

NARRATOR: [dramatic music] After nearly a cycle trapped in a distant galaxy, the intrepid crew of the Bargarean Jade has narrowly escaped certain death and returned home through an intergalactic portal designed by a hologram, assembled by a toddler in one galaxy and by a swarm of disgusting mindless insects in another. In retrospect, pretty risky. [music picks up tempo] Now, our heroes must reconnect with their lost allies, assess what evils have arisen in their absence, and share a ship with a droid who's a weird bug creature and *loving it* on their final Mission to Zyxx. [music swells]
[intro music]

BARGIE: Bad news, everybody.

NERMUT: [frustrated] What? We just got back.

BARGIE: Terrible bad news.

NERMUT: What is it, Barge?

C-53: Barchie, I don't think the bad news is going to affect it. Like, we got back to Zyxx.

BARGIE: You know how that other galaxy didn't have gas?

C-53: Yeah, now we just toast those loconut slices!

BARGIE: Yeah, the thing about that is right before we left, I traded loconuts for a cool t-shirt.

PLECK: Well, how many loconuts?

BARGIE: [powers off] All of them.

PLECK: Oh, Barchie.

BARGIE: But the t-shirt's real cool.

C-53: It better be so cool, Barge.

AJ: So is that the thing behind the door that you told me not to go and look at?

C-53: Yeah, AJ, don't open that door.

AJ: What if I just...

PLECK: No, AJ.

[AJ opens the door and the shirt spills out]

C-53: Wow.

DAR: We all knew that AJ was going to do that.

PLECK: Oh, so much fabric.

C-53: Good luck folding that back up now.

NERMUT: Is this like three wolves howling at a moon?

BARGIE: That's right, and if you look very closely, there's a tiny ship.

NERMUT: Oh, okay.

C-53: Flying in front of the moon.

BARGIE: It was specially made for me. Anyway, long story short-

C-53: That's actually kinda cool...

BARGIE: I do not have gas or any more loconuts, so as a result...

[Bargie rumbles to a stop]

PLECK: Why would we grind to a...

C-53: You should have given us a little bit more of a heads-up.

NERMUT: We're not even coasting!?

PLECK: [laughing] Also, Bargie, we're in space. It takes power to come to a stop. Why did you do that? Did you use up the last of your fuel to reverse so that we would stop?

BARGIE: I was an award-nominated director, okay?

PLECK: All right.

BARGIE: I'm happy we're in Zyxx. I'll reconnect with my son. Blah, blah, blah. I feel nothing.

PLECK: Oh...

AJ: [determined] We can use the T-shirt as a sail.

PLECK: No. AJ...

C-53: We can't.

PLECK: That doesn't work.

AJ: [trying to stretch out shirt] It's big. It's real big.

C-53: The size is immaterial.

PLECK: Yeah.

AJ: I've been trying to get the ship a sail for quite a while.

NERMUT: The answer's always gonna be the same.

C-53: Yeah.

PLECK: All right, Bargie, fine. What, we need to go get gas? What's happening?

C-53: [flapping] Actually, okay, some good news. If you look out this porthole here, if you squint a little bit, you can see there's a ShipStop.

PLECK: Oh.

C-53: Not that far away, cosmically speaking.

PLECK: Okay, great.

DAR: All right, so I'll lean on this side of Bargie.

NERMUT: Wow. So if Bargie hadn't actively stopped the ship, we would have kind of floated into it.

DAR: Yeah.

PLECK: Bargie, can we-- I mean, I hate to ask, should we go manual mode for just a hot second to get back to the ShipStop?

BARGIE: What do you mean by manual mode?

PLECK: Wait, manual mode. Bargie, you did it when you crashed. Was that--were you blacked out at that point? Did you not know-- you know you have a manual mode, right?

BARGIE: All right, all right, I got you. Hold on. [monotonous] Giving up mode. Giving up mode.

[Bargie's engines slowly start up again]

PLECK: Wait, that's not the same thing. How are the engines starting?

BARGIE: I give up mode.

C-53: It's interesting that Bargie has a reserve battery just for this mode.

BARGIE: Who jucking cares mode?

C-53: To just sort of roll around and complain.

BARGIE: We're all just stardust mode.

PLECK: Also, I gotta say, if there's a giving up mode, I'm very surprised we have not heard it yet.

C-53: Frankly, impressive.

BARGIE: What's Pleck's jucking deal mode?

PLECK: That can't be right.

C-53: That seems like that's not the name of the mode.

DAR: That was something I programmed.

[Bargie flies into the ShipStop]

BARGIE: Giving up mode. Giving up mode. I give up mode. What's the point mode? Who jucking cares mode?

PLECK: All right, well, I guess I'll get out and stretch my legs a little bit. I mean, we are back in the Zyxx quadrant, so...

C-53: Yeah, let's breathe that Zyxxian air.

PLECK: Oh, do you breathe, C-53?

C-53: Oh, yeah, yeah, spiracles.

PLECK: Oh.

C-53: There are holes in my exoskeleton.

PLECK: Cool.

JUSTIN: [exits room] Hey, guys, I'm gonna stay on this ship, just like I used to in the old days.

PLECK: Yeah, okay, that's fine, Justin.

DAR: [surprised] Oh, Justin is still here.

C-53: Yeah, right.

PLECK: Have fun, Justin.

JUSTIN: Bargie and I have a lot to catch up on. We've known each other since day one.

PLECK: Yeah, Justin, you're not gonna come with us since you're a member of the crew and you join us on missions and stuff?

JUSTIN: I'm good. [runs off]

PLECK: Okay, all right.

C-53: Okay, bye.

PLECK: See you later.

JUSTIN: Have fun!

[Bargie's hatch opens and the crew leaves to a bustling and busy ShipStop]

NERMUT: I might get some karn nuts.

C-53: Those are terrible..

PLECK: Do you like those?

NERMUT: Yeah! What, you don't like them?

PLECK: They're so hard.

NERMUT: Oh, but they're great. They're so salty, you can't stop.

PLECK: Yeah, I guess if you just-- Do you have a gizzard, or what's the deal? Do you chew them, or--

NERMUT: Both.

PLECK: Okay.

NERMUT: I chew 'em, and then I roll 'em around in the gizzard.

SALESWOMAN: Hey, hey, hey! [opens bag] Sellin' fingers!

PLECK: Oh, no.

NERMUT: What?

PLECK: I don't think so.

DAR: What size?

SALESWOMAN: We got small. We got big. We got tiny.

DAR: This is all very interesting, but I just realized that I have absolutely no kroon on me.

PLECK: Guys, we've been in a post-money society for six months. We don't have any money! How are we gonna pay for this fuel?

NERMUT: When Bargie spent the kroon that was on the ship on the acting workshop.

PLECK: On the acting workshop, paying a person who--

NERMUT: Paying a person who didn't know what money was.

PLECK: Who was, first of all, evil. Secondly, shouldn't have accepted kroon. It was post-money society!

AJ: Well, there's one currency that's always accepted. Violence. [charges blaster]

PLECK: Okay, that's not probably gonna-- I don't think that'll fly here, AJ.

C-53: Not a great start for our return.

DAR: AJ, come with me, because I really need a shower, and if violence is the only currency that's gonna work, then let's go.

AJ: You got it. Let's shower.

PLECK: [disgusted] Why would you ever shower at a ShipStop?

DAR: All right, Pleck, get off your high orse.

PLECK: What?

DAR: AJ and I have been exploding bugs all morning.

AJ: I'm covered in what I'm starting to think is not space honey.

DAR: I'm wearing these bugs. [tries to brush bugs off]

PLECK: Why not use the shower on Bargie?

DAR: Bargie has no power right now.

C-53: I guarantee you the power for giving up does not extend to the shower.

PLECK: Okay, yeah, that's true.

NERMUT: I'm gonna go sing for some karn nuts. See ya! [runs off]

PLECK: Yeah, listen, I'm gonna try to talk to the management. Surely they'll understand. We've been in a different galaxy for six months. We don't have the same currency.

C-53: That kind of sounds like a classic scam.

DAR: I don't think anyone's gonna be that sympathetic.

PLECK: Well, you know, the Space has ways of influencing the weak-minded.

AJ: Oh, wow, you're still talking about--

C-53: Not even an hour back in Zyxx, and all of a sudden talking about the Space again.

PLECK: Huh?

[transition]

[We've flashed back to inside of the Allwheat]

EMPEROR: [snaps boomingly]

PLECK: What? I--I--nothing happened that time. What was the--

EMPEROR: Oh, I just--I just changed the outcome of the election.

PLECK: You--from here?

EMPEROR: Yeah.

PLECK: The election's not for three more days.

EMPEROR: Right, well, time is kind of squishy here. Let's change it again. [snaps booming]

PLECK: Okay, that was less impressive, because you--I just have to trust that you did that.

EMPEROR: Well, I mean, yeah, but--

PLECK: Okay, well, I changed it back. [snaps normally]

EMPEROR: No, you didn't.

PLECK: I could have.

EMPEROR: No, you didn't.

PLECK: You'd never know.

EMPEROR: No, what are you talking about?

PLECK: [snaps normally] Oh, I did it again.

EMPEROR: No, you're just snapping.

PLECK: You're just snapping!

