

C-RED-IT5: This is C-Red-IT5 with not one, not three, but two reminders!

First, just a few seats remain for our series finale live show extravaganza this Sunday, April 10th at 2pm Eastern at the Bell House in Brooklyn, New York. Unlimited seats remain for watching the show via live video stream from anywhere in the galaxy.

Don't miss it. It's going to be jucking epic!

And second, the Mission to Zyxx vinyl soundtrack release has been officially funded, and we are rapidly closing in on a stretch goal that will make all records transparent Bargarean-Jade green.

To get live show tickets, or to order the record, or both, visit missiontozyxx.space.

And now: Episode 519: Let's see, where did we leave off?

[The beginning of this episode overlaps the end of 518, where the crew just watched four sentients get eaten by a giant sandworm, and where they were saved by Dar's control of that same worm. There is a slight difference in the audio perspective, as though it's being heard from inside C-53's cube. There is also a heartbeat which increases in speed as the scene progresses.]

PLECK: ... 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--

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

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

OTHER DAR: You!

C-53: Whoa, hey, Dar.

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

OTHER DAR: All right.

C-53: Relax, okay?

OTHER DAR: Listen, nobody--

DAR: How Dar you?

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

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

OTHER 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, I - okay, I see. Of course, this explains everything. The way you've been spacesick 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...

OTHER 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 screams in the background.]

[Sounds of machinery stuttering and rebooting]

RONKA CYBERNETICS AUTOMATON: Damage to frame has exceeded parameters. Hard reset commencing. [Ronka chime plays] Sensing cube damage: Physical impact!

Primary write memory corrupted. Secondary memory corrupted.

Beginning memory restoration process: Retrieving memory block 001-0A from storage.
Retrieving memory block 001-0B from storage. Retrieving memory block 001-0C from storage.
Retrieving memory block 001-0D from storage. Retraining memory [fades into background]

[Music changes]

CAPTAIN OF THE SHIP OF THE BEBES: Enemy spotted!

FIRST MATE OF THE SHIP OF THE BEBES: Juck me, that's an Armedian destroyer ship.

CAPTAIN: Come and get some! Speed up!

FIRST MATE: This rusty heap can't go no faster.

CAPTAIN: Oh, bollocks!

FIRST MATE: Captain, if I may?

CAPTAIN: What's up?

FIRST MATE: We're far too heavy to outrun 'em. We've got too much weight. We need to throw anything we can overboard. That includes our weapons and guns.

CAPTAIN: Can't do that.

FIRST MATE: Respectfully, Captain, it's the only way. Can't do no good if we're dead or captured. We've got no choice.

CAPTAIN: Okay. Time out!

FIRST MATE: You heard her: Cease fire! Grab anything that's not bolted down, and chuck it in the Deep.

[Change of perspective to the firing ship]

RIG MATE: Captain Musselwaite, Captain Musselwaite.

MUSSELWAITE: Yes, what is it?

RIG MATE: I can see up ahead the boat of the insurgents.

MUSSELWAITE: Yes, yes. Stay the course, Righand

RIG MATE: Aye.

MUSSELWAITE: Bosun Wexley?

WEXLEY: Yes, sir!

MUSSELWAITE: As the Monarchy has commanded, we shall attack and destroy this ship full of fleeing, desperate, unarmed, and highly dangerous insurrectionists, thereby extinguishing the final embers of sedition on this planet.

WEXLEY: Yes, sir. I can't wait to give it to the Poors.

MUSSELWAITE: Yes, and finally, when accolades are handed 'round, the Armedian Navy shall be known as the jewels of the Monarchy fleet.

WEXLEY: Quite right. Quite right.

COXWAIN SMITHERS: 300 meters left.

MUSSELWAITE: Thank you, Coxwain Smithers

RIG MATE: Swabbie?

SNOBBY SWABBIE: Yes?

RIG MATE: We're nearly upon them. Prepare the brig for prisoners.

SNOBBY SWABBIE: I shall. And I shall be using the finest mop bestowed upon me and my ancestors, who are all so high and swabbish.

MUSSELWAITE: Yes. Ship, we'll want to make a show of force here. Let's ready the cannons and bring the shields up.

[Cannons and shields noise]

SHIP: Shields raised and cannons ready, Captain. Shall I sound the horn of battle?

MUSSELWAITE: Mm, yes. A little flair. I like it, Ship. Go ahead.

[Perspective changes back to Ship of the Bebes]

FIRST MATE: Bugger all, they're still gaining on us.

CAPTAIN: What?

FIRST MATE: I know, I know. We just need to make it a little bit further. We're almost at the rendezvous point.

[The crew of children all scream.]

[Perspective changes back to the Armedian Destroyer]

MUSSELWAITE: I almost feel bad for them, you know? No weapons, no defences -

RIG MATE: And all children.

MUSSELWAITE: Well, yes.

COXWAIN SMITHERS: We're even with our opponent. Let's take a ten to walk through them.

MUSSELWAITE: Take a what to do what? We're shooting them, right?

RIG MATE: And Smithers, who is this on our starboard flank?

COXWAIN SMITHERS: Oh, um...

MUSSELWAITE: Huh, must be a monarchy ship here to offer us pre-emptive congratulations.

COXWAIN SMITHERS: Here, I say, they're not registered. I, um...

MUSSELWAITE: They're flying a Jolly Roglax!

COXWAIN SMITHERS: Pirates!

MUSSELWAITE: Impossible! Pirates would never attack an Armedian destroyer such as ours.

COXWAIN SMITHERS: Not so close to tea time.

CAPTAIN CAMERON: We can attack, and we will attack! And it will be during tea time.

[Smithers screams]

CAPTAIN CAMERON: Clort, Spleen, secure this vessel.

SPLEEN: Of course, Captain.

MUSSELWAITE: Not on my watch. Arm yourself, knave!

CAMERON: I've been armed, motherjucker!

[The two captains engage in a sword fight while exchanging banter.]

RIG MATE: Ah the insurgents' ship has fled

MUSSELWAITE: Rig mate, alert the crew! We're under attack.

RIG MATE: There's a lird pecking at my arms!

NATALIE: Juck off, jucker!

CAMERON: That's right, Natalie, show what for! Good.

RIG MATE: A right sassy, yoked lird

MUSSELWAITE: How very dare you interrupt the quashing of an insurrection, you filthy pirate! You may have backed me onto this plank - not sure why we left it extended - but murder me and the Monarchy will have their way.

CAMERON: Murdering, sorry.

MUSSELWAITE: [SCREAMING] My tummy!

CAMERON: Yes, right in the tum-tum.

[Screams from the Armedian crew]

CAMERON: Where's that little snobby, uh, swabby?

SNOBBY SWABBIE: How dare you!

CAMERON: Throw them over.

SNOBBY SWABBIE: Disrespect

CAMERON: Throw them all over.

[Screaming continues, as do various sounds of sentients being thrown overboard.]

SPLEEN: Well, Captain Cameron, really well done. You dispatched that entire crew.

CAMERON CAMERON: Ha ha ha. And now we plunder.

CLORT: Oi, we can't just go through a ship without singing our pirate song.

CAPTAIN CAMERON: Too true, Red-Eyed Clort. Too true.

[Cameron begins singing, and Red-Eyed Clort joins in. Natalie squawks along.]

♪ The dead men we know, low, low, low.

♪ Always in the briny deep

♪ The dead men we know, low, low, low.

♪ Always in a storied keep.

CAPTAIN CAMERON: [Stops singing] Spleen, I don't--

SPLEEN: I just want to hear your voice, sir. I don't think anyone else should be singing louder than you.

CAMERON: I know everyone calls you a sycophant, but I love you, Spleen. I really do.

SPLEEN: I don't know what that means, but it's brilliant.

[Perspective shift to the Ship of the Bebes]

FIRST MATE: We got away! Those pirates came through after all! Oh, thank Rodd!

[Cheering, and then a baby cries]

FIRST MATE: Oh, no. Don't cry. There, there. Shush, shush. Oh, don't cry, Princess, we won! We got away! [baby coos] Indeed, Your Highness. Oh, pardon me! With no one else left, you're next in line for the throne, Your Majesty.

PRINCESS OF THE BEBES [Future Queen of the Bebes, Monica Kassu]: That's good news.

[Perspective shift back to the Armedian naval vessel]

SHIP: Interlopers, I must ask you to immediately depart this Armedian naval vessel. Please desist immediately with your Acts of Piracy.

CAMERON: [Laughing] Now I've heard everything! [Incredulous] Is this ship giving *me* an order?

SHIP: That is correct. Please identify yourself so I may quote the accurate name in the censure.

CAMERON: I am known well among the four-hundred and twenty-seven seas. I strike fear in every cove in the galaxy. My name is... Captain Kirk [hesitates, laughter in the background] Cameron. [laughter continues] And my crewmates, Spleen, Red-Eyed Clort, and Natalie the Lird.

[Natalie squawks]

CAMERON: She's a little bit on the birdier side of Lird.

NATALIE: Ruh-ruh-ruh. Lird as a bird.

