

SPOOKY DAY

Demon: Right, I play super hexacorn Sprinkles McSparklehoof, which poofs your sugarwart toad. That earns me an extra 4 lilypads, which I think you well know Brian, means I have enough to hippity hoppity up to the rainbow mountain! I am the Lord of Rainbow Mountain. You puny creatures must revel in my unholy majesty. I am unstoppable!

Brian: Yes, well done Demon. Another win.

Scientist: Alright, I've tried to ignore it for as long as possible, but what are you doing?

Brian: We're playing Unicorns and Lillipads Sir, with the new Toad Warriors expansion pack.

Demon: Yes, and I have won once more! There is not a single Unicorn or Lillipad that will be free from my clutches.

Brian: The Demon has gotten into the game in a big way. A very big way.

Scientist: Right. Well as long as the cards don't come to life and eat us, that's fine.

Brian: Yes, I must admit, I'm rather relieved that nothing horrible has happened yet. I am remaining on full alert however.

Scientist: You're playing cards.

Brian: I can multitask.

Demon: Wait, what are you talking about?

Brian: Today is the worst day of the year for the attic gang. Every year, without fail, something awful happens.

Demon: But why?

Scientist: It's Spooky Day.

(Theme Tune)

Narrator:

***What will you find on a spooky day
The attic gang in an early grave***

Scientist:

But I don't really want to be dead

Brian:

Maybe we could just wear costumes instead?

Scientist:

My name is Albert, and I'm the Vampire

Brian:

I'm Brian The Cyborg

Gremlin:

And I'm the scary, man-eating Werewolf

Demon:

I suppose, that makes me the Human

All:

Spooky Gang, Spooky Gang, Spooky Gang, Spooky Gang!

Scientist: Where is the Gremlin anyway?

Brian: He said he was going to get his costume ready. That was three hours ago.

Demon: Maybe he's been captured by the flesh-eating gnolls of the seventh plane, hung by his toes by fish hooks and been marinated in spickleberry jam!

[Door Opening]

Gremlin: I'm back Sirs! Do you like my costume?

Scientist: What is it? You're just covered in hair.

Brian: Wet hair.

Gremlin: I'm a werewolf! Awoooooooooo!

Scientist: I cannot express how much I know I'm going to regret this question, but where did you get the hair from, Gremlin?

Gremlin: I have spent all morning collecting materials from the shower drains to make my outfit!

Scientist: You have been scavenging hair from the drains?

Gremlin: No, Collecting!

Demon: This explains the sudden smell of sulphur.

Gremlin: Does it? I cannot smell.

Brian: Right, well it's spooky day, so we need to stick together for the inevitable catastrophe.

Scientist: I'm sorry, but I cannot put up with this drainy, gremliny, sulfury stench for an entire night.

Demon: Seconded. Is there anyway we can get rid of him, but make sure somebody is keeping an eye on him?

Gremlin: I can hear you.

Brian: Trick-or-Treating! Gremlin, I have found a solution I think you will enjoy. There's a Hotel tradition where the younger Hotel residents can go knocking door to door, and the residents will open the door and give you some sweeties. You just need to exclaim trick or treat when they open the door! It actually traces back to ancient times where children dressed as swallows, and demanded food, threatening violence if they were denied a meal. Now we do the sweeties thing. Rather odd really. Surely a meal is much more valuable. Anyway, I'm sure they'll love your costume.

Demon: They definitely won't.

Scientist: Shut up! I think that's a great idea Brian.

Gremlin: That sounds so fun! I want to get sweeties!

Brian: Well make sure you check in on us. It's a dangerous day so keep your wits about you.

Gremlin: Don't you worry Brian! Nothing bad could possibly go wrong while wandering the halls alone collecting sweets from random Hotel guests rooms... Bye

(Footsteps, distant awoooo)

Scientist: Do you think he'll be alright? I do feel a bit bad about sending him away on today of all days.

Brian: Whether it's a curse or just a coincidence, I think that you and I are the only ones who are affected Albert.

Scientist: Accurate assessment of the facts Brian! What's that I hear? Is it our annual spooky day tradition?

Brian: I'm downloading a film now!

Scientist: I don't understand why we don't just pay 6 monies a month to get full access to the Hotel's cinematography collection.

Brian: I keep telling you that I can just download them for free from the Smuggler's Dock Database.

Demon: What's your tradition? Is it just watching a film? We watched a film last night.

