

[slowed down version of theme music crackles into a recording]

[muffled sound of Old Derf running, panting]

**OLD DERF:** Hold the—hold the bus! [panting] Hold the bus! HEY! Hold the doors! HOLD THE DOORS! AAAHHHH! COME ON, LISTEN TO ME—[disappointed] AHFFF... I KNOW YOU SAW ME! IIII KNOW YOU SAW ME!

**OLD DERF:** [to himself] Ugh, why did I get to know these bus drivers? ‘Cause now they all hate me... Ah, now what do I do, I got two hours to wait. Let’s see, what do I got in my pocket? [mumbling, rifling through pockets] Oooh, chewed gum. Oh, a lotta chewed gum. Yuck. Uh, okay, over here I got some keys, those... Ooh, hole in that pocket! What’s inside there? Oh! More junk. Haha, no underwear necessary. Freeballin’. Yes, sir...

[Dorf pulls out the recorder, sound gets less muffled]

**OLD DERF:** Oh, my recorder! Oh, it’s rolling! Wow. That’s what you get for runnin’, accidentally turnin’ on your homework. Alright, well, back to the memoir.

[transition to Young Dorf timeline]

[city sounds: honking, bustling, sirens, foot traffic, passing vehicles]

**SHAE:** [clipping over] Uh, forgive me, Dorf, but uh... are you sure we’re in the right place? Because I don’t see a money floor. I just see a children’s hospital.

**DERF:** It’s gone. We—we took it. A lot of people rob the valuable part, we took the whole thing.

**SHAE:** Wow. Okay.

**DERF:** Here’s what I’m thinking. Maybe the killer witnessed the heist and was like, “You know who I wanna kill? Those guys with the money.” That’s a good—y’know what that’s called? *Motive*. So let’s go.

[Dorf pushes the crosswalk button several times; it repeats “wait, wait”]

**SHAE:** [carefully] It certainly is. And out of curiosity, this money... How much of... [laughing] that money was there? *And*, also, where is it now?

**DERF:** You know what? I feel like *you’re* developing a motive. [laughing] Like, you seem very motivated to...

**SHAE:** No no no, no no! I'm just—I'm trying to—you know, I wanna know how *much* because...

**DERF:** I mean, if I had to guess, about 750 million. But the thing is, we were splitting it, and you have overhead you gotta pay... You know, we had lunch, we had a craft services table, because we're—you get snacky mid-heist.

**SHAE:** Of course, yes.

[crosswalk signal repeats "The walk sign is on"; Shae and Derf start crossing the street]

**SHAE:** I have an idea. We have someone—

**DERF:** Ooh!

**SHAE:** —who is certain to have the answers that you're looking for.

**DERF:** Yesss, good!

**SHAE:** And as it so happens, he... may be someone *I* have needed to talk to about a certain thing.

**DERF:** Okay.

**SHAE:** Thing is... they're in prison.

**DERF:** Prison? Ugh, why are all the best criminals in prison already?

**SHAE:** It's not just any prison. [dramatic pause] It's Sync Sync. It's a prison that's a whole planet.

**DERF:** A planet that's a prison, wow.

**SHAE:** Mm-hmm.

**DERF:** Big bars.

[Shae and Derf pass some kind of ceremony with snare drums and someone talking through a loudspeaker]

**SHAE:** Obviously it's impossible to just... walk up to the prison, or visit the prison, or...

**DERF:** Yeah, it's hard to knock on a planet.

[ceremony sounds muffle as Shae and Derf enter a quiet building]

**SHAE:** Yeah. But! If we sneak *into* the prison... haha, then we're *golden*, baby! *Then* we get to my guy...

**GOOD\_E:** [alarm pinging nervously] Uhh. Ooh. Uh-oh. Oopsie.

**SHAE:** Do—do you have something you need to say right now?

**DERF:** What's that noise?

**GOOD\_E:** That's my oopsie alert. I do not like the sound of this plan.

**SHAE:** [warningly] GOOD\_E...

**GOOD\_E:** Breaking into something without permission is against the law. Plus, I am also VEhemently opposed to the prison industrial complex in general. I—

**SHAE:** Vehemently?

**GOOD\_E:** [vehemently] VEhemently.

**DERF:** You can tell his little robot voice goes up a little bit when he's vehement.

**SHAE:** Wowww. Yeah.

**GOOD\_E:** I'm programmed to change octaves when I say things like VEhement.

**SHAE:** Okay, fine. Then we'll just have to concoct some other way to get into prison.

**GOOD\_E:** Yes, maybe there's a way to enter ethically and legally.

**DERF:** Ooh.

**GOOD\_E:** Perhaps as a non-correctional employee with benefits and paid time off!  
[happy sparkly pinging sound]

**DERF:** [laughing] This guy does not even—he wants us to be good, but he wants us to live good lives! It's—he's nice to have around. You know what? I'll fill out an app. I could work in a prison. What can you do there, is there like—can you apply for warden? That feels like a job I'm designed for.

**GOOD\_E:** No. Um... I've submitted an application for the prison cook.

**DERF:** Okay. Now, here's the thing: if you wanna become a cook, do you have to, like, audition? Is—do I have to cook a little?

**GOOD\_E:** All it said was, "Can you make eggs?" and I said "Yes."

[Shae starts unzipping a bag and taking things out]

**DERF:** So I'm an egg... chef? Exclusively focused on the egg. Perhaps a soft-boiled, uh...

**SHAE:** Look, while you two talk about this, can you help me here? I'm trying to cover as much ground with this diesel as possible. [Shae pours diesel on the ground]

**GOOD\_E:** Why are w—

**DERF:** Yeah yeah, I'll pour some diesel, sure, sure. [Dorf goes to the bag obligingly] Well, what type of egg? It could be a tiny animal, miniscule? Massive egg you crawl inside to eat! Ah, the op—opportunities are endless here!

**GOOD\_E:** They said mainly it was opening cans.

**DERF:** [sloshing diesel around] Eggs come in cans in prison? That's—that's gonna be trouble.

**GOOD\_E:** Yes, it's canned eggs.

**DERF:** The shell's a bit of a can, so I don't know why they're addin' an extra.

[Dorf and Shae stop pouring diesel]

**SHAE:** Look, I have a much simpler, more efficient way for us to... break into prison—

**DERF:** [interrupting] Yes, go to culinary school, study, and then bring new, fresh... *raw* cooking to the prison system. Reform them from their stomachs out!

**SHAE:** Nope, light a match.

[Shae strikes the match and tosses it; the diesel goes up in flames]

[fire alarm starts going off]

[Dorf and Shae run outside, where the ceremony crowd is panicking]

**EMCEE:** No! The children's hospital!

**BYSTANDER 1:** Nooooo!

**BYSTANDER 2:** The grand reopening!

**BYSTANDER 3:** We had just rehabbed every room in the hospital!

**SHAE:** [satisfied] And now, we wait.

**DERF:** Oh, the best way to break into a prison is to just go to prison. By burning down a—a hospital.

**SHAE:** No one was inside. They were doing the ribbon cutting ceremony.

[sirens join the fire alarm]

**EMCEE:** If only I could put this fire out with these giant novelty scissors we were using to cut the ribbon!

**BYSTANDER 4:** The scissors were incredibly flammable!

[cop pulls up, siren cuts off]

**POLICE CHIEF:** [rolling down window] My sweet Rodd. Who would burn down the building that the community came together to rebuild? You see things like this and you just wanna give up. [getting out of vehicle] You think to yourself, is there any good left in the universe *anywhere?*

[sound of hoses spraying on the fire in the background]

**DERF:** Uh, sorry to interrupt, but does your sash say “retiring tomorrow?”

**POLICE CHIEF:** I’ve only got one day left. How could we possibly solve this heinous act so quickly?

**SHAE:** GOOD\_E, if you would?

**GOOD\_E:** It was us! It was all three of us. We all had something to do with it. I’m initiating confessional protocol.

**POLICE CHIEF:** You’re talking about a certified droid confession protocol?

**GOOD\_E:** [quietly] That’s right.

**POLICE CHIEF:** Well, you just made my job that much easier. I don’t even need to put you before a judge. You’re goin’ straight to jail.

**GOOD\_E:** [printing] It’s—the confession’s coming out of my mouth! [muffled mouth sounds]

**POLICE CHIEF:** Ha. Excellent. Excellent. A printed and notated confession receipt.

**DERF:** He’s barfing up a printed—a printed-out confession?

**GOOD\_E:** I’m sorry, and we won’t do it again! [more robotic barf-y sounds]

**DERF:** Who—who designed this little robot? This doesn’t make any sense.

**POLICE CHIEF:** Alright, enough outta you. Get in the car. You’re goin’ away for a loong time.

[the chief opens the car door and starts shoving them inside]

**DERF:** Can we request a specific prison? 'Cause we have one in mind we'd like to go to—

**POLICE CHIEF:** Of course not! You're headed to Sync Sync, the worst prison planet in the galaxy.

**DERF:** [inside the car] Oh! G-great!

[theme music transition, recording crackles and resumes]

**OLD DERF:** So the plan had been set into motion. We were off to Sync Sync! A prison that—

**GUY:** [in a low, chill, almost sleepy voice] Wait, sorry to interrupt, but...

**OLD DERF:** Sure, I mean, I'm only trying to record my life's work here at this bus stop, so... yes! Give it a go.

**GUY:** I'm sorry—you *wanted* to go to prison?

**OLD DERF:** [exasperated] Yes, it's part of the plan! I just described it to you! Are you... are you in this or not? Come on!

**GUY:** Okay—

**OLD DERF:** Everyone has a plan. I mean, what are you doing? What's your plan?

**GUY:** I have worked for a—a package delivery service, and I'm just waitin' on my bus to go visit my niece.

**OLD DERF:** See? You have a plan, I have a plan. Your plan, weird; my plan, finish my memoir. Let's do this.

**GUY:** Sure.

**OLD DERF:** So there we were.

[two thumps as ominous electronic music begins]

**OLD DERF:** Me and my compatriots about to be thrown into the deepest, darkest prison planet in the whole galaxy.

**GUY:** Whoa.

**OLD DERF:** No, things were not looking up for us.

**GUY:** Oh no.

[transition to prison as ominous music continues]

[buzzer, gate clangs open]

**OMINOUS GUARD:** Welcome to Sync Sync Prison. You're in the Monarchy's factory facility in cell block 23, level 345A, building 2, city center Charlie, of the southeastern hemisphere. You'll stand on this line until you are assigned a workstation on the labor floor.

**AGGRO GUARD:** [marching up and down] No fidgeting on the line! No orsing around, yuk yuks, or bits of any kind on the line! No already planning your escape on the line! No moral or religious epiphanies on the line! No eating, drinking, or flash photography on the line! Prisoners with a lightning lane Sync Sync multi-pass can skip the line and enter the prison ahead of the others.

**FAST PASS PRISONER:** Oh, I actually have a lightning lane pass.

**AGGRO GUARD:** Oh, okay.

**FAST PASS PRISONER:** Here you go.

**AGGRO GUARD:** Yeah, looks good. In you go.

**FAST PASS PRISONER:** Okay. Thank you! [the prisoner enters]

**OMINOUS GUARD:** The rest of you, your crimes have landed you here. Follow the rules, and you might survive your sentence. Put your trust in Rodd. Your ass belongs to Sync Sync. Now get in line.

**AGGRO GUARD:** New prisoners, get in line!

[yelling, whistle sounds]

**DERF:** So this is the prison planet. It's nice we get to stick together.

**GOOD\_E:** This prison may hold down our bodies, but it will never hold down our spirits!

**DERF:** Oh, that's beautiful.

**AGGRO GUARD:** No platitudes on the line!

**SHAE:** I cannot *believe* they made me keep you.

**DERF:** GOOD\_E, how does it feel to be... You're—you didn't do anything, and you're sort of unlawfully along for the ride here. That's too bad, huh?

