

[ominous booming music]

[Dar is dropping Horsehat off with Dad]

DAD: [cheerful] Where's that little one? Where's that Horsehat?

HORSEHAT: [happily] Dad!

DAR: Aw, Dad!

DAD: Let me at 'em. [hugs Horsehat]

HORSEHAT: Hey, Dad. I missed you.

DAD: [laughing]

DAR: Oh, see? Aw, Horsehat, come on.

DAD: Come on in. I've got a fresh pot of borg lard.

DAR: [nervous] Okay, no time to catch up. Would love to stay, but I cannot. Okay, bye-bye, bye-bye, bye-bye.

DAD: Wow, that's a shame. Next time, next time.

HORSEHAT: Let's go play.

DAD: [unzipping bag of toys] Well, have fun out there. Knock 'em dead, whatever it is you're doing.

DAR: Thanks, Dad.

HORSEHAT: C'mon, Dad!

DAD: All right, bye-bye.

DAR: Bye, Horsehat.

HORSEHAT: Bye Dar.

DAR: Bye, bye-bye.

[Dar boards a ship]

DAD: Come on, Horsehat. Horsehat, wave goodbye. Wave goodbye, Horsehat.

HORSEHAT: [sadly] Bye, Dar. Bye!

DAD: All right, buddy.

HORSEHAT: Dad, please can I have the cookies?

DAD: Aw, you want cookies already? Well, let's start with the sandwich and then maybe we'll have cookies.

[3Pete walks up to the duo with a beeping device]

3PETE: Sorry to interrupt.

DAD: Oh, hi there.

3PETE: Let's start with a slice.

DAD: [confused] Start with a-

[3Pete slices straight through Dad!]

DAD: –oh, ah, no! Good Rodd! [sad music] Ah.

HORSEHAT: [upset] Why did you do that?

3PETE: You're coming with me.

HORSEHAT: I don't wanna go with you. Go away! [dart thuds into Horsehat's neck]
Oh...

[Horsehat thuds to the ground and 3Pete begins dragging them off]

3PETE: Well, sleep tight.

DAD: [angrily] Hey, now, just wait a minute, mister.

3PETE: Wait, actually, sorry. I do need you to fill this out before I go. [hands Dad paperwork]

DAD: Ah, well, all right. Well, I do have a pen, but it's in my pants, in my lower half. You know, the one you cut off of me?

3PETE: Okay, one sec.

DAD: Okay, thank you.

[3Pete fishes out the pen]

3PETE: There you go.

DAD: [fills out form] Okay, name is Dad. Age, 173 years *young*. Uh, sex? Yes, please. [laughs] It's just a, yeah. Okay, sorry, what is this about?

3PETE: You know what? [slices Dad again]

DAD: Ah, whoa, geez, oh, wow. Two slices?

3PETE: All right, just sorry, can you initial this part?

DAD: [upset] Ah, come on, no.

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 fades into Dar strolling around Bargie]

DAR: So, Bargie.

BARGIE: Yeah?

DAR: Any other surprises? Stowaways? Trap doors?

BARGIE: Nope, you know me, I'm an open book. Honest as the day is dark.

AJ: What?

PLECK: Bargie, I think what Dar is getting at is, we sort of keep finding reasons not to go to Mufalata Secundus, you know? We just need to get there. How's the flight path looking, Bargie, good?

BARGIE: It's fine, except of course, today is my book club.

PLECK: [laughing] Oh, your book club, Bargie, no!

AJ: [thrilled] Oh, it's book club day?

PLECK: Can you do it remotely?

AJ: It's book club?

BARGIE: No, I'm currently in the middle of it. Little Putt-Putt had something very interesting to say about The Stars of... [long pause] I didn't read it.

PLECK: [laughs]

[Bargie's communicator chimes]

LITTLE PUTT PUTT: Now, Bargie, you didn't read the book. You made us come all the way out here. You know, we're halfway across the galaxy.

BARGIE: Oh, come on.

LITTLE PUTT PUTT: You didn't read the book.

BARGIE: You know what book club is all about. It's like five minutes of book chat, but then we really get down to gossip for five hours.

LITTLE PUTT PUTT: [offended] Well, actually, I take the literature very seriously. So, you know, when I read a book, I-

BARGIE: Jehko, what's some hot goss?

JEHKO: I'm just curious, you know, obviously, I've been really good about not stalking my ex, but... [nervous laughter]

BARGIE: Yeah.

JEHKO: Who knows what he's been up to, hmm? Anyone? Seriously, if you could just all start looking around right now.

AJ: [quietly] Hey, crew, should we help out? Should we find out what's going on with-

PLECK: No, AJ.

LITTLE PUTT PUTT: Um, Jehko, you need to look in a mirror, okay? Because this is not a good look on you.

BARGIE: [offended] Wow!

LITTLE PUTT PUTT: Right?

BARGIE: Okay.

PLECK: [laughing] Is there a way to turn off the speakers? Can we just, I'm fine with Bargie doing the book club. I just wonder if we can have a moment of-

C-53: Yeah, book club chatter gets pretty loud.

PLECK: I don't know why she has to pipe the external sound in here.

AJ: Part of it's on us. We should've known it was book club. That's on us, crew.

BARGIE: It's, yeah, it's in my calendar. AJ reads it, AJ knows.

AJ: Yeah, we share cal's.

PLECK: Okay, all right.

[communicator chimes, C-53 skitters up and types]

C-53: Captain Dar, we have an incoming transmission from... Dad.

DAR: Whoa, really? Put them through right away.

C-53: Absolutely.

[the communicator hums to reveal Dad in a busy hospital]

DAD: Hey there, Dar, good to see ya.

DAR: Dad, why are you... are you in a hospital?

DAD: Well spotted, my dear. Yeah, I've been clinically dead for two weeks.

PLECK: [freaked out] What? Dad, are you all right?

DAD: Well, I'm doing a heck of a lot better now, but boy, someone really got my number and almost gave me a dirt nap, as they say!

OLD DAG: Tell them that they buried you in three places!

PLECK: Oh, Dag's visiting you in the hospital.

DAD: Yeah.

PLECK: That's nice.

DAD: Feeling a lot better now.

DAR: Dad, I'm so, I'm so relieved to hear that.

DAD: Okay, well, it's not all roses and sunshine over here because Horsehat *is* missing. [sighs] Some sort of bounty hunter or something took Horsehat and chopped me to pieces.

NERMUT: [horrified] Too - wait, *took* Horsehat?

PLECK: Oh my Rodd, what?

DAD: Honey, I am so sorry.

DAR: [angry] Took Horsehat where?

DAD: Another good question. Um, well, he made me sign some forms before he left to sort of confirm that he had sliced me and that he was taking Horsehat, so...

DAR: [pissed] What kind of psychopath makes you sign paperwork after they've cut you in half?

C-53: Uh, actually, I think we got some pretty good guesses.

PLECK: Yeah, it's gotta be-

NERMUT: Peter Three.

PLECK: It's gotta be Peter One. The most fearsome bounty hunter in the galaxy.

AJ: [confused] So is his name Peter Three or Peter One?

PLECK: Well, his name used to be Peter Three and now it's Peter One. See, he had a son and then because of the naming conventions of his bounty hunter guild, his son became Peter Three and he became Peter One.

AJ: Right. Classic.

DAR: [angry] Well, if you're all so informed, where's Horsehat then?

PLECK: Well, I don't know.

DAD: So I hope I haven't violated your trust, Dar, by losing your child.

DAR: Never, Dad, you just get better and we'll get Horsehat.

DAD: Oh yeah, I'm getting myself back right now. Boy, is this guy gonna get an earful once I do! Over and out.

[Dad hangs up]

AJ: To the fob room.

DAR: Sorry, what?

PLECK: Oh.

AJ: To the fob room.

PLECK: No, AJ, I don't think--

AJ: We gotta find Baby Hoha and there's only one way to find Baby Hoha.

NERMUT: Am I the only one who forgot about the fob room?

AJ: As you certainly must remember.

DAR: [interrupting] No.

AJ: I created a fob room full of tracking fobs for everyone important to me and the rest of the crew.

PLECK: AJ, why didn't we use this with Kor Balevore weeks ago?

C-53: Or why didn't we use it when we were stuck in the other galaxy to get back to Zyxx?

