

Spring Day Show

(Cleaning sounds).

Demon: Gremlin! Are you ready?

Gremlin: [Groggy] Huh? Umm. Yes! Yes, yes, 100% no! 200% YES!

(Beat).

Ready for what?

Demon: The Show of a lifetime, and you, my little green cabbage... are going to be my glamorous assistant. So, no pressure.

(Excited Gremlin Noise).

Demon: By which I do of course mean lots of pressure. If you ruin any of my magic tricks then your soul is getting sent to the abyss.

Gremlin: Ohhh... but I don't like pressure.

Demon: Diamonds are made under pressure Gremlin! And I am going to shine like the brightest of diamonds. The question is Gremlin, do you want to shine with me? You'll definitely shine in this sparkly dress. I can see it now, your name up in lights! You're the only one talented enough to do this with me Gremlin! Also the dress is never going to fit Brian, so you're sort of my only option.

Brian: It's not my fault I'm broad shouldered, Albert's the one who invented me. And you could have always sewn a bigger dress.

(Door noise).

Scientist: The sun is shining, the birds are singing, the pink blossom trees are starting to bloom... you know what that means. Brian! Battlestations.

Theme Tune

The time for fun is over. We have a flower to find. Spring cleaning time is done, my rusty companion.

Brian: Don't you dare step on my floor in those dirty shoes! Take them off. Take them off right now. Wait, did you say trusty or rusty?

Scientist: It's of little consequence Brian. Are we really going to wait around here arguing about what I may or may not have said about the level of oxidation on your alloys and let somebody else find our flower?

Demon: Oh great. What Hotel nonsense are you doing now? Is it another day?

Scientist: Yes it's another day. It's Spring Day! We have been telling you that Spring day is coming up. Are you ready for the flower hunt?

Demon: Slow down Scientist, let me get the calendar out. (Writing) Spring day. Albert becomes obsessed with a flower. 6/10, Pollen makes me sneeze.

Gremlin: What? Why would you go looking for a flower when me and Demon are preparing for the bestest show in the whole of Hotel history?

Brian: Could you not have picked another day for the show? Spring Day is a very important festival.

Demon: No! There are too many days. You have days all the time. Last week it was oyster day!

Brian: Well yes, but some days are much more important than others. You see Demon, every year there is a competition hosted to find the Delium and the first person or duo to find it are crowned as Hotel Elsewhere royalty for the entire year!

Demon: There are crowns?

Brian: Not real crowns I'm afraid bu-

Demon: Not interested. Back to the show preparations Gremlin, chop chop. We have art to make.

Scientist: We don't have time for this Brian, we are burning daylight here.

All: Good luck.

(Door noise, Steps down the stairs)

Scientist: Right, we cannot repeat the mistakes of last year. I do not think I can handle the embarrassment of zip wiring from the roof only to miss the flower completely.

Brian: It was quite funny though.

Albert: I broke three bones.

Brian: Not very important ones. Look, we both know how competitive you get. Please can we just enjoy the hunt this year?

Scientist: Certainly not, now... listen closely Brian, because I have been concocting this plan all year. Step 1. We plant these decoy flowers that I spent all of last week making.

Brian: When did you have the time...?

Scientist: Do not interrupt, Brian. Genius is happening. You see, these decoy flowers have been lined with a Balm that I have named Albert Ackintosh's Abrading Aid. Once the scavenger stumbles upon this flower they will be overcome with excitement and pick it up. [Evil Laugh] Now this is where my genius comes in, for you see Brian. This balm will cause the unsuspecting victim's palm to begin to itch as though they fell into Ivan's Bramble of Itchy Petals... because... that's what it's made of... [Continues to Evil Laugh]

(Metal slap)

Brian: I'm sorry Albert. But you were becoming unhinged.

(Beat. Crickets)

Scientist: Was that another piece of mechanical humor?

Brian: Maybe. Where did these Crickets come from?

Cricket Wrangler: My apologies, seems some of my swarm have gone and scurried off. Everyone knows the Cricket Room is off-limits. I swear this Evelrah forsaken flower hunt brings out the worst in all of you. Do you think the Hotel Rules don't apply just because it's Spring Day?

