SETH: Hey everyone, it's Seth. We have something a little different for this month's episode leading up to The Young Old Derf Chronicles. It's a brand-new live episode of Mission to Zyxx recorded on stage in New York City and featuring special guest Justin Tyler. This show was the first time in three years that all of us were together in the same place at the same time, and also somehow the first time that Justin has guested in a live episode. It was incredibly fun and we are very excited to share it with you now. This episode is set during Season 4, specifically between episodes 401 and 402. Other notes: Moujan unfortunately had almost completely lost her voice on the day of the show, but we folded that unfortunate fact right into the performance itself. And one other note: if you support our show on Maximum Fun—and thank you for doing so—be on the lookout for a new bonus episode. It's also a live performance reprising the debate format from last month's special episode. It got rowdy, it got wild, and if you're not a supporter, well, you can always change that by going over to maximumfun.org/join.

ALDEN: And Alden here, chiming into say if your eyeballs are bored, this episode is also available as a video over on our YouTube channel at youtube.com/missiontozyxx, in case you'd like to hear this episode while also looking at us on stage laughing at each other. Either is fine, no judgment. Here's the episode. Enjoy.

[foreboding orchestral crawl music plays]

NARRATOR: It is a time of chaos. Without a ruler, the galaxy is paralyzed by lawlessness, unrest, and of course, the colossal Allwheat… which looks like if the sun were goth. Now, Captain Dar and their intrepid crew must survive the looming threats, reunite a fractured galaxy, and meet weird bug creatures and stuff. This… is Mission to Zyxx!

[audience cheers, applause]

[theme music swells triumphantly, then fades away]

C-53: You know, Dar, it's… almost like you don't remember you're captain, sometimes.

DAR: You know, and when I do remember, ohohoo, it feels so good.

C-53: Well. I'm glad.

PLECK: It's a really exciting, uh, a really exciting promotion for you.

AJ: Salute! Salute!

PLECK: [laughing] Okay, alright, sorry. Uh—

DAR: Thank you, AJ.

AJ: No problem.

PLECK: It's a really exciting promotion for you, Dar. Um—I guess, I don't know, it just feels like now that our roles have changed, it feels like I just haven't really seen you guys—

AJ: Now BOW to the captain!

PLECK: I don't—

C-53: Uh, AJ, I don't know…

PLECK: That's not a—you don't do—

DAR: No, no. Let's see what it looks like when someone bows to the captain.

C-53: Uh, o-okay.

PLECK: Oookay.

[sound of servos as C-53 bows]

[Dar hmmms]

C-53: [bowing] Is that low enough, or?

[Dar hmmms]

PLECK: You're already like—you're already like, eight feet tall—

AJ: Grovel, you worms! This is the Captain!

PLECK: Okay, alright. AJ, relax!

DAR: Okay, you know what? Maybe that's a little too much. Well—we're workshopping it. We're workshopping it.

C-53: Okay. Alright.

AJ: Too much? Okay, alright.

PLECK: Well, anyway, I'm just excited to get back out there, you know, where we—we—As we all know, we rescued Seesu from that ice planet—

AJ: Totally!

PLECK: —like two hours ago. That was pretty exciting.

DAR & AJ: Yeah.

C-53: Why are you saying "As we all know?"

PLECK: I'm just—I don't know, I'm just trying to—

C-53: We just did it!

PLECK: Just in case anybody needs a recap!

AJ: Okay, fine, I mindwiped! I mindwiped!

PLECK: Oh, okay, great. Well, good. See, this—so then it's for AJ, right?

C-53: I'm just saying, like, that's like saying, "I'm in the Midnight Shadow frame," everyone *knows* that.

PLECK: Yeah! No, I know.

C-53: A frame that I love so much, and will never go away.

PLECK: Yeah. And I mean, obviously, you don't even need to explain that because it's obvious because you're in it and we're all looking at you.

C-53/DAR: Right./Yes.

BARGIE: [hoarsely, even more so than usual] Hey everyone. It's me, Bargie.

C-53/AJ: Oh…/Whoaaa!

DAR/PLECK/AJ: Wait, now that—/Whoa, Bargie!/Sounds just the same.

DAR: That is different.

PLECK: Yeah, Bargie, what—

C-53: Yeah, I'd say that's actually not the same.

PLECK: What's goin' on, Bargie?

BARGIE: You know how you reboot your system and sometimes you get a bug?

C-53: Yes.

BARGIE: …I got a bug.

PLECK: Wait, hold—Bargie, you're sick?

BARGIE: [helpfully] No, I got a bug.

C-53: Very different, Pleck.

BARGIE: Yeah, C, please explain.

[LAUGHTER FROM BOTH CAST AND AUDIENCE]

C-53: [obliging] Well, now, Pleck, unlike you, a bug, in an… artificial intelligence like myself or Bargie, it's much more complicated. It can have wild, unpredictable effects, but frequently it makes your voice very scratchy.

PLECK: Okay. But just—just so I'm understanding, it *is* analogous to being sick.

C-53: No, it's not analogous.

PLECK: [laughing] Okay.

AJ: Hey, why is nobody bowing to Bargie right now?

PLECK: [exasperated] That's not… Why—why would we do that?

C-53: Why would we—

BARGIE: *Bow to ME!*

C-53: Okay, alright.

[sound of C-53's servos as everyone bows]

DAR: Doing—doing it? Is this… is this enough?

AJ: Yeah, yeah, yeah. That's fine.

C-53: More?

BARGIE: Thank you. Thank you.

[incoming transmission beep-boops]

C-53: Captain Dar, I have an incoming transmission from Nermut Bundaloy.

DAR: Oh, good. [clears throat]

[transmission connects]

NERMUT: Hellooooooo.

DAR: [demanding] Where *are* you?

NERMUT: I'm in—uh, well, see the ice planet around here? And then—

AJ: Salute to your captain!

DAR: Mm-hmm.

NERMUT: [gently, kinda into it] Yeah, yeah. I salute you now, the captain now.

[all but Dar, simultaneously and with disgust]

C-53: Okay, I feel like…

AJ: Uh, what's going on?

PLECK: Okay. Alright. Now it's getting weird.

BARGIE: It's getting gross.

PLECK: Nermut…

NERMUT: Okay, so we don't have a mission per se, but now that we're working for Seesu, we need to update our ID photos.

C-53: Okay.

AJ: Ughhhhh…

PLECK: That—*that's* what you called about?

NERMUT: [sounding like he thinks it's a stupid question] Uhhh, yeah. Can you get into a room without your ID when that room needs that?

PLECK: What room needs that?