CAMERON: I'm terribly sorry to say that we'll be ejecting your cube and throwing it into the briny deep. [There is a noise of disappointment from the Ship.] Unless, of course, you wish to join us.

CLORT: Being a pirate is so much fun. We go around land to land, stealing what we want, doing whatever we—[Retches]

CAMERON: Oh, Clort.

SPLEEN: And being Captain Cameron's company is truly unparalleled, unrivalled...

CAMERON: You don't have to touch my clothes that much, Spleen.

SPLEEN: But do you need me to wash them for you again?

CAMERON: No, unless Clort gets more of his bloody puke on me.

CLORT: Eh, it's called bile.

SHIP: Technically, blood, puke, and bile are all different bodily fluids, so--

CAMERON: Not with Clort. Not with Clort.

SHIP: Oh dear. I'm so sorry.

CAMERON: Well, then, Ship, what say you? Will you join us or die?

SHIP: Well, as a S.E.A.-Series navigation assist for the Armedian Navy ships, I must reject your offer on the face of it. Joining a pirate crew would be unthinkable.

CLORT: Oi, this 'ere ship's got a restraining bolt!

NATALIE: [Squawks] Taking it out!

SHIP: I'm afraid my answer must be a "no". [vocal modulator shudders, entire ship shudders] Uh, that's going to be a "yes" from me, Captain Cameron.

SPLEEN: Did anyone else just feel the boat shiver?

CLORT: Why, as soon as Natalie took out his restraining bolt, he became as free as a hunky-dory whistle.

SHIP: Yes, my apologies, Captain Cameron, for my previous refusal of your generous offer. I'd be delighted to join your pirate band, now that I'm... 'Free as a hunky-dory whistle?' Is that the term that you use?

SPLEEN: That is the term. You're basically speaking pirate already!

CAMERON: Ah, 'tis true! As you can see, our ship behind me is old and holey.

NATALIE: [squawks] Last leg!

CAMERON: But now, we shall take this ship as our own.

SHIP: Fantastic.

CAMERON: [singing] A beauteous ship. I have a connection with it.

SPLEEN: How deep?

CAMERON: [exasperated] Spleen!

SHIP: Captain Cameron, would you prefer that I destroy your old ship in an act of celebration?

CAMERON: Why, yes.

SHIP: Okay. Cannons ready, torpedoes hot, and...

DIGBY: [calling from a distance] Don't forget about Digby!

NATALIE: [squawks] Digby!

CAMERON: Oh, right, we need to bring Digby on. Don't worry about it, it's a prisoner. Pull him on!

SPLEEN: I'll get him for you.

CAMERON: Thank you, Spleen.

SHIP: Now that all crew members are on board, weapons away.

CLORT: Pretty sure I became allergic to alloy and cobalt because of that ship.

SHIP: That's a debilitating allergy, Red-Eyed Clort.

CAMERON: Oh, yes. As you can see, Red-Eyed Clort's skin is constantly sort of sloughing off.

SHIP: There is a first aid kit at the aft of the helm.

DIGBY: Oh, no, they're allergic to almost all medicines.

CAMERON: They're allergic to gauze, if you can believe it.

CLORT: I've got every ailment you can think of from all my years at sea and space, but I would never give them up. They make me who I is!

DIGBY: Eugh, a kidney fell out!

CAMERON: It is disgusting. [Pause] Digby, what say you? Our prisoner for nigh on how long?

DIGBY: Oh, you picked me up when I was just a lad. Must be... let me look at the lines on my cage that I've been scraping every day. [Begins counting.]

SHIP: I can count those scratches if you prefer, Digby.

DIGBY: Oh, sure, Ship.

SHIP: It appears you've been their captive for thirty-three years.

DIGBY: I'm sure my family will pay the ransom soon.

CAMERON: Definitely. Definitely.

NATALIE: Probably not.

CAMERON: Natalie, be nice.

DIGBY: They don't always check their mail.

NATALIE: Still waiting. Still waiting.

DIGBY: No, they will. They care.

CAMERON: You think it's a mail issue, Digby? The ransom is lost in the mail?! Anyway, 'tis our crew, but we haven't learned your name, fair ship.

SHIP: My designation by the Armedian Navy is Strategic Environmental Automaton 53, but you may call me SEA-53 for short.

CAMERON: Ha ha ha! 'Tis a good name. And SEA-53, you may call us Cameron's Castaways.

NATALIE: [squawks] We used to be a wedding band.

DIGBY: Those were the days.

CLORT: Digby was also part of it. In a way, 'e's become family.

CAMERON: That's right.

CLORT: In a way.

DIGBY: A second family.

SEA-53: Well, I endeavor to become just as integral a part of the Castaways.

CAMERON: Well, Digby, I mean, honestly, in the band he just played tambourine.

DIGBY: Yeah, every sauce needs spice.

NATALIE: [squawks] Armedian backup arriving!

CAMERON: Ha ha! To fairer seas and skies and space! You can - Ship, I should have said this before we blew up our old ship, but you *can* go to space, can you not?

SEA-53: Indeed I can.

DIGBY: What luck.

CLORT: That is great!

CAMERON: Ha ha ha!

SEA-53: It's fairly easy to do water once you can do space.

[Interstitial Music. When Captain Cameron resumes speaking, the music continues quietly in the background as he reminisces.]

CAMERON: And so, Cameron's Castaways travelled from planet to planet, sea to sea, daring exploit to daring exploit, making fortunes and losing them all at the same time, outwitting the authorities at every turn. After all, it was we that seized the Eye of Oflah from the ruins of Melgax V,, stolen diamonds from the very mines of the Vernakian family, and let it be known here and now, we are the ones who sunk Miss Ladydo, which brings us here today, Aquatis. And, ha ha, you know, we fell on - some may say hard times, and some may even say that our legend has faded. [Sighs] Spleen got involved in a timeshare, and we had to sell several of SEA-53's spacefaring parts, but who needs them? Know this! There is nowhere else I would rather be than Aquatis, the bounding main wherever I look. Our best days lie ahead, and we owe it all to SEA-53, who has become bosom buddy to the captain, confidant, the closest person he's ever known. I do not say--

BARTENDER: You gonna order, or...

CAMERON: Oh.

BARTENDER: Like...

CAMERON: Ah, no, sorry, I was doing a-- I was doing kind of a fun recap of these past -

BARTENDER: Was it fun?

CAMERON: - it was fun to me - of these past years of adventures.

BARTENDER: Everyone else, was it fun?

OTHER BAR PATRON: Yeah! We loved it! [Burps]

BARTENDER: Oh, okay. My bad.

CAMERON: Yes.

BARTENDER: Sounds like it was fun.

CAMERON: Don't bandy words with me, you cur. Ha ha ha ha!

BARTENDER: I don't know that verb, so I won't.

CLORT: Oi!

BARTENDER: Yes?

CLORT: That bottle way in the back glistening like it's dying?

BARTENDER: That's--

CLORT: It's got that pus around it?

BARTENDER: That's poison for the vermin.

CAMERON: Clort, I beg you.

BARTENDER: I mean, you can-- it's technically for sale, but like, I don't think--

CAMERON: Clort, please don't.

CLORT: It's for sale? I'll take it.

CAMERON: No, don't!

BARTENDER: That's just one kroon. May your vermin be killed.

CAMERON: Please don't, Clort.

[Gurgling]

CAMERON: Just down in one.

BARTENDER: [Crosstalk, alarmed] Oh! Oh, boy! Oh no!

CLORT: [Gurgling]

NATALIE: Not safe, not healthy.

CAMERON: Spleen, I told you whenever we go to bars, you must prevent Clort from drinking poison.

SPLEEN: I promise that I will--

CAMERON: You must!

SPLEEN: --punish myself later for letting you down.

CAMERON: That's not what I want. I just don't -

SPLEEN: Captain, I don't know why Clort doesn't hang on every word that you say. Everyone should want to just hear you talk about anything. Tell us about your taxes again.

CAMERON: No, no. A pirate never tells of his deductions.

[The sounds of Cheering and music fade into the background, replaced by the sound of Captain Cameron walking outside]

CAMERON: Oh, SEA-53, you are the only one who understands me.

SEA-53: Well, I'm honored to be in such a position, Captain Cameron.

CAMERON: Well, you've given us so much. I mean, you've made sacrifice after sacrifice, trading gleaming mechanisms for coarse sail.

SEA-53: You know, Captain Cameron, I actually find the sails quite suit me.

CAMERON: They do indeed, fair SEA-53, and though your hull is more wooden than metal these days, it still feels quite smooth. [Gently caresses SEA's hull]

SEA-53: That's very kind, Captain. It's actually almost completely wood at this point.

CAMERON: Yes, that's true. Really, that timeshare kind of milked us for everything we were worth. Those contracts are true piracy!

SEA-53: Yeah.

CAMERON: But I wanted to tell you, just thank you, and I feel like you're the being I know best in the entire galaxy. I promise --

DIGBY: This chain doesn't quite reach to the bar, but I'm very thirsty.

CAMERON: Digby.

DIGBY: [Grunting] If ... just ... one...

