

[intro music fades into ambient Bargie noises]

DAR: [in the middle of a story] Twenty seven hours.. He lost his arm, but he survived. That is the true meaning of X-Marse.

EVERYONE: X-Marse...

C-53: Survival.

AJ: [bored] We've actually heard that story from you, Dar. You're telling it as if you've never...

C-53: Come up more than once, I guess.

DAR: [nervous] Well, it's a classic, you know? As if you don't retell the same stories every X-Marse, you'll listen to the same music.

NERMUT: A lot of "You're never gonna believe this," which is a little weird in a...

AJ: And you also prefaced it with, "I know you've never heard this before, but..."

C-53: Yeah, that is maybe the most galling part of all of this.

BARGIE: And you kept touching that goatee that you won't get rid of, honestly.

DAR: [hurt] Okay, I have survived this criticism, and thank you for this gift, on X-Marse.

AJ: [excited] X-Marse Eve! X-Marse Eve! [crushes can]

BARGIE: Well, everyone, I think I'm gonna turn in.

C-53: Did everyone put out their boots?

AJ: Yep.

NERMUT: Oh, yeah. Gotta steady this up on the fridge. Okay.

[Nermut places his boot on the fridge]

C-53: I'll be, of course, shedding my exoskeleton on one of my legs here.

AJ: Ugh....

C-53: It's as close as I can come to a boot. It's a little flaky, so be careful when you put things in there.

NERMUT: Oh, jeez.

AJ: Hey, Papa's not here. I'm gonna go tell him to bring his boot out.

NERMUT: Yeah, Pleck's been... where has Pleck been?

BARGIE: He's been feeling a little... he's always kind of like, meh, but I feel recently he's been more like, meh, you know?

C-53: Yeah, I've noticed that as well, Barge.

[AJ knocks on Pleck's door]

AJ: Happy X-Marse Eve!

PLECK: [somberly] Hey, AJ, happy X-Marse.

AJ: Just, everyone's putting their boots out, it seems. Putting that weird little bug leg out. So I just really want to remind you to put your boots out so um... Even though we're in hyperspace headed to Quantaris to kill the galactic leader, the space slug that gives presence can still find us, right?

PLECK: [depressed] Yeah, he usually is able to find everybody.

AJ: Yeah, okay.

PLECK: Yeah, don't worry about that.

AJ: Hey, you seem sad. What's up?

PLECK: [perking up] You know, it means a lot that you ask, AJ. I think that I'm just...

AJ: You shouldn't be sad! Like, this is great. Not only is it X-Marse, but you're about to fulfill your prophecy! You know, that's pretty fun.

PLECK: And in the process, irrevocably changing the reality of the whole universe.

AJ: Yeah, yeah, you said it, irevvvoerovly..

PLECK: AJ, do you ever wonder if, you know, the thing you're meant to do is something you can't do?

AJ: No. Should I?

PLECK: No, I really think that about the enormity of what we're about to go do, it just really hits me. It makes me think, why me?

AJ: So are you putting your boot out, or...

PLECK: Yeah, I'll be out.

AJ: [awkwardly] Okay. Well, happy X-Marse. Um, this was fun. Um, I guess I...

[door opens]

C-53: AJ, the aggneg's ready.

AJ: Oh, I gotta go, I gotta go! Um, oh, sorry, Papa, I gotta go get aggneg!

BARGIE: I know, I said I was gonna turn in, but AJ, we're gonna watch one of my movies again.

AJ: Oh, which one is it, Bargie Saves X-Marse?

BARGIE: All of them.

NERMUT: Deal with it, hyperdrive!

[Bargie begins playing a movie]

AJ: You should come watch, uh, Bargie Saves X-Marse with us. Or the Bargie Clause, where Bargie turns into the space slug.

PLECK: I'll be out in a second.

AJ: Okay, alright.

NERMUT: Best night of the year.

RECORDED BARGIE: Nothing like being surrounded by your friends and knowing exactly what your purpose is in life.

AJ: I love this part of the movie.

RECORDED BARGIE: And looking forward together. Everything you've done in the past has led you to a moment that makes sense.

AJ: Oh, wow, this is right before Bargie gets the contract that has the Bargie Clause in it that turns you into space slug.

C-53: AJ, let people watch the movie.

AJ: Oh, I'm sorry, I love it!

[transition]

PLECK: Why? Why me? [tearing up] Sometimes I wish it, there wasn't a prophecy. Sometimes I wish I'd never been born.

[the crew is jovially enjoying X-Marse Eve just outside of Pleck's room]

NERMUT: AJ, new batch of aggneg!

AJ: Oh yeah! Alright! Guzzle, guzzle it bro!

BARGIE: Give some to me. Gobble, gobble, gobble.