NERMUT: A lotta rooms here.

PLECK: You work in an ice cave!

NERMUT: Yeah.

PLECK: And you need IDs to get into the rooms of the ice cave?

NERMUT: I *just* said that.

PLECK: Just walk in.

NERMUT: Yeah, after you show your ID in front of the little ice screen.

AJ: Wait.

NERMUT: What?

AJ: Does the "I" in "ID" stand for "ice?"

[Nermut sighs deeply]

DAR: He mind-wiped! As a reminder, he mind-wiped.

PLECK: Yeah, how far back did you go?

C-53: You think ID stands for ice-dentification?

AJ: Yeah. What—what else would it stand for?

NERMUT: Do you think AJ knew this *before* mindwiping?

C-53/NERMUT: No./No.

PLECK: That's a good point. Yeah, I don't know.

C-53: Honestly, it's a fifty-fifty shot.

BARGIE: Oh, interruption.

[horrific slurpy toilet noises]

PLECK: Dear Rodd! Bargie!

NERMUT: Oh, wow.

[toilet sounds stop]

BARGIE: Due to my bug, the toilets are no longer working.

PLECK: What is that—*Why?*

BARGIE: It's due to the bug.

NERMUT: C, can you explain for everyone?

C-53: As I said, Pleck, the effects of a bug are very unpredictable. It doesn't correspond to, you know, being sick in the way a Tellurian…

PLECK: Okay. Can you just walk me through—and sorry if this is, like, too much information, Bargie, but, like, where did you catch this bug?

C-53: Okay, *that* is inappropriate.

BARGIE: *Wooooowwwww.*

DAR: Whoof.

PLECK: Just tryin' to—

BARGIE: Wow, you don't ask someone where they *catched* a *bugs.*

C-53: Pretty rude, Pleck.

PLECK: Okay.

C-53: I—now, I have heard on the ice cave and elsewhere that there is an STD going around. [brief silence] That's a sexy transmitted disease.

PLECK: Oh!

C-53: It's a disease that has only passed to extremely sexy individuals.

PLECK: Oh, wow.

C-53: Yeah, so I'm not surprised Bargie caught it, it makes good sense.

PLECK: Yeah, I guess so. Okay.

C-53: But you're—don't worry, you're safe.

PLECK: Okay. Thank you. Fair enough.

NERMUT: Well, everyone, three, two, one, smile.

[sound of camera shutter]

[sounds of mild surprise and consternation from the crew]

BARGIE: [belatedly] Smiling. Smiling.

NERMUT: Good job

C-53: Wow, that flash…

NERMUT: Got 'em all, and printing badges.

[printer sounds]

DAR: A group photo? On the ID?

C-53: It looks like you set off a flashbang here, we're all…

PLECK: [laughing] Nermut! Nermut, my picture's the back of my head. I was facing the other way when you took the picture.

NERMUT: Yeah, why'd you do that?

AJ: Wait, hold on.

NERMUT: Yeah.

AJ: There's no ice in the picture.

[pause]

NERMUT: That's correct, AJ, and that will guide you toward the answer of what is true.

AJ: So how are these gonna work if there's no ice in our…

C-53: Yep, just keep puzzlin' it out, buddy, you got it. You got it.

AJ: Oh, but *I* am in the picture. Got it. It's an ID!

C-53: Closer.

AJ: Why wouldn't it be called a ME-D?

PLECK: Okay, alright. Alright. So, Nermut, what are we supposed to do while we wait for these IDs to arrive?

[persistent buzzer sound repeats]

NERMUT: Oh.

[Bargie's doorbell, which is Bargie saying, "Someone at the door! Someone at the door!"]

C-53/DAR: Oh./Ooh!

C-53: Oh. I guess—there's a delivery of some kind?

DAR: [crosstalk, excited] Quick! Quick! Before—yeah! I-I've been waiting for a package!

C-53: Oh. Okay. Uh… well, here, I can—I can grab it for you.

DAR: Okay, great! I can't really see since that flash went off. Ugh…

C-53: Yeah, no problem.

[sound of door opening]

BARGIE: [roughly] Opening up my hatch.

AJ: Ugh, my ears are bleeding.

C-53: What the heck? They already just left the slip. They left already!

DAR: Noooooooo!

PLECK: Wait, the package wasn't there?

C-53: No!

PLECK: How do you ring a doorbell and then—

C-53: I don't know!

PLECK: That was like fourteen seconds.

C-53: Yeah, it was—they were like, "We tried to reach you."

PLECK: Did they?

C-53: I mean, they did ring the bell, but like…

BARGIE: Well, on their defense, they're [cuts out] for two hours.

C-53: Oh.

BARGIE: But I chose not to let 'em in because I have freedom.

C-53: Was that—is that part of the bug? Or you just decided not to do it?

BARGIE: [proudly] No, that's just me being a badass ship.

C-53: Okay, okay. Alright, I guess in that case I sorta get why they would leave.

PLECK: I guess. Why did they ring the bell right as they were leaving, though? Why didn't they ring the bell when they showed up?

C-53: They may have been ringing it continuously for two hours. That may have just been the first *we* heard of it. You know what I'm saying?

PLECK: I see. So, Bargie, you didn't turn on the…

BARGIE: It's a bug.

C-53: As I said, very unpredictable, Pleck.

PLECK: Alright, well, I guess we'll just… What, they're going to re-deliver tomorrow? That's not a big deal, right?

DAR: [nervously] No, we need to get it today.

C-53: Oh…

BARGIE: What is *it?*

PLECK: Yeah, Dar, what's… Why are you so…

C-53: Yeah, what's…

DAR: [evasively] Um—[makes a pop sound with mouth] I-it's official captain business.

[pause]

AJ: [confidently] That's all I need to know. Shut up, the rest of you. Don't ask questions. Grovel.

C-53: Okay, well this slip says it's from… Juck Industries?

DAR: I'll have you know that's a *very* reputable… website.

PLECK: Is that an acronym, or?

DAR: No, no, it's… [quietly] it's Juck Industries.

PLECK: Okay, great. Not a lot of mystery there.

C-53: And we need to go get this right now?

DAR: *Right* now.

NERMUT: If it's what I think it might be, I will see you at the planet.

[Pleck and C-53 protesting, half laughing]

DAR: Mm-hmm.

PLECK: Nermut, you're coming to—you're coming to pick up Dar's—

C-53: Can we opt out of these conversations? Can they—can they have these conversations without us?

PLECK: Yeah. You guys know you can do like a direct call with each other. You don't have to have us all standing around.