EMPEROR: [angry] No, I'm changing reality! Look, here's a little... [draws a crackling circle] Watch me draw a circle with my finger, and now you can look inside.

ANNOUNCER: And in a stunning upset, Allergy Eyedrops has carried the majority of the galactic vote.

PLECK: Allergy Eyedrops?

ALLERGY EYEDROPS: Guess it's old Allergy Eyedrops day today! I have no plans! I thought I was always second fiddle! But the people of this galaxy have spoken apparently. But this victory is not mine alone. I wouldn't be the person I am today without the help and support of my three best friends, Nini, Salazar Chuckles, and Mr. Top Hat. My three adorable cats. You make my life bearable each and every day With your cold-nosed boops, your floofy tum-tums, and your smoochable toe beans. Even though I am very allergic to you. And if they could speak they'd probably like to thank one company above all others. Smalls! A cat food company providing protein-packed meals they crave. Delivered right to our doorstep. You see, all cats are obligate carnivores! They need fresh protein-packed nom-noms. Conventional cat food is made using low-quality sheep meat by-products, grains, and starches coated in artificial flavors. With the help of cat nutritionists Smalls develops complete and balanced recipes for all life stages. And just to clarify these cat nutritionists are people who are experts on cat nutrition, not cats who are nutritionists. Anyway, Smalls' recipes are

gently cooked to lock in protein, vitamins, minerals, and moisture. Salazar Chuckles loves moisture! Better quality ingredients mean a better, healthier life for your cats. Since switching to Smalls, Salazar's digestion has improved. Mr. Top Hat's coat has never been softer or shinier! And Nini's warm cat breath is just terrific. My fellow Galacticans, I wish to impart this critical information to each and every one of you. Take a short quiz on Smalls.com/Zyxx to customize your sampler! And use code Zyxx for a total of 30% off your first order. My first official act as Galactic Leader! Smalls.com/Zyxx, code Zyxx.

ANNOUNCER: Mr. Eyedrops, Mr. Eyedrops, thank you, apparently– [whispering]

ALLERGY EYEDROPS: I'm not leader anymore? But I thought... oh well. Easy come, easy go, right Mr. Top Hat?

[transition]

[Pleck tentatively enters the ShipStop, music plays over the in-store speakers]

PLECK: Uh, hello?

DERF: [using tongs to rearrange a sizzling batch of hot dogs] Hey! Welcome to ShipStop, just give me a sec, I gotta, just, before you ask, these hot dogs are fresh, I'm just putting them back, I'm rotating the, the, to the, uh, front.

PLECK: Why would you need to stipulate that they were fresh?

DERF: It's a first question a lot of people have when they enter here, the ShipStop.

PLECK: Oh my Rodd.

DERF: Uh.

PLECK: Old Derf!

DERF: [slides shut hotdog case] Hey, look, hey, look! It's the guys, it's, uh, it's [snapping] Pluck, Pluck Dickster!

PLECK: [exasperated] No, come on.

DERF: And, uh, and his bug sidekick, his bug friend, his bug guy.

C-53: He's never, he's never once had a bug sidekick.

DERF: He had a bug, you're the, you've always been there, cause I was always like that bug.

PLECK: No, no, I've never had a bug.

C-53: No. No.

DERF: You're his noob, you had a bunch of tiny little, uh, wood sabers.

PLECK: No, that's AJ.

DERF: That you held in your little arms.

PLECK: [annoyed] My noob is AJ, he's a defected CLINT.

DERF: [snaps] Yes, of course. Uh, where you been? It seems like things have been working out well for you. Uh, prophecy, yada yada. [opens fridge and cracks open a drink]

PLECK: Derf, I, thank Rodd I ran into you. We, I have so much to tell you about. We entered the Allwheat like you said, it, it, it created a rift. We were sent to a galaxy millions of light years away. We just finally found a way to get back.

DERF: Spot on.

PLECK: We don't even know how much time has passed.

DERF: Some.

PLECK: What happened in this galaxy since the Allwheat disappeared?

DERF: Uh.

[Marf enters the ShipStop]

MARF: [shouting] Hey, Derf. Where you want me to put all these old hot dogs that we say are fresh hot dogs?

PLECK: [laughing] What?

DERF: Right at the front.

C-53: That sounded like a scam.

MARF: You got it.

DERF: Oh, you don't like the word old? It's my name, it's my first name, so they can't be that bad.

MARF: I like them old. [Marf begins rearranging hot dogs]

DERF: Thank you, Marf.

MARF: Uh huh.

PLECK: Marf?

MARF: Yeah?

PLECK: Marf, it, it, it's me, it's Pleck Decksetter.

MARF: [excited] Pleck?

PLECK: That's, and then C-53!

MARF: A bug?

C-53: Oh, I, yeah, it's not a surprise you don't recognize me. It's me, C-53, Marf.

MARF: [confused] Why does your body look like this?

C-53: Oh, it's a very long story. I, I, Marf, I'm so sorry about the Midnight Shadow.

MARF: [quietly] What?

C-53: Some snuff got into it.

MARF: What? Snuff?

PLECK: Yeah, it's like an old-timey aristocrat drug.

MARF: The Midnight Shadow's gone?

C-53: Yeah, yeah.

MARF: It's gone?

C-53: [tearing up] I, I, honestly, I'm shedding a tear as well, thinking back on it.

DERF: [realizing] Wait, you're the computer guy! You're the robot guy!

C-53: I, yes.

DERF: And now you're in a bug?

C-53: Now I'm in a bug.

DERF: Why? It's like putting a VCR on an anthill. Go back!

C-53: Unfortunately, we were stranded in a part of space where they do not have droid frames...

DERF: How, how long, how long do you listen, how long do you listen to your bug before you're like, "shoo, go around, fly around somewhere else."

PLECK: Derf, Derf. Listen, I need answers. Man, I, I, I don't know what's going on in this galaxy anymore.

DERF: I'm sorry, but our whole thing is like, it's like bumping into an ex. 'Cause like, Marf and I are doing our, like, new mentor thing and--

PLECK: What?

MARF: Well, he's training me.

DERF: That's right.

MARF: In the Space and the Stuff.

PLECK: That's--

DERF: She's very good.

PLECK: That's amazing. Is there a prophecy about you too?

MARF: Same prophecy.

DERF: Yep. Yep, same one.

C-53: Wait a minute, what do you mean, "same prophecy"?

PLECK: I thought the prophecy--

C-53: I thought the prophecy was about Pleck.

DERF: Your prophecy is like, it's sort of--

MARF: Yeah.

C-53: Ouch.

PLECK: It's sort of what? What are you talking about? I never--

DERF: [claps Pleck on the back] Your prophecy was good, it was good. We did our thing, you flew around, you--

PLECK: Derf, my prophecy was that I was gonna bring balance to the Space.

DERF: [snaps] Yes, that's the one. Well, I'll tell you what, you did a pretty deece job. You know, not every, not every player on the team gets the trophy. Some of them just get a broom handle!

PLECK: Okay.

DERF: You think I can't tell the difference between your woodsaber and that broomstick? Come on.

PLECK: No, Derf--

DERF: That's not a balance bringer! That's for no time to lean, no time to clean talk.

PLECK: [angry] The Dinglehopper was lost in the interdimensional rift that exploded in the center of the Allwheat. That's a pretty good excuse for losing a stick.

DERF: Let me-- What it comes down to is I took the prophecy, I did a little find and replace, tip, tip, tip.

C-53: You--

PLECK: Wait, you changed-- You changed-- First of all, the prophecy was digital?

DERF: Well, paper.

PLECK: You crossed out words on my prophecy.

DERF: Well, yes, I mean, it's paper. It's just paper. It costs nothing!

MARF: But then he wrote new words in the prophecy.

DERF: Exactly.

MARF: He added new words. I'm the star of the prophecy now.

PLECK: [laughing] Okay, well, you don't have to put it like that.

DERF: She's the star.

PLECK: Derf, you waited your whole life to find me, and then I go to a different galaxy for a few months and you replace me?

DERF: Well, I thought you were dead, which is ironic coming from me, but I really thought you were dead. This guy's dead, is what I said... to no one.

C-53: But the point is you're not supposed to change a prophecy. Then what value does the prophecy have?

DERF: [riled up] Oh, you think it just happened? Someone wrote it down the first time, and that person is probably an even older Derf! That's what I'm saying. Like, we're all prophesizing all the time. Here's a prophecy. I'm going to go to shake a shower in a minute. How's that for a prophecy? Let's see if it comes true!

MARF: It probably will. He takes a lot of showers.

DERF: I'm very filthy. As it... I'm very old, and when you're older, your body makes weird liquids from different parts. Parts you won't even know, but the bug knows what I'm talking about. He's got liquids shooting out of all over the place. He's probably making honey and venom and pee all at the same time.

C-53: Venom and pee, yes. That's a no on the honey, unfortunately.

DERF: [upset] Ah, that's the one we want!

[transition]

[AJ and Dar walk towards the showers]

AJ: I gotta say, Dar, like, being covered in guts and about to head into kind of a sketchy situation, feels good.

DAR: Yeah, couldn't be more Zyxx, right? It just feels right.

AJ: Yeah, it's Zyxx. That's it. It's Zyxx.