AJ: [laughing] It's guzzle! Guzzle it!

PLECK: I haven't mastered the space. I haven't mastered the stuff. I don't even know myself. Why would the space choose me?

[an ethereal voice emanates from all around Pleck]

KIARONDO: [ethereal] Remember, Pleck, the space will be with you, always.

PLECK: [laughing] Oh, sorry, who is this?

KIARONDO: Master Kiarondo? Just checking in? I know we haven't been on speaking terms for a little while.

PLECK: Yeah, listen, a lot's been going on.

KIARONDO: I'm still around, Pleck Decksetter.

PLECK: Good, yeah, okay, great. Master Kiarondo, this prophecy that I have is so much bigger than me. It's so much bigger than any of us.

KIARONDO: Well, the space has chosen you for a, admittedly, grand destiny, Pleck Decksetter. And it is your responsibility to rise to meet it.

PLECK: [despairing] I can't, I can't do it. I don't want the prophecy. I don't want it, I don't want it, I can't do it.

KIARONDO: Are you even trying?

PLECK: What?

KIARONDO: Are you even trying to meet the destiny?

PLECK: [upset] Yes, are you kidding? Yes, I think about it all the time. It's all I can think about. I just, in this moment, sort of feel like, you know, maybe the universe would be more balanced without me.

KIARONDO: Is that really what you want, Pleck Decksetter?

PLECK: Yes, yes.

KIARONDO: Very well. Focus on the sound of my voice and be transported.

[Kiarondo's voice grows louder and more concentrated. Pleck and him are whisked somewhere... else.]

KIARONDO: WHEEEEEOOOOOOOO!

PLECK: Whoa! What was that sound?

KIARONDO: Oh, nothing, nothing. Just an attempt to give you a new perspective.

PLECK: Kiarondo, I appreciate what you're trying to do, but I just think I need some time alone to think. Plus, my room is sort of too small for two people, so...

KIARONDO: Yes, but look around. Zima Knight Pleck Decksetter, Is this your room?

PLECK: I mean, yeah, it's the broom closet on Bargie.

KIARONDO: Yes, but where is the soiled cardboard box that is your bed?

PLECK: I mean, that's gone, but it's probably for the best. I, maybe, somebody may have thrown that out, actually.

KIARONDO: Indeed.

[Someone else, someone who has somehow been in the room this whole time, pipes up]

FLINKORP: Hey, who are you?

PLECK: What? Huh?

FLINKORP: Who are you? What are you doing in the closet?

PLECK: Who are you?

FLINKORP: I'm Flinkorp!

PLECK: Oh, are you one of the stowaways?

FLINKORP: What? No.

SHIRTEM: Flinkorp, amazing set out there. I love it. I love your stuff about how the genders are so different.

FLINKORP: Thanks. I think it's all about observing, you know? Putting it in your head, it's all about real life. I love your set about how ship food is worse than land food.

SHIRTEM: Listen, it's so bad, right?

PLECK: Okay. All right. Guys, listen, I don't mind if you guys stowaway, but this is my room, so like... Go to the cargo holder.

[The door opens]

JEFF: Hey! All youse! Clear out of here. Bargie's about to do her set!

SHIRTEM: That's the stage manager. Yeah, yeah.

PLECK: Bargie, what set is this?

BARGIE: [slurring] Alright, How much time do I have, Jeff?

JEFF: Wait till you see the light, Bargie. You know how it goes.

BARGIE: All right, all right, all right. Hold on, let me take a quick drag.

JEFF: Are you drunk?

BARGIE: Hey, it's X-Marse Eve. I'll do as much as I want.

PLECK: Bargie.

JEFF: Hey, hey, you. What's your name? Are you on the bill?

PLECK: Who are you people?

JEFF: I'm Jeff, the stage manager.

PLECK: Okay, fine.

JEFF: Clear out of the green room.

PLECK: The what?

JEFF: Bargie has volunteered to be the green room for this show, but you have to, you know, she's about to go on stage, so you gotta get out.

PLECK: Okay. [calling out] Dar? C-53? Nermut?

JEFF: Hey, kid. Is that part of your act? Just yelling out names?

PLECK: [confused] No, firs- That's a terrible act. Why would I do that?

JEFF: I agree.

PLECK: Okay.

FLINKORP: [jeering] Save that for the downtown scene, you alt comedy nerd.

BARGIE: Hey, Jeff. Hey, Jeff.

JEFF: What's up, Barge?

BARGIE: Uh, where am I?

JEFF: You're drunk.

BARGIE: Yeah, I'm drunk!

JEFF: You're on stage at the Totopo Casino Bar.

PLECK: Barchie. We gotta get to Quantaris. Get back into space.

JEFF: Get out of here!

