

[intro music]

[music crackles into a staticky recording]

OLD DERF: Look, yeah, see—there’s a little red light on here. Does that mean it’s recording?

SHOPKEEPER: Yes, yeah—now you just talk into it.

OLD DERF: Oh, that’s nice. Red light, very nice—red light means “stop,” but in this case, it means “talk.” Ha.

SHOPKEEPER: Uh... sure.

OLD DERF: Okay, uh... lemme just talk. I’ll just talk it out. That’s what they say.

[short pause]

OLD DERF: Derf is my name. And Derf is actually my game. But who *is* Derf? I’m a, mmm, adventurer. Uh, Zima warrior. Commander... and conduit of the Space. Uh, but most of all, I’m a sweetie pie. Let’s see...

SHOPKEEPER: Uh, ‘scuse me, I’m sorry. You are recording...

OLD DERF: Sorry, you’re interrupting a very important memoir.

SHOPKEEPER: You are recording memoir? In my shop?

OLD DERF: Well, I’ll—gonna wander around, do it, juck around while I do it. I wanna take people there. That’s why I’m doing an *audio* memoir. Anybody can write stuff down, I’m not a cave... man.

SHOPKEEPER: That tape recorder costs, uh, thirty-four kroon.

OLD DERF: Mm. I don’t... have that. How about this, I’ll pay you in, um... a tale. I’ll pay you in a tale, a tale of Derf.

SHOPKEEPER: Not remotely worth it for me, I don’t think.

OLD DERF: But this is a—a memory! You can’t—money can’t buy a memory.

SHOPKEEPER: No, money cannot buy a memory. And memories, uh, cannot buy a thirty-four kroon tape recorder, so.

OLD DERF: You know what? Fine. You know what sucks here? Your ambient music. It’s *bad*. So I’ll see you later, and I’m not paying for thi—

[the recording is cut off by quirky music]

[the recording begins again]

OLD DERF: Okay, yes. Where were we... The Young Old Derf Chronicles. Chapter One: I was conceived in, uh... ooh. Don't wanna get into that, I guess. Maybe I'll jump ahead a little bit. Let's do, uh... Chapter Seven! After I had gone through a long—and I mean *long* puberty. Like, wow.

[faint buzzing]

OLD DERF: What the—am I getting a call?

[the Crazy Frog ringtone plays: a small voice scatting, “ding ding ding bababeboba”]

OLD DERF: Here's a—here's a good—here's a pro tip. Mute before you go to memoir. Put your phone in memoir mode, and then you can get to talkin' about your life.

[Derf answers the call]

OLD DERF: Hello?

[dial tone]

OLD DERF: Dahhhh. I missed him. Alright. [Derf hangs up] Where was I? Chapter Seven. *This* is where the memoir gets sexy. People—this book's gonna be everywhere! It's gonna be in spaceports! People are gonna buy this and then forget it at the terminal! And it's fun. That's kroon. That's kroon right in the bank. Uh, so Chapter Seven: [theatrically] I... decided on crime. Like all great sentients, I decided on crime. And I'd find my way back to freshness much later. And fall in with a band of sneak thieves. We were about to commit the robbery of a lifetime. But I'll tell you what, when you're out there, fightin' the good fight, runnin' from the law? You're best friends, compadres. We would die for each other. That was us, the good ol' gang. What a crew! We were led by this really interesting guy, and Rodd, wow. I can almost hear his voice right now...

[Derf's recorded narration ends]

[classic heist-planning music with a plucky bass]

ALFIE: [in a slightly dubious Michael-Caine-cockney accent] Alright, alright. Everyone present and accounted for?

[chorus of “yeahs” from the gang]

ALFIE: Then it's time to go over the plan. [paper unfurling] Let me run you through it. First up, Little Bobby Boy, who's going to do the same thing that made him famous all those years ago.

[whoosh to Bobby]

BOBBY: [small robotic voice] Sure will, that's me!

ALFIE: No doubt you'll win them over instantly, allowing us to sneak in undetected.

BOBBY: Tip, tip, top!

[whoosh back to Alfie]

ALFIE: Then, once we're inside, Klacker—

[whoosh to Klacker]

KLACKER: [typing on a keyboard] Yeah, that's me.

ALFIE: You'll render us invisible to security cameras, yeah?

[typing, two dings]

KLACKER: I'm in!

ALFIE: Well, we—now, it's too early. We're not there yet.

KLACKER: Oh. [more typing, another ding] I'm out.

ALFIE: Oh. Alright.

KLACKER: For now.

ALFIE: Wonderful. So, [whoosh back to Alfie] we'll make our way up to the money floor. And Klarp, that's where you come in. You're going to plant explosive charges all over the floor.

KLARP: [deep voice] It'll be... [dialing several buttons] a blast. [beep]

[sound of a large door rolling open]

ALFIE: Right, outstanding. Then we've got Lucky Stuckey, don't we?

STUCKEY: Oh, yeah, babyyy. [sticky noises]

ALFIE: We'll need you to, uh, take some security items off the guards there to make our way through the money floor.

STUCKEY: I do have sticky fingers.

[sticky noises, computer error sound]

KLACKER: Hey, my keyboard!

STUCKEY: Literally, literally. Yeah.

[error sounds continue as Stuckey struggles with the keyboard]

ALFIE: Oh. Uh, Lucky, don't just wave those about, 'cause you've collected quite a few objects. Snaps?

[whoosh to Snaps]

SNAPS: [in a '30s mobster voice] Ah, yeah, that's me, see? Safecracker extraordinaire.
[revs hand drill]

ALFIE: You are not needed on this job.

SNAPS: [sadly] Ah—awww.

[whoosh to Dojy]

ALFIE: Dojy, our driver.

DOJY: [in a very small, young voice] Choo-choos!

[whoosh back to Alfie]

ALFIE: Exactly right, Dojy, it will be a high-powered rail scrambler. Very smart, very intelligent boy.

DOJY: Yeah. Yeah.

ALFIE: And then this young chap to my left here... is Derf.

DERF: Yeahhh. [cracks open a cold one]

ALFIE: Now he will be replacing Markie Mike, which is a shame, but he did get a bit too old to be the acrobat, didn't he?

DERF: [laughing] I am young, so there's no worries about that. I'll NEVER get old.

ALFIE: We oughta call you Young Derf 'cause of how young you are!

DERF: I like the sound of that! [laughs]

KLACKER: You're bringing in a brand-new guy to hit the business building? How do we know he's really an acrobat?

ALFIE: Young Derf, if you'd be so kind?

DERF: [sets down his drink] Backflip. [executes a backflip]

SNAPS/KLACKER/KLARP: Wow!/Whoaaa!/Zoinks.

ALFIE: Exactly. Whoa!