DAR: Yeah, I mean, the smell in here, I don't know if it's us, because we are covered in bug guts.

AJ: Reeks.

DAR: It's like sour.

AJ: Yeah, I'm definitely getting notes of sour.

DAR: And just a little bit of bile.

AJ: Oh, there's a bile finish on there for sure.

DAR: And maybe just a little cheese.

AJ: Yeah, it just feels like home. Feels like home.

[A passerby droid rolls up]

PASSERBY: Sorry, I dropped my jucking bile cheese. Oh, one sec, there you go.

DAR: Sir.

PASSERBY: What? I'm sorry.

DAR: There's no need to apologize. You just reminded us of a bit of nostalgia.

PASSERBY: You had bile cheese in your childhood?

DAR: Uh, no, juck. We just, we haven't said juck in a really long time.

AJ: So it feels good!

DAR: Feels really good.

PASSERBY: Ah! [happily] You.. are jucking welcome.

DAR: Aw, jucking thank you.

PASSERBY: [houses some bile cheese]

AJ: Oh, really took down that bile cheese.

LITTLE CRIMINAL: [takes out little knife] Oh, I'm a little criminal and I'm gonna take your money!

DAR: [gasps, hugs and kisses the lil criminal]

LITTLE CRIMINAL: Oh! I don't like that. I don't like that. Stab stab!

DAR: I'm so happy to see you.

AJ: We didn't have money. What were people gonna steal back in the other galaxy?

LITTLE CRIMINAL: What? No stealing? Doesn't make any sense to me! [runs off]

DAR: Doesn't make sense to us either.

AJ: Goodbye, you little stabby freak.

PASSERBY: You stabbed my bile cheese!

[Passerby and Little Criminal tussle]

AJ: Oh, Rodd, love it when they kind of get in it with each other and you just sort of watch them kind of look at them scrabble with each other.

DAR: Wow.

[transition]

DERF: Come on, Pleck and Bug. Let's walk and talk. I'm headed to my shower, which is a separate shower because I won't shower at the ShipStop showers. Those... we've wired all the pipes together so if one drain goes into another top of a shower, it's okay. Tellurian Centipede, familiar with that? [opens bag of chips]

PLECK: Ugh, what?

MARF: That's where their mouths are on their butts.

PLECK: No, I know what it is.

MARF: And they're attached so they're diarrheing in the mouth.

PLECK: No, we know.

MARF: And it goes through and then the next person goes.

DERF: Let her finish. Pleck, you let her finish. This is part of the training.

MARF: I just need to finish because it's part of the training.

DERF: It's part of the training. [angry] Pleck, how do you not know? You should be reciting this. This is like the pledge.

MARF: Okay, the sacred words.

C-53: Sacred words?

MARF: Ready? One, two.

MARF AND DERF: [chanting] Their mouths are connected to their buttocks. And they poop into each other's mouths and down the line. And then the first person has to circle around and eat it.

DERF: Everyone thinks it's good to be first. It's actually much worse. This is the philosophy.

C-53: It's really no better than any other position.

MARF: It's actually beautiful when you think about it. And that's why I've been studying it, as I have, because it's actually a beautiful circle.

DERF: It's a circle of life.

C-53: It's a circle. I don't know if we can qualify it as a beautiful circle.

PLECK: [laughing] Or a circle of life, honestly.

MARF: It's a beautiful circle.

DERF: Of life!

MARF: I tattooed the sacred words on my back.

PLECK: Those words? The words you just said?

MARF: Yeah, the whole thing. [takes off shirt] Takes up my whole back.

PLECK: Oh, no.

C-53: Yeah, it's a lot of words.

DERF: It was a long day.

MARF: Derf did it.

DERF: I did it.

MARF: He ran out of room.

DERF: I ran out of room, I ran out of ink, and I ran out of patience, honestly, because there's so many words!

C-53: So where's the rest of it?

MARF: [laughing] I was screaming. Well, it just--

DERF: We ran it down. Ran it down a leg.

MARF: It goes down a leg. It goes--

C-53: Just one?

PLECK: That's appropriate.

MARF: It sort of starts to peter out around, and then the last one circles back.

DERF: Yep. You know how they say, measure twice, you cut once? And I didn't measure the length of the words in the body, so it was a--

C-53: [upset] You didn't even measure once! The expression is measure twice, cut once. You didn't measure one time!

DERF: I didn't measure once!

MARF: Not, no.

DERF: And I tell you what, I started with too big of a font, and I ended up having to shrink it down real tight.

C-53: [laughing] It looks like an eye chart. It's so big!

DERF: Let's be honest. The first verse is the most important one, and then it sort of repeats until the end, which is why it goes back around and comes up. The front, and it ends right at the neckline. It's beautiful.

MARF: It tucks out of my shirt just a little.

DERF: It's a little bit of a flirt.

PLECK: [confused] How is that a pledge, though?

DERF: This is all to say I will be going to my own private shower.

C-53: Okay.

EVERYONE: [laughing]

DERF: Well, that's all the teachings I have for today. I'm going to pop into the shower. I also have to run through and make sure all the truckers are peeing clear, so I'll be back in like ten.

PLECK: [laughing] Why do you have to do that? Why is that your responsibility?

DERF: Because they drink a lot of coffee, and I've got to check for kidney stones, because once kidney stones get big enough, those Tellurian pee holes can't handle it. And as you know, pee hole is a teaching moment for me, so I've just got to walk through. It's part of the job. Part of the job!

[Dorf exits the ShipStop]

[transition, the showers are dribbling out water]

DAR: [opens door] Behind here, AJ, is one of the Zyxx classics, a ShipStop shower.

AJ: Great.

ATTENDANT: Hi dere. So you're here for the showers? How many holes would you like in your shower? We have a six hole open.

PECK: Actually, I, Peck, booked the six hole.

ATTENDANT: Oh.

PECK: Peck... The pervert here.

ATTENDANT: Well, whoopsie doodle, but a twofer just opened up.

AJ: Wow. When was the last time we saw a pervert, huh?

DAR: I know. The other galaxy had no use for them!

PECK: I wouldn't even have an identity if things weren't shamed. What would I be? Huh? I wouldn't be the guy who just added a seventh hole. [chuckles]

AJ: Yeah, I guess you'd just be...

PECK: Peck.

DAR: That's what I love about Zyxx, you know? I know this guy's first name and his sexual proclivity, you know?

PECK: The Pervert is also my last name.

DAR: Oh, wow. Well, thank you for that clarification.

AJ: So where's that twofer?

ATTENDANT: [flips through paper] Oh, it just got filled up.

AJ: Oh.

DAR: [happily] I bet it did. I bet it did get filled up. Uh-huh.

[transition to ShipStop]

SHOPPER: [quietly in background] Yeah, no one was in there, so I guess everything's just... free?

PLECK: Marf.

MARF: Yeah? You want to see my tattoo?

PLECK: No.

C-53: No, Marf, no.

PLECK: Marf, how did you get involved with Derf? What happened?

MARF: Well, I have to be honest. I woke up one morning, and here I was.

PLECK: What?

MARF: You guys left. I was feeling kind of down. You know, started, like, drinking a little.

PLECK: Oh, no.

MARF: And had a three-week bender.

PLECK: Whoa.

C-53: Oh! Okay.

MARF: I sort of browned out, and then I blacked out. And then I woke up, and I was here. And I was training to become, I guess, the savior. I don't know. I mean, it's pretty cool, right?

[Shopper begins grabbing armfuls of items]

PLECK: I mean, I guess so. Marf, just to clarify, your prophecy also says you're going to bring balance to the galaxy?

MARF: Yeah. I know that a big part of the prophecy is cleaning the showers.

PLECK: Oh, no.

C-53: See, that, I feel like, is not really a prophecy. You know, that's something he put in there.

MARF: No, no, no. I think that was already in the prophecy, was cleaning the showers. It's just, I think it said your name and not my name. But cleaning the showers, it was cleaning the showers, you know, that thing about the guys peeing clear, the thing about memorizing the Tellurian Centipede, sacred words.

C-53: Marf, I can almost guarantee all of this ShipStop specific stuff is not part of the prophecy.

MARF: You mean my training?

PLECK: [gradually getting more and more riled up] Yeah, Marf, last time I saw Derf, he worked at a zoo. And the time before that, he was a cater waiter. And the time before THAT, he worked at a Blue Julius. And the time before that, he was alone on an asteroid with his wife and children. So I kind of don't buy at all that part of the prophecy involves this particular job! The last time I saw him, he tried to recruit me to be a clown, a zoo clown.

C-53: That's not even a type of clown!

PLECK: Yeah, a junior clown, which is also not a type of clown!

MARF: A junior clown is a clown in training.

PLECK: Yeah, no, I get that.

MARF: And I would know because I did that last week. [unzips bag and takes out horn] And guess what? I'm a full clown now. [honks horn]

C-53: Marf, okay...

PLECK: First of all, it takes a lot more than a week to become a full clown.

MARF: Junior clown is one week training, and then you become a full clown.

C-53: Pleck, you didn't DO the program, you don't know that.

PLECK: No, I've seen a lot of clowns. They're all pretty old.

C-53: Yeah, but they could have become full-fledged clowns years before.

PLECK: [offended] Are you telling me I've never seen a new full clown?