**GOOD\_E:** My inaction made me complicit. But... yes, this sucks.

**DERF:** So, uh, Shae—y'know, this is sorta your realm. You wanna show me the ropes around here? What's the deal?

**SHAE:** What did I say about using my name?

**DERF:** Don't. Don't do it.

**SHAE:** Don't! I said don't. Yeah.

**DERF:** Okay, okay. Uh, w-wanna do a prison nickname?

**SHAE:** Um...

**ENTHUSIASTIC PRISONER:** Hey, Beefer, welcome back!

**DERF:** Beefer? Why do they call you Beefer?

**SHAE:** Um...

**DERF:** If I—if I may.

**SHAE:** Oh.

**PASSING PRISONER:** Don't walk behind Beefer!

**MOCKING PRISONER:** Watch out, Beefer's on the loose again. [mocking laugh]

**RIBBING PRISONER:** B-b-b-Beefer!

**GOOD\_E:** Think it's due to flatulence.

**SHAE:** [clicks tongue] Yeah.

**DERF:** So, uh, Beefer, now that we're *in* the prison, how do we get out?

**SHAE:** [casual, self-satisfied] I'm so glad you asked. You and I are here for *business*. We're gonna meet with my contact...

**DERF:** Mm-hmm.

**SHAE:** We're gonna get our little answers...

**DERF:** Mm.

**SHAE:** Then we're gonna scoot on over to the warden—a pal. We're like *this*.

**DERF:** Yeah.

**SHAE:** He'll have us jump through a few hoops, slap a little GOOD\_E on your ankle, and then we're outta here by martini o'clock.

**AGGRO GUARD:** Look alive! Warden's on the floor!

**WARDEN:** [with a megaphone, in an imperious little voice] Yes, it is me, your warden! Everyone shut your holes, close your eyes, and listen up.

**AGGRO GUARD:** Shut your holes for the warden!

**WARDEN:** Get into formation! Any transgression will lead to more punishment.

**DERF:** Oh, wow. Is this your... pal?

**SHAE:** No. No, this is not my pal.

**DERF:** What?

**SHAE:** [suddenly worried] Could someone tell me what happened to the other warden?

**MOCKING PRISONER:** Uh, won Warden of the Year and retired.

**SHAE:** Oh, no. Oh, no no no.

**WARDEN:** May I remind you, I'm not here to make friends!

**DERF:** Wow.

**WARDEN:** It is time for you to get to your duties! Each prisoner will be assigned a station, where they will stay there until they are finished constructing their widget. Any team that fails to make the requisite number of widgets shall be perished in front of all of our eyes in a slow and embarrassing manner!

**DERF:** Very theatrical warden.

**WARDEN:** Your time starts now!

**DEEP VOICE:** Gray team, begin at station four. Light gray team, begin at station seven. Beige team, begin at station twelve.

[prisoners move to stations; mechanical and tinkering sounds begin and continue throughout the scene]

**DERF:** Whoa, look at all these people making widgets. What are—what *are* widgets?

**HOARSE PRISONER:** Nobody knows. Some say they're parts for a huge superweapon! Others say that it's meaningless work to drive us insane, so we turn on each other! Watch your fingies.

[machinery clangs, a widget drops out]

**DERF:** You're tellin' me these guys have a superweapon and they're having *prisoners* make it? I would have someone who knows what they're doing do it.

**GOOD\_E:** Wait, so why aren't we learning, or doing community service, or—

**NERVOUS PRISONER:** Shh.

**GOOD\_E:** You shush.

**SHAE:** GOOD\_E, we just got here. We're not gonna change anything. Let's just...

**GOOD\_E:** Here's what I wanna know. How does this actually correct behavior at all? These are just rudimentary tasks that we just repeat over and over again.

**NERVOUS PRISONER:** Could you motherfuckers shut your mouth? We're all gonna get killed! Tossed into the bile ocean.

**GOOD\_E:** [virtuously] But I'm talking about correction. We live in a society, one that is—

**CRANKY PRISONER:** Pipe down, Sparky.

**NERVOUS PRISONER:** Yeah, keep your heads down and keep assemblin' those widgets. Watch your fingies.

[machinery clangs]

**GOOD\_E:** Cognitive behavioral ther—

**DERF:** Hey—hey, GOOD\_E, work with us. Do you have, like, a prison setting where you're, like, a little less tellin' us about ethics, a little more sayin', like, scary things?

**GOOD\_E:** Well... no, but theoretically I could take my disdain for the prison industrial complex and turn it into a behavioral subroutine, inverting my gentility code to...

**DERF:** All I hear is "prison setting" from my guy. From Mr. Wristwatch over here.

**SHAE:** Ooooh, let's try it!

**GOOD\_E:** [beeping] Oh. Eh.

**DERF:** Oh, he's glowing.

**GOOD\_E:** [beeping ramps up] Eh. Adjusting—ethics—cali—bration—to prison hierarchy.

**SHAE:** Can he do it?

[beeping ramps up to a cheerful chime]

**GOOD\_E:** Eat juckin' shit.

**SHAE:** [celebratory] Ha haaa!

**DERF:** Oooh, yes!

**GOOD\_E:** [in a deeper-than-usual but still small voice] Ya juckin' worm.

[Dorf starts to say something but laughs]

**GOOD\_E:** Yeah.

**DERF:** BAD\_E.

**SHAE:** Now, that's the type of feedback I would respond to!

**GOOD\_E:** Swallow it down or you're gonna get a shiv up your butt.

**SHAE:** Okay, butt activity is up, up, up!

**GOOD\_E:** [angrily] Can I turn back now? I hate this!

**SHAE:** Hmmm.

**PRISONER 1:** Who's the new alpha on the floor?

**PRISONER 2:** Who's the top dog?

**PRISONER 3:** Whoa, hey!

**PRISONER 4:** Who's this guy?

**GOOD\_E:** I'll juckin' rip your tongue out and stick it up your own asshole if you look at me one more time.

**PRISONER 4:** [scared] Whoaaa!

**PRISONER 5:** [impressed] Whoa!

**GOOD\_E:** [still in the deeper BAD\_E voice] Please, I'm begging you. Give me permission to turn back.

**SHAE:** Oh, no, you're earning the respect of all the prisoners.

**PRISONER 4:** We've been looking for a leader for a while.

**PRISONER 6:** He wants us all to taste our own butts.

**PRISONER 1:** I can't reach it. [trying harder] Graaah!

**PRISONER 3:** Oh, you never realize how far away it is.

**PRISONER 4:** I'm almost there!

**PRISONER 1:** Ugh, I shouldn't'a bent forward instead of backwards.

**GOOD\_E:** You all disgust me. You deserve to be here. You're never gonna get better. You are bad people.

[a prisoner sobs]

**PRISONER 4:** [sadly] He has a point, to be honest.

**PRISONER 3:** You don't have to be so cruel.

**GOOD\_E:** Oh, I think I do, because I *don't* regard you as people; I regard you as do-bad-ers. Bad—bad people. Therefore I can—

[prisoners start mumbling]

**PRISONER 1:** No, you're right, we're do-bad-ers.

**DERF & SHAE:** We're do-bad-ers.

**GOOD\_E:** You're do-bad-ers.

**PRISONER 1:** Bunch of do-bad-ers.

**PRISONER 6:** You make me wanna do better!

**WARDEN:** [over megaphone] Widget check!

[electronic gong]

**DEEP VOICE:** All teams, prepare for widget check.

**WARDEN:** [walking over] Huh. [clank] These are way more widgets than anyone else generally does per day. And what is this? I sense... an alpha!

[ominous electronic music begins in the background]

**GOOD\_E:** Yeah, munch my asshole.

[the warden gasps]

**SHAE:** No, GOOD\_E, we do that with the prisoners, not the warden!

**DERF:** Can't alpha the warden.

**GOOD\_E:** I don't give a SHIT.

**WARDEN:** No one's ever spoken to me like that before!

**CRANKY PRISONER:** And honestly, the way he says it, you can tell he *doesn't* give a shit.

**GOOD\_E:** You know what I'm in here for? Juckin' your mom.

**WARDEN:** Oh, no!

**GOOD\_E:** [normal voice, apologetic] I'm sorry, I'm just adjusting to the hierarchy here. [BAD\_E voice] Why don't you juckin' kiss my asshole?

[the warden gasps again]

**GOOD\_E:** Or why don't I just rip yours out and make you kiss your own? [normally, pained] Why am I doing asshole stuff? Why can't I get off the asshole thing?

**AGGRO GUARD:** Hands on your head! [tases GOOD\_E, and by extension, Shae]

[GOOD\_E and Shae yell]

**SHAE:** No! I'm not with this guy! I mean, I'm WITH this guy, but I'm not *with* this guy!

**WARDEN:** You'll be sent to solitary confinement!

[the guard tases GOOD\_E and Shae again]

**GOOD\_E:** [normally] I made a huge mistake.

**WARDEN:** Take them away, gyaurd!

**DERF:** Shae! Shae! What am I gonna do all—all alone?

**SHAE:** [being dragged away] Okay, listen to me! It's very important. You have to get in touch with Twinkle. The contact's name is Twinkle.

**DERF:** Twinkle.

**SHAE:** And whatever you do, do NOT—

[the door clangs shut]

[the ominous electronic music thumps twice]

**DERF:** Hmm. I guess I'll sort it out on my own.

[the recording begins again]

**OLD DERF:** It was just me, all alone. But there's something about the walls of Sync Sync that felt like there was a camaraderie brewing, you know? As if I were to find a family within those walls. The only family that I've... ever known.

**GUY:** No family at all?

**OLD DERF:** [casually] Uh, yes, I do have a—a family. Wife, kids, a comfortable home. They're back on the 'stroid.

**GUY:** Oh.

**OLD DERF:** [impishly] Yeah, they're found family. I *found* them annoying, and I left. Bye-bye.

**GUY:** That's tough. Me and my sister fought for years. We're finally back on the right track.

**OLD DERF:** Really? Okay. Well, y'know what? We can pull over here for a sec. So tell me your story. What would you and your sister fight about?

**GUY:** I think it started when we were young. She stole ten kroon from me. Imagine this: not bein' able to trust your own sister.

**OLD DERF:** What were you doin' with the ten kroon that you were so worried about? Like—

**GUY:** Ten kroon was the difference between bein' able to go to school or not.

**OLD DERF:** You gotta buy a ticket? To go to school?

**GUY:** Ten kroon for the whole school year, and you got a really great education. But, uh, y'know, because of that, I wasn't able to go to school.

**OLD DERF:** Whose memoir are we even recording right now? Are we doing one together?

**GUY:** So I went on the street. I was a lookout for this—uh, gambling guy, and I would watch... The patrol would come around, but I would do a signal, and everybody would scatter. They'd pick up the money and clear out.

**OLD DERF:** Wait, you had a special signal that you would give?

**GUY:** Yeah. It was like a whistle. Ah...

**OLD DERF:** Really, like a—

[the guy whistles a little to demonstrate]

**GUY:** And so I would do a signal. Everybody would scamper, and at the end of the week, I would get one kroon.

[Dorf laughs]

**GUY:** And I thought maybe—I don't wanna do this forever. I'm not a fan of gambling. If I could get my ten kroon, maybe I could go to school next year. Yeah, I caught a break, and, uh, I was noticed by a record producer who noticed how good my whistling was. He used to gamble at the gambling games, and then... I worked for him, I put out an album, and it was a big success. I didn't—

**OLD DERF:** [loudly] Wait, are you Whistlin' Joe Wyesocki?

**WHISTLIN' JOE:** That's me.

**OLD DERF:** You're Whistlin' Joe!

**WHISTLIN' JOE:** [humbly] I'm Whistlin' Joe. I'm Whistlin' Joe, or I was.

**OLD DERF:** [starstruck] Oh my... I—I'm sittin' near one of the biggest—biggest whistling recording artists in the galaxy.

**WHISTLIN' JOE:** So, the—about to get to the climax, I—I made a good bunch of mon—I made ten kroons, I was gonna go to school, and then also a million kroons. And... it was—

**OLD DERF:** [chuckles] It's interesting you keep track of it that way.

**WHISTLIN' JOE:** And I planned to give up...

**OLD DERF:** "Ten, and then a million."

**WHISTLIN' JOE:** I planned to give it all up and go to school. And then my sister stole all the money again.

**OLD DERF:** [laughing] *Again?!*

**WHISTLIN' JOE:** And that's why I—I said, “you know what, I'm just gonna deliver packages.”

**OLD DERF:** Wait, so did your sister ever face any justice for these crimes?

**WHISTLIN' JOE:** Absolutely. You might have encountered her. She looks a little bit like me, except for with, um, long hair and the biggest breasts all—in the galaxy.

