

[recording of jazz music with trumpet and piano crackles into Derf's recording]

OLD DERF: [memoir mode] Well, readers, it's the chapter you've all been waiting for: the sexy one. There's a time in every Young Derf's life when his heart turns to jucking. Around. A lot. And this is where it happens. Okay, well, uh, let's get into it. I know you're all titillated, so, um... let's do it. You'll never guess where this story starts. Unless you guessed the back of a refrigerated corpse truck!

[Derf wakes up in surprise, yawning. Talk radio is playing in the background]

DERF: Oh, let me guess. "Welcome to the morgue."

[pause]

DERF: Hey, ZapZop?

[pause]

DERF: Hello?

[pause]

What happened, did—am I alone here? Is there anyone in this—

L'SOON: Wait, what?

DERF: Hello!

L'SOON: Uh...

DERF: Uh, hel—uh, sorry, I just woke up in here. It's very cold in here. Where—where are we—what's happening?

L'SOON: I'm...

DERF: I can't see your face. Could you turn around?

[a panel slides open, a voice speaks from the front of the truck]

L'SOON: Hello, hi.

OLD DERF: [memoir mode] And there she was, the most beautiful creature I'd ever laid my recently resurrected eyes on. They say there's no thing as love at first sight, and... I agree. But there's like. And Derf *liked*. [end memoir mode]

L'SOON: Wait, you were... dead, but now you're not dead anymore. How is that possible?

YOUNG DERF: Uh, don't know why it happens, but, uh... I'm Derf. Um, I die and do backflips. What's your name?

L'SOON: I'm L'Soon.

DERF: [appreciative] L'Soon... Wow.

L'SOON: Hold on. I need to pull over. [flips turn signal]

DERF: Oh—

L'SOON: 'Cause we're in my—my truck.

DERF: Oh, your truck. Wow. You're drivin' corpses around?

L'SOON: Yeah, it's a job. I take corpses over to the cemetaary where we bury the bodies. You must be from here 'cause you're dead here, but now alive here. [she laughs, forcefully] Jokes.

DERF: [laughs] I love how frank you are. Um, no, I'm just vis—I'm just visiting Holowood and, uh... y'know.

L'SOON: How old are you?

DERF: I'm young.

L'SOON: How young? Give me numbers.

DERF: Twenty... four?

L'SOON: Okay, good. [pause] So young.

DERF: That's good?

L'SOON: That's good.

DERF: How old are you? Are you a young gravedigger, or?

L'SOON: A G'Foon never reveals her age. [laughs coyly]

DERF: [flirtily] Oh, L'Soon the G'Foon.

L'SOON: Yeah. [giggles]

DERF: [chuckles] Okay. Nice. So you're driving me to a—like a cool Holowood cemetery, or?

L'SOON: Well, I don't know anymore. I mean, you're... you're alive.

DERF: No, I mean, if you wanna bury me, like, I'm—I'm fine.

L'SOON: Oh, no—

DERF: If that's, like, your job, I don't wanna mess up your day just 'cause I'm... now alive when I was dead. But I do this all the time. I'm so crazy.

L'SOON: That's crazy. I mean, I was gonna spend the next couple hours digging up the grave, putting you in the grave, doing things with the grave. But now I have all—my whole afternoon free! I mean, we can do whatever we want.

DERF: Um...

L'SOON: Hey, why are you in the back if you're alive? Come up front.

DERF: Yeah, living people sit in the front. Goodbye, corpses. [Dorf tumbles through the open hatch, into the front of the truck.] I love being, uh, closer to you and you don't have to crane your neck around.

L'SOON: Wait, I have a crazy idea. Hear me out. [laughs]

DERF: Please. Oh, this is so fun.

L'SOON: Do you wanna come to my home planet?

DERF: Yes. You have a *whole* planet?

L'SOON: My *home* planet. Not whole.

DERF: No, I know.

L'SOON: I'm one of the many people who live there. [laughing]

DERF: Oh. I thought you were a princess or a queen. I don't know. [laughs]

L'SOON: No, I'm just a G'Foon.

DERF: Just a G'Foon. I know you are, L'Soon.

L'SOON: But it's the planet of Raya.

DERF: Raya...

L'SOON: It's technically a moon, but we call it a planet.

DERF: Really?

L'SOON: It's happy and vibrant.

DERF: Nice.

L'SOON: But to get in, you need to know somebody, and you need a referral. And guess what? *I'm* your referral.

DERF: You would do that for me? Wow, that's great.

L'SOON: Based on the fact that you just like, woke up alive? I trust you, no matter what.

DERF: Oh, and I trust you because you were gonna do the right thing: bury me in an unmarked grave with no one knowing that I died or lived.

L'SOON: Hey, do you like musik? [flips a switch] It's what you call music, but in Raya we call it musik because most of us, we're DJs.

[Terrible EDM musik starts playing.]

DERF: Oh! In a planet of DJs, who decides what spins?

L'SOON: [laughs] You're a funny.

DERF: That was a legitimate question.

[transition: terrible EDM musik plays, then fades out to ambient ship noises]

SHAE: [sighs] GOOD_E, can I confide in you for a second?

GOOD_E: Of course, always!

SHAE: *What* is Derf up to?

GOOD_E: I'm a little worried too. I mean, it kinda seems like he doesn't even *care* about finding his murderer.

SHAE: Oh, or the money. Oh, that money that I so desperately need to get that jacked Flarn off my back.

[incoming transmission beep-boops]

GOOD_E: Oh, somebody's hailing the ship.

[transmission connects]

GOOD_E: Good afternoon, this is GOOD_E.

[Transcriber's note: Tal'bott, like all Flarn, speaks Weird in a deep voice. The lines below are written phonetically, as your humble transcriber only speaks Regular.]

TAL'BOTT: My lipe a lir tika, Shae!

SHAE: Wow, *the* Tal'bott Kestebi. You're never gonna believe it. We were *just* talking about you. [strained laugh] You look good!

TAL'BOTT: Malaba baratha galooty.

SHAE: I'm so sorry to hear that. Um... but I'm glad the treatment was a success because, [laughing] you are still alive and kicking. Hahaha, you old...

TAL'BOTT: Why, yuleso due!

SHAE: And I agree. I would be *so disappointed* in me too if I also hadn't paid me back all that kroon.

TAL'BOTT: Grub hubba. Ubereats.

SHAE: And let me tell you, you don't have to look any further. It's gonna be in your accounts... well, not right in any moment now, but any moment very near in the future, because I am going to pay you back.

TAL'BOTT: Lamb shawarma.

SHAE: Okay, okay, okay, okay. I will meet you there in the next twenty-four hours.

TAL'BOTT: Here inichiban.

SHAE: Here? Well, I'm on a ship. I couldn't even say where in space I currently am.