C-53: I'm sort of implying it, yeah.

MARF: I think you might have seen a new full clown and didn't know it was a new full clown. You probably thought it had been a clown a while.

PLECK: I guess so. Listen, Marf, I know what it's like to feel like you want to be part of something. I know what it's like to feel like a prophecy gives you a sense of purpose that you didn't have before. But I'm just starting to realize, you know, maybe it took me a little longer than it should have. As much as I want to be part of a bigger story, I feel like Derf is maybe full of shit.

[Derf enters the ShipStop. He's fully nude]

DERF: Well—

MARF: Derf, you're so clean.

DERF: All clean. Sorry, I didn't have a towel, so I'm just going to air dry real quick.

C-53: Oh, boy.

DERF: Marf, did you tell them how you went full clown?

MARF: I did in just a week!

DERF: Just a week! Way better than you, Pleck.

PLECK: I sort of abstained from the training.

DERF: You wore the wig, Fred! You put on the makeup. You were a junior clown. Don't you run away from this. It was in the prophecy, as a matter of fact.

PLECK: You know what? I want to see this prophecy, Derf.

DERF: I have it. It's right behind the counter, right next to liquor license, place to call if you get shot. Prophecy. Hangin' on the wall. And the place to call you get shot is not what you might think. It's not a hospital.

PLECK: What is it?

C-53: Where would you go?

DERF: There's a bunch of names on it, and you call a guy, and he'll be like, "Too bad."

C-53: [laughing] Why would that help you, after you've been shot, to hear, "Too bad"?

MARF: Well, then you call the next guy. Then you call the next guy on the list. And then if he says, "Too bad," you call the next guy.

C-53: So why doesn't the list start with the guy—

DERF: I feel like you had the same questions about the Tellurian centipede shower thing, and I think now maybe you should take the pledge, Bug.

C-53: No, absolutely not. There's no chance of that happening.

DERF: Bug, get in! I'll write you in! I'll write you in!

C-53: [upset] Stop! I don't want to be part of the prophecy.

DERF: Too bad. I'm writing you in. [takes out pen]

MARF: You don't get it. When you left, and the Allwheat imploded, things just changed. Okay? Things are really different now. I don't know how to explain it, except to say--

PLECK: How so?

[Derf furiously scribbles on the prophecy]

MARF: The vibes are just off.

PLECK: What do you mean the vibes are off? Like, what's happening in the galaxy? What did we miss?

DERF: There was a big loss of freshness right around when the Allwheat imploded, and wackness grew immensely.

C-53: No, the wackness should have gone down. We blew up the Allwheat.

DERF: Hey, I'm not a mathematician. [puts down pen]

PLECK: You told us that's what I needed to do to bring balance to the galaxy.

DERF: It did work. Now it's out of balance. But as long as you have--

C-53: Which-- what does that mean?

DERF: As long as you have a handle on the bean, the Beanocron, we're going to be fine, as long as you bring it together and find balance.

PLECK: No, we don't have the Beanocron anymore. The Beanocron was the one who saved us from the Allwheat. We don't know where Beano is.

DERF: [angry] Wha- How come you can't-- you keep track of all these other people, you can't keep track of the Beanocron? That's the most important--

PLECK: [defensive] He's essentially a deity!

DERF: Well, keep your eyes on the deity. You got two bug guys, never-- not by your side. And then where's Beanocron?

PLECK: [laughing] Yeah, we do keep C-53 around, but that's good, sort of, because he's helping.

C-53: [offended] Sort of? This is taking a turn I don't appreciate.

DERF: Every time I see you guys, he's in a different shape, because he's always right there.

C-53: Hey, buddy, you're getting pretty fresh right now here.

DERF: I'm very fresh. I'm a former avatar of the fresh.

C-53: I walked right into that.

[transition, shower ambience]

DAR: Alright, we're stalls number seven and eight.

AJ: Alright!

DAR: Let's get clean so we can get weird. Alright.

[Dar attempts to turn the shower handle but only a small glop pops out]

DAR: Is there a trick to that? Hold on.

AJ: [from other stall] There's not a lot of pressure.

DAR: Maybe it's-

AJ: You know what? This is great, because remember on the Synergy, everything worked, and it was like good water pressure, and it always felt good and optimized?

DAR: Uh-huh.

AJ: That was that, you know? But now we're in Zyxx, and like, nothing works, and it's annoying, you know?

DAR: [happily] My CLONE! Yes, absolutely! This is so Zyxx.

AJ: It's super Zyxx.

DAR: To finally...

GLOPPER: [tapping on shower curtain] Knock, knock, knock.

DAR: Huh? Oh, hey there. Are you here to fix the shower?

GLOPPER: I thought I heard a little glop coming out of yours. Nothing's coming out of mine. Can I share the glop? Is there glop coming out of yours?

DAR: Yeah, there's like this weird oozy goo coming out the head.

GLOPPER: Yeah, that's as good as they get here.

[Glopper rushes into the shower]

DAR: Whoa, okay.

GLOBBER: Did you find the glop? I hope you bring the glop.

GLOPPER: Yes, come and get the glop. This big guy has extra glop.

GLOBBER: You got extra glop?

GLOPPER: I see some clone legs under here. You got glop?

AJ: I mean, I guess I have a little bit of glop. It's not that much.

GLOBBER: Can you cut the glop in half so both of us get half a glop?

AJ: I mean, that's very annoying, but it's very Zyxx, so absolutely.

DAR: This is great.

GLOPPER: Hey, family! Come here!

GLOBBER: Children, come here! Come on, come on, there's extra glop!

[The kids rush into the two showers]

KIDS: Yay! Hello, hi there! Hello-

GLOBBER: Glop, glop glop glop...

AJ: Wow, now it's really inconveniencing to us.

DAR: It's so good to be home.

KIDS: [chanting] Hi! Hi! Hi! Hi!

[transition, we're back in the ShipStop]

PLECK: Okay, fine. So I've been written out of my own prophecy, but I'm back now. I'm alive. I want to help. What can I do?

DERF: [crunching on chips] Well, you can continue your exploration of the third part.

PLECK: What?

DERF: There's the Space. We talked about it. It's the Space between. And there's, of course, the Stuff, which is everything that's not Space is Stuff. Makes perfect sense. No questions at this time. But there's more. There's more to this.

PLECK: [exasperated] No, don't... that can't be...

DERF: The third side of the coin. The even colder side of the pillow.

PLECK: There's a third side to the coin?

DERF: Yes! Do you remember my last words last time I saw you?

PLECK: At the zoo?

DERF: Yes, I was being mauled by a bunch of lirds who were mad at me because I was lying to them. But zookeepers always lie to the animals in their care. They have to be tricked.

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

DERF: Zookeepers, half of their job is tricking animals.

PLECK: Half their job?

DERF: No comment. [begins restocking] Yes. And the other half is cleaning up the bathrooms.

PLECK: Okay.

C-53: I feel like there's more to it than that.

DERF: Hey, you're headed to the other side of a zoo, bug. A bug zoo.

C-53: I'm not going to a bug zoo.

DERF: Well, watch out. You never know.

PLECK: I mean, you are sort of an oddity, C-53. You're a K'Hekk that has a sentience.

C-53: Oh, so you endorse putting me in a zoo?

PLECK: No, I'm just saying.

DERF: I'm not saying you should go to a zoo. I'm saying someone's going to put you in a zoo, it's not a threat-

PLECK: [laughing] I gotta say, I'm with Derf on this one.

DERF: [shouting] It's a prophecy! It's a prophecy!

PLECK: I gotta say, I'm with Derf. If you were in a zoo, I would understand why you were in a zoo.

C-53: [deeply hurt] Oh, wow! Wow. Okay, I'm out of here. Do whatever you're going to do. You find me on the ship when you're done, okay? Yikes!

PLECK: No, no, C-53...

[C-53 throws Pleck off and scuttles away]

C-53: Get your hands off me!

DERF: Whoa, look at all those little eggs. PLeck, do you remember the last words?

PLECK: Uh...

DERF: Come on, last words? I-

PLECK: [exhausted] It was your fourth time dying! You think I'm going to commit every single last word to memory? I remember your first last words.

DERF: Oh, yeah? Wh-Cool.

PLECK: Yeah. Well, do you remember?

DERF: Don't spit it back at my face. I'm your boss, mentor, friend!

PLECK: [laughing] You're not any of those things anymore, really, at this point...

DERF: [seriously] Okay, well, my last words were, "The Space monkeys are pleasuring themselves like you wouldn't believe."

PLECK: Okay, yeah.

DERF: Because the third part! Space! Stuff! Yourself! You need to take care of yourself!

PLECK: What?

[C-53 sticks his head in]

C-53: Wow, having fun, Pleck? Learning a lot from old Derf?

[transition]

SHOPPER: Ugh, dude, I think something was up with that hot dog. Give me a sec.

AJ: Hey, Dar? Um, no big deal, but it looks like you're getting kind of a little bit of a rash. [puts helmet on]

DAR: Well, I think the glop kind of activated with the K'Hekk guts, and now it's just-- I have to get this off. [scratching]

AJ: It's a bad rash.

DAR: Uh, AJ, could you just get at that one point right here?