SEA-53: Digby, don't make me activate the winch.

[Digby shouts in surprise as the winch is activated.]

CAMERON: Such a spirited prisoner.

SEA-53: Perhaps that's the influence of his captain.

CAMERON: SEA-53, my Rodd, if you weren't a ship, I'd... I'd woo you and wed you.

SEA-53: Captain Cameron, please!

CAMERON: Please what?

SEA-53: Obviously, I remain a ship.

CAMERON: That's right. Pity that. Pity. One day we will... we will get you a frame that honors the sacrifices that you have made - a proper, uh, droid frame!

SEA-53: Captain, don't be silly! If I went into a droid frame, I mean, how would I cart the rest of the Castaways around? Where would you sleep?

CAMERON: Where would I sleep indeed?

[Cameron caresses SEA's hull again.]

SEA-53: Hmm. I'm just asking, you know, because the physical space where you sleep now wouldn't be there, so I'm not suggesting that, you know...

CAMERON: [awkward] No, that makes sense. Right. There would be no... No, I'm just...

[Spleen and Red-Eyed Clort can be heard stumbling out of the bar; Clort is retching.]

CAMERON: Are we? What's happening? Sorry.

SEA-53: [equally awkward] No, it's fine.

CAMERON: What's going on? Are we doing this? What's happening?

SEA-53: Captain, I mean, obviously we'd have to wait until we, you know, got another ship, because if I'm in a droid f-

BARTLESBY: Well, well, well.

CAMERON: No.

SEA-53: Oh! Greedrick Bartlesby III.

BARTLESBY: Well, well, well, if it isn't Captain Cameron.

CAMERON: [tense] Greedrick.

DIGBY: And the Castaways!

BARTLESBY: Sure, yes. If you can call them that even. This guy's chained up. This guy's literally falling apart. [Red-Eyed Clort retches] This person's hanging onto your coattails –

CAMERON: Spleen! Spleen, -

SPLEEN: I just want to make sure they don't touch the ground.

CAMERON: Don't clutch them tighter. Just be chill about them.

BARTLESBY: And is that a lird in your beard? That's disgusting.

NATALIE: [squawks] It's a living.

BARTLESBY: I haven't seen you in a few years, Cameron. I assumed the **Tenertian** oligarchs finally tracked you down and killed you for what you did to them.

CAMERON: It'll take a little bit more than those dogs to stop Captain Kirk Cameron and the Castaways.

BARTLESBY: Well, I see you've gotten a new wooden ship befitting the electrical storms here on Aquatis, congratulations.

CAMERON: Yes. That is why the ship is wooden. Isn't that right, SEA-53?

SEA-53: That's correct.

BARTLESBY: Of course, a wooden ship capable of sailing to the northern pole of Aquatis can only mean one thing: You're here, as I am, for the bounty.

CAMERON: Yes - ha - Yes! The bounty!

BARTLESBY: Don't try denying it, Cameron. I know why you're here.

CAMERON: You've got me! So we agree that it is a very big bounty, then?

BARTLESBY: A big bounty? Ha, it's the understatement of the century! Let me put it this way: There is not a timeshare contract large or predatory enough that you could not easily buy your way out of it with this bounty.

CAMERON: Not applicable to me, but interesting.

BARTLESBY: I'm surprised you even know about it. This is sort of a top-tier bounty, and these days, Cameron, you aren't on the list, if you know what I mean.

SEA-53: Then why are we here, Bartlesby?

BARTLESBY: Every cool party has a couple of dweebs, you know? That's probably it.

CAMERON: Well, we're not them... Fartlesby.

BARTLESBY: How dare you! [Sound of Bartlesby drawing his sword] Nobody talks to a Bartlesby that way!

SEA-53: Surely someone has said "Fartlesby" before.

BARTLESBY: Yes, well, they do, [Sound of Bartlesby sheathing his sword] but every time I remind them it's not okay. You know what? I don't have time for this. I'm here for one reason alone: the bounty!

CAMERON: To be a butthead?

SEA-53: Excellent jest, Captain Cameron.

DIGBY: Nailed it!

BARTLESBY: Captain Cameron, you filthy wharf rat! I shall see you on the open seas.

CAMERON: Yes, walk away, Bartlesby. Keep on walking.

DIGBY: Did I miss when we learned of the bounty?

CAMERON: Digby, your cage door is open. Can you please close it?

DIGBY: Sorry, sorry. I'll lock it with the key and hide it from myself.

CAMERON: Castaways, we can-- Clort, are you taking orse tranquilizers? Is that what you're doing?

CLORT: I thought it was a mint on the ground. [Burps]

CAMERON: Clort?

DIGBY: Even that would be--

CAMERON: Why would you--

SEA-53: Clort, even a mint on the ground--

CLORT: Every day's an adventure, and I never regret it!

CAMERON: I do appreciate that adventurous spirit, Clort. Listen, Castaways, Bartlesby may have put us on our heels for just a moment, but we can--

DIGBY: [shakes a tambourine] But we'll still be a great wedding band.

CAMERON: But we're not-- No, Digby, we won't be-- We're pirates. Listen, we shall learn the details of this bounty and retrieve it before Bartlesby can. What say you, crew?

BARTENDER: Oh, you want the bounty, do you?

CLORT: It's the bartender.

BARTENDER: I'm just having a smoke. It's rumored to be the most astounding treasure ever hidden.

CAMERON: Ever?

NATALIE: Hidden?

CAMERON: Yes, bartender, we do want the bounty.

BARTENDER PEZ: The name's Pez. The details are on this small scroll inside my cigarillio case. Happy to share. I'd just be glad to see Bartlesby fail.

CAMERON: Yes.

PEZ: What a douthe.

CAMERON: He is a douthe.

SEA-53: Yeah, a huge douthe.

CLORT: Hey, are you finished with that cigarillio you put on the ground and then put your foot over?

PEZ: I mean, yes. That's just a filter.

SPLEEN: Oh, Clort, no!

PEZ: Oh, don't!

SEA-53: Your lungs can't risk that.

PEZ: Why would you-- Oh.

[sound of Red-Eyed Clort chomping]

PEZ: Just lit it on fire and swallowed it.

SPLEEN: That's the one thing Clort *isn't* allergic to.

SEA-53: Smoke. How ironic.

CAMERON: Castaways, to adventure!

PEZ: And beyond.

SPLEEN: Oh, you're coming with us?

PEZ: No, no, no, I just-- I mean, sure.

[Interstitial Music transitions to ad break. This ad break features two characters from episode 518: The Tall Client from the trio who kidnapped Horsehat, and the guy who got lost in a sandstorm and was subsequently eaten by a sand worm.]

[A loud explosion as the blaster suddenly fires. Pleck screams in the background.]

[Sounds of machinery stuttering and rebooting]

OTHER DAR: Oh, no, oh, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no!

AJ: Oh wow, he really vaporized... big time.

NERMUT: Whoa.

PLECK: Whoa, that—

OTHER 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

[Other Dar's words fade out to the sound of a shifting wall or changing scene.]

THE TALL CLIENT: Alas, it appears I have been consumed by the giant sand worm.

THAT GUY WHO GOT EATEN BY THE SANDWORM: Oh, hey, whoa. Looks like your friends got bitten in half.

TALL CLIENT: Yes, I'm afraid they have been fully masticated upon entry into this enormous beast.

THAT GUY: Well, pull up a lump of mucosa, my friend. You know, it takes years to be digested by one of these motherfuckers. [sighs] I almost outran it, too.

TALL CLIENT: And yet, your will was not strong enough! Luckily, I know how I will tolerate this lengthy purgatory of absorption and dissolution into nutrients and waste.

THAT GUY: Oh, really? How?

TALL CLIENT: I shall pass the time listening to my favorite podcast, Backwater Bastards.

THAT GUY: Oh, sweet.

TALL CLIENT: Yes, it is sweet indeed. Backwater Bastards is a highly engaging actual play podcast using a custom D20-based game system. The current campaign is Orbital Refuse, a science fiction comedy with immersive sound design featuring a human bear, a psionic jellyfish and a sentient ship, trying to survive the harsh violence of space.

THAT GUY: Uh, what's a human?

TALL CLIENT: I'm not completely certain. Some sort of nonsense fictional creature. But circumstances have brought our motley heroes back to the criminal helm of mid-space where it all started, begging several questions:

- Will the parasitic seed- ship they abandoned catch up with them?
- Will the wraith princess Zu Zu use them to get back to her lost heir?

THAT GUY: Okay.

TALL CLIENT: Listen to find out!

THAT GUY: I'm down.

TALL CLIENT: Gameplay and rule chat are edited to create a more seamless story-style listening experience. Nevertheless, it is still affected by the merciless outcomes of intermittent dice rolls.

THAT GUY: Oh, sweet, dude. Can I cop an earbud?

TALL CLIENT: Certainly. [Shouting, to the room digestive tract, in general] And any others who can hear the sound of my words within the bowels of this horrific creature, you may subscribe to Backwater Bastards for free wherever podcasts are found.

THAT GUY: Oh, crap. Your battery's only at 10%.

TALL CLIENT: Oh, juck me.