[Tal'bott chuckles very slowly and ominously]

TAL'BOTT: Bottomless mimosaaa.

[pinging sound of a fob]

SHAE: Oh, a fob. Oh, you think of everything, don't you? [laughs] That is why you *always know where I am*. Ha ha! Wow. Can't wait to see ya, guy.

TAL'BOTT: Sunday funday, Shae.

[transmission disconnects]

[Shae groans]

[incoming transmission beep-boops]

GOOD_E: Oh, we're getting another call. Good afternoon. GOOD_E speaking.

DERF: [over transmission, excited] Hey, hey, guys, guys, guys!

GOOD_E: Hi!

SHAE: [nervous] Everything's fine here, why do you ask?

DERF: [excited] I just met this girl!

[GOOD_E gasps]

DERF: Her name is—

SHAE: This—this person right here.

DERF: Yeah, I just met her. She—

L'SOON: Hi!

DERF: —yeah, here she is. She was taking my corpse to an unmarked grave, and, um—

GOOD_E: So far none of this is illegal or unethical... but it is weird.

DERF: Sometimes that's how it happens! I woke up in her... uh, corpse truck. That's called a "meet cute". No follow-up questions necessary. I wanna take her, [dismissively] and I guess you guys, to her moon.

SHAE: Derf, you have to understand, right now, we need to get somewhere very far away. Look, I just, I'm in—

DERF: L'Soon has assured me that it's safe and chill and—

SHAE: I'm sorry, L'Soon?

DERF: L'Soon, yeah. The G'Foon?

SHAE: What's your home planet, L'Soon?

L'SOON: Oh, me? Haha, I live on Raya.

SHAE: And you could get all of us in? You'd vouch for all three of us?

L'SOON: Yes, I can get you in. You need to know someone to get into Raya.

SHAE: And of course, if you *didn't* know the right people, you...

L'SOON: Oh, then you just can't get in. And then it's very pathetic, and it's very sad.

SHAE: Ha ha! Okay! Let's go! Ha! Try and find me now, Tal'bott!

[transmission disconnects; transition to the conversation in L'Soon's truck]

L'SOON: Incredible. Hey, Derf, tell me five things about yourself. Do it now.

DERF: Okay. Uh, n-no problem. This is... honestly, it sounds easier until you're asked the question, but um, okay, number one, backflip. [Derf unbuckles and does a backflip]

DERF: [buckling seatbelt again] Ah... number two, I am the subject of a series of prophecies from an ancient order that this guy keeps harassing me about.

L'SOON: Oh, quirky.

DERF: I was recently in prison, but for fun.

L'SOON: Mm-hmm.

DERF: My favorite food is eggs.

L'SOON: Oh!

DERF: And number five, I... like... you.

L'SOON: Wow.

PROFILE-GENERATING BOT: Raya profile complete.

[L'Soon giggles]

[transition: DJ musik plays]

[they walk through a public place: crowd sounds, footsteps, occasional traffic and birds]

L'SOON: Hey.

DERF: Yeah?

L'SOON: Since we have a couple hours before I have to go back and put those bodies underground, do you want to get a quick tour of Raya?

DERF: I would love to tour your moon. L'Soon, could you show me your Raya?

L'SOON: Sure.

SHAE: And where should we start?

L'SOON: Amazing. This is our tour guide, Tiffin.

TIFFIN: [sounding very chill] Hey there.

DERF: Oh, Tiffin.

TIFFIN: Welcome to Raya. I'm so excited to show you the sights.

DERF: Yeah, Tiffin, what is Raya? What is this place?

TIFFIN: I'm so glad you asked. Raya is like a private, membership-based moon for people all over the galaxy to connect and collaborate. It's also a state of mind. It's also like a body space. It's also kind of a shared vibe amongst like-vibed people.

DERF: Huh. That was a bunch of gobbledegook!

L'SOON: And everyone has a goal. And everyone is an entrepreneur in addition to being a DJ.

DERF: Nice. I feel like most DJs are entrepreneurs in a way.

L'SOON: And DJing can induce a brain state that make DJs feel like they're leading a happy life.

TIFFIN: Who wants a gummy?

DERF: A gummy?

SHAE: What kind of gummy are we talking?

TIFFIN: This one's got Wallump.

L'SOON: Wallump is our national... mineral.

DERF: Ooh, a mineral gummy. Sign me up. It's like puttin' a pebble in your mouth.

TIFFIN: Watch out, it is 100% of your daily dose of *chillinnn'*.

DERF: Wow. Nice. I was dead earlier, so I probably had my dose, but I'll take one.

TIFFIN: Alright.

L'SOON: Oh, and here's the mayor of Raya.

MAYOR: 'Sup.

DERF: Hey, thank you for having us on your planet. I love all this sheer clothing you're wearing. It's so transparent.

MAYOR: Yeah.

GOOD_E: Derf, even though Raya bills itself as networking and meeting people, most people here are here to have consequence-free sexual relations.

DERF: I did notice there's people jucking *all* around us. Like, we're the only ones talking and everyone else is jucking.

MAYOR: Yeah, we do do that. It's about finding your tribe.

DERF: Ah. The juck tribe?

MAYOR: Yeah, that's kinda the tribe I sort of imagine myself in.

L'SOON: Yeah, I guess you can call it a "hookup planet." But I don't know. I'm here because I'm looking for something more serious, you know? Like a real connection. Like a relationship.

DERF: Nice.

TIFFIN: Um, in the distance you can see... da club.

SHAE: Look, Derf, I've been trying to get access to Raya for years. I mean, and I've tried a lot of different things. So now that I'm here, I'm doin' it... *solo*.

GOOD_E: And me, GOOD_E!

SHAE: Right, mostly solo. But best of luck to you!

TIFFIN: Moving along on the tour, here's a kiosk where you can pay extra to promote yourself on Raya. Ummm... it's cool.

L'SOON: Hey, Derf.

DERF: Mm-hmm?

L'SOON: I know I was the one who pitched that we should go on a tour, but... Do you wanna maybe come over physically to the place where I reside and have your body be there in the same place that my body is as well?

DERF: Oh, my rodd. I think I'm seeing, I'm just reading betwixt the lines here.

L'SOON: We can put on some mosik and see what happens.

DERF: Okay! It's never been this easy for young Derf.

[transition]

[quiet electronic club music from inside a building]

X429, IDENTIFICATION SCANNING BOT: [low, robotic] Welcome to the club.

SHAE: Ah!

X429: I.D.

GOOD_E: Wow.

SHAE: Alright. Well, here you go.

[Shae flips open her I.D. and the bot scans it.]

X429: You're good.

SHAE: Thank you.

X429: I.D.

GOOD_E: I—I don't have any 'cause I'm a—I'm a droid. Like you. We're both—both droids just existing, you know.