**OLD DERF:** I really—I hate to interrupt you because I feel like we're getting somewhere, but this is sorta my story? Would you mind, um, if I dive back in—I'm lof—I'm loo—dangerously close to losing my train of thought.

**WHISTLIN' JOE:** [pleasantly] Absolutely!

[scene transitions back to prison]

**GUARD:** Cell doors closing. All prisoners, lights out.

[light switch, tinkling of a music box]

[transition to Derf's cell, where music box continues and prisoners snore in the background]

**PLAN GUY:** [whispering] Psst. Hey. Hey.

**DERF:** Oh. Yeah?

**PLAN GUY:** Are you the new guy?

**DERF:** Yeah, I'm new... in this—in this room.

**PLAN GUY:** [in a slightly dubious but urgent Cassian-Andor accent] Listen, I need your help. I need your—you're the only one who can help me.

**DERF:** O-okay. Uhhh, yeah.

**PLAN GUY:** I need you to listen very carefully.

**DERF:** We're—we're roommates, so we should get close fast.

**PLAN GUY:** Yes, yes.

**DERF:** We're sort of like a... like a found family, in a way.

**PLAN GUY:** Yeah, sort of, yes. Listen to me. What is your name? It does not matter.

**DERF:** Uh—

**PLAN GUY:** It does not matter.

**DERF:** Derf. I'm Derf.

**PLAN GUY:** Listen. Listen, we—you and I—are going to get out of here. My last cellmate, I talked him into it: killed immediately. But you look a little more... capable? I feel like you could, like, flip through the air or something, right?

**DERF:** Whoa, yeah! It's—how'd you know that? Ready? Backflip?

[Derf backflips]

**PLAN GUY:** Oh, yes, exactly. Per—now listen to me, listen to me! [snapping urgently] We do not have much time!

**DERF:** Really? I *just* got here. We're out of time already?

**PLAN GUY:** [stuttering] They were the g—were coming for us! The guards, they change shift every seventeen hours. [takes out some paper and scribbles while talking] And every seventeen hours, there is a nine-second period of time where they secure the cameras. No one is looking. Do you understand? The guard leaves. It takes four and a half seconds for the guard to get to the door, and four and a half seconds for the new guard to take his place. You have *nine* seconds.

**DERF:** Nine seconds.

**PLAN GUY:** Every seventeen hours, nine seconds where the guards are not looking at the footage. [tapping pen for emphasis] That is the time.

**MASTURBATOR:** [from across the room, throwing off the covers] Some of us are trying to jerk off here! [drops the covers again; he continues to do this every time he speaks]

**PLAN GUY:** Ignore him. He says that all the time. Now listen to me—

[squeaking bedsprings as the masturbating guy continues to do his thing]

**DERF:** Sorry, is—are there *three* of us in here?

**PLAN GUY:** Yes.

[Derf starts to press for more information]

**PLAN GUY:** Now listen, the air ducts—[shuffling papers]

**DERF:** [laughing] Wait, hold on. So he's in here jerkin' off. Is he not hel—he's not—did you ask him to do this?

**PLAN GUY:** [annoyed sputtering] What, you think—you think masturbation is more important than escaping this hellhole? This prison planet?

**DERF:** I'm just saying, with seventeen hours and then nine seconds, you got a lot of time on your hands.

**PLAN GUY:** No, we need to plan. Do you understand? [tapping pen] Okay, listen. The air ducts. [scribbling] When it is hot, they blow in cool air. When it is cold, they blow in hot air. Do you understand?

[Derf laughs quietly]

**PLAN GUY:** They reverse directions. They reverse directions *twice a year*. Do you understand? So—

**MASTURBATOR:** I reverse directions sometimes!

**DERF:** You mea—sorry. What do you mean by “reverse directions?”

**PLAN GUY:** Eh, the flow of the air.

**DERF:** I know what you mean. I was talking to, uh...

**MASTURBATOR:** What do you think I mean?

**PLAN GUY:** Now listen, that is the time where if one of us sneaks into the air duct, no one will notice. Do you understand?

**MASTURBATOR:** I mean I go in the opposite... the stroke is...

[the covers drop, bedsprings continue squeaking]

**PLAN GUY:** [frantically] Now listen to me, listen to me! [snapping] Listen to me, there is more information you need to know! The canned eggs in the cafeteria.

**DERF:** [familiar with the eggs] Yes!

**PLAN GUY:** I have done the math. They have the exact same density as a Tellurian body. Do you understand?

**DERF:** Uh-huh.

**PLAN GUY:** Do you understand? How many cans of canned eggs do you weigh?

**DERF:** Uh... off the top—off the top of my head—

**PLAN GUY:** Quickly! [snapping] Quickly, we do not have time!

**DERF:** [amused] It's—wh—how—you have *no* time? He's jerkin' off as a job. So everyone has a different understanding of time—

**PLAN GUY:** You think he wants to get out of here? He doesn't want to get out of here.

**MASTURBATOR:** It's a living.

**PLAN GUY:** He's in here for masturbating in public!

**DERF:** Oh, really? Oh, so he sort of was rewarded with jail.

**PLAN GUY:** I mean, sort of, yeah. Listen, what you need to do for me—you need to find how many canned eggs worth of meat is on your body and find a way to remove that from the crate that is being moved from the cafeteria. Do you understand?

**MASTURBATOR:** This *should* be turning me on, but it ain't.

[bed continues creaking]

**PLAN GUY:** Now, there is one final piece of the puzzle. Do you understand? [shuffling paper, scribbling] The transports carrying the new prisoners arrive three times a month. There is one hangar at latitude thirty-six. There is one hangar at latitude twenty-seven. There is one hangar at latitude eleven.

**DERF:** Uh-huh.

**PLAN GUY:** Now listen, you need to understand one more thing.

**DERF:** Ah, yes.

**PLAN GUY:** The shift change is happening in *four months*, where the nine seconds will be *during* the time that the air ducts reverse direct—

**DERF:** Four months?! Why are we running so low on time?

**PLAN GUY:** Ahh, just listen! The air ducts will reverse directions within this nine-second period of time.

**MASTURBATOR:** My shift change is gettin' closer evr—[short pause] Sorry.

**DERF:** Sorry, are you *still* jerkin' it?

**PLAN GUY:** I don't mind the masturbation. It's the *apologies* that get me. Do you understand what I mean? It's the qualification!

**MASTURBATOR:** [crosstalk, protesting] Don't kinkshame me! Don't kinkshame me!

**PLAN GUY:** It's, "Oh, I'm so sorry for masturbating. I'm so sorry for masturbating." He's not sorry. Heee's nooot sorry. Now listen to me—

**DERF:** No, he's proud.

**PLAN GUY:** I will go into the air duct when it is changing directions. You understand? You will get into the crate, replacing the canned eggs with yourself. [tapping pen]

**DERF:** Oh, yes.

**PLAN GUY:** And in that nine seconds, that is when we will strike. Do you understand? The two of us—

**DERF:** Strike.

**PLAN GUY:** —will commandeer a transport, carrying the, uh, new prisoners. Eh, we will—

**MASTURBATOR:** Wait, so I'm not a part of this?

**PLAN GUY:** Why would you ever... I've told you this exact information so many times! You've given me nothing.

**GUARD:** Prisoner Derf? Prisoner Derf.

**DERF:** Yes.

**GUARD:** Hi. Sorry, there's been a mix-up. You're in the wrong room.

**DERF:** Oh.

[guard unlocks the door; it rolls back with a clang]

**PLAN GUY:** No! No!

**DERF:** Oh... okay!

**GUARD:** You're at cell block 7-7-8, not 8-8-7.

**PLAN GUY:** Nooo!

**DERF:** That—that makes sense. These guys...

**GUARD:** Our mistake. So sorry.

**PLAN GUY:** Do not leave me with *him!*

**DERF:** These guys have an odd couple thing goin' on. I was—I was gettin' in the way. I was gettin' in the way.

**PLAN GUY:** Nooooo!

[the door clangs shut]

[ominous electronic music transitions to Shae and GOOD\_E]

[silence]

**SHAE:** Huh.

**GOOD\_E:** Well, it's certainly dark in here.

**SHAE:** Yyyup.

**GOOD\_E:** Well, I think this is a perfect time to reflect...

**SHAE:** On YOUR bad behavior?

**GOOD\_E:** My bad—No, on *our* bad behavior, and the ways that we have failed society, and the ways that we can strengthen the binds that—

**SHAE:** Ah, d-d—no no no no no no. We had a very simple plan. It was to get in, contact Twinkle, and get *out*. Ya beefed it.

**GOOD\_E:** Oh.

**SHAE:** Maybe we should call YOU Beefer.

**GOOD\_E:** Oh, no.

**SHAE:** I wish there were other people here so that I could suggest that. People would take it up. *Really* trying to drop that nickname.

**GOOD\_E:** But that's the whole thing about solitary. Just you, and your thoughts, and your trusty ethics bot... slowly nudging you onto the path of righteousness.

**SHAE:** It's never gonna happen.

[pause]

**GOOD\_E:** [in a very small voice] Maybe.

**SHAE:** No. [pause] In fact, if anything, I would say you landing us in solitary has, uh... confirmed the path you've sent me on is one of absolute righteous—

**GOOD\_E:** [satisfied] Mm-hmm!

**SHAE:** —indignation.

**GOOD\_E:** Oh, okay.

**SHAE:** I am going to make sure that I NEVER become a better person, because of what you've done to me here.

[GOOD\_E makes a disappointed sound]

**SHAE:** Look, look. I'll forgive you.

**GOOD\_E:** Oh!

**SHAE:** On ONE condition.

**GOOD\_E:** Okay?

**SHAE:** You admit you're bad.

**GOOD\_E:** Mm.

**SHAE:** You're bad!

**GOOD\_E:** Well, I'm not bad. I'm—I'm good! That's—my whole thing is being good.

**SHAE:** Tell me which part was good: you telling the warden to munch your ass? Or... or was it when you said that you jucked their mom?

**GOOD\_E:** Well, I was just... I was just following orders.

**SHAE:** Oh, so following *orders* to be bad is good.

**GOOD\_E:** [groans, blip sound] Entering... moral... gray area.

[sizzling sound, Shae yells and GOOD\_E whimpers]

**SHAE:** Ahh! Why are you burning me?

**GOOD\_E:** I was bad!

[Shae clops around]

**GOOD\_E:** I was bad! I did the wrong thing!

**SHAE:** [pained] Why—AHHHHAHAHAHAAAA. This is so hot!

**GOOD\_E:** AAAAAAAaaaAAaAAAA CONFLICTEEEEeeeEed—

[hard cut back to Old Derf's recording]

**WHISTLIN' JOE:** So... how do you know what was goin' on in their solitary confinement if they were in solitary confinement?

**OLD DERF:** That's, uh... that's a good question. Well, I've got my little birds everywhere.

**WHISTLIN' JOE:** Okay. Like literal little birds? Or—

**OLD DERF:** Yeah. Well, sometimes. But we do communicate with a series of whistles and chirps. That's why I'm so into Whistlin' Joe!

**WHISTLIN' JOE:** Ohhhhh.

**OLD DERF:** I—I hate—I don't know if you know this, but you are *huge* in jails.

**WHISTLIN' JOE:** Really?

**OLD DERF:** Yes. Any time you meet—if you see someone who's a fan of yours, nine times out of ten, they've done some *really* hard time.

**WHISTLIN' JOE:** They're not using my whistles to communicate... behind the scenes in prison, are they?

**OLD DERF:** Uhhh...

**WHISTLIN' JOE:** Get up the—go to the prison with what I thought were just the most... pure whistlin' I...

**OLD DERF:** Your whistlin' is *very* pure. Honestly, a lot of it, you can't even quite hear the whistle. It just sounds like wind. You should go and play in prisons. I guess that—"play" is a strong word. When somebody says, "Hey, could you whistle for me," do—do they say, like, "Go play your mouth?" Or do they say...