DAR: [angry] Let's not reprimand AJ, let us find Baby Hoha.

C-53: That's a good point, yeah, you're right.

AJ: Two things, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, I'll address these questions. [rearranging Bargie] Kor Balevore is not one somebody close to us.

DAR: Why are you setting up like it's a press conference?

AJ: [speaking into mic] Therefore, I would not assign Kor Balevore a fob.

DAR: Where do you get a podium and a microphone on this short of notice?

C-53: I think he's had those.

DAR: [angry groan]

AJ: Your second question, the other galaxy [hesitating]

[a stowaway walks up to AJ and wipers in his ear]

STOWAWAY: [whispering]

NERMUT: Is that a stowaway whispering an answer into his ear?

AJ: Well, the other galaxy was kind of tricky because I think we were, [opening piece of paper] in scientific terms, very far away and so I don't think things would have worked there. So I rest my case your honor.

PLECK: AJ, AJ, just find out where Baby Hoha is.

AJ: Okay.

STOWAWAY: Mr. J will not be taking any more questions.

PLECK: Okay.

C-53: Who are you, excuse me?

STOWAWAY: I'm a stowaway.

C-53: [shooing] Okay, get out of here.

DAR: Bargie, this is one of the surprises I was asking about.

BARGIE: [realizing] Ooooh.

AJ: I made a stowaway, my publicist, what's the big deal?

C-53: It's just weird.

BARGIE: Hey, can I just say the book club is listening on *this*?

DRAMA-CRAZY BOOKCLUB MEMBER: [excited] And we are loving it.

BARGIE: This is *drama*!

DRAMA-CRAZY BOOKCLUB MEMBER: Drama!

[transition, AJ throw the doors open to his fob room, full of hundreds of beeping fobs]

AJ: [dramatically] Welcome to the Fob Room. Let's see, there's, I mean, the fobs usually work. There's, the only thing that's a little bit weird is, Dar, your fob is saying that you're thousands of light years away from here, [chuckling] but that's impossible because you're right here. So.

DAR: Yeah, and I'm not under investigation right now. What we're trying to find is the child!

NERMUT: [annoyed] Yes, our child. [aside, crosstalk with Dar] Love you, Dar.

DAR: So where is Horsehat's fob?

AJ: [pulling out fob] Here's the fob of the child. Bargie, bring up the star map.

BARGIE: The one where I have where all my exes live, or...?

PLECK: What?

NERMUT: Doubt it that's that one.

PLECK: No, probably not.

BARGIE: Here you go.

[Bargie brings up a massive projection of a star map]

PLECK: AJ, are you using a star map with the fob?

AJ: Watch as I... kind of shake the fob.

PLECK: [baffled] How does a fob know? How does a fob know how to read a star map?

STOWAWAY: You don't have to answer this.

C-53: [angry] Get out of here.

AJ: No, I'll take it. I'll take this question.

PLECK: It's just a holo projection of the galaxy. How would the fob know where you're pointing it?

AJ: The fob knows, Papa. I mean, listen, [speaking into mic] I do not understand the technolojajyy. I just know that it works.

C-53: Get away from the podium. Where is Horsehat?

AJ: [fob begins beeping louder] Baby Hoha is on that planet.

C-53: Ah, yes, Sand.

PLECK: [disbelief] The planet's name is Sand?

C-53: Well, it's actually called Trevlakk, but Sand is sort of a colloquialism for it because it's all desert.

DAR: All right, that's enough. Bargie, book club's over. We gotta go.

BARGIE: [groaning]

PLECK: Yeah, Bargie, we got real close to Mufulata Secundus, but Horsehat's missing. We gotta figure out where they are.

AJ: [loudly] Yeah, this is more important than saving the galaxy or book club.

BARGIE: I agree, which is why book club is coming with us!

PLECK: Oh, no.

DRAMA-CRAZY BOOKCLUB MEMBER: Okay.

LITTLE PUTT PUTT: Yay, yay.

DRAMA-CRAZY BOOKCLUB MEMBER: I am *living* for this.

PLECK: [laughing]

[transition to a vast, hot desert. A lost traveler slowly makes their way across]

[dramatic music]

LONE HIKER: Oh, jeez, it's hot. Better drink some water... [unzips bag and drinks out of a canteen]

[A vehicle flutters across the landscape]

LONE HIKER: Oh, an insectithopter. [shouting and running] Hey, hey, down here! Oh, sand. [coughing] Hey, hello?

[the audio's POV switches to the inside of the insectithopter as the radio chatters]

PILOT RILEY DUNKER: What the? [shuts off radio] What the juck is this dummy doing out here? [into mic] This is flight pilot Riley Dunker reaching out on the emergency frequency. Lone hiker, can you hear me down there? Over.

LONE HIKER: [into radio] Yes, yeah, I hear you. I got turned around and I'm running low on water. Over.

PILOT: [into radio] That's a copy. You know, you shouldn't be out in this area. This is worm territory. You're gonna wanna head back to town ASAP. Over.

LONE HIKER: Oh juck. [into radio] Yeah, copy that. Um, hey, is there any way I could get a ride with you back to town? Over.

PILOT: Oof, what a dingus. [into radio] Copy that. I'm afraid that's gonna have to be a negative. I'm in the middle of a delivery right now and it's getting cold. I make most of my money from tips. So, I gotta get moving. But listen, if you follow my heading, it shouldn't take more than a couple hours. Just make sure you don't walk too loud. Unless, of course, you do see the worm and then you're gonna wanna run.

LONE HIKER: What?

PILOT: [into radio] So, yeah. Good luck. Over and out. [pilot flies off]

LONE HIKER: [freaking out] No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no. Hold on. Uh, uh, please, no. [loses radio signal] Um. Crap. [sighs and walks slowly] This is a freaking

nightmare. Uhhh. [a slow rumbling begins in the distance as ominous music fades in] What's that? What was that? Oh, crap. Oh, crap. [slowly begins walking away as the rumbling gets louder] Oh, crap. Oh, crap. Oh, juck. Oh, shit. Oh, juck. Ooooooh no. Okay, I'll just be super quiet. [the rumbling begins circling him and groaning] Oh crap, oh crap, oh crap, oh crap. Oh crap. Oh crap, oh crap, oh crap. Okay, okay. Okay, I'll just run. [frantically running as the sound chases him] Oh crap, oh crap, oh crap. This sucks, this sucks! Okay, okay. Those rocks, just gotta make it to those rocks! Oh crap, oh crap. Okay, okay. Almost at the rocks! Almost at the rocks! Almost there! [leaps onto the rocks in the nick of time] Woo! I made it! Sorry worm, not today! Woo! [sighing] Alright. I guess just wait for him to go. [drinks more water] Ugh, that's good. [an enormous worm rises out of the ground in front of him] What? Oh no, no, no, no. It's not even normal for worms to get that big. [groaning] Well, maybe he just wanted to scare me. [the worm turns towards him and lunges] Oh crap. [screaming as he's devoured]

[dramatic, sandy music]

[transition, Bargie lands on Sand and the crew leaves through her hatch]

PLECK: Wow, this planet's aptly named, really is just sand--

NERMUT: Trevlakk.

PLECK: [laughing] Oh, no, yeah, the nickname Sand is pretty apropos. Look at this place.

C-53: [skittering around quickly] I am loving this sand, this is great for this frame.

NERMUT: Oh, look at that skitter.

C-53: I can really move on this sand! Oh, watch this-- [does a flip]

AJ: Okay, no time for this kind of shit. First things first, we're gonna set up a perimeter.

C-53: Wow, okay.

AJ: See that pile of sand?

PLECK: I guess so, one of 'em.

AJ: Okay, that's one point of the perimeter.

C-53: Jeez.

PLECK: AJ, AJ, now we use the fob, why would we need a perimeter? What's on the fob?

AJ: [pulls out fob] Of course, we can use the fob, but it feels good to make a perimeter. I don't know what you want me to say.

PLECK: What's the point of doing a perimeter? He could be on the other side of the planet, we have no idea--

STOWAWAY: [pushing Pleck back] Hey, hey, you're grilling him, okay?

PLECK: [angrily] Hey, get back on the ship, man! You're not part of this!

STOWAWAY: And I'm here to just make sure there's a little buffer between the press and my client, okay?

C-53: Get out of here!