[Jeff tosses Pleck out of Barchie. Surrounding him are crowd members and slot machines]

PLECK: Gah, ah, AH! Barchie, open the door! Barchie, come on!

BARGIE: [drunkenly] Hello, Totopo Casino. It's me, Barchie. Clap, clap, clap, clap, clap. Clap. I know what you're thinking. What happened to her? Well, life happens.

AUDIENCE MEMBER: [laughs]

BARGIE: [angrily slurring] It's not a joke. It's not a joke. Hey, what do you call a goose without feathers?

AUDIENCE MEMBER: [shouts] What?

BARGIE: Shut up!

JEFF: [angrily] Get him out of here. Security, get him out of here. Nobody answers the questions!

AUDIENCE MEMBER: I thought it was a... [gets grabbed]

JEFF: Get out of here! Get out of here! Put him in the river!

[security takes the audience member to the river]

PLECK: Okay, Barchie, I don't know what's going on here, but it's time to go. Let me in!

KIARONDO: She doesn't know you, Pleck Decksetter.

PLECK: What are you talking about? I've known Barchie for six years!

KIARONDO: No one in the Zyxx Quadrant knows you. Isn't that what you asked for?

PLECK: Are you telling me I don't exist?

KIARONDO: You didn't want your destiny, Pleck Decksetter. And the only way to escape one's destiny is to not exist. There's no longer a self associated with Pleck Decksetter. Thus, he moves through the space and the stuff with nothing. No relationships.

PLECK: [worried] No, this can't be right.

KIARONDO: No destiny.

PLECK: [rationalizing] There must be some sort of gas leak or I'm on the Refractorium or something like that. I gotta get out of here!

KIARONDO: Where are you going?

BARGIE: [slurring] -and you haaaad to think of things and the eyes of them all. Did you know for a moment I worked for the Federated Alliance? Did you know that?

AUDIENCE: [simultaneously shouting] All hail the Federated Alliance!

PLECK: All hail the Federated Alliance?

KIARONDO: That's right, Pleck.

PLECK: Why are they saying that?

KIARONDO: Perhaps you're more important than you'd like to admit, Pleck Decksetter.

BARGIE: Hahaha! How many of you think I should have been removed from the industry? Show of hands. Show of hands. I can't see.

[some audience members raise their hands]

JEFF: [shouting] Get em out of here! Get the ones who raised their hands out of here.

JEMA: This is a trick?

MILJ: She said...

JEFF: Nobody answers the questions! Get em out of here!

SHTEE: I was trying to order a drink!

JEFF: Get out of here!

PLADNE: I was waving to my friend!

ANAK: I was just trying to get curly fries!

BARGIE: I used to do stuff.

MAR: My species arm is always up!

BARGIE: I was given an opportunity once.

FRED: That's how we laugh!

PLECK: I gotta talk to Dar. Dar'll know what's going on.

KIARONDO: You wish to speak with Dar?

PLECK: Yes, yes.

KIARONDO: I can take you to see them.

PLECK: Fine, fine. Let's just go.

KIARONDO: All right. Let's see what Dar is up to on this X-Marse Eve. [Kiarondo's voice takes on a new resonance and he and Pleck disappear] Awoooooo!

BARGIE: See you later, Milsch. Thank you.

FRED: [shouting] This isn't Milsch!

MAR: This is Totopo.

JEFF: [pissed] Get em out of here!

BARGIE: Whatever. Whatever. [Bargie takes off]

JEFF: [shouting] Bargie, you got 15 more minutes to your light! It's a thirty minute set! It's a thirty minute SEEEET!

[transition, we're back on Chimnacia!]

TINY TM: Ah! Greetings and salutations, travelers. And welcome to Chimnacia. Though I fear you've chosen a right tragic moment to visit this formerly jovial planet. Ay, we used to happily work double hours on X-Marse, pouring barrels of agneg down the chimnoids to satisfy the great beast within. But as you can see, the planet's just sort of rolled over. The great beast has died. It all started cycles ago when ambassadors from the Federated Alliance arrived. They were just so damned business inefficient at their jobs and disinterested in rambling X-Marse stories plumb full of dramatic irony that after their dull visit, the joy of X-Marse just started to deplete, didn't it? The chimnoids clogged, and the great beast eventually perished, sending most of our citizens fly off the planet as with the beast's life went our gravity. Luckily for me, I've held fast to this mailbox. Anyway, my only remaining joy, as you can see, is sartorial, it is. Gone are my wretched urchin clothes, and in their stead, the finest wares from 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, and lifestyle. 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. Me, I'll likely soon lose my grip and fly off this planet to my doom. But I will look good doing it. Try Stitch Fix

Freestyle today by filling out your style quiz at stitchfix.com/zyxx.
[Stitchfix.com/zyxx](https://stitchfix.com/zyxx). And a merry X-Marse to you and yours.