**WHISTLIN' JOE:** "Lemme hear those sweet lips sing." That's what they say most of the time.

**OLD DERF:** [laughing] That's... beautiful. That's beautiful.

**WHISTLIN' JOE:** Then I—I purse 'em and I go—[Joe blows into the recorder's microphone loudly] That's it.

**OLD DERF:** I can't believe I—it's like a private concert. All the guys back in jail would *love* this.

**WHISTLIN' JOE:** Well, maybe I—someday, when I get a day off, I'll come stop by the prison and do a little givin' back.

**OLD DERF:** I appreciate you, Whistlin' Joe. [pause] Anyway, back to the story. So—

**WHISTLIN' JOE:** Yeah.

**OLD DERF:** The thing no one talks about when you're on a prison planet is the gym is a hotbed of activity.

[transition to gym where energetic electronic music is playing; someone runs on a treadmill]

**TINY CRIMINAL:** Stab one. Stab two. Stab three. Stab four. [after each stab, a guy gasps and yells]

**FOLKSY STABBER:** That's some good stabbin' there.

**TINY CRIMINAL:** [with the stabbee continuing to gasp/yell after each] Stab one. Stab two. Stab three. Stab four.

**FOLKSY STABBER:** You're really stabbin' the juck outta that feller.

**STABBEE:** Right in the legs on leg day.

**TINY CRIMINAL:** Thank you. As a tiny criminal, the more you stab, the better you become. Stab five!

[the stabbee yells in pain and falls]

**FOLKSY STABBER:** And the more I get stabbed, the tougher I'm gonna be the next time somebody else stabs me.

**TINY CRIMINAL:** [stabbing the folksy one, who yelps after each stab] Stab one. Stab two. Stab three. Stab four. Stab five.

**DERF:** Sorry, I'm new here. Is this—is it a stab day, or a leg day? Just trying to be part of the crew. Gang. You're sort of a found family, you guys here. Spottin' each other.

Can I join up? I would like to be strong like you, and I'm looking for someone named Twinkle.

**FOLKSY STABBER:** [turning off the treadmill] Well, listen, feller, how many stabs do you think you can take?

**STABBEE:** It's a stab day.

**DERF:** So it *is* stab day. Okay, good, good, good.

**FOLKSY STABBER:** How many can I put you down for, stranger?

**DERF:** How many stab holes?

**FOLKSY STABBER:** You wanna join up so bad, yeah!

**DERF:** Uh... Let me start with one. I'm gonna start with one stab.

**FOLKSY STABBER:** Alright, here you go. One!

**DERF:** Aaaahhahahahahaow! Ow!

**FOLKSY STABBER:** Yep. Well.

**TINY CRIMINAL:** The first one is always the hardest one.

**FOLKSY STABBER:** [chuckling] I mean, that's the truth right there.

**DERF:** Is it easy to get out of your membership here? I'm just gonna turn it in. Do you have to, like, show... proof of moving?

**FOLKSY STABBER:** Well...

**TINY CRIMINAL:** Wait, wait, wait. If this guy can take a stab... maybe he can take... our secrets.

**FOLKSY STABBER:** Oh, yeah, that's a good point, yeah.

**DERF:** Uh-oh.

**FOLKSY STABBER:** Now turn your peepers behind this here Ava Galorka poster.

**TINY CRIMINAL/DERF:** Oooooh./Oooh.

**DERF:** That's hot. It's a hot poster.

**TINY CRIMINAL:** Hot. Hot.

**FOLKSY STABBER:** Okay, it certainly is. But *behind* the poster, my friend...

[the folksy stabber peels up the poster]

**DIGGER:** [from inside a tunnel, chipping away at the walls] Oh, hey, guys.

**STABBEE:** We've been tunneling through the wall for two and a half years.

**TINY CRIMINAL:** [whispering] Yeahhhhh.

**STABBEE:** We walk alone as a group in the prison yard 'cause we're dropping pebbles out of our pants.

**DERF:** How do you tunnel out of a planet? I feel like it's *up*. Don't you wanna be going up?

**TINY CRIMINAL:** The thing about a planet is any direction is up.

**DERF:** Uh... okay. Like, eventually.

**FOLKSY STABBER:** [unfolding paper] Yeah, no, but this new guy makes a good point here.

**STABBEE:** Yeah.

**FOLKSY STABBER:** We're just tunnelin' to the side.

**STABBEE/TINY CRIMINAL:** Yeah./Oh.

**DERF:** 'Cause it's all prison.

**FOLKSY STABBER:** Yeah, if anything, we're goin' deeper into the prison with this hole.

**TINY CRIMINAL:** Oh.

**FOLKSY STABBER:** [disappointed] Ohhh boy.

**TINY CRIMINAL:** But we've already committed to it, uh...

**FOLKSY STABBER:** Yeah, maybe we just better stick with what we know.

**TINY CRIMINAL:** Yeah.

**STABBEE:** [wisely] There's no way out but in.

**TINY CRIMINAL/FOLKSY STABBER:** Yeahhh./Yeah.

**TINY CRIMINAL:** So you don't wanna join?

**DERF:** [noncommittally] No, no, I'm in. I'm gonna sta—take a stab and go. I'm gonna just stab and then get outta here. You know what I mean? Like—

[Dorf quickly stabs the folksy one, who grunts]

**FOLKSY STABBER:** Hey, now that's a good stab, friend! You could really be quite a stabber someday if you stuck around.

[short transition: mysterious music]

[sounds of tinkering]

**WARDEN:** Prisoners, back to widget work!

**DEEP VOICE:** All teams, resume widget work.

**CURDGEL:** How am I supposed to finish these widgets without an alpha telling me what to do?

**CONFUSED PRISONER:** How do I know whether to lick my asshole or not?

**DERF:** I know I'm new here, but I would say do what feels right.

**CONFUSED PRISONER:** Back at it. [walks off]

**DERF:** Uh, so, hey guys, we're sort of a found family in a lot of ways.

**PALGOR:** Ah, you're really rushin' that.

**MEREDITH:** I—we just met you.

**DERF:** Well, I know, but I'm new...

**CURDGEL:** We don't even know your name!

**DERF:** Dorf. I'm, uh, Dorf. Let's go around. What are your names?

**WENTECCHIO:** Wentecchio.

**DERF:** Wentecchio. Nice. I love all your arms.

**WENTECCHIO:** Thank you.

**CURDGEL:** Curdgel.

**MEREDITH:** My name is Meredith Sync Sync.

**DERF:** Oh, wow, the prison was named after you!

**MEREDITH:** Ah, it was just a weird coincidence.

**DERF:** Oh, unrelated. Wow. Uh, what did you do, Meredith? To get... here?

**MEREDITH:** I embezzled. I... fornicated. I ended... and I started.

**DERF:** Wow, okay.

**WENTECCHIO:** Only one of those is illegal.

[suppressed laughter]

**DERF:** Okay. You there!

**PALGOR:** Yeah. Palgor.

**DERF:** What's your deal? What brought ya here to, uh, prison jail?

**PALGOR:** Racketeering.

**DERF:** Oh!

**PALGOR:** Yeah, well.

**WENTECCHIO:** You don't care about Wentecchio? [mumbling] Don't care?

**DERF:** Yeah, no, Wentecchio, what's your deal, too?

**PALGOR:** Let's be honest, Wentecchio doesn't have that it factor. Not like Palgor.

**DERF:** Yeah, sorry, I looked right past you, honestly [mumbles something about Palgor].

**WENTECCHIO:** [mumbling] That's fine, that's fine, whatever.

**PALGOR:** Palgor is so magnetic you can't take your eyes off him.

**WENTECCHIO:** Okay, fine, whatever. I, uh... I impersonated my twin.

**DERF:** [laughing] You impersonated your twin?

**WENTECCHIO:** Yeah.

**DERF:** In like a fun, like, wacky parental trap?

**WENTECCHIO:** I was better at math than him, so I... went in and took the test and got busted.

**DERF:** That's a crime?!

**WENTECCHIO:** Well, they—they looked at the math test scores and they're like, "He shouldn't be this good at that. And I bet it was Wentecchio... who did it." So.

**PALGOR:** Now, see, you're bored by talking to him already, aren't you? As soon as you talk to Palgor, there's no more air in the room.

**DERF:** Unless you buried the lede, Wentecchio, I think this story is gonna need a little breather. I feel like you led with the best part, right? Well, so now that we've gotten pretty close, you guys ever meet anybody named Twinkle?

[everyone hems and haws]

**CURDGEL:** Twinkle?

**DERF:** So about me, I'm trying to solve my own murder, I was recently murdered and, uh, came back to life. Uh, I learned about this—

**WENTECCHIO:** That's illegal?

**DERF:** No—uh, no. I was also involved in some light arson? Uh, a children's hospital. I was more of an unintentional accomplice.

**CURDGEL:** Well, did you pour some gas or what?

[pause]

**DERF:** I poured a little gas. But getting back to Twinkle...

[Curdgel groans]

**DERF:** Why are you so tight-lipped about Twinkle?

**PALGOR:** Well, we just—we made a promise.

**DERF:** Did Twinkle get thrown in jail for killing a crew of roustabout good-time Charlies?

**PALGOR:** Well, as I said, we did promise not to tell anyone, y'know, sorta what went down with Twinkle...

**MEREDITH:** Mm-mm!

**CURDGEL:** Twinkle got transferred to cellblock 77B.

**PALGOR:** Y'know, it feels like every time I mention the promise that we made to Twinkle, somebody shares a piece of information about...

**CURDGEL:** [dropping tool] Okay, I told him one thing. *One thing*, okay?

**PALGOR:** Oh, don't—don't stick that finger in my face.

**CURDGEL:** Y'know, speaking of which, Twinkle only has one finger on each hand.

**PALGOR:** What?

**DERF:** Oh.

**CURDGEL:** One biiiiig finger.

**PALGOR:** Good Rodd. Come on.

**DERF:** That—see? That's interesting. Good, easy to identify.

**CURDGEL:** Yeah, well, he's a Raxlarian!

**PALGOR:** Would you put a lid on it?

**CURDGEL:** The only species the finger's large enough to operate an X-29 proton separator!

**PALGOR:** How many details are you gonna add?

**CURDGEL:** I—wanted to finish my thought, y'know, I didn't want to sorta trail off.

**PALGOR:** You know, we promised Twinkle we wouldn't say anything. I—I remember, 'cause we were in the cafeteria. We all had ordered the eggs, right? And I said, "Hey—"

**WENTECCHIO:** This—this story I like. I feel like this is on my wavelength. Seems like it's as relevant as things I like to say.

**DERF:** [laughing] Wentecchio—Wentecchio's comin' for ya, Palgor. Wentecchio's coming for ya. This is good. We're all a family now, a found family, 'cause we can get—  
[indistinct but satisfied Derfian mumbling]

[stab sound, Wentecchio starts choking]

**DERF:** Oh, no, Palgor—Palgor just stabbed Wentecchio!

**WENTECCHIO:** [wheezing] He was better at math than meeeee... Wait, no, the other way.

[Wentecchio collapses]

**PALGOR:** Can't even remember your own story.

**DERF:** His last words were a failed story.

**PALGOR:** Hmm.

**DERF:** Okay, so this is great. Twinkle is the one with the gun. [Dorf unzips and roots through a bag] This is perfect. What say we celebrate with a—crack open a can of these eggs? [Dorf pulls it out and slides it across the table] Would you guys mind?

**CURDGEL:** That can's sorta spherical. Sorta bulgin' out.

**DERF:** Whaddayou know, old man? Cans come in different shapes. That's normal.

**PALGOR:** They typically don't.

[Dorf takes a gulp of the eggs]

**DERF:** Oh, wow. These canned eggs, they're so—they're like spicy in my mouth. They're like... fizzy. [Dorf takes another sip]

**CURDGEL:** No, they're not supposed to be spicy.

**DERF:** They're spi—fizzy. [sips]

**CURDGEL:** Would you say they're, uh, like sorta egg-flavored, or like?

**DERF:** Like a champagne? Sort of a champagne egg?

**PALGOR/CURDGEL:** Eh. No, that's not right./Yeah, that's wrong.

**DERF:** Nah, it's fine. So, we're celebrating! I'm celebrating because I just—I got a huge clue trying to track down my murder, which is my essential goal. Then I go back, and I'm gonna dominate the Space. Everything's comin' up Dorf.

