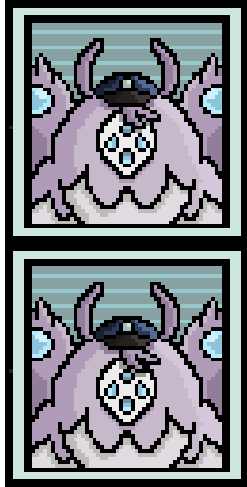


## **Intro Cutscene Dialogues:**

*(these occur when the player first opens / plays the game, or first plays through the minigames)*

**Postmaster of the FSPS** (fast space postal service):



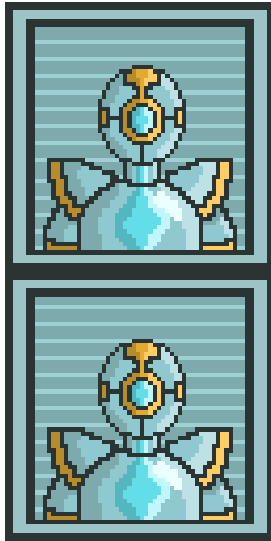
**Inspiration:** (Michael Scott (the office), Phone guy (FNAF), Saul Silver (pineapple express))

**Arc:** At first is indifferent to recruit treating them as every other until their work ethic starts to show. Then he shows a little resentment because secretly he has been the top spot on the leaderboard this whole time. As you get closer and closer the postmasters resentment grows. Until you take over the top spot, which then he realizes that this is a good thing and that more people should take the job as seriously as you do.

- Intro Dialogue:
  - Uhhhhh hey, Welcome to the FSPS. I'm the current Postmaster Master Sergeant in charge of the new recruits.
  - I'm just here to tell you how to navigate the menu and get out of your way.
  - So, basically there is a bulletin board with possible routes, uhh you can choose whichever one you want as long as it's on the board. Then you'll load up your packages in the specific way that it shows you and no way else because we said so. Then you'll map your route, be mindful of your fuel and get to your destination efficiently. Then you're on your way. Be careful of asteroids and stuff of that nature, and uhh there have been an increase of space pirate sightings in some of these sectors so be ready for that, cause if the ship gets damaged at all its coming out of your pay... Welp that's contractually all I need to tell you, good luck, don't get killed, see you soon, maybe, this is probably the last time we will be speaking. Bye!!

---

## P.A.T.



**Inspiration:** (Suit-O (high on life), Marquess of Queensberry (Mike tyson mysteries), Pops (regular show))

(this second intro dialogue plays either after the first played level is completed)

Well hey, that was pretty good for your first mission. I'm the ship's Pilot Assisting Technology, but you can call me P.A.T. And for my first act of assistance I will tell you about the star system, yayyyy. If you do your route without getting hit or messing up the packages you'll get 3 whole stars!! Isn't that neat!! But now if you get hit then your total score will go down, resulting in a loss of points, boooooo! But I'm here to help you avoid that!! Cause if you scratch me I'll get mad, and you won't like me when I'm mad >:( . Also, if you do well enough throughout your career, you'll move up this nifty little leaderboard of all the FSPS employees ever hired, woohooooo! Anyways, just PLEASE try to be careful. I'm a spaceship, my entire purpose is to fly smoothly and look pretty. If anything comes up or if you mess up I'll be here to help you out, see ya later!!

(if the ship is damaged, it can instead be like this:)

Oww! How did you get your license to fly?! You better buff out those scratches later!... Jeez, I assume the Postmaster must have really left you in the dark. I'm the ship's Pilot assisting technology, but you can call me P.A.T. And for my first act of assistance i will tell you about the star system, yayyyy ok so if you do your route without getting hit or messing up the packages you'll get 3 whole stars!! Isn't that neat!! But now if you get hit then your total score will go down, resulting in a loss of points and if low enough, boooooo! But I'm here to help you avoid that!! Cause if you scratch me, AGAIN, i'll get mad. And as you saw, I can get pretty unruly >:( .

Also, if you do well enough throughout your career, you'll move up this nifty little leaderboard of all the FSPS employees ever hired, woohooooo! Anyways, just PLEASE try to be careful. I'm a spaceship, my entire purpose is to fly smoothly and look pretty. If anything comes up or you mess up I'll be here to help you out, see ya later!!

=====

### **Universal Cutscene Dialogues:**

*(these cutscenes occur no matter what the planet / mission is)*

#### **Packing Intro Cutscene:**

(note that one of these was already made, involving the donut people)

Dave (Fish Employee): C'moon, move along now Bessie, you're almost there...

Mail Sergeant: Hey, you! What're you up to?

Dave (Fish Employee): HUH? Oh- uuuuh, g'mornin' sir... Uhhh, I-I was just loadin' up some cargo's all.

Mail Sergeant: ... Dave... That is a very suspiciously cow shaped package.

Dave (Fish Employee): ... ..