X429: [scans GOOD_E] You're good.

GOOD_E: Wow. You just really—there's the rule, and you like, enforce the rule. I just think that's really cool. Um... I'm GOOD_E.

X429: You're good.

GOOD_E: [nervously] No, I'm... Oh! Ah-ha-ha-ha. Ah-ha-ha-ha. Ah-ha-ha-ha. Ah-ha-ha-ha. Ah-ha-ha-ha.

SHAE: Wait, was that funny?

GOOD_E: Yeah. Shae—

SHAE: Is this, like, a protocol thing?

GOOD_E: [whispering] Shut up for a minute!

SHAE: [crosstalk] That you're—you have to laugh at it?

[Shae clamps her mouth shut, audibly]

GOOD_E: Shae. Shae, I think I have... I'm feeling attraction to this bouncer droid.

SHAE: Is this why my ankle is getting all warm and tingly?

GOOD_E: Yes, my circuits are—uh, processing at an extra fast rate. [to the other droid] Hi! Like I said, I'm GOOD_E. What's your name?

X429: Designation X429. Identification scanning bot.

GOOD_E: [dreamily] What a beautiful name. X-4-2-9. Say it soft and it's almost like praying. I'll never stop saying X429.

[transition]

[muffled club music playing from another room]

L'SOON: [opening the door] So this is my place.

DERF: Oh, wow. Nice. The L'Soon room, huh?

L'SOON: [shutting the door] Yeah, I have four roommates, but this is specifically my room.

DERF: Oh, nice.

ROOMMATE ONE: Hey.

DERF: Oh, look, they're all here.

ROOMMATE TWO: Hey.

DERF: That's cool. Everyone's... so close.

ROOMMATE THREE: What's up?

ROOMMATE FOUR: Howdy.

DERF: Hello. Wow, chatty. Uh, I'm Derf. I met L'Soon. I'm uhhh... I woke up in her refrigerator truck.

L'SOON: My roommates are very protective of me. They always love to interrogate any of my—I don't know, dates?

DERF: Yeah, it's official, guys. I'm on a date with your roommate.

NAKED BEACH VOLLEYBALL ROOMMATE (ROOMMATE THREE): [stands up] I'm going to Naked Beach Volleyball.

DERF: Very cool.

NAKED BEACH VOLLEYBALL ROOMMATE: Bye.

[the door shuts]

L'SOON: Alright, *three* of my roommates are very protective of me. They like to interrogate.

BOTTOMS-ONLY VOLLEYBALL ROOMMATE (ROOMMATE FOUR): [stands up] I'm going to bottoms-only volleyball.

DERF: Bottoms only?

BOTTOMS-ONLY VOLLEYBALL ROOMMATE: Bottoms only.

DERF: Nice. You're not—you don't wanna do the nude with your buddy?

BOTTOMS-ONLY VOLLEYBALL ROOMMATE: Some say it's more sensual to leave things to the imagination.

DERF: Let me ask you if I could pose a question to you, L'Soon, and I guess, your friends—

BOTTOMS-ONLY VOLLEYBALL ROOMMATE: [impatient] Okay, game starts soon.

DERF: Okay. I'll rush through it.

VOLLEYBALL FOR BOTTOMS ONLY ROOMMATE (ROOMMATE TWO):
[standing] Sorry to interrupt. I'm gonna be late for, ah, nude volleyball *for* bottoms only. Uh... no tops. No tops allowed. No tops allowed at the volleyball game.

DERF: It's... for bottoms. So is it not super... sexual? You're just all at the bottom—

VOLLEYBALL FOR BOTTOMS ONLY ROOMMATE: No, no. Entirely unsexual. That's why only bottoms are allowed, so it doesn't get freaky. Oh, see you later!

[the roommate exits and shuts the door]

DERF: Oh, wow.

BOTTOMS-ONLY VOLLEYBALL ROOMMATE: I've gone there by accident so many times.

DERF: Yeah. Well, let me ask you, I—not to get too forward. Are you a top?

BOTTOMS-ONLY VOLLEYBALL ROOMMATE: Yeah. So I can't be there for two reasons.

DERF: Top at the bottom party.

BOTTOMS-ONLY VOLLEYBALL ROOMMATE: Yeah.

BOTTOM-OF-THE-VOLLEYBALL-ONLY VOLLEYBALL ROOMMATE (ROOMMATE ONE): [getting up to go] Excuse me, sorry, I have to go. I'm late for, uh, bottom volleyball only.

DERF: That's where you hit your butt against the ball?

BOTTOM-OF-THE-VOLLEYBALL-ONLY VOLLEYBALL ROOMMATE: No, no, we're all nude, but it's only the bottom half of the volleyball.

DERF: Oh. Oh, it must be—how do you keep the air in it?

BOTTOM-OF-THE-VOLLEYBALL-ONLY VOLLEYBALL ROOMMATE: It's very difficult.

DERF: Oh.

BOTTOM-OF-THE-VOLLEYBALL-ONLY VOLLEYBALL ROOMMATE: You really gotta hit the ball hard. Okay, see ya.

[roommate exits, door shuts]

DERF: Oh.

L'SOON: Good news, you passed their interrogation.

DERF: *Did I?* I'd feel like I'd barely talked to them.

L'SOON: They're obsessed with you.

DERF: Really? Okay. Are they usually this busy, L'Soon?

L'SOON: We all love hobbies here.

DERF: That's great. It's all very volleyball-focused.

L'SOON: Yes.

DERF: I guess that's a very fun—sort of a juck-sport.

L'SOON: Speaking of, wanna go to a volleyball game?

DERF: Yeah, yeah, let's go watch some volleyball. This is fun—I like getting into your life. You know, I've never really dated much. I'm sort of a juck virgin. And I guess "a virgin" is the shorter way of saying that.

L'SOON: Wait, you said you were a juck *virgin*?

DERF: Yes, that's—that's correct. And I'm not ashamed to admit it. I'm not ashamed.

L'SOON: I'm sorry. This is just a cultural thing we do here in Raya. I have to ring a bell.

[L'Soon moves some stuff around and gets out a bell]

DERF: You have to ring a bell?

L'SOON: Everyone needs to know.

[L'Soon rings the bell]

DERF: Every—? Oh. I will say I'm also a volleyball virgin. So.

L'SOON: Okay, we have to ring two bells then.

[L'Soon crosses the room and rings a different bell]

DERF: Oh, man. Great.

[transition to inside the club]

GOOD_E: So X429 was saying... they're just saying to me like, "I.D.," and like, scanning, and... I don't know, it was just really cool.

SHAE: I know, I was there! I heard it!

GOOD_E: Yeah, but do you remember—like, when I was like, "I'm a droid" and—and it still asked for my, you know, my I.D., and I was like, "I'm a droid like you." Do you remember that? And then it scanned your I.D.? Do you remember that? X429 is like, really funny...