Scientist: Riiight... Speaking of which... care for a hand made flower?

Brian: SIR!

(Slap, paper flower hitting ground.)

Marcus: Ahhhhhhhhhh, Mr. Wrangoloor maaaaan. There are gringle hoopers everywhere! They've even started to eat my nana! Please stop this tormeeent!

Cricket Wrangler: [Long audible sigh] I hate this holiday. Right, little man. Lead the way.

Marcus: Ooooh, who dropped this pretty folded flower on the floor?

Brian: Oh Marcus! Please don't pick that up. Or you will be in intense discomfort.

Marcus: Brian the Cyborg! Why are you always so mean and scary? All I wanted was to find the Spring day flower and win the hunt. Marcus never gets to win.

Scientist: It's okay Marcus, do you want a clue to where to look?

Marcus: [sniffing] y... yes?

Scientist: Right now listen carefully, you need to take the lift down 3 floors, once there turn left and follow the corridor until you reach the stairs. From there you need to walk up 3 flights... now here is the real trick Marcus... from there, walk back to the lift and repeat until you hear 3 chimes. After that happens follow the lights. No go Marcus. GO away!

Marcus: Oh thank you Mr. Albert Scientist Akintoosh man. You're my hero! [Beat.] Goodbye Brian. Until we meet again.

(Little footsteps quickly fade.)

Brian: Sir....

Scientist: Yes?

Brian: This will come back to haunt you... It's definitely bad karma to trick a child into losing a game.

Scientist: Do you really believe in karma, Brian?

Brian: I'm not really too sure. But with our track record I'm not taking any chances.

Scientist: Right, back to the plan! Commence operation Hide all these decoy flowers so Albert and Brian can find the flower and win because everyone else was distracted with itchy palms! [Beat.] Let's get these fake flowers distributed. Ow, ow! Oh Raven's Talon that hurts. Oh sweet geraniums, that is so very itchy!

Brian: Are you not wearing gloves, Albert?

Scientist: I don't want to talk about it.

(Radio Static)

(Sound of Gremlin falling)

Demon: Gremlin! You're supposed to stay on the tightrope. How else are we supposed to perform the most amazing tightrope swapperoo magic trick when you can't even stay up there for two minutes!

Gremlin: Well it's like us Gremlins always say...

Demon: Yes yes yes, Gremlins fall over a lot, I get it. Now pull yourself together. [Sigh] I suppose we can just go back to the box magic trick. Swapping people in a box is not nearly as cool as swapping people on a tightrope. I'm surrounded by amateurs.

Gremlin: Demon?

Demon: Yes, Gremlin?

Gremlin: I've been thinking... Maybe the reason I'm not doing so well is because I haven't got a character to play.

Demon: Yes! That's exactly what this show is missing, what do you have in mind?

Gremlin: [Simple Clear Throat] You can call me, Rita Ritz. The best showgirl this side of the laundry room.

Demon: Do you know where the laundry room is? Have you ever actually done laundry?

Gremlin: Of course not! But I did fix one of the dryers once. Wait, no. The Gremlin fixed a dryer once. I am... Rita Ritz!

Demon: Are you? Are you really? Make me believe it! Who IS Rita Ritz?

Gremlin: I was born and raised on a farm out in the distant lands of... of... farmlandia. Where I would tend to the chickens, each and everyday. But as those days passed I began to notice something. All of those farm animals that I helped look after all look at me as I walked past. Not because I had food, not because I was coming to care for them... but because they knew I was a star, they would cluck and baah their compliments to me, cheering for an encore as I strutted up and down the walkways between their pens... The cows were a bit mean, but you can't please everyone. If anything, seeing their chewing of disappointment was the drive I needed to get off the farm and leave for the big city. I wanted to see my name up in lights, so bright that people would have to look away! When I got to that city I worked my knuckles to the bone, attending every audition I could, posting flyers and giving out leaflets. At first I didn't get very far, as no one was willing to give a small town gremlin... I mean showgirl, like me, a chance. Until one day I met a lovely woman who saw my potential! She crouched down to me and said, 'you're going to be a star!' She took me by the hand and led me to her stretched wagon where I got my first job... and the rest is history.