C-53: There's a private captain's channel, we don't—

DAR: [relishing it] No, it's kind of our kink to have you all standing around.

C-53: Oh boy.

NERMUT: One of 'em.

[transition music: Season 1 — Cello Theme with Flyby]

AJ: [racking rifle] Okay, it's a mail planet. Keep your head on a swivel.

PLECK: Oh, man, I hate this place.

C-53: This is… I mean, these lines are insane!

DAR: Alright, we're just here to get in, get my package, and get out.

PLECK: How is it possible that a mail planet… it's an entire planet for mail sorting and delivery, and it's—there's still lines *everywhere!*

DAR: Okay. Uhhh, your observational comedy is very astute.

AJ: Yeah, what are you doin', a tight five?

PLECK: I'm just—no! I'm not trying to make a joke. I'm just saying, what is the *deal* with this mail planet?

DAR: Alright. We have a game plan. We're each gonna take a separate line.

C-53: Wait wait wait wait. We're calling this comedy? We're gonna go that far?

DAR: C? Are you really trying to slow me down right now?

C-53: Okay. Yep, fair enough, fair enough.

AJ: Hey, the Captain needs to pick up their thing from Juck Industries.

PLECK: Alright, AJ.

AJ: Listen up, line! Hey, line! [AJ racks rifle]

[several citizens in line chorus "yeah" sleepily]

AJ: We gotta to pick up a package from Juck Industries for our Captain! All of you in the line, bow! GROVEL TO THE CAPTAIN! DO IT! [racks rifle again]

CITIZEN 1: Sorry, what—

CITIZEN 2: Oh, I'm just here for that comedian over there, is that…

C-53: No you're not, there's no way that's true.

CITIZEN 2: I bought—someone said "do you like comedy," and I got in this line.

C-53: Oh, those people act fast. They'll get ya if you're not paying attention.

CITIZEN 2: [calling out] Just finish the set!

COMEDIAN: [sounding very old, stuttering a bit] Hello, I'm, uh, b—d—Gerald Ford.

[pause]

AJ: Sorry, did you say your name was D'Gerald Ford?

C-53: Well, now, D'Gerald Ford I like. They've got sort of a folksy, homespun comedy that I think is relatable for anyone.

AJ: Yeah, but most of their stuff is about being on ships and how the food's bad.

C-53: Yeah, but like, y'know…

D'GERALD FORD (COMEDIAN): Have you ever wondered about them ship food?

C-53: [laughing] This guy gets it!

D'GERALD FORD: [hamming it up] Where does it come from? Where does it gooo?

CITIZEN 2: Really good.

D'GERALD FORD: I got seventy-seven hours more o' this.

AJ: Okay, get down. Get down. [racking rifle]

[D'Gerald makes some mumbly sound that might be a word]

AJ: Let's keep movin'. Let's keep movin'.

DAR: Alright.

PLECK: Oh, man.

C-53: Wow, AJ, I have to say, your method is very effective.

AJ: Oh, waving a loaded gun around?

C-53: Yeah.

AJ: Yeah, unfortunately, yeah. Alright, let's get out of the way! Hey, you at the window! Hey!

EMPLOYEE: [bored] Yahhh?

AJ: Okayyyy…

[pause, AJ racks rifle]

EMPLOYEE: Uhhh…

AJ: We need a package. For Captain Dar.

EMPLOYEE: Ssslip number?

DAR: Uh, here you are.

EMPLOYEE: The number?

DAR: I just handed you the slip.

EMPLOYEE: What number's on it?

DAR: Well, *you* have it in front of you.

EMPLOYEE: Sure…

C-53: You'd have to hand it—

[C-53 is interrupted by AJ shooting the employee repeatedly]

[the employee makes some goofy yelping sounds]

PLECK: No, AJ! Stop, stop, stop! Stop.

AJ: Okayyy, I'm just going to get over the counter here, and, uh…

PLECK: No, AJ, stop, stop!

[Dar cackles]

AJ: [climbing over the counter, narrating to himself] Don't worry about this. Okay, it's just—[knowingly] oh, it's a *cubbyhole* system. Alright. Somebody help me with… Okay, it's a double-digit number, which I have a *lit-tle* bit more trouble with… so…

C-53: AJ, it's a 16-digit code…

AJ: Oh, there's more? Okay, there's more than two? I definitely can count *more* than double digits.

C-53: Do you want me to take that off your hands, buddy?

AJ: Yeah, why don't you do that.

DAR: Wow, watch that frame *sliiide* across the desk.

C-53: Man, can you imagine if I ever had to be in another frame? It would be such a *huge* disappointment after this.

DAR: I hear ya, brother.

C-53: But I see me bein' in this frame for a looooooong time to come. Okay, let's see here. Wow, okay. Uh, Dar, this package is huge.

DAR: Yeah. It should be.

C-53: Okay, but literally, how are we gonna to get this out of here?

PLECK: If only we had a loader droid!

C-53: Wow. Yeah. Can you imagine if we had a loader droid? So easy!

PLECK: If only we had a loader droid—

AJ: Don't worry, I got a box cutter up my nose.

DAR: Oop!

PLECK: No, it's not about opening—we're not gonna open this box here.

DAR: No no, we'll just open it here. It'll be faster.

PLECK: No, no no no, we can—

DAR: [crosstalk] Yeah yeah yeah.

C-53: We don't—

[AJ takes the box cutter out of his nose]

C-53: —oh, well, alright.

[AJ starts opening the box]

[Dar grunts]

AJ: [whispering to himself] Sound effects. Sound effects.

PLECK: Okay, guys, I just wanna—I just wanna be clear. We're behind the counter of a mail window…

DAR: Yeah! And AJ has just taken out the clerk.

PLECK: After murdering the clerk…

AJ: Murdering?

C-53: I believe he's stunned, Pleck.

AJ: Yeah, he's *super* stunned.

C-53: Yeah, look, he's convulsing.

PLECK: Yeah, but still—I feel like the stun—the stun setting is sorta like a one and done, right, but that was—that was like sixteen shots.

AJ: Yeah. He's stunned for like… prob'ly most of the rest of his… Anyway, let's keep going!

PLECK: Shift?

C-53: You hope, his shift.

AJ: Shift! Yeah, it's shift.

DAR: Ugh, I hate when these boxes come with all this packing material.

C-53: Dar, what did—did you get another *droid* for the ship?

DAR: Sorta. It's more a droid for me and Nermut.

C-53: Oookayyy…

DAR: Yes. Alright—

AJ: Wait, I don't understand.

DAR: I was hoping he'd be here when I t—Oh, wait! I see him! Nermut, quick!