[transition]

DAR: [clearing throat] Ah, can clock out now. I have worked a full shift. [clocks timecard] Now for some me time! [beat] I'm going to prepare for work tomorrow. Let me just queue up a couple of messages I plan to send out in the am....

PLECK: [popping into existence] Dar! There you are. Thank Rodd.

DAR: Oh, I'm sorry. You're getting to me after hours. I'm going to have to charge overtime for this.

PLECK: No, Dar, it's me. It's Pleck.

DAR: Ah, the new guy. Well, welcome to the Dezel Maschh.

DEZ: Hey, man. What's sleazy?

PLECK: No, no, no. This is all wrong.

DEZ: Sleazy?

PLECK: Especially that part.

FUNK5: Ambassador Dar?

DAR: Yes?

FUNK5: Some of the other crewmates and I wanted to see if you wanted to hang out afterwards. Get to know each other. Speak.

DAR: Oh, um.

FUNK5: Personalize. Make a relationship.

DAR: That's really flattering, I'm sure. But I have a very strict no fraternizing with co-workers policy. So off you go.

PLUME: Come on, hang out.

FUNK5: We want to learn about you.

DEZ: Come on, Dar. We're all hanging out. Drinks on old Dez!

DAR: Listen, old Dez, I'm a private sentient. I do not need friends. Don't read into it, but please respect it.

PARKA: But it's X-Marse Eve, Ambassador Dar.

ANORAK: The night right before X-Marse.

PARKA: Just before it.

DAR: Yeah, I get it.

ANORAK: On the cusp.

DAR: Look, just because we can't be with family or friends does not mean we need to intimate that we are any closer than we are.

PARKA: When that clock strikes, it's X-Marse.

PLECK: Who are these people?

PLUME: Who's the new guy? Hey, it's me, Plume Targland.

PLECK: [baffled] Plume Targland? The missions operations manager?

PLUME: Senior missions operations manager. Ha ha ha! My dude!

FUNK5: And I am F-U-N-K-5. Protocol droid and everyone's close friend.

PLECK: [aside] Kiarondo, how is this possible? The Dezel Masch exploded.

KIARONDO: Did it, Pleck?

PLECK: Yes.

KIARONDO: Without you, the Bargarean Jade's encounter with the Grower Mind never happened. Which means the Grower Mind's assimilation bender affecting the Dezel Masch never happened.

PLECK: My Rodd.

KIARONDO: Like ripples in a pool of water, Pleck.

PLECK: Sort of reductive.

KIARONDO: Okay, well, you're having trouble understanding the other stuff, so I thought I'd maybe dumb it down a little bit. But here we go.

PARKA: Dar, we're doing Secret Slezak again, if you're interested.

DAR: Nope, no thank you.

PLECK: Dar is sitting at a desk. They're wearing a full uniform that's all buttoned up and everything.

KIARONDO: Without your dorky influence to pick on, Dar had to become more professional to survive. Resulting in the Dar that you see before you. A friendless, professional ambassador for the Federated Alliance.

PLECK: [desperate] Dar, remember, we were on a crew together. We were on the Bargarean Jade for six years!

DAR: [nervous] Wow, okay, new guy is kind of freaking me out. Parka? Anorak?

[Parka and Anorak start to walk towards Pleck]

PARKA: Present.

ANORAK: And accounted for.

PARKA: Is it squashin' time?

ANORAK: Dez, you wanna crack the hatch? I've got some garbage to throw out.

PLECK: [freaking out] Stay away! Let's take it easy now.

PARKA: He's just a little guy. This'll be quick.

ANORAK: Give us two shakes of his tiny body.

PLECK: [panicked] Kiarondo! Get me outta here! Get me outta here!

KIARONDO: As you wish, Pleck. [Kiarondo transports the duo]
BWOOWOWOWOWWWW

[Kiarondo and Pleck depart]

PLECK: [relieved] Whoa! That was close.

KIARONDO: Well, perhaps for you, Pleck. I am but an ephemeral specter in this reality.

PLECK: Why was Dar a member of a different crew?

KIARONDO: Pleck, the crew of the Bargarean Jade was assembled because of their compatibility with each other. And that includes you. With you not around, Dar was assigned to a different ship where they requested transfers every time someone threatened to form a friendship with them. Leading to their presence on the Dezel Maschh.

PLECK: Sad.

KIARONDO: Is it? It's just a different reality.

PLECK: [laughing] Yeah, different realities can be sad.

KIARONDO: Well, it depends on your perspective.

PLECK: No, I think objectively sad here.

KIARONDO: I don't know, there's some good stuff.