Demon: Before Rita... all we had was a show and a few tricks. But now... now we have the magic. Now get in that box.

(Beat.)

Gremlin: Uh... maybe we could leave that trick until last? We don't want to overwork the performance after all.

(Radio Static.)

Scientist: [Sigh of relief] Thank you Brian.

Brian: You're welcome, Albert. Who knew the Gremlin's Anti-Allergy cream would have more use than just for when the Gremlin runs around in the bushes... Now, just try to resist scratching and let the cream do its job. Maybe that will teach you not to sabotage other contestants with Itching Balm.

Scientist: [muttering to himself] Or at least to put gloves on next time.

Brian: What was that?

Scientist: Nothing Brian. Right, back to the matter at hand. I need you now more than ever Brian, this could literally be the reason that I created you! We need to find that flower!

Brian: I thought the reason you made me was companionship...

Scientist: Silence! Oh metal companiano! There's a flower afoot. THIS WAY!

Brian: Albert, are you alright?

Scientist: The itching is unbearable. The cream is helping, but I need to do something to take my mind off of it.

Brian: Oh look, it's Freddy the Fisherfolk. Evening Freddy, what are you up to?

Freddy: I'm just about to head off to the Hotel Pond, see if I can catch me a flower.

Scientist: Has the flower ever grown in the pond before, oh wise and great fisherfolk?

Brian: Please excuse him... He's not himself today.

Freddy: Nope. No it hasn't. But there's a first time for everything... and when that first time comes... I'll be ready!

Scientist: Well, good luck with that one. Actually Brian, any ideas on where we should start looking? So far it's looking like the hallways are not our friend. There's no vines or anything.

Brian: Well, we would have been lucky to witness a hallway blooming. There's not been one of those in 25 years.

Scientist: That's it! Brian, I need you to analyse every blooming location on record and develop an algorithm for the most likely location to find the flower!

Brian: I've already thought of that Albert! Unfortunately the Delium alludes all algorithmic thinking. It simply sprouts up wherever it wants.

Scientist: But just for the sake of argument, what would be the most likely place, according to the statistics?

Brian: Well, systematically and obviously the first place everyone would look is in the Hotel's Garden plot... which is exactly why that's the last place we should go. Avoid the foot traffic, so logic dictates that the next place we should check, without a shadow of a doubt is...
the janitorial cupboard.

Scientist: Isn't that where Grimble Grumble lives?

Brian: Yes, so we are going to have to be very quiet to make sure that we don't wake him.

Scientist: Agreed. I really don't want the Gremlin to end up on his no present list. We'll never hear the end of it.

Brian: Well, if worst comes to worst, we'll just have to tear some holes in a shirt and pretend it came from Grimble Grumble...

Scientist: Brian, how could you even say that?

Brian: I'm sorry Sir. I believe your competitiveness is spreading.

(Footsteps.)

Brad: Yo, cyborg dude, it's brad. You haven't like, seen a flower around here have you?

Scientist: I'm afraid no-

Brian: Yes we have! There was one tucked away in the corner upstairs. Is it important for some reason?

Chad: Oh my Raven's talon. That's radical, come on bro, lets bounce.

(Walking.)

Scientist: I thought you didn't approve of the itching flower decoys?

Brian: We are at war, Albert. It's go big... or go back to the attic. Besides... At least I didn't try to give it to a child! Though I suppose Marcus shouldn't be a problem now.

Scientist: That's the Brian I know and lo- tolerate! I knew you'd find your spring day spirit eventually. To the Janitorial cupboard!

(Radio Static.)

Demon: [Through a megaphone] No, no, no, no! Rita, what do you think you're doing?

[No longer through the megaphone] Ugh, why can no one see my vision! All I want it to put on the best show this Hotel has ever seen. But no one seems to be able to put the image I have in my mind on the stage! Why can no one see the picture in my mind! Gremlin, I need a water.

Gremlin: [Giggling] Here you go...

Demon: [Sigh] That is an empty glass.

Gremlin: Heeey, Prosty

(Smoke puff)

Demon: That is still just an empty glass...

(Sad Gremlin Noise)

Amateurs. I'm surrounded by amateurs. [Sigh] Next!

Gremlin: But it's only me here, Demon...