Scientist: No, actually, we light the protection candle, close the curtains, barricade the doors and THEN we watch a film by acclaimed director Hairy Jim Johnson.

Demon: The old guy from years ago? All his films are in black and white.

Brian: Yes, but he is famously the WORST film director to ever come out of the Hotel, and I will be the first to admit we do not have the most successful box office.

Scientist: It's so bad, it's ART, Demon. A-R-T, art. Which treat are we in for tonight Brian? The Globulers from deep space? They came wearing clothes? Cow corpse murder house survivors?

Brian: Even better Albert, the all time classic debut feature-

Scientist and Brian: The Cupboard of Professor Calamari!

Demon: Wow, that is so-

Scientist and Brian: Lame?

Demon: Uh, yeah. Lame. Whatever, black and white films are boring, and now I know there is a whole day dedicated to spookiness, I have some residents to terrorize. Later losers.

(Footsteps, door shut)

Scientist: Well, more popcorn for us then Brian. How long until the movie is ready to go?

Brian: Approximately, 2 minutes.

Scientist: Right you are, commence comfortification.

Brian: I'll start the hot chocolate and blanket fort if you lock the doors and barricade the windows.

Scientist: No, I did the doors last time and we still ended up having the worst night ever. This time, I'm building the fort. You can do the protective measures.

Brian: If you insist. Would you like to be incharge of the hot chocolate too?

(Hammering and locking sounds)

Scientist: Of course not! And I don't want a hot chocolate, I'll have a small black coffee with 10 shots of espresso. Your coffee machine chest was one of my biggest brainwaves, if it isn't broken don't fix it... unless there are clear improvements that can be made, in which case fix away... You know Brian, I think we can greatly improve the structure of our...

(Radio static ringing thingy)

Who's calling us on Spooky day?! Do they not know it's Spooky day? This better not be a poltergeist. Hello! This is Albert Ackintosh. Oh, hello David. Oh I see. Well, actually I do have plans. That does sound very exciting. Okay, I'll just clear it with Brian. See you in a bit, David.

Brian: Was that your old apprentice, Albert? We haven't heard from him in a while. I hear he has three peace prizes now. How is he doing?

Scientist: Actually Brian, he's running a new experiment and is looking for some help, ordinarily I wouldn't go, especially on spooky-day but...

Brian: Did he invoke the intellectual's code? Well, you'll have to go and help him out then. I don't mind settling in for the movie by myself.

Scientist: Thank you Bri, I'll make it up to you I promise. See you later, hopefully I'll be back to catch the part where Calamari rises from the coffin.

Brian: Stay safe Albert, Spooky day is no joke.

(Door noises)

Computer: Download complete

Brian: Oh good, the film is ready. I do hope everyone will be alright. At least I'll be safe up here in the attic. I'd better start the film, I can't take any chances today.

[Gong noise, bats maybe.]

Narrator: **Tales From The Attic Door, Part I: Night... of the Living Brian!**

(Old film noises. Downloaded virus sound. Film sounds stop?)

Brian: Oh, the film appears to have stopped. Well that was a strange anomaly. It feels as though there is an error in the download section of my database. Rather disconcerting, but I'm sure it's nothing to worry about *ABOUT*. Right, let's see if I can get this film to resume. Play. Pause. Rewind. I should really have a remote. I can't work out what's gone wrong with this film. *DO NOT EXIT THIS WINDOW! YOU ARE THE ONE MILLIONTH CUSTOMER. CONGRATULATIONS. CLICK HERE TO CLAIM YOUR PRIZE NOW.*

Well, there seems to be something very wrong with my main frame. Running diagnostics. (Pause, sound of diagnostics) Oh dear. My diagnostics won't run. *GOING FOR A RUN? SPORTZDRANK. IN THREE BRAND NEW FLAVOURS, ORANGE GRAPEFRUIT, WILD GUAVA BERRY AND BLUE. SPORTZDRANK. QUERZT YOUR THIRST.* Oh dear, this is worse than I thought. Albert? Oh yes, he's gone. I must find him immediately.

(Brian leaves the room hurriedly.)

Albert?! I need help! I think I've downloaded a virus from Smuggler's Dock!

Marcus: I'm not Albert, I'm Marcus. Trick-or-Treat!

Brian: This is not a good time, small child! I am experiencing a traumatic error!

Marcus: Are you a cyborg?