SHAE: Okay, are you broken? What is wrong with you?

GOOD_E: I think I'm finally working correctly for the first time ever! Are you hot in here? Maybe we should go back out towards the doorway. Why don't we?

SHAE: What?! No! We have—we've barely stepped into the club.

GOOD_E: Right, but I—

SHAE: I haven't even turned in my clothes yet.

GOOD_E: Yeah, I know, but, you know, X429 is, like, at the doorway, and I think it'd just be fun. I mean, like, they're just really funny. Didn't you think that X429 was *funny*?

SHAE: ...No?

GOOD_E: [upset] *Rodddammit*, Shae, all I do is help you! So if you could just throw me *one* bone and go outside for *two seconds*?!

SHAE: [taken aback] Okay, wow. [already heading out] Um, yeah, fine. I could use a cigarillio anyway.

GOOD_E: Thank you!

[door opens, they step outside]

X429: I.D. Insert identification.

GOOD_E: [laughs nervously] Yeah, yeah, it's me again, though. So I'm already in, so I don't need to be scanned. Unless you *wanna* scan me. Ha, that's crazy. Why would—But you probably—you probably get people wanting to scan you twice, like, all the time.

X429: Insert identification.

GOOD_E: Wow. Okay, awkward. But I mean, isn't it just cool how it's like... it has one rule and it doesn't have to do anything else. It's just "Do you have I.D.?" and then "yes" or "no". It's like... Love that. It's just like, simple. And I think that's something maybe, you know, something that I feel that maybe, you know, that's I... I've always said that about myself that maybe, you know, *I'm* not simple enough? But like I do feel like if, I don't know, maybe if somebody like X429 and I just like, hung out more, I do feel like I could probably become more simple? I think we have something—I just—you know, I—Shae, are you even listening to me?!

SHAE: What? Yes, yeah. I get what you're saying. I—I'm—yes! I just... I think I was more interested in Raya when I wasn't *on* Raya?

GOOD_E: I think that X429—or X—I just think that X is just like very... X doesn't say much, but I just feel like there's that... you know, I think the right person could kind of unlock, and sort of... You know, I think there's probably a lot going on. A lot of, you

know, beautiful quiet thoughts and feelings that... you know, just haven't had a chance—I do think that somebody like—

SHAE: Okay! [clears throat] Smoke break is over.

[transition]

[atmospheric music and sound of cooking in background]

L'SOON: This is my favorite restaurant. On Raya.

[L'Soon and Derf pull out chairs and sit down]

DERF: It's nice. So the chef cooks right here at the table and does little—do tricks and stuff?

L'SOON: Yeah. And he has fire and he makes it all in front of you. This is so romantic.

DERF: Nice.

CHEF: [as chill as anyone else on Raya] Alright folks, um, we're about to prepare the meal. Uh...

L'SOON/DERF: Oh!/Nice.

CHEF: [sharpening knife] Got my sharpest knives out here... and my most flammable... implements.

DERF: Yes, and I ordered the, um... the rib on prime rib, but I'd like the rib end sharpened, please.

CHEF: It's one of our most dangerous dishes.

L'SOON: And I ordered the bowl of lime water?

[Derf reacts appreciatively]

CHEF: That's right, an excellent choice!

DERF: That sounds good. I'll have one of the lime waters as well.

L'SOON: Oh, *twinning!* [laughs]

CHEF: Any allergies of any kind?

DERF: I'm not allergic to anything except for being away from my darling L'Soon.

L'SOON: [charmed] Ohhh! And I'm allergic to cumin.

[background laughing]

CHEF: Okay. One more note: I have a terrible inner ear infection, so I might pass out or fall at any time.

L'SOON: Okay.

CHEF: Let's begin!

DERF: I would say keep that to yourself.

[The chef loses his balance and falls, sending the knife flying towards Derf. There is a squelching noise, and Derf makes a strangled sound]

L'SOON: This is... Oh, no!

[sound of blood spurting]

CHEF: Oh. Oh. I severed his head.

L'SOON: No! Derf-uhh!

OLD DERF: [memoir mode] My time with L'Soon was amazing. The dates were perfect, except for one thing: I kept dying. [end memoir mode]

[incessant puppy yapping]

L'SOON: Thank you for bringing me over to this puppy pen. I love puppies! You know so much about me.

YOUNG DERF: Well, you know, I wanted to just do something that was cute nonstop.

L'SOON: Oh. Ohh.

PUPPY PEN OWNER: [in a rush] Folks, listen, this never happens. But the mother of these puppies, who we stole them from, to bring them to this puppy pen is back and VERY upset.

DERF: [crosstalk] Stolen?

PUPPY PEN OWNER: If I were you, I would run.

DERF: You stole these puppies from a mother? A—you just took them?

[deeper barking as the mother dog runs out]

[The mother dog slobbers and attacks Derf.]

L'SOON: Derf! Noo!

DERF: Why me? Get him! He stole them. He stole—

[transition: chime sound]

[sound of waves and seagulls]

L'SOON: Alright. On the count of three, let's show our tattoos to each other that we both got at the same time just a moment ago as a surprise for our relationship.

DERF: Okay! This is a fun and time-consuming date. Let's do it.

L'SOON & DERF: One, two, three!

[they reveal their tattoos, L'Soon giggles]

DERF: Oh, mine's so pus-y and puffy and full of poison.

L'SOON: Oh yeah, what's wrong with yours?

DERF: I don't know. I think—

THE GUY WHO WARNS ABOUT SHARKS: Watch out for that shark!

[The shark lunges out of the water and eats Derf]

[L'Soon cries out]

[transition to club]

SHAE: GOOD_E, I can't believe I'm saying this, but I don't know that I should go back outside and have another cigarillio. They're *bad* for you!

GOOD_E: Oh, please, Shae, just one more?

[Shae groans and heads outside]

UNDERAGE CLUB-GOER: Hi, can you scan me please? I'm trying to get into the club.

X429: Insert identification.

UNDERAGE CLUB-GOER: Here.

GOOD_E: [quietly] Uh... okay?

X429: [scans the I.D., but there is a buzz] Identification: Invalid.

UNDERAGE CLUB-GOER: What the juck?! That's—that's crazy! Do it again.

GOOD_E: Wow, see, but—that's really cool because—

X429: Rescanning. [another scan, another buzz] Identification: Invalid.

UNDERAGE CLUB-GOER: What? Come on! I'm twenty-four, I swear! I swear!

X429: Submit to organ scan.

UNDERAGE CLUB-GOER: Wha?!

X429: Organ scan commencing. [scanning] Contacting authorities.

UNDERAGE CLUB-GOER: No, you don't have to do that!