(Knocking, door opening.)

Stanley: Hey guys, heard you were doing some kind of talent show? Mind if I give it a go? I hate to toot my own horn but, toot toot. Ha.

Gremlin: Oooh, I don't know Stanley... we do have very high standards at the Grenier Theatre. Demon has stopped me mid performance no fewer than 46 times.

Demon: What can I say, I'm a perfectionist. Where did you hear about our show Stanley? Are the critics all chirping amongst themselves already? See Rita, I knew this place was starving for some real culture!

Stanley: No, nothin' like that. You're just incredibly loud and I happened to be passing by on my way to Johnno's room, but if there's a chance to to get up on stage I can always reschedule.

Gremlin: Well, I'm sold!

Demon: Let's not be too hasty Rita, we've been working for years on this magic show.

Gremlin: No we haven't.

Demon: Don't interrupt! The point is, we can't have our good name sullied by some second rate plate spinning or cowardly crochet!

Stanley: Apparently crochet is actually quite dangerous. Anyway, it's neither of those things. I do standup.

Demon: You're joking.

Stanley: Yeah, exactly.

Demon: I can stand up. Even Rita can stand up. Why would we want to watch somebody standing up? It's hardly a talent.

Stanley: No, no, like a standup comic. I tell jokes and that. You know the type.

Gremlin: I don't really.

Demon: Alright, look. We will give you one chance. You are allowed a single joke. But it better be life-changing.

Stanley: What do you call a man with no shin? Toe-Knee (Tony)

Gremlin: [Laughter] This is genius! Pure genius.

Demon: We will give you a ten minute opening slot. But it best be good. This is the opportunity of a lifetime.

Stanley: Nice one geezer. If you don't mind, I'll go spread the word. Don't want to be performing to no audience, after all.

Gremlin: Brilliant. Good luck.

Stanley: In a bit friends.

Demon: Oh, and Stanley... tell the guests and residents... that auditions. Are. Open!

(Radio Static)

(Slow footsteps and creaking floorboards)

Brian: I know what the statistics said, but I really don't think that the flower is going to bloom in the janitorial cupboard. I must have input some of the data wrong.

Scientist: Well, it's still our best bet. I'm going to open the door now, so stay quiet. Engage stealth mode.

Brian: I don't have a stealth mode!

Scientist: Oh, really? I definitely need to develop one of those.

(Door.)

Scientist: Brian, across the room, look! There are vines leading into that vent. The flower must be there!

Brian: Whilst vines are a good sign, they are also a red herring more often than not.

Scientist: Look, I understand that we are clutching at straws here, but can you please stop complaining and start clutching?

Brian: Alright fine! But I want it on record that I think this is a waste of time.

Scientist: Right, we need to make sure that we don't wake Grumble Grumble. His nest is right on the other side of this bookcase and dangerously close to the vent we need to get into.

Brian: Oh for Evelrah's sake, there's banana peels all over the floor and judging by the colour and the smell in here, I think most of them are left over from Winter Day. If one of us, most likely you, falls over then we're definitely going to wake him up. Hang on, If we can get up on top of those filing cabinets it should be quite simple to side step our way over to the opening.

Scientist: Right you are Brian, now... Give me a boost.

Brian: Just be careful Albert, I polished my alloys this morning. Your shoe prints are the last things I want marking my chassis.

(Albert Climbing sound)

Brian: Albert please, your foot is caught in my antenna. Ouch, Albert. Albert!

(Scream and Loud Crash)

Scientist: Brian! Could you be any louder? You knocked the whole cabinet over. I'm surprised that didn't wake Grimble... oh... He's not in his nest. Right. I guess that puts an end to our covert mission then.

Brian: It's not my fault you have zero coordination Albert.

Scientist: [tutting] Out of the way Brian. Time to crack out the grappling hook.

Brian: Sir is that really...

(Grappling hook firing.)

Scientist: Onwards and upwards, ha ha.

(Grappling hook whirring for a second.)

Brian: Albert, that vent is only just over six feet from the ground. We probably could have climbed straight in. And there's a step ladder right there.

Scientist: I paid good money for these grappling hook guns, and I am going to get some use out of them!