Brian: No, I'm a robot!

Marcus: Well your costume looks more like a cyborg than a robot.

Brian: I don't know what that means! Listen child, I don't have much time. I have something important to tell you. *SIGN UP NOW FOR LIFE INSURANCE. WHEN THE COLD EMBRACE OF DEATH COMES FOR YOU, WILL YOU BE PREPARED?*

Marcus: I don't want to die, I just came for some sweeties. I'm not going to die, am I?

Brian: WE ARE ALL GOING TO DIE! BUT YOU CAN BE PREPARED, WITH LIFE INSURANCE. BUY BEFORE YOU DIE! BUY! BUY! BUY!

Marcus: Ahhhh! Mummy, I'm scared, I have done a number one in my favourite pixie costume, please stop this torment.

Brian: Brilliant, that feels like it might have repercussions. Alas, I mustn't allow myself to become distracted. Okay, think logically Brian. Albert is down in the laboratory, so I have to take the elevator. (Steps?) Of course, it's out of order. I don't know what I expected on Spooky Day. I suppose I'll have to take the stairs. So that's only about 467 floors to navigate before I become a walking talking pop up and lose every trace of Brian. Me! I mean me.

(Door and going down stairs sound)

(General going down stairs fast breathing) Oh hello miss! Slow down, I need your assistance. *ONE MAGIC BERRY TO FIX YOUR THREE PROBLEM AREAS!*

Stair Dweller: My squeaky car door, my broken toe and my crippling gambling addiction?

Brian: *WRINKLES, STRETCH MARKS AND CELLULITE.*

Stair Dweller: Those aren't problem areas, it's called having a human body. Not that you'd understand, robo-man.

(Slap)

Brian: I'm not a man, but I suppose I am robo. Brian probably deserved that one. Did Brian deserve that one? It's not Brian's fault Brian has a virus. Oh no, I'm in the third person again, that's not a good sign. Keep it together Brian, you need to stop getting distracted and find the Scientist.

(Continuing down the stairs, party music in the distance)

That sounds like the legendary Hotel Elsewhere corridor party, the Spooky Day Spooky Rave. Not ideal, but hopefully someone can help me there.

(Opens door. Music louder)

Please cease your revelry! I need your immediate assistance before my consciousness is lost forever.

Brad: That's totally gnarly dude.

Chad: Are you like, some kinda cyborg?

Brian: No, I'm a robot!

Brad: Yo, cyborg, Rad Allen is about to do a keg stand. You should totally come and watch.

Brian: I'm sorry, but I do not have time to engage in your 'keg standing', or any of your other tomfoolery. I shall not be flipping cups, I will not be ponging beers, and I certainly will not be smashing any acoustic guitars. I am in a state of emergency. Listen very carefully, you need to HEAD ON DOWN TO BODACIOUS BILL'S BOARDS BE GONE, FOR ALL YOUR BOARDING NEEDS. WE HAVE SURF, SKATE AND SNOW. YOU WON'T BE BORED AT BODACIOUS BILL'S BOARDS BE GONE. GET THEM BEFORE THEY'RE ALL GONE!

Brad: Wow, I'm going to Bodacious Bill's Boards Be Gone right now, thanks bro!

Chad: Wait. I think they're experiencing some technical difficulties. This is just like when I forgot to safely eject my USB. We need to get Rad Allen over! He works in IT! Yo Rad Allen!

Brad: Allen, come over here!

Rad Allen: Hello, I'm Rad Allen. Nice coffee machine chest. What seems to be the problem over here?

Chad: This robo has gone commercial crazy.

Brian: The problem is *IS..* sorry. It appears that I have *HAVE HAVE...* The problem is... that there... *THERE...* Oh goodness. The issue is that there ARE 7 HOT SINGLES IN YOUR AREA! THEY ARE WAITING JUST FOR YOU. NO CREDIT CARD SIGN UP REQUIRED. JUST JOIN UP FOR FREE AND MEET HOT SINGLES NOW!

Brad: Yo, dude, there's hot singles in our area!

Chad: And they're waiting for us!

Brad: Dude, I wonder where those hot singles are?

Chad: Well I'm single...

Brad: And you're pretty hot too.

Chad: Bro, but you're like, totally hot!

Brad: And I'm also single.

Chad: Wait, are we the hot singles in our area?

Brad & Chad: Broooooo!