Mail Sergeant: ... .. I'll be going now... You better not be smuggling space cows to Priggletton again...

Dave (Fish Employee): ... .. *For Priggletton!*

-----

#### **Packing Completed Cutscene:**

P.A.T.: Scanning cargo... .. Scan complete!

P.A.T. [insert images of suitcase, present, metal part, and red capsule]  
Most of our cargo revolves around general parts and services.

P.A.T. [insert images of yellow crate & green crate]

We also deliver special packages like, cryogenic storage crates to store food and perishables. Though I heard a past employee got poisoned after using it to keep his drinks cool. We also have DNA locked weapons crates, to keep those pesky space pirates off our goods!

P.A.T. [insert images of egyptian capsule and beast cage]

Additionally, we ship off the more exotic items, for example, we have time capsules and exotic beasts hailing all the way back from Earth-1!... We don't talk about what happened to Earth-1..

---

### **Charting Intro Cutscene:**

(note that one of these was already made, though us in writing would prefer a possible replacement)

Willow (Plant Employee): Thanks for letting me take the helm Sergeant!

Mail Sergeant: Well, you were due for a promotion. Steady as she goes Willow.

Willow (Plant Employee): ... Wooooow... That sun is sooo pretty...

Mail Sergeant: ... Willow?... You're uhhh, breathing really heavy. Are you alright?

Willow: ... Need... NEED!...

Mail Sergeant: Uuuuh?... *WAIT-* OH NO- YOU'RE A PLANT! *WILLOW*, DON'T DO IT! TURN THIS SHIP AROUND RIGHT NOW AND-

Willow: *NUUUUUUUUUUTRIEEEEEEENTS!!!*

---

### **(replacement option for old charting intro cutscene)**

Mail Sergeant: Alright! It's about time we got a second AI. P.A.T. is a real help in this business. Start up!

C.A.T. (cat robot / AI): Meeeeooooow!

Mail Sergeant: ... Huh?... Uuuuuh, who are you?

C.A.T. (cat robot / AI): I'm C.A.T.!

Mail Sergeant: C.A.T.? Not P.A.T.?... Wait, if P.A.T. stands for Piloting Assistance Technology, what does C.A.T. stand for?

C.A.T. (cat robot / AI): Crashing Assistance Technology!... WEEEEEE!!!

Mail Sergeant: EVERYONE TO THE ESCAPE PODS! AND *SOMEONE'S* GETTING A DEDUCT IN PAY FOR THIS!

---

**Charting Completed Cutscene:**

P.A.T.: Downloading charted route... ..

P.A.T.: While we're waiting, I hope we have a safe flight! Maybe we'll see some new sights along the-

P.A.T.: ERROR! ERROR! ERROR! Malware detected! Would you like to install GlorbyGlurts.exe? Firmware update required- REBOOT!

P.A.T.: ... .. Ewww, that was... Ewww... I don't feel so good. :{

---

**Asteroids Intro Cutscene**

Retrov (arcade style employee): Hahaha! Take *that* you stupid space rocks! And *this*! And-

Master Sergeant: Retrov, what are you doing?

Retrov (arcade style employee): I'm blasting all of these dumb asteroids out of our way...  
Aaaand *FINISHED*! NEW HIGH SCORE!

Master Sergeant: Huh?!... How many of those things did you destroy?

Retrov (arcade style employee): 957,438, if you count all of the tiny ones that could have got stuck in the engines.

Master Sergeant: ... .. It scares me knowing that your planet could easily wipe out the galaxy if they had actual weapons.

---

---

### **Asteroids Completed Cutscene:**

P.A.T.: Oof! That was such a hassle!

P.A.T.: I hate meteors! It's like they come out of nowhere every time!

P.A.T.: ... Hey, Could you be a pal and buff out these scratches when we get back? ;-;

P.A.T.: Alright! Well, prepare for arrival. Some wind under my wings will be nice! :]

---

---

### **Delivery Intro Cutscene**

GG (white grub employee): And *yous* get gift! And *yous* get gift! And *yous*, and *yous*, and *yous*-

Mail Sergeant: Wow, glad to see you're so enthusiastic about this GG... You don't mind that I call you GG right? Your whole species shares a name and it gets confusing.

GG (white grub employee): Grubgar love giving ands getting gifts! HAHA! Grubgar is big jolly face of Grubmas! *Give give give give-*

Mail Sergeant: Uuuuh- GG?- GG wait, that's our reserve fuel! *And* our rations!- NOT MY LUNCH BOX!

GG (white grub employee): JOY TO GRUBGAR SAYS GRUBGAR, and to all a good Grubmas!

Mail Sergeant: Uugh... I'll call in a shipment once we land... You're paying for this by the way.

---

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### **Planet Specific Cutscene Dialogues:**

*(these cutscenes have different dialogues based on the planet of the mission)*

**Grubgar of planet Grubgar:**



Lesser intelligence hive mind, subverting the trope of hive minds having high IQs.  
For some odd reason wants to replicate Christmas as an excuse to get lots of stuff.

