PLECK: What!?

SHAI'AN: That's right. And he plays piano on what was formerly a necktie!

SHAI'AN and FUSED PIANIST: Rap!

AJ: What? Twist?

FUSED PIANIST: That's right. That's the reveal!

AJ: Wait, hold on. Hey, what's your name, man?

FUSED PIANIST: I'm Jakk.

PLECK: Yeah, AJ, as in Shai'An, son of Jakk!

[dramatic piano sting]

AJ: Oh!

JAKK (FUSED PIANIST): Yes, the reveal has been revealed.

DAR: Wow, I guess we do know Jakk.

JAKK AND SHAI'AN: And that's the history of rap!

PLECK: Wow, they really made rap so accessible!

DAR: Rap and history. A perfect marriage.

AJ: [laughing] I mean, everybody's saying it's great, but I'm not sure it is. Like, I don't quite follow it.

JAKK: [eager] We can do it again for you if you want us to do the history of rap!

AJ: No, no, no, sorry.

JAKK: We can do it.

AJ: No, no.

C-53: Jakk, Shai'An, that's terrible what happened to your planet. I'm so sorry.

JAKK: Yes.

PLECK: If your planet was destroyed, how did you survive?

C-53: Pleck, you can't just ask them the question. That's not their language. You've got to sing.

PLECK: But, like, Jakk talks, so why can't I just talk to him?

AJ: No, it's gross when he does it.

PLECK: I mean—

DAR: Sing, so Shai'An will communicate, not Jakk.

[Jakk starts playing a simple piano melody]

C-53: See? It's easy.

PLECK: Oh, boy. Okay. [clears throat and pauses]

BARGIE: Pleck needs to start at some point, right?

PLECK: Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah. I'm getting to it.

AJ: Hey, just, Papa, ask them, like, what their deal is, why they're so gross looking, right?

DAR: Yeah. Ask them how, like, father and son can be that close, you know?

PLECK: [slowly singing] Two men on a planet. [music swells over him] The only ones left alive.

AJ: Is this a question, what's going on?

PLECK: [singing] But how? How did Shai'An and Jakk survive?

SHAI'AN: [jauntily singing in a cockney accent] I got a hundred meat pies!

PLECK: What?

SHAI'AN: I threw a lot of them in the oven! Ninety-nine meat pies, ninety-eight meat pies into my hot oven. But the last two meat pies on me plate, they turned into one pie!

AJ: Okay.

C-53: I think I understand now.

PLECK: What did I miss? What did I miss?

AJ: Papa, you don't understand what he said?

PLECK: Okay, let me try again. Let me try again. [singing unconfidently] Here on GEC-3, I can't believe my eyes! Can you explain to me, did you guys used to be meat pies? Because I just, I feel like I almost got what you were saying, but then I got confused. [baffled singing] Please tell me, how did Shai'An and Jakk get fused?

SHAI'AN: [beat, singing] Ooooh, he's a dumb one!

PLECK: Okay, I can—

SHAI'AN: This one's a dumb one, I can tell!

AJ: [autotuned] You're absolutely right!

[full rock opera music blasts]

PLECK: Okay, AJ—

AJ: Papa's not very bright!

PLECK: Okay, all right.

SHAI'AN: So he is... pet?

AJ: Oh, Papa?

PLECK: No, not really. I wouldn't say pet.

C-53: No, that's not fair, but kind of a mascot.

DAR: He does go on the rug sometimes.

PLECK: [upset] That happened once, and it was--

DAR: An accident?

PLECK: It was an accident!

AJ: He was scared. He was scared.

PLECK: The gravity was off. I was very disoriented!

AJ: He got surprised.

PLECK: Yes. So, wait, how is all of this stuff just sprouting up when we sing?

AJ: Yeah, how are things going back?

SHAI'AN: [groaning and choking out a word] HaaaAaaaarmon—

JAKK: It's harmony. Harmony's the answer. I can talk!

AJ: Yeah, we know you can talk, we just don't like looking at you.