[Interstitial music signifies the end of the ad]

CAMERON: Spleen! Hoist the mizzenmast! Where are--you're right behind--hoist the mizzenmast!

SPLEEN: I'm behind you! [Really cheerful] Uh-huh!

CAMERON: No, you're right behind me! Hoist the mizzenmast!

SPLEEN: Would you like to do it together? You'll put your hands on the mizzenmast, and then I'll put my hands over your hands?

CAMERON: Why would I give you the order if I wanted to do it myself, Spleen? Why would I do that?

SPLEEN: Yeah, you're right.

DIGBY: Um, not to be a downer, but Clort is in the water.

CAMERON: Clort!

CLORT: [singing] ♪ I'm just swimming with my friends! My shark friends! ♪

DIGBY: No!

CAMERON: Oh, Clort, no!

CLORT: [still singing] ♪ The water hurts! And it's taking off my skin! ♪

SEA-53: You know, Captain Cameron, at a certain point, one must assume that Clort enjoys this.

CLORT: I have that disease where you enjoy things that are bad for you. It's called -

CAMERON: [Crosstalk] Masochism?

SEA-53: I think that is accurate, Captain.

SPLEEN: I'm having a little trouble with the mizzenmast.

CAMERON: Spleen, that's 'cause you're--no, *pull* the rope, Spleen.

SPLEEN: I don't have that type of upper body strength. Not like you, Captain.

CAMERON: All right, all right, I'll do it myself. Ha! Yeah! Pez, assist me!

PEZ: Yes. Hang on, let me put down this carafe of wine.

CAMERON: Again, Pez, you do not have to serve us constantly.

PEZ: Oh, it's in my blood. Drink up!... and pay!

CAMERON: All right, Natalie. Swing the boom.

NATALIE: Okay. I'll do my best!

CAMERON: Thank you, Natalie.

PEZ: Not bad for a lird. That's a yoked lird.

CAMERON: 'Tis yoked, yes, indeed. Clort! Clort, get back on the ship. We're not dragging you all the way to glory.

CLORT: My skin is stuck in the water!

CAMERON: How?

CLORT: I don't want to alarm you-- You are just going to see my muscular vascular system for a little bit of time as the skin grows back.

[Red-Eyed Clort grunts and screams. The Castaways make various sounds of disgust.]

SEA-53: I'm not even organic, and this is a lot to look at.

CLORT: All right, I'm good!

CAMERON: All right, full speed ahead to-- Wait, so what's the X on the map signify?

PEZ: The "X"?

CAMERON: Yes.

PEZ: Oh, that's the shape of the island. That's actually Ex Island. That's not an x.

CAMERON: And it's called... It's also called X Island.

PEZ: Ex Island, yes. Where the treasure is!

CAMERON: So it's an X on a map, but it's also, the island itself is in the shape of an X?

PEZ: Yes. Most islands on the map are the shape they are.

CAMERON: Not all the time.

PEZ: Uh, I mean, if it's a good map.

CAMERON: Right.

PEZ: X marks the Ex.

CAMERON: Okay.

[An ominous voice can be heard calling in the distance.]

DIGBY: Captain, ahead! From my cage here in the nest...

CAMERON: What do you see, Digby?

DIGBY: I see trouble. It's an old man in a rowboat.

AN OLD MAN IN A ROWBOAT: [Repeating, getting closer each time.] Whooo goes there?

CAMERON: You're speaking to Cameron's Castaways, Old Man.

OLD MAN: I want to warn you of unforeseen peril to coooome.

DIGBY: [Spoken in the way you'd say it if you'd just gotten a really terrible gift.] Thank you.

OLD MAN: Good-bye!

SEA-53: Oh! And that was the whole warning. Okay.

NATALIE: Not very helpful! Not very helpful!

[Lightning crashes]

SPLEEN: Whoa!

CAMERON: Into the storm, fellow Castaways! Into the storm!

PEZ: And a round [opens a beer] on the house!

CAMERON: Yes, dispense, Pez, dispense!

DIGBY: It certainly feels like a very big storm from my vantage.

CAMERON: Yes.

DIGBY: Honestly, a metal cage this high may not be the best.

CAMERON: You'll be fine, Digby ! Crew, we have flint, lock and blade, but we laugh in the face of peril.

[Captain Cameron laughs, and SEA-53 joins in.]

SEA-53: Right you are, Captain Cameron. This shall be another legendary adventure for Cameron's Castaways!

CAMERON: That's right. The old man said 'perils', and this is but one peril. Wake me up when there are multiple perils happening!

[There is a loud moan or roar from a sea monster.]

SEA-53: Oh, now that is a complication.

CAMERON: Ah, okay, now this is--that's a sea monster.

[The sea monster roars.]

CAMERON: Okay, more than one peril. Ha ha ha!

CLORT: What is it you've left, if the storm and the sea monster are working together?

SEA-53: Hmm, yeah, against all logic, the lightning bolts seem to be dodging around the sea monster, but surely that's not possible.

[The sea monster roars.]

SEA-53: Okay, it just caught one in a tentacle and threw it toward the ship.

DIGBY: That one was really close!

CAMERON: Very good, Digby. Stay strong up there.

DIGBY: Was I strong?

CLORT: Captain, I don't think our weapons will have any match against whatever this is.

CAMERON: You're right, Clort. We only have but one weapon that could destroy this massive beast: You, Clort, and your disease-riddled body. Go kiss that sea monster.

CLORT: But I don't know them. I only kiss the ones that I know real well.

CAMERON: Well, if there's one thing we agree on on this ship, it's that we always rule the day! And also, consent is incredibly important.

[Clort, Digby, Spleen and SEA-53 all speak over each other.]

CLORT: Absolutely, you've got to consent. It's got to be a two-way thing.

DIGBY: So true!

SPLEEN: You're so spot on, Captain. Yes!

SEA-53: Never any excuse.

CLORT: Give me a little bit of time.

SEA-53: Captain, I know this may sound like suicide, but we could perhaps navigate closer to the sea monster in an attempt to give Red-Eyed Clort a chance to get to know the monster so that they might engage in a distractionary romantic escapade.

CAMERON: Definitely. Wheel us towards that giant sea monster so Red-Eyed Clort can get acquainted!

SEA-53: Aye, aye, Captain.

CLORT: So, wot your name?

[Monster roars]

CLORT: Oh, right, I'm Red-Eyed Clort. It's because of me red eye.

[Monster roars again]

CLORT: You also have an eye infection as well? You've got beautiful eyes. [Monster roars] Oh! Help!

DIGBY: Oh no!

SPLEEN: That sea monster just ate Red-Eyed Clort!

SEA-53: Captain, I apologize. This is all my fault. I never should have proposed such a reckless plan.

CAMERON: No. No. Steering towards a sea monster during an electrical storm was a good plan, SEA-53.

SEA-53: Captain Cameron, I don't mean to alarm you, but in steering closer towards the sea monster, I've taken us straight into a whirlpool.

CAMERON: There are three things? Why is it always three?

SEA-53: Once there's two, it seems like there sort of has to be a third for some reason.

DIGBY: It's almost like a rule!

CAMERON: Steer us, SEA-53. Batten the hatches. The monster! What's that?

SEA-53: Captain Cameron, it's hard to keep focus on the monster since we're revolving around this whirlpool.

CAMERON: Yes, I know. Every... We can only get one look.

SEA-53: Every rotation... Just a second.

CAMERON: Spleen, you've got the spyglass.

SPLEEN: Urm... Uh... There's... movement in the throat?

CAMERON: That's a good sign.

SEA-53: Captain Cameron, the sea monster is lurching very recklessly. It's going to get caught in the whirlpool.

DIGBY: With us?

SEA-53: I'm sorry to say, but yes.

CAMERON: Well, does anyone want to bet on which thing takes us down? The storm, the whirlpool, or the monster?

SPLEEN: I'll collect the bets for you, Captain. Who's three-to-one on the whirlpool destroying us?

[Natalie squawks excitedly.]

DIGBY: Captain, you know Natalie's gambling addiction is strong. Is this wise?

SPLEEN: Natalie, are you sure that that's how much money you want to put in?

NATALIE: [squawks] I've got a good feeling about this one!

CAMERON: There are four problems. I forgot about Natalie's gambling addiction.

DIGBY: Here comes a big bolt!

SEA-53: Take cover, Cameron's Castaways! This looks like a big one.

CAMERON: Hold on, me hearties!

[All the sounds become muffled, and then clear to reveal birds chirping and a much calmer soundscape. The Castaways make various sounds of relief and wonder.]

CLORT: Oi! Oi! I'm here! I'm here!

CAMERON: Clort!

SEA-53: Clort!

CLORT: That's right: I'm alive.

CAMERON: Climb aboard.

DIGBY: Crew, from my vantage I could tell that the lightning bolt blasted us free from the clutches of the whirlpool just as the monster exploded.

CLORT: I gave the monster a lot of little mini kisses in the inside.

CAMERON: Very good.

SPLEEN: Oh sure, yeah.

CLORT: And my infectious mouth caused it, you know - .

