

Episode 7 - The Evilympics

Scientist: Alright, for the last time, I am Professor Ackintosh, colloquially known as the Scientist, and we *are* doing Ponerology 101! That's the study of evil, which you should all know as we have tried to do these lessons countless times! Let's recap, what's on the whiteboard? 'Evil is evil... the Gremlin waz (with a z) here.' Well, that's a start. Any questions?

Brian: I am still inquiring as to why I am not the one teaching these lessons.

Gremlin: And it's not a z is a backwards s!

Demon: I thought we were doing the practical today! I want to torture a soul!

Gremlin: Yeah, the Scientist's lessons are boring! If I was running the poneromology lessons we would torture souls every lesson.

Brian: Gremlin, that's a terrible thing to say. These lessons are awfully boring though.

Demon: Sooo boring!

Scientist: Right, they're boring are they?! I'd like to see you have a go at being in charge!

Brian: Yes, that's exactly what I've been requesting this whole time!

(Arguing ensues)

Demon: Right, everybody stop! I know how to figure this out!

Scientist: Demon can you get down from the desk?

Demon: Right you are. I've been thinking about this practically, and while Brian might have the *statistics* on who is the most evil, we've never seen it in action. In the underworld, we have an annual event called the Evilympics that determines who is the most evil demon in the whole of the abyss. You've probably heard of it.

Scientist: Obviously we haven't.

Demon: It's a series of evil games-

Gremlin: Games!! Did somebody say Games?! I love games! Have you ever played unicorns and lilypads?

Demon: No, I have not played lilicorns (Lily-corns) and unipads (Uni-Pads)! The Evilympics is an ancient time honoured tradition! Except for today I suppose because we're using it to decide who the teacher is... but anyway! I'm going to go and set it up, so come down to the Hotel Grounds in five minutes, or whenever you want really. Time flows strangely here!

(Runs out the door)

Scientist: Time does flow strangely here.

Brian: We live in a magical Hotel Albert, I don't know what you expect.

Scientist: True. Is everyone ready, I feel like we're ready?

Brian: We should give the Demon a few minutes to prepare. (*Pause.*) No, you're right, let's go.

[Elevator Ding - Music]

Gremlin: This is going to be so fun, I can't wait to see who is the most evil!

Scientist: I wouldn't get too excited Gremlin, it's just going to be us four, in a field, probably playing some croquet with skulls or something. Also it does look like it's going to rain. I really don't think this is a big deal.

[Elevator ding]

Demon: [Megaphone] Hotel Residents! Welcome to your first annual Evilympics hosted by me, the Demon from room 666!

(Crowd Cheers)

Scientist: Well apparently this is a big deal, and I'm wrong again. This better not catch on. Brian, are you okay? You do not look well.

Brian: Yes, this is fine. Completely fine. Albert, there's something I should tell you.

Gremlin: Evilympics! Wooo! Come on, you're missing it!

(Theme Tune)

[Vocal:

What will you find through the attic door?

Genius minds, and so much more

Scientist:

But nobody must know that we're here

Brian:

Everybody knows you've been up here for years

Scientist:

My name's Albert and I'm the Scientist

Brian:

I'm Brian the Robot

Gremlin:

And I'm the friendly Technical Gremlin

Demon:

I suppose that makes me the Demon

Scientist, Brian, Gremlin & Demon Chanting:

Attic Gang, Attic Gang, Attic Gang, Attic Gang!]

Demon: Pretty impressive, don't you think! There's ten thousand spectators, we have a generous handful of sponsors, and I've taken the liberty of splitting us into teams! [Announcing] Team number one, The Attic Gang, consists of Albert Akintosh, the neurotic scientist from the attic.

Scientist: Stop telling everyone I'm from the attic!

Demon: Brian the Robot, supercomputer, super-espresso maker! And the smelly thing. Gremlin? Is it called a Gremlin?

Gremlin: Brian, am I called a Gremlin?

