

**THEME MUSIC**

ANNOUNCER

Welcome to the Space Adventures of Chet Cosmos! Today's episode is brought to you by Thick, Beefy, Cones. Do your kids love waffle cones loaded with savory, USDA certified hamburger meat? Of course they do. So pick up a box of Thick, Beefy, Cones. Thick Beefy Cones, the tasty treat made of juicy meat.

**THEME ENDS**

CHET COSMOS

So catch me up, Poindexter. What are you doing on my ship?

BEN

Several years ago, I started intercepting transmissions originating in a parallel universe from a young man named Michael Last. He appears to be in great peril so I constructed a device to allow me to travel to his universe and safely retrieve him. Unfortunately, my calculations must've been off because now I found myself stuck in an entirely strange and unusual universe with all of you.

CHET COSMOS

Okay got it.

BEN

Really? You followed all of that? Most would have a hard time believing such a strange tale.

CHET COSMOS

Nah, we handle weird shit like this all the time.

ROBOTRON X-4700

Yeah, this is actually a pretty standard Tuesday.

SPACE BETTY

One more traveller from a parallel dimension and I fill my punch card for a free twelve inch turkey sub.

LORD XXYLAXX

And I'm a crazy alien creature.  
Nothing weirds me out, except dogs  
wearing sweaters. Ewwww.

BEN

So you can help me find the Last  
universe?

CHEM COSMOS

Well, I was planning on saving an  
entire planet of orphans from an  
asteroid, but sure, we'll do your  
thing instead.

BEN

Please, by all means, save the--

CHEM COSMOS

No no no, you're our guest, if Chet  
Cosmos is anything, he's polite.  
And handsome... and strong... And-

SPACE BETTY

If we had something from that  
universe, I could analyze it and  
find it's origin.

BEN

I keep a few recordings of  
Michael's transmissions. Perhaps  
those can work?

LORD XXYLAXX

Ooh! And I could make some sort of  
trans-dimensional wrist thingie  
that would pull you into the right  
universe, like a magnet. It feels  
good to invent again. These guys  
don't let me build anything.

ROBOTRON X-4700

Your last "invention" was a toaster  
that shot acid in people's faces.  
Didn't even make good toast.

LORD XXYLAXX

Well who needs toast with a face  
full of delicious acid? Think,  
robot.

CHET COSMOS

All right, everybody get to work.  
I'm going to give Dr. Brooks a tour  
of the bridge. Show him where a  
real space hero eats his lunch.

ROBOTRON X-4700

What do you want me to do?

CHET COSMOS

Come with me and tell him the fancy  
technical names of things. Like  
this... uhh...

ROBOTRON X-4700

That's a chair.

CHET COSMOS

Chay-are. It's where I sit. Has  
armrests and everything.

BEN

Uhh, yes it's very nice. What's  
more impressive are your engines.  
We don't have space travel where I  
come from.

ROBOTRON X-4700

Oh these old things? They're just  
twin antimatter ion drives. Feels  
like piloting two ferrets strapped  
to a brick, but I make due.

BEN

Fascinating. So the propulsion  
comes from a varying degree of  
electrothermal molecules that--

CHET COSMOS

I'm so bored! Did I show you these  
armrests? They're padded!

**FX: CHIRPY ALERT**

BEN

And what was that?

CHET COSMOS

A proximity warning. 4700, what's  
the scanners saying?

ROBOTRON X-4700

Commander, a Bexian armada is  
approaching.

CHET COSMOS

Agh, those assholes again? Open up a comm link. Doctor, prepare yourself, these aliens are real dickbags.

**FX: COMM FIZZLE**

THRUDD GORPLAX

Chet Cosmos, kneel before the awesome might of Thrudd Gorplax.

CHET COSMOS

Can this wait? We have guests.

THRUDD GORPLAX

Your puny weapons are no match for my armada!

CHET COSMOS

Oh that's how it's gonna be? 4700, convert all power to the shields. I'm about to show Dr. Brooks why they call me "the galaxies bravest sex icon."

ROBOTRON X-4700

Nobody calls him that.

**FX: EXPLOSIONS, ALARMS**

SPACE BETTY

Whoa, what's going on? I'm trying to science over here!

LORD XXYLAXX

Yeah! I fell asleep briefly but I was working too!

ROBOTRON X-4700

Oh nothing big, just a couple dozen Bexian warships trying to turn us into space bits.

THRUDD GORPLAX

That was just a small display of our power. Turn over the Proxynaut or be destroyed.

SPACE BETTY

The wha?

BEN

He means me. How does he know I am here?

THRUDD GORPLAX

We have been monitoring transmissions from your universe for quite some time.

BEN

Just like I have with Michael Last's universe!

THRUDD GORPLAX

I know all about your world. Your amazing advancements. You will take me there so I may finally overcome my incurable disease... baldness.

ROBOTRON X-4700

Ain't nothing can fix that chrome dome.

BEN

I don't understand. You're saying this universe has mastered interstellar travel but can't cure hair loss?

SPACE BETTY

We're scientists, not magicians.

THRUDD GORPLAX

Once my head is full of strong, confident hair, nothing will stand in my way of conquering this puny galaxy.

CHET COSMOS

Except for the most naturally luscious head of hair ever to grace the stars... me... Chet Cosmos!

ROBOTRON X-4700

Chet, need I remind you, Cue Ball over there has us surrounded.

CHET COSMOS

Like I've ever let something so small as hundreds of enemy warships stand in my way.

THRUDD GORPLAX

You've already lost. I can almost feel those hairplugs now. I'm going to let them grow out down to my waist so even people from far away will say "That guy has a full head of hair. He deserves respect."