Brian: I told you you were going to regret buying them, but do you ever listen to me? No.

Scientist: I impulse buy to make myself feel better Brian! We've had this discussion.

Brian: You know what would make us both feel better? Being this year's Hotel monarchs!

Scientist: You make a fair point. Are you actually going to fit into the vent? You are famously broad-shouldered.

Brian: I'm sure I'll manage. Let me just clamber in and I'll give you a hand up.

(Clambering)

Brian: Up you come, Albert.

Scientist: Thank you very much. Any idea where these vents lead? I guess we just follow the vines and hope the trail ends in a flower.

Brian: Exactly.

(Metal creaking, tiny clawed footsteps running in distance)

Scientist: What was that? Oh, it now occurs to me that maybe the vents aren't that safe. Are we going to get eaten by vent raptors? Are we going to fall to our deaths?

Brian: Don't be silly, the vent raptors have been extinct for years, and the vents are totally secure. There is one loose grate above the mix-a-memory cafe that allows the scentologists to perfume the Hotel, but the chances of us crawling over that are astronomically sli-

(Falling, landing)

Brian: Albert, my cranium hurts.

Scientist: Yeah, mine too. Oh, uh, Hello Scentologists. Sorry to drop in like this.

Aristocrat: This is most uncouth of you!

Apprentice: We ought to report you to the management.

Brian: Don't do that! Surely we can make it up to you somehow.

Scentologists: Hmmmm

Architect: I think we can work something out....

(Radio Static)

Demon: Okay Rita, keep walking, keep walking. Now turn to face me and pose. No not like that. You need to have pazas. Watch what Christofer is doing. Just like that. Perfect.

Christofer: Gee Wizzard, another compliment. I knew you were nice after all.

Demon: Christofer, don't break character! Stay on track and don't get cocky.

Gremlin: It's not my fault I'm getting it wrong. I haven't been brought my hotty choccy with a slice of cucumber. How can I be expected to work under these conditions? And can someone please get me a feather boa.

Demon: Uuurrgggg, I regret my decisions.

(Song Begins)

Demon: Alright, places everyone. Can we try to get it right this time? Okay and, 5, 6, 5, 6, 7, 8!

Demon: I'm surrounded by amateurs
Nobody gets anything right

Misc: Excuse me, I've got a hot chocolate for Rita Ritz?

Demon: Rita is a diva, I hate the costume, set and lights
Does no-one understand that it's opening night?
This show was supposed to be my greatest triumph
And it's turning into a nightmare
I give you people my blood sweat and tears
And I'm getting the impression that nobody cares.

Demon (Spoken): Cristofer, you best be bringing me good news.

Cristofer (Spoken): Um, depends how you define good news. I've set fire to the stage.

Demon (Spoken): Fire? Yes. Danger! Danger, violence. That's what the people need! I know how to end this show!

All: Tell everybody, that you know
It's gunna be the greatest ever hotel show
And we will show you what we got
And that's quite a lot
At the Hotel show (Woah)

Rita: My name is Rita and I'm the star

The Round: Her Name is Rita, and she's a star

Rita: People come to see me from near and far

The Round: We came to see her from near and far

Rita: If you've got the moneys pop in the tip jar

Rita: Rita makes you smile whoever you are

Rita: From a small town in Farmlandia
The shows keep getting... uh... grandier!
The chickens believed, and the sheep and the pigs
And so now for them, I'll make it big
I am a star! Tap break.

During Tap section Demon: This is surprisingly acceptable.

Before crash Demon: Rita, Rita you're heading towards the edge of the stage

(Gremlin falling off stage)

All: Tell everybody, that you know
It's gunna be the greatest ever hotel show
And we will show you what we got
And that's quite a lot
At the Hotel show (Woah)

All: Improvness

(Radio Static)

(Continuous Walking throughout.)

Scientist: This is ludicrous. The mix-a-memory team has one job, Brian. One singular job. They just need to make the Hotel smell nice. You'd think they'd be able to manage that without our help, wouldn't you?

Brian: In their defense, they probably have a lot of scents to put together. And they do have to run the scent cafe too.

Scientist: Yes, well, we're all busy Brian. That's no excuse to leave it until halfway through Spring Day to source their last ingredient. Where are we supposed to get geosmin from?

