

NARRATOR: [ominous music] It is a time of great unease. The crew of the Bargarean Jade have finally made it home to their beloved quadrant. But something is different. Wrong. Wack! [lightning strikes, music picks up tempo] Now, our intrepid heroes must root out the bad vibes, master the three-sided coin of freshness, and face down foes like they've never imagined on their final Mission... to... Zyxx! [crawl music swells]

[intro music]

AJ: [excited] Oh, feels good to have a mission!

PLECK: Yeah!

AJ: Feels good to have a mission. It's one of the three types of missions. It's a homicide mission.

PLECK: Wait, a homicide mission is a type of mission?

AJ: Yeah, we have to kill Nermut Bundaloy. So there's three types of missions. Listen up. [counting] There's suicide mission, homicide mission, [whispering] insecticide mission, which we kill a bunch of K'Hekk, but don't tell this guy over here.

C-53: I'm sorry, what? What was that you just said? [skittering]

DAR: Look at those bug antennae working overtime. Ugh. Wriggling.

AJ: And there's a fourth kind of mission, which I'm told I'm not supposed to talk about. Genocide mission.

PLECK: AJ, please. Just-

AJ: This is a homicide mission, where we drop in, kill one person, and get out. And it feels good to have purpose. I'll just put that out there. Woo! [crushes can]

PLECK: Yeah, I mean, homicide might sort of be a strong word. Like, I sort of think we're righting a galactic wrong. You know, we're fixing a paradox!

BARGIE: [annoyed] Hey, hey, can everyone keep it just a little down? I'm apologizing to my son.

PLECK: Oh!

C-53: Oh uh, Barge, we're so sorry.

PLECK: Barge, good for you. That's great news!

AJ: Again?

BARGIE: Son, hey.

[audio POV transitions between speakers, Blimpie's ambience is of cheering team builders, Bargie is in space where no one can hear your audio design, and the crew are listening from inside Bargie]

BLIMPIE: Uh, Mom, what?

BARGIE: What are you now? I just want to make sure I call you by your proper name. What is this? What's this getup?

BLIMPIE: Getup? This isn't a getup, Mom! [laughing] I'm a tough mudder course now.

BARGIE: What?

BLIMPIE: I'm a tough mudder course, you know, it's like team building, like business corporations. It's like an obstacle course, but it's just in mud, and it's like--

BARGIE: Okay... oh.

PLECK: [whispering] Guys, Blimpie's just a huge mud pit right now.

C-53: I think there's some ropes you can make out if you look closely.

PLECK: I guess so.

BARGIE: I feel partially responsible for whatever state this is that you're in.

BLIMPIE: State?

BARGIE: I have been missing for a while.

BLIMPIE: Okay.

BARGIE: Because I physically was thrown into another part of space.

BLIMPIE: I mean, what do you want me to say? You've always kind of been gone. You know, if it's not, "Oh, I got shot into another galaxy," it's like, "Oh, I'm sorry, Banan Forensic is having, like, a private planet party, and I have to go."

BARGIE: Oh, that was great.

BLIMPIE: No kids allowed.

BARGIE: No kids allowed because some naughty things happen. [chuckling] Oh, wow. Yikes! Whoa. Just remembering. Sorry!

BLIMPIE: And then there was that period where you didn't want to parent me because you didn't, quote, "feel like it."

BARGIE: Well, you know, every parent goes through that part of parenting where they don't feel like it.

BLIMPIE: Yeah, but they don't act on it, Mom!

BARGIE: Anyway, I'm here. I'm in front of you, and I spent a lot of time thinking. I met a brother of yours who wasn't a brother of yours.

BLIMPIE: [confused] What? Why even bring that up, then?

BARGIE: It made me realize just how I want to be part of your life.

BLIMPIE: [slowly] Wow. Mom, I feel like I always take the bait on this, but okay, yeah.

BARGIE: Great. Let's take our calendars out and figure out a time where we both can have a-

BLIMPIE: [upset] We're here right now!

BARGIE: What about next... next week?

BLIMPIE: I'm kind of booked, Mom.

BARGIE: Okay.

BLIMPIE: Yeah, I have... Ronka Cybernetics is doing executive training.

BARGIE: Okay, the week after, though. The month after. The month after.

BLIMPIE: Well, the month after I'm getting married, Mom.

BARGIE: Me too!

BLIMPIE: Wha?

PLECK: [tired] Bargie.

BARGIE: Let's connect, okay? You know where I am. Follow for a follow!

BLIMPIE: What?

[Bargie takes off into hyperspace]

PLECK: Bargie, at the beginning of this conversation, you said you were apologizing to him.

BARGIE: OH I forgot that part! [shouting] Hey! Hey, I'm sorry! Oh, he's gone. I'm sorry!

C-53: Yeah, he's gone. I think I would lead with that next time.

BARGIE: Oh, right. Parenting, right? Tough love.

C-53: Well, it is a challenge, certainly.

[Nermut skitters into the room]

NERMUT: Hey, guys.

PLECK: Hey, Nermut.

NERMUT: [setting up keyboard] Hey, guys. Hey, so before we, like, kkkkKkkk, the other Nermut, I was wondering, I find it really hard to find people who I can, like, vibe with duet style. And I really think that if I could just get, like, honestly two hours in the studio with the other Nermut, I feel like we could just...

C-53: [disbelief] Nermut, are you suggesting that we hold off deposing a *SHADOW EMPEROR* so that you could potentially harmonize with yourself?

NERMUT: Exactly. Yes. C gets it.

DAR: Oh.

C-53: Why wouldn't you just overdub it? It's the same person.

NERMUT: I can never quite get it, like, ideal?

C-53: Yeah, no kidding.

DAR: Uh-huh.

PLECK: Yeah, Nermut actually brings up a good point, though, because, like, you know, we've all been sort of assuming we're going to have to... kill Nermut Bundaloy.

AJ: Homicide mission.

PLECK: Yeah, right, but maybe there's another way.

NERMUT: It also seems harsh, because he's probably a cool guy.

PLECK: Well, he's probably just like you.

C-53: Sort of no guarantee there.

PLECK: Listen, regardless of how we deal with other Nermut, we got to do it now before things get more whack. We got to get to Quantaris.

NERMUT: Yeah, that's totally right, because if I'm 15 minutes late for the studio, I actually lose the...

PLECK: Nermut.

NERMUT: I lose the reservation.

PLECK: Nermut.

C-53: Nermut, you book-

PLECK: [laughing] -pre-booked a studio on Quantaris?

NERMUT: Yeah, I can't guarantee. You can't just walk in and think you're going to get the good live room!

C-53: What if he's trained to *kill* you, Nermut!?

NERMUT: I mean, honestly, that type of aggression, if you harness it right, the song can come alive. So I think, uh...