**Inspiration:** Gir (invader zim), Unity (Rick and morty)  
(maybe change b in grubgar to n “grungar”)

**Mission Select** (over direct transmission):

Grubgar see yoouus! Grubgar ordered much stuffs for Grubmas gifting, NEED NOW! Bring stuffs to Grubgar on planet Grubgar, or Grubgar esplode!... With sadness.

---

**Package minigame end:**

- Good
    - All this stuffs for all of Grubgar, HAHAAH!
  - Ok
    - Grubgar remember wanting more stuffs... Well, Gubgar take what can get!
  - Bad
    - STUFFS MISSING?! Grubgar need Gubgar's stuffs!!!
- 

**Charting minigame end:**

- Good
  - So fast! Grubgar get stuffs now, NOW!
- Ok
  - Grubgar be patient, yous be careful. Get stuffs here safe!
- Bad
  - GRUBGAR WANT STUFFS NOW! YOUS TAKE TOO LONG!

---

**Asteroids minigame end:**

- Good
    - Stuffs so safe, so very safe! Grubgar thanks yous!
  - Ok
    - Mrph... Grubgar hopes stuffs is tough enough...
  - Bad
    - STUFFS ALL BROKEN! Dis not what Grubgar wanted!
- 

**Delivery minigame end:**

- Good
    - Gubgar get all dis stuffs now?! HAHAAH! Joy to the Gubgar!-
  - Ok
    - Grubgar thanks yous! Now give give give!
  - Bad
    - Grubgar need more stuffs! Grubgar not ever get coal!
- 

**Total score reaction:**

- Good
    - Stuffs are here! Grubgar thanks yous, now planet Grubgar have merry Grubmas!
  - Ok
    - Gubgar thanks much to FSPS! Will order again next Grubmas!
  - Bad
    - Grubmas ruined! Grubgar hates yous and FSPS! Never order again!
- 

**Mission End Cutscene** (via transmission call):

Mail Sergeant: Thank you for choosing FSPS... Have a *swell* solar cycle.

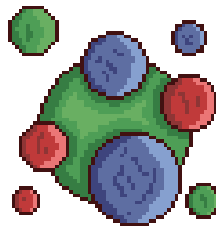
Grubgar: Next Grubgar need sky fuzzies!... Errr... How get sky fuzzies?...

Mail Sergeant: ... Sky fuz- Do you mean *snow*?... HOW did you- Ok, good job or whatever courier. This is going to give me a headache so let's get going.



---

**Poppy of planet Hashisha:**



Passionate about nutrients and survival of their newly advanced species. “Bush” puns.

**Inspiration:** Dennus reynolds (sunny), Gir (invader zim), mr. Meeseeks (Rick and morty)

**Mission Selected** (via direct transmission):

Hello courier, we on planet Hashisha trust you to bring us our nuuuuutrients. Our planet was recently ravaged by space pirates, and they took most of our population for their... business ventures!! That nuuuuutrients you’re carrying is the key to our repopulation this pollination season.

---

**Package minigame end:**

- Good
    - yes! yes! Our nuuuuutrients will be here lickety spliff!
  - Ok
    - Please be careful with our nuuuuutrients! We need to re-pollinate and repopulate!!
  - Bad
    - Will our nuuuuutrients be here in time for the pollination season??.
-

**Charting minigame end:**

- Good
    - Great job courier. Now our nuuuuutrients will be here on time!
  - Ok
    - Don't take too long, our nuuuuutrient leaves are getting dry over here!!
  - Bad
    - noooooooo you're gonna be late. The space pirates might come back to diminish our populations... To put it bluntly...
- 
- 

**Asteroid minigame end:**

- Good
    - Way to roll past those asteroids, you have a knack for blazing a trail!
  - Ok
    - Our nuuuuutrients will survive that bumpy ride, right?
  - Bad
    - What are you doing, you're supposed to protect our nuuuuutrients not destroy them.
- 
- 

**Delivery minigame end:**

- Good
    - Now we can repopulate!! leaves joint together, just as it should be. Thank you courier!
  - Ok
    - You have nourished our soil this pollination season, thanks courier.
  - Bad
    - No nooooooooooooo, are you allergic to our species or do you not want to watch our species light up the sky with our beautiful leaves.
- 
- 

**Total score reaction:**

- Good
  - Thank you courier, our nuuuutirents have been delivered safe and sound, we are grateful for your service.
- Ok
  - Good job courier, you're nuuuutrients delivery is appreciated.

- Bad
  - Nooooo courier, now we will have to wait until next pollination season to expand. Our planet might as well go up in smoke.

---

**Mission End Cutscene** (via transmission call):

Mail Sergeant: Thank you for choosing FSPS... Have a *swell* solar cycle.

Poppy: With these nuuuuuutrients we may yet replenish our poppy-lation.