PLECK: We just know... we know the fob's--

STOWAWAY: Hey, Mr. J, remember, pivot to message, pivot to message.

AJ: [typing] Okay, my family and I will not be taking further questions at this time.

C-53: Family?

PLECK: Whatever, let's just fan out and start searching, okay? You know, if AJ decides to use the fob, finally, he can let us know where to go.

DAR: Great idea, let's all move.

[AJ's fob begins going wild as another man with a fob approaches]

3PETE: Hey, gang.

CREW: [gasps]

NERMUT: Peter Three, Peter One!

DAR: [angrily] You!

3PETE: I've been looking for you.

C-53: You've been looking for us?

NERMUT: What?

AJ: Whoa, nice fob, man.

3PETE: Yeah, I found you guys with a fob.

AJ: [whispering] I told you.

PLECK: You found us with a fob?

AJ: Every time.

3PETE: Yeah, I have my own fob line.

C-53: Wow, there's a lot of fobs out there.

AJ: [walking up] Hey, man, can I take a peek at that fob?

3PETE: You wanna check out under the hood?

AJ: Yeah, a little bit.

3PETE: Crack the hood of the fob, see how the sausage is made?

AJ: Yeah. [AJ fumbles with the fob and cracks it open] Look at that...

PLECK: Peter One, what is going on? Did you abduct Horsehat?

3PETE: Look, I did, but we're in a totally different situation right now. I was hired by Kor Balvor to abduct Horsehat.

PLECK: It's pronounced Balevore, but I mean, it makes sense if you're reading it, you probably wouldn't have.

3PETE: Yeah, I've never said it out loud before.

PLECK: Okay, yeah, no, it's Balevore.

AJ: Yeah, the way we do it is, [singing] dun-dun-dun-dun-dun, Kor Balevore.

PLECK: Only AJ does that.

DAR: [horrified] Did he say why? I just, I can't imagine. I've never heard of any reason why... why Kor would do this with the child. It's just--

C-53: Dar, Kor is evil. Who knows why he's doing any of this?

DAR: Right, but you know, there's some evil that's predictable, part of a plan even, but this feels kind of out of left field.

3PETE: I never ask my clients why.

PLECK: Peter One, tell us everything.

3PETE: Kor Balevore, he hired me to abduct Horsehat. I was supposed to return this little guy to him. [takes out recording of Horsehat]

RECORDED HORSEHAT: [whining]

RECORDED 3PETE: Give me a hug.

RECORDED HORSEHAT: I don't want to.

3PETE: And I just couldn't do it. So for the last couple weeks, we've been gallivanting around. I thought it was gonna be cool, like bounty hunter stuff, but sort of ended up kind of being the handyman for Planet Sand.

PLECK: Oh.

NERMUT: Yeah, I see your van.

3PETE: [beeps keys] Yeah, I got my van parked out over there.

NERMUT: I see the ladders on top.

3PETE: And so I'd love if you guys could take Horsehat back, you know, then I could kind of get back on my way. But first I do need your help with a few of my remaining tasks on my to-do list.

[beat]

PLECK: [hesitant] Uh...

NERMUT: We'll definitely take Horsehat. That first part is great.

C-53: How many tasks?

3PETE: Seven tasks. Two of them are in the same neighborhood. So seven.

C-53: Jeez, okay.

PLECK: Okay.

AJ: I have a quick question. [pulls out fob] See the blue light on this fob? It's a blue blinking light instead of a red blinking light.

3PETE: Yours have the red.

AJ: Yeah. Is that, what's that, is that?

3PETE: Blue's more dynamic.

AJ: [grumpily] Is it? I guess so. I mean, red, yeah, I guess the blue does look a little better.

DAR: How is it that this planet that seemingly is just never-ending sand could have seven tasks for you to complete?

PLECK: Yeah.

3PETE: Well, seven tasks, I've already been working on the list. So it started with 19.

DAR: [surprised] What?

C-53: Wow. That's so many tasks!

DAR: What have you had to do here?

PLECK: [baffled] Peter One, why do you feel the need to accomplish all these tasks? You're the galaxy's most fearsome bounty hunter on the lam!

3PETE: Sorry, I should clarify. I know there's been some confusion about what I go by. My current name is, of course, 3Pete.

C-53: Okay, yeah.

PLECK: 3Pete?

3PETE: When I failed to deliver on the bounty on Horsehat, I had to leave the Fab Three, and thus I'm no longer eligible for a Fab Three name.

PLECK: [sad] Oh, I'm so sorry.

C-53: You had to leave your own family?

3PETE: I did.

C-53: Wow.

PLECK: And as we all know, the Fab Three was actually just you and your son, Peter Three.

3PETE: Right.

C-53: Well, formerly it was you, your father, and your grandfather.

3PETE: Correct. But now it's just my son, Peter Two.

PLECK: [laughing] Okay, of course. Well, as soon as you left the guild, he then became the patriarch.

3PETE: Peter Two.

PLECK: Peter Two, right.

3PETE: I'm 3Pete, or 3Peter.

PLECK: Wait, you're 3Pete or 3Peter?

3PETE: To my friends.

PLECK: Okay, all right.

NERMUT: [hesitant] Which one is more casual?

3PETE: 3Peter is...

[a bot pops out of the sand]

SANDRA ROBOT: 3Peter!

DAR: [surprised] Whoa, that bot came right out of the ground.

SANDRA ROBOT: It is me, Sandra Robot.

AJ: Oh, wow.

SANDRA ROBOT: 3Peter, thank you for bringing me the globe of Sandworm. That is a task you have completed for me. [grabs globe]

AJ: Just a ball of sand.

PLECK: You're taking orders for a robot?

3PETE: Yeah, this is Sandra Bot, yes.

NERMUT: Wait, to be clear, you're on a friendly level with this bot.

3PETE: Absolutely.

NERMUT: She just called you 3Peter, yeah, okay.

3PETE: Well, during the course of my weeks here, we've gotten quite close.

SANDRA ROBOT: Very close.

3PETE: Actually, we're thinking about moving in together.

C-53: Wow.

SANDRA ROBOT: We're going to do it!

C-53: That honestly feels like it may be moving a little fast.

SANDRA ROBOT: We're very compatible on many levels.

3PETE: We like the same things.

C-53: Ah, okay.

SANDRA ROBOT: Quick, let's do a mind meld exercise!

PLECK: Okay, so what you're saying, 3Peter, is that sort of over the course of some of the first, I guess, 12 tasks, you've realized that you sort of had feelings for a Sandor Bot.

3PETE: Yeah.

DAR: Yeah, wait, can they do their mind meld? I would like to see this. Not to put your relationship to the test or anything, I'm just curious.

3PETE: Sure, it's fine, we don't mind.

SANDRA ROBOT: Yes, of course.

3PETE: Yeah.

BOTH: [simultaneous] One, two, three, sand.

PLECK: [laughs] Okay, checks out.

C-53: They're in sync, there's no denying that.

DAR: [laughs]

PLECK: Guys, listen, this is great, but 3Peter, can you take us to Horsehat? We're really worried about them, are they okay?

3PETE: I will take you to Horsehat. Horsehat is fine.

DAR: [nervous] You swear?

3PETE: I swear.

DAR: Okay. -

NERMUT: [breathing a sigh of relief] Oh, thank Rodd. Wait a second, Pleck just called you 3Peter. Are we on that level?

PLECK: Yeah, I--

3PETE: You know, there's a lot coming at me, so I didn't have time to correct him. Pleck, I prefer if you go and call me 3Pete.

PLECK: Fair enough, 3Pete.

NERMUT: We were once described as your best friends, right?

3PETE: [solemnly] Well, a lot has changed. I have a kid now, essentially, for the last three weeks.

DAR: [doubtful noises]

PLECK: Well, in addition to your other kid... Right, you got kicked out of the guild. I get it, it's been a busy couple weeks for all of us.

SANDRA ROBOT: Well, I'm going to go. I'll see you later at the apartment showing.

3PETE: Okay.

PLECK: You guys are looking at an apartment?

DAR: Where?

C-53: Oh, wow.

3PETE: Yeah.

DAR: Here, on this planet?

PLECK: Yeah, are there structures above ground on sand? I mean, this is a pretty--

C-53: Pretty sandy.

PLECK: Barren planet.