AJ: [scratching] Yeah, totally. Isn't this good, right? Like, how bad it's getting, it's good.

DAR: Honestly, no, this is just really awful.

AJ: Got it. So now it's just bad. Now it's not, like, fun bad.

DAR: Yeah, it's on top of my skin, and it's under it. It's under the skin as well. It's so itchy. I mean, Zyxx has always been Zyxx, but--

AJ: This feels worse than it did, right?

DAR: Yeah.

AJ: And it also just feels like the vibes are off big time.

DAR: Yeah. I didn't want to say it! I didn't want to say it!

AJ: No, I didn't want to either, I was like--

PECK: Hey guys. Hey, hey, hey, it's me, Peck.

DAR: Oh, the pervert. Right, yes. Right.

PECK: [seductively] Can I show you something?

AJ: Classic Zyxx.

DAR: Okay, now we're back on track. Very Zyxx, very Zyxx. Come on.

PECK: You want to listen to my dub core album?

DAR: Not even a little bit, no.

AJ: It's worse.

PECK: [disappointed] Oh.

AJ: Dar, I think it's much worse.

DAR: This is worse. What is dub core?

PECK: I don't-- I hoped you knew. I don't know. [panicking] I don't know! Nobody knows! [runs off]

DAR: Shoo, shoo, shoo!

AJ: We got to get clean.

DAR: Yeah.

AJ: This is like solid dub core on us, and we need to get it off of us.

DAR: Oh, yes. That is the name for it. [opens door] Can someone help us, please? Is there a sentient here who can help us?

AJ: Can somebody help us?

DROID: [singing] I want to wash! I'm a lonely showerhead droid... all alone here, I want to wash...

AJ: [whispering] Do you see outside of the shower? There's a shower droid.

DAR: Oh.

AJ: You know one of those droids with the shower head on its head?

DAR: Oh, wow, yeah. A droid that's self-aware but built for a very specific, singular task.

AJ: Yeah, classic Zyxx.

DAR: Yeah.

AJ: Hey, hey, hey, showerhead droid. We just heard you kind of singing a longing ballad. Do you want to shash-- wash us?

DROID: [shyly] Would you like me to?

DAR: I mean, yeah, we asked. [laughs] That would be-- that would be jucking awesome.

AJ: Yeah.

DROID: Well, I guess I could... ha, ha, ha!

AJ: Yeah, yeah, I mean--

DROID: It costs 5,000.

AJ: What?

DAR: What?

[transition]

PLECK: Hold on a second. What do you mean, the Self?

DERF: It's right there. I'm looking at it. [pokes Pleck] I'm looking at your Self.

PLECK: I'm the Self?

DERF: You are the Self to you. I'm the Self to me. Marf's got her own Self.

MARF: [sweeping] That's true.

PLECK: But do I have to master other people's Selves or just mine?

DERF: No, other people's Selves are Stuff to you. And in between your Self and other selves' Space, they're Stuff, except for to them, they're Self, and they're looking at you, and you're Stuff. And what they're looking through Space to see you, which is Stuff, but to you, your Self, and that's it. [boots up computer] That's easy. I have what I just said tattooed all up and down my back and body.

MARF: I did it.

PLECK: Wow.

DERF: Marf did it.

MARF: And we were doing each other's tattoos at the same time.

PLECK: Oh, no. Why?

C-53: [skitters in] Okay! I'm sorry. I had to come back over. You did it at the same time?

DERF: We should have done one and then the other, let me be honest.

C-53: Good Rodd.

MARF: You live and you learn. We were both lying on our stomachs, reaching over.

C-53: What?

MARF: Crossed arms, tattooing each other's backs.

PLECK: Why were you lying down?

DERF: It was like a tattoo centipede in a lot of ways.

[Nermut walks in]

NERMUT: Hey, guys. Guys!

PLECK: Oh, hey, Nermut. Wow, you found some karn nuts.

NERMUT: [excited] Yeah, and these boppy loops and wingers and so many bebops and zoozoos, and all for free! They're just like, "Whoa, we can't believe you're here." I guess they're fans of my music. I don't know!

C-53: That's very suspicious.

PLECK: What do you-

DERF: [nervous] Marf. Marf!

MARF: Yes?

DERF: Put the newer hot dogs in the front. We've got a real one.

MARF: Of course, yes, Derf.

NERMUT: You see what I'm saying?

MARF: [bowing] It is an honor to have you here. I will go get our freshest hot dogs.

DERF: I'm so sorry that I'm fully nude here in a place of business, but I won't clothe myself because again, I'm air drying. You understand. But please, with anything you'd like, please.

PLECK: Derf, what is going on?

NERMUT: Derf and Marf...

MARF: [awed] You know our names?

DERF: Wow.

MARF: To what do we owe the honor?

PLECK: You guys have met Nermut!

NERMUT: I know you're probably humming "Speeder Ride" in your head or whatever.

C-53: Is that what you're doing? Are you both thinking of the song "Speeder Ride"?

DERF: Sorry, I did not know what you were talking about.

C-53: Yeah, that's what I thought was the situation. Nermut, they don't know your music.

NERMUT: Oh, maybe it's "Defecate." [singing] A pimple-faced boy said, "Nermut Bundaloy, I have a defecate for you."

C-53: Nermut, It's definitely not "Defecate."

NERMUT: D-D-D-Defecate.

C-53: You can stop singing.

NERMUT: Nasty nasty nasty defecate. Poopie! No?

C-53: No.

DERF: Marf, quick, tattoo that on my arm. I think it's something important, whatever he just said.

MARF: [walks off] I'll go get the gun.

PLECK: No, no, no. Explain-

C-53: No, no, no, no, no. Do not do that.

MARF: I'm powering it up right now. [whizzing]

C-53: It's just under the counter?!

DERF: We use it a lot!

C-53: Oh, boy.

PLECK: Derf, why are you treating Nermut like this?

MARF: Hold out your arm. I'm about to tattoo those sacred words because we've just met galactic leader Nermut Bundaloy! [begins tattooing Derf]

[beat]

C-53: I'm sorry.

PLECK: Galactic leader?

C-53: Nermut Bundaloy?

MARF: Yes.

PLECK: Nermut Bundaloy.

C-53: This Nermut Bundaloy?

DERF: That's right. That little guy right there.

C-53: Not--okay, you're confusing him with a different guy who used to be galactic leader and they had the same name.

PLECK: Yeah, the emperor was called Nermut Bundaloy. It was sort of an alias.

NERMUT: Yeah, it was very annoying.

C-53: And he's gone, so Nermut's not galactic leader anymore.

MARF: Pretty sure he is.

DERF: I guess you guys missed it because of the whole Allwheat thing that you were just telling me about, half-listening, but it was a write in vote for Nermut. Out of the blue, Nermut was elected in a landslide.

PLECK: How, Derf, how did that happen?

DERF: Well, there's some rumors that there was some sort of wack magic involved here, like-

NERMUT: Nope. Doubt it.

DERF: -thumb on the old scales from wack thumb, you know what I mean? But he's doing a pretty good job.

NERMUT: Did I have a great campaign song?

DERF: Yes. [singing and snapping] N-N-N-N-Nermut, ooh-ooh.

PLECK: Wow, that sounds- that's Nermut.

DERF: His picture's up on stuff, you see him talking on the holos. He's on money. I got a cash register full of this little guy!

[Derf flips a coin over]

NERMUT: Wait, this, I'm on the money.

C-53: Why is Nermut on a kroon?

DERF: We don't call them kroons anymore. We call them-

C-53: What?

DERF: We call them Nermos.

C-53: [shouting] WHAT?

PLECK: That can't be right.

PLECK AND C-53: Nermos!?

NERMUT: [thrilled] Yes. Yes. Yes!

C-53: What?

NERMUT: Yes! Yeah! I mean, I was helping Seesu and I didn't dare to hope that I would, wow. Guys, I won the election!

[Shopper enters]

SHOPPER: Hey, I think there's something wrong with this hotdo-

DAR: Excuse us. AJ and I need 5,000 kroon.

[Dar and AJ rush in, knocking aside the Shopper]

C-53: They're not kroon anymore.

DAR: I don't care what they're called, we need 5,000 of them.

C-53: I think you're going to care what they're called. [flips Dar the coin]

DAR: I don't want this play money with Nermut's face on it, I just want real money.

AJ: We gotta pay a droid with a shower head for a head!

DAR: Yeah.

PLECK: That's the money.

C-53: This... is a Nermo.

PLECK: Yeah.

AJ: Why is it called a Nermo?

DAR: Why is it called, why is Old Derf here?

C-53: I mean, all good questions.

DERF: I run this place-

AJ: [happily] Oh, hey, Grandpapa! Hey, Marf, what's up?

MARF: Hey, hello, hello!

AJ: Hey, so why is it called a Nermo?

NERMUT: I won the galactic election.

PLECK: I mean, “won” is a word we're going to have to get to the bottom of, but it appears that people here in this galaxy think that Nermut Bundaloy is the leader.

AJ: Whoa!!!b Marf, did you get a tattoo?

MARF: I did. Do you want me to tell you what it says?

NERMUT: That, how is th-

PLECK: No, don't ask AJ, don't ask.

MARF: [pulls up sleeve] It actually says that their mouths are attached to their tattooed buttocks...