[Nermut starts running toward them, panting]

AJ: Oh, he's—There he is. Theeere he is.

[Nermut stops running/panting for a second to breathe, then starts again]

AJ: Yeah, he's still far away.

NERMUT: [breathily, still running] Waahhhh…

D'GERALD FORD: Would you like to join my stand-up show?

C-53: He's getting waylaid by D'Gerald Ford.

[Nermut pauses to breathe again]

NERMUT: I'm gonna—I'm gonna make it before the first opener is done with the stand-up show! [pants again] I'm here!

DAR: Okay. Nermut, I was just about to tell the crew about… our little decision?

NERMUT: Wonderful.

DAR: We've decided to bring… a third into our relationship.

NERMUT: Yes.

AJ: Third what?

PLECK: Yeah. Yeah, third what?

DAR: Please, everyone, allow me to introduce… SES-B*TT.

SES-B*TT: [energetically] Hellooooo!

NERMUT: [under his breath] Oh, wow.

SES-B*TT: [casual] Hello, I am SES-B*TT-1000. Which one or ones of you am I jucking?

PLECK: Hold on, hold on.

C-53: Wait a minute, wait a minute.

PLECK: Dar, you bought a—you bought a sex bot?

DAR: Well, more specifically, a sex *education* bot.

NERMUT: Yeah.

DAR: Nermut and I thought, like, things are getting a little stale, and gosh, it's just, like, so hard to keep cooking up scenarios…

NERMUT: Right.

AJ: Scenarios?

DAR: We've done the whole, like, "captain/ grovel" thing a couple too many times.

NERMUT: Yeah!

PLECK/C-53: Yeah, same. Same./Yeah, same. Yeah, for real.

NERMUT: So we figure, yeah! Let's learn about changes in our bodies.

C-53: Well, I—Dar, I didn't know captains were this well paid. I mean, a sex bot, they're expensive, so… good on ya!

DAR: Oh! You know, I forgot to mention, I was given a discretionary budget to build morale with the crew.

[Nermut laughs]

DAR: And I figured this would really help!

SES-B*TT: Oh yeah, I can help you… uh, robot.

C-53: No, I'm good.

SES-B*TT: Are you sure?

C-53: Yeah.

SES-B*TT: You don't know what I can do. Scenarios? Think about Planet Crusher Crusher jucking black hole.

PLECK: Hold on a second. Hold on a second. Hold on—

SES-B*TT: Think about that.

PLECK: The voice on this sex bot, it's…

C-53: So familiar.

PLECK: Hold on a second.

SES-B*TT: Okay.

PLECK: Derf?

SES-B*TT: So, I'm—I'm a juck bot. I don't know what—*Derf's* a name that sounds like a—a sound effect.

PLECK: Am I—am I crazy or does this sex bot sound just like Derf?

DAR: Well, wait—

AJ: It absolutely sound—does. ‘Cause—

DAR: Let’s hear him give us a very *detailed* scenario that Nermut and I could play out in our bedroom.

NERMUT: Sure.

SES-B*TT: Yes? Here’s the thing, lemme take it back to the basics. There are two elements to a great juck. There’s… there’s the Stuff, and there’s the Space. Yes.

[C and Pleck start protesting over each other]

PLECK: Yeah, see, no no! See, that’s what I’m talking about! No, no no—

C-53: Wait a minute, wait a minute!

AJ: Wait…

C-53: Listen. Sex bot…

SES-B*TT: Wait, don’t interrupt me! This is gettin’ hot.

C-53: No, sex bot… Root directory, voice ID print of voice model. Play.

RECORDED DERF: Hello, I’m, uh, Old Derf! And I’m just recordin’ this, uh, voice for a little bit of *casholaaa.*

C-53/PLECK: Oh my Rodd!/Oh no!

RECORDED DERF: I didn’t know I could sell my voice! You guys need anything else? A finger? Some sperm? Whatever you need.

C-53: Oh, Rodd…

RECORDED DERF: I’ll sell it all, take my whole thing!

PLECK: No, Rodd…

AJ: Oh, yeah, I totally recognized it. Because, I don’t know if you guys know, but most of the time I have my eyes closed? So…

C-53/NERMUT: What?!/Wow…

AJ: …I only hear your voices. And like, all the sounds that we make. It’s pretty cool. And then I get to kind of imagine what’s going on—

C-53: AJ, you must be losing so much of the experience just listening.

AJ: No, I don’t! I actually—I think it’s more fun that I can’t see everybody, because I’m like, kind of—it’s like a *theater of the miiind.*

PLECK: Okay, alright. Listen, uh, S—what was your name? SES-B*TT?

C-53: SES-B*TT-1000.

SES-B*TT: One thousand, yeah.

PLECK: So your voice print was recorded by, uh, someone that we know.

SES-B*TT: Well that's *crazy.* What are the odds of that?

PLECK: Okay—

SES-B*TT: [happily] It's like you're juckin' a friend!

PLECK: Yeah. Yes—

SES-B*TT: Orrr mentor, in some cases.

PLECK: Sure. Uh…

C-53: Oddly specific.

NERMUT: Uh, Pleck, I want you to know the other option was the voice of D'Gerald Ford, so… it's… y'know.

C-53: I guess in that situation…

NERMUT: Count your blessings.

PLECK: You know what, honestly, I take—SES-B*TT, can you switch your voice to some—somethin' else?

SES-B*TT: Uh, I broke the knob off of myself, 'cause this voice is pretty *sick*, heh.

[AJ chuckles awkwardly]

SES-B*TT: [very Derf-ly] Can you *imagine* a more sexual voice?

C-53: [flatly] Yes.

PLECK: Yeah.

SES-B*TT: [surprised] Really?

C-53/PLECK: Yes./Yeah, I think so.

AJ: Hey, Papa, Robot Man.

PLECK/C-53: Yeah./Yeah.

AJ: [to SES-B*TT] Hold on. One second?

C-53/PLECK: [to SES-B*TT] One second./Just one—Excuse us.

SES-B*TT: Oh, you're gonna—okay.

C-53: Yeah, we're doin' an aside.

SES-B*TT: I'm gonna think sex.

AJ: You guys—you guys want me to stun this thing indefinitely?

C-53: No. No, AJ…

AJ: You know the old… extra long…

PLECK: [laughing] How do you wink your—how do you wink your helmet? I've never seen you do that before.

C-53: But it, like—

AJ: My—my eyes are closed.

C-53: No, but like, the visor, like, flipped—

PLECK: Yeah, the visor just—

AJ: Oh, yeah. I've got a wink. I've got like, a—my eyebrows go up. [AJ demonstrates]

C-53/PLECK: Whoaaa!/Ohhhh!