3PETE: It's a nice neighborhood, the one we're looking at, good schools.

AJ: Oh, good.

PLECK: [laughing] I don't want to nitpick here, but you're looking at schools, but Horsehat, again, is just a, you've only really had Horsehat for a little, I mean, they're not really your child.

3PETE: That's actually a good point. So, you know, when you talk to the realtor, Sandra Bot, just make sure to mention that we're going to kind of deprioritize schools on the list.

SANDRA ROBOT: I will do that! Goodbye!

[Sandra Bot drills into the ground]

AJ: Right back down into the sand.

PLECK: Is it Sand Robot or is it Sandra Bot?

SANDRA ROBOT: [pops back out of the ground]

NERMUT: Oh, she's back.

PLECK: Oh, hello, I'm sorry.

SANDRA ROBOT: It is Sandra Robot.

PLECK: Sandra Robot.

NERMUT: Sandra Robot.

PLECK: Okay.

SANDRA ROBOT: Emphasis on the... Butt!

C-53: It wasn't either of the options you said, Pleck--

DAR: Did you see the way she winked at Peter when she said that?

C-53: Yeah.

NERMUT: And then just like turned and then looked over her shoulder?

SANDRA ROBOT: Goodbye!

[Sandra Robot disappears back into the sand]

PLECK: It's weird because her butt is just sort of a corkscrew shape that allows her to grow back into the—

3PETE: [upset, pushing Pleck] Why are you—

PLECK: What?

3PETE: Why are you talking about her butt?

DAR: No, sorry.

PLECK: It's not, yeah, I don't know. None of us are, we're not--

3PETE: [angry] Don't talk about her butt, you just met her.

PLECK: Yeah, you're right.

DAR: You know, truly, not a lot has been going on in the love lives of the crew.

PLECK: I mean, any of us, really.

NERMUT: [quiet] We definitely have some book club members who are single.

[Bargie hovers above the group]

DRAMA-CRAZY BOOKCLUB MEMBER: Yes, you do, okay!

AJ: Oh yeah, they're still up there.

BARGIE: We're still watching, hi-yo!

PLECK: Hey guys, hey.

NERMUT: Yeah, the ships above us are still--

PLECK: This is Bargie's book club.

3PETE: That sounds cool.

BARGIE: [chanting] Make out, make out!

AJ: What?

DAR: Who?

3PETE: Not sure who that was directed at. Look, we gotta get some of these tasks done, we don't have much time.

[3Pete begins strolling away, the crew follows]

PLECK: What are these tasks, 3Pete?

3PETE: First one, it's gonna be tough. We gotta kill a worm.

C-53: [worried] Whoa. A sandworm?

3PETE: On the planet Sand, you don't have to say sandworm.

C-53: Well, I know, but I'm saying for my crew, who are maybe used to non-sand worms.

3PETE: It just saves time, 'cause you know, you don't have to add sand before every word, 'cause technically, sandworm.

C-53: It's all sand worm, yeah.

3PETE: Sand house.

PLECK: 3Pete, listen, we sort of are on our way to fulfill a pretty big task of our own, and we--

[a tiny sandworm pops out of the ground screaming]

PLECK: [laughing] That was quick, it comes to us?

3PETE: Me and the worm have kind of been dancing around each other for a few days.

NERMUT: Wow.

AJ: [charging blaster] All right, let's take this worm out. How do we do that, 3Pete?

C-53: Well, see, obviously the problem with killing a sandworm is the size.

3PETE: Yeah, it's way too small to find.

C-53: Mm-hmm, yeah.

[The tiny sandworm pops up and about all over the sand]

SANDWORM: [mocking] I'm over here, I'm over here, I'm over here!

C-53: Yeah, see, it's like, where is this guy, you know?

AJ: [scared] Where is it?

PLECK: And also, the worm is really taunting you. It could just stay quiet and it would be much harder to find, but it keeps popping up and telling you where it is.

SANDWORM: Find me, find me!

[Dar punches the ground where the sandworm was and it pops out a few feet away]

SANDWORM: You missed, you missed!

C-53: Boy, this worm is really...

NERMUT: It's flexing its little muscles when it pops out, too.

[AJ fires at the worm as it swiftly dodges every shot.]

3PETE: Good idea, AJ.

AJ: Shooting wildly, thank you.

PLECK: Watch it, AJ.

[AJ fires some more]

AJ: Come on, now!

NERMUT: Definitely not up.

AJ: Just gotta keep all my bases covered. [fires into a bird]

PLECK: 3Pete, how are you gonna kill a worm? The worm's like three inches long.

3PETE: I don't know, some kind of trap or [pause] maybe we could tell it it won a contest, see if that gets it to come out.

C-53: Does that work?

3PETE: It's worked before for me.

SANDWORM: [slowly exiting sand] Wait, did you say a contest?

3PETE: Yeah, you won a contest.

SANDWORM: [excited] I did? I never win anything!

3PETE: Yeah, you just gotta come stand over here, just under my foot.

[3Pete squashes the sandworm]

PLECK: Oh, wow.

NERMUT: Wow.

3PETE: [unzipping bag and filling out paperwork] That was actually a lot easier than I thought it would be.

PLECK: You've been working on this for a couple days?

3PETE: Yeah, I was working on that one for two days.

DAR: [angry] Who's been with Horsehat for two days?

3PETE: Sandra Robot.

NERMUT: Sandra Robot was here!

3PETE: Sandra Robot is extremely fast. [files paperwork]

PLECK: Well, you gotta remember, Horsehat is, except for their speech, more or less fully grown, fully capable.

3PETE: Yeah, that's kind of my parenting style. But, Dar and Nermut, I don't mean to tell you how to parent, but in my weeks with Horsehat as my kid, I found that kind of, you know, not doing the helicopter-parenting thing has been really fertile in our relationship.

NERMUT: [offended] Wow. I mean, we did drop them on another planet, so.

DAR: Yeah, I mean.

3PETE: Okay, that's a good start.

DAR: Pretty hands-off, you know?

PLECK: [laughing] Yeah, we almost never see Horsehat.

NERMUT: Yeah.

3PETE: Okay, cool, same.

PLECK: We see them once like every six or seven missions.

3PETE: And just by the way, we made some dietary changes, so when you're doing feedings going forward, I'll leave you a note, but we made a few dietary changes.

NERMUT: Who's we? You and Sandra Robot?

3PETE: Yeah, me and Sandra Robot.

AJ: [whispering] Hey, Papa?

PLECK: Yeah.

AJ: You know, I know I've talked to him a couple times, but this bounty hunter thing, I always think it's gonna be a lot cooler than it is, you know, like, I mean, is this what he's been doing, just like odd jobs?

PLECK: Yeah, and he's not even in the guild, so it's not like he's bogged down by paperwork. He can do whatever he wants, and he's still.

NERMUT: But also, I wanted to ask, is worm squashing a handyman task on this planet?

PLECK: [laughing] I guess so, we're also, I would, it looks like sort of miles from the nearest settlement. I'm not sure how killing the worm way out here helps anyone.

C-53: Yeah, do you not remember how annoying the worm was?

PLECK: Yeah, but it was way out here. You gonna go five miles out of the woods to kill like one squirrel? That doesn't make any sense.

C-53: Yeah, you would if that squirrel was annoying enough.

PLECK: I just wouldn't come out to that part of the woods.

C-53: Now you're living your life on the squirrel's terms!

PLECK: [laughing]

[transition]

[3Pete opens his van for the crew]

3PETE: So, are you guys ready to go to town?

AJ: Yeah.

NERMUT: This van only has two seats up front. Should the rest of us just kind of like rattle around in the back, or?

3PETE: Yeah, you guys can make it work.

NERMUT: [nestles into seat] Gonna sit in this little bin of washers.

3PETE: Oh yeah, don't mind that stuff. Don't mind that stuff right there. That's part of the tasks.

[Garfon clucks]

NERMUT: Why is there a Garfon?

3PETE: I kind of do food deliveries as part of the, some of the, a lot of the tasks are food deliveries.

C-53: What percentage of the tasks are food delivery?

3PETE: I guess all of them except for the worm one.

C-53: Wow, really?

PLECK: Oh boy, wow.

C-53: So you're kind of just moonlighting as a food delivery person.