PLECK: Yeah, well, I hope you didn't put a deposit down on that studio, Nermut.

NERMUT: [quietly] I...

PLECK: Bargie, listen.

BARGIE: What

PLECK: ? We can't juck around anymore. We got to set a course for Quantaris. We'll discuss it on the way.

AJ: Is everybody in? Captain Dar, I mean, well, I guess...

C-53: Oh...

DAR: Hold on there. Maybe this is something we should dig into right now. The Themmm made *YOU* our leader.

C-53: That's a good point, but we're no longer envoys of the COUP, so...

DAR: Correct.

C-53: I'm no longer lead envoy.

DAR: Yes. Uh...

NERMUT: [piping up] Guys, I'll do it.

PLECK: [laughing] Nermut, just wait.

DAR: That would be another position that no one nominated you for.

BARGIE: Guys, I'll do it.

PLECK: Oh, I don't know-

DAR: Now that actually...

C-53: I mean...

PLECK: Bargie, you want to handle all the logistics of missions and...

BARGIE: What? Huh? No, I just want to wear a cool hat. No, I... uh, bring that back. AJ, you want to be captain?

AJ: No, uh...

PLECK: I don't know...

C-53: That's not gonna happen.

AJ: A true alpha would never actually lead. That's pretty beta.

PLECK: Is that true?

C-53: How is it beta to lead?

AJ: Papa, do you want to do it?

PLECK: [frustrated] Uh, sure. Fine. I just think we need to get going, you know? Bargie, can we set a course for Quantaris, please?

BARGIE: Uh, yeah, sure, we can get there, yeah. Better have some good reading material, 'cause... It's gonna take seven years!

PLECK: Uh...

AJ: Alright, cryo sleep, let's do it! [AJ's helmet starts playing nursery rhymes]

PLECK: No, AJ...

NERMUT: AJ, we need to ask why.

C-53: Bargie, seven years?

PLECK: Bargie, we have to go to Quantaris!

C-53: The core worlds aren't even that far away! It should take 48 hours, max?

PLECK: Yeah!

C-53: Just fire up the hyperdrive!

NERMUT: I don't even think the studio will take reservations seven years in advance. Like, you can't...

PLECK: [laughing] Nermut! Stop!

C-53: Nermut. Easily the least of our problems. I mean, are we low on gas, or...?

BARGIE: No, I got lots of gas.

C-53: Okay.

BARGIE: I'm plentiful with gas.

[Bargie ejects a lil gas]

PLECK: Bargie, stop ejecting gas!

BARGIE: Look at all the gas I have!

C-53: No reason to waste it, Barge.

BARGIE: Can you smell the gas? We like the gas.

C-53: Yeah, we do. It shouldn't be coming inside the ship. Bargie...

BARGIE: But, uh... But I can't go to hyperspace without my battery, you silly geeses!

C-53: Oh...

BARGIE: C'mon, you know how ships work!

PLECK: I actually don't, Bargie.

C-53: Barge, you need to recharge your hyperdrive battery?

BARGIE: Yeah, that only happens once every a thousand years.

C-53: Yeah, those are designed to last...

PLECK: [laughing] No, that can't be right! Bargie, you're nowhere near a thousand years old!

C-53: Well, a thousand years is the projected battery life, but different circumstances can change that pretty dramatically.

BARGIE: Hey, let's see that clip!

[Bargie tries to play the clip but it beeps out]

BARGIE: Nope, that doesn't work. Sorry, sorry!

C-53: Yeah. Most ships also run their holoprojectors off of the hyperdrive battery.

NERMUT: Are you saying Bargie ran down her hyperdrive by showing too many clips of her movies?

C-53: Yeah.

PLECK: [laughing] Nothing has ever made less sense and more sense at the same time.

C-53: Most ships just don't watch this many clips!

BARGIE: I do force you to watch a movie every day, so...

AJ: [excited] I love movie day!

PLECK: Movie day is every day, AJ.

AJ: Yeah!

C-53: Yeah, I think that's probably part of the problem.

AJ: I love every day.

BARGIE: I would say let's see a clip of movie day, but...

AJ: Oh, you have a clip of movie day?

BARGIE: Yeah.

AJ: Is it all of us watching a holo?

BARGIE: Yeah.

AJ: Oh, we gotta get that charged.

PLECK: All right. Bargie, what do we have to do to get your hyperdrive battery back online?

BARGIE: [duh DOY voice] Uhhhh... You charge it?

PLECK: Okay.

C-53: Okay.

BARGIE: You plug it in for like 30 minutes or something.

PLECK: No, what?

NERMUT: A thousand year battery?

PLECK: Wow. That can't... Why can't you just plug it into the wall? There's outlets everywhere!

BARGIE: That's not how it works! That's not how it works!

NERMUT: Okay. I guess we're going to that visible planet.

C-53: Yeah, I'd start there. Maybe we'll luck out.

AJ: Works for me.

PLECK: Bargie, how is there not an inverter or something that you can plug in to charge it with gas?

BARGIE: Hey Pleck? Hey Pleck? Just hearing you makes me dethrone you of being captain. I'm throwing it back to Dar.

PLECK: I was never captain!

DAR: Ha ha! [pulls out horn]

NERMUT: Hey, Dar! Nice one.

DAR: Yes!

AJ: Wow, they really had that trumpet at the ready.

PLECK: You kept one!

[transition]

[Bargie's landed on the planet, it's surrounded by a peaceful bird chirping and forest ambience and the crew pushes through]

DAR: Wow. I mean, couldn't have chosen a better place to emergency-land.

PLECK: [pushes aside foliage] This is always kind of what you want in an alien planet, you know? Just huge evergreens, it smells great here!

NERMUT: Yeah.

PLECK: Listen to all those birds.

DAR: Yeah.

AJ: Yeah, you guys are all excited. Everybody's excited now until there's, you know, people hiding in the brush ready to take out your strike team.

PLECK: Uh...

C-53: Oh, AJ...

DAR: What?

C-53: Is that... Is that something that happened to you on a mission before?

DAR: Should we check the brush?

AJ: I don't know. I mean, what we did was, before anybody could do that, we burnt the whole thing down.

DAR: Shh, shh, shh, shh!

C-53: Oh, AJ, that's not...

DAR: Wait, wait, wait!

NERMUT: What, what, is there a strike team?

DAR: The brush is moving.

NERMUT: Oh, no.

DAR: And it's giggling.

NERMUT: Oh...

BRUSH: [Giggling]

C-53: Yeah, that's a...

AJ: [taking out flamethrower] All right, we're going to need flamethrowers! Take it all out!

C-53: Uh, no, AJ, that's sort of an impish chuckle. That doesn't really seem like someone who's...