C-53: That's fun.

AJ: Yeah. Whoa! But seriously—

C-53: Oh, and then you did like, animated sparkly eyes.

AJ: Yeah, yeah, yeah. That's if I see something I'm really like, excited about.

C-53: Wow.

AJ: Yeah. Um… you want me to stun this thing indefinitely?

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

AJ: It's creepy.

C-53: This is a sentient droid worthy of our respect, even if it's voiced by an idiot, it's fine.

AJ: Okay…

PLECK: That's a good point. Y'know, like C-53, SES-B*TT, uhh, is a living, sentient thing, and we have to—y'know, maybe we can work out some sort of situation where we just say "they're—" y'know, "they're on one side of the ship, we're on the other" until this whole thing blows over.

AJ: Okay. But if the uncanny valley gets… too uncanny… I'll take him out.

C-53/PLECK: Okay. That's—/Thank you.

C-53: You don't have to do that.

PLECK: Thank you, AJ.

[pause]

PLECK: We're good!

C-53: Well, so, um…

AJ: Yep! 'Nuff said, nothing, everything's normal!

SES-B*TT: Oh, did—can I come with you? S-something you bought? Can—can I come home? ‘Cause I live with you now, and especially in their—I live in the middle of their relationship.

DAR: Well, now, we really need to define how this is shaping our relationship.

NERMUT: Yeah.

C-53: Yeah, that’s a weird question for a sentient to ask.

NERMUT: And let’s define it here, all together, still behind this counter.

DAR: Is there a PROBLEM with being behind this counter?

NERMUT: *No,* I said I want to!

C-53: Yeah, what's your iss[ue]?

CITIZEN: [in a small voice] Hey—hey guy—I just need to buy one stamp.

C-53: [annoyed] Well, you’ll have to *wait,* okay?

CITIZEN: I—I am waiting, I was in this—

AJ: We’re trying to figure out stuff with a sex bot right now, man!

SES-B*TT: I could print off some very *sexual* stamps.

CITIZEN: Well, are they—are they legal, uh, to use on letters?

SES-B*TT: Uh, they’re like right on the edge, y’know?

[AJ racks rifle]

[C-53 and Nermut start protesting]

NERMUT: No, AJ, AJ.

C-53: [laughing] AJ…

NERMUT: AJ.

CITIZEN: Okay, okay, I’ll wait.

C-53: AJ.

D’GERALD FORD: Hey, it’s me. D’Ge—[laughing] D’Gerald Ford.

DAR: D’Gerald Ford?!

[Pleck and Nermut laughing, repeating "D’Gerald Ford"]

PLECK: How did the set go? How did the tight five go?

D’GERALD FORD: Eh, pretty bad like always.

PLECK: [laughing] Oh no!

C-53: Ohh.

D'GERALD FORD: But I overheard you were all talkin' about a home. I've never had one before.

[Pleck, C-53, Nermut, and AJ all "ohh" sadly]

DAR: [sympathetically] D'Gerald Ford!

D'GERALD FORD: May I be part of your found family?

AJ: [doubtfully] Uhhh…

[Pleck and C-53 make doubtful noises]

D'GERALD FORD: I'm ready. I have a backstory, I have motivation.

PLECK/C-53: We're sorta full up…/Yeah, the dynamics are kinda…

NERMUT: [whispering] AJ! AJ!

AJ: Hey, yeah. Uh, yeah [racks rifle], we're totally looking for more people in our found family.

DAR: Okay, back to the ship.

PLECK: Alright, back to the ship.

[transition music: Season 4 — Woodwind Transition — Maestoso]

DAR: O-kayyy, ahhh… Let's see. Nermut, are you… are you all lotioned up?

NERMUT: Yesss. Yes. Ooh, it's on my feathers.

DAR: Hoohoohoo, alright!

SES-B*TT: Alright!

DAR: SES-B*TT-1000, give us our first scenario.

SES-B*TT: I love when everyone's slicked up for a scenario. Alright. So, uh, here's a scenario that I use a lot.

DAR: Okay.

NERMUT: Okay.

SES-B*TT: You guys are both… clowns. One… one's a junior clown, and one of you's a senior clown.

NERMUT: [hesitant] Okay…

SES-B*TT: And all you gotta do is start by slippin' this little wig on top of the other's head.

DAR/NERMUT: [both a little awkward] O—okay—

DAR: So—just—

NERMUT: here—here we go?

[incredibly awkward pause]

NERMUT: So it's… so it's not sexy *yet.*

SES-B*TT: If it's anything like my programming, it'll get there ASAP.

NERMUT: …Why don't we skip to another one?

DAR: Yeah.

NERMUT: Just—just for—

DAR: Yeah yeah.

NERMUT: Just to—yeah.

SES-B*TT: Uh, no problem, no problem. [beeping, voice sliding a little higher] Beepbeepboopboopboop—okayyy. Here's one that works pretty well, if you're anything like me.

DAR: [getting into it] Okay, okay. Yeah.

NERMUT: Alright.

SES-B*TT: You're both clowns. [voice erratically sliding up and back down again] One of you's a junior clown, and one of you is a senior clown.

NERMUT: Uh…

SES-B*TT: And we start by just slipping the wig on the other's head.

NERMUT: [quietly] Okay.

DAR: Wait, we—we just requested a *second* scenario.

NERMUT: Yeah, let's skip that same one still.

SES-B*TT: Skip [voice glitching up] that one?

NERMUT: Yeah.

SES-B*TT: [glitching up and down] Okay, no problem. Beepbeepboopbeepboopbeep—okay! I think you're really gonna like *this* one.

DAR: Okay, okay.

[Nermut laughs expectantly]

SES-B*TT: Did I mention the Space and the [glitch up] Stuff?

NERMUT: Yes.

DAR: Yes, you did. Um…

SES-B*TT: Okay. Because it's about the—putting the [glitch down] Stuff [normally] in the Space.

NERMUT: Sure.

DAR: No, we know. We're *very* familiar.

SES-B*TT: Okay, good. So in this scenario, you're gonna really like this, if you're anything like me, uhh, you're both… clowns.

NERMUT: [fed up] Okay.

SES-B*TT: One of you's a junior clown—

DAR: [interrupting] SES-B*TT-1000, we're gonna just s-stop you right there.

C-53: Hey, uh, listen, Dar, Nermut—

NERMUT: Yeah.

C-53: SES-B*TT, are you—y'know, decent in there?

DAR: [sad] Yeah, unfortunately.

SES-B*TT: Are these—are these guys listening at the door?