[3Pete closes the door and turns on the van, which begins flapping into the sky like an insectithopter]

3PETE: Yeah, kind of like a handyman.

PLECK: Yeah, okay.

C-53: Yeah, that's not a handyman though.

3PETE: Well, when you don't have food it's pretty handy. I mean, when I swing by with it.

C-53: Yeah, okay, you got me there.

PLECK: That's a good point. So, 3Pete, when you left the guild, that must have been really hard. What was the fallout from that?

3PETE: Yeah, it's really hard. You have to take an exit exam, do an exit interview, which of course had to do with the new senior guild member, my son.

PLECK: Right.

C-53: Oh no, that's uncomfortable.

NERMUT: What happens if you fail the exit exam?

3PETE: If you fail the exit exam, you become sort of president of the guild for another term.

PLECK: What?

C-53: Oh wow.

NERMUT: You can't leave.

PLECK: So then you have to, you're more in the guild if you fail.

3PETE: Yeah, yeah.

PLECK: Was this an in-person exit interview?

3PETE: Yeah.

PLECK: And you probably had to turn in your weapons too, so the second the interview was over, you were unarmed.

3PETE: That's right.

PLECK: So you had the bounty. You refused to turn in the bounty, but then you brought the bounty to the other remaining guild member for your exit interview.

3PETE: Yep, but there's protocols in the guild, so he's not able to take the bounty off you during the exit interview. As soon as the exit interview's done, different story.

PLECK: Wow, so that must have made a very tense end of the interview then.

3PETE: Extremely tense. As soon as the interview's over, smoke bomb. [imitates smoke]

AJ: Cool.

PLECK: So if you had to turn in your weapons, you basically had to time the throwing of that smoke bomb so that it left your hand this, literally the exact moment that the interview was over, so that then when it hit the ground, it was no longer in your possession.

3PETE: [switching lanes] I did, I considered it when I threw it to be the end of my term with the guild.

PLECK: [laughs] Sure. 3Pete, I gotta say, I really respect your decision to leave the guild for ethical reasons, but what are you doing here doing tasks? You could be doing anything.

3PETE: Well, you know, I'm sorry that the life I've made with Sandra Robot is not good enough for you. [offended] I guess I should do something more? I don't know. What are you trying to say?

PLECK: So your decision to start doing tasks was purely motivated by your relationship with Sandra Robot?

3PETE: Well, at first it was because Horsehat was such a Rodddamn stinker. And--

PLECK: Yeah, I mean, that's true. That's true.

3PETE: I couldn't get enough of the kid.

NERMUT: Oh, it was a good thing.

3PETE: And then when we landed on this planet, I was supposed to make the delivery, and Sandra Robot popped up, and you know, I never looked back.

DAR: [slowly] But you kept Horsehat.

3PETE: Well, yeah, 'cause we thought it would be a nice trial run for if we ever wanna have a kid.

PLECK: Wow.

AJ: [confused] How would that? She's a robot, right?

PLECK: [laughing] AJ, I don't think we need to get into that really necessarily.

3PETE: What's? I don't understand your question.

AJ: Just wanna put it on the record that I think if I had shot wildly enough, I would've hit that worm. Just wanna say that.

NERMUT: It was that you weren't shooting wildly enough?

PLECK: It wasn't wild enough?

AJ: Probably would've hit it. Just wanted to say that, but you know, no big deal.

[transition, dramatic music. 3Pete's van lands]

PLECK: [leaving van] Oh wow, yeah, yeah, this is a real town.

C-53: Well, it's sort of one street with buildings on either side of it.

PLECK: It's kind of carved into this canyon here.

C-53: Yeah.

3PETE: [locks van] So let's go find Horsehat.

PLECK: [curious] Go *find* Horsehat?

NERMUT: Find?!

3PETE: Or umm... Or go to, what did I say?

CREW: You said find!

DAR: [worried] You absolutely said find as if you needed to locate -

C-53: As if you didn't know where Horsehat was!

3PETE: Okay, look, can I be honest? The last task on my list is find Horsehat.

C-53: Who gave you that task?

PLECK: [sighs]

3PETE: Sandra Robot. We took them to the park and we were kind of doing the 'Let-Horsehat-be-Horsehat' parenting thing. We turned around and they were gone.

NERMUT: Okay.

DAR: Hm. Wow.

3PETE: I was too ashamed to admit it.

PLECK: [slowly and angrily] I just wanna recap. You were the galaxy's most feared bounty hunter. You met a cute child and decided to renounce your guild and then you immediately lost the child.

3PETE: Yeah, it's been a tough month.

PLECK: And to further recap, the child who was so important to you that you left your entire career and family behind, ranked below 'Killing a Worm' on your list of tasks.

3PETE: Well, the task list is in chronological order of when they were assigned.

AJ: In chronological order, Papa.

C-53: Okay.

AJ: You gotta do it in chronological.

DAR: [upset] AJ, where's the fob?

AJ: [takes out two fobs beeping rapidly] Both fobs say Horsehat is that way, but I have to admit... [reluctantly] 3Pete's fob is blue.

PLECK: Yeah, I think that's the only difference, AJ. I think they're pretty much the same.

NERMUT: Wait, the point is 3Pete, you had a fob tracking Horsehat?

PLECK: [realizing] Yeah.

NERMUT: Wait, wait.

3PETE: Okay, look, my PR person can handle this.

[Stowaway's car screeches to a halt next to 3Pete]

STOWAWAY: Okay, so here's the thing.

PLECK: It's the same guy?!

STOWAWAY: 3Pete didn't-

[C-53 smacks the stowaway]

C-53: Get out of here!

3PETE: So just to recap, I had a fob, but I still wasn't able to find Horsehat.

PLECK: [sighs]

NERMUT: [quietly] How the mighty have fallen. The Peter Three turned Peter One that we used to know would have never sunk to this level of inefficiency.

PLECK: Yeah, 3Pete, what happened to your obsession with order, your love of paperwork, your devotion to everything in triplicate?

3PETE: I've got a new love.

PLECK: Sandra Robot?

3PETE: Sandra Robot.

PLECK: [sighs]

3PETE: What can I say? She's all I think about all day, every day.

DAR: [annoyed] This is all well and good, love hearing about your undying love for Sandra Robot, but can we *please* go get Horsehat?

NERMUT: Seconded.

PLECK: Yes, yeah, thank you, Captain Dar.

3PETE: AJ, fob the way.

AJ: You got it, boss.

PLECK: [annoyed] He's your boss now?

AJ: Yeah.

[The crew starts following the fob until it begins beeping faster]

PLECK: Huh, I don't wanna step on your toes, it looks like this fob is pointing at that abandoned warehouse that is carved into the canyon.

DAR: [angry] Nermut, let's go.

NERMUT: Here we go. Carry me. [panting as he climbs up Dar]

[Dar and Nermut run off together]

PLECK: He still makes a running noise even when Dar's carrying him.

NERMUT: [strained] I run back and forth over their shoulders, the back of the shoulders.

[transition, Dar and Nermut enter the warehouse]

DAR: [calling out] Horsehat?

NERMUT: [calling out] Horsehat!

DAR: Horsehat?

TALL CLIENT: I'm afraid you're too late to be part of this transaction.

DAR: Is that - could you turn on a light? It's really dark in here.

TALL CLIENT: I'm not standing by one. You just came in, so maybe there's one...

NERMUT: I don't see a switch here.

TALL CLIENT: You check to your right, or to your left?

DAR: [angry] This isn't my abandoned warehouse that I've taken -

TALL CLIENT: It's not my abandoned warehouse either, so you know, don't start throwing...

[The rest of the crew enter the warehouse]

PLECK: Whoa.

AJ: It's really dark in here.

C-53: : Yeah, wow.

PLECK: [calling out] Dar?

DAR: Yeah, could we all find a light? We're trying to confront the sentient who has Horsehat.

SHORT CLIENT: It appears they have come for the baby.

PLECK: [confused] Who is that person?

NERMUT: Wait.

DAR: Are you near a light switch?

SHORT CLIENT: Oh, so you have come to complete the transaction.

PLECK: [baffled] The transaction? What are you talking about?

TALL CLIENT: No, I have informed them I'm afraid they are too late to participate in this transaction.

NERMUT: Yeah, this other character is repeatedly "Afraid that we're too late"!

TALL CLIENT: I'm not afraid!