PLECK: Hello, uh, we... Hello. We mean you no harm!

NERMUT: Yeah, that was our official greeting flamethrower. Hello.

C-53: Oh, my Rodd...

TUBBINS: Hewwo...

DAR: OOOOOh... [Giggling] It's so cute.

C-53: Oh, my.

PLECK: Look at this adorable little fuzzy guy. Hello!

TUBBINS: Hello, I'm Chunky Tubbins!

C-53: His name is Chunky Tubbins? Get out of here with this!

PLECK: [giggling] Aw. Chunky Tubbins, wow, look at this guy.

AJ: Hey, Tubbins, do you have identification?

TUBBINS: Uh, we typically identify ourselves with our hug style!

PLECK: [laughs] Okay. Yeah, AJ, look!

DAR: Get in here!

PLECK: AJ, stand down. Stand down, AJ. Look at this guy.

AJ: I don't like this.

NERMUT: I call second hug.

[Everyone hugs Chunky Tubbins]

TUBBINS: Wow. Everybody get a little fur.

DAR: Ooh. That's a good hug.

C-53: [happily] Oh, wow, that fur is soft.

DAR: Are you hypoallergenic?

TUBBINS: Uh, evewyone is here. There's no allewgies on this planet.

DAR: Wow. Wow.

TUBBINS: Not a single allergen. We don't have any flowers. Maybe you noticed.

PLECK: [brushing aside foliage] Oh, it's, yeah, it's still sort of like ferns and moss.

NERMUT: Yeah, it's hard to notice the things that aren't there.

C-53: Aren't there, yeah.

TUBBINS: The first thing we're taught in school here is what we don't have.

PLECK: Oh, okay.

C-53: And it starts with flowers?

TUBBINS: That's lesson one. Day one, you walk in. Hey, Chunky Tubbins and the other Snookums.

C-53: [giggling] They're called Snookums?

PLECK: Snookums is the name of your species?

TUBBINS: Yes, we're the Snookums.

DAR: [excited] Oh, there's more of you?

TUBBINS: There's eight billion of us.

CREW: Wow. Wow.

DAR: [laughing] That's a lot of cuteness.

AJ: Are those Snookums rustling? Is that what's rustling in the brush?

TUBBINS: Oh, for sure.

AJ: Show yourselves.

[Snookums rustling and laughing]

C-53: AJ...

PLECK: AJ, AJ!

AJ: [pulls out blaster]

PLECK: Look at these guys. They're adorable! Chunky, uh, Mr. Tubbins? How should I, Chunky Tubbins?

TUBBINS: Please call me Chunky Tubbins.

PLECK: Oh the whole... Okay. Chunky Tubbins.

C-53: Can do.

PLECK: Tell us about your society. There's a lot of you here. I mean, are you interplanetary? Are you only on this planet?

TUBBINS: Well, we try to keep it local. Our main commodity, I would say, is our cuteness.

DAR: [laughs] I'll say.

TUBBINS: Our adorability. And we love to be snuggled, so it's no skin off our back.

PLECK: [happily] Okay.

C-53: Why don't you get in here, little guy? [hugs Chunky Tubbins]

TUBBINS: Okay, let's do it again!

PLECK: Now, Chunky Tubbins, is there a currency exchange when you're being cute and people are witnessing your cuteness?

TUBBINS: No. It's a bartering system. We'll cuddle stuff in exchange for perhaps further cuddles.

PLECK: Oh, okay.

TUBBINS: Sometimes we'll trade a snuggle for a cuddle.

C-53: Oh, sure.

AJ: [hushed] Hey!

TUBBINS: Or a little head pat for a butt scratch.

AJ: [pulling Nermut aside] Listen, man. Listen, man. A word. This is all bullshit. What's going on here? You're the mission guy. What kind of mission is this? Do we need to take them all out? [pats gun]

NERMUT: AJ, we were headed on a very specific mission, and then we were waylaid. There's no—

AJ: We were waylaid, that's right. So we should take them all out and complete the mission!

TUBBINS: Can I squeeze in between you two real quick?

AJ: [angry] No, it's an aside, bro.

NERMUT: Absolutely.

AJ: It's an aside.

NERMUT: Oh, I'm so sorry.

C-53: [shouting] Just let it happen!

TUBBINS: Come on. Make a little chunkwich with me, AJ. Come on.

AJ: I don't like it. I don't like her.

TUBBINS: Give me a hug.

AJ: Fine. Fine. I'm doing it. [squeaks Chunky Tubbins] He's squishy. Do you have bones? What's the deal?

TUBBINS: No. We're the only invertebrates with legs.

PLECK: [laughing] I hadn't thought about it that way.

TUBBINS: Our anatomy consists of a bunch of things we call cute sacs that are stacked on top of each other.

C-53: That explains so much.

PLECK: So you basically are literally like a stuffed animal then?

TUBBINS: That's right. A collection of cells that is meant to have one thing done to it, and that is be snuggled.

PLECK: Wow. Chunky Tubbins, I got to say I'm impressed by how your society has merged with this beautiful planet. [points through brush] You know, there's all of those walkways between the trees. You've got a lot of huts up there. I see a couple of Snookums swinging from tree to tree.

TUBBINS: Oh, yeah.

AJ: Yeah, these could all be easily changed into weapons of war. So I'm going to think about it.

TUBBINS: AJ, we'd never do that.

AJ: Oh, yeah? You put a couple of those vines around logs and, like, swing them together at the same time. It takes a CLINT transport out like that. [snaps] Next thing you know, all the cute little aliens are using your helmets for a xylophone.

PLECK: What?

AJ: They --

PLECK: How?

AJ: [crying] Do I have to be clear? They put the helmets in a row and played them like a xylophone.

PLECK: But --

C-53: You wouldn't get different notes.

PLECK: Yeah, CLINT helmets are all the same. They'd make the same note.

AJ: I don't know. It was a jaunty tune that they were playing in celebration.

PLECK: [worried] AJ, that happened to you?

AJ: That's why we burned the jungle down.

TUBBINS: Can I squeeze in real quick? [squirms in]

C-53: No bones, very easy for him to wriggle into these conversations.

PLECK: He just squeezes in. AJ, listen, look at this little guy.

AJ: Here's the thing. If there's anything I've heard from all the other CLINTs, it's that usually the cuter a species is, the more deadly they are.

TUBBINS: [gasps]

AJ: So let's go through it. Do you have, like, a poisonous pincher up your butt or something?

TUBBINS: Nope, no poisons whatsoever.

AJ: Okay.

PLECK: [laughing] AJ, that was your first question?

NERMUT: [confused] Up the butt?

AJ: Are you like the Wiffles where you just kind of multiply and it becomes this crazy thing and it's too much of you?