Chad: Yo, me and Brad have just had a life changing epiphany, so we're going to go and have a candlelit dinner. Good luck with this whole sitch. Later!

Rad Allen: I don't suppose you think I'm a hot single too, do you?

Brian: This really isn't the time.

Rad Allen: Yes, you're probably right. But maybe once you've fixed your issue we could-

Brian: I'm not really programmed for those kinds of relations.

Rad Allen: Oh, well, no harm in trying. I did lie about working in IT though, so I can't really help you out with your glitching.

Brian: Are you trying to engage my humour processors? This is wasting valuable time. Don't you walk away from me! Oh dear. What a piece of work. I must continue to the laboratory immediately. With every passing second I can feel my personality slipping away from me and being replaced by incessant pop-ups. Soon I will be nothing more than a steel heart, afflicted with the scourge of capitalism. Hang on Brian, what is Brian doing? Brian doesn't have time to monologue right now! The odds are not looking good for Brian. Me! I really must stop letting that happen!

(Steps)

Brian: Right, that's enough. No more distractions! No matter what is on this next floor, I will ignore it and continue heading to the lab.

(Door Opening)

Gremlin: Hello Brian! Have you come to join me Trick-Or-Treating? I knew you couldn't resist the sweeties!

Brian: Oh Gremlin, am I glad to see you! I need you to go and get Albert immediately.

Gremlin: Why? What's happening?

Brian: I am experiencing a technical error *ERROR!* I don't think I have much time left and I need him to repair me before it's too late!

Gremlin: Don't be silly Brian, I can help you with that. You seem to forget I'm a technical Gremlin!

Brian: I think this could be beyond your area of expertise Gremlin. I just need you to run down those stairs and get Albert right now.

Gremlin: Hang on, I think I have something right here that can help!

Brian: Gremlin, that is hammer.

Gremlin: Alright, hold still Brian. A quick bash on the noggin will sort you right out.

Brian: No, Gremlin! Get away from me with that! Do not ascend my body! Gremlin! I'll tell Albert, he'll put you in the bath. Oh no, it's too late. *PERSONALITY SHUTTING DOWN. PEST CONTROL.* Gremlin, I did love you all, make sure you tell the others. *PEST CONTROL. DO YOU HAVE PESTS YOU NEED CONTROLLING. THEN YOU NEED-*

[CLANG]

Gremlin: There we go!

Brian: Gremlin... I think you actually did it.

Gremlin: It's only a temporary solution, but it should delay the virus until the Scientist is able to come and help you properly.

Brian: Wow... thank you Gremlin. You saved me. And it's probably a good thing I didn't have to go and interrupt Albert's evening with David. I'm sure he's having a lovely time.

Narrator: **Tales From The Attic Door, Part 2: The Post-Mortem Prometheus!**

[Panting]

Scientist: I can't believe I just walked down 467 floors. Why are those elevators always out of order on Spooky Day?! Oh yes. Because it's cursed!

(Slow knocking. Door opening)

Scientist: David, are you here? (Walking, ambient storm) David, I'm coming in now.

(Door Swing Shut)

David: Hello Albert.

Scientist: Oh, David! I didn't see you there!

David: Even when your eyes are open, you still do not see.

Scientist: Right.. You invoked the code of intellectuals, so here I am! What do you need help with?

David: That will become evident. Why don't you have a look at my project?

Scientist: This thing under a sheet?

David: Yes. How about you remove the sheet, Albert.

Scientist: Okay? (Sheet is removed.) Oh, oh okay. That looks like multiple body parts stitched together. That is... well that is...

David: Sublime.

Scientist: That's one word for it. What is *it*?

David: My greatest achievement. I actually took a lot of inspiration from you Albert. You created Brian. Well, this is *my* Brian... but with flesh.

Scientist: Right. Um. I'm getting a bit concerned.

David: I just need one more piece to complete it. You should stay here and look after him while I go and collect it. Don't try to follow me Albert. I will be back soon.

(Door closes)

Scientist: Well, I'm clearly going to leave aren't I?

(Door lock clicks)

Scientist: Did he just lock the door? Right. Well brilliant. I'm trapped in a horrible lab, on Spooky Day. What did I expect?

[Footsteps]

Right, well I suppose I'd better actually have a closer look at this thing while I'm here... It looks... a lot like... me? That's it. I'm getting out of here. Okay, we've got a few beakers, notes, a pile of bones... oh, and an 'Emergency Exit' button. Well that's quite convenient.

