

[Podcast Intro music throughout.]

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The bulk of what you are about to hear was recorded live by improvisers who simply love the franchise and we thank you for joining us on our nostalgic adventure through Kanto. Enjoy.

[Intro crescendos.]

Jessica Dahlgren: Thank you and welcome to *20 Sided Stories*.

[Intro fades out.]

POKÉMON! (Bonus) Skip & Klara

[Pokémon theme Music. A group chatters indistinctly in the background. Shoes tap on tile as **Skip** walks up to **Klara**.]

Skip: Hey, uh, hey, Klara.

Klara: Oh heeey.

Skip: I, um, I just caught a Dratini.

Klara: Dratini? What is that?

Skip: It's like a...it's like a blue, wormy s- Dragon Pokémon.

[Dratini trills.]

Klara: Ew, what the hell? Don't—

Skip: No, no, no, it's—

Klara: Get your worm away from me!

Skip: It's really cool!

Klara: Cool?

Skip: It's gonna grow wings one day.

Klara: Ew, ew. Ah. Flying sucks.

Skip: Uh, yeah, sure. I guess so. Uh, cool- cool dress by the way.

Klara: Oh, thanks. This is from my mom.

Skip: Wow, what a great mom!

Klara: Uh, yeah. She's great [chuckles]. She lets me have parties.

Skip: Wow, I have a mom too! Maybe I should come to a party.

Klara: Oh, mmm, oh [laughs]. You don't know where I live [laughs]. Kid.

Skip: Uh, it- you know, it's- it's Pallet Town and, you know, it's- it's kinda small. Um...

Klara: Listen, if you come to my house, my boyfriend Zach is gonna be totally mad.

Skip: Ah, yeah. Zach sucks, I agree.

Klara: Uh, are you kidding? He's the freakin' coolest boy in school.

[Rival Entry music. **Zach** runs over.]

Zach: Did somebody say my name? What's up, nerds?

Klara: Oh, hey babe!

Skip: [resigned] Hey, Zach.

Zach: Well, when I say "nerds" I mean just him, you know, not like...

Klara: I know. I- I- I- you I-lo- you love me.

Zach: Yeah.

Skip: I'm so sorry he makes fun of you.

Klara: Oh, what the hell? He's like, so cool. And he loves me.

Zach: Yeah, like, [scoffs] What're you talkin' about.

Klara: He loves my new dress.

Zach: Yeah.

Klara: You know who got me this dress, Zach?

[Beat.]

It was my mom.

Zach: Her mom's so sick!

Klara: She's so sick.

Klara, Zach: [together] She lets us throw parties!

Skip: Yeah, that's pretty cool! You know, I'm, uh, actually pretty cool at parties.

Zach: Hey, so I think the bell's gonna ring. We should prob'ly get goin'.

Klara: Oh, will you hold my books?

Zach: Oh, uh, nah.

Klara: Okay.

Zach: Yeah.

Klara: I love you.

Skip: I'll hold your books!

Klara: Bye, Skip.

[Bell rings.]

Skip: [sad] Bye.

Sage: *Skip is alone and very sad.*

Skip: [sings] Hello darkness my old friend.

[Stifled laughter.]

I've come to talk with you again.

[Chuckling.]



[Music. Doorknob turns and door squeaks open. Footsteps pad across the carpet.]

Skip: Hey, Mom.

Mrs. Svitak: [deep, gravelly voice] Oh, hey, Skip, honey, sweetie, darling, dear. Come over here and give your mother a big ol' wet smooch on the cheek.

Skip: I- I think I'm not gonna do that today. I think I'm just gonna go up to my room.

Mrs. Svitak: What? That's not like you, Skip. I'll go over to you and give you a big wet kiss.

[Heavy footsteps stomp across the living room.]

Skip: No, that's okay, Mom! That's okay!

[A thud as **Mrs. Svitak** picks up **Skip** and squeezes him. **Skip** groans in pain.]

Mrs. Svitak: Mmwhaa!

Skip: Alright. Mmwhaa!

Mrs. Svitak: Yeah. What's wrong? What's the matter, son?

[**Skip** sighs.]

You look a little blue in the eyes.

Skip: I feel like nobody appreciates my talent.

Mrs. Svitak: What? But you're a great skateboarder. I've seen—

Skip: I'm the best in town!

Mrs. Svitak: Yeah, I see you doin' them ollies, and the wallies, and the kickflips, and the eggplants, and the...

Skip: [tsks] Love eggplant, but [sighs] it just doesn't score me any social points. And neither does my Dratini!

Mrs. Svitak: Wha?

Skip: And it's huge!

[Dratini trills.]

Mrs. Svitak: That Dratini's the biggest worm I've ever seen. How could that not getcha points in the...

Skip: I know, it's bigger than everybody else's! *[Greg stifles laughter]* But there are no other Dratinis in the whole town!

[McEuen stifles laughter.]

Mrs. Svitak: I remember one time... But I'm not gonna get into that.

[Sage laughs.]

Skip: No, I've heard that story. I don't even *need* to hear it again.

Mrs. Svitak: I know, I've only got three stories. You know that.

Skip: Well, I've been tryin' to impress this girl.

Mrs. Svitak: Here. I'm gonna pull you into my bosom.

[Rustling. **Skip** groans.]

Now tell me all about it while I stroke your hair.

[Hair rustles as **Mrs. Svitak** pets **Skip**'s head.]

Skip: Uh, well, [sighs] I been tryin' to impress this girl, Klara, and I just feel like she just [sighs] she doesn't see me for me yet.

Mrs. Svitak: Well, you know what you should do?

Skip: Kiss her?

[Rustling is heard as she backs away. Smack!]

Ow.

[Greg stifles laughter.]

Mrs. Svitak: No, not that aggressi—

[McEuen stifles coughing.]

Skip: Oh, put the cigarette down.

[Chuckling in the background.]

Mrs. Svitak: Sorry. [coughs, hacks. Sniffs] No—

Skip: That killed Dad!

Mrs. Svitak: [tearful] I know your father died from smokin'! It's the only thing I got left of him! These Pall Malls that I keep in the upper cabinet, corner shelf.

[Greg stifles laughter.]

Skip: [tearful] I don't wanna lose you to cigarettes!

Mrs. Svitak: [tearful] Okay, I'll put it out.

[Hissing as the cigarette goes out.]

Skip: Ow, ow!

Mrs. Svitak: Oh, I'm sorry. I'll put it out on—

[Cigarette hisses as she presses it to her arm.]

Oh, yeah.

Skip: God, that's so tough of you.

Mrs. Svitak: Anyway. Did you try askin' her out?

Skip: Oh, no. *[Greg stifles laughter]* I haven't done that yet.

[Smack!]

Ow!

[Pallet Town music.]

Mrs. Svitak: Go out there and do it, son. I believe in you. You're—

Skip: *[Greg stifles laughter]* Thanks, Mom! Mmwhaa!

[Everyone stifles laughter.]

[Pallet Town music crescendos and fades out.]