Mail Sergeant: Ok, that last pun wasn't even subtle... Well, good job courier. You seem to be- uhh- soaring higher and higher... Err- you know what I mean.

---

**Lord Cade of planet Plazarus:**



**Inspiration:** Dark Laser (fairly odd parents), Megamind (megamind), Ron burgundy (The Anchorman)

**Mission Select Intro** (over direct transmission):

Hello delivery peasant, it is I, Lord Cade. Now you must deliver my games in time for the grand opening of my new arcade "The WarCade". My kind here on planet Plazarus take our games far more seriously than any of you lower lifeforms. Get on your way at once or in the name of my father Lord Cade and my fathers father Lord Cade, I will strike you down with swift destruction from my giant space laser or my name isn't Lord Cade.

---

**Packing Minigame end:**

- Good

- Ah, I see you've packed up my games. Good, now bring them to me immediately!!
  - Ok
    - If the WarCade is not up to my standards, I will blast your ship out of the sky!
  - Bad
    - How can you not fit my games onto the ship? What peasant is more important than Lord Cade!?
- 
- 

**Charting Minigame end:**

- Good
    - Lord Cade is not amused by your silly drawings, get on your way now.
  - Ok
    - You must hope that you drive that peasant ship better than you draw...
  - Bad
    - You better be on your way delivery peasant, for every second you're late I will shoot an equivalent amount of lasers through your ship!
- 
- 

**Asteroids minigame end:**

- Good
    - I'm astounded you dodged all of the asteroids, but you won't be able to dodge my giant space laser!
  - Ok
    - If there is a scratch on any of my precious games I, Lord Cade, will do three trillion times more damage to you and your ship!
  - Bad
    - Impressive you managed to hit every obstacle and destroy your own ship, now I can save money on laser ammo.
- 
- 

**Delivery minigame end:**

- Good
  - Adequate job delivery peasant, The WarCade will be ready for its grand opening.
- Ok
  - If even one game is missing you will feel the full wrath of my giant space laser!
- Bad

- Lord Cade is not pleased and is extremely disappointed in your delivery service, prepare for your final moments upon that peasant craft.
- 
- 

**Total Score reaction:**

- Good
    - Splendid, now the WarCade will be complete, all thanks to me, Lord Cade!!
  - Ok
    - You're lucky my laser is on cooldown. I, Lord Cade, will let you off with a warning... this time!
  - Bad
    - Despicable, you will rue the day you did not deliver all of my games. Prepare to be executed by my giant space laser.
- 
- 

**Mission End Cutscene** (via transmission call):

Mail Sergeant: Thank you for choosing FSPS... Have a *swell* solar cycle.

Lord Cade: I will not tolerate any future difficulties, postal peasants! Now, TO THE WARCADE!

Mail Sergeant: Well courier, good job. And uuuh- look, something to know about that guy. His species are very vulnerable to focused light rays, so all of their weaponry is like one giant game of laser tag. So that laser he boasts about is really just a massive laser pointer, a really bright one at that. Please play along if he fires that thing though... Otherwise he might go and build a real laser.

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**Rlogmeel of planet Mirolish:**



Connoisseur of rare delicacies, a pompous critic. But food for this species is just about anything.  
**Inspiration:** Gelatinous Cube (Dungeons and Dragons), Anton Ego (Ratatouille)

**Mission Select** (over direct transmission):

Hmm, so *you* will be this cycle's delivery boy? Color me unimpressed... I am Rlogmeel, that is *R-LOW-G-MEAL* for your species. You shall be serving my kind on planet Mirolish. My kind are the finest connoisseurs of the galaxy, and we do not waste time with talentless *hacks*. So aim to impress.

-----

-----

**Package minigame end:**

- Good
    - A rather impressive menu this cycle! Let us hope you *deliver* on such a promising showcase.
  - ok
    - Hmmm... Rather *pedestrian*... Your menu lacks variety.
  - Bad
    - Phah!... Is *this* all you are willing to serve?... I had a suspicion of such ill-effort.
- 
- 

**Charting minigame end:**

- Good
  - Well, your service skills *are* promising at the very least.
- Ok
  - You lack much bravado, *but* I suppose we will tolerate such.
- Bad
  - Hmph, amateur service. *No wonder* they do not put you in the kitchen.

---

**Asteroids minigame end:**

- Good
  - Hah! Dinner *and* a show?... I *suppose* that is a new concept for my kind.
- Ok
  - Hmm... A very *sub-par* attempt. Yet... It will do.
- Bad
  - You are an absolute *mess*, what a sham!

---

**Delivery minigame end:**

- Good
  - Ahhh, such *fine* food! A dish of muddled boot, a smattering of *rust* perhaps?
- Ok
  - Hmm... *Passable* at best... The raw mold lacked a certain spice.
- Bad
  - My kind *may* consume material waste, but *THIS* may as well be excrement!