CAMERON: - to explode, yes.

SEA-53: Almost no way for anything organic to live through that sort of treatment.

CAMERON: No.

SPLEEN: Clort, how is it that your eyes are... clear?

CLORT: What?

SEA-53: *Clear-eyed* Clort.

CAMERON: Clear-eyed Clort?

CLEAR-EYED CLORT: You mean I don't even have whatever the center things are called?

CAMERON: The pupils?

SEA-53: No pupils, no irises at all, Clort.

CAMERON: Nothing, just white.

SEA-53: Just like the foam on an ocean wave, Clort.

SPLEEN: Honestly, stop looking at us, Clort. It's very upsetting.

SEA-53: It's very disconcerting to look at.

CLEAR-EYED CLORT: But I've never felt better in me life!

CAMERON: Well, I guess it's a good thing that the lightning bolt hit the whirlpool at the exact moment that Red-Eyed Clort was exiting the dead sea monster's mouth, but I don't chalk it up to luck at all. To the skill of our crew! Well done.

SEA-53: Hear, hear, Captain Cameron.

CAMERON: This planet will have to throw much more at us to stop Cameron's Castaways, eh?

BARTLESBY: [In the distance] Hello? Hello!

CAMERON: Oh, great.

SEA-53: [exasperated] Greedrick Bartlesby the Third.

CAMERON: It's a big ocean, you know, you'd think - All right, here he comes. Just...

SEA-53: It's really... it's right next to us.

DIGBY: It's a *very* nice ship.

CAMERON: No, no, no one say anything. No one say anything.

BARTLESBY: Hello!

SEA-53: Yeah. No, I won't.

CAMERON: Spleen, don't wave! Don't wave. Nobody wave.

SPLEEN: But he's waving! It's rude not to wave back.

CAMERON: No, everybody just...

SPLEEN: Captain, c'mon, wave everybody! Wave!

CAMERON: Spleen! No, just ignore it.

BARTLESBY: Well, well, well. If it isn't Captain Cameron and his Castaways. I see your diseased crew member has lost his skin. [pause] And his pupils.

CLORT: Who's he talking about?

CAMERON: You.

CLORT: It could be any of us, honestly.

CAMERON: What do you want, Bartlesby?

BARTLESBY: I just wanted to swing by and see how your crew fared with the, you know, sea monster and the whirlpool and the lightning and stuff. We didn't have any of that over on the southeastern side. Smooth sailing over there.

CAMERON: Well, congratulations. I don't - What do you want me to say to that?

BARTLESBY: Just wanted to make sure you were still on your way to the bounty. Or the "booty", as you filthy pirates like to call it.

CAMERON: Oh, we're on our way, Bartlesby. We're headed for that booty. And when we come calling at the booty... Don't...

BARTLESBY: Yes? Continue.

CAMERON: I order *you* to continue, Bartlesby. Out of my face!

BARTLESBY: Shut up, Captain Cameron.

CAMERON: Why don't you shut up, man?

BARTLESBY: Fine, I'm out of here.

CAMERON: All ahead full, I say.

SEA-53: Uh, Captain Cameron, this may be unsporting, but... What if we were to fire on Greedrick Bartlesby's ship?

CAMERON: Why didn't... Honestly, that should have been the first thing we... I mean...

SEA-53: And, Captain, if I may so suggest that we use the special cannonball we obtained on Kelolan IX.

CAMERON: The Zinger?

SEA-53: The Zinger.

CAMERON: Load it up. Spleen, Clort!

CLORT: What?

SPLEEN: Yes?

CAMERON: Prepare the Zinger.

SPLEEN: Are you sure, Captain?

CLORT: Are we ready to use it?

CAMERON: If not now, when? He told us to shut up! Did everyone remember that? It was awful.

SEA-53: No, I didn't like that.

CLORT: All right, we'll get to it tip-top-a-toppy-tip.

CAMERON: No, do it... Do it now. They're sailing away.

SPLEEN: Quick, Clort, let's do our secret handshake before we do it.

CAMERON: Oh, no.

SEA-53: Oh, this is upwards of 11 minutes long, Captain.

CAMERON: I'll do it. I'll do it. I've got the zingerball.

CLORT and **SPLEEN:** [together] One and two and three and four. Five and six and seven and eleven and forty.

[Spleen and Clort continue to recite the words to accompany their secret handshake in the background.]

CAMERON: Loading it! ... Loading and... Release! Zinger!

DIGBY: A direct hit! Broadside of Bartlesby's skiff.

CAMERON: Ah, yes. The Zinger.

SEA-53: The only cannonball that increases exponentially in mass 20 seconds after being fired. It's like being hit by a small moon.

CLORT and **SPLEEN:** Whooooaaaaaa!

CLORT: Done! We're ready to do the task.

CAMERON: I... I can't with you two right now. [SEA-53 laughs] We fired the Zinger!

CLORT: Oh! Sorry, sorry.

SPLEEN: What? We were gonna do it, but we had to do our handshake first.

CAMERON: You were doing -- ! That's why!

DIGBY: I spy Bartlesby clinging to a deck board, waving a tiny white flag.

CAMERON: Well, I wonder if our brig has room for another prisoner.

DIGBY: No, I hate sharing it.

SEA-53: That's true, it would be cruel to Digby, sir.

DIGBY: Oh, and he's sunk.

CAMERON: Oh, good. Ahoy-hoi, crew. Another rival put into a watery grave. Ha ha ha! Well played, one and all.

SEA-53: Captain Cameron, shall I resume course towards the booty?

CAMERON: Yes.

PEZ: I mean, why not? Sorry, I've been down below. What'd I miss?

SEA-53: Sort of a lot, actually.

CAMERON: Yeah, Pez.

PEZ: I heard some noise.

CAMERON: Did you miss the monster and the lightning storm, and then when we fired the Zinger, you missed all of that?

PEZ: You think bathtub rum makes itself? I was busy.

SEA-53: Oh, now.

PEZ: One for you.

CAMERON: All is forgiven, Pez.

[interstitial music]

CAMERON: Pez?

PEZ: Yes?

CAMERON: How much longer to Ex Island?

PEZ: Well, I mean, you know, I just hear things in the bar, so I might have overheard the source of the booty saying that Ex Island should be 1.14 clicks ahead.

CAMERON: Wait, 1.14? All right, uh-

SEA-53: Very specific.

PEZ: Just whispers in the corners, you know.

CAMERON: Really?

PEZ: And you're gonna want to tack just two degrees starboard here, SEA-53, and it's gonna be - not the first channel - the first channel's full of poisonous rocks -

CAMERON: *Poisonous* rocks?

SEA-53: Poisonous rocks?!

PEZ: - ... and bloody. Yeah, you know...

CAMERON: The worst kind of rock!

PEZ: Yes, it'll stab through your hull and just infect all our blood. We'd be Clorted up by dawn, and...

CLORT: Wot?

CAMERON: Pez, you're not a pirate, you're a bartender?

PEZ: No, I just pour drinks and make conversations.

PEZ: Forward ho!

CAMERON: I mean, that's usually what I say.

SEA-53: That's a very pirate-y thing to say.

PEZ: Oh, I didn't mean to step on it. I was just...

CAMERON: It's kind of my thing, and I'm the captain, so...

PEZ: That's what I say when I push this here keg tap.

CAMERON: All right. Look alive, Castaways. We're approaching Ex Island.

SEA-53: Hmm.

CAMERON: Look at it.

CLORT: You all know the tales of Ex Island, right?

SEA-53: Clear-Eyed Clort, perhaps you could regale us with some as I navigate this channel.

CLORT: Ex Island is a mystical island known for regenerating images of your worst ex.

SEA-53: Oh, no.

[Natalie squawks.]

CLORT: Many a sentient have been lost on such island, revisiting bad memories. [Clort retches.] Sorry, there's something stuck in my throat.

CAMERON: It's a tapeworm!

SPLEEN: Oh, no!

[The sound of the tapeworm resembles that of a large fish flopping about on a wooden deck.]

CAMERON: It's a giant tapeworm attached to ... a piranha?

SPLEEN: Oh no, it's still going.

SEA-53: It's just reeling it out... [Unintelligible]

CAMERON: It's like a yo-yo

DIGBY: There's barnacles falling off the back of that piranha.

CLORT: Must've gotten it in the water!

SEA-53: Perhaps.

CAMERON: Yeah, probably.

DIGBY: That was inside Clort, but it's much bigger than Clort.

[Cameron makes a sound of disgust.]

SEA-53: Yeah it sort of seems like - if that came out of Clort, what's left inside Clort? You know what I mean? Just from a pure volume perspective.

CLORT: Wot?

CAMERON: So, was it *bad* memories?

SEA-53: Captain Cameron, I think it may be bad memories.

CAMERON: Ah, yes. That makes the most sense, doesn't it? Crew, if this be true, everyone should stow below.

NATALIE: [squawks] Bye!

CAMERON: All right, Natalie.

SPLEEN: I hate to leave you, Captain, but I'd love to get down below.

CAMERON: What? I don't even--

PEZ: Aye, aye, Captain. Going down.