[sickly gurgling sound]

[Dorf yells in an echo-y enclosed space]

[the door to the mortuary freezer clanks open]

**MORGUE BOTS:** [three, one after another] Welcome to the morgue.

[Dorf groans]

**MORGUE BOT 3:** We said you'd be back and you are back.

**DERF:** I died?

**MORGUE BOT 4:** You have died, you're in the morgue.

**DERF:** Was I murdered for a *second time*?

**MORGUE BOT 2:** Your cause of death was egg.

**MORGUE BOT 4:** Egg.

**MORGUE BOT 1:** Egg.

**MORGUE BOT 3:** And eggs.

**MORGUE BOT 4:** Bad egg.

**DERF:** [contemplating] Egg...

**MORGUE BOT 3:** You had the nasty eggs, but you're back.

**MORGUE BOT 2:** Welcome to the morgue.

**DERF:** They tasted good. They were effervescent!

**ZAPZOP:** And that didn't give you pause.

**DERF:** [jumping off the table] ZapZop!

**ZAPZOP:** Yeah.

**DERF:** ZapZop, you're here! Are you always in the morgue?

**ZAPZOP:** Every time you die, Derf, it's like a flare goes out across the Space. I know every time. I don—I didn't know about the egg thing. That's new information for me, but...

**DERF:** You learned that when I did.

**ZAPZOP:** Yeah, exactly.

**DERF:** Is that—is that a noble Zima death?

[pause]

**ZAPZOP:** Can you imagine a situation where dying from eating expired eggs would be a noble death?

**DERF:** [scratching himself] If you took it out of the mouth of a... like a child? Or a... princess?

**ZAPZOP:** Okay, that's—that's not—is that what you did?

**DERF:** No no, I ate the whole can.

**ZAPZOP:** [opening a closet] Mm-hmm. Yeah. [gets clothes and throws them at Derf]

**DERF:** I ate the can in prison. They—they started tastin' bad halfway through, lemme be honest, but I finished 'em. [Derf puts on pants]

**ZAPZOP:** Okay. Well, you know, if you didn't have this incredible power, you'd be dead forever.

**DERF:** And I'll tell you what, that would have been sad. But here I am. [optimistically] Huh? And I'm in the Zima Clean Plate Club, if that's a thing.

**ZAPZOP:** Yeah, well, there is a Zima Clean Plate Club, and... yeah, I suppose you are in it, yeah.

**MORGUE BOT 3:** You're also in the morgue.

**MORGUE BOT 4:** You're in the morgue.

**MORGUE BOT 2:** Welcome to the morgue.

**MORGUE BOT 4:** You were dead.

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

**MORGUE BOT 4:** Welcome to the morgue.

**ZAPZOP:** Lotta bots. Lotta droids in this morgue.

**DERF:** Yes.

**ZAPZOP:** Get aw—get—

[ZapZop starts trying to walk away, the morgue bots follow him]

**MORGUE BOT 4:** We are found family.

**ZAPZOP:** [half-laughing] Just... stop it. I don't care about that.

**MORGUE BOT 2:** We are found family.

**MORGUE BOT 3:** We are sort of what you would call a found family.

**MORGUE BOT 4:** We're found family.

**MORGUE BOT 1:** Found family.

**MORGUE BOT 2:** The morgue is the setting for our workplace comedy.

**ZAPZOP:** Okay. Well—

**MORGUE BOT 4:** We have a pilot. And a spec.

**ZAPZOP:** Yeah, well, you're forcing it a lot. Okay?

**DERF:** All of your lines are almost the same.

**MORGUE BOT 4:** *Welcome to the Morgue.*

**DERF:** It's—yes, that's what I mean.

**ZAPZOP:** That's the name of the show?

**MORGUE BOT 3:** Yes.

**DERF:** Could you imagine another name?

**MORGUE BOT 2:** Would you like to hear the theme song?

**ALL MORGUE BOTS:** [not singing, just speaking] Welcome to the morgue.

**MORGUE BOT 1:** It's been waiting for you.

**ALL MORGUE BOTS:** Welcome to the morgue.

**MORGUE BOT 4:** We've been waiting for you.

**ZAPZOP:** Didn't even—

**ALL MORGUE BOTS:** Welcome to the morgue.

**MORGUE BOT 3:** You'll be back.

**ZAPZOP:** Didn't even give me a chance to respond.

**MORGUE BOT 1:** [crosstalk, laughing] We're sorry.

**DERF:** We never said yes. We never said yes.

**ZAPZOP:** And I never would have.

**MORGUE BOT 3:** You already wonder if they will get together in the end.

**DERF:** Who? Who gets together?

**MORGUE BOT 4:** We are not nepo babies.

**MORGUE BOT 2:** It is an uphill battle for us.

**MORGUE BOT 3:** Yes.

**ZAPZOP:** You mean you're not related to any of the other famous morgue bots that are prevalent in the industry?

**MORGUE BOT 4:** Nope! Nope!

**MORGUE BOT 3:** Sure, they may have made some introductions, but we got the work based on our talents.

**MORGUE BOT 4:** Yes, we are not nepo babies.

**ZAPZOP:** Alright, listen. Get outta here.

[ZapZop opens the door, and the morgue bots wheel out]

**ZAPZOP:** Derf.

**DERF:** Yes.

**ZAPZOP:** Once again, I beseech you. Come with me back to Zima Prime. You must take this power seriously. [claps Derf on the back] Okay?

**DERF:** I take it! I'm *using* it. That's how seriously I take it.

**ZAPZOP:** How is this using it? You ate expired eggs in a prison and died.

[morgue bot giggling from the other room]

**ZAPZOP:** What was the—

**DERF:** But I came back alive.

**ZAPZOP:** Yeah—wha—okay, so—

**DERF:** And I'm on the case! Because here's the thing, I just solved my second murder. / did it.

**ZAPZOP:** [laughing] Okay, well, congratulations.

**DERF:** How about that? That's—outta two murders, I've solved one of them.

**ZAPZOP:** Let's be honest—

**DERF:** That's a pretty good hit rate!

**ZAPZOP:** If they didn't tell you how you died, you wouldn't have solved that one.

**DERF:** Yeah, but I woulda had a guess. 'Cause I'll tell you what, some of the eggs are still in my body, and I'm gonna have a real beeper comin' up here in a minute, I can tell you that much.

**ZAPZOP:** Oh boy, alright.

**DERF:** You know what I'm talkin' about? If that nickname wasn't taken, you'd be callin' me Beefer.

[door to the morgue opens, morgue bots roll back in]

**MORGUE BOT 3:** Though I wasn't there earlier, I sense a callback.

**MORGUE BOT 2:** This would be great in episode four. Welcome to the morgue.

**MORGUE BOT 4:** Welcome to the morgue.

**MORGUE BOTS 1 & 3:** Welcome to the morgue.

**ZAPZOP:** How many bots do you need in one morgue, is all I'm saying...

**DERF:** And to be honest, they're not doing much. 'Cause I'm alive.

**ZAPZOP:** They're really not. It's just not a lot.

**DERF:** And they have a lot of time to write, it seems like.

**ZAPZOP:** Yeah. Well.

**MORGUE BOT 3:** Always follow the rule of three... morgue bots.

**ZAPZOP:** Yeah, but there's four.

**ALL MORGUE BOTS:** [beginning the theme "song"] Welcome to the morgue.

**MORGUE BOT 1:** We've been waiting for you.

**ALL MORGUE BOTS:** Welcome to the morgue.

**MORGUE BOT 4:** We've been waiting for you.

**ZAPZOP:** [crosstalk] There's four bots! You can't say rule of three and then have four morgue bots.

[morgue bot giggles]

**MORGUE BOT 3:** I did not say that that was the maximum.

[ZapZop laughs in exasperation]

**MORGUE BOT 4:** We're not nepo babies.

**ZAPZOP:** Alright, alright. Derf.

**DERF:** Yes?

**ZAPZOP:** [with gravitas] Listen, it's not just about training you on Zima Prime. You reside at the heart of a meaningful Zima prophecy. Your destiny is to fulfill that prophecy, and if you don't, there's no telling what the consequences could be.

**DERF:** Don't you understand, ZapZop? I'm so close, I... I just got a lead on the Raxlarian in Sync Sync!

**ZAPZOP:** This should—this should be a, you know, like a side quest. The main quest should be with *me*.

**DERF:** Listen, you—you put a little breadcrumb in my mouth [pats ZapZop] and got me the flav—the taste of bread! Crumb.

[quiet laughter]

**DERF:** Yes, the taste of bread, and I'm chasing the next crumb!

**ZAPZOP:** Why would—

**DERF:** I'm going crumb by crumb!

[more giggling]

**DERF:** I'm gonna come to you full of crumbs, my murderer in hand, ready to truly become a Zima knight. I feel something's calling me back to Sync Sync Prison.

**ZAPZOP:** Are you kidding me?

**DERF:** I have to go. I just—I just don't know how... I'm gonna get back in. I don't have the stomach to burn down a *second* children's hospital.

[incoming transmission beep-boops]

**MORGUE BOT 3:** Mr. Not Dead, I have an incoming message for you.

**DERF:** Oh, uh, that's probably me, though technically, we're both not dead. I'll take the message.

**MORGUE BOT 3:** I will hit play now.

[file playback start sound]

**RECORDED MORGUE BOTS:** Welcome to the morgue.

**RECORDED MORGUE BOT 1:** It's been waiting for you.

**DERF:** That's—Is that the message?

**RECORDED MORGUE BOTS:** Welcome to the morgue.

**RECORDED MORGUE BOT 4:** We've been waiting for you.

**MORGUE BOT 3:** Oh! I'm sorry.

[file playback end sound]

**DERF:** You could delete—delete—

**MORGUE BOT 3:** Sorry, wrong file.

[file playback start sound]

**RECORDED HIRING MANAGER:** We at Sync Sync Prison have received your automated application and would love to inform you that you have been hired as...

**RECORDED VOICE:** Line cook.

**DERF:** [happily] ZapZop!

**RECORDED HIRING MANAGER:** Please report to Sync Sync Prison at your earliest convenience.

[file playback end sound]

**DERF:** ZapZop, I—you—I—I—

**ZAPZOP:** You're going to take a job *cooking food* at the prison that just *killed* you.

**DERF:** Yes, well, maybe *this* is part of the prophecy that you keep talking about! I have to go back to Sync Sync Prison, find Twinkle, rescue Shae... and potentially GOOD\_E... and then I will come back to you.

**ZAPZOP:** If it was part of the prophecy, it would be in... the pr—it would be like, “Derf does something stupid and works in a prison that killed him already.”

**DERF:** Here’s the thing, though, you ever rea—you know how books have, like—there’s the beginning and there’s a bunch of junk before it? Maybe this—this is the junk! The junk before the philosophy!

**ZAPZOP:** I’m sorry. Wait, hold on a second.

**DERF:** I start every book on chapter seven. ‘Cause all that stuff before, that’s just stuff! It’s just like “blah blah blah, here’s where the planet is” or whatever. Who cares? Let’s get to the fun part!

**ZAPZOP:** That’s not how prophecies work, and that’s *definitely* not how books work.

**DERF:** Oh, you—why. Oh, you like the beginning? Who likes something that comes before the beginning? A prequel? Boring. Not interested. Let’s get to the MEAT!

**ZAPZOP:** It’s not coming before the beginning, it IS the beginning.

**DERF:** Let’s get to the JUICE!

**ZAPZOP:** You’re talking about starting at chapter seven. Chapters one through six are important!

**DERF:** Dah, well, what are you? Okay, chapter police? Get outta here, ZapZop. Come on. Everything’s a prophecy. This is part of it.

**ZAPZOP:** No, YOU get outta here, and you come with me to Zima Prime!

**DERF:** YOU get outta here and go to jail, I’m cookin’ eggs! Or not—I’m cookin’ not-eggs. Sorry, I’m *not* cooking eggs. That’s what I’m *not* doin’. But I’m cookin’.