[Shai'An zips Jakk back up]

PLECK: Wait, harmony? What do you mean?

C-53: Well, let's see.

SHAI'AN AND C-53: [on the same note] Aaaaaaahhh!

[around them, the nature that sprouted up shrivels]

C-53: That's unison.

SHAI'AN: Oh, no, some of the trees are going back!

[a bird detonates overhead]

PLECK: The trees are shrinking back into the ground!

AJ: And that bird exploded! Okay, we'll try again. We'll just try again.

DAR: Or maybe we just stop. Maybe no singing.

AJ: We got to do it.

AJ, C-53, AND SHAI'AN: [harmony] Aahhhhh!

[around them, nature sprouts and animals appear]

AJ: Whoa! Like a bush and an animal appeared just now!

PLECK: This field is starting to grow. Harmony grows things on this planet?

SHAI'AN: [singing sadly to a mournful soundtrack] A long time ago, there were millions of my family on GEC-3... and then a powerful deity... came down! Made us sing the same note! No harmony, unison! Murdered my family.

AJ: What's the metaphor, what's going on?

PLECK: No, I think this actually happened.

AJ: Okay.

SHAI'AN: Except my father.

PLECK: This is what I was trying to ask in my song!

AJ: Shh. We were quiet during your song.

SHAI'AN: Ballad.

PLECK: [laughing] Oh, you got to say it with every genre. Great. Okay, yeah, good, good. Wow.

DAR: [confused] How did they make you sing the same note? Like, they controlled you, or they asked you, or what?

C-53: You're asking Shai'An to relive a genocide on this planet for the sake of getting the details right?

PLECK: Yeah, Dar, come on. It doesn't really matter.

SHAI'AN: Same sheet music.

CREW: Ohhhh.

DAR: See, it was a simple answer. You know, honestly, I just feel like everyone's been asking the wrong questions today.

C-53: Well, Dar, what question would you ask?

[piano begins playing]

DAR: Yeah, I have a question. It's for you, C. [long pause]

JAKK: Do you need help learning to sing?

DAR: [vomiting]

JAKK: Come on! I can help you!

AJ: Every time he comes out, it's just gross! Oh, I know, Dar, I am trained in tactical singing, so I'll ask the question on your behalf, and then we won't have to look at Jakk, because he's gross.

DAR: Yeah, that would be incredibly helpful, actually.

AJ: Okay, what is it? What's the question?

DAR: Well, I really want to ask C...

AJ: [singing to a kickass rock soundtrack] ♪ What I really want to know ♪ ♪ Oh, what I really want to know... is this! ♪ [not singing] Okay, what?

DAR: Why'd you have to go?

AJ: [singing] ♪ Why'd you just have to go! ♪ ♪ Why did you have to goooo—Oh! ♪

DAR: And do it all alone?

AJ: ♪ And do it all aloooooOOOOOOOoooooooOooooo— ♪

DAR: I kind of thought, like, we were your home.

AJ: Oh, actually, I was still kind of—

DAR: Sorry.

AJ: Yeah, sorry. ♪ —oOOOooOooone. ♪ [not singing] Okay, what was the next one?

DAR: I thought we were your home.

AJ: [singing] ♪ I thought that we were your hoooOoooohohohooooOooo- ♪ ♪

PLECK: AJ's really making a meal with these runs.

AJ: ♪ —OOoooooooOOOOOOO— ♪

SHAI'AN: This is great man.

PLECK: [baffled] AJ? Oh, I mean—

AJ: ♪ —oOOooooOOoooOOoooo— ♪ [not singing] I got my finger up and everything!

PLECK: Does that help?

AJ: It helps a lot, actually. You hold one side of your helmet, and you put your finger up, you're like—

SHAI'AN AND AJ: [singing] ♪ —OOooOOOOOOooooOOOOOOME! ♪

[around them, the landscape becomes more verdant]

PLECK: Wow, look at all the flowers. Birds! Wow, AJ, your voice sounds so cool when you sing.