PLECK: Oh, that's a good question.

TUBBINS: Oh, no. No, not at all. We've fully plateaued as a species. We're like, "That's enough," and now we just stopped having sex.

NERMUT: Well, you couldn't get cuter, so you might as well.

C-53: That's very pragmatic.

PLECK: Yeah, and honestly, knowing that these cuddles are strictly platonic makes them that much more appealing.

AJ: Okay, if we feed you or get you wet, do you get mean?

TUBBINS: No, I'd like it.

C-53: [confused] What? People don't get mean when you feed them. They get less mean.

AJ: I've heard stories.

C-53: What kind of stories?

NERMUT: Mog why would you suggest that?

PLECK: [laughing] Okay, Nermut. Calm down.

AJ: Are you secretly like a blob creature inside of you or something?

TUBBINS: [leaning down] Put your hand inside my butt.

AJ: I don't want to.

[AJ sticks his hand up there]

PLECK: Oh, wow!

TUBBINS: I have like a little puppet hole.

C-53: Oh, wow. It's just lined with--

AJ: It feels just like fabric.

TUBBINS: That's right.

AJ: Okay.

TUBBINS: We're so soft.

AJ: [removes hand] All right.

PLECK: See, AJ, you got any other questions for Chucky Tubbins or are you going to start to trust him a little bit?

TUBBINS: Yeah! I know this is difficult to believe, but we are a war-free, exclusively tourism-based society that has no dark secrets to speak of whatsoever.

[beat]

DAR: Wow.

C-53: Wow, that's an ominous way to phrase that.

PLECK: Yeah, I was with you--

TUBBINS: Is the truth ominous?

C-53: Sometimes, to be perfectly frank with you, yes, sometimes it is.

TUBBINS: Give me an example of the truth being ominous.

C-53: Well, eventually the galaxy will succumb to heat death and become a cold, frozen wasteland.

DAR: [delightedly squeezing Snookums] Oh, but who can think of that when you have all of these to hold and squeeze?

SNOOKUMS: [squeaking happily]

PLECK: [happy] Are those babies?

C-53: Oh, my rosh.

PLECK: Yeah, Dar, you're holding like 15 of them!

DAR: Oh, but there's so much Dar to go around and so many Snookums to hold.

AJ: Some of them seem holiday-themed. What's the deal?

DAR: [laughs]

TUBBINS: Yeah, we have a lot of variety. We want to make sure there's a little something for everybody here.

NERMUT: Different colored little, like, long hoods.

TUBBINS: I will say maybe the biggest flaw with our entire species is we are a little vain.

PLECK: Oh, yeah, sure.

C-53: [skeptical] Not the no bones?

TUBBINS: I wouldn't call that a flaw. That's a feature.

C-53: Honestly, you're right.

PLECK: Also, C-53, you don't have bones.

NERMUT: Yeah. And all your features are bugs.

TUBBINS: This insect-looking guy here, this hideous guy doesn't have bones?

PLECK: It's an exoskeleton.

C-53: [offended] I object to the term hideous.

TUBBINS: I apologize. Hideous is just a word here we use for anyone who doesn't look as cuddly as us. It's not meant to be an insult. It's just, you know, again, the truth.

DAR: Yeah, it's just an ominous statement of fact or whatever you all called it earlier.

PLECK: [laughs] That's a good point, Dar.

AJ: Okay, well, Chunky Tubbins, do you have power sources for us? Because, you know, that's what our mission is.

TUBBINS: Well, we've got a bunch back at Snookumsville, our capital.

DAR: [delighted] Snookumsville!!!!

AJ: Okay.

TUBBINS: Yeah, we use a lot of wind power, a lot of hydroelectric.

PLECK: Hydroelectric?

TUBBINS: Mm-hmm.

PLECK: Wow.

TUBBINS: We disguise it as vines and leaves and wood, giant logs that swing back and forth.

NERMUT: That's much cuter.

TUBBINS: It is cute and it adds to our aesthetic.

C-53: Considerably more adorable.

TUBBINS: Well, you want to get going? I can show you what we got.

PLECK: Yeah, yeah, absolutely. Let's look around.

[The crew presses through the brush]

[transition, the crew arrives in a delightful area with Snookums singing and dancing]

TUBBINS: Okay, well, as you walk through.

PLECK: Those Snookums are singing.

TUBBINS: Of course.

C-53: Oh, it's just all kinds of Snookums hugging.

AJ: [quietly] Yeah, pretty flammable. Pretty flammable.

C-53: Did you say flammable, AJ?

AJ: The place is flammable.

PLECK: AJ, relax.

AJ: We have to get rid of the threat.

C-53: Many places are flammable, AJ.

AJ: Yeah, right. But you've got to make a flammable assessment when you go into a place. Can we burn it?

PLECK: I don't think—

C-53: What?

PLECK: Wow, look at that intricate carving of all of those different kinds of hugs.

TUBBINS: Yes, this depicts the journey of our species from being kind of cuddly to being extremely cuddly.

C-53: What a story.

PLECK: [laughing] Yeah, I guess I can see it. Over on the left, there's sort of like a friendly kind of a business sort of hug. [walks over] And over here on the right, it's just what a warm embrace.

NERMUT: Oh, it looks like you evolved to lose bones. I see spines on these early ones.

TUBBINS: Oh, yeah, we got rid of those pronto.

C-53: Spines? [laughs]

TUBBINS: Yeah. We did not need those.

PLECK: Wow, Chunky Tubbins. What a nice little society this is. Could we give you a few hugs for a recharge of our ship's hyperdrive battery and then we'll be on our way?

TUBBINS: A battery recharge, I think, is probably going to take more than a few hugs. I don't mean to drive a hard bargain, but—

PLECK: How many hugs are we talking?

TUBBINS: [thinking] 600 hugs?

PLECK: 600 hugs.

TUBBINS: That's right.

C-53: Pleck, you have to understand, from their perspective, they're offering us a thousand years of battery life. I mean, they don't know how we're going to squander it.

PLECK: [laughs] That's true. Yeah. That's true.

TUBBINS: 600.

DAR: Easy.

TUBBINS: [doubtful] Easy?

DAR: It's nothing.

[another Snookums walks up]

SNOOKUMS: Chunky Tubbins, Chunky Tubbins! Guess what? This large one has been hugging Snookums this whole time. They have plenty of hugs if they want to trade for power.

TUBBINS: This is a hug-rich species? We've struck gold!

SNOOKUMS: They're hugging dozens of us at a time.

PLECK: Wow, Dar, good job!

TUBBINS: We have to take advantage of this. Gather everyone.

[The Snookums squeakily gather all around Dar]

NERMUT: They're climbing Dar like a tree.

DAR: [nervous laughs] Wow. There are so many. Ah!