**ZAPZOP:** You don’t know what—you don’t know what is and is not... gonna come.

**DERF:** Prophecy. It’s p—this is part o—this conversation is part of the prophecy. How ‘bout that?

**ZAPZOP:** If *this* is part of the prophecy, that is sad.

[transition: ominous music]

[music scratches into wonky theme music, then another recording]

**COUNCILLOR ARCURI:** —which is why we MUST sabotage their mining operations on Strofan and Prylox III. Without the mines, they cannot mint more kroon, and the Monarchy's bloated economy will grind to a halt. Monica, think of the trillions of kroon wasted by the Monarchy. Overspending on everything from prison infrastructure, to medical droids, to lavish balls at their enormous castles. Why, the shrimp budget alone would bankrupt a small planetary system. Remove their kroon production, and their regime falls apart from within.

That is why, when we free the galaxy from the tyranny of the Monarchy, I shall do away with their archaic, barbaric monetary system and implement a new, decentralized currency to usher in a new era of prosperity. I shall call it... kroon. Because whether you're a galactic dictatorship or the Rebel Alliance that will usurp them, controlling your finances is the key to success. That's 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.

Now Monica, it's not like we are destitute, you and I. I, of course, am one of the four famous Beetlemen, and you are the queen of your planet, so *Behbeh, You're a Rich Man* too. So no matter your financial situation, Rocket Money's customizable dashboard and personalized insights will give you a clearer view of your financial picture. 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 of the app's premium features! Cancel your unwanted subscriptions and reach your financial goals faster with Rocket Money.

Yes... *Money. That's What I Want.* Go to [rocketmoney.com/zyxx](https://rocketmoney.com/zyxx) today. That's Rocket Money dot com slash Z-Y-X-X. Rocket Money dot com slash ZYXX.

**COUNCILLOR ARCURI:** Oh, JUCK—it's Klingo, one of the other famous Beetlemen. How I DESPISE HIM. I shall continue my correspondence in a future cassette.

**KLINGO:** [sounding approximately like Ringo Starr] Oh, well hello, Rachel!

**COUNCILLOR ARCURI:** Hey. Wow, Klingo... fancy m—

[recording is cut off by wobbly music and brief Beetlemen singing]

[transition: ominous electronic music]

[sloppy condiment sounds]

[door opening as Derf enters]

**COOK:** Hey you're the new guy, right? New line cook?

**DERF:** [cheerfully] Well, here's the thing, I'm actually sorta the old guy. Because I used to be here as a prisoner, and I'm comin' back. I'm workin' in the kitchen, hey!

**COOK:** How did you... How did you—

**DERF:** Derf!

**COOK:** [putting something in the microwave and starting it] Nobody gets out. Nobody gets out.

**DERF:** Ah, I did. I—I was—

[door opens]

**UNIFORM GUARD:** Uniform check! Uniform check! Let me check that everyone's wearing the uniforms that we've provided for you. No identification needed. Just uniforms here.

**COOK:** Yeah, right here!

**UNIFORM GUARD:** Yes.

**COOK:** Yep.

**UNIFORM GUARD:** Wearing the shirt and pants.

**DERF:** Yep.

**UNIFORM GUARD:** Yes. Also... good. [beep of walkie talkie] We've got a f—

[sloshing, slorping sound]

**CHRISTINA:** [gurgling indistinctly] Don't forget me. Blehbebebleh.

**DERF:** Oh wow, yes.

**UNIFORM GUARD:** Yes, that uniform is seeping out of you somehow.

**CHRISTINA:** My name is Christina.

**DERF:** What a pleasure to, uh, see you, and smell you!

**UNIFORM GUARD:** [walkie talkie beep] We've got a full uniform check. Everybody is wearing the uniforms we have provided them. They can move freely throughout the prison. All security is done because everybody is wearing the right clothes.

[door shuts behind the guard]

**COOK:** So listen, new guy, we got, uh, got two positions to fill. You can pick whichever one you want. [paper sound, writing something down] One is keepin' Christina clean—

[Christina gurgles and growls]

**DERF:** Clean? *Keeping* her clean?

**COOK:** Uh... well, you know, it's all relative. Uh, and the other one is, uh—

**DERF:** How about pushing her *toward* clean? Let's start there.

**COOK:** Okay, sure. And the other job is, uh, testing all the canned eggs and making sure none of them have gone bad.

**DERF:** Oh! Eh, B, I'll do B. I want B. That's my whole thing. And I'm good at it, 'cause I've seen the other side.

[Dorf cracks open a canned egg and it fizzes]

**COOK:** Alright.

**DERF:** I'm the perfect guy for this.

[Dorf takes a sip of egg]

[Dorf yells inside the mortuary freezer]

**MORGUE BOT 2:** Welcome to the morgue.

**MORGUE BOT 3:** Welcome to the morgue.

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

**MORGUE BOT 4:** Welcome to the morgue.

[transition: ominous electronic music]

**SHAE:** I feel like when you're in the darkness, it's not that your eyes adjust so much as... you then begin to see the darkness.

**GOOD\_E:** [in sync] See the darkness.

**GOOD\_E & SHAE:** [simultaneously] Yeah.

**GOOD\_E:** Absolutely.

**SHAE:** Yeah.

**GOOD\_E:** And now... I am the darkness; I have become the darkness.

**SHAE:** Yes... one with the darkness.

**GOOD\_E:** I think we're doin' pretty good in solitary, though!

**SHAE:** [loopily] Toootally! Anyway, more teeea?

**GOOD\_E:** [equally loopy] Pleeease!

**SHAE:** For youuu, Princess.

**GOOD\_E:** Thank youuu. Hahahahaaa!

**SHAE:** Ah, and it looks like the teddy bears have joined us.

**GOOD\_E:** Oh, hellooo!

**SHAE:** Now, no brawling today, boys.

**GOOD\_E:** Ha ha ha ha ha! Not like last time.

**GRIZZLED VOICE:** Pipe down, you two, about those teddy bears.

**SHAE:** [excited] Is that the darkness?

**GRIZZLED VOICE:** Stop drinkin' that soap.

**SHAE:** Darkness, can you hear us? Do you wanna join our tea party?

[transition: ominous music]

[kitchen door opens]

**LINE COOK:** Hey, you're the new guy, right?

**DERF:** Yeahhh, I—

**LINE COOK:** You look like the guy who just worked here and died! You're not impersonating your twin, are you?

[door shuts, Derf walks over]

**DERF:** Yeah, um... I am him. I-I'm fine. I—you know what? I'll keep the lady clean.

[Derf turns on the water and starts filling a container]

**LINE COOK:** [stirring something] I saw you die, man. You died *hard*.

**DERF:** Yeah, I mean, I'm not gonna deny it.

**LINE COOK:** There was like, bile shooting out of your eyes.

[water shuts off; sloshing as Derf carries the container over]

**DERF:** Here's the crazy thing: that's not the first time I've fallen for that. Those eggs are good. They taste good! They're canned! Here—here's—I have a question for you. I'm lookin' for Twinkle. Need to talk to Twinkle. Gotta talk to T, Big T.

**LINE COOK:** Twinkle... Oh, you're not talkin' about that terrifying dude with the big fingers, are you?

**DERF:** Yesss, the big fingers, exactly.

**CHRISTINA:** [sloshing] So this is the guy who's gonna help keep me clean?

**DERF:** Help? H-how big of a team do you have on this job?

**CHRISTINA:** Hreubauble blhubleb blehbluhbeh.

**DERF:** Okay, I'll do it.

**LINE COOK:** [stirring something wet] She serves and also literally feeds uh, the—the prisoners. Like, uh, every prisoner gets a little piece of Christina. That's, like, the cheapest form of sustenance that we have here at the prison.

**DERF:** Like a tasting menu what starts at the top and works its way down.

[sound of a hose turning on]

**CHRISTINA:** You know the—uh, the nutrition triangle?

**DERF:** Uh-huh.

**CHRISTINA:** That's how it is. That's how—that's me.

**DERF:** That's—that's just you?

**LINE COOK:** Yeah, that's—she's a triangle. Yeah! She's—you notice how she's like a triangle?

**DERF:** [shutting off the water] Wow, that's cool. She's sorta like, uh, we're just sort of shavin' her down? Almost like a... a Zolar kebab.

**LINE COOK:** Yeah, sorta like a kebab.

**DERF:** Yum yum.

**LINE COOK:** Yeah, exactly like a—

**CHRISTINA:** [sloshing] But if I don't get my food out of me... bad things might happen.

**LINE COOK:** Yeah, that's the thing. We *have* to, or else it'll be *real* bad. So it actually is—benefits everybody!

**DERF:** Wait—

**LINE COOK:** So you take this long, long knife [shing] and just... Uh, there's a stack of pita bread over there, and you just—

**DERF:** Do the prisoners know this is—the food comes from shaving a garbage triangle?

**LINE COOK:** You'd have to be in pretty hard denial mode not to notice.

**CHRISTINA:** I do it in front of them!

**LINE COOK:** Yeah, especially since she's the one who serves it to 'em.

**DERF:** Okay! Well, yeah, I'll shave—I'll shave this triangle. I guess I'll meet a lot of people, and one of them will be Twinkle. That's a great way to meet people.

**LINE COOK:** I don't think it's meat. It's—it's sort of an excretion?

**DERF:** ...Like a juice?

**LINE COOK:** Oh, you mean *meet* people, like a verb. [turns on a blender]

**DERF:** Well—

**LINE COOK:** I thought you meant sort of bestow meat upon them, which...

**DERF:** [crosstalk] Oh, like I meat people? Like "Hey man, I—"

**LINE COOK:** Meat is a—meat is a gener... I would say meat is a generous term for what we're serving them. [whisking something] I'm sorry, Christina. I don't mean to—I don't mean to offend you, but—it's not—I mean, it's not meat.

**DERF:** Do you think when people say, like, "I just wanna go meet people," they mean *hand them meat*?

**LINE COOK:** Listen, man, if you—if you—[uncorking something and splorching it around]

**DERF:** What're you—sorry—maybe this—

**LINE COOK:** Listen, when someone's standing—when someone's standing next to Christina with a long knife in their hand and they say, "I wanna meet people?"

[Christina growl-gargles]

**LINE COOK:** You know what the first thing that comes to my mind is? "This guy's got the right job." [stirring]

**DERF:** [laughing] That's... maybe, yeah, right. Lemme ask you, what are you in for? Because I like your... style. Language spea—

**LINE COOK:** Again, I am employed here. This is a *sweet* gig. There are benefits. [sprinkling something] Uh, if you—listen, if I can trick somebody into—into testing the eggs, I got basically zero investment, all return.

[the cook puts something else in the microwave and starts it]

**LINE COOK:** My name's Beefer, by the way. [end of sentence dissolves into giggling]

**DERF:** *What?!* I've met, like, three Beefers. Alright, Beefer. Thanks.

**BEEFER (LINE COOK):** You know what Beefer loves? Meetin' people. [Meatin' people?]

**DERF:** Meetin' people. Alr—

**BEEFER:** Where's the Beefer?

[Derf snickers]

**BEEFER:** Right here, bro!

[transition: theme music back into recording]

**OLD DERF:** So there I was, biding my time, serving pieces of Christina to the teeming masses, hoping and waiting on the outside chance of finally meeting the mysterious, enigmatic character that would change the course of my life... Twinkle. You still on board with me, Whistlin' Joe?

**WHISTLIN' JOE:** Sure. I mean, a little—little dull, but I find this interesting.

**OLD DERF:** [extremely offended] DULL?!

[transition back to kitchen]

[wet but solid sounds of scrubbing?/shaving? Christina, who is gurgling]

**DERF:** So how much Christina would you like?

**SMALL PRISONER:** [sliding plate over] All you can give me!

**DERF:** Okay. Wow.

**CHRISTINA:** Blebeubebeh.

**SMALL PRISONER:** I'm a small guy, but I love my Christina!

**CHRISTINA:** I got you. [several plopping sounds]

**SMALL PRISONER:** Yeah, I like it to just kinda fall on me! I can't hardly lift it, it's so much!

**DERF:** Yeah, it's a lot. Wow, it's nice that you have a relationship with these, uh, people who eat you, Christina.

**CHRISTINA:** Oh, I'm well-learned relationship.

**SMALL PRISONER:** Christina, did you finish the book I lent you?

**CHRISTINA:** I sure did, I'm on chapter five.

**SMALL PRISONER:** Wait, wait. So you *didn't* finish it? That's okay. [the small prisoner walks away]

**DERF:** [knife shing] How much can I get you? Ooh, this portion looks spicier. Is that possible, Christina?

**SPICY PRISONER:** Ooh, is that a spicy portion?

**CHRISTINA:** [as if from underwater] Spicy Christina.

**DERF:** I think that means that Christina's sort of having a rash, and the rash is what spices it up, you know?

**CHRISTINA:** Yep.

**SPICY PRISONER:** Well, that's my taste, sir.

**DERF:** Christina, I've been wondering, and pardon me if this is a bad time to ask, where does this food come from? How do you—how do *you* fuel? Do you eat yourself?