Brian: Yes Gremlin, you are called a Gremlin.

Demon: Team number two: The Wandering Wizards! This group consists of Galafor (Gal-A-Four) the Galant (Gal-Ant) , Artemis (Art-ee-mus) the Arcane, Lysander (Lie-sand-err) the Legendary... and it says Cristofer the stupid-face-silly-socks. I don't think that's his real title.

Cristofer: I thought we agreed on Cristofer the Cool.

Galafor: We were only joking, Cristofer!

Artemis: You got punked!

Lysander: Galafor! Artemis! That's not very nice... but it's very funny! You got punked!

Demon: Team number three! Against all odds, apparently the Mice are competing. I did give them a sign up sheet to write their names but they just sort of nibbled it.

Scientist: The Mice!? The Mice?!

Demon: I know, I was scraping the barrel by this point. But you haven't heard my *piece de resistance*. I found a group of real life supervillains in the thirtieth floor storage cupboard! Team number four, how about you introduce yourselves so we can all revel in your evil majesty!

Freezer: I am the Freezer Man! Such named, because I throw ice at people. I can't actually create the ice, but I have an ice tray. Oh no, it's melted. That is very disheartening.

Cat Lady: And I'm cat lady. I have lots of cats. I like them. Cats. Cats. Cats. (Hiss)

Brian: Doesn't seem particularly evil to me.

Cat Lady: Bring me a desk. I'll push a mug off.

Half Octopus: Hello, I'm half octopus man. I have the head of an octopus and the legs of a man. I know you've probably noticed, but I just wanted to address the elephant in the room. Or I suppose you could say address the half octopus man in the field. I like long walks on the beach or in the sea. Romantic candlelit dinners, not calamari. Fun fact, I can fit my top half through tiny spaces. Not my bottom half though, my hips are too wide. And I am single in case you're interested.

Demon: This is so tragically underwhelming. I can't see how this can possibly get any more lame.

Sack of Potatoes: Hello, I am Sack of Potatoes. A sentient sack of potatoes. I can throw potatoes at people if I wish to, as I am full of potatoes. Some of my potatoes were stolen and I have sworn revenge, that's my whole deal. Aside from being a sentient sack of potatoes, of course. I'm not just about potatoes, I am also about the Sack. It's a lovely burlap sack, doesn't tear easy. Don't tear me though. I will leak potatoes. Get it, leak potatoes. Like a leak and potato pie. Please don't eat my potatoes though, I only have so many potatoes inside my sack of potatoes. Which is also my name by the way: Sack of Potatoes.

Demon: Right, well now seems like a good time to hear from our first sponsor. Scientist, I hope you don't mind but I've hooked up the radio to the field's PA system.

Scientist: I do mind! I mind very much! Why does nobody ask me about anything around here?

Transmission: And now for a word from our sponsor! Incoming transmission from gift shop 28, the Lemonberry Bubblegum Store

Frightened Person: Uh, hello, I've been told to do the advert. I'm very new here. Very new. Uh, I've written it down on my hand. Um... please buy our limonbree boubleegoo. Limonbree boubleegoo. I, uh, I don't know what that is. Please buy it. I'm still on probation. How do I run the jingle?

Jingle: It's lemon-y, it's berry-y, it's lemonberry bubblegum! (x4)

Frightened Person: Lemonberry! That's it! Please buy i-

Radio static

Demon: It's lemony-y, it's berry-y, it's lemonberry bubblegum. Great.

Brian: Scientist, I really do need to talk to you about something very important.

Gremlin: Be quiet Brian! The first event is about to begin. We need to win the game! I'm not a loser Brian. I won't let you drag me down!

Scientist: Gremlin, shut up!

Artemis: Yes Gremlin, shut up.

Galafor: Ha, punked!

Demon: If you're done talking amongst yourselves, can I please explain how this whole thing works?

Cristofer: No, ha, punked! Did I do it right, fellow wizards?

Galafor: That was just rude Cristofer.