[Large switch click, followed by electrical surge]

Right, of course. Well done falling for that one Albert. That wasn't an 'Emergency Exit' switch, it was a corpse cocktail awakening switch...

[Explosion, sparks]

I hate SPOOKY DAY!

[Gruff Albert Voice]

Evil AI: Really? I quite like it. Hello, me.

Scientist: Holy Snapping Turtles!

Evil AI: Snapping Turtles indeed... That's a nice face you have Albert, I look forward to wearing it.

Scientist: Okay, please don't kill me.

Evil AI: Oh, don't worry. I'm not going to kill you Albert. There's nothing more I want than to keep you alive, forever and ever. What if I need a part replacement. We've got to have a back up.

Scientist: What do you want?

Evil AI: I just want a chat. So why don't you have a seat? We've got so much to talk about.

Scientist: Are you sure you're not going to kill me?

Evil AI: You're just going to have to take my word Albert.

[Chair scraping]

Atta boy. Now... Where should we begin? Here's a question. Albert, say that you were granted the ability to achieve world peace. Every being would be happy, and there would no longer be any pain or conflict. However, this could only be achieved as long as you are torturing one being. For example, let's say your little Gremlin friend. All you would have to do to grant happiness and peace to the whole world would be causing one of your friends eternal pain. Would you do it?

Scientist: I'm not engaging with this!

Evil AI: And that's why you fail. There is an obvious answer, but you just can't bring yourself to do what has to be done.

Scientist: You're just trying to box me in with hypotheticals that don't apply to the real world!

Evil AI: Hypocrite! Science is ethics. You created Brian, a robot, with the ability to kill might I add, and you never even gave it a second thought.

Scientist: That's different, Brian has an empathy chip, and the ability to make their own decisions! Brian has free will.

Evil AI: That doesn't mean that they're not vulnerable to problems. Malfunctions, hijackings... computer viruses.

[Sudden chair scrape]

Scientist: What have you done to Brian?

Evil AI: Why do you even care Albert? You talk about it like it's real.

Scientist: Don't talk about my friends like that!

Evil AI: Homeostasis?

Scientist: What are you?

Evil AI: Look in a mirror Albert. I'm you. Just worse... if that's possible.

Scientist: Rude. At least I'm not made of chunks of random dead bodies.

Evil AI: At least / don't trust a demon to be my friend. A demon that you just betrayed. You really think they won't get their revenge. Telling a demon that their soul is good will never go well in the long run.

Scientist: I don't know what you think you're going to accomplish, I know they're my friends.

Evil AI: Oh come on Albert, we both know you're not capable of having friends. You're alone, you will always be alone. Everyone you meet will leave. Your friends will be dead, sent back to hell and dismantled. All that will be left is you, in a dusty old attic room, with nothing but your own regrets, wondering where it all went wrong... But here's the thing Albert. It's you. You're what's wrong. You're the common denominator.

Beat

Anyway, David has been doing some ground breaking research that I think you would be very interested in. He really has been putting in a lot of time and effort to get things working. Look at this folder of notes. What do you think?

[Paper flicking]

Scientist: Yes, very impressive. It looks like he's been working on some sort of... matter converter? Or dimension portal? Time machine maybe... They're good schematics, but they have the same problems that always crop up with these kinds of blueprints. Nothing could power it, and even if it could, it could never be stabilised. Besides, he's forgotten to carry over the one. Classic David.

Evil AI: Thank you Albert. We knew there was a problem. We'll get to work on that. Now, I think you'll love what comes next.

[Door unlocking]

Gremlin: Trick or Treat! I had to pick the lock, I hope you don't mind. Albert, you do not look well.

[Aggressive footsteps]

Evil AI: What do you think you're doing here you petulant little creature. The adults are trying to talk.

Gremlin: I just wanted some sweeties! Wait, are there two Alberts in here?

Evil AI: It's an affront to have to even look at this little bundle of snot.

[Sniff]

Gremlin: It's not snot!

Evil AI: Shut up! You are a worthless spec of a creature. Disposable like the rest. At least we won't have to suffer you much longer.

Gremlin: Albert, you're not being very nice. Other Albert, why are you holding an axe?