DERF: Yes. Young spine, strong.

STUCKEY: Yeah.

ALFIE: And with that, I think it might be best if we synchronize all our watches now.

DOJY: Why?

ALFIE: Well, we've got to stay in time, haven't we? We've all got to be on the exact same frequency, the exact sa—

DOJY: Why?

ALFIE: Well, just imagine if one of us were to go up to the money floor before the security cameras had been—

DOJY: Why?

ALFIE: Because, y-you know, we haven't planned everything just to let it go all willy-nilly off of any old—

DOJY: Why?

ALFIE: Well, because that's how a good heist works!

DOJY: Why?

ALFIE: Well, because we're criminals!

DOJY: Why?

ALFIE: Well, it's because we've decided to live this life *outside* of law and order, Dojy, because the capitalist system has funneled us towards the margins of societ—

DOJY: Why?

[music cuts out]

ALFIE: [sighing] You know what, Dojy, why don't you stick around and we can really have this out. Everyone else get to the rendezvous point, yeah?

DOJY: Okay.

BOBBY/STUCKEY/KLACKER/SNAPS: Yeah./Woo!/Alright!/Ehh, see?

DERF: Baby's a real chatterbox, huh?

[transition to inside the vehicle; sound of motors revving, honking]

DOJY: Time go fast! Ah! [shifts gears]

ALFIE: Blue team, this is red team, red team nearly in position. What's your status, mate?

[transition to inside the money building]

KLARP: Just one guard.

STUCKEY: And I'm at maximum stickiness.

ALFIE: [over comms] Absolutely fantastic. Why don't you go ahead and start this party?

STUCKEY: Ahhh, yoink!

GUARD: Hey, you just took my blaster!

[Stuckey fires several shots, crowd panicking]

STUCKEY: Now everybody get downwwn on the grouuund!

KLARP: Don't be a hero. You! Don't be a hero. You're not a hero. No heroes!

[crowd panicking, citizens whimpering in fear]

STUCKEY: Nobody move!

KLARP: Both of you on the ground!

CITIZEN: [hesitantly] I mean, gravity dictates that we're all sort of on—

KLARP: Way down!

CITIZEN: Okay!

ALFIE: [over comms] Very fine work indeed, loves. Now plant those chargers, get ready to blow, I reckon we have ninety seconds before we see the coppers, alright?

SNAPS: [over comms] Alright. Can't wait to get my hands on a safe, see? [cracks knuckles] Get crackin'.

[transition back to inside the vehicle]

ALFIE: Snaps, I told you, you don't need to come along on this job, there's no safe!

SNAPS: [over comms] But I brought my stethoscope, see, and my little gloves!

ALFIE: Now Klarp, love, where are we with the explosives?

KLARP: [over comms] Completely done, they're at every connection point. It's gonna be a...

ALFIE: Blast, yes.

KLARP: [slightly too late] Bla— [disappointed sigh]

ALFIE: Out-jucking-standing. Alright.

[transition back to inside the building]

ALFIE: [over comms] We're gonna blow the floor and we're gonna take it out.

[bell dings, door opens]

ENFORCER 1: [racking rifle] Everybody freeze!

ENFORCER 2: [racking rifle] Monarchy enforcer! Put your hands in the air where I can see 'em!

[bell dings, door on the other side of the room opens]

ENFORCER 3: [racking rifle] Monarchy police here!

ENFORCER 4: [racking rifle] We have you surrounded!

ENFORCER 5: [racking rifle] Stop where you are, don't do bad things!

ENFORCER 3: Look at the badge!

[brief pause]

DERF: Little Bobby Boy, dance. [Derf taps Bobby] Little Bobby Boy, dance as a distraction!

BOBBY: [stepping forward, singing nervously] Uh, uh, I'm Little Bobby boy, look at me dance. You knew me from the movies, now I'm a man! I'm Little Bobby Boy, look at me dance.

ENFORCER 1: Hey, it's that Little Bobby Boy, from the holos!

ENFORCER 3: Wow.

ENFORCER 4: Wow!

BOBBY: Look at my fingers, look at my toes! Look at my hat, and look at my soul!

ENFORCER 6: Oh, wow. Hey, cool. Yeah, the only thing that kid's stealing is my heart!

BOBBY: I'm Little Bobby Boy, used to be a boy, but now I'm a man. Look at me now!

[pause]

[crowd starts clapping]

ENFORCER 1: Wow, what a world-class performance.

ENFORCER 2: We'll be on our way.

ENFORCER 6: Apologies, sir.

ENFORCER 2: Alright, let's move out!

[enforcers exit the room, chorusing "move out!"]

[transition back to inside the vehicle]

ALFIE: Dojy, what's our status?

DOJY: I'm vewy hungwy.

ALFIE: Oh, don't worry love, we've got snacks aplenty once this mission's over, but we *are* in position, are we not?

DOJY: [shifting gears, flipping the turn signal] Yeah.

ALFIE: Capital news, Dojy. Capital indeed.

[transition back to inside the building]

MENT: [small, nerdy voice] Sorry, uh, 'scuse me.

KLARP: Whoa. Who are you?

MENT: Oh, my name is Ment Gorgler? I'm—I'm an associate here on the money floor.

KLARP: ...Oh.

MENT: I guess I just have one question for you guys, uh... I don't understand how you're planning to steal any money from the money floor. The money here is digital currency. The second any of it leaves the geofence, it becomes a jumble of ones and zeros completely worthless to anybody!

ALFIE: [over comms] Alright, Snaps, love, would you put your earpiece into this fine gentleman's ear?

SNAPS: Yeah, yeah. Eh-heh.

MENT: What's this? Oh. Hello?

SNAPS: Put that in there.

BOBBY: Oh, it's all dirty.

SNAPS: Ehh...

MENT: Hello?

ALFIE: Okay, uh—hello.

MENT: Yeah, go for Ment.

ALFIE: [over comms] Hi, yeah, this is Alfie Kroonworth. Now, listen, love—

[transition to inside the vehicle]

ALFIE: You ever play Gonju?

MENT: [over comms] Oh, yeah, there's an oversized one at the bar I go to after work.

ALFIE: Very fun, very fun. We've all enjoyed a good game. Now, what we're going to do is blow this floor free from the supports of the tower, right? Like that game, we're going to just yank the whole floor. And that way, none of the digital currency will be erased, and we'll be able to offload it at our leisure once we've stolen it.

MENT: [over comms] But what about the forty floors above the money floor? That's the sector's largest children's hospital!

ALFIE: You said you played Gonju.

MENT: Y-yeah.

ALFIE: Yeah—so you know that if you yank fast enough, it just falls straight down, doesn't it?

MENT: Not in my experience.