CLIENT OF AVERAGE HEIGHT: I believe what he is trying to say is that he is afraid you are too late to participate in the transaction.

DAR: [shouting] That was clear! What isn't clear is what was the transaction? Where is my child and why is it so dark in here?

CLIENT OF AVERAGE HEIGHT: Well, bear in mind that this is an abandoned warehouse, so the electric company isn't going to like, provide electricity for free.

C-53: Ah, okay.

[3Pete enters]

3PETE: Hey.

NERMUT: Finally! Geez louise!

PLECK: 3Pete, where have you been? Are you going to help? These monsters have taken your adoptive child!

3PETE: Yeah, I wish I could help. I just feel like we might be too late to participate in the transaction.

TALL CLIENT: Yes.

CLIENT WHO'S NOT REALLY WITH THE OTHERS: Transacting is a complicated profession. Don't you agree?

DAR: [shouting] That's a fourth one! That's a fourth one!

SHORT CLIENT: Also, all of our voices are exactly the same, so you will never know who is who!

TALL CLIENT: Yes, there is just a hair of deviation between each of our voices, so good luck. You'll never be able to determine who—

NERMUT: Here's a switch!

TALL CLIENT: Oh no!

[industrial lights hum to life above the group]

DAR: Thank you, Nermut!

CLIENT OF AVERAGE HEIGHT: Well, this is embarrassing.

DAR: 3Pete, do you know these people?

3PETE: Yeah, these are some of the citizens of Sandtown.

TALL CLIENT: I'm actually still waiting on the delivery of some Cinnastix.

3PETE: Okay, hold on. Let me just run out to the van. I got that. One sec.[runs out]

TALL CLIENT: Thank you.

NERMUT: [angrily skittering up] Where is Horsehat? Don't say you're afraid about missing a transaction. That doesn't mean anything - still!

CLIENT OF AVERAGE HEIGHT: I'm afraid you don't understand. The transaction is complete.

TALL CLIENT: We both tendered the payment that we agreed upon and then received the goods that we agreed.

3PETE: [entering with Cinnastix] Hold on. So you did get your Cinnastix? So whose are these?

TALL CLIENT: Wait, no, I did not get my Cinnastix.

3PETE: But you just said you did get the transac - that you did get the goods.

TALL CLIENT: No, no, this is a separate transaction.

3PETE: [opening bag] So these are your Cinnastix?

TALL CLIENT: Yes, thank you, yes, these are mine. [walking through crew] Sorry, sorry everyone. I'm gonna cut through here and take these.

3PETE: Check that one off the list.

TALL CLIENT: [grabs Cinnastix] Oh, but they're quite cold.

AJ: [disappointed] I was kinda hoping we were gonna get some free Cinnastix.

DAR: All right, I'm sick of this. I just want you to take us to Horsehat right now.

[The Tall Client turns on a video feed of Horsehat]

TALL CLIENT: As you can see, Horsehat is quite safe. They are here in this laboratory recovering from a minor procedure.

DAR: [growls]

AJ: All right, everybody, lock and load! [pats pants] Wait, hold on, where's my blaster?

TALL CLIENT: I'm afraid we lifted it off you in the dark.

AJ: Oh man, lifted?

NERMUT: Everyone's had enough, right? Do we... let's charge 'em!

AJ: I love this plan, charge 'em, let's do it.

[The crew attempts to charge them but finds themselves sinking in quicksand]

CLIENT OF AVERAGE HEIGHT: I'm afraid you'll find that technique highly ineffective. You see, this is a sand planet, covered in sand, made of sand!

DAR: We knew that already!

TALL CLIENT: Yes, but you are unaware of the many varieties.

NERMUT: [struggling] I can't move my--

AJ: I'm sinking, guys!

C-53: Yeah, I'm still sinking.

DAR: Don't worry, I eat sand, so I'll just keep eating. [takes a bite]

PLECK: No, no, no, no, no.

C-53: Dar...

DAR: [trying to eat all of the sand]

PLECK: No, you're still sinking.

NERMUT: Yeah, it's endless.

PLECK: Even if you--

DAR: I'll just keep eating the sand around me, and it'll be fine, and I'll eat the sand around you. [groans]

PLECK: [laughing] Dar, Tellurians drink water, but we can still drown in water.

CLIENT OF AVERAGE HEIGHT: I would advise you not to struggle, as the more you do, the deeper you sink into the sand.

NERMUT: Okay, everyone stop, don't move. I stopped moving, and I'm not sinking.

AJ: [sinking faster] Okay, guys, I fought, and I got up to my waist, so--

PLECK: AJ, stop moving.

AJ: [angry] I'm fighting the sand!

PLECK: No.

SHORT CLIENT: It looks as if you're at a crossroads.

AJ and C-53: A what?

CLIENT OF AVERAGE HEIGHT: Yeah, you must decide between moving and staying alive.

AJ: Oh, we're incapacitated, guys! It's official.

NERMUT: [sarcastic] Stakes established, thanks, AJ.

AJ: Welcome, man.

[Pleck hits his communicator]

PLECK: Bargie, Bargie!

BARGIE: Hello?

PLECK: [panicked] It's Pleck, we're stuck in this quicksand, and we're surrounded by enemies. Horsehat's unconscious, you gotta get down here.

BARGIE: [dramatic] Well, book club's become a disaster. The drama is up the tree, if you know what I mean.

PLECK: I don't.

BARGIE: And worst of all, I'm really into the book now. I just read it.

NERMUT: What?

PLECK: No!

BARGIE: I don't know, just to prove to them that I could?

PLECK: Bargie, please get down here.

BARGIE: I just got to the ending of the book. Wow, I gotta think about this!

[Bargie hangs up]

PLECK: Hello?

C-53: Wow.

PLECK: [shouting] No! All right, everybody, just calm down. Surely there's a way for us to work this out, and we'll take Horsehat and be on our way.

CLIENT OF AVERAGE HEIGHT: Impossible.

TALL CLIENT: You see, Dar, your child, Horsehat, is extremely valuable to our client, for they gestated in the same bloodstream as the Beanochron.

C-53: Oh, wow.

DAR: The what now?

TALL CLIENT: You know it as Beano.

NERMUT: [whispering] Beano.

PLECK: [surprised] It's Beano.

DAR: Oh, sure.

TALL CLIENT: An ancient relic with unlimited power.

DAR: [slowly] And so?

CLIENT WHO'S NOT REALLY WITH THE OTHERS: Gestation is a complicated profession, don't you agree?

CLIENT OF AVERAGE HEIGHT: [disdainful] He's not really with us. [laughing] He's here, but I wouldn't say he's like, one of us.

TALL CLIENT: He wasn't part of the transaction.

CLIENT OF AVERAGE HEIGHT: He sort of showed up.

C-53: Okay, all right.

CLIENT OF AVERAGE HEIGHT: The point is, Dar, by virtue of sharing a bloodstream, Horsehat has been imbued down to their very DNA with powerful properties.

TALL CLIENT: Rich in Space magic!

CLIENT OF AVERAGE HEIGHT: And our client will reward us mightily for delivering the child.

C-53: All right, fine. Well, who is this mysterious client of yours?

[Sandra Robot pops out of the ground]

SANDRA ROBOT: Oh, oh.

DAR: Oh, out of nowhere again.

NERMUT: Oh, wow. Sandra Robot.

SANDRA ROBOT: Hello.

3PETE: Oh, hey.

SANDRA ROBOT: I did not expect to see you here. How did you find this place?

3PETE: The fobs.

PLECK: [slowly] Sandra Robot, what are you doing here?

3PETE: Is this the apartment we were supposed to look at? This place is terrible. I would never want to live here.

AJ: Yeah! It doesn't have much light.

C-53: Yeah, no. Peter, I absolutely wouldn't live here.

DAR: Yeah, it's terrible.

AJ: It's also a weird flow.

SANDRA ROBOT: I am sorry, but this is not the apartment. This was all a ruse! The rumors are true. I, Sandra Robot, am in fact the mastermind of the plan to get the Horsehat that was ordered by Kor Bailivore.

AJ: Twist!

C-53: Wow.

PLECK: Kor Balel- it's actually Balevore.

SANDRA ROBOT: Bailivore.

PLECK: Balevore.

SANDRA ROBOT: There's an E there.