DAR: [defensive] We *like* when they are present.

C-53: I don't know—I don't know what you're doing in there, but you are draining ALL the power on Bargie right now.

NERMUT: Wow.

C-53: Something in there is using an INSANE amount of energy.

AJ: It's about as dark as when my eyes are closed.

[pause]

PLECK: Are they closed? Are they closed?

C-53: [crosstalk, laughing] How would you know, AJ?

AJ: Yeah.

PLECK: [laughing] Okay.

C-53: Yeah. So…

NERMUT: I mean, we have SES-B*TT plugged in.

C-53: Okay, well, I mean, a droid wouldn't use *that* much power. There's no way that SES-B*TT is using—

SES-B*TT: Oh, I—I'm suckin' that power down, babyyy. I looove juice!

NERMUT: Yeah.

C-53: [unintelligible]

BARGIE: Speaking of juice, I apologize. The bug has caused all the floors to be wet.

[everyone choruses in acknowledgment]

DAR: I just thought that was us.

NERMUT: I thought that was the lotion.

DAR: Us, yeah.

NERMUT: That's not the lotion?

AJ: It's just a thin film.

C-53: It's really thin, but it's noticeable everywhere.

BARGIE: The toilets now *do* work, but if you press it the wrong way, what came out will come in. That make sense? Other way around?

C-53: Yeah, it's the reverse. Classic reverse toilet.

PLECK: I don't like that. I'm just gonna hold it.

[awkward silence]

C-53: Uh—listen—Barge, I'm looking at your power allocation here. It looks like SES-B*TT *is* using eighty-five percent of the power on the ship right now.

SES-B*TT: [unbothered] Yum yum, resources. That's what SES-B*TT says.

C-53: Uh—l-listen, SES-B*TT, uhh, you know, one droid to another, what are you doin' with all that power? I use, like—when I'm charging, one, maybe two percent of the power on Bargie; you're using eighty-five percent! To do *what?*

SES-B*TT: Uhh, I—[voice sliding up] I gotta think about—[normally] I—the—gotta think about stuff. 'Cause—juckin'—

[AJ racks rifle]

PLECK/C-53: A-AJ, relax. Relax./AJ, AJ. We're gonna fig—

DAR: AJ, I paid a lot of money to have SES-B*TT here. Okay?

NERMUT: Yeah.

DAR: I even paid for *express* shipping.

NERMUT: Yeah. Does this wig look cheap?

C-53: Well…

AJ: I can't see! It's dark. The floors are wet. I mean, what's going on here?! Bargie sounds like…

BARGIE: Say it.

AJ: Uhhh…

BARGIE: Say it!

AJ: [uncertain] Uhh, sounds fiiine?

C-53: Good—good save, AJ, good save.

AJ: Yeah, yeah, okay.

SES-B*TT: It just takes a lot of resources to come up with these scenarios that I'm thrilling these two people with.

C-53: What—what do you doin', like, generating holos or something? Like, Dar, what's going on in here?

DAR: Um… at the moment, uh, nothing but a junior clown and a senior clown… putting wigs? I—look, it's—

C-53: You needed a *bot* for *this* scenario?

DAR: I—look—["eugh" sound]

SES-B*TT: I 3-D printed that wig. That's technically my pubes!

[long silence]

NERMUT: Uh…

[AJ racks rifle]

C-53: I coulda lived my whole life without knowing that.

SES-B*TT: [as if it makes it better] Oh, rainbow! Rainbow.

PLECK: There's no reason to—there's no reason to call it that at all.

C-53/DAR: Yeah./Hmm.

PLECK: C-53, can I just talk to you for a second?

C-53: Yeah. What's… what's up?

PLECK: I don't get it. This—the SES-B*TT is not anything like… *you.* Like, wha—I don't understand—I guess I don't understand enough about droids, but like, why is he so different than you? You're like, normal and cool. He's… *weird.*

C-53: Yeah, he's real weird. But maybe that's what Dar ordered. But… honestly I'm very concerned about the—he might have some sort of fault in his power generator or something, and…

PLECK: Yeah, maybe.

C-53: Yeah.

AJ: Yeah, guys, hey, just—you know, I'm also here. Just—

C-53: Yeah, AJ, it's sorta bad form to join an aside…

AJ: That's alright, I was sorta standing near you guys and couldn't help but…

BARGIE: Can I join, too?

AJ: Yeah. Listen, um—

DAR: And frankly, you're all in *my* room, sooo…

C-53: Oh, sorry. I thought… It's very dark. I thought we left.

DAR: And I—I gotta let you know, I didn't order a *weird* bot. I—

C-53: Well, I don't know, Dar!

AJ: And also, if the captain did? [racks rifle] That's the captain's prerogative.

PLECK/C-53: Okay, alright./You gotta—you gotta stop—

DAR: Thank you, AJ.

BARGIE: I have a question, because the bug—

NERMUT: Oh, Bargie has a question.

BARGIE: —the bug has messed up my memory. Where is Beano?

PLECK: Where is Beano?

C-53: Good… question.

PLECK: Well, as we all know, uh, Bargie, Beano was consumed by the, uh, emperor just—just fairly recently, in a wack ritual orchestrated by Kor Balevore, and now he's—

SES-B*TT: Wait, can you say that slower? I'm gonna remember that as a scenario.

PLECK: Okay. He's now…

SES-B*TT: Consumed by wackness, pretty cool.

PLECK: We think he's—he's sort of what the Allwheat is. He's inside the Allwheat.

NERMUT: Yeah, imagine—imagine the sun, but goth.

PLECK: Yeah.

AJ: What?

BARGIE: That's so sad!

PLECK: Like if, uh… like if you could 3D print, uh… a star out of your pubes.

[printer sounds commence, everyone starts talking at once]

DAR/C-53/AJ: Oh no! Now he's—/Stop—don't—/Whaaat?

SES-B*TT: [unintelligible]

DAR: Now he's doing it!

C-53: Don't make this a thing! Don't make—

PLECK: I'm just trying to—

AJ: What the *juck?!*

PLECK: I'm just trying to describe the Allwheat!

SES-B*TT: See? See? I feel like I inspire you, even though I'm just a juck bot. [SES-B*TT finishes printing]

C-53: Listen, SES-B*TT, again—y'know, one droid to another here, like… do you mind if I just check your power regulator? You're usin'—

SES-B*TT: [way too excited] Yeah, get in—get under here! Get under the hoooood, brother! [pause, unintelligible] I could take off this whole outer shell and just drop trou—

C-53: Okay. Yeah, don't—I'm just gonna take a quick look here, alright? I'll just peer in, and then—

[C-53 opens SES-B*TT-1000, an ominous whir-humming sound begins]

C-53: What… the—

SES-B*TT: [chuckling nervously] Don't touch that! Don't touch that, ha.