ALFIE: Well, it sounds like you're not a very good Gonju player.

MENT: Huh, I guess not.

ALFIE: Uh, Klarp, love, are we ready?

KLARP: [over comms] Ready.

ALFIE: Alright, Dojy, love, just fire the grappling cables.

DOJY: Copy dat. [Dojy pushes two buttons]

[transition back to inside the building]

[two thumps from the outside of the building]

STUCKEY: Whoa. The hooks are in!

KLARP: Alright. Two, one, zero. [beep]

[loud explosion, screams]

[transition back to inside the vehicle]

ALFIE: Full retro rocket.

DOJY: Okay!

[building creaks]

ALFIE: Oh no, we're not going nowhere—

DOJY: Oh no—

[transition to inside of building]

ALFIE: [over comms] What's happening?

DOJY: [over comms] It's stuck.

DERF: Oh, there's a snag.

KLARP: Oh no.

ALFIE: [over comms] What's goin' on back there? I can't see a thing.

KLARP: The charge blast has lodged one of the cables into the ceiling rigging. Oh, it's such a narrow point! Someone would have to jump through the air, but kick it at the height of the jump!

[Klarp tries and fails to jump]

KLARP: Oh! Oh.

[Klarp tries again]

ALFIE: Well, you—kick higher, love!

KLARP: I can't! Look at my feet, they're stuck here at the bottom of my legs. All of ours are!

ALFIE: Someone's got to get it, but it's too far away, there's too much space!

DERF: Space?

[background chaos fades into an angelic whine]

DERF: ...Wait.

DERF: [in slow motion] Baaaaackflliiiiip!

[thunk as Derf kicks the cable]

[back to normal speed, crashing, sound of crowd panicking]

MENT: Whoa!

SNAPS: Wow!

MENT: How did you do that?

ALFIE: [over comms, triumphantly] Yeah, we're movin' now! Nice work! [laughs]

SNAPS: Magic, see?

MENT: You did it! All forty floors above the thirteenth floor just landed cleanly on top of the rest of the building!

BOBBY: This makes me wanna tap dance! [scampering around]

MENT: The children are saved!

[transition: sound of bottle popping, restaurant ambience]

ALFIE: Assembled sentients, congratulations to each and every one of you for becoming the richest scoundrels in the sector!

[Bobby cheers, Derf and Snaps laugh]

[clinking as the gang toasts]

BOBBY: Derf, do a backflip, do a backflip!

DERF: That's only on the job.

KLARP: Fair.

DERF: Alright, I'll do one. Backflip!

[Derf backflips, the gang cheers "yay!"]

ALFIE: Oh, that Derf is young!

KLACKER: Derf, welcome to the crew! [glass clinks] You really helped us get across the finish line.

SNAPS: What are you all gonna do with your cut?

KLARP: Hm. Pay off my student loans.

[everyone else in chorus]

BOBBY: Pay off my student loans.

KLACKER: I'm gonna pay off my student loans.

SNAPS: I'm gonna pay off all of mine too, see.

STUCKEY: I'm gonna pay off *my* student loans.

ALFIE: Young Derf, how about you?

DERF: I don't know, I didn't go to school. I sorta just wandered around the 'verse. I cater waited. I don't believe in formal education.

STUCKEY: Oh!

KLARP: You got *any* loans?

DERF: I—my cater loans.

ALFIE: Mmm...

KLARP: Hm.

KLACKER: I thought catering paid *you*, though.

DERF: Well, but here's the thing, you gotta invest early in a white shirt that doesn't quite fit ya. And then a little bow tie.

KLACKER: They make you buy the bow tie?

DERF: What, d'you think they give it away? It's not *charity*. Bow ties? That's the fanciest tie.

[pause]

SNAPS: This is the greatest party I've ever been to, see! [pops another bottle]

BOBBY: Fist buuuuump! [singing] Bump bump bump, bump-a-doop. Boop boop boop-a-doop!

DERF: I, uh... I stashed some orange beer in the top—the upper deck of the toilet. I'm going to run back and get 'em, alright, guys? Keep the party goin', 'cause—

ALFIE: Dur—wait, *during* the heist, you stashed this beer?

BOBBY: The *upper* deck... of a toilet?

DERF: The upper deck, the top part.

KLACKER: You don't want to stash beer in the *lower* part of the toilet.

ALFIE: Yeah, the *lower* deck...

DERF: That's a very visible—first off, someone's gonna steal it. Second off, someone's gonna pee on it. Anyway, keep the party goin', I'll be right back. I love you guys.

SNAPS: Yeahhh!

DERF: [opening the bathroom door] We're gonna live forever.

ALFIE: And we love you, Young Derf!

SNAPS: We love you, see?

[Dorf enters the bathroom and shuts the door]

TOILET: Welcome to the toilet.

DERF: Oh, okay. Uh... I—could I—I put some stuff in the upper deck, could I just grab that out of there?

TOILET: [opening] Lower deck opening.

DERF: Uh... No, I just need this stuff from the upper deck. It's like, six orange beers. Shouldn't be a... I stashed 'em there.

TOILET: Upper deck opening. [upper deck opens] Nothing there.

DERF: Uh, sorry, do you know where the orange beers...

[muffled blaster shots, shouting, and screaming from outside the bathroom]

DERF: Oh my Rodd. [Dorf starts unlocking the bathroom door] What—

[the bathroom door creaks open]

DERF: Oh my Rodd!

[sound of choking, groaning, dying robot beeps]

DERF: Klacker! Stuckey! Klarp! Alfie! Snaps!

SNAPS: [weakly] Rah... see.

DERF: Little Bobby Boy! [Dorf pats Bobby] You've all been shot. To death!

KLACKER: [whispering hoarsely] Somebody... somebody s-set us up.

DERF: What? ...What?

KLACKER: Who—who would do this?

ALFIE: [rasping] Young Dorf, come close to me.

DERF: Alfie.

ALFIE: Come close to me, Young—

DERF: Alfie, you—

KLACKER: No no, no. I have last words.

ALFIE: No, no—

KLACKER: Don't listen to his last wo—

ALFIE: No, but I'm the mastermind of the whole... so... I—I think I...

BOBBY: Come here, I want to teach you a little Bobby dance... to carry it to others.
[Bobby groans and starts glitching]

ALFIE: Hey, Bobby—

DERF: Guys, guys, the—the thing about your last words is you have to be *very specific* with them, it's *important*. You can't like, just, toss it off.

SNAPS: Behind... you. See?

DERF: Your last words are *behind* you?

SNAPS: See?

DERF: [reassuringly] Your best days are behind you. [Derf pats Snaps]

SNAPS: [insistently] Behind you, see?

DERF: ...What?