---

**Total score reaction:**

- Good
  - You are *quite* the fine dining experience! We highly rate your service!
- Ok
  - You and your staff lacked much to be desired... But, I *suppose*, were fine enough.
- Bad
  - You call yourselves *chefs*? Ptui! I could get better service at a McGrundles!

---

**Mission End Cutscene** (via transmission call):

Mail Sergeant: Thank you for choosing FSPS... Have a *swell* solar cycle.

Rlogmeel: Expect an esteemed critical review in the near future FSPS. Good day.

Mail Sergeant: Hmph... To think that for all of their boasting they eat the rest of the galaxy's trash... Well, hopefully your cargo didn't reek too much during your trip. Good job courier.

---

## The Guardian of Priggleton



Inspiration: Gromflomites (Rick & Morty); Wolfenstein Guards;

**Mission Select intro** (over direct transmission): Traveler, we are the defensive guardians of the commonwealth of Priggleton, we follow strict and sincere protocol to ensure the safety of our civilians due to the toxic gas circling the planet. In accordance with our defense and protection policy, your services are very important to us as they will provide the materials that will ensure the protection of the citizens of the Commonwealth of Priggleton.

---

### Packing minigame end:

- Good: I'm impressed with your abilities, courier. Very impressed
  - Ok: Is that the best you can do? Average won't cut it in our ranks!
  - Bad: What a joke of a service. Now our civilians will suffer because of you!!!
- 

### Charting minigame end:

- Good: What a way you get around. Could be a general in our ranks one day.
  - Ok: You could always be better. Pick up the pace!
  - Bad: What a joke. Can you even turn on your own A/C system?
- 

### Asteroids minigame end:



- Good: How brave of you to get past those space boulders. There is a spot for you in our space pilot division if delivering mail doesn't work out.
  - Ok: You've just risked the integrity of our packages! Remember courier, our citizens' lives are in your hands.
  - Bad: Get a hold of yourself, private! You're single handedly jeopardizing our defenses!
- 
- 

**Delivery minigame end:**

- Good: What a great reliability your service has been to our commonwealth. Our citizens owe you their thanks!
  - Ok: This should be enough to save almost everyone, decent job there courier.
  - Bad: What is this you call a delivery service? Our civilians trusted you and you single handedly destroyed them!!!!
- 
- 

**Total Score reaction:**

- Good: Thank you Courier, we the beings of the commonwealth of Priggletton, are in your debt. But alas, we must inform you that the materials you delivered were for naught. The threat was just our planetary energy cow producing an ungodly amount of methane...
  - Ok: Well we knew some citizens wouldn't make it anyways... We thank you for your efforts but it was a false alarm as it was our planetary energy cow producing a false alarm with all its methane.
  - Bad: Your poor excuse for a delivery service just cost our commonwealth thousands upon thousands of lives. If there was actually a threat... we have recently discovered that it was just our planetary energy cow producing methane. We still will not trust your service in the future, good day.
- 
- 

**Mission End Cutscene** (via transmission call):

Mail Sergeant: Thank you for choosing FSPS... Have a *swell* solar cycle.

Guardian: We will be sure to keep a closer eye on this dilemma in the future. Farewell.

Mail Sergeant: Pff-... Yeah, a real “dilemma” you have there. I *had* thought space cows were extinct though. Anyhow, good job courier! Now go take a shower, you smell like fresh manure.

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### **Progress Cutscene Dialogues:**

*(these cutscenes occur as the player reaches different spots on the leaderboard)*

*(Mail Sergeant gets more and more anxious as the player climbs the leaderboard)*

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#### **19th Leaderboard: Woah you kinda care**

**Post Master:** Well uhhhh, You’ve managed to move up the company ranks a little bit... Honestly I didn’t expect you to work this hard. Not that you aren’t up to the task or anything, just...no one really tries around here. I mean, our job is very simple so most life forms just stick to the bare minimum to scrape by on that fat paycheck. Well, uhhhh, keep up the good work I guess.

**P.A.T:** woowooow great job \_\_\_\_! You got the postmaster's respect... I think. Keep going and I bet they will give you a promotion for all your hard work :].

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#### **16th Leaderboard: Jittery**

**Post Master:** H-huh?... You’re kinda’ cruising through these ranks. You *do* know what this job entails right?... Well, I mean, good for you recruit. Didn’t really expect you to want to go so far, but uuuuuh, you realize there isn’t much to gain from this right? It’s not like your paycheck will get any bigger. But good work as usual I guess.

**P.A.T:** hmmmmm, the postmaster seems kinda... tense. I don’t understand why they’re acting this way. I would assume they would be happy after all the hard work you are doing for the fsp.s. Keep up the good work, and don’t let them get to you!

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### 13th Leaderboard: sweatin'

**Post Master:** W-wow man, uh-hh you have something to prove huh?... Well, what is it? I just, - I can't, - I don't really see what you're trying to do here. Like, you do realize we are really just paper boys in spaceships right? N-no need to sweat about something so trivial, especially when you have *nothin'* to gain from it. I mean *jeez*, what's your deal?... ugh whatever, I'll probably see you around.