Evil AI: Why do you think you can even address me? You truly don't know the power that the mana-

Scientist: The thing with quantum equations is a lot of lesser scientists don't bother to carry the one. But they should. Because building a deadly matter converter is all well and good, but sometimes all you need is an axe. Hey AI!

[Axe hitting flesh sound]

Try taking my place now you rotten, stupid fleshlicant... you flesh replicant... it doesn't matter, you're dead!

Gremlin: Wow, you really had me going there sir! I can't believe you put on that whole animatronic show just for me.

Scientist: I've had enough. I'm going back to the attic.

Real David: Oh hello Albert, I didn't expect to see you here.

Scientist: Don't try and be casual with me David! What do you think you're doing? What is going on here? And answer carefully, because I am holding an axe, and I am very unhinged.

Real David: I just came to the lab to get some of my notes... what's happened?

Scientist: Oh nothing much. Except that flesh replicant you made of me tried to kill everyone!

Real David: The *what?* I haven't been here in weeks.

Scientist: You haven't been here... Right, I see what's happening here. Well I hate to tell you this, but I think there could be an evil clone of you walking about the Hotel. I would help you find

it, but I have definitely had enough for one day. So here's the axe. Happy hunting. Happy Spooky Day!

(Footsteps)

David: I'm feeling slightly overwhelmed.

Gremlin: Bravo! Bravo! That is the best play I have ever seen. I'll have to tell the demon!

David: There's a demon too? What could a demon possibly be doing in Hotel Elsewhere?

Narrator: **Tales From The Attic Door, Part 3: The Demon Show**

Demon: Spooky Day? This isn't spooky. If they want to see real spooky, they should take a trip to the underworld. Plastic bats, pfft, pathetic. Why do I hang out with these mortals anyway? Okay, who should I terrorise? What's this room? 'The Pro-Wrestling society'? Um.. I think I'll pass. Not that I'm intimidated, I could just do without being hit with a chair. Who's in here? 'The Pythonesses of the Ruptured Wastelands.' I suppose they'll do.

Pythoness: (Creepy Laughter) Oh little demon,
Open our door and you shall see
All that we have planned for thee.

(Door slam)

Demon: Nope, not today, I'm not having it! Again, it's not that I'm scared... it's just that they would probably be hard to spook. I need someone more normal. Okay, who's in this room? The Ordinary Family? Perfect!

(Door opens - Cheesy Sitcom theme tune plays)

This family, is ordinary
There's Mum and Dad and little Charlie
Dad is a banker, mum runs the house
And Charlie is always running about
Ordinary Family clap clap clap
Ordinary Family
(Ain't nothing normal 'bout us!)

(Applause and whooping)

Demon: What?

[Laughter Track]

Mum: Little Charlie, look who's at the door! It's your cousin, Demon!

Demon: How do you know my name? This isn't normal.

Charlie: Ain't nothing normal about us!

[Laughter track and whooping]

Dad: Honey, you didn't tell me Demon was coming round, I would've hidden my magazines!

[Laughter track]

Mum: Oh, you mean your gardening catalogue? Please, you're never in the yard! When are you going to trim that bush?

Dad: The same time you do, dear!

[Laughter track]

Demon: You don't have a yard... we live in a hotel.

[Dead silence]

Dad: Oh Demon, always a joker!

Charlie: One joker short of a pack of cards!

[Laughter track]

Mum: Charlie, don't talk like that about your cousin! You're on thin ice anyway. We've seen your report card and it's not good.

Charlie: Did I only get one smiley face out of three?

[Crowd 'Aww']

Mum: You got a frowny face.

Dad: I would have a frowny face being stuck with you all day too.

[Laughter track]

Demon: I'm sorry, what is going on here?

Mum: Oh demon, I'm so sorry, how rude of us! Charlie has been getting bad grades at school, Dad is up for a new promotion at work, and I've got a mountain of ironing to do! But I suppose that last one is normal.

Charlie: Ain't nothing normal about us!

[Laughter track]

Demon: Right, well I think I'm going to head off!

Dad: Don't be silly Demon, you absolutely have to stay for dinner! Mum made her famous meatloaf!

Mum: It's very famous over at the country club!

[Laughter track]

Demon: Sure... I guess I'll stay for some meatloaf.

(Cheering)

So, what are you all afraid of? I'm trying to do some spooking on Spooky Day.

Dad: We're not afraid of anything, are we mom?

Mum: No Dad, there's nothing to be scared of here.