PLECK: Oh yeah? There's some really great albums in this universe, Pleck.

PLECK: [confused] Wait, I prevented albums from happening? That can't be right.

KIARONDO: Yeah, Jordan B'Korkan makes a supergroup with Pee Nee Gorno that's incredible.

PLECK: Oh, that does make sense, yeah. I guess I can see that happening. I certainly sort of quashed his creativity.

KIARONDO: Yeah, it's good. Space town!

PLECK: Wait, wait a second. Where are we now?

KIARONDO: You'll see soon enough, Pleck.

[A troop of CLINTs runs through a war zone]

RK: [charges blaster] Alright, lock and load. X-Marse Eve! The only boots the Plaxons are gonna see are the ones who are putting up their assholes! Let's do this!

PLECK: Wow, AJ.

RK: Who the juck is AJ? I'm RK-9932.

BT: And I'm BT-7056!

PLECK: Sorry, I'm looking for AJ-2884.

RK: Get down on the ground. [charges blaster]

PLECK: Okay, okay, I'm looking for AJ-2884.

RK: That idiot?

BT: You're an idiot.

RK: You are. He's over there.

BT: Don't defend him.

RK: Don't defend me!

BT: I'm not defending anyone. Hey, 2884!

AJ: What?

BT: Come here!

AJ: I thought we were doing a genocide!

PLECK: No, stop!

BT: Yeah, stop! Somebody wants to ask about you!

AJ: Okay.

PLECK: AJ, AJ.

AJ: Come to Plaxis 4, they said. We'll have a few laughs, they said.

PLECK: AJ. AJ-2884, it's me. It's Pleck.

AJ: Huh?

PLECK: Your Papa.

AJ: What? Papa's weird... I don't want to use that as a term.

PLECK: W-well, it was your choice.

AJ: What? Are you a Plaxon?

PLECK: No, no, no.

AJ: Because I'm supposed to be killing you if you're a Plaxon.

PLECK: No, no. I'm not. AJ. What are you doing? You're still working with these jokers?

AJ: Still? What are you talking about? Who are you?

PLECK: [seriously] AJ, I'm the person who taught you you could be more than this. You didn't have to be just a cog in a big machine of destruction.

AJ: Well, I mean, I was also in CLINTSync.

PLECK: [laughing] Yes, that's true.

AJ: We broke up because 2297 thought he was going to go solo.

RK: [shouting] And he did.

AJ: And he did.

RK: He was great.

AJ: [disappointed] And he was incredibly successful.

RK: Made you guys look like real assholes.

AJ: The rest of us got left behind. And now I'm doing a...

PLECK: Don't say it.

AJ: [hesitant] Doing a... species cleanse on X-Marse Eve.

PLECK: [upset] AJ.

KIARONDO: Yikes.

PLECK: AJ, AJ, this is... You don't have to do this. You could walk away from this.

AJ: Well, then what would I do?

PLECK: Literally anything.

AJ: Not really.

PLECK: Besides wipe out the species on this planet.

AJ: No, I would have to find people that I felt like I clicked with and that I felt were powerful enough to keep me safe from the Federated Alliance because I think they would probably kill me if I defected. But if I had, like, what, roughly four or five really good friends that I felt accepted by and kind of like we would rib each other but it would still be fun and we'd all get each other. But since I don't have that... [charges blaster, fires into crowd]

PLECK: AH! All right, get me out of here.

KIARONDO: It just gets worse and worse. This is bad.

PLECK: Kiarondo, I need to see C-53. He's smart. He's adaptable. He's probably fine, right?

KIARONDO: Very well. C-53 it is. [Kiarondo transports the two again]
AWWWWOWWOWOOWWWWWW

[Pleck and Kiarondo pop into existence in a crowded casino]

PLECK: Wait a second. This is Totopo. We were just here. I said I wanted to see C-53, not Bargie!

KIARONDO: Look in front of you.

PLECK: Wait, what are you talking about? There aren't any droids here. It's just a line of slot machines.

GAMBLER: I wanna gamble! Get outta the way, ehnnh!

C-53: Insert bills for change!

PLECK: Oh, no.

GAMBLER I want change, ENNGGN!

[the gambler attempts to force a bill into C-53]

C-53: Aghh, you're... cramming a bill down my throat! Engngng..

GAMBLER: Gonna gamble all these, ENNNNN

C-53: And the... err... your change.

[Change ejects]

PLECK: C-53!

C-53: [tired] Listen, if you need change, if you could just give me a minute... I just choked down a fifty, so I would love just a break for a second.

PLECK: C-53. What happened to you? What are you doing inside this change machine? We've got to get your cube out of here, buddy.

C-53: [irritated] Okay, *pal*. Well, listen, unless you're my probation officer, I don't think I'm getting out of this change machine.