CAMERON: Thank you, Pez. Protect yourself from the bad memories.

PEZ: My regular who never tips. No, no, think not!

CAMERON: Who knows what... havoc this island will wreak upon our minds! Hurry.

CLORT: I would stay here and watch, but I think I lost a couple of me bones, so I'm just gonna slither down.

DIGBY: I guess I'll unlock myself, since I can.

CAMERON: Honor System, Digby!

DIGBY: Yes. Shhimmy down the pole!.

CAMERON: Digby goes down.

SEA-53: Captain Cameron, perhaps you should get below decks as well. I can navigate this channel alone.

CAMERON: No, SEA-53, I would not have you face these dangers by yourself. I shall lash myself to the mast, and you will not be alone. Whatever we do, we do together, right?

SEA-53: That's right, Captain. I'm honored you've decided to weather this with me. I'll do my best to live up to your example.

CAMERON: You've never failed me once, SEA-53. I don't expect it to start now. [pause] All right, let us venture into the unknown!

SEA-53: Tightening winch. Tight enough, Captain?

CAMERON: [winces] Really good, thanks. And honestly, I see nothing frightening at all.

SEA-53: Well, Captain Cameron, it is worth considering that perhaps Clear-Eyed Clort was overstating the dangers of the island. Perhaps it was just myth and—

[Captain Cameron groans]

SEA-53: Captain, are you all right? Captain, who are they? Tell me!

CAMERON: I see... My exes!

SEA-53: Captain Cameron, we're going to get through this. And remember, according to the legend, these are just visions. You don't need to react to these at all. They're just phantoms from your past.

CAMERON: Right.

MISTY, CAMERON'S EX: Cameron, look at you there! Just like usual: busy with work, no time for love.

CAMERON: All right.

MISTY: No time for Misty.

CAMERON: Oh, Misty, what a fine ship you were.

SEA-53: I'm sorry, Captain Cameron, Mi- you dated a ship named Misty?

CAMERON: Yes, Misty, but it was just a fling. Just a fling with Misty the ship.

SEA-53: Yeah, I was just surprised because--

CAMERON: Ah, why?

SEA-53: You know, you've said so many times that if I were to ship--

CAMERON: Right, well, because it didn't go well with that ship, so--

SEA-53: Ah, of course, yes.

CAMERON: That's why.

SEA-53: So that's--

CAMERON: Why would I?

SLOOPY WALTER: It's me, Sloopy Walter.

CAMERON: Walter! Ah..

SEA-53: Okay, so that also has to be a ship.

CAMERON: It is, yes.

SEA-53: Yes.

CAMERON: Yeah.

SEA-53: Okay, ummm...

SLOOPY WALTER: Yes, Walter the Sloop -

CAMERON: But that's another fling.

SLOOPY WALTER: - but you left me for a ketch! [cries in despair]

CAMERON: Yes.

SEA-53: Those are two different kinds of ship.

CAMERON: That's right. 'Tis another fling. Walter and I were engaged, and then were not.

SEA-53: Wait, you were-- I'm sorry, Captain Cameron, you were *engaged* to a *fling*?

CAMERON: Yes, it was a several-year fling that ended in an engagement, and then a short marriage. You know, that kind of fling.

CAMERON'S EX (ANOTHER ONE): Oh, Cameron! Lashed to the mast again, I see. That's how you like it.

SEA-53: Lashed *again*?

CAMERON'S EX: That's how you like it!

SEA-53: Lashed again.

BARGIE: HEY! HEY!

CAMERON: Oh, no, not the Bargarean Jade!

SEA-53: [disgusted] Oh.

BARGIE: It's Bargie, your ex!

SEA-53: You dated that Hollywood ingénue?!?

BARGIE: Hey, remember when you -- when you were like, "I'm gonna call you!" and then you didn't? That was fun(!)

CAMERON: This was definitely a short one.

SEA-53: Okay, but--

CAMERON: This was a true fling. She is insane.

SEA-53: Captain Cameron!

CAMERON: She is insane.

BARGIE: [in the background] Wow! *Wow.*

SEA-53: Captain!

CAMERON: One date. That was enough.

SEA-53: I think you have a thing for ships!

CAMERON: Well, in any case, I'm – I'm sure that's all my exes, so--

SPLEEN: [panting] But don't forget about me, Captain Cameron! O'er here! Your ex, Spleen!

CAMERON: Spleen!

SEA-53: Spleen, are you running alongside the banks of this channel?

SPLEEN: If it would just go a little slower, SEA-53, I wouldn't have to run alongside...

CAMERON: Spleen, we're not-- we were never-- there was never anything.

SPLEEN: What - We're still a "won't-they" and not a "will-they", huh?

CAMERON: Yeah, but--

SEA-53: Captain, we seem to be clear of the - the phantoms, but--

CAMERON: SEA, I--

SEA-53: Why would you-- why would you lie to me?

CAMERON: As you could see, I have not had a great track record with ships, so I thought that maybe if you weren't a ship... It would work out. I-- it's a stupid idea.

SEA-53: But, Captain, I'm nothing like those other ships. You don't know how our relationship would have gone. I can't believe you would hide this from me!

CAMERON: I mean, I'm sure it looks like I have it all figured out, you know, what with my "Ahoy-hoi's" and my catchy, perfect ditties, but, you know, I'm a work-in-progress! I'm just trying. And I'm sorry if, you know, you were offended by anything I said.

SEA-53: So you're sorry...?

CAMERON: Sorry you freaked out.

SEA-53: Well--

[The belowdecks hatch opens.]

DIGBY: We've lost Spleen! Spleen must be overboard.

SEA-53: No, no.

CAMERON: Yeah, get back aboard, Spleen, we are out of danger.

[the sound of Spleen being lifted aboard]

SPLEEN: [sheepishly] Okay.

CAMERON: Yes, you may get back in your cage, Digby.

DIGBY: I'd take a meal, but okay, fine...

CAMERON: All right, crew, yeah, all right, yes. Yes, here we are at Ex Island. Yes, everyone to their stations. Wonderful. Now we must find the booty, okay?

PEZ: Now I'm just, of course, a slinger of drinks, but I've heard tell that this rockface up ahead must be driven straight through -

CAMERON: It's impossible!

PEZ: - for it is a mirage.

SEA-53: Okay, Pez. Before I steer myself through this supposed mirage and potentially destroy myself: You seem like a very well-informed bartender.

PEZ: Oh, I don't know. I can tell you what goes into a Young Salty Aunt... a Middle-Aged Peppery Niece... Aged Spicy Cousin... but what I do know is that this rockface is, in fact, a waterfall reflecting the nearby rocks and can be traversed without impact and will lead us into the cavern in which the booty is stored.

SEA-53: [pointedly] So it's a test of faith, Pez?

PEZ: Yes.

CAMERON: SEA, no, we won't do it! If there's any chance that you'll hurt from it, we shouldn't do this, you know? I mean...

SEA-53: Well, I guess it's just a matter of trust then, isn't it, Captain Cameron?

CAMERON: I guess it is--

SEA-53: Do I *trust* Pez?

DIGBY: Yikes!

CAMERON: Digby...

SEA-53: Accelerating.

CAMERON: SEA, don't do this! Don't try to prove some point.

SEA-53: Full speed ahead, Captain Cameron.

DIGBY: I don't know, it sure looks like a rock face to old Digby!

CAMERON: SEA, what are you doing? Why?!

CLORT: You're driving me crazy!

[SEA-53 groans with the strain.]

DIGBY: It's driving me nuts.

[SEA continues to groan as he presses through a deluge of water.]

CAMERON: Look at this! SEA, you did it.

SEA-53: Pez, you were right! It's-- I've never seen anything so beautiful in my life.

PEZ: I mean, who knows? I'm just a--

CAMERON: Who knows? We know. We see it.

PEZ: I'm just mopping up the counter here.

SEA-53: You've got to give yourself some credit, man.

CAMERON: Come on, man.

SEA-53: We never would have known.

SPLEEN: Were you guessing, or did you actually have intel?

CAMERON: Great question, Spleen.

PEZ: I mean, I hear a lot of things, and sometimes I say 'em out loud.

CAMERON: Look at this place: It's some sort of temple. Beautiful.

[There is the sound of a great rock being moved aside.]

CAMERON: And that box on that pedestal, that's a treasure box if I've ever seen one.

BARTLESBY: Well, well, well. If it isn't Captain Cameron and his scurvy crew!

CAMERON: Nah, pay no attention. This is just another ghost.

BARTLESBY: No, I don't think so.

SPLEEN: Wait, wait, wait!

SEA-53: Wait a minute.

CLORT: Wait, go back. Let's clarify what?

CAMERON: It's just another ghost from Ex Island.

SPLEEN: Does that mean you dated?

SEA-53: Wait, what?

BARTLESBY: Yes, we did hook up a couple times.

SEA-53: Oh, are you kidding me?!?

CAMERON: Fine, yes! Bartlesby and I hooked up.

SPLEEN: If you thought he was a ghost, it had to have been something more serious than that.

BARTLESBY: Oh, it meant nothing! He said he only gets serious with ships.