[a single shot is fired]

[Derf yells; it fades into an echo and a faint arrhythmic heartbeat]

OLD DERF: [on the recording] And that, dear reader, is the first time that Old Derf died. And come to think of it—you know, I mentioned all those—my good friends. I didn't actually know them very long. And when I said we'd die for each other, I meant we'd die *with* each other. 'Cause that's what happened. We *died*. Right there, as a group. And that's—how much closer can you be? Ah, m—

[transition: discordant noise as the tape jams]

PHOEBE RUNFF: —stress enough that the airwaves and sub-space channels are compromised, and therefore we must confine all communications to these data cassettes, which we record over and leave at junk shops and garage sales for the next best friend to pick up. That is why I, Phoebe Runff, master of espionage and intelligence, have chosen this cassette, which appears to be some sort of self-produced jam band album. Anyway, the plan is *perfect*.

As you know, Ross—the rebellion that we have built stands upon the shoulders of many who came before us—Scranger. The Finkersham Collective. Twinkle. Nearly a century in the making, and finally our time to strike approaches. Knowledge, as I have always

said, is power. We know the Monarchy's every move. We have the plans to their superweapon. And we know its critical vulnerability.

And speaking from personal experience, if I may digress from the Galactic Rebellion for just a hot sec, no knowledge is more powerful than that of your own finances. And that is why I use... Rocket Money. Rocket Money is a personal finance app that helps find and cancel your unwanted subscriptions, monitors your spending, and helps lower your bills so you can grow your savings.

I have always thought, obsessed with intel and surveillance as I am, that I had a handle on the amount of kroon I had going out of my account each month. *Boy*, was I wrong. But Rocket Money shows me where all my money is going and helps me make better decisions so I can keep more caysh in my pocket. Rocket Money has saved users over 2.5 billion kroon, including over 880 million kroon in canceled subscriptions alone. Their 10 million members save up to 740 kroon a year when they use all the app's premium features!

Cancel your unwanted subscriptions and reach your financial goals faster with Rocket Money. Go to rocketmoney.com/zyxx today. That's RocketMoney dot com slash ZYXX. RocketMoney dot com slash Z-Y-X-X.

I must cut this missive short, as I am at the rendezvous point, which as you know is a yard sale in the Herboll District of Rangus IV, and I—good Rodd, these people are trying to sell used socks. And a Nortan deck with half the cards missing. Is this who we're fighting for? Just curate a little bit, it's not that hard—

[transition: discordant noise again]

OLD DERF: [mumbling] The thing with this thing is it was working a minute ago! It's... er... I pressed this big button here... [sound of Derf messing with the recorder] Wait! Wait... ooooh, mama! Red light on. Ahaha! I figured it out! Okay, now where was I, brain? Used all my brain on the light! Haha. Okay, yes, the heist. So: We celebrated, and then they died. And then—twist!—*I* died. And *this* is where things take an interesting turn. You ever wake up in a place, you're like, "What? This is weird." Well, that's what I did.

[transition to the sound of bots wheeling into a room]

MORGUE BOT 1: Morgue bots, come together.

MORGUE BOT 2: I'm here.

MORGUE BOT 3: Morgue bot. Here.

MORGUE BOT 1: Time to check in on the bodies to make sure they are dead.

[sound of scanners activating]

MORGUE BOT 2: Still dead.

MORGUE BOT 3: This one's still dead.

MORGUE BOT 4: Still dead.

MORGUE BOT 5: Still dead.

[Derf wakes up suddenly in an enclosed space]

[morgue bots continue scanning and repeating "still dead" in the distance]

DERF: Oh! Ugh.

[Derf is rolled out of the mortuary freezer]

DERF: Whe—where—where am I?

[scanner sound]

MORGUE BOT 4: Not dead.

MORGUE BOT 6: Not dead.

MORGUE BOT 5: Welcome to the morgue.

MORGUE BOT 1: Welcome to the morgue. You are not dead.

MORGUE BOT 3: Finally. Checking if they are dead makes sense.

DERF: Mo... morgue? How did I get here? Where's... where's the rest of my crew?

SEVERAL MORGUE BOTS: Dead.

MORGUE BOT 2: Still dead.

[the door to the morgue slides open, a new sentient enters]

MORGUE BOT 1: Welcome to the morgue. Welcome to the morgue.

ZAPZOP: [in a deep voice with gravitas] Silence.

MORGUE BOT 3: Welcome to the morgue.

ZAPZOP: Silence, you stupid droids. Get outta here. Come on.

MORGUE BOT 5: Welcome to the morgue.

ZAPZOP: I know, I know.

[morgue bots continue to chorus “welcome to the morgue”]

ZAPZOP: I’m aware I’m in the morgue, get outta here. [ZapZop slaps one of the bots]
Here, get into this drawer.

[one of the morgue bots yelps, they start going into the drawer]

MORGUE BOT 1: But we don’t—why are we doing this?

[the drawer shuts]

ZAPZOP: Sorry, the droids are so annoying.

DERF: Why are there so many of them?

ZAPZOP: Just... wild overspending on morgue droids.

DERF: I—I’m sorry. Do you work here—who are you? I just woke up here in this morgue, alive.

ZAPZOP: And you have no idea how...

DERF: That’s right.

ZAPZOP: I’m here to tell you. I am... ZapZop.

DERF: “Zap zop.” Hmm.

ZAPZOP: I’m a Zima master.

DERF: Ooh.

ZAPZOP: To answer your questions, yes. You *were* dead. But you’ve been resurrected thanks to your connection with a power that we call... the Space.

DERF: Ooh, the Space. I’ve never heard of that. But is it like, the space between different things, and there’s like, sort of an inherent energy to it?

ZAPZOP: Wow, okay, that was, um... yeah, that’s pretty right on. Um...

DERF: And then obviously on the other side of the coin, there’d be the Stuff, which is like, what’s in between the Space that... the different objects that exist in space.

ZAPZOP: Okay. It’s... well, you’re really on a tear here, but...

DERF: But we all—and when you think about it, you perceive all of this Stuff through your Self, so it’s all just like, how you take it in and give it a look, you know? [Derf thumps his chest]

[pause]

DERF: Is that what it is?

ZAPZOP: Okay, you sure—you haven't heard of this before? This is new to you? You got a lot of that really quickly and really accurately.

DERF: Yeah, no, I don't know, I'm just a young thief... who likes to juck around. Watch this. Backflip. [Derf does a backflip]

ZAPZOP: You think you can do those backflips 'cause you're in shape?

DERF: [defensively] Well, I—okay, so I have a little paunch. I—I used to work at the—

ZAPZOP: You're using the Space right now, and you don't even know it. No one can actually backflip. The physics of it are impossible. [morgue bot snickering from the drawer] Everyone who can backflip is a practitioner of the Space.