**CHRISTINA:** [indistinctly] Every morning at four AM, I wake up. I'll have a little coffee from a French press.

**DERF:** French press coffee.

**CHRISTINA:** Thirty minutes later, my body starts to grow.

[giggling]

**DERF:** Well. That's...

**CHRISTINA:** [incomprehensibly] It's been this way my entire life, and me and my family too.

**DERF:** I could honestly say I would have never predicted that answer. Thank you for telling us.

**BUSTY PRISONER:** I'll have one piece of Christina, please. And stop lookin' at my breasts.

**DERF:** No problem. I was looking—

[Young Derf is cut off by the recording resuming]

**WHISTLIN' JOE:** Hey, that was my sister.

**OLD DERF:** Agh, I knew it, I knew she was in here. It's crazy that I didn't—now that I'm telling you, it makes total sense, 'cause I'm talking to you, and...

**WHISTLIN' JOE:** Small, small world.

**OLD DERF:** Small world, big breasts.

**WHISTLIN' JOE:** What else happened?

**DERF:** I say that all the time. What else happened? Great. Okay, I'm getting to the end, if—I know you gotta go.

[brief theme music cuts back to cafeteria]

**INTENSE PRISONER:** [in a slightly dubious intense-Luthen-Rael impression] Serve me what you will!

**DERF:** Uh, yes, okay! Well, we have Christina we're offering here. [Derf begins sloughing off a slice of Christina]

**INTENSE PRISONER:** Whatever I personally eat is immaterial to the forthcoming rebellion.

**DERF:** You're intense.

**CHRISTINA:** This guy!

**DERF:** Oh, wow, Christina's—doesn't have a lot of negative comments, and she's roasting you, dude.

**INTENSE PRISONER:** If you think the roasting of a food beast serving itself prisoners is the thing that will fell Twinkle...

**DERF:** Wait...

**TWINKLE (INTENSE PRISONER):** You're not right.

**DERF:** You're Twinkle?

**TWINKLE:** Some call me Twinkle. Others don't know my name yet and ask it. And I say, "It's Twinkle." And then they call me Twinkle.

**DERF:** Uh, great! Let me ask you, did you kill me? And I'm not mad. I'm not mad about it, 'cause it's fine. But like, I've been searching for you.

**TWINKLE:** Tell me your name, line cook.

**DERF:** My name is Derf.

**TWINKLE:** Derf.

**DERF:** I was a—a member of an elite cadre of slightly bumbling thieves. We were sort of a found family in a lotta ways.

**TWINKLE:** Elite and bumbling.

**DERF:** Yes, that's—that can be. Think about... clowns. They're elite and bumbling, clowns. Twinkle, the—the blaster that was used to kill me can only be pulled by a man with your fingers. And I need to know if it was you, or you can point me in the direction of the fingered man who did it.

**TWINKLE:** Derf, I didn't kill you. I've been in here in Sync Sync for nine years. But I woulda killed you. I woulda killed a hundred men. A thousand men might die on our watch. [inspirational music begins to swell with Twinkle's speech]

**DERF:** What?

**TWINKLE:** And if those thousand men died and killed you... and me... and that puts us closer to our mission of bringing down this monarchy, I'd kill more. Of them. With any fingers. One, two. That's all I have. If I had more fingers, I'd use them.

[music stops]

**DERF:** How many speeches are you giving right now at the same time? Is it like, sort of a wash? Different ideas?

**TWINKLE:** Never settle for one speech at a time. Don't you wanna fight these asshats for real?

**DERF:** Are you in the—are you rebelling? You know, there's a lot of people trying to get out of this prison.

**LISTLESS PRISONER:** Is one of those speeches meant for me, the guy who just met you?

**DERF:** Hey, look, he wants to be inspired! Why don't you inspire him?

**LISTLESS PRISONER:** Yeah, I've been feeling kinda listless.

**DERF:** Yeah!

**TWINKLE:** Yes! Guy I just met whose name I don't know: [the music begins to slowly swell again] What we do now, we will not know its effects for generations. We will be long dead, swallowed into the gulf of a thousand suns. But we will have no solace except knowing that maybe, maybe our actions today will lead to a better tomorrow that our children will never see!

**LISTLESS PRISONER:** And this is meant to be inspirational?

**SMALL PRISONER:** [chirpily] I'm gonna die in prison!

**TWINKLE:** [banging the table] Yes.

**DERF:** Wow.

**TWINKLE:** [music continues to build] But for a cause, a cause we'll never quite know! For an equation that always equals frowning!

[music stops]

**LISTLESS PRISONER:** Oh, I don't know about this.

**DERF:** Yeah, le—lemme be honest, I don't actually know what you're talkin' about. You seem like—

**TWINKLE:** You say there are others trying to escape, Derf.

**DERF:** Yeah. Oh, yeah. A lotta of people. Not—lotta misguided. They're bumblin'.

**LISTLESS PRISONER:** I think I'm just gonna join the intramural Zi-Ball team.

**TWINKLE:** It's a fun game. Who can blame you? Derf!

**DERF:** Oh. Yes.

**TWINKLE:** Who speaks of escape?

**DERF:** Well, there's a man who's rooming with a very—like a *chronic* masturbator. Like, he's... he's jackin' it nonstop. There's also a group of people who are tunneling down...

**TWINKLE:** Wait, say more about this masturbator.

**DERF:** He's just talkin' about it. He's doin' it. He doesn't like noises to interrupt him.

[music starts building again]

**TWINKLE:** [interested] He sounds devoted.

**DERF:** He's devoted. Yeah.

**TWINKLE:** He could be the one we need. Derf, the revolution we start today that has already begun may not come to fruition or even begin for a thousand years from now. But the important thing is that we started! The first step of that is busting me out. [emphatically] *I need to feed my cat.* But also, we have to rebel, deeply.

[music stops]

**DERF:** You felt like a cat guy.

[tweeting of a referee whistle]

**UNIFORM GUARD:** Uniform check. Uniform check. All employees of the prison need to show that they're wearing the uniforms.

**DERF:** Yep.

**UNIFORM GUARD:** These are the uniforms that can get you in and out of the prison at will. No questions asked.

**TWINKLE:** Derf! Beefer, Beefer! Derf! Christine! Quickly!

[Christina gurgles]

**TWINKLE:** Derf, something's come to me. Something's come to my mind right now. I have an idea of how to get out of here.

**DERF:** Great! Yeah.

**TWINKLE:** It's never occurred to me before. Derf. Beefer. Christina.

**CHRISTINA:** Blaloh.

**BEEFER:** Yeah.

**TWINKLE:** Do you have an extra... uniform?

**BEEFER:** ...Yeah. We—five minutes shaving Christina and you are *drenched*, brother.

**DERF:** Yeah, you gotta change. I'm changin' on a minute-by-minute basis.

**BEEFER:** That cupboard back there is just full of fresh uniforms.

[music builds]

**TWINKLE:** Throw me a uniform and we'll clean the future sins of our children who never started the rebellion with us, and won't, but will in their back hearts.

**BEEFER:** Alright. [opens the cupboard, takes out a uniform, tosses it over]

**TWINKLE:** Put it over each finger!

**BEEFER:** "Back hearts?"

**CHRISTINA:** But why would me, Christina, and Beefer wanna help you?

**TWINKLE:** Because, Christina, I know that the—the reason you want Derf to cut your backside is because you know deep down underneath all the meat and beef and salad and goop and—and salami...

**DERF:** Salad? I don't know, ha...

**TWINKLE:** There's a—there's a yearning for freedom that's in all of us!

**DERF:** Christina does not have a lot of salad on her, unless I don't—I haven't seen it yet. Christina, you know, that makes me think, maybe one—

**TWINKLE:** [climactically] Derf, there's salad in all of us! That's what the *point* is. *You've* said it now. Now you get it!

**DERF:** [seriously] This plan is perfect. Now that we're in uniform, we can run out of here. I have to make one stop. It's solitary. I left my very close friends behind, like... four months ago at this point. I need to get them uniforms. And *then* we'll get outta here, okay? Twinkle?

**TWINKLE:** Finally. You're thinkin' like a leader, not a guy who shaves a... food triangle.

**DERF:** And Beefer, what's your deal? You wanna come?

**BEEFER:** I like it here. I *wanna* work here.

**DERF:** Oh, wow. Okay. I'll always remember you and I'll always wonder, "where's the Beefer?"

[dramatic music finishes playing]

[transition to solitary confinement]

**GOOD\_E:** [camera zoom sound] I spy with my little eye sensor... something... gray.

**SHAE:** [clipping back and forth] Ooh! Ooh, that's a good one. Oh, GOOD\_E. Okay, well... gray... gray... Is it the *third* cinder block?

**GOOD\_E:** It iiis! Well done!

**SHAE:** Woowoow! We're so in sync!

**GOOD\_E:** We are!

**DERF:** [whispering loudly outside the door] Shae. Shae. And to a lesser extent, GOOD\_E.

**GOOD\_E:** Hello!

**DERF:** Shae, are you in there?

**SHAE:** Haha. Ha—yes? Hello? Hahaha...

**DERF:** Shae, it's—it's me! It's Derf!

**SHAE:** Deeeath...

**DERF:** No, Derf.

**SHAE:** Death has come for me!

**DERF:** *Derf.* Young Derf.

**SHAE:** Death...

**DERF:** I've come to rescue you!

**SHAE:** Derrrf. Derf... I knew a Derf once, but that was *so long ago*...

[sound switches to Derf outside the door]

**DERF:** Yes, I'm sorry. I had to do some training. I had to die a couple times.

**SHAE:** Hmmmmm.

**TWINKLE:** Is that—is that Beefer?

**CHRISTINA:** [sloshing] Are you going to introduce us?

**DERF:** Yes, I, well—uh, Shae, you know Twinkle. He loves a speech.

**TWINKLE:** Beefer!

**DERF:** Uh, this is Christine. She's the food here.

**CHRISTINA:** Yum, yum, yum!

**DERF:** Yum, yum.

**SHAE:** No, go back. Go back to Twinkle. Go back to...

**TWINKLE:** Beefer!

**SHAE:** I...

**TWINKLE:** Can't believe it. Can't believe it's you! After what we went through on Aldormaan... and Croissant.

**SHAE:** No, maybe I am dead.

**DERF:** No, we're—we're getting out of here! [unzipping bag] Here, quick, put on these uniforms. Put those on and we're going to escape. I just—we need to figure out how to get this, uh... door open.

**SHAE:** Okay, so I am alive, but... how long has... it been?

**DERF:** It's been almost exactly four months.

[a door opens to the sound of shouting and blaster shots]

[Derf and the others make surprised/horrified sounds]

[door shuts, someone runs up]

**PLAN GUY:** It is time! It is time! If you wish to escape this hellhole, you will come with me right now!

**DERF:** [amused] Oh, this guy's a stickler for time. We gotta—if we gotta go with him, he's gonna be mad if we don't do it right now.

**PLAN GUY:** You, Derf! Uh, pizza woman! Uh... other man!

**CHRISTINA:** Ehhh. I have a name.

**PLAN GUY:** Come with me if you want to escape.

**BEEFER:** [opening door and entering, wheeling in a crate] Oh, hey guys. Uh... sorry.

**DERF:** This is another Beefer who just loves to *meat* people.

**BEEFER:** Listen, I'm not comin' with you guys 'cause my job here is awesome. But, um, somebody told me to deliver this crate of eggs to you guys? Uh, I don't know why, but enjoy!