Brian: I'm sure there must be some samples of the bacteria that produces it around here somewhere.

Scientist: Oh, of course there is! My brain really is not engaged today. We can just go

down to the science pantry. They're sure to have some tucked away.

Brian: The science... pantry? Do you mean the laboratory equipment storage facility?

Scientist: Yes, but science pantry is catchier. It's a pantry that's full of science. It just makes sense. And it's only two floors below us, so we can minimize the loss of flower hunting time.

Brian: Scientist, I'm going to suggest something here and I want you to try and think about it rationally... do you think that after we've squared up with the scentologists it might be a good idea to just head back to the attic and watch Demon and Gremlin's show?

Scientist: I'm going to pretend I didn't hear that.

Brian: Albert, think about it. Out of all of the people who live here, do you really think we're going to be the first to find this flower? We've wasted most of the day running around like headless chickens. For all we know, somebody has already found it.

Scientist: This may be true, but I'm no quitter! This limited monarchy is all I've ever wanted.

Brian: Except that's not even remotely true, is it?

Scientist: No, no I suppose it isn't. We can have this discussion later, the science pantry is just up ahead.

Brain: Albert, I regret to inform you there's nobody at the desk.

Scientist: I'm standing next to you Brian, I know that. We just have to knock on the desk and somebody should come out to help us.

Brian: It's been decades since I've come down here. Is that nice old man still working here? What was his name... Walther Wiped? He must be at least three hundred now... actually I think I heard that he was rather poorly...

Scientist: No, he's still around. Somehow. But hopefully his assistant Jessica is working today, she is much faster at putting requests through.

(Knocking.)

Walthur: Who is the one who knocks?

Scientist: Of course. I don't know why I thought something would go right today.
Hello Walther.

Walthur: Ahhh, Brian. It really has been a while since I last saw you. What was it,
hmmm...

Brian: Exactly 23 years 4 months and 21 days. It's good to see you again. How is
your project coming along?

Walthur: Very well, actually. In fact they...

Scientist: Really sorry Walthur, but we are in a bit of a hurry. Is there any chance that
you have some Geosmin?

Walthur: Geosmin? Funnily enough I do. But unfortunately I can't give it out as it has
already been reserved.

Brian: Oh wonderful. Was it reserved by the Mix-A-Memory Cafe? Because they're
the ones who actually sent us down here to collect it.

Walthur: Brilliant. Well, let me just give them a quick call just to confirm that they
are happy for me to give it to you.

(Slow footsteps.)

Hello, Mix-A-Memory? It's Walthur Wiped. Yes, yes I'm very well thank you,
and yourself?

Scientist: Can we just grab it? It literally won't take more than a second!

Walthur: Well actually that's why I'm calling. You see I have two individuals here
who are claiming to be collecting your order for you.

Scientist: It's right there. We can literally see it on the shelf.

Walthur: Yes, we have Albert. That's A L B E R T. and Brian, B R I A N.

Scientist: [Sighing] Brian, I think it's time for operation: Leg It.

Brian: Very well Sir. I'm really sorry about this Walthur.

(Sound of jumping, followed by the sound of running.)

Scientist: Go go go! *(panicked running shouting.)*

[Defeated in background, getting quieter]

Walthur: Oh, don't worry. They've just taken it...

Brian: Job well done sir.

Scientist: Yes, we really pulled off... running away from a lethargic 400 year old man.

Brian: It probably isn't our proudest moment.

Scientist: No matter, if we get this back to the Mix-A-Memory Cafe we may still have time to find the flower.

Brian: Albert, the Gremlin and Demon's show starts in a few minutes.

Scientist: Then we'll just have to be very quick.
[Beat.]
We have to go to the show, don't we?

Brian: It's definitely what's right.

Scientist: Okay. Let's give up on the flower for this year. I swear the whole world is out to get us. But if we start planning a new strategy tonight we will definitely be the first ones to find it next year!

Brian: Of course, we can wait for one more year to be the hotel monarchs.

Scientist: [Large Sigh] Fine, but next year Brian. Is our Year! I shall be a temporary monarch if it's the last thing we do.