AJ: Oh, yeah, I've got standard military grade pitch correction in the helmet.

PLECK: Oh, is that what that is? Okay.

AJ: Yeah. Listen, there's one thing I know about harmony. Sure, two is good, but more is better.

PLECK: Uh...

AJ: [running around] We're gonna have to build a chord. We're gonna build a chord!

C-53: All right, okay, AJ.

AJ: We can put on a show. We can do it here. We've got the costumes!

PLECK: [laughing] No, we don't need costumes,

C-53: AJ. Oh, okay. AJ, that's--

AJ: No, but what we need is a chord.

SHAI'AN: [thoughtfully singing to piano music] ♪ If all the children in the world ♪

AJ: What?

SHAI'AN: ♪ Came together in a village ♪ ♪ And held the hands of each other ♪ ♪ Then we'd be holding the hands of each other ♪ ♪ Even though we don't have hands ♪ ♪ We'd grow and grow! ♪

AJ: What the juck is he talking about?

C-53: Yeah, AJ, their language is highly metaphorical, so—

AJ: Yeah, what the juck?

C-53: He's agreeing with you. He's saying we should come together and make a chord. It would--you know, we'd be building something!

PLECK: Yeah, okay, let's do it.

PLECK, C-53, AJ, AND SHAI'AN: [joining in one after the other in perfect harmony]
Ohh... ohhh... ohhh... ohhh....

[chord fades into a happy melody as the landscape recovers]

DAR: Are you seeing this?

PLECK: Whoa! Buildings!

C-53: This is incredible!

PLECK: Power lines! Satellite dishes!

AJ: Infrastructure...

PLECK: A microbrewery!

C-53: [laughter]

[communicator chimes]

PLECK: Oh, uh, oh, wow! Hey, we get--we get reception again. Nermut, hey, what's up, man?

NERMUT: Oh, hey, Pleck, hey crew, I was just wondering, did you--did you find C-53?

PLECK: We did. We rescued him.

NERMUT: Oh, wow!

C-53: Hey, Nermut, I'm here, yeah.

NERMUT: Hey, hey, great.

PLECK: Get this, Nermut, this is nuts!

C-53: Yeah, thanks for sending the crew.

PLECK: This is a planet where everyone just sings everything!

NERMUT: [dropping everything] Excuse me?

PLECK: Yeah, everything--we talk about everything we do, we have to sing it.

NERMUT: Say that again.

PLECK: See you later, Nermut!

NERMUT: No, wait, let's do the mission again and I'll come along--

PLECK: Yeah, we gotta go.

NERMUT: [angry] Do the mission agai-

[Pleck hangs up]

DAR: Bet Nermut wishes he was a little nicer to us earlier.

PLECK: Yeah, yeah.

AJ: Yes, uh, Mr. Robot Man, there was a lot of friction because we were all pretty surprised that you did missions without us.

PLECK: Yeah, AJ.

AJ: So, uh, should I say that to the--our friends?

PLECK: No, I don't--I feel like at this point we've sort of covered that-

AJ: [scream singing to rock music] MR. ROBOT MAN ABANDONED US!

PLECK: AJ, AJ, it's--you can't-- you can't sustain that.

AJ: [scream singing] HE ABANDONED US! WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN, MR. ROBOT MAN! YOU ABANDONED US!

SHAI'AN: This is great man.

C-53: AJ, uh, I've never--

DAR: I think that was my favorite one.

SHAI'AN: [pulls up closer] Need more.

PLECK: Uh, you mean more singers?

SHAI'AN: Mm.

AJ: [into communicator] Bargie. Hi. Bargie, weren't you in a bunch of musicals at some point? Musical holos?

BARGIE: Yeah, it was a dark period of my life. I don't like to talk about it or--

AJ: Right, I mean, to be honest, Bargie, you're always getting us to sing. So...

PLECK: Yeah, Bargie, to be fair, you-- you love it when we sing.

BARGIE: I do.