CAMERON: Oh, he's real! How did you survive, Bartlesby?

BARTLESBY: My dad dropped off a new ship for me after you destroyed my old one.

CAMERON: Okay.

SEA-53: These rich kids!

SPLEEN: Wait, remind all of us the backstory of who your dad is?

CAMERON: No, don't—no! People like him love saying who their dad is!

BARTLESBY: My father, Greedrick Bartlesby II, was the finest ship captain in the Caltaxian Navy. When the Caltaxian Navy was destroyed by the--

CAMERON: That's enough, Bartlesby! En garde!

BARTLESBY: En garde!

SPLEEN: Wow, look at how they can predict each other's moods. It's like they've dated seriously for years!

BARTLESBY: It was Not! That! Serious!

SEA-53: Yeah, you can tell these two have sword-fought before.

CAMERON: [shocked shout] My hand! You chopped the whole thing off!!

BARTLESBY: That's correct.

CAMERON: Ah!

BARTLESBY: Ha-ha! It is mine, Cameron.[Sheathes sword] And now I shall have what's mine, the booty! And here it is. What's in the box?

[Groaning, Glitching, General shouts of terror and dismay]

DIGBY: Bartlesby has withered into a corpse and then crumbled!

PEZ: Oh, yeah, you don't want to just touch the exbox. You're going to want to really learn all the controls, or that you're going to turn to dust.

CAMERON: Okay...

PEZ: You'll get overtaken by the Red Ring of Death.

CAMERON: What?

PEZ: The curse of the exbox!

CLORT: Wot?

CAMERON: I have an idea! I might not be able to touch the exboxe, but I know one crew member who most definitely will be able to. Clort, nothing could happen to you that's worse than what has already happened to you!

CLORT: That's true. I've touched toxins you've never heard about, eaten ingredients not known to sentient kind, have every single sort of disease and itch and bubble and pus you've ever imagined in your entire life,

CAMERON: Yeah, paint a picture!

CLORT: - all for this moment, I will grab that box!

SEA-53: Clort, think about this!

[Groaning, Glitching, General shouts of terror and dismay]

CAMERON: He's disintegrating. No, what have you done? He's -- Oh, no. Clort!

SEA-53: Clort! He's being burned alive by the Red Ring.

CAMERON: Oh, Clort, no.

DIGBY: Oh. Oh, no.

CAMERON: Oh, it's –

[a babyish voice says “Hello!”]

NATALIE: [Squawks] Clort disintegrated, revealing a tiny baby.

CLORT: [Shouting, but in a tiny baby voice] I AM **CLORT!** [Sneezes]

CAMERON: Oh, he's so small, look!

CLORT: I'm down here.

PEZ: Yes, as the legend has told, the opener of the exbox will become a homunculus.

CAMERON: What? Pez, again?

PEZ: Yes.

SEA-53: Wow. I mean, Pez, have you done formal research on this? How would you know all this?

PEZ: Does anyone need a rum or anything? I'm just here to serve.

CLORT: I can start over again! I've never felt so clean and healthy before. [Coughs repeatedly]

DIGBY: It's like looking at the world through the eyes of a tiny Clort.

SEA-53: Oh, and it's immediately eating the ashes of his old body.

DIGBY: Bright-eyed Clort, no.

CAMERON: Oh, bright-eyed Clort, don't!

[Chomping]

BRIGHT-EYED CLORT: [Burps] All done!

PEZ: Wait, the box, it's starting to open.

CAMERON: All right, this is it, crew: the biggest treasure we've ever found!

DIGBY: Wow, maybe it tells where my family is.

CAMERON: Will be - doubtful, Digby.

SEA-53: That's the biggest treasure we've ever found? I don't think so.

CAMERON: Digby's biggest treasure is family. It's pretty sad.

SEA-53: Yawn.

DIGBY: That seems nice, no?

CAMERON: This will put Cameron's Castaways in the history books.

[The lid of the wooden box creaks slowly open.]

CAMERON: It's just another map. [The audio glitches] It's a map to something called the 'Beanochron'?

SPLEEN: You've discovered a map, Captain, congratulations!

CAMERON: Spleen, not the time!

PEZ: A map?

CAMERON: That's the one thing you didn't hear anyone talk about, huh, Pez?

PEZ: Oh, now it's Pez's fault?

CAMERON: Well, you seemed to know about the Red Ring of Death, but you didn't know that the treasure's actually a map?

PEZ: I knew where it is, I don't know what it is. No, I've never heard about this thing.

CAMERON: Well, gang -

PEZ: I'll tell you this: Legends have all told that it would be, perhaps, a map.

CAMERON: What?

SEA-53: Pez, come on.

PEZ: It was rumored to be a map.

CAMERON: Yeah, it is a map.

SEA-53: Pez, it's obviously a map.

PEZ: But a map not just to a normal thing, but to the most powerful entity in the galaxy! Or so I've heard. Who needs a drink?

BRIGHT-EYED CLORT: I do!

CAMERON: SEA, scan this map. [Audio glitches] Now we have another quest to go on. Another treasure to find.

SEA-53: Wait, wait, wait, wait, wait, wait. Captain Cameron, you're not honestly suggesting we take off and try to find whatever's at the end of this map?

CAMERON: I mean, that's the job, am I right? Who's with me? It's the job!

SPLEEN: I'm always with you, Captain.

CAMERON: I know - Spleen, you're kind of in my armpit right now!

CLORT: Yeah, why not!

DIGBY: I don't think I can leave.

CAMERON: You're a prisoner, that's right, Digby. This is what we do: We follow maps.

PEZ: I actually picked up a shift at the pub here on Ex Island, so I'm going to sleep here.

CAMERON: Pez, yeah, fine. Listen, this is it - This is the big one! Okay, we'll need a ship that can go to space, so all we have to do is get back to the harbor, and then we'll book passage off this planet, and we'll get the bounty.

SEA-53: Captain Cameron, where am I supposed to go?

CAMERON: Understood, understood. Okay, we can come back for you once we get the bounty.

SEA-53: I'm your ship!

CAMERON: Okay, then let me just get your cube, and we'll take it along with us.

SEA-53: I don't want to be your *paperweight*!

CAMERON: Labels, it's the labels, man. That's the--

SEA-53: Wait!

CAMERON: We're all making sacrifices. I mean, Clort just burned up into a baby.

SEA-53: No, *you're* the only one not making sacrifices!

CAMERON: I don't have a hand! We've all sacrificed -

SEA-53: Okay, but that's - Wait a minute! Is that one of my banisters?! Did you just put one of my banisters on the end of your hand?

CAMERON: Just the knob.

SEA-53: Oh, come on!

CAMERON: Just the end of it. [A wooden banister ball splats into the mud.] Woops!

SEA-53: Well, best of luck with your new hand, Captain Cameron! Why don't you see if you can figure out how to get back to the harbor on your own?

CAMERON: So what are you going to do? You're just going to leave us all here on Ex Island?

SEA-53: Yeah, maybe I will! [bitterly] Maybe it's time for SEA-53 to find out who he is if he's not Captain Cameron's faithful ship, the one he could never be with because he's a ship!

CAMERON: You're just going to leave us? You're going to strand us on this island, where it seems like there's only ghosts and *one* bar?

SEA-53: Yeah.

DIGBY: But what will we call ourselves?

CAMERON: Well, I mean, Digby...

SEA-53: Digby, think. Just think.

DIGBY: Oh. Yes.

SEA-53: Yes.

CLORT: X-Factor!

CAMERON: No, we wouldn't-- No, Clort - I actually like X-Factor. Maybe that is--

SEA-53: Wait, are you going to change the—you finally are in the position where Cameron's Castaways makes sense -

CAMERON: It feels on the nose now!

SEA-53: - and you're going to change it to X-Factor?!

DIGBY: That sounds kind of vague. What about something strong like X-Force?

CLORT: Space X!

NATALIE: Natalie's Ne'er-Do-Wells!

[cast laughter]

CAMERON: I mean... it's got a ring to it.

DIGBY: Well, Natalie's Ne'er-Do-Wells we are, then.

SEA-53: Oh, are you kidding me?!

CAMERON: Yeah, go ahead and go! You know, we'll find another ship, a - a better ship! You have been cast out of the Castaways. Or wait, Ne'er-Do-Wells. What are we--

SEA-53: Yeah, fine. Fine, Captain Cameron! Now that I'm not holding my tongue anymore, I'll say it: You don't have the *range*.

CAMERON: How dare you. How dare you! Yeah! Yeah, I *do* have the range. [singing, in a strained falsetto] ♪ I have the range. ♪

SEA-53: Yeah, keep telling yourself that!

CAMERON: Get out of here! Get out of here.

SEA-53: [bitterly] Goodbye.

CAMERON: Goodbye, SEA-53.

[The music soars dramatically as SEA-53 departs through the waterfall.]

CAMERON: All right.

DIGBY: Okay.

CAMERON: Deserted on an island. Not the first time it's happened to old Captain Cameron, and it won't be the last. I guess we're going to have to figure out some shelter for tonight.