PLECK: No, yeah, but it's not -

SANDRA ROBOT: [surprised] You don't pronounce the E? Bailivore.

PLECK: No, you don't pronounce it.

TALL CLIENT: Yes, she is our client and then he is her client.

C-53: Ah, okay.

3PETE: [slowly] Hold on. So we're not moving in together?

AJ: [sadly] Oh.

PLECK: You betra--

JEHKO: [over AJ's comms] Okay!

AJ: Sorry about that, book club's coming through my helmet comms. Sorry.

PLECK: Yeah, you gotta turn that off, AJ.

AJ: Yeah. [shuts it off]

SANDRA ROBOT: [slowly] Listen, I did not intend to fall in to love with you. That was not part of the plan. I was just here to get the Horsehat because of the power of the Beanochron.

AJ: Yeah, yeah, yeah.

SANDRA ROBOT: But I fell into the love so hard, so fast.

3PETE: Oh, so that was real.

SANDRA ROBOT: It was!

[Stowaway pops his head in]

STOWAWAY: Sandra, Sandra, you don't have to say all this if you don't want everyone here... really, my client here—

AJ: [angry] Get out of here, man.

SANDRA ROBOT: All of the tasks, I will admit were a distraction. Peter, the worm is not that annoying to us. It is only three inches long, nobody noticed it.

3PETE: Oh.

SANDRA ROBOT: But I did not intend to distract... with my feelings to fall in love.

PLECK: Yeah, we get that part, Sandra Robot. We understand that you've made that clear. Yeah, you fell in love.

3PETE: Well, it's pretty important to me. I like hearing it, so maybe--

PLECK: Okay, sure. But I mean, she did betray you. I mean, that still happened.

3PETE: Well, yeah, but she does love me, so, you know, silver lining.

AJ: [quiet] Is it?

[person gingerly enters through door]

SENTIENT WHO ORDERED WINGS: Hey, everyone, sorry, I don't know what's going on in here, but I've been waiting for a food delivery?

C-53: Hey, buddy, I don't know, take a second to read the room here - we're all being held hostage, okay?

PLECK: Can this wait?

SENTIENT WHO ORDERED WINGS: No, my wings are hostage somewhere.

C-53: But you came down here to get the wings? Why don't you just go to the place the wings are from and pick them up there?

CLIENT OF AVERAGE HEIGHT: I think you'll find that the exits are sealed.

SENTIENT WHO ORDERED WINGS: Oh, man, how'd I get in?

TALL CLIENT: The exits are sealed. The entrances remain as functional as they ever were.

[Transcriber's note: The Client of Average Height speaks over the Tall Client, saying essentially the same thing.]

SENTIENT WHO ORDERED WINGS: [upset] Juck me. Oh.

CLIENT OF AVERAGE HEIGHT: We're not going to shut you out.

SENTIENT WHO ORDERED WINGS: [sad] I can't ever leave, and I don't get my wings.

3PETE: Yeah, and can you just still give me five stars, 'cause that's not my fault.

SENTIENT WHO ORDERED WINGS: Sure. [app chimes]

CLIENT OF AVERAGE HEIGHT: Unfortunately, those five stars shall never reach their destination.

AJ: Hey, interfering with user feedback on an app? That's the last straw, man. You might have disarmed me, but you didn't disbutt me.

PLECK: No, AJ.

AJ: I know I'm gonna sink more, but I'm going down shooting wildly.

PLECK: No, stop moving!

[AJ ejects his butt gun and begins shooting the four]

TALL CLIENT: [pained] You have shot me in the shoulder, which is very painful.

CLIENT OF AVERAGE HEIGHT: [grabbing hand] You have shot me in the little pinky finger.

SHORT CLIENT: You shot me in the appendixes.

NERMUT: Both? That's appendices.

CLIENT OF AVERAGE HEIGHT: The appendices. [laughing]

AJ: [fumbles] I dropped my butt gun, it was too wet!

PLECK: [disappointed] AJ.

AJ: How could this have happened?

C-53: I wonder.

SANDRA ROBOT: How dare you attack us? I will now summon the ultimate destruction. I will whistle for the big worm. [blows on a flute]

PLECK: Oh no.

NERMUT: What?

AJ: Big worm?

TALL CLIENT: Yes, I'm afraid you've only experienced the small worms.

AJ: Yes, yeah, okay -

3PETE: And just to recap, this is a big sand worm. They're just not saying sand 'cause they're from here.

[in the distance, the earth begins rumbling]

C-53: Oh no. Can you feel those minute vibrations coursing through the sand?

PLECK: Sort of.

C-53: That's what they call wormlert on this planet.

PLECK: Worm, wormlert?

C-53: Yeah. Yeah, it's a portmanteau of worm and alert. It means--

NERMUT: I thought it sounded familiar.

C-53: I think we've got less than five minutes before a giant sandworm shows up.

AJ: Oh great.

C-53: Wormlert.

[Sandra Robot walks up to the trapped crew]

SANDRA ROBOT: Peter, I know you're angry with me, but my feelings run deep, but I am a conflicted.

PLECK: [laughing]

3PETE: To be honest, I'm not really sure how to respond.

SANDRA ROBOT: Remember our passionate nights on the sand planning our future?

3PETE: Yeah.

SANDRA ROBOT: Thirty percent of that was real!

3PETE: *Thirty* percent?

AJ: Aw!

3PETE: You know, I left my whole life, I left my code, I left my name behind for you. I do love you. Is there any chance we could still see that apartment or what time is that scheduled for?

PLECK: [upset] 3Pete, what are you doing?

3PETE: Well, it's just really hard to see places, like the housing market is swamped here, so.

SANDRA ROBOT: They're just gonna keep swamping, prices gone up and down!

NERMUT: Going down seems good.

PLECK: They're all caves, they're all just caves carved into the side of a canyon!

3PETE: I know, but if we make the first cash offer, like, then we're in a good position.

SANDRA ROBOT: The only way I will see apartments with you is if you-- [drills into ground] Marry me?

3PETE: Oh my Rodd.

PLECK: [laughing] Sandra Robot... she just screwed down into the sand just a little bit.

DAR: That's a real ultimatum, yeah.

3PETE: [takes off helmet] Wow, yes, of course, of course I'll marry you.

SANDRA ROBOT: Yay, yay!

CLIENT OF AVERAGE HEIGHT: A touching moment to be sure.

SANDRA ROBOT: My dearest 3Pete, I will burrow under this sand so I can lift you up and we can live together!

PLECK: No!

SANDRA ROBOT: My love.

PLECK: [angry] What, you guys are leaving?

SANDRA ROBOT: You snooze, you lose. [Sandra Robot drills into the ground]

NERMUT: We're not, none of us are snoozing.

C-53: And yet all of us are losing.

3PETE: [pops out of the ground] Well, anyway, good luck guys, I'm sorry I couldn't help out, but we gotta go.

PLECK: 3PETE! No, where are you going?

3PETE: [pops on helmet] I just said we have to go see the apartment 'cause another couple was coming in right after us and they're like super rich, so.

SANDRA ROBOT: Yeah, they're from out of town and they have overseas cash.

3PETE: Yeah.

PLECK: Overseas?

TALL CLIENT: Yes, I'm afraid your bounty hunter friend is at the mercy of a truly abusive real estate market.

AJ: [tosses fob to 3Pete] Hey man, here's a fob.

3PETE: Thanks.

AJ: So you can always find us.

PLECK: [angry] Don't do that!

AJ: Oh wait, no I need that back, sorry man.

3PETE: Oh, okay, here.

AJ: Sorry, sorry.

3PETE: Can I get my, let me get my blue one, no.

AJ: This is yours, yeah, sorry.

3PETE: Yep, cool.

[the rumblings in the distance grow closer as ominous music plays]

C-53: Oh no, I don't know if it's my K'Hekk carapace, but I'm extremely sensitive to these vibrations. I'd estimate the worm is two minutes away!

PLECK: [terrified] Oh no, wormlert.

NERMUT: Oh, Dave Wormlert, I went to high school with Dave Wormlert! [sinking further]

PLECK: Nermut, stop. Also you're wiggling when you're saying that, you're sinking.

NERMUT: [panicking] Oh, oh jeez, oh, oh great.

PLECK: 3Pete, don't leave us like this, we're about to be killed.