C-53: Bargie, we need that voice. We need that voice that's famous for "The Bargin' Away."

PLECK: Oh, I love that musical!

BARGIE: [singing to wacky, old timey music] ♪ Bargie's goin' away! ♪

PLECK: Wow!

BARGIE: ♪ Bargie's goin' away ♪ ♪ And she's never comin' back ♪ ♪ She's goin' away ♪
♪ 'Cause she's Bargie ♪ ♪ The sentient ship! ♪

C-53: A classic.

BARGIE: [music cuts out] ♪ Toot, toot, toot ♪ ♪ Toot, toot, toot! ♪

[piano strums as a stretch of water appears]

PLECK: Wow, that was pretty good, Bargie.

AJ: Whoa. A small ocean appeared!

PLECK: Wow! Look at that body of water.

SHAI'AN: One more!

AJ: Um, Dar, I think the only person not singing is, uh, you know--

DAR: [nervous] No, no, no, no, no, no.

PLECK: Come on, Dar.

AJ: Yeah, come on.

DAR: Mm-mm, mm-mm, mm-mm, no.

C-53: Listen, Dar, I know you're not captain anymore, and that I was sort of made lead envoy almost arbitrarily, [piano music creeps in] but you're still a member of this crew, and we need you.

DAR: [curious] Arbitrarily?

C-53: I mean, you know, I don't know why they would pick me over anyone else. I was in a toaster at the time.

AJ: Feels like there's a lot of emotion. Gotta let it out.

DAR: So you don't think you're hot stuff?

C-53: [chuckles] Dar, I'm no better envoy than anyone else on this crew.

AJ: [whispering] This is a vamp. This is a classic vamp.

PLECK: [whispering] No, I know.

C-53: Dar, I still needed to be rescued. If the crew hadn't come here, if you hadn't come here...

AJ: Still vamping.

C-53: [singing] I'd be all alone... Wondering when I could come home... Why did I leave, when you were the ones I need? Dar! Pleck! And even AJ too!

AJ: [muttering] -884, but...

C-53: C-53 still neeeeeeds his crew!

SHAI'AN: [singing to electric guitar] A collection of pebbles in the sun! And one pebble's clearly better than the other ones!

C-53: [singing] No, they're all just good pebbles!

SHAI'AN: One pebble is sent on its own, because it's so much better than the other ones!

C-53: Don't you see? We're all just pebbles on the shore! No need for one to be considered any more than the rest...

SHAI'AN: But the others were sent to make them feel better!

[music cuts out]

AJ: He's right.

PLECK: He's got a point. We did come sort of as a consolation prize.

C-53: Okay. All right, all right. I still need all of you. I need all your help!

SHAI'AN: One more...

AJ: Dar, all we need is one note from you.

PLECK: Yeah, and not only can we save C-53, we can give Shai'An and Jakk their worlds back!

AJ: So will you do it? [communicator beeps] And also, Bargie, will you also... I know you did kind of just a little...

PLECK: Yeah, a little ditty, but you gotta get in on this chord.

BARGIE: What?

DAR: [seriously] Bargie, I... I think this genre's called a duet.

PLECK: I mean, okay.

AJ: That's not gonna be a chord, but that's nice—

BARGIE: A one, a two, a one, two, three, go! [jaunty music] Dar.

DAR: [overlapping singing] Bargie.

BARGIE: Dar.

DAR: Bargie.

BARGIE: Dar and–

DAR: It's Dargie–

BARGIE: Hold on, we gotta start over. Sorry, we gotta get on the same page.

AJ: Maybe we should just fill the chord and Bargie will...

SHAI'AN: Wait, wait, wait.

AJ: What, Shai'An?

PLECK: Wait, Shai'An?

SHAI'AN: These two singing scripture. [pulls back leaves to show chiseled shapes] Look, two pebble. Largest pebble, and... formerly in charge pebble.

PLECK: Those shapes chiseled into that stone tablet sort of look like Bargie and Dar!