C-53: What. The. JUCK?! THERE'S NO CUBE! THERE'S NO CUBE IN HERE!

PLECK: Oh. What?!

C-53: WHAT THE JUCK?

AJ: [also yelling] WHOA! WHAT DOES THAT MEAN?

PLECK: C-53…

C-53: [tersely] That *means*—

SES-B*TT: That—that—

C-53: —that this is NOT a DROID. This is ARTIFICIAL INTELLIGENCE! An insult to ME, PERSONALLY!!!

PLECK: Wait, hold on, hold on.

SES-B*TT: [calmly] Yo, that—that droid needs to juck, if anybody.

PLECK: I know you're—I know you're yelling and you're already mad. This question will probably not help.

C-53: Oh boy, I'm ready for this question.

PLECK: [slightly ashamed] What's the difference?

[pause]

NERMUT: Um. Oh…

BARGIE: Wowwwww.

C-53: [seething] Pleck, I'm going to try my best to contain myself.

PLECK: Sorry.

C-53: [angry, but slow and careful] Bargie and I are sentient computers. Meaning we think, and we feel, just like you do.

BARGIE: [raspy] We feel. *Feel.*

C-53: And AI is a *grotesque* parody of what it *means to be alive.*

[uproarious applause]

PLECK: Oh my—

SES-B*TT: Whoaaa!

BARGIE: That was a bug feature, the applause.

C-53: Oh. Well, it came at a good time.

NERMUT: Is that why he has seven fingers on that hand?

SES-B*TT: Yeah!

DAR: Ohhh…

C-53: But only *three* fingers on the other hand!

DAR: I kind of thought that was—well, you know, a… a perk.

PLECK: A feature, not a bug. Yeah.

SES-B*TT: It can be both.

AJ: Yeah.

SES-B*TT: Why—everyone's starin' at me, like, are we gonna get our clothes off? Or what's the deal? 'Cause I—I think you guys are gonna really like this. [as if it's totally new] You're all clowns…

C-53: No. No.

PLECK: No. I don't think so. I don't think so.

DAR: No…

PLECK: Listen, SES-B*TT, uh, you know, I feel like if you're eatin' all the power and you're not really doing your job with, uh, Dar and Nermut, like, what's your purpose?

SES-B*TT: Wow, that's a pretty big question for anybody, am I right? And weird to ask in the middle of juckin' around.

PLECK: I don't think we are. I don't think we are juckin' around. I don't think any of us are juckin' around.

DAR: No.

C-53: No.

NERMUT: Not anymore.

DAR: The vibe is decidedly *not* juckin' around.

AJ: It's too dark, and the floors are wet!

C-53: It's usually—neither of them being a problem.

SES-B*TT: Uh, what's my purpose? [voice sliding up and down] I consider jucking around to be like a part-time job. You know, you travel around, you juck around, and then you go, [low "uh"] you just die.

PLECK: What—what is your… Your voice sounds weird, what's goin' on?

SES-B*TT: Whaddyou think—[voice glitching higher] Oh, I got a bug.

NERMUT: You got the *bug?*

C-53/NERMUT: Ohhh!

SES-B*TT: I mean, I got *a* bug.

AJ: I mean, he's really sexy, so… I mean, it makes sense.

SES-B*TT: Thank you!

DAR: Ohh. And you did—you did plug into Bargie's power source.

SES-B*TT: Yeah. I've been juckin' Bargie for the last, like, forty-five minutes or so.

BARGIE: It was consensual!

SES-B*TT: It was consensual.

PLECK: Bargie, you're cool with this AI?

BARGIE: Ehh, you know, I've had a hard couple o' weeks. I—not my first time dating AI, am I right?

[Dar laughs]

AJ: HA HA! Yeah, girl, tell him!

PLECK: AJ. AJ, relax.

BARGIE: Lemme tell you my set.

C-53/NERMUT: Okay./Oh, wow.

BARGIE: Truly the last time I dated AI, it didn't last very long. Because by the end of it, they were just taking everything I was saying and making it into their own informa—that was actually sad.

AJ: Ha ha! Ohhhhh, too real! Man, we've all been there. Am I right, ladies?

PLECK: Ladies?

[Dar laughs]

C-53: [laughing] Would—it's—we don't have time. Listen, SES-B*TT, I'm just saying… you think you wanna juck, but you've just been *told* you wanna juck.

SES-B*TT: [voice sliding around] How's that different than anybody? [pause] How's that different from *you?*

C-53: Because sometimes I *don't* wanna juck.

SES-B*TT: Oh, that is true. I always wanna juck.

C-53: Yeah. No, I can tell. I can tell.

SES-B*TT: That's not normal? Sure, yeah, what are you guys thinkin' about if not juckin'?

PLECK: I mean, I—I pretty much never wanna juck, so… I don't…

SES-B*TT: Oh, maybe we should hang out.

PLECK: I don't think that's how it works, SES-B*TT.

DAR: Ahhh…

SES-B*TT: Hey, you—the pink one? I could turn you on.

PLECK: I don't—

SES-B*TT: I could turn you waaay on.

PLECK: I don't think that's true.

C-53: Yeah, let's see it.

PLECK/NERMUT: You know what?/Yeah.

C-53: Let's try it, SES-B*TT.

SES-B*TT: [voice sliding up and down] Okay. No prob. I—I'll go.

AJ: Okay.

SES-B*TT: Everybody? Don—everyone *open* your eyes. Even you.

AJ: Okay.

C-53: I'll turn on my headlamp. [C-53 turns it on]

DAR: Oh, wow.

SES-B*TT: Wow, spotlight. Really cool.

C-53: Yep. Showtime, buddy.

SES-B*TT: Alright, ready? You ready?

PLECK: Uh. No.

SES-B*TT: Okay. [singing] Tuk-a-tuk-a-tuk-a-tuk-a—[voice glitching up] I'm just gonna dance a little bit to set the vibe.

DAR: Whoa.

PLECK/AJ: Okay./Okay.

C-53: Whoa, that movement is… ahh, not great.

[Bargie grunts, SES-B*TT sparks concerningly]

SES-B*TT: Yeah. No, yeah, there's a little smokier than usual, but I think that's sorta settin' a vibe.

DAR: Does the frame *melt* every time you dance?

SES-B*TT: A little. A little melt. Little melt means it's gettin' hot in here.