CREW: [Scrambling over each other to stop Marf from reciting the sacred text]

NERMUT: He's only six years old...

[transition]

[The Emperor shows Pleck another future]

ANNOUNCER: He just ran away from his press conference, stealing the microphone.

LITTLE CRIMINAL: It's mine!

EMPEROR: Again! [snaps booming]

ANNOUNCER: In a stunning reversal, a long dead ship, the Blazing Rochester, has come back to life and become leader of the galaxy!

PLECK: Okay, all right, okay...

BLAZING ROCHESTER: [panicking] What's happening? [GROANING] What's happening? [GROANING] Galactic leader? No one's had that title since those filthy Tenertion oligarchs assassinated, drowned the city in nine. Now that was a leader. Brought the coal industry back single-pinched. Well, if I'm leader, I've got some people to thank, I suppose. First, my lovely wife, Bargie, who probably thinks I'm dead, which I was. And secondly, my upstanding crew, Captain Burgess, Traxxula, and N1X2, shoveling coal into my furnace day and night to keep me chugging. And if they could speak--

BURGESS: We can speak!

BLAZING ROCHESTER: --they'd probably like to thank one company above all others, Green Chef, an organic food company providing delicious and easy-to-follow meal kits right to your airlock. And to clarify when I say organic, I mean the food is for organics, tellerians and the like, not ships. But stick this in your stovepipe and combust it. Green Chef is also the first USDA-certified organic meal kit, so your crew can enjoy hand-picked organic veggies and premium proteins without having to worry about where they came from. You see, all Tellurians are obligate foodivores. They need actual non-combustible foodstuffs to survive. I lost a lot of crews before I learned that one, you better believe. But Green Chef's expert chefs curate every recipe, and with over 30 meal choices every week and enough flexibility to switch plans, those little critters running around inside your cast-iron hull will never have to sacrifice taste for nutrition. They can enjoy restaurant-quality dishes in the comfort of their own bridge. And with all the time they'll save not having to plan a shop for dinner, they'll gain valuable coal shuffling time. And as leader, this is my first edict. Go to greenchef.com/ZYXX125 and use code ZYXX125. Why is the code called that? You get \$125 off, including free shipping. That's greenchef.com/ZYXX125 for \$125 off. And this is my second edict: all coal will be tested for poison on a daily basis. I'm not gonna go down like Clombusinian.

ANNOUNCER: Mr. Rochester, Mr. Rochester!

BLAZING ROCHESTER: Ah, yes, what is it?

ANNOUNCER: Uh, apparently... [whispering]

BLAZING ROCHESTER: Um, what? No longer leader?

ANNOUNCER: No, no.

BLAZING ROCHESTER: Well... jucking beast of... we'll go full... jucking! [popping] Ah, the pistons! Oh, this is it! Ah! [screaming] [Green Chef.com/ZYXX125!](http://GreenChef.com/ZYXX125)

[BOOM]

[transition]

AJ: Wait, so Lizard Man is the emperor?

PLECK: No, no.

NERMUT: My name is Nermut Bundaloy, and I am the Galactic Leader. And I want you all to know, I'm sure I'm gonna be very busy, but I'm not gonna forget about you guys.

C-53: Nermut, think about it. [grabs paper] Look at this newspaper. This is you giving a speech yesterday.

PLECK: Yeah, Nermut, whoever the Galactic Leader is...

NERMUT: That must be from later than yesterday, 'cause I haven't given that speech.

C-53: Nermut... it can't be from later this day...

PLECK: Nermut, whoever this is on this newspaper is not you. It's somebody else that is using your identity.

[Denise enters]

b: Hey! Hey! Are you the Galactic Leader?

NERMUT: Yes!

PLECK: No.

NERMUT: I am.

DENISE: Juck youuuuu! [takes photos]

NERMUT: Well, I guess I'm not doing perfectly.

DENISE: Also, can I get your autograph? Thank you so much.

NERMUT: Oh, sure. [scribbles]

DENISE: Just make it out to my daughter and me.

NERMUT: Okay. What's your daughter's name?

DENISE: Denise.

NERMUT: Okay, to Denise. And what's your name?

DENISE: Denise.

NERMUT: To Denise and Denise. [hands her paper]

DENISE: Okay. Also, juck you!

NERMUT: Regards to your daughter...?

[Droid enters]

DROID: Excuse me, are you Galactic Leader Nermut Bundaloy?

NERMUT: Oh, wow. Guess I gotta get used to this. Yes, I am.

DAR: He's not technically, but sure.

DROID: I'm just a lonely showerhead.

NERMUT: Oh, I see that.

DROID: And I also just wanted to say... [screaming] JUCK YOUUUUU!

[A gun charges!]

AJ: That's a gun, that's a gun! NOOOOOO!

NERMUT: I can't get assassinated when I just learned I'm leader!

DROID: I've got ammo speed on my faucet!

NERMUT: Ammo speed?

C-53: Yeah, that's when the water moves so fast, it becomes ammunition.

MARF: Don't shoot!

[The showerhead droid wildly sprays across the ShipStop]

C-53: Whoa, it's shooting wildly!

AJ: Whoa, that showerhead lost control!

PLECK: There's water bullets spraying everywhere!

DERF: Eh, it's just water. What could water do?

PLECK: Derf, you have to take cover like the rest of us! This is weaponized water!

DERF: I was just in water a minute ago. Same showerhead. [bang, Derf hits a wall] Oh, shit. I got shot.

MARF: Derf! Derf, no!

DERF: Anyone else get hit? Just Derf?

AJ: No, we were all hiding.

DERF: Just me?

PLECK: We were taking it seriously.

NERMUT: Crew, crew. That showerhead's still giving me the evil spigot. It's going to blast us.

MARF: Everybody stand back. I've got this. I've been cleaning showers for weeks! Come at me!

[Marf battles the Droid to a standstill]

NERMUT: Wow, Marf is amazing with those hot dogs.

PLECK: Wow, she attached two hot dogs with a chain, and she's whipping it around.

MARF: Backflip!

DROID: Ah! My water is all goOoonne... [fades]

C-53: Ooh, lost pressure completely.

DAR: Now we'll never get to shower.

DERF: Wow.

MARF: Derf, stay with me, buddy.

DERF: [weakly] How ironic... killed by the shower, the thing I hate to clean. Anyway--

NERMUT: Irony?

AJ: Why is he naked? I just realized that

MARF: And you were still air drying and everything.

DERF: Marf, come close. I have some last words for you, and... oh Pleck.

MARF: What is it?

DERF: Well, I want you to take over the ShipStop. I want you to--

MARF: Wh-

DERF: Yes?

MARF: I couldn't possibly.

DERF: No, you--

MARF: I can never fill your shoes.

DERF: Well, you can. And honestly I mostly wear, like, a loose slipper. Please, take o-take the slippers. Wear them as your own.

NERMUT: It's weird that he was naked with the slippers.

MARF: You mean I don't need to wear the clown shoes anymore?

DERF: I would keep the clown shoes by day, slippers at night.

MARF: You said that's what made me a full clown.

DERF: Yes, 100%. Once you fill the shoes, they're yours. But your feet don't have to be as big as the clown shoes.

PLECK: Yeah, I was gonna say, that would take a while.

DERF: Full clown doesn't mean your feet get big and bulbous. I just mean, like, you fill them emotionally.

MARF: Oh, no. Then I think I did it wrong.

DERF: Oh, your feet filled the whole-- wow.

PLECK: Wow, look at your feet.

DERF: I think you have a swollen-

C-53: Marf, those are very red.

DERF: That's a mastery of the Space right there. Pleck, listen up. Marf saw Space, filled it with Stuff by mastering herself.

MARF: The Stuff was my foot meat.

C-53: Derf, do you want us to call that list?

PLECK: Yeah, do you-- Should we call it-- should we call the hotline?

DERF: Quick. Call the number! I've been shot.

C-53: [dialing] Yeah, I'm dialing the first number.

DERF: The first one. Oh, I feel hurt, but I mean, as long as somebody picks up here, I think I'll be fine.

GUY: Hello?

C-53: Yes, hello, someone's been shot. There's been a terrible accident.

GUY: Nothing I can do about it.

C-53: Sorry, I got a nothing I can do about it? [flips through pages]

DERF: Ah, shit.

MARF: Call the next guy. Call the next guy!

DERF: That's why it's a long list.

C-53: [dialing] Yeah, sure. OK, it's ringing.

STEVE: Hello?

STEPH: Who is it?

C-53: Hi, yeah, someone's been shot at the ShipStop.

STEPH: Who's calling you, Steve?

STEVE: I think it's someone from the list.

C-53: Yes, yeah, it's from the list. Someone's been shot. I don't know what you're--

STEVE: Please remove me from your list.

STEPH: Remove him from the list!

C-53: Oh, OK, yeah. OK, sure, sorry about that. He has to be removed from the list.

MARF: If they ask to be removed from the list, we legally do have to remove them from the list.

C-53: Oh, OK.

MARF: OK, next-- you call the next person.

C-53: [dialing] Yep, yeah, I'm already doing it.

[phone ringing]

POLITICAL GUY: Hey there, who's this?