C-53: Shai'An, where did you get that?

SHAI'AN: [taps tablet] This how we rebuild now.

PLECK: [laughing] With Bargie and Dar singing a jaunty duet?

AJ: Not with a chord, Shai'An?

SHAI'AN: Chord tree, chord animal, chord grass, but chord no people. Duet... for my dead children.

CREW: [assorted worry sounds]

PLECK: Okay, just... point of clarification. Do they come back or are they different people this time?

SHAI'AN: Come back.

AJ: Oh, okay.

PLECK: [relieved] Okay, wow.

AJ: Less dark.

C-53: Bargie, Dar, you have to take another run at that duet!

BARGIE: Well, Dar, I think, except for our misstep, we've been rehearsing for this all our lives. [music plays] I feel like you go first this time.

DAR: Okay.

AJ: Wow, this is the song that's going to bring all their people back.

DAR: [singing] Dar!

BARGIE: [singing] Bargie!

DAR: Dar!

BARGIE: Bargie!

DAR: Dar!

DAR AND BARGIE: Bargie and Dar!

[music swells into a singularity that explodes into light]

SHAI'AN: It did it!

DAR: [laughing hysterically]

C-53: Whoa! There's millions of people!

CHILD: Father! We have come back!

CHILD: We're back!

CHILD: We missed you so much!

CHILD: Papa, I love you. Daddy!

JAKK: And your granddaddy!

[children start crying]

C-53: Okay, even his own grandchildren are kind of grossed out by him.

CHILD: [singing] This is the song of the children!

CHILD: [singing] The song of the children!

CHILDREN: [singing together over angelic music] Song of the children! Song of the children! Song of the children! Song of the children!

[Shai'An begins floating in the sky and glowing]

SHAI'AN: Wait, something's happening to me!

PLECK: Oh no.

SHAI'AN: Something's happening. I'm transforming! Whooaaaa!

C-53: Shai'An, Jakk!

CHILD: They're becoming weirder looking!

C-53: I sort of thought they would separate and become their own people, but...

AJ: Yeah, now it's just... even worse.

PLECK: Is that what was supposed to happen?

[Shai'An and Jakk alight on the ground as their new form... an enormous ball playing piano constantly]

SHAI'AN: We enter final form: Piano Ball!

[Piano Ball starts rolling around]

AJ: Oh yeah, it's a big ball of keys.

C-53: Wow, and it plays by rolling on the ground.

AJ: Yeah.

SHAI'AN: We have been stuck in a state of arrested development all these many years. Our final form, not allowed to us!

JAKK: Piano Ball!

PLECK: So Piano Ball is sort of ideal?

AJ: Is anybody else weirded out by the fact that it has teeth and hair?

PLECK: Yeah.

SHAI'AN: And sustain pedal!

JAKK: Do you want to touch the sustain pedal? You can touch the sustain pedal!

AJ: Uhh....

C-53: Okay, alright. [walks forward and taps it] Oh. Pretty good.

PLECK: Wait, sorry, what is a piano ball? Does anyone know what a piano ball is?

DAR: [annoyed] Do you really need more singing?

SHAI'AN: [singing] What walks in the morning with four legs? What walks with two legs in the afternoon?

JAKK: [singing] What begins the end and ends the universe?

AJ: Oh no!

PLECK: I think it's a metaphor.

SHAI'AN AND JAKK: [rocking out in harmony] Piano BALL!

PLECK: Oh, they can harmonize with each other now!

AJ: Oh! So much stuff is growing right now!

JAKK: [falsetto] Rolling around, rolling around!

SHAI'AN: Rolling in the deep!

JAKK: Rolling in the deep!

[the piano ball rolls into the ocean and revives the sea]

PLECK: Oh, they're in the water!

AJ: Yeah, they're in the water now. Now there's fish coming out. Wow.

SHAI'AN: Thank you, 53rd Sea.

C-53: Thank you Shai'An, son of Jakk. And Jakk, father of Shai'An. Do you have a new name now that you're a piano ball?