TUBBINS: You're going to revitalize our economy, I can just tell.

PLECK: [laughing] Wow, I've never thought about it that way, but when somebody hugs me, it really stays with me for the whole day, you know? I feel like a richer person.

TUBBINS: Yes.

AJ: [baffled] What are you talking about?

PLECK: Never mind. Chunky Tubbins, do you have a vine long enough for me to run back to our ship? I'll just take that back, plug in Bargie, and we'll be good to go.

TUBBINS: Yeah, that sounds great. We have a couple of vines over there that are hooked up to our hydroelectric dam.

[Nermut runs up to the vines and fruitlessly pulse them]

NERMUT: There's two of them. I got you. [straining] I got the other one.

PLECK: Nermut, okay, no, you don't have to.

NERMUT: I'm going to help!

PLECK: There's a way to-- you can come with me, but I'll carry the vines.

NERMUT: Carry me, but I'm still going to hold the vines so that I'm doing something. But you carry me.

PLECK: Chunky Tubbins, we'll be right back.

[transition]

TILFAN: [pronouncing deliberately and taking photos] With elegant house husband, preliminarious mash.

RECORDER: Oh, yay.

TILFAN: Down here, further down. Tiny recorder, long microphone, take the camera. Hello. So, Pelamineous.

PELAMINEOUS: Yeah.

TILFAN: Now that your show has been put on indefinite hiatus, while galactic leader Nermut Bundaloy is seemingly benign government programming around the clock on nearly every holo channel, how are you managing to keep the drama alive?

PELAMINEOUS: It hasn't been easy, Dinkle. Normally, I, Pelamineous Mouch, don't give a counc. But I'd be lying if I said I hadn't been throwing back flute after flute of Trey'Stagram's non-alcoholic champagne for pets. My only salvation is fashion.

TILFAN: My goodness, yes, just look at you. Who are you wearing?

PELAMINEOUS: Pelamineous Mouch.

TILFAN: You have a line?

PELAMINEOUS: Basically, yeah. And so can anyone with Stitch Fix Freestyle, a shop built just for you. Stitch Fix Freestyle is your trusted style destination where you can discover and instantly buy curated items based on your style, likes, number of cybernetic iridescent suction cup covered appendages, and lifestyle.

TILFAN: Now this is news.

PELAMINEOUS: Whether you're looking for a brand you love or to try a new one, at Stitch Fix Freestyle you can shop hundreds of brands personalized to your size and fit.

TILFAN: Well, my size is tiny. There's a long microphone.

PELAMINEOUS: I totally give a counc. Try Stitch Fix Freestyle today by filling out your style quiz at stitchfix.com/zyxx. That's stitchfix.com/zyxx.

TILFAN: Wow, wow, wow. Well, now back to the boring regular news.

ANCHOR: Thanks, Dingle. This just in. Legions of clone soldiers have descended on Quantaris.

NEWS WATCHER: [eating chips] What the heck? A shocking editorial on the part of galactic leader--

[News Watcher switches channel]

MYMUT: Okay, what title should we choose this evening on Story Time with Galactic Leader Bundaloy? Ooh, *One Gurp*, *Two Gurp*, *Red Gurp*, *Blue Gurp*. A yummy classic.

NEWS WATCHER: Oh, yay.

[transition, Pleck and Nermut are dragging vines through the woods]

PLECK: Nermut, I gotta say, I feel like we have bigger things to do. Like, we are literally supposed to be saving the universe right now, but [sighs happily] it's just nice. It's nice to do something fun, you know? It's nice to--we're back in Zyxx. There's some cute little cuddly guys.

NERMUT: Absolutely.

PLECK: I think I needed a break more than I thought.

NERMUT: I know. It feels good to--I mean, I'm exhausted and I can't work anymore, but it feels good to just use your body a little bit.

PLECK: [exhausted] Give me the vines, Nermut.

NERMUT: Okay, you take these, and I'm just gonna-- [pulling] Whoa, my foot's stuck.

PLECK: Nermut, keep up.

NERMUT: It's stu--[Nermut tries to pull his foot out and smashes through the floor screaming]

PLECK: [shouting] Oh, Nermut! Are you okay down there?

NERMUT: [faint] It's dark down here. Get me out. Get me out.

PLECK: Nermut, grab my hand.

NERMUT: No, throw a VINE!

PLECK: Oh, yeah, that makes more sense. Take the vine! [Pleck lowers a vine into the cave] Okay, okay. It might be charged with electricity. I don't know how it works.

NERMUT: Okay!

PLECK: All right, Nermut, we're gonna-- [Pleck is pulled screaming into the cave] Ow!

NERMUT: Man, now we're both in here.

PLECK: Yeah, the vine was wrapped around my ankle when I threw it down.

NERMUT: Oh.

PLECK: That's what sort of pulled me in.

SLAPTY: [growling]

PLECK: Ah! Oh! Oh! Oh, my Rodd, it's hideous.

NERMUT: Oh, my gosh. It's, like, mostly tongue?

SLAPTY: [growling] Help....

PLECK: Oh, mostly tongue and genitals. That's all it is.

SLAPTY: Help us... [groaning and farting as a horrible machine works]

NERMUT: Oh. What is that tube connected to?

PLECK: [horrified] It's hooked up to a machine. This is terrible. What's happening?

SLAPTY: [groaning] I'm being siphoned for my cuteness!

NERMUT: I don't think that you're a good candidate for that.

PLECK: [laughing] Nermut.

SLAPTY: Please don't leave me and my hideous, visible prolapsed anus!

PLECK: Oh, no!

NERMUT: I really want to leave you.

SLAPTY: My name used to be Slapty Chuckleburg, but now they just call me Prolapsed Anus!

PLECK: [laughing] Oh, no.

NERMUT: That's so rude. I mean, it's accurate.

SLAPTY: Please, you have to save me and my people!

NERMUT: [doubtful] Are you-- you were a Snookum?

SLAPTY: I was a Snookum. I am a Snookum. I'm an ugly Snookum. The lowest of the low.

NERMUT: Oh, no. I mean--

SLAPTY: This machine simulates hugs, reverse hugs, like somebody who you run into at a party that you've met a thousand times, but they don't remember your name.

PLECK: Oh, and you hug them, and it's like, "Gah." Yeah, yeah.

SLAPTY: It's doing that to me constantly.

PLECK: Well, I'll never forget your name. [long pause] Uh...

SLAPTY: Which one?

PLECK: I remember Prolapsed Anus, but I know that that's not your real name.

SLAPTY: See, that's the problem with the way this system works. That's all you're going to remember.

PLECK: Oh, no. I'm doing it! I'm making it worse!

NERMUT: So this unhugging machine is-- What is it doing?