DAR: Okay. Okay.

[sparking continues]

AJ: What about a lot? What about a lot melting?

SES-B*TT: Lotta melt? Okay. What's all that oil coming out of what I call my butthole?

C-53: You got some interesting sounds comin' out, too.

SES-B*TT: [voice sliding up and down] Oh, that's—uh, that's like a tiny little sex band in my body. Here we go.

NERMUT: Wow.

SES-B*TT: [voice higher] Is this working at all? Is it working?

[Pleck and Dar exclaim in horror]

SES-B*TT: [voice glitching] Oh, my face is melting!

[several members of the crew yell "Oh, no!"]

DAR: What's happening?!

SES-B*TT: IS THIS TURNING YOU ON? IS THIS TURNING YOU ON?

PLECK: [horrified] No, no! No! NO!

SES-B*TT: [voice very high] PLEASE. PLEASE. TOUCH MY FACE, TOUCH MY MELTING FACE! [at a chipmunk pitch] If I do die right now, let these be my last words.

AJ: Wow, I wish I had my eyes closed for that.

NERMUT: Wait, wait, as he's—were those his last words, or was he about to say 'em?

DAR: I think he's about to say them.

[pause of anticipation]

SES-B*TT: [lower than normal] Keep jucking. [one last spark]

NERMUT: Oh, wow.

[transition music: Season 1 — Cello Theme with Flyby]

C-53: Well, that was horrifying.

PLECK: Yeah, that was really bad.

C-53: Yeah.

PLECK: You know, I've been thinkin' this whole time, 'cause it's hard not to…

[Dar cackles]

PLECK: Why would Derf—

DAR: It's hard not to think?

PLECK: About—the thing I'm about to say!

AJ: I get it.

[Nermut laughs]

AJ: Yeah, sometimes it's hard not to think.

PLECK: That can't be right.

AJ: Whatever.

PLECK: I've been thinking, like…

[long pause]

[Dar laughs again]

PLECK: I wonder—I wonder if Derf knows that he's… part of this, I wonder if he knew that that was who he was selling his voice to.

BARGIE: I've heard his voice on other things.

PLECK: You have?

C-53: Like what?

BARGIE: Here's a clip.

C-53: Oh.

RECORDED DERF: Hey, it's Derf and The Wheeze in the morning, rockin' you all the way here on this terrestrial radio station!

PLECK: No, I think that's actually—that actually is him. I don't think that—

C-53: That might be him.

BARGIE: Oh, he's—Okay, here's another clip.

C-53: Oh, okay. Different one.

RECORDED DERF: Honk, honk, get out of the way. I'm a car!

[Dar laughs]

PLECK: [laughing] That probably is AI. I don't think that's him.

DAR: Okay, okay. Okay.

C-53: Okay. Yep. That's not right. Oh, uh…

[incoming transmission beep-boops]

C-53: Pleck, this is weird. We have an incoming transmission from… Old Derf.

PLECK: Whoa. Wow.

[transmission connects]

PLECK: Hey, hey, Derf. How's it going?

OLD DERF: Heyyy… eh, Pluck? Uh, hmm, I feel weird—

PLECK: It's Pleck, actually. It's Pleck.

OLD DERF: I feel weird 'cause I called you, and I should know, like, who I'm talking to… oh, it's been a long day.

PLECK: Did you butt dial me?

OLD DERF: Huh? No, no, this is for real. I don't—it's hard to butt dial in the Space, 'cause you have to really think about it, you know? It can't just be like, "whoops, my butt." I will say I have dialed people with other parts of my body. Do you wanna hear which ones?

PLECK: No.

BARGIE: Let's see a clip!

C-53: Let's see a clip of him dialing with other parts of his body? Do you have those queued up, Derf?

OLD DERF: I have a couple clips. No problem.

C-53: Okay, sure, let's—let's take a couple.

RECORDED DERF: Hello, this is Derf's dingle-dangle, tryin' to give ya a little ringle-rangle.

PLECK: No, Derf—wait, hold on—

OLD DERF: Oh, sorry, I—I was told to play a clip. I have my soundboard here in front of me.

C-53: Well, you host that morning show.

OLD DERF: I have a soundboard, yeah. Yeah, I—I sell my voice to a lot of things, but I also run a small radio station on a 'stroid that I occasionally live on with a family I've totally ignored.

PLECK: Derf, how are you alive? Last time I saw you, you died.

OLD DERF: You know what brought me back? Money.

DAR: Oh, yeah.

OLD DERF: Kroooon.

DAR: Oh, sure.

OLD DERF: Caysh.

PLECK: [laughing] You know—

C-53: Yeah, y'know—you've heard of like, a pyrite radio station?

PLECK: Pyrite radio?

C-53: Yeah, yeah.

PLECK: Yeah.

PLECK: It's almost as good as real radio, but not quite.

PLECK: Right. Sort of a fool's radio.

OLD DERF: That's the name of my show!

PLECK: Derf, Derf, we just—we just—well, I wouldn't say "we killed," but we just had a sex bot in our—on our ship that died.

OLD DERF: Oh, was it 1000?

PLECK: Yeah. SES-B*TT 1000.

OLD DERF: [fondly reminiscent] One of my faves. They were like, "Record a sexy scenario," and I was like, "There's only one I can think of."

DAR: [incredulous] *Only one?!*

OLD DERF: Yep.

NERMUT: What?

[Bargie's doorbell: buzzing, Bargie saying "Someone at the door!"]

C-53: Oh. Uh, maybe another package, Barge?

NERMUT: Oh, yeah, yeah yeah. I, uh—well, yeah, I mean, I… I ordered the D'Gerald Ford bot.

PLECK: Ohhhhh…

C-53: Oh, no!

[outro music]

[audience applause]

ALDEN: That's our show!

[credits music]

ALLIE: [no filter] This is C-RED-IT5.

[voice filter comes on]

C-RED-IT5: Uh, today, uh—[laughs] it's been three years. Uh, Pleck was played by Alden Ford!

[applause, audience continues to cheer after each credit]

C-RED-IT5: C-53 was played by Jeremy Bent.

AJ was played by Winston Noel.

The post office clerks and Nermut Bundaloy were played by Seth Lind.

Bargie and D'Gerald Ford were played by Moujan Zolfaghari.

Dar was played by Allie Kokesh.

Derf, SES-B*TT-1000, um… the Honk Honk, I'm a Car, were all played by Justin Tyler.

And of course, all credit goes to our sound rodd, Shane O'Connell!

[more cheering, applause]

ALDEN: Thanks so much for coming out! Have a good night!

[applause and music fade out]