SHAI'AN: No.

PLECK: They don't lose their identities, C-53.

C-53: Yeah, I don't know, culturally it might be different.

SHAI'AN: Thank you all.

PLECK: Thank you for letting us be a part of this!

SHAI'AN: [singing to an orchestral melody] The song brings us together! The song brings us together! We wave from side to side as the song brings us together!

AJ: [singing] So much has been wrong! So bad for so long! Apart, but together!

C-53 AND SHAI'AN: [singing] Because the song brings us together!

BARGIE: [monotone singing] Together.

C-53 AND SHAI'AN: The song brings us together!

BARGIE: Together.

C-53 AND SHAI'AN: We wave from side to side because the song brings us together!

BARGIE: Together.

C-53, AJ, AND SHAI'AN: [AJ autotuned] Because the song brings us together!

BARGIE: Together!

C-53, AJ, AND SHAI'AN: The song brings us together!

BARGIE: Together!

SHAI'AN: The song brings us together! It brings us all...

ALL: [harmonizing] Together!

PLECK: Wow!

SHAI'AN: Perhaps one day we see you for a reprise?

PLECK: Oh, maybe!

DAR: What's that?

AJ: It's like, you know, when they repeat the song, something like...

SHAI'AN: [singing] Two pebbles.

AJ: That's it, yeah. [autotuned singing] Two pebbles!

SHAI'AN: [singing] They become one pebble!

AJ: [singing] One pebble, gross piano ball!

SHAI'AN: [singing] Perfect piano ball!

AJ: [singing] It's so gross, how do they both get in there?

JAKK: [rapping] That's the history, that's the history of rap!

PLECK: Oh, wow!

JAKK: The history of rap!

AJ: It's two pebbles!

JAKK: It's the history of rap.

AJ: But it's now one pebble.

SHAI'AN: Three suns setting, insects on a leaf.

AJ: Wait, what?

SHAI'AN: Strangers at the barricade!

C-53: [singing] Do not be afraid.

BARGIE: [singing] Bargie!

DAR: [singing] Dar!

BARGIE: Bargie!

DAR: Dar!

AJ: Yeah, sometimes with reprises, they try to put too much stuff in.

C-53: Yeah, sometimes there's too many voices.

AJ: Yeah, it just kind of gets chaotic.

SHAI'AN: [laughing] This more end of Act One.

[transition to a market where two salespeople are peddling their wares]

FINGER SELLER: Fingers here, get your fingers!

BIGGER FINGER SELLER: No, no, my fingers here, bigger fingers.

FINGER SELLER: What, no, I have even bigger fingers than that!

BIGGER FINGER SELLER: You call those big? [unzips bag] Look at these fingers.

JUNTAWA: Juntawa, juntawa.

BIGGER FINGER SELLER: Oh, yes, we have all sizes, and within reason, of course.

JUNTAWA: Juntawa, juntawa.

FINGER SELLER: Here here here! Do whatever you want with them. It's none of my business.

JUNTAWA: [creepily] Juntawa.

BIGGER FINGER SELLER: No, no, no, the fingers won't do that.

FINGER SELLER: If that's what you're looking for, maybe you should check out Dipsea!

BIGGER FINGER SELLER: Yes, Dipsea.

JUNTAWA: Juntawa?

BIGGER FINGER SELLER: No, it's not any kind of finger.

FINGER SELLER: Oh, no, Dipsea's an audio app full of short, sexy stories. They release new content every week, so there's always more to explore.

JUNTAWA: Juntawa!

FINGER SELLER: Indeed, everyone needs an escape, but those can be hard to come by!

JUNTAWA: Juntawa.

FINGER SELLER: Enter Dipsea. Let yourself get lost in a world where pleasure is the only priority!

BIGGER FINGER SELLER: You know I myself have been feeling burnt out by the relentless grind of hacking seven digits. Boy, I could use some relaxation.