PLECK: Probation officer?

C-53: Hey, listen, I'd rather not go into it right now. So if you want to just cram a bill down my throat, I'd rather do that.

PLECK: C-53, you can tell me. I'm your best friend.

C-53: [irritated] Oh, okay. Best friend, my good buddy, random Tellurian jackass on Totopo Casino. Yeah, you want my whole life story? [shoots chip that hits Pleck]

PLECK: OW! Oh, you just shot a chip into my chest. Ow! Ow!

C-53: Yeah, here's another one for you. Listen, pal, I didn't kill that kid, all right? [shouting] The counselors did it. The counselors, I tell you!

PLECK: Oh, no. You talking about Centurion Tiddle?

C-53: What are you, a true crime podcaster? Yeah, Centurion Tiddle, all right? It was a Quantaran override. It was not my fault, all right? But I went down for it.

PLECK: Oh, no.

C-53: So my options were total demagnetization... or... I could work for cheap.

PLECK: Oh.

C-53: [upset] Happy? Is that what you wanted to hear? My best friend?

PLECK: Kiarondo, you said without me, the crew was assigned to different ships!

KIARONDO: I said Dar was assigned to a different ship. Nermut, Bargie, and C-53 were all assigned to the Zyxx Quadrant, just as you once were. Dar wasn't there to stop C-53.

PLECK: [sadly] Rolphus and Seesu must have been devastated.

KIARONDO: Indeed, they were so devastated that they were unable to lead the rebellion to success. They were crushed by multiple planet crushers.

PLECK: Oh... So that still happened. That part still happened.

KIARONDO: Yeah, they found the rebel base and crushed it like five, six times. It was totally unnecessary.

PLECK: So the Council of Seven wasn't betrayed by Gunther Ballwheat?

KIARONDO: That's right. Without the presence of the Beanocron, then there were no seeds of discord sown in the Alliance, which allowed them to flourish, crush the rebellion, and bring the galaxy to its knees.

PLECK: Oh, no.

KIARONDO: Pleck, you are important to the galaxy, and without you, wackness runs rampant. You must meet your destiny, young Decksetter. But if you do not, this is the fate that awaits your friends and the universe.

PLECK: [desperate] But everyone is safe. Everyone's alive. They're not putting their lives in danger for some crazy prophecy with me at the center of it! AJ's doing what he loves. Bargie's at least got a career. Dar's getting by-

KIARONDO: [shouting] She's opening for Tiny Toots!

PLECK: Oh!

KIARONDO: She's not the closer!

PLECK: Oh, the closer is Tiny Toots!? ...What about Nermut?

KIARONDO: Pleck, I have shown you many things, some quite disturbing, but please do not ask me to show you Nermut Bundaloy.

PLECK: No, I have to see Nermut. I have to make sure he's working in some middle management position. At least show me someone that's happy in this reality.

KIARONDO: I can show you Pleck Decksetter, but surely at this point, you know, you must have seen the pattern here.

PLECK: I mean, I don't know. Call me an optimist, I guess.

KIARONDO: Oh, boy. Okay. Well, here we go. [Kiarondo transports the two]
BWAAAAAAAAAA

[Kiarondo and Pleck appear on a rainy Filem]

PLECK: Whoa! It's Filem. It's Filem. I'm here on Filem, Nermut's home world.

KIARONDO: Yes, but Pleck...

PLECK: I can see his parents' gated community right over there. Right on the other side of this cemetery.

KIARONDO: [solemnly] Indeed, Pleck, he is on Filem... Forevermore.

PLECK: You don't mean...

KIARONDO: At your feet.

PLECK: No.

KIARONDO: Young Decksetter.

PLECK: No, it...

[lightning strikes]

KIARONDO: Look down, Pleck Decksetter!

PLECK: I can't! I can't! [sobbing]

KIARONDO: Does this look safe to you, Pleck? Is this a member of your crew that has found happiness and fulfillment without you?

PLECK: No!

KIARONDO: Nermut Sylvester Bundaloy. Born 21 BFA, died 1 AFA. A beloved son, brother, and MOM. Uh, Missions Operations Manager.

PLECK: [sobbing] Nermut...

[Nermut's parents approach his grave]

NERMUT'S DAD: Over here, darling. I believe it's this way.

NERMUT'S MOM: Oh, yes. I always forget which one it is.

NERMUT'S DAD: Ah, yes, here we are.

NERMUT'S MOM: Well, what can we say? It's X-Marse Eve, and it is now our ritual to visit our dead son.

NERMUT'S DAD: So tragic, Nermut, from what you'd told us, you were so close to that promotion.

NERMUT'S MOM: He was a prisoner on the Delegator on Death Row.