SLAPTY: [raspy] It's siphoning off all of my cuteness and bottling it so it can be transferred to the rich, elite Snookums above.

NERMUT: Oh, yeah, back there I can see the bottler.

PLECK: [horrified] Oh. That's how the snookums stay cute, by stealing the cuteness from each other?

SLAPTY: And then they get rich, with more and more hugs, while we sit down here growing extra genitals.

PLECK: Oh, no. Listen... [sighs] Short of hugging you, what can I do to help?

SLAPTY: Well, that's about it.

NERMUT: [slowly backing up] We gotta carry these vines and stuff, so we would totally hug you, but...

PLECK: [hesitant] Uh, you know what? We'll be back, okay? We just gotta plug in our ship, we gotta get the rest of our crew, and then we're gonna figure out how to help you.

SLAPTY: You know how many people have said that? Everybody falls down this damn well!

NERMUT: [unconvincing] We will totally be back.

SLAPTY: Yeah, right. I'll believe it when I see it with my one eye.

PLECK: Uh, here, I'll unhook you from this machine. Makes sense...

NERMUT: [Nermut grabs a couple bottles] Is it rude to take a couple bottles of the cuteness just to...

PLECK: Yes! Rude? Yes!

NERMUT: I don't know, we gotta... It's pretty thirsty on this vine hike.

SLAPTY: It's super rude.

[transition, Dar is surrounded by happy Snookums]

SNOOKUM: [laughter]

DAR: [squeezing Snookums into hugs] 3,338. 3,339.

C-53: Dar.

DAR: Yeah?

C-53: Dar, we've long since paid for Bargie's recharge. I don't think you need to keep hugging so much.

DAR: [delighted] Oh, they should be paying *me*! [laughter]

C-53: Um, yeah, I don't think that's how their economy works, though.

DAR: [pulling Snookum into hugs] 3,300. I've lost count. [happily] I guess I should start over. [laughter]

SNOOKUM: I'm number one. I'm number one!

DAR: [pulling into hug] Number one! Number two!

AJ: Mr. Bugman, I'm telling you, these things are gonna turn on us, and it's gonna get ugly.

C-53: AJ, I think this might just be a planet of friendly, soft creatures, and I don't know that we're gonna be attacked at any time. and I don't know that we're gonna be attacked at any time. And honestly, you–

TUBBINS: Can I get in here?

C-53: Yes, uh, here, I'll just– [hugging] Rosh, you're just so soft.

AJ: You guys can have all the fun you want, but somebody's gotta keep us safe from these soft, boneless creatures, and that's me!

C-53: AJ, what do you think would happen even if they did start attacking us? What could they possibly do to you, a super soldier, in highly advanced armor, and me, the pinnacle of bug-based evolution?

AJ: Plop on us? I don't know, they too--

C-53: [laughing] Are you hearing yourself? Plop on us?

TUBBINS: Well, I'd like to weigh in, if that's okay.

AJ: I don't-- Where do you keep coming from, man?

TUBBINS: I was under your feet.

C-53: Yeah, he's constantly underfoot.

AJ: That's what I'm talking about!

TUBBINS: Don't step on me!

DAR: [delighted] Oh, should we make this a group hug?

TUBBINS: Oh, please?

AJ: [huffy] No.

SNOOKUMS: [crowding in] Yes, a group hug! Group hug!

SNOOKUM: Is there a group hug?

SNOOKUM: Did somebody say group hug?

TUBBINS: Big ol' group hug, pile on.

AJ: [terrified] They're swarming us, they're swarming us! This is a swarm!

[Dar grabs everyone into a massive hug]

SNOOKUMS: Yay!

TUBBINS: We are a swarm!

AJ: [upset] No, swarm is bad!

C-53: Now, Chunky, you know, we're giving out a lot of hugs here, and, you know, if your economy is hug-based, there is a danger of too many hugs potentially devaluing a hug. potentially devaluing a hug.

TUBBINS: Well, all I can tell is that we're getting rich, baby, keep it coming. Nothing can go wrong, too big to fail.

C-53: Well, uh—

TUBBINS: [confident] Could you imagine there being any such thing as too much money?

C-53: Uh, yes. It's actually ruined many planetary economies.

TUBBINS: Okay, bad question. Could you imagine there being, uh, too much happiness?

C-53: [happy] Okay, well, now that is hard to imagine. Get over here. [squeezes Tubbins]

TUBBINS: [cheerful] There we go. Our economy is strong.

[transition]

PLECK: [angry] Listen, Prolapsed Anus, I'm so sorry about what happened to you, but we're gonna get you out of here, and then I'm gonna have some strong words for Chunky Tubbins!

NERMUT: And say your original name one more time, I swear we'll remember it. It's just not quite as memorable.

SLAPTY: Please remember, it's Slapty Chucklebags.

PLECK: [laughing] Slapty Chucklebags.

NERMUT: Slapty Chucklebags.

PLECK: I thought it was Slapty Chuckleburg.

SLAPTY: Was it?

NERMUT: You forgot!

PLECK: [worried] Oh, no!

SLAPTY: I've been in the machine too long!

PLECK: Slapty, Slapty, we will not forget you.

[A Snookum opens the door and walks in]

PLECK: [worried] Oh, no, no, no. Hide! Somebody's coming! Shh, shh, shh.

SNOOKUM: Professor Prolapsed Anus!

SLAPTY: No one's called me a professor in years. I miss my time at Snookum's U.

SNOOKUM: I have the unfortunate news to tell you. We're laying you off.

[The Snookum detaches Slapty from the machine]

SLAPTY: What?

NERMUT: [whispering] This is considered employment, Pleck?

SLAPTY: [angry] You've sucked all the cuteness out of me and you're cutting me loose?

SNOOKUM: Cutting you loose.

[The Snookum hooks up another Snookum to Slapty's place in the machine]

PLECK: Ah, they're hooking up another Snookum's to the machine.

NERMUT: Oh, man.

SNOOKUM: All right, you, get in there. Hold still. Yeah, that's right. [starting machine] We're gonna extract all that cuteness out of you and then--

SNOOKUM: They got those perfect big eyes.

SNOOKUM: Won't take long. [Nermut knocks over a bottle] Hey! Who's that?

[Nermut and Pleck run for it as a group of angry Snookums chase them!]

PLECK: [shouting] Nermut! Run! Run! No! Up the vine! [scrambling up] Wow! Oh, boy! This is harder than it looks.

NERMUT: [strained] Oh, climbing it? Yeah. Oh, boy, I should've--

PLECK: I'm a little ways up.

NERMUT: Okay, I'm gonna hold onto you instead of the vine. You can pull us.