LORD XXYLAXX

You guys never respect me either. Should I grow my hair out too? Ooh, maybe I should get the "Rachel." That's still cool, right?

BEN

Excuse me, but we are in imminent danger. Should we be implementing a plan?

CHET COSMOS

Planning's not really my style. I just like to try random things and hope everything works out.

SPACE BETTY

It sounds stupid, but that's only because it is stupid.

CHET COSMOS

Nothing's stupid when you're confident for no reason! X-4700, engines at full speed!

ROBOTRON X-4700

But Commander--

CHET COSMOS

I said do it! We'll ram this ship right into his shiny forehead.

**FX: ENGINES POWERING UP**

ROBOTRON X-4700

Engines at maxi--

**FX: ENGINES POWERING DOWN**

ROBOTRON X-4700 (CONT'D)

They've disabled the engines.

CHET COSMOS

But I was so confident...

THRUDD GORPLAX

Give me the proxynaut! My days of having to wear a hat in public are finally coming to an end!

BEN

Please, you cannot let him take me. I have to save Michael Last!

SPACE BETTY

Cool your butt, doctor, we got this. Right? Somebody? We got this?

BEN

You don't understand, I couldn't get them back to my universe even if I wanted to. Without the right trajectory, they'd just float endlessly in the void between dimensions.

SPACE BETTY

Float endlessly, sounds like my last relationship... Anyone... No... Ah, it's a thinker, you'll get it later.

ROBOTRON X-4700

I hope not.

CHET COSMOS

Why don't we give them exactly what they want?

ROBOTRON X-4700

Have you lost your tiny little mind?!

THRUDD GORPLAX

I have to research the best shampoos, I'm thinking either Pert or Garnier Fructis, but I'll be back to collect the proxynaut. You have one minute!

**FX: COMM FIZZLE**

CHET COSMOS

Now that he's gone, we just need to trick him into entering the portal you came from without a destination.

SPACE BETTY

They'd float endlessly... just like  
my last--

CHET COSMOS

Nope!

BEN

They insist I come with them. I'd  
be trapped too.

ROBOTRON X-4700

We need a dummy. Something that can  
pass for human.

LORD XXYLAXX

I got it! I've got a whole crate of  
Thick Beefy Cones! I can easily  
craft them into a lifelike  
sculpture of the doctor.

SPACE BETTY

Thick Beefy Cones?! The only waffle  
cone filled to the brim with  
savory, USDA certified hamburger  
meat?!

CHET COSMOS

Thick Beefy Cones, the tasty treat  
made of juicy meat.

BEN

I don't understand what just  
happened.

LORD XXYLAXX

There, done, I even inserted a  
communicator in it's mouth so it'll  
sound like it's talking. Ahh! It's  
so fun to be making things out of  
meat again!

BEN

That just looks like a pile of  
loose hamburger and ice cream  
cones. This will never work...

**FX: COMM FIZZLE**

THRUDD GORPLAX

I decided on Suave For Men. Are you  
ready, doctor?

BEN

Ehhh...

CHET COSMOS

Yep, he is. You win. (wink) We'll teleport him over to your ship now. (wink wink) He can open the portal from there. (wink wink)

ROBOTRON X-4700

You're saying wink really loud.

**FX: TELEPORT**

THRUDD GORPLAX

Hahaha, you're even more pathetic and meat-like in person, doctor. Now open the gate.

BEN

Seriously? You think-- All right, initializing Brooks Gate...

**FX: PORTAL OPENING, SWIRLING WINDS, ETC.**

THRUDD GORPLAX

It's beautiful. Soon, my hair will be so silky smooth, people will always ask to touch it, but I won't let them. All ships into the portal! I'll be back to kill the rest of you.

**FX: WOOSH, WOOSH, WOOSH**

CHET COSMOS

Oh, hey Thrudd?

THRUDD GORPLAX

What?

CHET COSMOS

You done been tricked, ya dumb bald bastard!

THRUDD GORPLAX

What?! No, wait, ships! Reverse course, reverse co--

**FX: PORTAL CLOSES**

CHET COSMOS

See? Just wing it with confidence. Super easy.

BEN

Wow, that was very impressive.

ROBOTRON X-4700

Again, just a standard Tuesday.

SPACE BETTY

And I finished finding the dimensional coordinates of your guy's universe. Cause I'm super smart on top of hilarious.

ROBOTRON X-4700

Groan....

LORD XXYLAXX

Then I placed those coordinates into this stylish bracelet. I even put in a communicator so you can call us and chat anytime you want.

BEN

Thank you for everything. I might just save Michael Last after all.

CHET COSMOS

Good luck on your mission, doctor. You ever need a 500 pound pig beast punched in the throat, you know who to call.

**FX: PORTAL OPENING, SWIRLING WINDS, ETC.**

BEN

So long, this has all been terrifying.

**FX: PORTAL CLOSES**

SPACE BETTY

Welp, that's done. What do we do now?

CHET COSMOS

The same thing we always do: make our universe safer. Fight for justice and order. Help the helpless and right the galaxies wrongs!

LORD XXYLAXX

Yeah!

CHET COSMOS  
But first I really need a nap.

ROBOTRON X-4700  
Amen, I'm powering down too.

SPACE BETTY  
Don't bother me for at least three  
hours.

LORD XXYLAXX  
I'm gonna work on more acid  
toasters. Sweet dreams everybody!

**CHET ENDING THEME**

ANNOUNCER  
Tune in next time for more of...  
The Space Adventures of Chet  
Cosmos!!!