[Beefer walks away]

**DERF:** Oh, time for a quick snack. Lemme crack open a couple o' these canned eggs—

[several of the group yell in surprise]

**MASTURBATOR:** [annoyed] Some of us are tryin' to masturbate in here!

[rhythmic sound of a guy masturbating among canned eggs]

**GOOD\_E:** That man isn't canned eggs!

**TWINKLE:** Wait. Derf, is that the masturbator you talked about?

**DERF:** Wow.

**MASTURBATOR:** Yeah, it's me.

**PLAN GUY:** As it turns out, the masturbating man is exactly twelve cans of eggs. That is how much he has replaced. And it is this that will allow us to seamlessly get into a transport and escape.

**MASTURBATOR:** Yeah.

**DERF:** What is a revolution but masturbating to a better future, y'know?

**TWINKLE:** Yes! How did you guess my tattoo, Derf?

**CHRISTINA:** [slushily] How did you guess my tattoo, Derf?

[laughter]

**TWINKLE:** Can't quite make it out, Christine, but...

**CHRISTINA:** Eaughemableh.

**TWINKLE:** ...We trust you.

**PLAN GUY:** Quiet! Everybody quiet, okay? Listen to me! You must understand. We have no time at all. Anyone who wants to go has to go right now, okay? Follow me!

**TWINKLE:** Okay.

[sound of bars clanking, then crashing down]

[a low alarm starts blaring]

**TWINKLE:** Oh, no. Bars dropped all around us.

**WARDEN:** Alert! Alert, prisoners! Those of you trying to escape from the southwest solitary wing! All the doors have been SEALED.

**PLAN GUY:** Oh, we are jucked. You have wasted time with your... [disdainfully] masturbating, and your tattoo talk, and your pizza dripping. WHY? WHY HAVE YOU DONE THIS? Years of my life I have wasted, trying to escape.

**DERF:** The one guy that needs to masturbate is this guy. Am I right, guys?

**SHAE:** Yeah, yeah.

**PLAN GUY:** I have no time. There is no time, do you understand?.

**DERF:** He needs to blow off some steam.

**TWINKLE:** Yeah.

**PLAN GUY:** [sadly] Oh, it's all over.

[crumbling sound, someone falls into the room through the wall]

[dramatic music starts quietly, but slowly builds through the following scene]

**DERF:** I know these guys.

**FOLKSY STABBER:** Now, I said we shoulda gone left, 'cause I do believe we are still in the prison.

**STABBEE:** Gotta go right.

**PLAN GUY:** Who are these people?

**TINY CRIMINAL:** Right is actually left, if you think about it.

**FOLKSY STABBER:** Well, now that's somethin' to chew on!

**PLAN GUY:** Who are these old men and this tiny stabbing person?

**FOLKSY STABBER:** We got a whole network o' tunnels that lead everywhere on this planet, but we ain't found our way off it yet.

**DERF:** Sor—these—these folks don't understand the prison planet idea. They're trying to tunnel their way out into space.

**PLAN GUY:** No, you don't understand! These tunnels, they are perfect. The hallway we are in is sealed on both sides. The only way out is through the tunnels! I guarantee if we follow these people back, we'll find a way to escape.

**TINY CRIMINAL:** Hey! I'm a tiny criminal, but I am also very formal. There are too many people in this room. Can you please all name yourselves?

**DERF:** Sorry, are we doing icebreakers? Wha—

**FOLKSY STABBER:** It's a simple request, fella. And if you don't name yourself [flips out knife] you gonna get stabbed, friend.

**DERF:** I think we're more connected than we think! For Rodd's sakes, these two have the same tattoo! Bro, if there's... I can't think of *any* better term to apply here than we are some sort of found family.

**FOLKSY STABBER:** [with Christina and the plan guy also disagreeing in the background] Okay, you're sort of rushin' that, buddy. Let's not put the cart before the horse, alright?

**MASTURBATOR:** [masturbating] I'll tell you this much, if there's one thing I love, it's a tunnel. Let's go!

**TWINKLE:** We can escape through the tunnels, but your friends are still stuck in solitary. We're gonna have to leave 'em.

**DERF:** Quiet! I-I promise there's a solution here. Just give us a second to think. Please. *Please.*

[dramatic music drops to a quiet hum]

**GOOD\_E:** [helpful ping] Oh, you said the magic word! I can unlock the door!

**DERF:** What?

**GOOD\_E:** Actually, I can unlock any door in the prison.

**PLAN GUY:** I'm sorry, what?

**SHAE:** What?

**GOOD\_E:** You said the magic word...

**CHRISTINA:** Whawhawhawha.

**TINY CRIMINAL:** What?

**GOOD\_E:** I'm tapped into the correction system. It was "please," and Derf said it, so I'm opening the door for solitary confinement. Let's go, Shae!

[door rolls back with a clank]

**DERF:** Sorry—

**GOOD\_E:** Of course I have access to it. [sanctimoniously] I *prefer* not to access the prison's data, but I will if I'm asked politely.

**SHAE:** I... *hate* you. I hate you so much.

**GOOD\_E:** [sadly] Awww...

[Shae sobs]

**FOLKSY STABBER:** Beefer, you were in that solitary cell for four months and never said the word please? Not *one* time?

**DERF/PLAN GUY:** That's on you. That's a personality flaw./That's on you, Beefer. That is on you, Beefer.

[cacophony as Christina, Twinkle, the folksy stabber, and the others also chide Shae all at once]

**SHAE:** We're not... We're not doing this right now. We're getting out of the prison right now.

**GOOD\_E:** [sweetly] Manners cost nothing!

[theme music]

[music crackles into recording, but continues to play quietly in the background]

**WHISTLIN' JOE:** Wow. What a story.

**DERF:** Oh, yeah. It's just the middle, too. It's not even the end.

[aggressive horn honking]

**WHISTLIN' JOE:** Aw... shoot. Oh man, there's my bus.

**DERF:** Yeah, that bus driver's been layin' on the horn for quite some time. Really wants you to get on.

**WHISTLIN' JOE:** Damn, yeah. Well... I hope to see you again. Maybe you'll tell me the rest sometime?

**DERF:** Y-yes, I—Whistlin' Joe, it's been such a treat to meet you. I've been a fan for a long time. I'll think of you any time I hear a whistle, whether it's a tea kettle or, like, a distant bird or, like, one of those little kazoos that, uh, kids always have.

[bus driver continues to honk as Derf talks]

**WHISTLIN' JOE:** Aw, that's the best compliment anybody ever said to me. Here, as I ride away, I'll give you one more.

[gentle windlike blowing]

**DERF:** Beautiful. I'm crying. I'm crying, Whistlin' Joe. [calling out] I'm crying, Joe!

**WHISTLIN' JOE:** [riding away on the bus] Farewell, Derf.

[theme music comes back into focus 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 was played by Allie Kokesh.

GOOD\_E the ethics anklet, the masturbating man, the guard doing the uniform check, and Morgue Bot 1 were played by Winston Noel.

Zima Master ZapZop, the chief of police one day from retirement, the folksy stabber, and Palgor were played by Jeremy Bent.

The prisoner with the complicated escape plan, the aggro prison guard, Curdgel, Beefer the line cook, and Morgue Bot 2 were played by Alden Ford.

Twinkle, the ominous prison guard, the guy getting stabbed on leg day, Wentecchio, and Morgue Bot 3 were played by Seth Lind.

The prison warden, the tiny criminal, Meredith Sync Sync, Christina the food triangle, and Morgue Bot 4 were played by Moujan Zolfaghari.

The guy with the fast pass was played by Shane O'Connell.

Whistlin' Joe Wyesocki and his sister were played by special guest Joe Pera! Joe is a comedian, writer, and filmmaker in NYC. You can see him in his Adult Swim series, *Joe Pera Talks With You*. He has performed his subdued standup on *Conan*, *Late Night with Seth Meyers*, and Comedy Central.

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. Prison score music by Shane O'Connell.

Audio hosting by Simplecast.

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

[theme music ends]

[Promo: Maximum Fun Member of the Month]

**JOHN:** Greetings, I am John Hodgman, co-host and co-creator of the *Judge John Hodgman* podcast, along with Jesse Thorne here on the Maximum Fun Network. And I am here with Maximum Fun member of the month, Keith, who's been a Maximum Fun member since when, Keith?

**KEITH:** Oh, at least three or four years now. I don't recall exactly when I fell prey to the pledge drive, but it got a hold of me and I have yet to, uh, relent.

**JOHN:** Oh, and we shall not ever let go. Now, you join us telephonically from a different country from ours, which is which?

**KEITH:** I moved to Vera, Portugal back in August of this year.

[sound of birds tweeting]

**JOHN:** I hear evening birds chirping behind you. What are the names of those birds?

**KEITH:** We do have quite a few spoonbills and quite a few flamingos as well.

**JOHN:** So what would you say to the birds around you and the people listening who are considering supporting the show?

**KEITH:** You know, it's just nice to have a little bit of investment in the things that I love. Knowing that I'm making sure that those podcasts are still being created makes me feel good.

**JOHN:** We're so pleased to have you be our Maximum Fun member of the month. Thank you very much Keith, in Portugal, this month's Maximum Fun member of the month. Obrigado.

**SPEAKER:** Become a MaxFun member now at [maximumfun.org/slash/join](http://maximumfun.org/slash/join).

[Promo: Judge John Hodgman]

**JESSE:** On Judge John Hodgman, the courtroom is fake, but the disputes are real.

[sound of gavel]

**GUEST:** Brian would say, "I'm the Gumby of this family." He's just not.

**JESSE:** Claiming to be Gumby is an un-Gumby-like claim.

**BRIAN:** No, it's just Gumby and I being our authentic selves.

[sound of gavel]

**JOHN:** So what's your complaint, too many sauces?

**GUEST 2:** There are no foods on which to put the sauces.

**JOHN:** Have we named all the sauces on the top shelf yet?

**GUEST 3:** Not—

**GUESTS 2 & 3:** Not even close.

[sound of gavel]

**JOHN:** You economize when it comes to pants.

**GUEST 4:** Truly, it's not about the cleanliness of the pants—

**JOHN:** Well, WHY isn't it?! This is what I wanna know!

[sound of gavel]

**JOHN:** Judge John Hodgman. Fake court, weird cases, real judges. On maximumfun.org, YouTube, and everywhere you get podcasts.

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

[outtake begins]

**DERF (JUSTIN):** You know what, Christina, have you ever thought about gettin' outta here and openin' up a small, like, boutique restaurant? Sort of a French-press-laundry-type place that's like...

**TWINKLE (SETH):** Now you get it!

**LISTLESS PRISONER (JEREMY):** Ooh, imagine a—

**TWINKLE (SETH):** You can't open up a place here!

**CHRISTINA (MOUJAN):** I think about it... every day.

**LISTLESS PRISONER (JEREMY):** Imagine a Christine-to-table restaurant!

**DERF (JUSTIN):** [laughing] That's i—that's great! It's—

**BEEFER (ALDEN):** That's what this is already! We're already doing that!

[Justin and Moujan laugh]

**DERF (JUSTIN):** There's no more local ingredients—

**LISTLESS PRISONER (JEREMY):** Yeah, w—but y'know, with ambiance. With ambiance.

[Alden laughs]

**BEEFER (ALDEN):** Ohh, thanks a lot. Thanks a lot.

**CHRISTINA (MOUJAN):** I dream about it *every* day, but my rich father banished me from the house.

**WINSTON:** [laughing in the background] What?

**JUSTIN:** [laughing] Wha...

[Seth laughs]

**ALDEN:** [laughing] This is actually a prequel series about Christina. That's gonna be our next series, is—

[several people laughing]

**JUSTIN:** This character...

[all laughing, Allie especially]

**TWINKLE (SETH):** Unfortunately—despite the urgency of my escape, I *need* to know more about your rich father.

[Moujan and Allie laugh]

**JUSTIN:** Sorry, *just* he's rich?

**ALDEN:** Which father, which father?

**ALLIE:** Flashback! Flashback! Please!

[Seth makes a “bdldldld!” fade-to-flashback sound”]

**MOUJAN:** He has a British accent.

[Allie laughs again, everyone calms down]

**WINSTON:** So do we cut to Sh—

[outtake ends]