Lysander: Not cool.

Demon: Anyyyyyway. The Evilympics is a fight to the death. It all takes place in a stadium, and the game begins with teams destroying the other teams. When only one team remains, then you must turn against each other until there is only one person left. You will be provided with weapons. My personal favourite is the red hot poky thing.

Galafor: Sounds reasonable to me! This isn't my first battle royale.

(Mice squeaking in approval)

Sack of Potatoes: I suppose if that's what we have to do, then this is a price sack of potatoes is willing to pay.

Scientist: What? Why is everybody acting like this a reasonable development? I'm absolutely not having this! A fight to the death? This is quite literal lunacy.

Brian: I must admit, I think it might be worth slamming the brakes on here, Demon. Do we really want to lower ourselves to fighting our fellow reside-

Gremlin: I've found a sword! I'll have 'em! I'll get their kneecaps! Death or Glory!

Scientist: Gremlin, down!

Brian: Demon! Stop this at once or there will be serious repercussions! I'll stop buying that icecream you like!

Demon: What? No fair. But... the Evilympics! It's supposed to be evil! What did you all expect?

Brian: Well, I don't really know, but not this nonsense! We are not doing it. You can host a series of relatively normal but appropriately spooky games, or we can all go home right now!

Demon: Alright fine. Well, in that case the first event is. Um. Well, the first event is... going to be announced right after we hear from our second sponsor!

Transmission: And now for a word from our sponsor! Incoming transmission from gift shop 176, the Totally Legitimate Arcane Wares Store.

Seller 1: Have you experienced a beacon of divine light shining in through your bathroom window? You've probably evoked the wrath of Evelrah, mother of eyes.

Seller 2: Never fear, for you too can avoid eternal torment by coming down to our store and getting yourself a genuine halo of protection.

Seller 1: Just place the halo on your head and be safe from the scorching beams of the holy mother.

Seller 2: It really works! Come to the Totally Legitimate Arcane Wares Store for all your holy relic needs. We've even got a real handful of leaves plucked from Dryadalem's Tree of Youth. Stay forever young by rubbing the leaves across your forehead.

(Knocking)

Seller 1: Joseph, I think she's here! The mother of eyes!

Seller 2: Don't open the door Burt! Don't open it!

Seller 1: I can't help myself!

(Demonic noise)

Jingle: Totally Legitimate Arcane Wares!
Totally Legitimate Arcane Wares!
They're totally legitimate, it's all above board

At Totally Legitimate Arcane Wares!
La la la la la la la la la la

(Radio Static)

Demon: Totally Legitimate Arcane Wares. And now with that out of the way, our first event shall be... pick up twigs, you have to run around and... pick up... twigs. I promise it's scarier than it sounds... probably.

Scientist: Not your best work, is it?

Demon: First round! Attic Gang VS The Super Villains!

Scientist: Well, I don't see any twigs.

Demon: GO!

Scientist: Marvelous. Well. This is exactly how I wanted to spend my Sunday afternoon.

Gremlin: Twigs! I smell a twig. I'll be right back! I shall procure us a twig, and we shall be victorious. I am a God among gremlins!

Sack of Potatoes: Freezer Man! You're big and strong, can you get some twigs?

Freezerman: I have to put my ice cube tray back into the freezer!

(Runs away)

Sack of Potatoes: It's alright, there's still three of us! Oh no, Cat Lady is stuck in a tree... Half Octopus, have you got anything?

Half Octopus: Oh, I think I have a twig in my pocket actually. My dad gave it to me before he left. I suppose we can use it, as long as I get it back. Maybe we could win this thing.

Gremlin: I found a twig! Aha!

Half Octopus: Oh no, the Gremlin stole my twig.

Gremlin: Out of the way, potato sack!

(Rip sound)

Sack of Potatoes: My burlap sack! It's torn... He's ripped my burlap sack with the twig. I'm leaking potatoes!