FINGER SELLER: Well, Dipsea also has wellness sessions, sensual bedtime stories, and soundscapes to help you relax before you drift off!

JUNTAWA: Juntawa.

FINGER SELLER: Plus, Dipsea's offering an extended 30-day free trial when you go to dipseastories.com/zyxx! That's 30 days of full access for free when you go to dipseastories.com/–

JUNTAWA: –Juntawa.

FINGER SELLER: Yes, Zyxx, exactly.

BIGGER FINGER SELLER: Let me just... [unzips bag and takes out fingers] Yes, two thumbs up to that! Big thumbs!

FINGER SELLER: No, no, no, no, I have bigger thumbs than that.

BIGGER FINGER SELLER: Not bigger than these!

FINGER SELLER: Dipseastories.com/zyxx!

JUNTAWA: Juntawa.

[transition]

C-53: Crew, I have to say, I really do appreciate you coming to rescue me on GEC-3.

PLECK: Of course.

C-53: I really did need all of you, and so did they.

DAR: We're glad to have you back, C-53. [pats C-53 on the back]

[communicator chimes]

PLECK: Yeah.

DAR: And, um... If I'm not mistaken, sounds like that's a call for you.

PLECK: Yeah.

C-53: No. It's a call for all of us, from Missions Operations, Missions Assignments, and Missions--

BARGIE: I think it's a call for me. It's probably an interview.

C-53: No, it's-- Yeah, it's Nermut, Bargie, so it's probably for--

BARGIE: No, but I've been getting just a lot of calls from various people, so--

PLECK: Hey, Nermut.

NERMUT: [skittering around zipping up bags] Hey, crew, I got my road case packed. I've got two keyboards. I've got a backup microphone. I've got a--

PLECK: Yeah, the mission's-- we're actually on our way-- we're actually on our way--

NERMUT: Check out this pedal, I'll change my voice--[reverbs] I'm talking like this!

C-53: Yeah, yeah, Nermut--

NERMUT: [singing] When we sing, we sing as a team.

PLECK: Nermut, Nermut, don't--

NERMUT: When we sing, we sing as a--

PLECK: Nermut, you kind of--

C-53: I'm sorry to say it, but you kind of missed the moment.

DAR: Yeah. And I think we need to hang up on you now.

PLECK: Yeah, that's true. All of us at once. Everybody, finger on the button.

C-53: [cheerful] As a crew.

NERMUT: [angry] No! When we sing, we sing as a--

[call hangs up]

BARGIE: Hey, are you guys done? Huh? I'm in the middle of an interview.

PLECK: Oh.

C-53: Oh.

BARGIE: Anyway, stop the applause. Where's my shiphole? I'll tell you, because you asked so kindly.

PLECK: Oh...

BARGIE: Get your pens ready. I'm about to describe it in deep detail!

[outro music fades into market]

FINGER SELLER: If that's what you're looking for, maybe you should check out--

[Evil Dar and Kor walk through the market]

EVIL DAR: All right, so what are we doing here? Oh, are we going to buy some Big Fingers! Because honestly, I--

KOR: No no no, Dar! All you must do now is act as the lead legs in this Pelotheus suit!

EVIL DAR: OK.

KOR: I shall do the rest.

EVIL DAR: That's fine.

KOR: So remember, when I step with my left leg, you step with your right. Ready? Let's go. [moving forward] Left leg, yes. Good. Right leg, good, good. Are you a dancer or something? You're nailing this.

PLECK: [muffled] This is terrifying. I mean—

EVIL DAR: Wait, that's Pleck Decksetter, the guy I was telling you about who shot me. [angry] I am gonna—

KOR: Patience, Dar, patience. It is not him we are after.

EVIL DAR: But if the plan is to destroy these guys, they're all right there!

KOR: It just-- it doesn't work that way, OK? Wait for it. Wait for it. Now!

[stomps]

NERMUT: [muffled] Pleck! Dar! I'm under its foot!

PLECK: Oh, hey, listen. Could you just lift up your foot real quick?