C-53: Oh, hi, yeah, listen, somebody has been shot. I'm at the ShipStop at the edge of--

POLITICAL GUY: I don't do these calls. They're too political.

C-53: Political? Actually, honestly, in this case, it was actually very politically motivated.

POLITICAL GUY: Always too political.

MARF: OK, next person.

C-53: [dialing] OK, it's ringing.

[Derf's phone rings]

DERF: Oh, hold on a sec. Hello?

C-53: Did you put yourself on your own list?

DERF: Yeah, why th- Look, I didn't know I was going to be the one getting shot.

C-53: Well, sure.

NERMUT: But Derf, are you one of the people who would say you'd help, or--

DERF: No, I usually say nothing I could do about it.

C-53: OK, well--

MARF: Call the last person on the list.

C-53: [flips to page, dials] OK, all right, I'll just go right to the end.

[phone ringing]

GUY: Hello?

C-53: Hi, yes, there's been a terrible accident. Somebody's been shot at the ShipStop.

GUY: Nothing I can do about that.

C-53: [angrily] Wait a minute, the last number forwards back to the first guy on the list!

GUY: This is a Tellurian Centipede!

DERF: It's the circle of life. Anyway, those are my last words, I guess. [collapses]

AJ: Wow, he's dead.

MARF: I can't believe he's gone.

C-53: Ah, Marf, you'll get used to it.

PLECK: It would be a real shock if he actually died.

MARF: [sadly] I guess this is my ShipStop now.

PLECK: Marf, if what Derf says is true, and there's a prophecy about both of us, or I guess me and also then you, or maybe you instead, or whatever, we need to work together. We need to figure out how to bring balance to the galaxy. We can get rid of those bad vibes and be heroes!

MARF: I think that the best way to bring balance might be for each of us to do what makes us happy. And in my case, I think that's running a ShipStop. Maybe in your case it's fighting the bad vibes. But I'm happy owning a business, cleaning the showers, collecting a lot of stuff, hiding it away in places where no one can ever find it, hoarding it, and then eventually dying under a pile of it.

PLECK: Marf, that's what makes you happy, the prospect of that?

AJ: Beautiful.

MARF: That's what I like. And you know what? As part of my destiny, I think I need to take myself out of the prophecy.

C-53: You can't just scratch yourself out of the prophecy.

MARF: No, you actually can. A prophecy is just a piece of paper, and you can just [squeaky noises as Marf erases her name from the Prophecy] anything out of it. So let me just erase my name and put Pleck back in. And now the prophecy is starring you.

PLECK: But... Marf, you're so skilled with this Space.

MARF: But you know what else I'm really good at? Using this Blue Julius machine.

[Marf stirs the Blue Julius and draws a cup]

AJ: Wow, she's stirring it with her hand. Look at that.

PLECK: Wow.

AJ: Looks great.

C-53: You shouldn't do that...

MARF: Yes. How'd I do? Perfect swirl, right?

PLECK: It's a perfect swirl, it's true.

NERMUT: Yeah, I mean, none of us are going to taste it, but it looks great.

MARF: You can't taste it. Don't touch anything here. None of this is for sale anymore.

C-53: Uh, Marf.

MARF: Everything here is mine. Even the tubes.

PLECK: Oh, wow.

AJ: Wait.

TUBE: WHYYYYYYYyYY!

MARF: Oh, yeah, we got tubes!

AJ: Oh! Oh. Man, I'm so glad to be back in Zyxx, because they didn't have tubes in the other galaxy, but they have them in here. And who cares if this place stinks? We've got these tubes, man. We're back. We're back.

[Jiffy enters]

JIFFY: Are you galactic leader Nermut Bundaloy?

NERMUT: I am, actually, yes.

JIFFY: Juck you!

NERMUT: Oh, come on. Not again. How is it every-- does that still mean the same thing as before we left?

MARF: It's actually gotten worse.

NERMUT: What?

C-53: Wow.

NERMUT: Oh, man.

MARF: People mean it more now. Bad vibes.

AJ: Bad vibes.

PLECK: I don't know what my destiny is anymore. Who the juck cares? We have to figure out where this wackness is coming from and how to fix it.

BARGIE: Hey. Hey. Checking in!

PLECK: Yes, Bargie, you've got to come get us. We have work to do. Fire up the engines.

AJ: Are you filled up on gas?

BARGIE: Nope. Haven't even started.

PLECK: Bargie, why?

BARGIE: Bargie, out.

PLECK: No-

[outro music]

ANNOUNCER: What? Galactic leader?

[Kor Balevore turns down the Holovision's volume]

KOR: Ah, the moment fast approaches, my little Nermut Bundaloy. Um, Nermut, we're going to call you just for me to kind of keep it straight in my head, Mymut Memaloy. For you are not *Yourmut*, but *Mymut*.

MYMUT: [groaning in cloning tube]

KOR: Oh, I am sorry. You might be confused about what sort of is happening. I grew you out of your tail. Not your tail, actually other Nermut's tail.

MYMUT: [muffled by cloning tube] Ehhh... okay.

[Scram enters]

SCRAM: Master, I have prepared the flow chart to aid the explanation!

KOR: Very well. Well done, Scram! [LAUGHTER] Incredibly helpful, that guy. OK, look at the graph. You're grown out of different other you's tail.

MYMUT: His name is Scram, or-

KOR: Oh, I was-- oh, I know. People always think I'm telling him to Scram. His name is Scram. His first name is Scram. No, I would never tell Scram to scam. If anything, I wish Scram was around all the time!

SCRAM: That's very kind... master.

KOR: Scram. You're my number one! You're my guy. I never had an assistant before Scram, and it's changed my life. He is so on top of my calendar. When you're talking about multiple rifts in reality and timelines and all that stuff, if you don't have an assistant, you're crazy. OK, backtrack. [scribbling on tube] You're grown out of different other you's tail. And honestly, you're a different you. Other you is the real you. But you're Mymut Memaloy. Point being, where we're at right now, you're in a tank. We're

backstage from one of the best political rallies I've ever been to, and the emperor is moments away from using the power of the Allwheat to render--

MYMUT: What? An Allwheat?

KOR: Yes. That part seemed pretty explanatory to me.

MYMUT: [slowly] That's a very dumb name.

KOR: Break it down into two words. What's the first word?

MYMUT: All.

KOR: OK, what does all mean?

MYMUT: Total.

KOR: OK, what's the second word?

MYMUT: Wheat.

KOR: And what's the most powerful grain?

MYMUT: Wheat.

KOR: OK, so you've explained it.

MYMUT: Total power.

KOR: Exactly, you get it.

MYMUT: OK. I didn't think that was going to make sense.

KOR: [draws a humming Dinglehopper] Total power to render one Nermut Bundaloy galactic leader. [laughs] And that's where you come in. [sheathes Dinglehopper] Because for all intents and purposes, my little friend, you are Nermut Bundaloy. You're not Nermut Bundaloy, you're Mymut Memaloy.

MYMUT: Can I pull this tube?

KOR: [frantic] Oh, don't touch that. No, no, no, that's absolutely has to stay where that is. Let me be very clear, it would be a generous prognosis to say you are like 50% done.

MYMUT: OK, so that sounds like I'm getting... promoted?

KOR: Yes, you understand exactly.

MYMUT: That's kind of my love language.

KOR: Oh, all right, well, my love language is gifts.

SCRAM: Mine is, of course, acts of service, Master!

KOR: My guy, it's Scram, yes! [excitedly shakes tube]

MYMUT: Don't shake the tank, stop shaking the tank!

[Mymut's liquid splashes all over]

KOR: Look at him go, there's a little-

MYMUT: Scram, stop him Scram!

SCRAM: I must sponge up the liquid that he spilled.

KOR: You think Scram's going to double back on me? This guy--

SCRAM: Oh, I love watching him shake the tank.

KOR: This is my number one guy right here! He truly does love to scrub, and it's wild. You don't even feel bad asking him to do it.

SCRAM: Nor should you master.

MYMUT: I do have kind of a strange deep-seated ambition, I feel. So, I mean--

KOR: Wonderful, wonderful, my sweet little Memut Mymaloy.

MYMUT: Yourmaloy.

KOR: [LAUGHTER] Oh, the news is on.

[Kor turns up the Holovision]

ANNOUNCER: --one of the most unusual elections of all time. Nermut Bundaloy, a functionary within the Seesu Gundu campaign, has been named leader of the galaxy.

KOR: Woo! What's up? That's the Allwheat, assholes. [LAUGHTER]

[Little Chair enters]

LITTLE CHAIR: Is there a Nermut Bundaloy here?

SCRAM: Yes, let me dry him for a moment.

MYMUT: I'm... Mymut Memalo-

[Mymut is ejected from the tube]

KOR: No, no, no, sorry. This is Nermut Bundaloy. Everything's great! He's great.

LITTLE CHAIR: Sorry, I have to mic you up so you can go up stage and give your victory speech as the new gal-the new galac-- Sorry, it's my first day.

KOR: It's all right. You're doing great. What did you say your name was?

LITTLE CHAIR: Little Chair.

KOR: Your full name is Little Chair. This is a weird—

LITTLE CHAIR: Yeah.

KOR: --even in a big galaxy where I've heard a lot of strange names.

LITTLE CHAIR: [nervous] I was named after my aunt...