(Crowd Laughter)

Sack of Potatoes: It's not funny now that it's happening! It's all gone wrong!

Half Octopus: It's alright, I can scoop up all the potatoes!

Sack of Potatoes: You're a little late, I'm already torn.

Half Octopus: I've always loved you Sack of Potatoes!

Sack of Potatoes: I've always loved you too Half Octopus! Don't leave me now.

Half Octopus: I'm here, I'm here Sack of Potatoes. It's going to be alright. It's such a beautiful day. Don't the clouds look nice? It's okay. It'll all be okay.

Gremlin: Haha, no one shall stop me from being crowned the most EVIL! Mwahaha

Scientist: What have you done Gremlin? What is wrong with us. We really are evil.

Brian: Albert, I need to te-

Demon: Ding ding ding! Round over. The final results are, Attic Gang 1, Supervillains minus 1!

Gremlin: Victory! (Howl)

Demon: Now let's move straight on to our next match, Wandering Wizards vs The Mice, in a coffin throwing competition! The group to throw a coffin furthest, wins! Don't ask me where I got the coffins, or you will be disqualified! On your marks, get set, throw!

Artemis: Us versus the mice? This hardly seems fair. We are great arcane practitioners, and they are measly mice! It'll be far too easy.

Galafor: I can't find my glasses!

Artemis: They're on your head!

Galafor: Who's dead? I'm not dead yet!

Artemis: They're on your head!

Galafor: We're ahead? That's wonderful!

Artemis: The game hasn't even started yet!

Demon: It has actually!

Cristofer: The mice are crawling all over me!! They're getting me! Brothers, help!
They're tying me up!

Artemis: Cristofer, be quiet! Galafor has lost his glasses!

Galafor: Hang on! They're on my head!

Cristofer: Please help! They're dragging me away! Heeeeelp!

Artemis: Silly Galafor. They were on your head all along.

Galafor: Who's dead?

Cristofer: No wait, I'm not a coffin! No, noooooo! (Thud) Oh, that wasn't very far. You mice are very weak.

Artemis: Are you alright Cristofer? Would you like us to punk the mice.

Lysander: Should I throw the coffin then?

Galafor: Who's coughing? I have some throat drops in my enchanted satchel.

Lysander: Coffinous, throwinous!

(Coffin flying through the air sound?)

Lysander: I can't believe that was an actual spell. I just said some words.

Artemis: You'd be surprised by some of the incantations out there.

Demon: Ding! Ding! Ding! The Mice threw Cristofer, who is not a coffin, 2 inches, and I have no idea how far The Wandering Wizards threw their coffin as it went past the horizon. So the Wandering Wizards win! Now before we enter the quarter-finals, let's hear from our next sponsor.

Transmission: And now for a word from our sponsor! Incoming transmission from Room 47, a regular room.

Regular Person: Oh, um. Hi? What's that? You want me to sponsor you? Oh, yeah, sure. What's it for? Are you doing some kind of fun run? Is 10 moneys okay? No? Too little? Too much? 20? 5? I don't really understand what's happening right now. Can I go back to my dinner?... Right, I'm going to close the door now.

Ominous voice: (Whispered) You need to do a jingle?

Regular Person: Uh.. ba ba ba do do do do do... bye?

(Radio Static)

Demon: Uh, (pathetic jingle repeated).. Bye. I don't know what you can buy, but apparently something! Riveting. During that last sponsor our quarter-finalists took it upon themselves to start the next game without my permission. This match is the Attic Gang vs the Wandering the Wizards in the intellectual battle of the century. A game of Go Fish.

Artemis: We're down to our last card now Cristofer! Don't get this wrong, we just need to get their threes!

Scientist: Well it's my go, so do you perchance have any threes?

Cristofer: Yes! I have a three!

Scientist: I'll have that! That's all my cards done! I've got 3 sets!

Galafor: Cristofer, you failed us!

Cristofer: Oh nooo!