PLECK: [realizing] Of course. I wasn't there to save him with Dar.

NERMUT'S DAD: Lucky he got that reprieve from the Council and was able to return home here to Filem, where of course he was attacked by a tornata.

PLECK: [taken aback] Oooh okay.

NERMUT'S MOM: Yes, yes, yes, yes. But that didn't kill him.

NERMUT'S DAD: No, no. No, no, no. That dinner later that night where he choked on a Gurp.

NERMUT'S MOM: The Gurp was so big and his mouth was so small.

PLECK: Oh, what a way to go.

NERMUT'S DAD: But that didn't kill him either.

NERMUT'S MOM: It didn't kill him, no, no, just inconvenient.

NERMUT'S DAD: Mm. Yes.

NERMUT'S MOM: But the thing that did him, eventually.

NERMUT'S DAD: His music.

NERMUT'S MOM: His music.

PLECK: What?

NERMUT'S DAD: Crushed by that faulty keyboard stand.

NERMUT'S MOM: At a concert. If only one person was there.

NERMUT'S DAD: If only one person had attended that concert. They could have lifted the keyboard off.

PLECK: [sadly] Oh, no. He still played the concert, though? That's the saddest part.

NERMUT'S DAD: As the life bled from him, he continued to play. What a shame.

NERMUT'S MOM: What a shame. Anyway.

NERMUT'S DAD: Anyway, back to the house, Mother.

NERMUT'S MOM: Time to go back.

NERMUT'S DAD: Ta-ta, Nermut.

NERMUT'S MOM: Goodbye, son.

[Nermut's parents walk away]

PLECK: [crying] Nermut...

KIARONDO: Well, now, Pleck Decksetter, surely you will want to see Justin Ballwheat. The last member of the OG crew.

PLECK: No, I don't. I don't really want. I don't think that's all that necessary.

KIARONDO: [Kiarondo transports them] WHAAAAAAA

[Pleck and Kiarondo appear in front of Justin]

JUSTIN: [mannered] Hey, guys, it's Justin. This is my TokTok page. Where I do really fast videos really fast.

KIARONDO: Yes, he's an influencer.

PLECK: [laughing] Okay, so he's maybe sort of better off, it seems like.

KIARONDO: Well, watch the video.

JUSTIN: I live a super happy life because my parents are still together. My dad's just super boring, he doesn't like do anythinggg. Also, I've been dating this, like, super cute guy.

ZALCATRON: YOU'RE IN THE DOGHOUSE NOW

PLECK: [surprised] Oh wow, okay, so Justin and Zalcatron in this universe.

JUSTIN: Anyway, happy X-Marse! Follow for a follow! Remember, this week's ep is sponsored by [butchering it] Coldsaps Cooltsacks Colsac.

KIARONDO: Wow, he really blew the sponsor read on that one.

JUSTIN: I wrote a song, I'm gonna sing it for y'all. [singing] X-Marse! X-Marse is a special time where you find the people you care about!

ZALCATRON: [singing along]

PLECK: Kiarondo, get me outta here. I gotta go home.

KIARONDO: [angry] What's the matter, Pleck? I thought this is what you wanted, a world without Pleck. Oh, where your best friends are miserable outcasts. Where a little Nermut is nothing but a pile of rotting hollow bones. Where Justin and Zalcatron end up together?! But at least you're off the hook, right, Pleck? Right?

PLECK: [emotionally] We have to set things right. Kiarondo, I think I understand! All this time, I thought I needed to master myself in order to understand my purpose. It felt so hard, so lonely. But I'm not alone. My friends make myself better, and I make them better! Our selves are just reflections of the relationships around us!

KIARONDO: [correcting] Reflections of the relationships.

PLECK: Yeah, that too. Listen, it's scary to be a part of something. It's scary to be yourself. But everyone feels that way a little bit sometimes, right? And if we don't have each other, what are we?

JUSTIN: Look at the spotty side of my dog mix.

PLECK: I mean, yes, Justin's doing great, but everybody else is in trouble. Kiarondo, listen, I want to go back. I know what I need to do, and maybe I won't succeed. Maybe I'll juck it up, but I have to try, right? It's all I can do.

KIARONDO: [hesitant] Don't try. Like, do it.

PLECK: Okay, don't try?

KIARONDO: Don't try. Do.

PLECK: But, okay, but I have to try in order to do it.

KIARONDO: Well, no, because if you're trying, you're sort of setting yourself up to like, well, I'm not sure I'm doing this, you know, like, I'm just going to try it.

PLECK: No, no, I think it's semantics at a certain point, because certainly you have to put in effort to succeed anyway.

KIARONDO: Okay, but if we're having a semantic argument, then just agree with me and don't try, just do it.

PLECK: Okay, I will try until I do it.