GOOD_E: That's exactly what they should have done.

SHAE: That seems pretty sinister for lying about your age, don't you think?

GOOD_E: You either are or are not old enough to enter the club. It's there for everyone's safety. I want my life to be like that, that simple! But instead I have to deal with you Shae, who's incredibly complicated, and constantly going through moral grey zone. X, take me away! Fly this droid as high as you can into the wild blue! Set me free—

X429: Please keep your speaking voice to a minimum.

GOOD_E: Of course.

X429: Please respect our neighbors.

GOOD_E: Of course—

SHAE: Alright, that's all well and good, GOOD_E, but like, I think this is going to be the moment that Raya turns around for me. So let's—[Shae makes a startled sound]

GOOD_E: Enacting paralysis protocol.

[taser-like sound]

SHAE: Ugh—uhh—paralysis?

GOOD_E: Paralysis. I've actually shot an electronic pulse throughout your entire nerve endings, rendering you paralyzed.

SHAE: [slurred] I just wanted to juck in the club!

GOOD_E: Shae... [strained pause] I'm talking to X right now. [to X] So, like, how many, you know, how many scans like a night would you say that you do?

X429: Venue capacity, 375.

GOOD_E: Wow. Wow, that's a lot of processing. Pretty cool. I only—I only get assigned to one. One at a time. But they're enough! Haha. You know what I mean? They're enough.

[Shae mumbles in protest]

GOOD_E: This is so funny, X429. My friend is so crazy, right?

X429: Please don't block the entrance.

GOOD_E: Oh, I'm so sorry. That was me because I actually... this is so crazy. [apologetically] I have, um, like a paralysis protocol. I'm only supposed to use it for, you know, if I'm on a dictator or a war criminal in the middle of a war crime kinda thing. We're a lot alike kind of, but I think complimentary, and—

[Shae continues muttering and trying to speak]

[transition]

[quiet lounge piano in background]

BIX: Hey, come on in, L'Soon, and this must be Derf.

DERF: Oh, yes, I'm Derf. Hello, great to meet you.

[everyone finding seats and sitting down]

L'SOON: This is Bix.

DERF: Bix?

BIX: Yeah.

DERF: Nice.

BIX: Oh, you two, just so you know, Shuzanne has—pff, this inner ear thing. It's probably nothing.

DERF: There's an epidemic of inner ear infections on this moon.

BIX: Let's game!

SHUZANNE: I'm Shuzanne, hello.

DERF: Shuzanne?

L'SOON: We've known each other since collage.

BIX: Yeah.

DERF: Oh, since collage?

BIX: Oh, collage rules.

SHUZANNE: We all have musik theater degrees.

BIX: Yeah.

DERF: Oh, wow.

BIX: And Shuzanne's just shaving the—the meat, so that's why she's got that cleaver.

[Shuzanne shaves meat, wetly]

DERF: Uh, so we're playin' cards and havin' some shaved meats.

RECORDED GUY WHO WARNS ABOUT SHARKS: Watch out for that shark!

[stifled laughter]

DERF: Wah!

L'SOON: It's the name of the card game.

DERF: Oh.

L'SOON: Yeah, when you get four sharks, you press this button—

RECORDED GUY WHO WARNS ABOUT SHARKS: Watch out for that shark!

DERF: Sorry, I ge—I'm a little jumpy. I've been eaten by multiple sharks here.

BIX: Whoa, okay.

DERF: Sand sharks, tree sharks, card sharks—hope you guys aren't those. Just kidding.

L'SOON: See, that's what I love about you. You have such a... varied past! Isn't that amazing?

BIX: Yeah, you guys are like, *made* for each other.

SHUZANNE: Really amazing.

BIX: I'm gonna deal you guys in. [Bix sings a little song while dealing]

SHUZANNE: Hey, slow down, slow down. You're dealing the cards so fast!

[slightly fleshy sound]

DERF: [calmly] Oh, one of those cards just nicked me, it's going so fast. So just slow—slow down a little.

BIX: [crosstalk] Sorry, sorry, sorry. Sorry.

L'SOON: Oh, it's on your neck!

DERF: It's just great—stuck in my neck. Ace of sharks. I'm just going to leave it there, 'cause if you pull it out? That's when you bleed.

BIX: Oh, I'm so sorry. [sympathetically] Fwoof.

SHUZANNE: Oh, Bix. Bix—

BIX: No, let me... I should get... Lemme pull it out, actually.

SHUZANNE: No, Bix. No, Bix, don't!

DERF: Don't pull it out!

[Derf's blood spurts everywhere, enthusiastically]

L'SOON: Bix, no.

[blood continues spurting, Derf makes some dying sounds]

L'SOON: No!

BIX: Oh, wow. He wasn't jokin'.

[transition to club]

DROID IT GUY: Oh, hey, sorry. I've gotta... gotta just run a little firmware update on you, X429.

GOOD_E: What?

X429: Port open.

GOOD_E: What are you doing? What are you doing...

DROID IT GUY: I'm gonna insert this.

X429: Firmware update loading.

[cascading pinging sound]

DROID IT GUY: And I'm going to have to do a power cycle. You're gonna be powered down for a little bit here, buddy. Power down...

GOOD_E: What are you doing? What are you doing to it?

[pinging stops as X429 powers down]

DROID IT GUY: Okay.

GOOD_E: Excuse me. I'm GOOD_E. I'm X429's emergency contact. So, like, what is going on?

DROID IT GUY: Yeah, *okay*... Um, X429 is probably going to power up soon. That's just a normal firmware update. So just, yeah—

GOOD_E: It's powered *down*?!

DROID IT GUY: —Keep chillin', enjoy the club, yeah.

GOOD_E: X429, can you hear me? [GOOD_E wails] Nooooo! What have you done to it? [smaller wail] We... we barely had... Oh, it was brief, but it was beautiful.

[chimes of X429 powering back up]

X429: X429.

GOOD_E: You can do it!

X429: Firmware 2.62.3.8.

GOOD_E: Oh, you're strong. Yeah! You can do it—

X429: Insert identification.

GOOD_E: I'm right here. I'm right here!

X429: Please insert identification for entry.

GOOD_E: It's me, it's GOOD_E. Don't you know your GOOD_E?

[significant pause]

X429: Please insert identification.

GOOD_E: [quietly] What's happening to us? [louder] You're tearing me apart!

[pause, quiet sniff from GOOD_E]

SHAE: [still sounding slurred] Unlock me.

[transition]

[sound of waves, seagulls squawking]

L'SOON: Derf, Derf, are you—are you getting down on one knee?

DERF: L'Soon, you've made me the happiest former bank robber, uh... and recently jailed man, and other things I did. And... I'd like to make this situation permanent.

[L'Soon gasps]

DERF: What do you say? Will you let me die here on an almost hourly basis? With you?