DERF: *Just* backflips?

ZAPZOP: Listen, the backflips are one thing. But you resurrecting from the dead?

[the drawer opens; morgue bots wheel back out]

MORGUE BOT 1: Did someone say "dead?" Did someone say "dead?"

ZAPZOP: Shh. No! Shh. Shh.

MORGUE BOT 4: I knew it. I knew it.

MORGUE BOT 1: Where is dead?

MORGUE BOT 5: Welcome to the morgue.

MORGUE BOT 1: Welcome to the morgue.

ZAPZOP: Away! Away!

[supernatural whooshing sound, morgue bots fly back]

DERF: Whoaaa! You didn't even touch those robots and they moved backwards. How could you do that?

ZAPZOP: A simple trick of creating space between myself and these useless droids.

DERF: Wow. Creating space...

ZAPZOP: Listen, what you're doing is dangerous. Now you have the potential to be one of the most powerful Zima knights the galaxy has ever known.

DERF: Nice.

ZAPZOP: But you must learn how to wield your power properly. For the risk of wackness... is inevitable.

DERF: [not very seriously] Very serious... guy. This is serious.

ZAPZOP: You think—you think I'm jucking around when I'm talking about wackness?

DERF: I can tell you're not. It's a funny word to say if you're not juckin' around, but okay.

ZAPZOP: Come with me to Zima Prime. I'll mentor you in the ways of the fresh, so that you may use your power for the good of the galaxy.

DERF: ZapZop, don't you understand? My friends and I were all just *murdered*. [Derf opens a door and starts putting his clothes back on] This power you speak of, I—I want it, I covet it. But first, I have to go solve my murder.

ZAPZOP: Derf, don't you understand? You're wasting your time. Look at these holes! [squishing sound]

DERF: Oh, don't put your finger in there. That's... that feels really weird.

ZAPZOP: I'm trying to illustrate something. Only one type of blaster makes this hole... a Raxlarian X-29 proton separator. Those have been illegal for the last thirty years. Finding someone crazy enough to own one would be suicide.

DERF: Well it's a good thing that I can't die, huh, ZapZop?

[Derf opens the door to leave]

ZAPZOP: [urgently] Ah, you're making a mistake, Derf! Promise me, promise me you'll return to Zima Prime! Otherwise, all your potential will be wasted!

DERF: [intensely] I /love getting wasted.

[brief pause]

DERF: I'll see you later. [starts walking out]

ZAPZOP: That's a good line, but it's... [sighs]

MORGUE BOT 6: Please come again.

DERF: Uh—"come again?" That's a dark... that's a dark thing for a morgue bot to say.

[the door shuts after Derf]

MORGUE BOT 6: You'll be back.

MORGUE BOT 4: You'll be back. You'll be here later.

[morgue bots continue to chant "you'll be back"]

ZAPZOP: Now, see, that's much... that's much grimmer.

[the door opens again, Derf re-enters]

DERF: Sorry, real quick before I go: if I drink an orange beer, will it come out my Raxlarian holes?

[noir-esque music, transition to a busy, rainy city]

OLD DERF: [narrating as a space taxi pulls up and Young Derf gets out] And so I began my quest to find my killer. And I had to go anywhere where crime happened. I hit up every dust den, crime alley, every jerk hole in the 'verse. And boy, did I meet some psychos. Heh...

[the space taxi hovers away, Young Derf sets off on foot]

ALLEY DWELLER: What are you doin' in this alley?

DERF: I'm lookin' to find someone who knows a little thing about murder.

ALLEY DWELLER: What? Just because I live in an alley, you think I'm a murderer?

DERF: Well, you certainly have seen some stuff, right?

ALLEY DWELLER: [offended] No. I'm an accountant who lives in an alley.

DERF: Uh... okay. Why do you... why do you live here? You don't wanna— isn't there like an—

ALLEY DWELLER: Yeah, it's an alley, but I *own*, alright?

DERF: Oh, this is *your alley*.

ALLEY DWELLER: [pulling open some kind of rusty door] Got the papers right here.

DERF: The papers—this is where garbage goes.

ALLEY DWELLER: [clattering garbage around] Get outta here! Get outta here! There's no murderer in here!

[noir saxophone transition]

[bell dings as Derf enters a shop]

DERF: Excuse me, are you a weapons dealer?

SHRILL WEAPONS DEALER: Uh-huhhh. [takes a sip of a drink]

DERF: I'm looking for a very particular weapon.

SHRILL DEALER: Oh, go ooon! [sipping drink] Mm, mm, mm.

DERF: It's a Raxlarian X-29 proton separator. It killed me.

[door opens, a second sentient enters]

GRUFF WEAPONS DEALER: Get out.

SHRILL DEALER: [angrily] Mm, mm, MM!

GRUFF DEALER: Get *out*.

DERF: Do—Do you... do you have one, or did you sell one recently?

SHRILL DEALER: MMPH! MMMMH!!!

GRUFF DEALER: She has *never* been this angry.

DERF: Why is—why is she mad at me? Are you guys weapons dealers? What's...

SHRILL DEALER: [amicably] Uh-huh.

GRUFF DEALER: Yeah. What are you lookin' for?

DERF: I'm looking—I'm wondering if you sold anyone a Raxlarian X-29 proton separator.

SHRILL DEALER: [deep, scandalized gasp]

GRUFF DEALER: Get out. Get. Out.

SHRILL DEALER: [extremely offended] OH!

DERF: Why are—why are you so aghast? It says out on your sign, "We sell weapons here."

SHRILL DEALER: And we do.

GRUFF DEALER: Yeah.

DERF: What—what do you sell?

GRUFF DEALER: All sorts of weapons.

SHRILL DEALER: Everything.

DERF: I'm looking for someone... / feel crazy. I feel crazy. But I'm looking for a—who—

GRUFF DEALER: That's fine.

DERF: Have you sold a Raxlarian X-29 proton separator to anybody?

SHRILL DEALER: [angrily] Nooot here!

GRUFF DEALER: Get *out*.

DERF: [baffled laughter]

GRUFF DEALER: Look how angry my wife is!

[the first weapons dealer sips the drink again]

DERF: You guys are married?

GRUFF DEALER: Yeah.

SHRILL DEALER: [brightly] Seventy-five years!

GRUFF DEALER: Seventy-five wonderful years.

SHRILL DEALER: You know what the 75th wedding anniversary gift is.

DERF: Is it a Raxlarian X-29 proton separator?

GRUFF DEALER: [thumping the table] NO!

[brief pause]

GRUFF DEALER: It's *paper*.

[noir saxophone transition]

TOTALLY NORMAL GUY: [rolling down the window of a space vehicle] Well, hey there, friend! Don't see a lot of people roamin' around this empty, shuttered carnival.