**P.A.T:** What is their problem!!! >:[ You are doing some fantastic work, they are just being a big old larva acting this way. Don't listen to them, just keep packing and stacking and keep up the good work :]

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### 10th Leaderboard: get mad

**Post Master:** Ok, *ENOUGH!* What the actual- what in the- *WHAT IS YOUR DEAL?! WHY ARE YOU GOING AT THIS SO FREAKIN' MUCH?! YOU GET NOTHING FROM ANY OF THIS! UNLESS...* Unless... You snake! What's your game here?! You want that top spot don't you?? WELL YOU CAN'T HAVE IT!! IT'S MINE! YEAH, THAT'S RIGHT! *I'M THE TOP SCORER, THE BEST EMPLOYEE IN THE COMPANY'S HISTORY! NO ONE ELSE CARED ABOUT THAT SPOT EXCEPT FOR ME AND NOW YOU COME ALONG TO TAKE THAT AWAY! NO WAY!* You better stay away from that top spot before you make me do something drastic. Get ready recruit, your path to the top is about to get very VEEEEERY bumpy!

**P.A.T:** Wooooooooaaaaah I did not see that coming, well i guess i should have considered how stressed they were about you climbing the ranks. But it seems like he wants to keep that top spot no matter what. Keep going after that top spot \_\_\_\_, we'll show them who's really the boss >:]

-----  
-----

### Top 5 Leaderboard: Pissed

**Post Master:** GRRRAAGH! YOU'RE *NOT* GOING TO BEAT ME MAN! I'VE HAD THAT SPOT SINCE THE FSPS WAS JUST A BLIP IN THE MAIL SERVICE GAME, AIN'T NO WAY I'M LETTING SOME *NEWBIE* TAKE IT ALL AWAY FROM ME! THIS DESK IS MY THRONE, MY PERSONAL PARADISE, *MINE!* I EARNED THIS DESK!! I WORKED MY WAY TO MY ULTIMATE GOAL, BEING NUMBER ONE, DO YOU KNOW HOW *SWEET* THAT IS? NO, YOU WON'T *EVER* KNOW THAT! BECAUSE YOU'RE *NOT* GOING TO BEAT ME!

**P.A.T:** Oh boy the postmaster seems really mad! >:[ My translation interface almost could not keep up with his seething rage!! Welp there is only one thing to do... take the top spot from that postmaster. Their attitude needs a little humbling.

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### #1 Leaderboard: Accepting

**Post Master:** ..... I've been beaten. At my own game too... Dang It! Where did you even come from? You just show up one day and want the top spot, and cruise through the whole scoreboard like that?... Huh?... You don't even *want* my job?! What are you *nuts*?! Well then *why* did you go through all of the trouble, all of thi-..... Wait... I... I think I get it... You just *enjoy* it don't you?... Flying through space to all of these new and exotic worlds, making all these life forms happy and giving them what they're due. Entire planets made better by your service... That's just it isn't it?... Heh... It's, uhhhh... It's been a while since I've thought of anything like that at all... I used to really dig this job, but after a while I guess I just... I dunno, I lost sight of what was important, I lost sight of why I set out to be the best in the first place, until *you* showed up, and threw my whole world upside down... I'm real sorry for all of this. I turned into a real jerk is what I did... But you've re-ignited a spark in my life, you've made this job fresh and exciting to me again! And I can't thank you enough... It's about time I got out from behind this desk and back on track. I'll still be aiming to topple you down a peg and take back that top spot don't you worry!... See you around, \_\_\_\_\_.

**P.A.T:** Huh,nice of them to come around in the end, your determination and your passion for this job really helped the postmaster get out of his funk. Speaking of, congratulations on the top spot \_\_\_\_\_. It's been an honor to have you as my pilot, and I am very veeeery excited to continue working with you in the future. You truly are a special courier :]

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### **Optional Flavor Text (stretch goal):**

#### **Score (mail Sergeant):**

Low: "Awww man... You lookin' to get us fired? Not cool dude..."

Mid-low: "Dude... Like, you can do better right?"

Mid: "Good work, or somethin', man. I work with minimum effort myself."

Mid-high: "Nicely done, keep it up dude. We'll get only a couple of complaints out of this job."

High/100: "Woah man, mad respect. Keep doin' whatever it is your doin'."

**Scoreboard (mail-Sergeant):**

Low: "Uhhh... Lets try to keep this under wraps yeah?"

Mid-low: "You're not impressing anyone with this man, if you're into that."

Mid: "Decent job, keep it going."

Mid-high: "Oh wow, uhhh... What is it they used to say? Close but no cigar?"

High: "Nice man, you're likely due for an award or promotion or somethin'..."

Top: "... Wai- HUH?!... Uhhh... You're not lookin' for my position are you man?... Phew..."