Scientist: I mean, we were going to win anyway. Brian has 8 sets.

Lysander: Oh well. I guess we should go back to the garage then.

Galafor: What's that? The Lotharian beacons have fallen again? We must prepare our defenses!

Lysander: Come on, let's go home. It's about time for your afternoon nap Galafor.

Galafor: Wait! Attic Gang! A dark presence is looming. They're coming. Fear the dotted line! Fear the suit and tie! Fear the 11th shot!

Cristofer: Pay him no mind! Last week he said that an ancient pirate ghost would reawaken!

(Wandering Wizards walk away)

Brian: How have we possibly made it to the semi-final?

Gremlin: Because we're evil!

Brian: Right! That's it! I'm putting my foot down.

Demon: I'm not saying I need some time to think of the next game, but I need some time to... set it up! Brian, hot beverages?

Brian: Fine, I will make some drinks, but then we have to have a real conversation before this competition goes much further.

Scientist: A small black coffee with 9 shots of espresso, please Brian!

Gremlin: Because I'm evil now, I would like one cup of ants please. Red, preferably.

Brian: Are you sure you don't want a hot chocolate instead, Gremlin? No-one would judge you if you ordered a hotty choccy choc.

Gremlin: I want a hotty choccy choc.

Brian: With whipped cream and marshmallows?

Gremlin: Yes please. But it's an evil hotty choccy choc!

Demon: I'll have a cup of red ants if you're offering Brian.

Brian: I am not.

Demon: Fine, I'll have an oolong tea!

Brian: And I will have an engine oil frappe.

(Drinks making noise)

Brian: So, before I say anything, I think it's important we reflect on how far we have all come as friends.

Demon: Laaame.

Brian: And I think it's really important to remember how much we mean to each other, and that even though we care about each other, we all make mistakes. And sometimes we make those mistakes *because* we care about each other.

Gremlin: Can it, you bucket of bolts. We're not here for heartfelt moments, we're here to watch empires fall to our own evil hands. Our tiny little evil hands! DEMON! Start the next event!

Brian: Well that's actually what I wanted to talk to you about-

Demon: This next event is inspired by the three-legged death hoppers from the thirteenth plane of the underworld! In pairs you must tie your legs together and partake in a race against another pair!

Scientist: So.. a three legged race then?

Demon: Yes!

Scientist: There's only three of us.

Demon: Oh... okay, I'm joining the competition!

Brian: That doesn't sound very fair.

Demon: It's an evil competition, it doesn't matter if it's fair!

Gremlin: Dibs pairing with the Scientist!

Scientist: Great.

Demon: Right, so that leaves me and Brian as the second pair! Alright, on our marks, get set- oh wait just a reminder to everyone in the stadium! The winner of the Evilympics will win the rights to teach our ponerology lessons, and I'm also throwing in the radio as another prize!

Scientist: WHAT?!

Demon: Go!

Scientist: Run Gremlin! We have to win! I am not having the Demon win my radio!

Demon: Brian, run faster! It's almost like you don't want to win!

Brian: I don't want to win!

Gremlin: Haha losers! You'll never beat us!

Scientist: We're going to win! We're so close, Gremlin! Thank goodness, this was getting so stressful! We're going to wi-

(Thudding to the ground sound. 'Ooft' sound)

Scientist: Gremlin! You tripped me! What are you doing?

Gremlin: I learnt what betrayal means!

Scientist: You what?! You do realise you will also lose.

Demon: Hahaha eat my dust! We won! Me and Brian won!

Brian: Sorry Albert. I literally couldn't have run ANY slower.

Scientist: Brian, you have to win the last game. I will not have the demon winning my precious radio. And gremlin, we will be having words later.

(Sad Gremlin noises)

Demon: Now it's time for the last match. Me, the Demon from room 666 versus Brian, supercomputer, super espresso maker in one final game to win the title of most evil, the rights to teach ponerology, and the scientist's radio!