L'SOON: [choked up] Nothing... would make me... happier!

BYSTANDER: Oh, uh, sorry to interrupt, sir. You're—you're kneeling so close to the edge of that cliff.

DERF: Huh? I'm in love.

BYSTANDER: Lemme just... [moving closer] Wah—uh—oh, I bumped you. Oh, gee. [sound of crumbling] Oh, wow. Okay. Oh—

DERF: Whoa—whoa—[falling] waaahhhhhhhhhhh—

L'SOON/BYSTANDER: Derf!/Wow.

DERF: —ahhhhhh—backflip, unintentional backflip—
ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh [voice fades away]

BYSTANDER: Um, uh... crazy, I'm actually also recently single. Haha. Ha.

L'SOON: *Wow.*

[transition]

[soft beeping of medical equipment]

DOCTOR: [in a Bill-and-Ted skater dude accent] Well, I can tell you why your tummy hurts, bro.

DERF: Yes?

DOCTOR: You got no gallbladder.

DERF: Wha—what?

DOCTOR: Yeah. This is a triple X-ray. [the doctor excellently flips on an X-ray display] There should be a gallbladder... right hyah. [taps display]

DERF: And there's none—there's none in there?

DOCTOR: No.

DERF: If I can... invoke the doctor-patient relationship, I just resurrected, so like, everything should be ship-shape. I just came out fresh as a slippery little baby.

DOCTOR: Wow, good for you. But you've got that gnarly scar, you're down a gallbladder, so...

DERF: I guess I don't usually wake up with scars, or...

DOCTOR: I don't know what to tell you, bro. That's the deal.

DERF: Oh, really? The whole point of a doctor is they *do* know what to tell me.

DOCTOR: Oh, well, I guess I *do* know what to tell you in that you're down a gallbladder.

DERF: Hm.

DOCTOR: That's how they tell how old you are here, man.

DERF: They tell by the gallbladder?

DOCTOR: Yeah.

DERF: Okay. Wait, what does that—

DOCTOR: How old are you?

DERF: I'm twenty-four.

DOCTOR: Oh, you're nectar, dude! Four more years until you have to find a gallbladder.

DERF: [scribbling] Sorry, I'm trying to write down your terms. Did you say I'm *nectar*?

DOCTOR: You're nectar.

DERF: That's... good?

DOCTOR: It's very good. You've got four years to find a gallbladder, or else. I gotta go! PEACE!

[the doctor jumps on a skateboard and skates away]

DERF: Ah, I should have known when he showed up on that skateboard, I wasn't gonna get a full diagnosis from him.

[transition to outside the club]

GOOD_E: Yeah, so I know you reinstalled the firmware and everything, and you know, you're kinda moved on, you don't know who I am or anything, but, you know I'm doing great. Uh... you know, I've like—I printed—just when we were going around the club, I printed like seven citations for things that Shae was doing that were unethical, so... I'm doing great! I feel... I feel like I may be the best I've ever been right now, so... I'm—yeah, I'm taking a little time for me. Um...

X429: Please insert identification.

GOOD_E: [disillusioned] That is... hah, that is so like you to... to do that. After all we've been through too... Okay, well I—I think I got every—hey, Shae? I think I've got everything I need to know... but—

[Shae grunts]

GOOD_E: Oh, the paralysis protocol! [small taser noise] Sorry, you should be able to breathe now.

[Shae takes a deep breath and sighs in relief]

[transition: club music]

[chime as shop door opens]

DERF: Hi, I'm here to pick up a wedding cake. It's, uh...

BAKER: Oh.

DERF: It's got a little guy on top doin' a sick backflip.

BAKER: [moving things, zipping bags] Right, uh, we're actually—I know it says "open," but we're actually totally closed right now, 'cause I'm just—I'm quick packin' up um, like, everything I own, and I'm gonna...

[the baker puts items into a bag and zips it shut]

DERF: I know, but you bakers are a chatty bunch. But is the cake here, or what's the deal? I don't need the life story.

BAKER: Uh, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, that's in back. Just grab it, grab anything. Um, I'm just gonna split, skidoodle, skedaddle on out of here. [continues mumbling while putting items into a wheely suitcase]

DERF: Okay, just a couple questions. What's *inside* the cake under the frosting?

BAKER: Sure. Uh, under the frosting is cake.

DERF: Ah, okay. I should answer my own question.

[a droid can be heard approaching the bakery]

BAKER: Oh! Funny, I'm gonna go out through the window, 'cause that's cool.

DERF: Quirky! I like that, that's fun.

BAKER: Yep, just gonna—[struggling with the window] oh, just trying to get this thing open—[grunting and straining]

DERF: What—sorry, what's the big rush?

MAYOR: Hey, bro. Um...

DERF: Oh, the mayor's here! Oh, perfect. I was hoping you could maybe officiate, uh, the wedding.

MAYOR: Yeah, man, maybe. [to the baker] What's up, dude? You got your luggage?

BAKER: Ohh... Oh, yeah, I was...

MAYOR: Bro, you wanna do me a favor? Can I just verify your age real quick?

X429: [walking in] Please insert identification.

BAKER: Oh, whoa. I just don't have it on me, and I'm gonna go, maybe out this other window. [bringing the wheely suitcase] Ooh, yikes. Um...

X429: [following the baker] Please present abdomen.

MAYOR: Gotta scan that gall-b, bruh.

BAKER: [uncomfortable] Okay.

DERF: Gall-b?

[the mayor sips a drink, X429 scans the baker]

DERF: You know, I don't have a gallbladder. That's a crazy thing, right?

X429: Age is [buzz] twenty-nine.

BAKER: Um... So, I'm a chill guy, but I am gonna run right now. [running sounds]

DERF: Oh, wow. Runs in a chill way.

[the baker trips and crashes into a bunch of baking equipment]

DERF: Oh my rodd!

X429: Commencing termination. [sound of charging up]

[the baker lets out some dying groans as the bot chops him into pieces]

DERF: Uh, m-mayor, can I—why are you killing—he seems like a cool guy. Why are you killing him?

MAYOR: [sipping a drink] It's time, dude.

DERF: What?

MAYOR: So what we do, is we have a rule, and it's like, if you're twenty-eight... That's it, bro.

[X429 continues loudly killing the baker]

DERF: You kill people who get older than twenty-eight?

[shop bell as another customer enters on a mobility scooter]

BERT: [in a very old-sounding voice] Is the bakery still open? I'd like a pumpernickel bagel with margarine.

DERF: What the...

MAYOR: Oh, dude. You're not on my list, but like...

DERF: Surely this—this man is older than twenty-eight. He's got wrinkles comin' off every little part of him.

BERT: What? No!

X429: Present abdomen.

BERT: Happy to.

X429: Age verification: twenty-four years.