**Generic mission start (P.A.T.):**

"3... 2... 1... BLAST OFF! :]"

"Up-up, and away (company name)! :]"

"(Rocket ship noises)"

"Off to work we go... WEEEE-!"

**Ship is damaged (P.A.T.):**

"YIKES! I think you bruised my processors! @~@"

"HEYyyy! You better buff those scratches out later! >:["

"RRRGH!!... You're not aiming for these right? -\_-"

"OWW! FOR THE LOVE OF-... Lucky you, this is rated E for everyone... >:x"

**Mail falls out:**

"OH NO! THE MAIL! :O"

"Uhhh... Did I lose a few pounds? o\_0"

"No littering the space! The poor space turtles! :["

"Uhhh... W-well, if space is a vacuum it will clean itself up right? :|"

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### **Stretch Cutscene Ideas:**

#### **Packing Completed Cutscenes:**

P.A.T.: Scanning cargo... .. Scan complete!

P.A.T. [insert image of square yellow container] This is one of FSPS' official cryo crates. It is used to preserve perishables with a mixture of freezing chemicals from various planets.

P.A.T." In the early days of FSPS there was a courier who had a spare one of these up in the cockpit of his ship, he used it to keep his beverages nice and cool. However, due to never disengaging the cryo-freezing he also ingested some harmful chemicals. Poor fella died of a killer brain freeze... Literally. :[

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P.A.T.: Scanning cargo... .. Scan complete!

P.A.T.: [insert image of rectangular green container] This is the FSPS' standard armored casing. It's very difficult to damage one of these, and requires a genetic sample from the client planet to open.

P.A.T.: This is pretty standard for fragile or classified goods... Funny story, back in the day the galaxy was infested with lifeforms that raided FSPS deliveries. Beings at war with client planets and so forth usually, but sometimes there would be the occasional space pirates! ARGH! :}

P.A.T: Oh, don't worry! The postal protection act of age 56 APR ensured that galactic postal services would be protected and avoided by such events. You're perfectly safe! :]

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P.A.T.: Scanning cargo... .. Scan complete!

P.A.T.: [insert image of Egyptian styled container] This is the FSPS' time capsule crate. It's often used to transport relics from galactic history or ancient and abandoned planets. Cool right? :]

P.A.T.: Take your planet for example! New Earth is a thriving paradise compared to Old Earth.

P.A.T.: Huh?... You don't know about Old Earth? Huh... Well, I'll keep this short but, the Earthlings' original planet was a bit outdated compared to other inhabited worlds, so it was ignored for a long time. Once alien lifeforms discovered Old Earth however, the earthlings fought amongst themselves on how to respond to the presence of these new beings and their technology. Ultimately this resulted in such a paranoid divide that Old Earth became... Well, it's called Old Earth now for a reason...

P.A.T.: To think that those alien lifeforms just wanted to try this so-called "Ice Cream" dish!

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### **Charting Completed Cutscenes:**

P.A.T.: Downloading charted route... .. Download complete!

P.A.T.: Hopefully we have a safe flight, maybe we'll see some new sights along the way!

P.A.T.: Well! Steady as she goes captain! :]

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P.A.T.: Downloading charted route... .. Download complete!

P.A.T.: Well, this should take us to our destination. Hopefully we don't get too close to any black holes! :[

P.A.T.: It's ok though, I trust you!... Though if you scratch me up I'll be a little mad! >:[

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### **Asteroids Completed Cutscenes:**

P.A.T.: Phew! That was close!

P.A.T.: But look at that, barely a scratch on me! Good job courier! :]

P.A.T.: Now, let's get going! Prepare to breach the planet's atmosphere!

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P.A.T.: Owww! Ow ow ow ow!

P.A.T.: HEY! I'm not just some toy for you to break meanie! Be careful!!! >:[

P.A.T.: Ok, ok, I forgive you... for now... You better polish me when we get back! :[

P.A.T.: Now let's deliver the cargo!

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**Grubgar Mission Selected cutscene** (via transmission call):

Mail Sergeant: Hello, thank you for calling the FSPS, postal service of the stars... How may I help you?

Grubgar: Grubgar want much things! Planet Grubgar see old artifacts from *old* world, records of time of giving and much jolly! Grubgar want dis for planet Grubgar!

Mail Sergeant: ... You realize we're a mail service, not Old Earth's Santa Claus right?

Grubgar: Grubgar made many orders, yous will have soon! You bring to Planet Grubgar or you ruin new happy day!

Mail Sergeant: Alright, sure, cuz why not... Well courier, take these away in your big red sleigh-err, ship. Seeing that you're human, you'd know the most about this holliday anyhow.

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**Poppy Mission Selected Cutscene** (via transmission call):

Mail Sergeant: Hello, thank you for calling the FSPS, postal service of the stars... How may I help you?

Poppy: Hello! Is this translator operational? S.O.S!