KOR: [confused] OK, so even that leads to sort of more questions for me.

LITTLE CHAIR: Her name was Sarah.

KOR: [angrily] Your name's Little Chair, and you were named after your aunt, whose name is Sarah?! [grabs Little Chair by the scruff] You want to run me through those steps one more time? I know that I am literally moments away from unfolding a huge, important turn in my evil plan, but this has pissed me off! No, this has pissed me off.

SCRAM: Master, this affects our plan not at all. Let it go.

KOR: Scram, I'm going to tell you right now, if you want to be a big bad wack side lord like me, you don't let the small stuff slide. We're going to get to the bottom of why Little Chair was named after a different woman whose name is Sarah!

SCRAM: [laughs] Your wisdom is infinite, Master. I cannot wait to learn the reason--

MYMUT: I'll just kind of crawl out to the stage.

[Mymut slowly walks away]

KOR: Nermut, you-- yeah, go do what you have to do. All right, listen to me, Little Chair. You square up with me while my guy is going off to do his thing. All right, that's exactly right. [pulls out Dinglehopper] Now why would you be named after someone whose name you don't share?

LITTLE CHAIR: [wailing] Because she gave birth to all of her children using a little chair, and so for many years after that, she was known in the community as Little Chair, and that chair still exists and I think she's my mother, but no one will admit it!

KOR: [screaming] So you think your aunt's your mom, is that correct!? Do I have that right?

LITTLE CHAIR: Yeah...

KOR: [angrily] And to say, and I'm getting more- further confirmation from you to me that you said you're named after your aunt because she gave birth to you on a little chair, so would it not be SLIGHTLY more accurate to say you're named after the chair!?

LITTLE CHAIR: [screaming and running away]

KOR: That's exactly right. You crossed the wrong Lord of Chaos today, Sarah, quote unquote, Little Chair!

[Mymut enters]

MYMUT: The speech went great.

KOR: I don't care, Nermut!

MYMUT: Okay, your priorities are bizarre.

[metal music]

SINGER: Kor Balevore!

[distortion]

RADIO HOST: -systems are offline.

[distortion]

WCYX: You're listening to ShipStop Radio. WCYX! You pump the gas, and we'll shake your [bleep]

SOUNDBOARD: Did she just say that?!

HOST: Welcome back. Well, you guys just keep calling in and requesting it, so we're just going to keep on playing it. Here's the new one from Zyxx's very own, homegrown Jordan B'Korkan with, ah, who am I kidding, everyone knows what this song's called by now!

JORDAN B'KORKAN: [singing] ♪ Growing up in the sticks ♪ ♪ Knew there had to be something else more than this ♪ ♪ I closed my eyes every single night ♪ ♪ Prayed one day I'd see my name up there in Holowood lights ♪ ♪ Yeah, I grabbed the chance to leave these parts ♪ ♪ When my first song, it hit the charts ♪ ♪ Couldn't count all the kroon I'd made ♪ ♪ Parties every night in the Bargarean Jade, yeah ♪ ♪ But now I'm sending up a brand new prayer ♪ ♪ Rodd, take me back to those days I remember ♪ ♪ Slog's Diner hanging out with weird bug creatures ♪ ♪ My first orange beer underneath the Zi-Ball bleachers ♪ ♪ Tops down, hyper driving all night ♪ ♪ Cigarillios kickin' in ♪ ♪ You're absolutely right ♪ ♪ After all the things I've seen and all the stuff I've done ♪ ♪ Just wanna be where everybody has at least five sons ♪ ♪ Can't believe now that I'm looking back ♪ ♪ I've come to find it don't get much better than Zyxx ♪ ♪ Don't get much better than Zyxx, baby ♪ ♪ Picked up the phone, called my band ♪ ♪ Listen up now, Jordan's got a new plan ♪ ♪ Pack your stuff, y'all, there's no time to rest ♪ ♪ We're setting up shop in the quadrant that's best, yeah ♪ ♪ And they all said that I sounded jucking crazy ♪ ♪ Hold those orses now 'cause you're gonna thank me ♪ ♪ When you see ♪ ♪ Blimpie's theme park, where the rides always make me see ♪ ♪ My favorite corner store, RIP, Mrs. Goehrlich ♪ ♪ Our politicians always keeping it tight ♪ ♪ If you think I'm back for good this time ♪ ♪ You're absolutely right ♪ ♪ After all the things I've

done and all the stuff I've seen ♪ ♪ Just wanna kick it on my porch read TheyTeen Magazine ♪ Can't believe it took me moving back to realize it don't get much better than Zyxx. The place where folks still observe Dependent's Day, the old fashioned way, still. Rodd abiding, CLINT complying, the cherry gasoline still has my flying! ♪ ♪ Slog's Diner hanging out with bug creatures ♪ ♪ My first orange beer underneath the Zi-Ball bleachers ♪ ♪ Tops down, hyper driving all night ♪ ♪ Cigarillos kickin' in ♪ ♪ You're absolutely right ♪ ♪ After all the things I've seen and all the stuff I've done ♪ ♪ Just wanna be where everybody has at least five sons ♪ ♪ Can't believe now that I'm looking back ♪ ♪ I've come to find it don't get much better than Zyxx ♪ ♪ Don't get much better than Zyxx, baby.

C-RED-IT5: This is C-RED-IT5, credits and attributions droid, commencing outro protocol. Pleck Decksetter was played by Alden Ford. C-53 and Scram were played by Jeremy Bent. Dar was played by Allie Kokesh. Bargie the Ship, Showerhead Droid, The Tiny Criminal, and Justin Ballwheat were played by Moujan Zolfaghari. Nermut Bundaloy, Peck the Pervert, The Blazing Rochester, and Galactic Leader Nermut Bundaloy were played by Seth Lind. AJ and Allergy Eye Drops were played by Winston Noel. Old Derf was played by special guest Justin Tyler. Justin is a writer and director, most recently for the ABC special A Night at the Academy Museum. He co-hosts the podcast Comic Book Club and the show Characters Welcome on YouTube. Follow him on Twitter @JTSizzle. Marf was played by special guest Rachel Wenitsky. Rachel has written for The Tonight Show starring Jimmy Fallon, Danger Force, and more. Follow her on Twitter @RachelWenitsky. Kor Balevore was played by Brennan Lee Mulligan. 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. Jordan B'Korkan's "It Don't Get Much Better Than Zyxx" was written and performed 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.

RENEE: Well, hello, I'm Renee Colvert.

ALEXIS: Hi, I'm Alexis Preston, and we are the hosts of Can I Pet Your Dog?

RENEE: And we got breaking news, we got an expose, and all the beans have been spilled via an Apple Podcast review that said this show isn't well researched! [gasps] Well, yeah, no duh. Of course it's not. Not since the day we started has it been well researched. Guessing and anthropomorphizing dogs is what we do.

ALEXIS: The Can I Pet Your Dog promise is that we will never do more than 10 seconds of research before telling you excitedly about any dog we see.

RENEE: I'm gonna come at you with top 10 enthusiasm, minimal facts.

ALEXIS: We're here for a good time, not an educated time.

RENEE: So if you love dogs and you don't love research, well, you know what, come on in to Can I Pet Your Dog? podcast every Tuesday on Maximum Fun Network.

[laughs]

LISA: I'm Lisa Hanawalt.

EMILY: And I'm Emily Heller.

LISA: Nine years ago, we started a podcast to try and learn something new every episode.

EMILY: Things have gone a little off the rails since then. Tune in to hear about

LISA: Low stakes neighborhood drama.

EMILY: Gardening.

LISA: The sordid, nasty underbelly of the horse girl lifestyle.

EMILY: Hot sauce.

LISA: Addiction to TV and sweaty takes on celebrity culture.

EMILY: And the weirdest, grossest stuff you can find on wikipedia.org.

LISA: We'll read all of it no matter how gross. [laughs] There's something for everyone on our podcast, Baby Geniuses.

EMILY: Hosted by us, two horny adult idiots.

LISA: Hang out with us as we try and fail to retain any knowledge at all.

EMILY: Every other week on Maximum Fun.

SINGER: Baby Geniuses. Tell us something we don't know! [guitar strum]

MAXIMUM FUN: Maximumfun.org. Comedy and culture. Artist owned, audience supported.

RACHEL: It tucks out of my shirt just a little.

JUSTIN: Just a touch. It's a little bit of a flirt.

ALDEN: Mm.

JEREMY: The first guy goes around to eat the shit of the last guy again, that's the flirt?

JUSTIN: That's the, that's what I call the flirt.

RACHEL: Off the ground.

JEREMY: That's, yeah, that's, bug guy, you got a lot of eyes, you can't seem to read the pledge.

JEREMY: You're right, I, yeah, I'm so sorry.

ALDEN: How is that a pledge though? That's a, nevermind, it doesn't, listen-

JUSTIN: This is all to say I will be going to my own private shower. [laughs]

JEREMY: Okay. All right.

JUSTIN: Well, that's all the teachings I have for today.

EVERYONE: [laughs]

RACHEL: I'm sorry, I forgot that that's where the conversation started... [laughs]

JUSTIN: It's been a pleasure, students, but class is dismissed! [laughs]

ALDEN: Oh my God. [laughs] That's disgusting.