PLECK: [straining] I thought, you know, you see people like walking up this-- It's way harder than it seems! [grunts]

[Pleck slowly pulls the two of them out of the well]

PLECK: [breathless] Oh, it's a good thing these guys are small. [sighs] That was really hard.

NERMUT: Pleck, let us never speak of what we've seen.

SLAPTY: Hey, guys.

NERMUT: [surprised] Oh! Hello.

PLECK: Oh, there must be a faster way to the surface. Hello, Prolapsed Anus. I mean, um, Slapty--

NERMUT: Slapty McChuckle. Shoot. We didn't--

SLAPTY: You really tried. But... There's nothing for me now. I mean, look at me. Who's gonna cuddle me now? You?

NERMUT: I'm sure somebody...

PLECK: Somebody might. Somebody will.

SLAPTY: [depressed] No one will cuddle me. I know. It happened to my father and his father before him. I'm headed for the thresher.

PLECK: [laughing] What?

SLAPTY: Yeah, I'm giving up. There's a big thresher that just kinda smashes us to bits because we can't die otherwise. No bones. It's complicated.

PLECK: Yeah, bones aren't really what keep you-- Never mind. I don't know. I don't know how your species works, but bones aren't the thing that--

SLAPTY: Keeps you from dying?

PLECK: [laughs] Keeps you from dying, necessarily.

SLAPTY: Well, it is for us.

PLECK: Okay, all right. [laughs]

SLAPTY: I can't justify it. I wasn't a professor of anatomy.

PLECK: By the way, what were you a professor of, Professor Prolapsed Anus?

SLAPTY: Indigenous studies.

PLECK: Oh! Okay.

[transition, Pleck and Nermut run towards the rest of the crew]

AJ: Hey, here come Pleck and Nermut running towards us. This is it. This is it. Lock and load. [charges blaster] We gotta get outta here.

C-53: AJ, you can't know for sure.

DAR: No, no. They're running in for a hug. They're running in for a hug.

AJ: We're gonna lay waste to this place. I know it.

PLECK: [breathless] Guys, we figured it out. There's a dark secret here in Snookumsville.

AJ: [triumphant] YES!

PLECK: There's a deep, dark secret. It's literally deep, and it's literally dark. They are siphoning cuteness out of the POOR Snookums in Snookumsville. They use it to power their whole economy! They take the cuteness and give it to the rich so that they can stay on top!

NERMUT: [angry] They have no respect for professors.

AJ: Okay. So this is a threat to us right now?

PLECK: No, it's not a threat. It's just a planetary injustice, a societal wrong that they're inflicting on their own kind.

AJ: [relieved] Alright, stand down everybody. Just a planetary injustice.

PLECK: AJ—

AJ: Pretty common.

DAR: So, am I allowed to hug them anymore? I don't understand.

PLECK: Hold off for just a second, Dar.

AJ: Can I kick this one? Get outta here. [kicks Snookums into the sky]

TUBBINS: Can I get in here?

PLECK: [irritated] Oh, hey. Sure.

[Tubbins squeezes in]

TUBBINS: What are you guys talking about?

NERMUT: Yeah, um, Chunky? [whispering] Pleck, I know I wasn't supposed to take one of these, but [pulls out bottle] can you explain this?

TUBBINS: [lying] Oh, uh, that looks like some kind of hip drink the kids are into.

PLECK: It's a bottle of cuteness, Chunky Tubbins, and you know it.

TUBBINS: You went down? You went beneath the city?

PLECK: Yes. That was siphoned off of [hesitating] Slapty... Slapty...

NERMUT: McChucklebags?

PLECK: And now he's barely recognizable.

TUBBINS: Yeah.

PLECK: A once lauded professor brought low...

TUBBINS: He was my teacher.

NERMUT: He taught you indigenous studies?

TUBBINS: Oh, he taught me. We hooked him up to the machine and we sucked him dry.

C-53: [angry] That is grim.

PLECK: Chunky.

TUBBINS: That's what we do here.

C-53: You know, can I just say how disappointed I am that there's a dark secret? I really thought this was just a cozy, cuddly planet.

AJ: Can I say I'm disappointed that it was just sort of like an internal matter? Can I... Is that fair, or is that not...

NERMUT: You mean that no one was attacking us?

PLECK: AJ, AJ, this is...

AJ: We're fine. We're taking this power, right?

NERMUT: Yeah, we hooked up, Bargie. We've got the... It's fine. It's hooked in.

AJ: [quiet] Should we just go? We can just take off, right?

PLECK: AJ, this is terrible.

NERMUT: It's horrific.

PLECK: Chunky Tubbins, there's 8 billion Snookums on this planet. How many of them live above ground?

TUBBINS: [long pause] 600.

PLECK: [upset] No! What?

TUBBINS: That's right.

C-53: Yikes.

TUBBINS: [opening the bottle of cuteness] There are several billion Snookums underground.

PLECK: [laugh crying] Oh, no.

TUBBINS: Being siphoned at any given time.

PLECK: Chunky Tubbins, no.

[Dar is hugging the Snookums]

AJ: Hey, is anybody gonna stop Dar from hugging everybody, or...

PLECK: Dar, Dar, what... Dar, knock it off. Don't... Don't... This is exactly what Chunky Tubbins wants!

TUBBINS: Yes, fill us up. Fill us with riches.

NERMUT: If there are only 600 of you, that means those Snookums are coming back around for seconds, and thirds, and fourths!

TUBBINS: That's right.

C-53: [angry] You're just making the cuddly cuddlier.

TUBBINS: That's right. We walk off, and we change our little hat, and then we come back for more. [laughing] Nobody can tell us apart. There's nothing for you to do about this. This is our culture, and it's working great. All 600 of us who live above ground are doing perfectly well. And you don't hear any of the people underground complaining because they're out of earshot. And nothing will ever change! [a Snookums walks up to Chunky and begins whispering in his ear] Hmm. Yes? The Snuggles and Pats 500 crashed, you say? [listening] The S&P 500 is completely gone. [listening] So there's... there's rapid hug inflation, you say? So you're saying that giving out thousands and thousands of hugs all at once was a bad idea? [listening] And the quality of the hugs was so good that we can never live up to them? [listening] Our entire economical system has fully collapsed, and we are spiraling into a debt crisis. Okay. Wow.

C-53: [whispering aside] I did sort of mention this to them, and I feel like it got glossed over.

AJ: Is that why all the Snookums are throwing themselves off the tree... the treehouses?

[The Snookums jump off the trees and squeakily bounce around]

TUBBINS: [broken] This is a crisis we never could have predicted.

NERMUT: Oh, they're just bouncing back up so cutely.

PLECK: [laughing] Yeah, it doesn't really seem to affect them, but they really seem to be giving it a shot.

TUBBINS: [despairing] We can't die unless we go in a thresher.