3PETE: [walking away] I'm sorry, tell Horsehat to keep their head up.

AJ: You guys gotta go now, if you're gonna make that apartment.

PLECK: [angry] AJ!

3PETE: Yeah, it's across town. It's like an hour. Oh, and by the way, can you guys make the rest of my deliveries? There's like two orders.

PLECK: [upset] No, no.

3PETE: There's like two Cinnastix in there in the van, 'cause we're gonna walk. Yeah, there's two orders, so, all right.

AJ: Okay.

SANDRA ROBOT: Goodbye! Goodbye! Goodbye!

NERMUT: Goodbye, Sandra Robot.

PLECK: Yeah, I'm not gonna, I don't feel all that, all right.

CLIENT OF AVERAGE HEIGHT: I'm afraid the worm's arrival is imminent. It shall devour all of you and return to the sand from which it came. This is your final wormlert.

C-53: 30 seconds, Pleck.

PLECK: [terrified] Oh no.

SHORT CLIENT: If I were you, my loins would be moist.

NERMUT: What?

TALL CLIENT: You heard her.

NERMUT: Gross.

CLIENT OF AVERAGE HEIGHT: We shall enjoy watching you perish.

DAR: [nervous] Uh, I mean, if we're gonna go out, I feel like there's a lot unsaid that needs to be said.

C-53: Really? 'Cause I sort of feel like we've done this, maybe a couple of times.

PLECK: We've sort of been in this position a few times.

NERMUT: Yeah, we—

DAR: Okay, well, I have something I need to confess to all of you.

PLECK: Oh, okay.

NERMUT: Okay.

C-53: Okay.

[the worm breaks down the walls! The crew screams in terror!]

AJ: Oh, that thing's huge!

NERMUT: Oh, it's enormous!

DAR: [whipping worm] HAAAAACHI MACHI!

WORM: [growling]

PLECK: Whoa.

NERMUT: What?

C-53: Dar!?

PLECK: [awed] Oh my Rodd, Dar's riding that worm!

NERMUT: Whoa, whoa.

AJ: Badass.

CLIENT OF AVERAGE HEIGHT: This was not part of the pla-[devoured by worm]

SHORT CLIENT: I was doing this for college credit! [devoured by worm]

TALL CLIENT: [holding on for dear life] My only consolation is to know that now you must devour these ice cold Cinnastix! [falls into maw]

CLIENT WHO'S NOT REALLY WITH THE OTHERS: I was never really part of this!
[devoured by worm]

[The worm sucks the remaining quicksand into its maw and the crew walks free!]

C-53: The worm sucked down all the quicksand. We're free, we're free!

DAR: [dismounting] Did you miss me?

PLECK: [excited] Dar, this is ama-

C-53: [slowly] I mean, I guess not, 'cause you're, wait. Yeah, ironically, no.

PLECK: What's happening?!

NERMUT: Dar?

C-53: I mean, but how?

PLECK: [baffled] You are there, but you're also here. How are there two Dars?

DAR: Oh boy, have I got a *yarn* to spin for all of you. So: I was in Snookumsville on my way back to Bargie and you'll never--

EVIL DAR: [charges blaster] All right, nobody move.

AJ: [happy] Oh, Dar, you found my blaster.

EVIL DAR: [jams the blaster into C-53's carapace] You.

C-53: Whoa, hey, Dar.

PLECK: [nervous] Hey, let go of C-53!

EVIL DAR: All right.

C-53: Relax, okay?

EVIL DAR: Listen, nobody--

DAR: How Dar you?

EVIL DAR: [deliberately] Nobody needs to get hurt. I just need to explain myself before anybody gets any crazy ideas.

C-53: [upset] Dar, we're talking crazy ideas. A pretty crazy idea is taking your friend and holding a blaster to their head, okay?

EVIL DAR: Here's the thing, C-53. I'm not your friend. I'm not your Dar.

C-53: Oh, that hurts my feelings, Dar. Oh, okay, I see. [realizing] Of course, this explains everything. The way you've been space sick every time we've gone to hyperspace, you grew that goatee, even though we all agreed that one time that it doesn't suit your face! You not knowing about the most basic crew stuff for the last few weeks...

EVIL DAR: Aren't you clever? I bet you thought I--

C-53: Yeah, well, that's kind of my thing around here--

[A loud explosion as the blaster suddenly fires]

PLECK: [frantic] Oh, no, C!

EVIL DAR: Oh, no, oh, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no!

AJ: They vaporized... big time.

NERMUT: Whoa.

PLECK: Whoa, that--

EVIL DAR: [drops gun in horror] That was an accident, you have to believe me! When I said I wasn't your friend and I wasn't your Dar, I mean, one of those things is true.

[tearing up] I'm not actually your Dar, but I kind of started to think of all of you as friends. I just needed to take C hostage because I needed you to listen to me because I just, I tripped and the finger on the gun and I mean, it was an accident. I mean, you have to believe me, I *accidentally* shot one of the crew mates!

AJ: Wait a minute, wait one minute. [pause] Dar, what was your secret?

[outro music]

C-RED-IT5: This is C-Red IT-5, credits and attributions droid commencing outro protocol. Pleck Decksetter, Little Putt Putt, and the Client of Average Height were played by Alden Ford. C-53, the drama crazy book club member and the Tall Client were played by Jeremy Bent. Dar, Dar and Jehko were played by Allie Kokesh. Bargie the ship, Sandra Robot, the tiny sandworm and the Short Client were played by Moujan Zolfaghari. Nermut Bundaloy, the PR stowaway and the Sentient Who Ordered Wings were played by Seth Lind. AJ, Old Dag and the Client Who's Not Really with the Others were played by Winston Noel. Insectithopter pilot Riley Dunker and the guy eaten by the sandworm were played by Shane O'Connell. 3Pete was played by special guest, Zach Cherry. Zach stars in Severance premiering February 18th on Apple TV and has appeared in many TV shows and movies including Surge Party, Spider-Man Homecoming, Succession, Duncanville and more. Follow him on Twitter @ZachCherryGmail. And featuring: Frank Garcia Hejl as Dad. This episode was edited by Seth Lind, sound design and mix and original sand planet music by Shane O'Connell. Theme music composed by Brendan Ryan and performed by FAMES Macedonian Symphonic Orchestra. Orchestra mixing by Danny Keith Taylor. Opening crawl narration by Jeremy Crutchley. Ship design for the Bargarean Jade by Eric Geusz. Audio hosting by Simplecast. Mission to Zyxx is a proud member of the Maximum Fun Network.

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ATTENDEE: If I got arrested for dumping your ashes in the Jungle Cruise, it would be an honor.

CLIENT: I don't wanna be part of somebody getting a super yacht.

HOST: I don't know at what point you wanna go into this but we've had a worm bin before.

HODGMAN: Available free right now at MaximumFun.org. Judge John Hodgman, the court of last resort when your wife won't stop pretending to be a cat and knocking the clean laundry over.

READER: Hey kid, your dad tell you about the time he broke Steven Dorf's nose at the Kids' Choice Awards?

ANDREW: In Dead Pilots Society, scripts that were developed by studios and networks but were never produced are given the table reads they deserve.

READER: When I was a kid, I had to spend my Christmas break filming a PSA about angel dust. So yeah, being a kid sucks sometimes.

ANDREW: Presented by Andrew Reich and Ben Blacker. Dead Pilots Society, twice a month on MaximumFun.org.

READER: You know, the show you like, that hobo with the scarf who lives in a magic dumpster.

[audience laughing]

READER: Doctor Who.

READER: Yeah.

[audience laughing]

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ALLIE: Could you keep talking so I could just get closer to you?

MOUJAN: [robot voice] Did someone say Horsehat? [normal] That's a robot. [laughing, robot voice] Did they, she can't. Wait, Jeremy say something? -

JEREMY: [Herzog voice] Yes, I will continue to speak as Werner Herzog.

MOUJAN: [Robot-Herzog voice] Yes, I am also here to help you. [laughing] No, I can't do this. [laughing]

NERMUT: And one Werner Herzog it is.

ALLIE: It does sound like Sandra Robot has betrayed them all. [laughing]

MOUJAN: Okay, I'll do like a, okay, I'll just try. Okay. [Sinister German voice] Oh, it appears they have come for the baby.