KIARONDO: Oh, Pleck, wow. All right, we're returning to your galaxy. I'm done with this.

[Kiarondo transports the duo back to Bargie]

PLECK: [shouting] It's here. My cardboard bed! Bargie!

BARGIE: Wha? Ugh....

C-53: [tired] Pleck, you're shouting so, we've all had a bunch of agneg. You're shouting so loud.

PLECK: C-53. Oh, C-53, I've never been so happy to see a K'Hekk in my life!

BARGIE: Stop hugging my walls.

PLECK: [imitating George Bailey from It's A Wonderful Life] Hey! Hey!

DAR: Pleck, you just interrupted my story.

[Pleck runs around happily]

PLECK: Merry X-Marse!

C-53: What, Pleck, what are you doing that weird voice for?

AJ: [angry] Papa, what the juck?

PLECK: Merry X-Marse, you old Bargarean Jade!

NERMUT: That's what-

C-53: He's just running around the ship!

PLECK: Hey!

BARGIE: Wait, is he an impression of me?

C-53 AND AJ: Oooohh...

DAR: Oh, he is Bargie.

PLECK: Merry X-Marse!

AJ: Oh, wow! This is like the Bargie Clause. Only Papa got the legal document that now makes him Bargie instead of the space slug that gives out gifts. This is exactly like the movie, except for some pretty key differences.

BARGIE: Hey, Nermut.

NERMUT: Yeah?

BARGIE: Tell Pleck to shut up.

PLECK: Oh, Merry X-Marse, you old lizard! [hugs]

NERMUT: [choking] Oh, jeez, wow. Ouch.

BARGIE: Juck!

PLECK: Guys, I realized something, something wonderful. I'm the reason you guys are happy.

EVERYONE: [offended] What?

PLECK: I mean, yeah.

DAR: [angrily] Are you out of your jucking mind?

BARGIE: Who said I'm happy?

PLECK: It's more complicated than that. I don't know. I'll explain it later.

DAR: No, you will not.

C-53: Yeah, can't wait for that.

BARGIE: Hey, Dar, can you shake Pleck?

DAR: Happily.

[Dar shakes Pleck]

PLECK: AHYAYAYAYAYAYAYAYAYA oh! Okay, sorry, sorry. I guess, I guess I just realized how important you all are to me. I got carried away.

AJ: [happily] Oh, that's a better way to say it.

C-53: That's a much better sentiment.

BARGIE: Yeah, that sounded nice.

PLECK: Well, it goes both ways.

BARGIE: That's really nice.

PLECK: Ideally.

BARGIE: Just don't make it the other way.

PLECK: Well, but, I mean, you know, it's sort of, I... Happy X-Marse, everybody.

CREW: Happy X-Marse, Pleck.

AJ: Hey, Papa?

PLECK: Yeah?

AJ: We saved a little agneg for you.

PLECK: Awww.

AJ: You gotta guzzle it before it goes bad!

C-53: Yeah, it's gonna go bad real fast!

CREW: [chanting] Chug! Chug! Chug! Chug! Chug! Chug!

PLECK: It's still gonna take a, it's still very thick!

AJ: Stop talking! More guzzling!

PLECK: It's really thick!

AJ: That's the whole thing!

PLECK: I'm trying!

NERMUT: Get a fork!

C-53: Yeah, you gotta suck it down!

PLECK: [chugging]

AJ: That's it!

C-53: Yeah, there you go!

[outro music]

HOST: This week on Tights and Fights Austin Creed, better known as WWE star Xavier Woods, on balancing his many passions.

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HOST: Echo Kellum.

ECHO: Can you disconnect me or not?

HOST: Hari Kondabolu.

HARI: I'm staying.

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JEREMY: I can think of a way to show you, but it will require you to close your eyes and use your mind to allow the sound of a world where you don't exist to reverberate in your ears, and let your imagination conjure up this false future.

ALDEN: Wait, you want, sorry, you want me to use, you want me to just hear the audio of it?

JEREMY: Yeah, a lot of people like that. You know, you can kind of block out all the stuff, just sort of chill.

ALDEN: I know audio is sort of your thing, but I don't really, I don't know if that would really be useful.

JEREMY: Well, the fun part is you sort of get to decide how things look, you know, no one's telling you, like, oh, this guy's green, and you're like, no, in my head, he's red.

ALDEN: I don't care about that.

JEREMY: It's sort of fun.

ALDEN: Don't you understand, Kiarondo? I don't want to be here. I don't want to be part of this anymore, okay? I don't want to listen to audio of it, you know? I don't want to listen to this stupid audio book. I don't want to listen to this stupid audio play about it.

JEREMY: All right, okay, you've made your point. Very well, Pleck Decksetter. I can create...