DERF: Yeah, I, uh, I'm lookin' for somethin'.

NORMAL GUY: Oh, really?

DERF: I'm lookin' for a murderer.

NORMAL GUY: Ohh, ho ho. [switching off the vehicle and exiting] I think I might be able to help ya out!

DERF: Are you a cop?

NORMAL GUY: What?

DERF: Are you a, uh, cop?

NORMAL GUY: [laughing unsuspiciously] Why would you say that?

DERF: Eh, you got a cop... neck.

NORMAL GUY: I—I've been told that a lot on the inside.

DERF: Wait, inside of a prison? Space prison?

NORMAL GUY: Yep, yep, yep, yep, in the prison.

DERF: And—so let me just ask you, what did you say when you were like, gettin' in a fight in space prison?

NORMAL GUY: Oh, all sorts of stuff. [shifting closer] Are you lookin' to, uh, hire a killer, or—or are you a killer yourself?

DERF: Hey, get your lapel out of my mouth area. It's too cl—are you recording? Trying to record me?

[falling ping sound, robotic voice says "low battery"]

NORMAL GUY: Oh, what? What? [coughing loudly] Low battery! That's what I always say when I'm gettin'—[re-entering the space vehicle] I'm gonna go get myself a cup... of joe. [vehicle starts up]

DERF: You said low batt—you want a cup of joe? You're a criminal?

NORMAL GUY: Yeah.

[radio static]

RADIO VOICE: We've got a 4292 over on Acer Avenue. All units.

[radio static]

DERF: Oh, man. Guess there's enough battery in there for your radio to be workin'.

[the normal guy who is totally not a cop pulls away]

[door to an establishment with pulsing club music opens, two sentients exit]

CLARA: Hi, we're twins.

FLARA: We're two sexy single twins.

DERF: Hi.

CLARA: I'm twin number one, Clara.

FLARA: I'm twin number two, Flara.

CLARA: We're two sexy, single, single, local twins.

DERF: Wow, single *and* local. Um...

FLARA: Has anyone ever told you how sixel—six—sorry, sixel, sexy and funny *you* are.

DERF: Uh... wow. Um... no. That's really nice. I've had a—you know, a long day. I'm out lookin' for—I was murdered. I'm looking for my murderer.

CLARA: Wow, that's so unique. What do you do for work?

DERF: Uh—uh, you know, no one ever asks me questions. Thank you, uh, Flara.

CLARA: Uh, it's Clara. Yeah.

DERF: Sorry, Clara.

FLARA: Very fun. Have you ever murdered someone yourself.

DERF: Uh... have I ever murdered? No, not yet.

CLARA: Our favorite activia—activiyyy—activity—

FLARA: [crosstalk] Artiv—active—activity.

CLARA: Is to walk on the beach.

DERF: That's nice. Do you do that together?

CLARA: We love working out.

DERF: What do you—what—

CLARA: We have a—we're—we are a sarcastic—

FLARA: But not too sartastic.

[stifled giggling]

DERF: Do you—uh, sorry, what do you guys... what do *you* do for a living? Do you work together?

CLARA: Yes, we're entrepreueuneurs.

FLARA: Yeah.

DERF: Together. What are you—what's your business, if I could ask?

CLARA: What do *you* do for fun?

DERF: Um... I, uh... I guess I'm on sort of a mission right now, so that's a lot of fun.

[door to the club opens again, two more sentients exit]

FLARA: Oh, no, our ex-boyfriends are here.

DERF: Your ex-boyfriends are here?

CLARA: Both of them.

DERF: Oh no.

EX-BOYFRIEND 1: Oh, I'm so jealous.

EX-BOYFRIEND 2: I'm also so jealous. Who is this man?

EX-BOYFRIEND 1: Who is this man?

DERF: Ahh, I—I don't—I don't wanna get in the middle. I'm already in the middle of these two.

EX-BOYFRIEND 1: Don't look at me like that, buddy.

EX-BOYFRIEND 2: Don't look at *me* like that, buddy.

DERF: I'm just—I'm not looking at—what are your names? Sorry, just to keep track.

EX-BOYFRIEND 1: I'm Claro.

EX-BOYFRIEND 2: And I'm Flaro.

DERF: Oh. Wow.

CLARO (EX 1): These are my ex-girlfriends.

DERF: Who dated... who dated who?

CLARO: Does it matter!

FLARO (EX 2): Does it matter?

CLARA: It doesn't matter!

FLARA: It's over now!

DERF: Oh—you guys—

CLARA: We're s-sexy singles!

FLARA: S-sexy—sexy units!

DERF: What caused you guys to break up? I—I have some questions for my own thing, but like, what caused you guys to break up?

CLARO: We didn't have anything in common.

FLARO: We're so different!

CLARA: Nothing in common at all.

FLARA: No, I walk on the beach. They—

CLARA: They—those two like to walk on the beach.

CLARO: We go the other direction.

FLARO: On the beach.

DERF: The reason I came up to you guys is ‘cause I feel like you’re very likely to be murdered, so I wanted to see if anyone would show up and murder you.

[noir saxophone transition]

SEWER DWELLER: Welcome to the sewer.

DERF: [slogging through sewer liquids] Uh, hi. I... *hate* being here. Uh... sorry. I’m looking for, um, some—a killer.

SEWER DWELLER: [offended sloshing] Oh, just because I live in a sewer, you think I’m a killer? I *own*, buddy. I *own* here.

DERF: You own this sewer—isn’t a sewer just like, the absence of a place? It’s a hole?

KILLER: [affably, from the other side of the sewer] Uh, I’m a killer.

DERF: [laughing] Oh, see? I knew it. I knew it. Do—

KILLER: I don’t live here, though. I’m just visiting.

DERF: Oh, okay.

SEWER DWELLER: He’s my friend from out of town.

KILLER: That’s right.

DERF: Oh, I don’t wanna interrupt. I guess...

SEWER DWELLER: He’s here for a wedding, and he’s staying with me. I *own*!

DERF: In the sewer—okay. In the *sewer*, you’re staying?

KILLER: Have you seen the rates on hotels in this town?

SEWER DWELLER: My interest rate’s great, babe.

DERF: Did—“babe?” Did you kill me?

KILLER: Did I kill you?

DERF: Yeah.

KILLER: No.

DERF: Okay. End of questions.

KILLER: *This* is how you're choosing to investigate this?

[Derf starts trying to make an excuse]

KILLER: Asking killers one by one if they're involved?

DERF: That's—that's... it's a long journey. Whose wedding are you going to that you're—you're a killer?

KILLER: You're askin' a lotta questions, buddy. [racks rifle]

DERF: Uh-oh. What kind of gun—is that a Raxlarian X-29 proton separator?