BERT: Yep, not a day older.

[shop bell dings, another person enters]

BERT'S WIFE: [also sounding very old] Hey, juckheads.

BERT: Hey, this is my wife.

BERT'S WIFE: His young wife.

X429: [scans Bert's wife] Age verification: twenty-four years.

DERF: What—are they living—are you guys living *very* hard? Like, you're still dressed like a young person, but you're... gray.

MAYOR: You know, sometimes on Raya, we get like—you ever heard of like an old soul? Y'know? [sips drink again]

DERF: Uh-huh. Well, they have old skin. They have old everything.

BERT: [zooms up to Derf on the scooter] No! What?

BERT'S WIFE: I shoulda used sunscreen, duhh. Whoopsie-doodle. What can we say? Beach life.

MAYOR: Yeah, that's actually no joke, dude. If you're gonna—if you are gonna go to the beach, you better be sure to like, you know. Just lotion up.

BERT: [zooms up to the mayor on the scooter] Watch out for sharks!

MAYOR: Ohhh yeah, also, watch out for sharks.

DERF: I can't get on board with your philosophy, Mayor... but I gotta say, you should be killing this couple right now. There's no way they're young.

BERT: Nooo, what?!

[Bert continues to zoom from speaker to speaker]

MAYOR: They're twenty-four, dude.

BERT: Yeah, how old are you, whippersnapper?

DERF: I'm twenty-four!

BERT: *You're* twenty-four too?

DERF: That's what I'm saying!

BERT'S WIFE/BERT: Whaaat?/What a coincidence!

DERF: Look, they've both got—look at these fresh scars they have on the middle of their abdomens.

BERT: What a coincidence!

[bell dings, a new customer enters the bakery using a walker]

OLIVER: Hey, Bert. You seen L'Soon? My gallbladder conked out on me. Need a new one.

[shop bell dings again]

L'SOON: [entering] Hey, hunbear, did you get the cake?

DERF: Uhh... yes, almost.

OLIVER: Hi, L'Soon!

L'SOON: What? Hi. This is—wow, all my favorite people. Hey Oliver, um...

OLIVER: Yeah, it's Oliver. My gallbladder conked out, I need a new one!

L'SOON: Shh, Oliver, here's that bag—

OLIVER: So kill that Doof, or whatever you gotta do to get me a new one.

L'SOON: [firmly] Oliver, here is—here is that bag of pasta that you wanted.

MAYOR: Um...

DERF: Bag of pasta?

OLIVER: Ahh, right. Pasta.

MAYOR: Yo, um...

DERF: He asked you to bring him dry pasta?

OLIVER: It's wet pasta.

[the pasta squelches and drips constantly]

MAYOR: Yo Oliver, can you chill for like two seconds? 'Cause I just wanna like, scan you real quick.

OLIVER: Ooh, don't do that! I just told you, my gallbladder conked out. Gimme that wet bag of pasta!

X429: [stomping over] Age verification: twenty-four.

MAYOR: Hey, dude, you can't like, hold the bag of pasta in front of the scanner, okay? 'Cause it has to like, scan you. This is like, how the scanner works.

OLIVER: This bag of wet pasta is twenty-four years old? Welp, better go check it out. Eh, does this bakery have a bathroom, and, I don't know, a real sharp knife and some antiseptic?

MAYOR: [still sounding pretty chill] You need to put down the bag, and then I'm gonna scan *you*.

OLIVER: Don't make me put down my bag of wet pasta!

MAYOR: Oliver, just like, lift up your shirt, dude?

OLIVER: Oh, no.

DERF: He can barely lift his shirt. He's *very* old.

X429: [scanning] Age verification: ninety-one.

OLIVER: Uhhh...

MAYOR: Okay. Alright, dude. Um...

OLIVER: Just gimme—gimme five minutes to put this bag of wet pasta somewhere!
[shuffling away with the walker]

MAYOR: Nah, dude. That's just like, not how it works. Umm...

OLIVER: But I thought that was how it works!

MAYOR: Sorry, dawg.

OLIVER: L'soon's been givin' everybody these bags of wet pasta!

DERF: What?!

L'SOON: D-don't say—what? That's crazy. I don't know what you're talking about.

OLIVER: Killin' off some Doof or somethin'! Killin'—she's, "I'll just kill Doof and get his gallbladder."

DERF: [laughs] Excuse me?

MAYOR: Sorry, bro. Just is how it is. You're like ninety, whatever the juck. Um... You just got to face the mosik.

OLIVER: It was called music in my day! Music! [Oliver continues to protest as he is chopped to pieces]

[transition to outside the club]

GOOD_E: You know what Shae? Let's go into the club.

[Shae sighs]

GOOD_E: Yeah!

SHAE: Okay.

GOOD_E: Oh, man.

SHAE: I'm gonna forget what you just did to me because we are GOING into this club! Alright!

GOOD_E: We're going. We're going to *drink*, and I don't care—I'm going to *juck a scanner tonight*.

[pause]

GOOD_E: Not—

SHAE: What?

GOOD_E: I don't care what it is. Barcode scanner... If it scans, I slams. That's all I know.

SHAE: Alright. That's a like rhyme, but I accept. Let's gooo!

[Shae (with GOOD_E) hurries into the club]

GOOD_E: Alright! Give me a triple big T, and I'm getting' DUNKED in that shit!

[GOOD_E starts sobbing]

SHAE: Oh, what?

GOOD_E: I'm so miserable!

[transition: Oliver is still in the middle of being killed]

DERF: L'Soon— L'Soon—what's happening here?

L'SOON: I have to be honest with you. The moment I saw you, I knew... that you would be someone who was gonna be very important to me in my life.

DERF: Sorry, just real quick—that's when you saw my dead body? When you were taking me to a hole?

[X429 quietly exits the bakery in the background]

L'SOON: Doesn't matter. It's just the moment I saw *you-uh*. You—I knew you would be so important to me in my life.

DERF: I felt the same way about you, L'Soon, and I still do. But all these times, all these dates we've been on? And I've been dying there? You've been taking the gallbladder out of my body, and giving it to some *very* old person?

L'SOON: No! That's crazy! There's no proof!

DERF: Y'know, it's all comin' together. There's no way there are *that* many inner ear infections on this planet. And you've been taking my organs this whole time!

[long pause]

L'SOON: Fine, but you're giving life to people who—

DERF: I don't care about those people, L'Soon! I thought we had something here.

L'SOON: We have something!

DERF: How could I trust you? All you care about is that—my insides! I've given you the best deaths of my life, over and over and over again. But that's all the Derf you're gettin' from here on out.

[L'Soon gasps]

DERF: 'Cause I'm leaving. I'm leavin' behind this planet 'cause it's only brought me PAIN.

L'SOON: But we need you! Derf, no! Derf!

