

[march-like orchestral music plays, like the text crawl at the beginning of Star Wars]

NARRATOR: The period of civil war has ended. The rebels have defeated the evil Galactic Monarchy and established the harmonious Federated Alliance. It's totally less evil. Now, to restore diplomatic relations between systems, the Federated Alliance has deployed teams of ambassadors throughout the galaxy. The Alliance's newest recruit, a young farm boy named Pleck Decksetter, steps aboard the starship Bargarean Jade to embark on his first diplomatic mission. A mission... to Zyxx. [echoing]

[theme music plays, then fades out]

[spacecraft hangar noises]

PLECK: [awed] Wow. The Bargarean Jade.

CLINT: Get down on the ground.

PLECK: [stammering] Oh. Yeah.

CLINT: Get down on the ground, please.

PLECK: Okay, okay!

CLINT: Present your identification.

PLECK: [quietly] Okay, okay, here you go.

CLINT: You're an ambassador?

PLECK: Yeah. Yeah.

CLINT: And this is your ship?

PLECK: [rambling] Well, I mean, it's not my ship, it's a ship that I—I mean, I'm gonna be—

CLINT: [annoyed] Is it your ship or is it not your ship?

PLECK: Yes, it's the ship that I'm gonna be—yeah.

CLINT: Get on the ship, Ambassador Decksetter.

PLECK: [laughing in bewilderment] I'm trying! Why did you stop me?

CLINT: [gun warming up noises] Ambassador, I'm gonna shoot you if you don't get on the ship.

PLECK: Okay, okay! I'm going!

CLINT: All hail the Federated Alliance.

PLECK: Yeah. All hail the Federated Alliance.

[ship doors open, Pleck sighs in relief, ship doors close]

PLECK: Hello?

[droid servo noises]

C-53: Welcome, Ambassador Pleck Decksetter. I am C-53, protocol and diplomatic relations droid.

PLECK: Oho! Very nice! Hello, C-53, I am Ambassador Pleck Decksetter! [small laugh]

C-53: Were you doing my voice back to me?

PLECK: No, no!

C-53: Were you doing an impression of me?

PLECK: No no no no. No, I was just—I'm just very happy to have a title. So your job is, like, to help me prepare for the mission, then?

C-53: That is correct.

PLECK: That's great. Uh, what—what's the mission, again?

C-53: Oh. They haven't told you yet?

PLECK: Uh, not in so many words.

C-53: Well, we are going to the Zyxx Quadrant. Are you familiar?

PLECK: Uh, nnno.

[ship doors open]

DAR: Who's ready to go to the ass end of space?

C-53: Allow me to introduce you to our security officer, Dar.

PLECK: [laughing] Oh, wow! You are enormous!

C-53: Ambassador Decksetter—

DAR: [flatly, in disbelief] Wow.

C-53: Perhaps do not begin conversations with addressing someone's size immediately.

PLECK: I'm sorry. I just—

DAR: Listen, Plock. Here's everything you need to understand. [Pleck stammers a correction of his name, but Dar talks over him] I'm not gonna ask you to deny it. You're going to be wildly attracted to me. And I will NEVER sleep with you.

PLECK: [bewildered] Okay. I'm really glad you cleared that up, because I wouldn't have thought about it that way. But I'm glad you... preempted that. Do those—are those fangs, or are they—

DAR: These are talons.

PLECK: Wow. All over your—

DAR: Chest?

PLECK: Yeah.

DAR: Yes.

PLECK: That's really—

DAR: In fact, if you push me right here—[fleshy "shwing!" noise]

PLECK: Oh, wow!

DAR: Mm-hmm.

PLECK: I'm gonna keep my distance from you, Dar, but I like the cut of your jib.

BARGIE: [loud groaning noise] I woke up from a nap and there's somebody new inside of me, who's there? Oh, you're the new guy, right?

DAR: Yeah. Bargie, meet Plock.

BARGIE: Alright, Plop.

PLECK: I'm Pleck, actually.

BARGIE: Plop, how you doin'? I'm Bargie. I'm the ship.

PLECK: [laughing] No, my name is not Plop.

BARGIE: I know you know who I am. It is an honor for you to meet me, I know.

PLECK: It's great to meet you, [uncertain, like he's not sure if he's allowed to call her this] Bargie... Where should I look when I'm talking to you?

BARGIE: I don't—

C-53: Why would you need to look in a specific direction?

PLECK: I just want to make—

BARGIE: Wow.

PLECK: I just want to connect with the ship.

BARGIE: Wow.

C-53: You're *in* the ship.

DAR: You're *inside* of her.

C-53: Everywhere you look is Bargie.

BARGIE: Wow.

DAR: What was training like for you?

PLECK: My training process was brief. They are *desperate* for applicants.

[incoming transmission beep-boops]

C-53: Ambassador Decksetter, I have an incoming transmission from Junior Missions Operations Manager Nermut Bundaloy.

[transmission connects]

NERMUT: Crew! Team! Guys! People!

PLECK/C-53/BARGIE/DAR: He-he-hey!/Hello./Hello./Yep.

NERMUT: Mission number one, here we go!

PLECK: I cannot wait.

NERMUT: Uh, so, you know, I'm excited because we're going to Zyxx, because it is a special quadrant.

C-53: It is indeed special. [overly cheerful for this information] An uncommon number of people have died horrible deaths there in the last three years.

PLECK: Oh, wow. Interesting.

NERMUT: I actually had to pull a lot of secret strings to get you guys to be able to go there, because it is, I would say, very—

DAR: Very shitty.

NERMUT: —cool. [sigh, short pause] You're good. I like you. We're gonna—we're gonna make this happen.

[the crew makes noises of agreement]

C-53: Agreed. We will make this happen.

[ship doors open, CLINT storms in, gun warming up noises]

CLINT: Ambassador Decksetter!

PLECK: What?

CLINT: Get down on the ground! [Pleck makes bewildered noises] Get down on the ground! What are you still doing in the hangar?

PLECK: We're just getting ready to—

CLINT: There's like six ships behind you!

PLECK: Okay, okay!

CLINT: Get out of here!

PLECK: Alright!

CLINT: All hail the Federated Alliance.

[Nermut, Pleck, and C-53 parrot back "All hail the Federated Alliance"]

DAR: [simultaneously] Yeah.

BARGIE: [simultaneously] All hail the thing with the thing.

[theme music kicks back in]

C-53: Mission to Zyxx, an improvised science fiction podcast. That's Z-Y-X-X.
Launching September 6th.

[music fades out]