KILLER: Oh, I'm not crazy, I don't carry a Raxlarian X-29 proton separator.

GRUFF WEAPONS DEALER: [shoving through a manhole] Get out! Get out of the sewer!

SHRILL WEAPONS DEALER: [angrily] MMMPH! MM-MMPH!

DERF: Wha... Oh, it's their wedd—they're renewing their vows!

SHRILL DEALER: MMMH!

SEWER DWELLER: It's my super.

DERF: What? I thought you owned!

SEWER DWELLER: I—it's a co-op!

DERF: Oh, he's your super, I got you.

[mysterious transition music]

OLD DERF: [recording] Just when I thought I was getting nowhere, I stumbled into a real upended bucket of a bar on the planet Milsch. And that's when fate tapped on my shoulder.

BARTENDER: [sounding like every Zyxx bartender] Alright, Shae, my friend, here is a Triple Big T.

SHAE: [deep voice with an ominous, growly layer underneath] Ohh, yeah. That's gonna juck me right up.

GOOD_E: [helpful alert sound] Friendly reminder, a Triple Big T contains dangerous levels of alcohol. This could lead to impaired judgment, stumbling, or vomiting.

SHAE: Be honest, how “friendly” was that reminder?

GOOD_E: [small, polite, robotic voice] My reminders are always friendly!

SHAE: GOOD_E, you gotta loosen up. Here, try just a sip.

GOOD_E: No, don’t put me in it!

SHAE: I think you’re gonna feel a lot better once I dunk you in this glass.

GOOD_E: Exposure to liquid can be harmful to my circuitr—[GOOD_E gurgles]

BARTENDER: I gotta tell you, Shae. I like you in here, but your friend is... bo-ring.

SHAE: [pulling GOOD_E out of the glass] My “friend” here is a court-ordered buzzkill.

GOOD_E: [over Shae: beeps] Ethical transgression deterrent anklet! You can call me GOOD_E.

BARTENDER: [doubtful sound]

GOOD_E: Good_Ethics!

BARTENDER: You’re a parole anklet.

GOOD_E: Yes, that is correct.

BARTENDER: Okay.

GOOD_E: I’m part of the Monarchy’s exciting new criminal justice initiative, one that replaces imprisonment with reminders. I even have a little finger I can wag. [sound of tiny mechanical finger wagging]

SHAE: Oh yeah? Wag *this*. [suggestive rustling]

GOOD_E: Those are your genitals... again.

DERF: Hey, uh, barkeep.

BARTENDER: Oh, what’s your poison, stranger?

DERF: My poison? Is vengeance. But I don’t drink it, I’m dishin’ it out, you know? I’m a vengeance-tender.

BARTENDER: Right. So...

[Shae flicks a lighter and starts smoking]

DERF: So I guess, like...

BARTENDER: Do you have an order, or...

DERF: Yeah, I'll have an—I'll have an orange beer. Would you like some vengeance, is what I'm saying.

BARTENDER: Absolutely not.

DERF: I was told this was a place I could find, uh...

BARTENDER: Quality beverages? Yes.

[Shae takes another drag]

DERF: No, no no, that much is clear. This is a, uh, spit-in-the-glass joint.

BARTENDER: What?!

DERF: That's what they say. That's what they're sayin'. So I'm here to find someone, you know, a little unsavory, huh? Someone who, uh...

BARTENDER: Well, according to you, that could be anybody here, right?

DERF: That's right. That's exactly right. Now we're talkin'! I need a real killer.

BARTENDER: Oh, you must mean Shae.

DERF: Wow, that got—that got specific quick, I love it.

BARTENDER: Shae!

SHAE: Yeah.

BARTENDER: This guy wants you to kill somebody, or... or wonders who you killed, or... is... gonna kill you? Somethin'.

DERF: Okay, uh...

BARTENDER: Anyway, two stools down, sir, is Shae.

[Shae takes a drag again]

DERF: You mean the three-horned, four-legged creature sitting on that stool?

SHAE: Look... alright, you two, my eyes are up here. And my genitals are down here.
[Shae demonstrates just in case they missed]

DERF: We've—we see them, we've seen them.

SHAE: [slowly] Can I study your face? Come closer. Let me just feel the contours of... whoever... you are. [starts aggressively touching Derf's face]

GOOD_E: Unauthorized touch! Unauthorized touch!

DERF: Uh—do all your ankles have annoying jewelry on them, or just that one?

SHAE: It *is* annoying. Now, why do *you*... want to know... who Shae is?

DERF: Uh, oh! Uh, I'm Derf, and I was murdered recently.

[Shae gasps quietly]

GOOD_E: [helpful alert sound] Uh. Murder is bad.

SHAE: That's—*that's* all you have to say?

DERF: Yes, we know. That's all you got? Buddy?

GOOD_E: It's one of the worst!

SHAE: One of the worst *what*?

GOOD_E: Things! ...You can do!

DERF: This is an ethics bot? This is—not a lotta circuitry in there.

SHAE: To be fair to him, I *have* dunked him in my drink quite a bit.

GOOD_E: [primly] I am going to have to print out a stern remonstrance against dunking government electronics in alcohol.

DERF: He prints tickets for you?

GOOD_E: [printing busily] Yeah, for the most extreme offenses, I print out a citation.

SHAE: Mm-hmm. And you know what I do with those citations?

GOOD_E: [sighs] I do.

SHAE: I... wipe my butt with them.

GOOD_E: [in sync with Shae] Wipe... butt with them.

GOOD_E: But if you do not answer it in thirty days, I must print out another one!

SHAE: And what will I do with that one?

GOOD_E: [whispering] Wipe your butt with it.

SHAE: Yes.

DISGRUNTLED CUSTOMER: Bartender, my child and I are leaving! This place is not family friendly!

CUSTOMER'S CHILD: [embarrassed] Ugh, stop! Ugh...

BARTENDER: Never said it was.

CUSTOMER: Ohhh!

BARTENDER: You honestly should have left so long ago.

[customer shuts the door]

BARTENDER: Okay, sorry, not to butt in, guys, but the fact that you're alive, this—murder might be bad, but this seems like not one of the worst ones.

DERF: How many ethics bots we got in this room right now? Everyone got an opinion? Look, Shae, I need to find who murdered me. I'm looking for an X-29 proton separator. It's the weapon that was used to kill me.

GOOD_E: [helpful alert sound] The X-29 proton separator was actually banned in the Valunin Accords. It is incredibly dangerous and incredibly illegal! [buzz] Illegal! [buzz] Illegal! [GOOD_E continues repeating "illegal" in a distressed whine]

SHAE: Okay, okay, but—

DERF: He gets so worried, he's so worried about you!