[bell dings as Derf opens the door to walk out in a dramatic exit, but then comes back to have one final speech]

DERF: You don't need me. You need this one organ that does very little in our bodies. And I'll tell you what, from this day forward, I'll never be in love again. I'm gonna turn the entire universe into a pleasure place. I'm gonna juck everyone, no matter where I am, what I'm doin', no matter how high the stakes are. You've broken my heart for all of time, L'Soon.

L'SOON: Listen, Derf, everything that we went through was *real*. Okay? All the feelings were real! I just happen to also have been harvesting your organs and selling them off to elderly people so they can pretend they're twenty-four years old.

DERF: [angrily] It's a classic love story! We've all heard it before, L'Soon, and I will not be party to it any longer. So take your "wet pasta"—

[wet slam as Derf shoves is at L'Soon, who grunts]

DERF: —and you get outta here with it! I don't wanna see you again. I don't wanna ride in your morgue truck. [tearfully] Our special morgue truck where we met! I don't wanna ride in that anymore. And I don't wanna do anything, and I will never play volleyball again, and I have come to *love* it. Any—bottom. Top. Juckin'. At the volleyball court. I don't even want—it's gonna—it makes me sick now. Sick!

[pause]

DERF: Goodbye, L'Soon. I'm get—you know what? I'm gettin' outta here. I'm gonna go walk into traffic and then wake up in a different morgue.

L'SOON: Derf, nooooo!

DERF: And don't you pick me up! [Derf opens the door, and walks out] This is over. You've taken too much from me, and I mean the insides. Figuratively and emotionally, and then physically, the organs that you have taken from my body.

[Derf walks for a few seconds, car tires screech]

DERF: Oh my—look, it's a shark shaped car.

THE GUY WHO WARNS ABOUT THINGS SHAPED LIKE SHARKS: Watch out for that cark!

[the cark honks]

[Derf yells, and is hit by the cark]

[the Young Old Derf theme plays]

[memoir mode begins]

OLD DERF: **Wow, what a chapter. What a cliffhanger. You know what I'm gonna do? After this chapter, I'm gonna put a hundred blank pages in the book so people are like, "What? This guy died there! Why'd he waste all this paper?" they'll think. And I'll be like, "That's 'cause Derf does what Derf do." Anyway, let's see if Derf lives. Keep reading.**

[the Young Old Derf theme comes back into focus, credits roll]

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 roommate who plays naked beach volleyball, the Hibachi chef, the skater doctor, and Oliver were played by Winston Noel.

The Mayor of Raya, the roommate who plays bottom-of-the-volleyball-only volleyball, and the guy who warns about sharks and things shaped like sharks were played by Jeremy Bent.

X429 the identification scanning Bot, the roommate who plays volleyball *for* bottoms only, Shuzanne, and Bert were played by Alden Ford.

Tiffin the tour guide, the roommate who plays bottoms-only volleyball, Bix, the droid IT guy, and the baker were played by Seth Lind.

L'Soon the G'Foon, the guy getting carded, and Bert's wife were played by Moujan Zolfaghari.

This episode was 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.

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

[Promo: MaxFun charity sale]

SPEAKER: Thank you to all the MaxFun members who supported us during MaxFun Drive. You're helping us as we try to put more good into the world. And as part of putting more good into the world, we've opened our annual post-drive charity sale. MaxFun members at ten dollars a month or more can purchase MaxFun Drive keychains featuring designs for shows across the network. And all members can buy our charity-exclusive keychain starring Mikey, our little microphone buddy from this year's MaxFun Drive. This year, we've decided to send the proceeds of the charity sale to the Center for Constitutional Rights. They're dedicated to the creative use of law as a positive force for social change, tackling issues like human rights abuses, racial injustice, and sexual- and gender-based violence. These folks are fighting to make things better. So to get your keychains, and to support the Center for Constitutional Rights, head to maximumfun.org/charitysale. And if you're not yet a member, you can still get in on this. To support the show you're listening to and get access to bonus content and the charity sale, just click the link in the show notes. The sale is live now, and it ends on Friday, May 15th. That's Maximum Fun dot org slash charity sale. And thanks again!

[Promo: Sleeping with Celebrities]

JOHN: Sleep is important, but it's difficult sometimes. I'm John Moe. On *Sleeping with Celebrities*, famous people help conk you out by talking in soothing voices about unimportant things. Maria Bamford, on parking:

MARIA: I parked in a bus stop. That's just not right. I am not a bus.

JOHN: Roxane Gay, on airports:

ROXANE: My favorite airport is Indianapolis. It has a really smart layout.

JOHN: Alan Tudyk, on yardsticks.

ALAN: You hand somebody a yardstick. Yardsticks become part of the family.

JOHN: Granted, it's a weird idea. But it's lots of fun! And it works. Listen wherever you get podcasts.

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

[outtake]

SHARK 1 (MOUJAN): Hey, hey, we're a bunch of sharks.

SHARK 2 (JEREMY): Watch out for me!

SHARK 1 (MOUJAN): We're a bunch of sharks and we wanna have a little word with you.

SHARK 3 (SETH): We're tiny shark criminals.

SHARK 4 (ALDEN): Heyyy.

DERF (JUSTIN): Yeah, hey, I've been wantin' to have a word with you guys. What you got against me?

SHARK 4 (ALDEN): We're street sharks.

DERF (JUSTIN): Yeah, you're street sharks?

SHARK 3 (SETH): Yeah.

SHARK 1 (MOUJAN): Yeah, we're street sharks.

SHARK 4 (ALDEN): Jawesome.

DERF (JUSTIN): Do you walk around, or do you swim to the—

SHARK 2 (JEREMY): I think—I think you mean Jexcellent.

SHARK 4 (ALDEN): [laughing] Jex... Sorry, sorry. My—my lawyers have told me I need to say Jexcellent.

SHARK 2 (JEREMY): Yeah, it's legally distinct.

SHARK 1 (MOUJAN): Yeahhh.

SHARK 5 (WINSTON): Yeah. Road sharks.

SHARK 4 (ALDEN): Jexcellent.

SHARK 5 (WINSTON): We are—we're the road sharks.

SHARK 2 (JEREMY): Road sharks.

DERF (JUSTIN): Uh-huh.

[pause, stifled giggling]

DERF (JUSTIN): So do you guys...

SHARK 5 (WINSTON): AND YOU'RE NOT NAKED! BEAT HIM!

DERF: [laughing] Why do *you* care if I'm naked?!

[Alden goes on a laughing spree, Moujan and Seth starting making punching sounds]

[laughter trails off]

SETH: So the first couple of these worked...

ALDEN: Yeah. The first two, at least.

JEREMY: And the last couple.

[Seth and Winston laugh]

ALDEN: Weeell, let's not go too far.