(Footsteps.)

Brian: If it makes you feel any better Albert, we'll always be the monarchs of the Attic.

Scientist: We both know that the Attic is a Republic Brian. But I appreciate the sentiment.

(Radio Static.)
(Uproar of laughter.)

Gremlin: Thank you very much Stanley for your amazing Stand-up... which I just learnt does not mean having the ability to not fall over.

(Small laughter.)

Gremlin: Now audience of the Attic, please stay in your seats for the next act. For you could walk away without one of the limbs you came in with. Please welcome Indigo, and their amazing knife juggling act!

(Door Opening.)

Bouncer: Tickets please.

Scientist: Tickets? What do you mean tickets? We live here. I am Albert Ackintosh and you Sir are blocking me from my home.

Bouncer: No ticket, no entry.

Scientist: Now you listen here, either you let me in or... or...

Brian: Maybe we should just buy a ticket.

Scientist: [Defeated] Fine. 2 please. [beat] I miss when nobody knew I was up here. At least then we didn't get extorted.

Brian: Everyone has always known you were up here.

Bouncer: Enjoy the show, Brian.

Scientist: Well that's just childish.

Bouncer: You're childish.

Scientist: No I'm not. Nyaaah.

(Running footsteps.)

Gremlin: Sirs, you made it! Oh happy days. This way, we saved you two seats near the front. I wrote your names so no one would take them.

Brian: Oh, well thank you young master Gremlin.

Gremlin: I'm not the Gremlin. My name is Rita Ritz.

Scientist: Well, it's nice to make your acquaintance Rita... Who are Alboot and Brain?

Gremlin: [Giggling] Sir! That says Albert and Brian. Silly.

(Applause.)

Gremlin: Oooh, that's my cue! Quickly, take your seats!

(Gremlin running and jumping.)

Indigo: And I learnt that when I was 3.

Scientist: [Calling out.] Indigo, there is a knife in your shoulder!

Indigo: Huh? Oh. [Pregnant pause.] Ooooooooh. Right. I just need to pop down to the infirmary quickly. Are we still on for badminton on tuesday?

Scientist: I guess. If you're still able to swing a racket.

Indigo: Ah, I'll be fine. Had worse injuries than this when adventuring. I'll talk you through the scars sometimes. Woah, I'm woozy. Speak soon.

Brian: Is she going to be alright?

Scientist: She hid in a barrel of fish for three months. I think she'll cope.

Gremlin: [Whispering] I know, come on then! You tell them.

[Loudly] Thank you Indigo for that amazing show. Who knew knives could be used for other things than eating soup.

Scientist: That's a spoon buddy.

Gremlin: Quiet in the audience please! And now, please welcome our guest announcer, here to reveal the winner of the scavenger hunt and new Temporary Monarch! Famulus!

Famulus: Ooooh, ummm. Th-thank you Mr. G-G-Gremlin. [nervous sigh] I d-did tell him that I don't do w-w-well at public speaking... But he insisted... so... ummm. Please put your feet, HANDS! Hands. Please put your hands together for our new Temporary Monarch... King Marcus.

(Applause.)

Scientist: You've got to be kidding me.

Marcus: I'm King Marcus! And it was all because of my friend Mr. Alboot Scientist Ackitoosh Man! Now... Bow Bwian.

Brian: Pardon?

Marcus: I said BOW!

Famulus: Alright, well. Swiftly moving on. B-back to you Mr. Gremlin.

Gremlin: I told you! It's Rita!

Heckler: At least get Ritas name right!

Heckler 2: Yeah! She's a star!

Famulus: S-sorry. Incidentally, w-w-would anyone mind if I was to, perhaps join them to watch the rest of the show?

(Cricket Chirping)

Cricket Wrangler: There you are. I knew I only had 999. You my small insectoid friend, make 1,000. Oh. I be beggin' your pardon.

(Footsteps.)

Scientist: [Tutting] Over here Famulus. You can sit with us.

Famulus: Oh, thank you very much Albert and Brian. This is truly an honour.

Gremlin: And now, for the final performance. The Demon and myself shall perform our last and most dangerous trick!

(Applause.)

Scientist: Brian hold still, let me just quickly upgrade you with a visual stimuli recording device.