[the foot lifts up and Nermut skitters out]

PLECK: Nermut, your tail!

NERMUT: Oh, he tore my tail off.

DAR: Are you OK?

EVIL DAR: Oh, man, he got away.

KOR: [laughing] Did he? Did he? Quickly, Dar, reach outside of the suit and purloin the severed appendage!

EVIL DAR: The tail? OK.

[Evil Dar grabs the tail]

KOR: That tail shall wag the GALAXY. [evil laughter] Get in on this, Dar! It's fun to laugh!

EVIL DAR AND KOR: [LAUGHTER]

KOR: The wack side!

[metal music plays]

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, The Big Finger Seller, and Stefai were played by Jeremy Bent. Dar and Dar were played by Allie Kokesh. Bargie the Ship and The Bigger Finger Seller were played by Moujan Zolfaghari. Nermut Bundaloy was played by Seth Lind. AJ and Fondo Parquod were played by Winston Noel. Shai'An, son of Jakk, was played by special guest Chris Grace. Chris is an actor and comedian in Los Angeles. He played Jerry on Superstore and is in the final season of Atypical on Netflix. Jakk was played by special guest Eric Gerson, who also improvised the piano performances throughout the episode. Eric is a composer, pianist, and comedian who has composed music for Comedy Central, True TV, TBS, and Improv Everywhere. He is an associate music director for Story Pirates and the creator and musical director for the musical improv team Rumbleteaser, which is once again performing live shows in NYC. Kor Balevore was played by Brennan Lee Mulligan. This episode was edited by Seth Lind. Sound design, mix, and music production and instrumentation by Shane O'Connell. Theme music composed by Brendan Ryan and performed by FAMES Macedonian Symphonic Orchestra. Orchestra mixing by Danny Keith Taylor. Opening call 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.

WILL: Since the dawn of time, screenwriters have taken months to craft their stories. But now, three Hollywood professionals shall attempt the impossible. Break a story in one hour.

FREDDIE: That's right. Here on Story Break, I, Freddie Wong—

MATT: Matt Arnold

WILL —and Will Campos, the creators behind award-winning shows like Video Game High School, have one hour to turn a humble idea into an awesome movie.

MATT: Now, an awesome movie starts with an awesome title. I chose The Billionaire's Marriage Valley.

FREDDIE: Mine was Christmas Pregnant Paradise.

MATT: Okay, next we need a protagonist.

WILL: So I've heard Wario best described as libertarian Mario?

FREDDIE: And of course, every great movie needs a stellar pitch.

WILL: In order to get to heaven, sometimes you gotta raise a little hell.

FREDDIE: That's the tagline! Check out Story Break every week on MaximumFun.org or wherever you get your podcasts.

JORDAN: Hey, I'm Jordan Morris, creator of the MaxFun scripted sci-fi comedy podcast, Bubble. We just released a special episode of Bubble to celebrate the launch of our new graphic novel. At SF SketchFest in 2019, we recorded a live show with Allison Becker, Eliza Skinner, Mike Mitchell, Cristela Alonso, and special guests Jean Grey, Jonathan Colton, Jesse Thorne, Nick Weiger, and a bunch of other cool folks.

HOST: We suspect he'll show signs of mutation when in a state of excitement. Now Annie matched with him on Tinder, so she's gonna act as the honeypot.

HOST: I do enjoy being called a honeypot.

HOST: Hey, you know what's better than honey? Gravy.

HOST: Oh yeah, can I be the gravy sack?

JORDAN: Out now on MaximumFun.org and wherever you get podcasts. And pick up the graphic novel at your local bookstore today!

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

CHRIS: We both sleep as I cradle you!

JEREMY: Shai'An, son of Jakk... I can't stay awake!

CHRIS: The cat is in the silver spoon, and the cradle is the moon.

JEREMY: [snoring]

CHRIS: Good luck putting this together.

ALL: [laughter]

ALDEN: Yeah, this is editing itself. It's beautiful.