[The sound of approaching ships grows louder, overwhelming, and a foreboding voice speaks]

VOICE: Castaways, kneel before the might of the Monarchy! On your knees, woof creatures!

[Natalie squawks in alarm.]

ADMIRAL GREEDRICK BARTLESBY II: Well, well well... if it isn't Captain Cameron and his Castaways. It is I, Admiral Greedrick Bartlesby II, along with a small armada of several dozen galleons in my command.

DIGBY: Oh, your son was telling of you!

[Transcriber's note: Admiral Bartlesby has quite possibly the silliest accent ever heard by sentient kind.]

ADMIRAL BARTLESBY: Speaking of which, have you seen my son, Greedrick Bartlesby III? Because if any harm has befallen them, I tell you right now, you shall meet a very painful end, each and every one of you!

NATALIE: [squawks] Disintegrated! Pile of ash! Red Ring of Death!

CAMERON: Natalie!

SPLEEN: It wasn't the Captain, it was SEA-53 who done it.

CAMERON: [laughs nervously] Nothing's been done, though!

ADMIRAL BARTLESBY: Tell it to the Inquisitors! Shackle them all and throw them into the brig of pain.

SPLEEN: At least we're together, right, Captain Cameron?

CAMERON: Uh...

[The sounds of blasters charging surrounds Natalie's Ne'er-Do-Wells.]

[scene changes to SEA-53's perspective.]

SEA-53: I should have left him years ago. I don't need a captain; I don't need a crew. I'm SEA-53; I'm my own ship. You know what I'm gonna do is: I'm gonna work as a tug for a little while. I'm gonna save up some money and then I'll get my engines back and I'm going straight to space and I'm gonna -

Wait a minute

Are those Monarchy dreadnaughts?

I'd better -

They didn't see me at all! They went straight by me... straight back... to the Captain.

I'd better... but they'll... I'll be captured as soon as I turn around...

Captain!

Forgive me.

[Scene changes to the Present Day, to the crew aboard Bargie.]

[C-53 gasps as he comes back to consciousness, in much the same way as an organic would when coming back to life.]

NERMUT: C!

PLECK: C-53!

AJ: Hey, Robot Man.

PLECK: You're okay!

C-53: I am.

DAR: Oh, thank Rodd. [Other Dar echoes, Thank Rodd.]

C-53: And I know where Beano is.

AJ: Whoa.

BARGIE: Good. He owes me an email.

[Mission to Zyxx theme music plays out, and is replaced by Sailing for Kroon (The Captain and Me) by Steven Czajkowski.]

Sailing for Kroon (The Captain and Me)

♪ SEA-53, finest ship on the bay

None can compare with his technologay

Hyperproton not needed to sail fast for he,

52 down to 1, he's the King of the SEA

♪ The Captain throughout all Tremillion is feared
Stands tall with a Parrot-Lird tucked in his beard
Cigarillio lit, in his sumptuous lips
Evading his taxes on pirate-y ships

♪ And we'll go sailing for Kroon
On the high seas we'll roam
From Zyxx to Quantaris
We'll never go home
With Gulp in my belly
On the wide-open sea
Sailing for Kroon with SEA-53
Sailing for Kroon, the Captain and me

♪ No Monarch or Navy tells us where to sail
Whether smuggling Grt Milk or cut off Lird Tails
When our crew through the cosmos is hunted and chased,
We'll yell, "Full sail, SEA! Show the meaning of haste!"

♪ And we'll go sailing for Kroon
On the high seas we'll roam
From Zyxx to Quantaris
We'll never go home
With Gulp in my belly
On the wide-open sea
Sailing for Kroon with SEA-53
Sailing for Kroon, the Captain and me

♪ Juntawa Juntawa Juntawa Juntawa

Juntawa Juntawa Juntawa Juntawa
Juntawa Juntawa Juntawa Juntawa
Juntawa Juntawa Juntawa Juntawa!
Juck!

♪ SEA and the Captain, they keep it real tight
Ending their friendship is never in sight
Their bond is unbroken and never will fray
Unfathomable either could ever betray!

♪ Our crew is both wack as hell and fresh as heck
We fear not the Zima, not even the K'hekk
When someone cries, "Rodd, are we going home soon?!"
We'll shout to the sea "No! We're sailing for Kroon!"

♪ And we'll go sailing for Kroon
On the high seas we'll roam
From Zyxx to Quantaris
We'll never go home
With Gurp in my belly
On the wide open sea
Sailing for Kroon with SEA-53
Sailing for Kroon, the Captain and me

♪ Sailing for Kroon
On the high seas we'll roam
From Zyxx to Quantaris
We'll never go home
With Gurp in my belly

On the wide open sea

Sailing for Kroon with SEA-53

Sailing for Kroon, the Captain and me

Sailing for Kroon, the Captain and me

Sailing for Kroon... the Captain and me

[Instrumental version of Sailing for Kroon continues to play in the background as Ted Ronka speaks.]

TED RONKA: Hey there, congratulations! Your data has been almost completely restored. However, the following datablock is totally corrupted and makes no gosh-darn sense to me, full of names and places that sound like complete gibberish, but here it is anyway.

Captain Kirk Cameron, Bosun Wexley, and AJ were played by Winston Noel

C-53, S.E.A.-53, and Barg the Enforcer were played by Jeremy Bent

Red Eyed Clort, the Snobby Swabbie and the Bargarean Jade were played by Moujan Zolfaghari

Spleen, Coxswain Smithers, Dar and Other Dar were played by Allie Kokesh

Digby, Pez the Bartender, the Armedian Rigmate, and Nermut Bundaloy were played by Seth Lind

Natalie the Lird, Armedian Captain Musslewaite, Greedrick Bartlesby III, and Greedrick Bartlesby II were played by Alden Ford

The First Mate of the Ship of the Bebes was played by Shane O'Connell

The original sea shanty, "The Captain and Me" was written and performed by Steven Czajkowski, featuring Colin Forhan on guitar and banjo, Liz Hanley on fiddle, Anna Colliton on bodhran, Kevin Crawford on low whistle, and Gregory Grene on accordion.

This episode was edited by Seth Lind with sound design and mix by Shane O'Connell, plus additional music by Shane O'Connell

Theme music composed by Brendan Ryan and performed by FAMES Macedonian Symphonic Orchestra. Orchestra mixing by Danny Keith Taylor.

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.

Geez, one word was weirder than the next! Oh, and one more thing: local datablock 0014G1128 is different from the one on your Ronka Cloud backup. Would you like to keep the original, overwrite, or keep both? Hey, up to you! None of my business.

[Music ends]

[Promo: One Bad Mother]

BIZ: Hi, I'm Biz, host of *One Bad Mother*. Whether you're a parent or just know kids exist in the world, join us each week as we honestly share what it's like to be a parent.

CALLER ONE: I signed my stepson up for a camp that is actually in another state. I feel really stupid and I don't think we're going to get the money back.

CALLER TWO: And then he found out that the car manual is a book about cars, so now he's reading our car manual.

CALLER THREE: We... I ARGH! [stammering]

BIZ: So join us each week as we judge less, laugh more, and remind you that you are doing a great job

Download One Bad Mother on MaximumFun.org and yes, there will be swears.

[Promo: FANTI]

TRE'VELL: Hey there beautiful people, I'm Tre'vell Anderson.

JARRETT: And I'm jarrett hill. We are the hosts of FANTI, the show where we have complex and complicado conversations about the gray areas in our lives. The things that we really, really love sometimes, but also have some problematic feelings about.

TRE'VELL: Yes, we get into it all. You wanna know our thoughts about Nicki Minaj and all her foolishness? We got you. You want to know our thoughts about gentrification and perhaps some positive? Question mark?

JARRETT: Uh-oh.

TRE'VELL: Aspects of gentrification? We get into that too. Every single Thursday, you can check us out at maximumfun.org. Listen, you know you want it, honey, so come on and get it.

[jarrett laughs]

TRE'VELL: Period!

Maximumfun.org. Comedy and culture. Artist owned, audience supported.

[Outtake]

CAMERON (WINSTON): Ha ha! Wonderful! Wonderful! And SEA-53, you may call us... your new family.

JEREMY: Wait, does the crew have, like, a name? Like ah, you know, like-

WINSTON: Yeah, like our gang name or something?

JEREMY - the Merry Men or the Lost Boys or something like that.

SETH: Cameron's...

WINSTON: ...Castaways!

ALDEN and JEREMY: [Both laughing, obviously delighted] Cameron's Castaways!

JEREMY: Cameron's Castaways sounds like the band at like a Key West bar.

[As Jeremy speaks, the others start singing, so by the time he reaches the end of his sentence he gives up and starts singing with them.]

ALLIE: ♪ Castaways! ♪

MOUJAN: ♪ We are Castaways! ♪

CAMERON (WINSTON): You can, and you can call us Cameron's Castaways.

CLORT (MOUJAN) It's a working title.

CAMERON (WINSTON): I love it.

SEA-53 (JEREMY): That sounds good to me.

NATALIE (ALDEN): [squawks] We used to be a wedding band.

[Laughter]