Mail Sergeant: Sir, Ma'am, or any other sort of lifeform, this is a postal service not the space patrol.

Poppy: No, you do not understand! I am Poppy of planet Hashisha, we have ordered a large supply of Nuuuuuutrients, and some other nick-nacks, but most importantly



NUUUUUUTRIENTS! We need those packages to repopulate, and the stakes are High. So please hurry!

Mail Sergeant: ... Pheh, high... OH- uhhh, anyway, courier you're up. Get these planets to the Hashishans and uuuh... If you find any uhhh "*neat*" looking plants on world, bring back some for me to uhhh... analyze.

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**Lord Cade Mission Selected Cutscene** (via transmission call):

Mail Sergeant: Hello, thank you for calling the FSPS, postal service of the stars... How may I help you?

Lord Cade: Lower your heads delivery peasants, for once again it is I, LORD CADE!

Mail Sergeant: You again?! Ok, will you stop fla-err..- *BLASTING* our ships! We're just doing our job here!

Lord Cade: Watch your tone fool! Or you will be my giant space laser's next victim!... Now, send forth my new arcade games! Let the people of planet Plazarus battle to their wits!

Mail Sergeant: Grrr!... Alright, courier, you better be on your best behavior. Get these games to the Plazarans. Competitive gaming is like gladiatorial combat to these lifeforms, so do not dishonor them or they will take that very personally.

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**Rlogmeel Mission Selected Cutscene** (via transmission call):

Mail Sergeant: Hello, thank you for calling the FSPS, postal service of the stars... How may I help you?

Rlogmeel: Hrmph, amateur. And to think you've been doing this for so many cycles by now!

Mail Sergeant: Excuse me?! Sir, I am- oh... Right, it's you.

Rlogmeel: Yes, you should think twice before taking my words so personally. The customer is always right after all... Now, I hear you have a new courier from New Earth. In lieu of this, we of planet Miralosh have researched and ordered what we believe to be some of the finest cuisine from their culture. Do try to have urgency in tending to your customers this time?

Mail Sergeant: Hrmph... Well courier, you know the most about this cargo so you'll be transporting this. Try not to let these life forms get to you, and perhaps they'll even tip.

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**Guardian Mission Selected Cutscene** (via transmission call):

Mail Sergeant: Hello, thank you for calling the FSPS, postal service of the stars... How may I help you?

Guardian: Come in, the Guardians of Priggleton request immediate resupply!

Mail Sergeant: Whoa! Uhh- err- how may we help you Guardian?

Guardian: Our planet is on lockdown due to a potential threat, but we require certain materials ASAP! You should be receiving them soon, get them to planet Prigleton pronto!

Mail Sergeant: Yes sir!... Wait- he's not the boss of-... Oh whatever. Courier, this may be more of a challenge for you, but do not worry, the postal protection act of age 56 APR will ensure no FSPS ships are targeted or shot down during a time of war or otherwise. You'll be fine... I think?

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### **Random Cutscene Concepts**

**Master Sergeant searching through a walk-in closet (it's all duplicates of his hat) (bald joke?)**

**Master Sergeant cleaning / adjusting the 3 eyed painting in his office? (add some funny lore?)**

**Master Sergeant counting money / space money (add some lore, funny lore even?)**

**Master Sergeant flying (he's a moth, so add a bright light in an unlit room?) (gets flustered?)**

**Master Sergeant eating / drinking / smoking something (some sort of space drug? Funny lore?) (not visual but implied)**

**Ship A.I. finds a spider or space bug in / outside the ship (hijinks ensue as the trope implies).**

**Pit-stop at a "space gas station" w/ jeopardy music.**

**Ship zooming through space in a direction (fast visual effect) (the ship A.I. acts all giddy like he's on a rollercoaster)**

The ship takes a lot of damage, the A.I. acts all whiney and worried about his condition.

The ship lets out a sigh of relief, though still complains about minimal damage taken.

The ship via its A.I. does cartwheels/barrel rolls or something very silly in response to not taking damage.

The postmaster is sleeping at his desk, alarms start blaring saying that there are asteroids inbound, while this alarm is going off the postmaster falls backward off his chair as he's awoken.  
**Ship zooming through space in another direction (fast visual effect) (the ship A.I. acts all giddy)**  
**Ship zooming through space in the wrong direction, A.I says sorry, zoom other direction. (Backup option)**  
**Ship zooming into space station (it shrinks as it gets closer, as A.I. says "home sweet home".)**

Stretch: Master Sergeant displaying antagonism (hacking / sabotaging the ship, mocking the player, etc)  
(This would only occur randomly after the player makes it to the top 10 on the leaderboard).

Trailer:

\*master Sergeant shuffling cards\*

"So, I hear you want to work at the FSPS?..."

"Well... Here's what you'll be doing."

\*cue gameplay montage with captions\*

\*fade to white, and fade out of white to opening screen shot (with release date on the bottom)\*