SHAE: Shhh! GOOD_E, GOOD_E, quiet! Or you go back... in the Triple T glass. Now. What does this have to do with *me*?

DERF: I want you to be my partner. Help me track down the people that murdered me.

SHAE: [unimpressed] Yeah, yeah, buddy. Okay. Uh... you know, Shae doesn't work for free, so.

DERF: Well, I just recently robbed the money floor, so, uh, I have 750 million kroon *somewhere* out there.

[Shae coughs on her drink]

DERF: Also, I can't die, so... that could be fun.

SHAE: Oh, that *could* be fun. [thoughtfully] Would you just excuse us one moment?

[Shae clops out of Derf's earshot]

SHAE: Did you hear what he just said?

GOOD_E: Mm-hmm.

SHAE: This is exactly what we needed!

GOOD_E: Yeah, he seems nice.

SHAE: Oh, *baby!* We would have enough kroon for me to pay off Talbot with some to *spare!*

GOOD_E: No, but we can't hurt an innocent person! And also, we'll be lying! [GOOD_E beeps and repeats "lying" in a distressed whine]

SHAE: Shh!

[Shae clops back to the bar]

SHAE: [clears throat] Derf, was it?

DERF: Yesss?

SHAE: I... see something. I see a beauuutiful partnership starting here. Yes... Whaddyou say you put it there, and you agree to join me?

DERF: [puts it there] Let's go solve my murder.

SHAE: Well, first we have a couple other things we gotta do.

DERF: Let's go do those things, and *then* go solve my murder.

GOOD_E: And give whoever did it a very stern talking-to.

[pay]

BARTENDER: And before any of those things, [sliding paper forward] pay the bill.

[end credits music]

OLD DERF: [on the recording] The Young Old Derf Chronicles are just beginning. There's a mystery to solve, obviously. I'll, uh—yeah, and I'm gonna die a bunch more times, that's for sure. But the real key is, the thing you must remember, is that...

[Derf's phone rings: Crazy Frog]

OLD DERF: Oh. Oh my Rodd. I have to take this. Y'know, when you get to be old, you gotta pick up calls when they call twice, because it could be a prostate thing, or it could be like, uh, Space stuff. Zima. So I gotta take it. But, uh... I'll pick up where I was another time.

[Derf answers the phone]

OLD DERF: Hello? Derf on the phone. My prostate's good! Oh, you don't need to call and just say it's good. Just *don't* call. Or send an email, or something.

[end credits music fades in over Derf and continues]

TH-33-ND: This is TH-33-ND, credits and attributions droid, commencing outro protocol.

Young Derf and Old Derf were played by Justin Tyler.

Shae, Lucky Stuckey, the shrill weapons dealer, and Morgue Bot 1 were played by Allie Kokesh.

GOOD_E the ethics anklet, Snaps the Safecracker, Morgue Bot 2, the guy who owns in the alley, and the guy who owns in the sewer were played by Winston Noel.

Zima Master ZapZop, Alfie Kroonworth, and the killer in the sewer were played by Jeremy Bent.

Klacker the Hacker, the electronics shopkeeper, Morgue Bot 5, the obvious cop, Claro, and Flaro were played by Alden Ford.

Klarp the Demolitions Expert, Morgue Bot 4, the gruff weapons dealer, and the Milsch Bartender were played by Seth Lind.

Little Bobby Boy, Morgue Bot 3, the hideout toilet, Clara, and Flara were played by Moujan Zolfaghari.

Dojy the Baby Driver was played by Jody O'Connell.

This episode edited by Seth Lind and Alden Ford, with sound design and mix by Shane O'Connell.

Theme song by Brendan Ryan, performed by Brendan Ryan, Shane O'Connell, Adam Minkoff, and Jay Faires.

Audio hosting by Simplecast.

The Young Old Derf Chronicles is a proud member of the Maximum Fun Network.

[music plays, and fades out]

[Promo: Beef and Dairy Network]

[telephone ringing]

SPEAKER 1: Hello?

SPEAKER 2: Hello, I'm calling on behalf of the *Beef and Dairy Network Podcast*.

SPEAKER 1: No. No, I'm sorry, no sales calls. Goodbye.

SPEAKER 2: It's a multi-award winning podcast featuring guests such as Ted Dansen, Nick Offerman, Josie Long?

SPEAKER 1: I don't know what a josielong is, and anyway, I'm about to take my mother into town to see *Phantom of the Opera*, at last! You are wasting my time, and even worse: my mother's time! She only has so much time left. She's ninety-eight years old,

she's only expected to live for another twenty or thirty years! [off mic] Mother, get your shoes on! Yes, the orthopedic ones! I don't want to have to carry you home again, do I?

SPEAKER 2: Right, well, if you were looking for a podcast—

SPEAKER 1: Mother, you're not wearing that, are you? It's very revealing, Mother. This is musical theatre, not a Parisian bordello!

SPEAKER 2: —simply go to maximumfun.org.

SPEAKER 1: I'm reaching for my Samsung Galaxy 4 as we speak! [off mic] Mother! Mother, not that hat!

[Promo: Secret Histories of Nerd Mysteries]

BRENDA: Have you been looking for a new podcast all about nerdy pop culture? Well! I have just the thing for you: *Secret Histories of Nerd Mysteries*!

AUSTIN: *Secret Histories of Nerd Mysteries* is a weekly pop culture history podcast hosted by me, host Austin.

BRENDA: And me, host Brenda! We've already tackled mysteries such as, "What happened to the puppets from *Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer*?" "Is Snoopy Mexican?" and "Why do people hate Barney so much?"

AUSTIN: From theme parks, to cartoons, to '80s, '90s and 2000s nostalgia, we tackle it all!

BRENDA: Check us out, every Tuesday on maximumfun.org and wherever you get podcasts!

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

[outtake]

DERF (JUSTIN): GOOD_E, you've talked a lot about your job, but what about you? What's the bot *behind* the bot, you know? What blows your hair back?

SHAE (ALLIE): I lllliterally *never* asked him that question.

GOOD_E (WINSTON): My function is just to provide good sound judgment for my charge here. [pause] I also like—

DERF (JUSTIN): No hobbies?

GOOD_E (WINSTON): [bashfully] Stamps.

[multiple cast members start laughing]

ALDEN: [laughing] No one should receive a citation with a boring—with a boring stamp on it.

GOOD_E (WINSTON): Yeah. Yeah. Each citation comes with a very valuable stamp that I give away, only to be used for the butt.

[Alden and Allie laugh]

ALLIE: Oh... sent and delivered.

BARTENDER (SETH): Well, time to sweep up these shit-covered stamps.

[several cast members burst out laughing again]

BARTENDER (SETH): Everybody out!