Scientist: Brian, you need to be so evil! The most evil you've ever been! (Continues to ramble)

Demon: This final game is the most evil, most blood curdling game yet! To win this game you must prove you are truly evil... (continues to ramble)

Gremlin: You might have won that race, but I am the most evil! I sabotaged my own victory in the name of evil! (continues to ramble)

Brian: I faked the results! When we had our court case for the Scientist's soul, I lied and told the demon that we were all evil and they were good so that they would stay with us and not take Albert's soul.

Demon: What?

Brian: There's no way to test somebody's morality. It's not as simple as a statistic. I am actually surprised you didn't question this before.

Scientist: When were you going to tell us about this Brian?

Brian: I have been trying to tell you all day! It was all fine for a while, but today is when I realised how out of hand this whole evil thing could get.

Scientist: Why didn't you just tell the demon I was good?

Brian: Because they would have taken your soul anyway. Isn't that right Demon?

Demon: ... Yes.

Brian: To keep you safe, I had to make them question the whole purpose of them stealing your soul in the first place.

Gremlin: So... I was never 100% evil?

Brian: No Gremlin, you were never evil.

Gremlin: And the ponemorolology lessons were for nothing?

Brian: Yes, I'm afraid so. Once I had begun the lie, I had to keep lying. It's very difficult for a robot to do that. I had to re-programme my objective actualization cortex.

Scientist: You can do that?

Brian: It's best not to think about it.

Demon: So, the whole time I've been here, is because of a lie?

Brian: Yes.

Audience Member: That's so evil! Brian is so evil.

(Audience cheering/chanting)

Brian: No, hold on. That's not what this is about.

Demon: Brian, I think you've accidentally won the Evilympics.

Brian: But I was saving my friend. I'm not evil. Please stop them cheering.

Scientist: Right, I'm done with this. I'm going home. Take my soul if you want! I do not care! I'm just going back to the attic. Goodbye Demon.

Brian: Yes, good idea Scientist. How about we head back up to the attic. Come on, Gremlin! Maybe I could make you another drink? Two hot beverages in one day, that would be a nice treat wouldn't it?

(Elevator ding)

Gremlin: I'm so sorry Scientist, please don't be mad at me! I really did think I was evil! It was a character to play! You know how I am when I get a character to play!

(Elevator ding)

Scientist: Apologise all you want Gremlin, you're still going in the bath later! At least we've gotten rid of that Demon now though! And good riddance. If we never see that Demon ever again then it'll be too soon.

(Knock at the door)

Scientist: What now?!

(Door opens)

Demon: I would like to stay.

Scientist: Surely this is a joke.

Demon: I'm here to stay and study ponerology!

Brian: But we're not actually evil.

Demon: Then I'm here to take Albert's soul!

Scientist: Then take it. Go on!

Demon: Oh uh.. Okay. The truth is that I want to stay because I like it here. And we will never talk about it again!

Scientist: Fine!

Demon: Fine.

Scientist: Good.

Demon: Good.

Brian: It'll be nice to have you back Demon.

Gremlin: Oh happy days! Attic gang! Attic gang!

Scientist: You're still going in the bath!

Gremlin: (Sad Gremlin noise)

Brian: Well, to make up for... everything... how about you teach us one last ponerology lesson Albert. We all promise to be quiet and listen, don't we gang?

Scientist: No.. it's fine. They were really boring.

Demon: So booooring!

Gremlin: So booooring!

Scientist: So boring.

Brian: Yes, they were boring. So, what should we do instead?

Scientist: A game of unicorns and lilypads?

Gremlin: (Excited Gremlin noise)

Demon: But an *evil* game of unicorns and lilypads, right?

Brian: Whatever makes you happy.

End.

This broadcast has been brought to you by Hotel Elsewhere, scripted under candlelight. Featuring Eddie Lear as the Scientist, Lu Spicer as Brian the Robot, Matthew Beacham as The Gremlin, and Abigail Hackwood as The Demon. 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!