Brian: That is a roll of gaffa tape and a camera. Get off me Albert. Oh for goodness sake.

Scientist: Tilt your head 90 degrees. I want to get a good shot. We need to get that close up!

Demon: Before you, you see 3 things. A small Green Assistant, a Box and a very sharp saw. Don't believe me? Watch this.

(Sawing Wood Sound.)

Brian: Albert, I'm nervous.

Scientist: Nervous? I'm furious. The demon just sawed through the leg of my favourite table.

Demon: Now that's a sharp saw. Rita, now will you please get into the box, for I am now going to saw you in half. Remember, my dear audience, do not look away. For this shall be my greatest trick.

Brian: That saw does look awfully real.

Scientist: I'm sure it's fine. They've been practicing all day.

Famulus: It's dreadfully suspenseful isn't it?

Bri&Sci: Shhhh.

(Sawing sound begins again.)

Scientist: We should intervene, shouldn't we?

Gremlin: Wow! So Demon, how does this trick work?

Demon: I dunno, you wouldn't let us practice it.

Bri&Sci: Alright! Stop the show!

(Audience awws in disappointment.)

Demon: Haha, and that was the real trick all along!

(Audience ooohs in excitement.)

Scientist: What was?

Demon: Shut up Albert, I'm trying to save the finale. Now take a Bow! You too Brian.

(Applause.)

Marcus: Ha, yes. Bow Brian. It's all coming together for Marcus. Soon you'll see...
Soon you'll see...

Gremlin: Thank you all for coming to our show! Now please feel free to wait around for autographs and mingling.

Scientist: Counterpoint. Get out of my attic. I'm very tired.

(Mass Footsteps and general chatter.)

Brian: Well that was a very eventful day. Wasn't it?

Demon: I just think it's a shame we can't take the show on tour. The world must see my genius.

Brian: Actually, just as it happens, Albert taped a camera to my head so we could always remember it.

Demon: Marvelous.

Famulus: Umm, excuse me.

Scientist: Oh, you're still here. What is it? Does the management have another task for us?

Famulus: The Management? Oh, no. I'm here purely for my own recreation. I just wanted to say thank you for allowing me to sit with you. It really did make the whole finale far more enjoyable.

Scientist: Riiight. Well, do you want to leave?

Famulus: Oh, of course. Thank you again.

(Small plodding footsteps)

Famulus: Would you look at that! The Pink Blossom trees are shedding their blooms. Such a pretty sight. The blossoms in the wind against the orange sky has always been my favourite part of spring day.

Demon: Ugh, tragically underwhelming.

Famulus: [Quietly] What a lovely moment to share with friends.

(Happy Famulus Sigh.)

Famulus: Ah, well. I'll be going then. But I will be back tomorrow as the Management do have the next location that they will be sending you. Sleep well Attic Gang.

(Door Close.)

Scientist: Uuugh, thank Evelrah he's gone.

Brian: I just don't trust him. No one can work with the management and have good intentions.

Demon: Also his scales weird me out.

Gremlin: He's a weirdo.

Scientist: Really?

Gremlin: Yeah... he's got shifty eyes.

Brian: The blossoms are nice though.

Scientist: Yeah. Yeah they are.

Gremlin: Admit it Demon, you think they're pretty...

Demon: Okay... I concede that they are... What is it you mortals say? Nice. They are nice.

Scientist: Happy Spring day Demon.

Demon: Spring Day. The greatest show ever performed. Nice view. 10/10...

(End Glitch.)

This broadcast has been brought to you by Hotel Elsewhere, scripted under Firefly Lantern. Featuring Eddie Lear as the Scientist, Lu Spicer as Brian the Robot, Matthew Beacham as The Gremlin, and Abigail Hackwood as The Demon, featuring Tody Saddleton as Stanley the Geezer, Nicky Van Tooren as Indigo Blastwind and James Watkins as Famulus. All additional voices provided by featured artists. Audio

Engineering and Original Music by Eddie Lear. Artwork by Abigail Hackwood. If you enjoyed this adventure, please consider subscribing to our Patreon at patreon.com/hotelelsewhere. Thank you for listening! And happy spring day!