AJ: Wait, so what happened? Can somebody explain this to me as if I don't know economics?

C-53: So, AJ, imagine you've got ten Nermos, right?

AJ: Uh-huh.

C-53: And you want to buy a new, I don't know, butt gun. And it costs ten Nermos.

AJ: Right.

C-53: But imagine every other CLINT just got a *thousand* Nermos, and there's only one butt gun. Is this making sense, or am I sort of...

AJ: I mean, I'm not sure where the hugs are coming into it all.

C-53: That was my mistake, trying to use an analogy.

PLECK: [laughter] Chunk Tubbins.

TUBBINS: Yes.

PLECK: What is happening in Snookumsville?

TUBBINS: [sadly] All is lost.

DAR: Aw, you look sad. Do you need a hug?

TUBBINS: No, that's the last thing I want.

[transition, the crew enters Bargie's hatch]

AJ: [shouting] Bargie, you've got the power. Let's fire up that Movie Day clip!

PLECK: [laughing] No, no, Bargie. Don't do it.

BARGIE: Alright! Alright! Put it in!

PLECK: Turn it off, Bargie.

NERMUT: Have we learned nothing?

[Bargie plays a clip]

RECORDED C-53: It's Movie Day. Who's turn is it to pick one?

RECORDED DAR: Me, me. Can we please watch Lockwooden? Where you were the cuckoo clock Bargie? You know, when you were made out of wood?

PLECK: Bargie, stop the clip. You're draining your battery!

C-53: Well, it's charged now, Pleck. We can watch as many clips as we want.

BARGIE: We've got a thousand years!

NERMUT: We don't have a thousand years. We showed that earlier.

C-53: We definitely don't have a thousand years.

BARGIE: And here are clips of Pleck telling us not to do things.

[Bargie plays clip]

RECORDED PLECK: Bargie, stop the clip. You're draining your battery.

C-53: This is just a few seconds ago.

PLECK: [laughing] Bargie, you're recording all of this right now just to play it later?

BARGIE: [grimly] I'm always recording.

[Bargie plays a clip]

RECORDED PLECK: You're recording all of this right now just to play it later?

C-53: Yeah, I think the cameras and audio equipment also run off the hyperdrive battery.

PLECK: [laughing] Of course they do.

C-53: Wow.

PLECK: Oh boy. Listen, Bargie, I'm glad you're charged up. Can we get to space now?

AJ: Wait, where's Dar? Whoa. We can't leave without Dar.

C-53: [confused] Dar didn't get on the ship with us?

NERMUT: Oh, Dar was really, really into those hugs.

AJ: Yeah, that's true.

[Bargie's hatch opens and Definitely Dar enters]

DAR: No worries. Here Dar is!

NERMUT: Hey.

DAR: Hey.

PLECK: Dar, have you always had that goatee?

DAR: [scratching face] Oh, this old thing? [laughs] You... [smacks Pleck in the shoulder]

AJ: Whoa, you really... you hit him pretty hard.

DAR: Maybe then Pleck will think about commenting on my appearance again, right? [smacks Pleck again]

NERMUT: Whoa, okay.

C-53: Whoa, yeah. Yeah, to be fair, Pleck, you were kind of judgy about that goatee.

PLECK: Well, no, I just feel like I—

DAR: Thank you, Bug.

AJ: Oh, okay. That's a pretty good nickname.

DAR: [laughs]

PLECK: Well, anyway, Dar, I'm glad you're back. I just want to say: let's all together as a team go and destroy that evil doppelganger who's definitely the only one in the galaxy.

AJ: Captain Dar, here's your horn. The bridge is yours.

DAR: [picking up horn] Thank you. [slowly] Captain Dar. Captain Dar. That's me, Captain Dar! [poorly plays horn]

AJ: Huh. Oh, this is weird.

PLECK: Avant-garde.

[outro music]

C-RED-IT5: This is C-RED-IT5, credits and attributions droid, commencing outro protocol. Pleck Decksetter was played by Alden Ford. C-53 was played by Jeremy Bent. Dar was played by Allie Kokesh. Bargie the Ship and the Snookum who runs the anti-hug machine were played by Moujan Zolfaghari. Nermut Bundaloy was played by Seth Lind. AJ was played by Winston Noel. Chunky Tubbins and the Snookum formerly known as Professor Slapty Chuckleburg were played by special guest Aaron Burdett. Aaron is a TV writer, most recently for the series Close Enough on HBO Max. If you have a ton of time on your hands, you can also find his work on the series Inside Job and Man-Seeking Woman, which are on competing streaming services. If you haven't quit Twitter yet, you can follow him @AaronBurdett. 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. Dar's horn was played by Raleigh Mulhericker. 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.

BEN: Do you sometimes wonder whatever happened to the kids at your school who really loved Star Trek?

ADAM: You might remember a kid like me, the one who read the Star Trek novels and built Starship models. I also took music classes to avoid taking gym classes that required showering after, but I don't see what that really has to do with-

BEN: Or a kid like me! I introduced myself to kids at my summer camp one year as Wesley. But when the school year started and some of those kids were in my new class, I actually had to explain to my friends that I had tried to take on the identity of my favorite Star Trek character. The shame haunts me to this day!

ADAM: I'm sure some of those Star Trek fans from your childhood grew up to have interesting and productive lives, but we ended up being podcasters.

BEN: On The Greatest Discovery, you'll hear what happens to two lifelong Star Trek fans who didn't grow up to be great people, they just grew up to be people who love jokes as much as they love Trek.

ADAM: Season 4 of Star Trek Discovery is here, so listen to our new episodes every week on MaximumFun.org or wherever you get your podcasts.

JESSE: Hi, it's Jesse Thorne, the founder of Maximum Fun. It's the Thanksgiving season, and I want to take this opportunity to thank you, the members of Maximum Fun. This MaxFunDrive, your generosity and your love of pins, helped us raise over \$90,000 to help bridge the digital divide. Families without internet access struggle to do things that the rest of us might take for granted, especially during COVID. Going to school, applying for jobs, finding medical care. Your donations help the non-profit Everyone On. They provide equipment, services, and training to get people online so they can access opportunity. You can find out more about the great work Everyone On does at EveryoneOn.org. Thanks for supporting Maximum Fun, thanks for supporting Everyone On, and thanks for being awesome people who want to do good in the world.

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JEREMY: Now, Chubby...

AARON: What's that?

JEREMY: Chubby...

AARON: Chunky.

JEREMY: Wait, I thought...

ALDEN: [laughing] Chunky Tubbins.

JEREMY: Chunky Tubbins.

AARON: Chubby Tubbins is my aunt.

ALDEN: Chubby Tubbins is my father's name.

ALLIE: [laughing] Oh.