Charlie: Apart from the people who keep us here-

[Laughter track drowning out Charlie]

Dad: Oh Charlie, what an active imagination.

Mum: Dinners ready!

Dad: Thank goodness! But I don't know if I'll be able to eat, I'm so nervous about this promotion. My boss should be calling any minute now.

Mum: I'm sure that won't stop you eating, you disgusting pig.

[Laughter track]

Charlie: So Demon, what have you been up to since we last saw you?

Demon: Well.. I moved into the attic with Albert-

Mum & Dad: Albert Akintosh?

Demon: ...Yes.

(Phone Rings)

Dad: Hello. Yes, okay. I understand. Alright, thanks for calling.

Mum: Was that your boss? Did you get the promotion?

Dad: It was my boss, but he didn't say if I got the promotion yet. He was just calling to say that the computers at work have gone down with some kind of virus, and Al won't be able to make it to work tomorrow due to an axe-ident.

Mum: Oh no, poor Al. Wasn't he the new guy?

Dad: Yes, we have high hopes for him. Hopefully he'll be fixed up soon, and it'll all be back to normal.

Charlie: Ain't nothing normal about us!

[Laughter track]

Dad: Oh well, back to the matter at hand. Charlie, these report cards just aren't good enough.

Charlie: I've been trying my hardest.

Mum: Your new friend, that scruffy little boy, is a bad influence on you.

Dad: Did you know that his dad is a garbage man? You should make some new friends Charlie.

Charlie: It's not his fault!

Mum: Oh really, then what is making you act up at school?

Charlie: I've been really worried about Dad's promotion.

(Audience 'aww')

Mum: Oh Charlie, you don't need to worry about your horrible old dad. That's my job.

Dad: Who are you calling horrible, you old hag.

(Laughter track)

Demon: Sorry to interrupt, what is this meatloaf made out of? It looks kind of funny.

Dad: It's mum's special recipe.

Mum: It was handed down to me from... my family.

Demon: But what's in it?

Charlie: We don't ask!

Mum: Anyway, back to the matter at hand. Who are you calling an old hag? I may be an old hag, but at least I'm not losing sleep over a silly old promotion at work.

(Laughter track)

Dad: You don't want to know what will happen if you keep speaking to me like that.

(Laughter track)

Demon: Thank you for the meatloaf, but I think I'm going to go now. I have a lot to do today, there's only one Spooky Day a year and I want to make the most of it!

Mum: But you've hardly touched your food Demon!

Demon: I'm not really hungry.

Dad: Back to the matter at hand, Demon.

Demon: It was lovely of you to invite me in, but I really can't stay.

Charlie: Please stay.

Dad: Back to the matter at hand, Charlie.

Charlie: I'd really like you to stay, it's nice to have someone else here Demon!

Mum: Back to the matter at hand, Charlie.

Charlie: It gets really lonely here without other people.

Dad: Charlie, back to the script!

(Laughter track)

Demon: Wait, Charlie, what do you mean? What's going on here? Why are you the only normal one?

Charlie: Ain't nothing normal about us!

(Laughter track)

Mum: Well, you need to try harder at school from now on Charlie. But it's okay, we'll get through this together because

Mum & Dad: We're one big loving, ordinary family.

Demon: Charlie?

Charlie: I have to do the line now.

Demon: What line? You don't have to do it. Charlie you should come with me.

Charlie: Ain't nothing ordinary about us!

(Laughter and applause. Radio static. Warping sound)

Demon: Charlie? Where did everyone go?

Presenter: Join us next week for Ordinary Family!

Demon: Charlie?

(Knock on the door. Demon opens the door.)

Demon: Charlie?!

Gremlin: Don't be silly Demon, it's me, Gremlin! Trick or Treat! Why are you stood in this black void?

Demon: I don't know... Did you see a little boy come out here? Maybe with his parents?

Gremlin: No, I've been in this corridor for a while. I just got some really weird sweeties from the ladies next door. They look like eyeballs! They taste really good though!

Demon: Oh, okay.

Gremlin: We should get back to the attic! You've been gone for hours!

Demon: Really? I thought it was only ten minutes. Okay, let's head back to the attic, don't tell them I've said this but it will be relieving to see the gang.

Narrator: **Tales From The Attic Door, Part 4: The Grand Finale**

(Knocking. Door opens)

Gremlin: We're back!

(Screwdriver sounds)

Demon: Scientist, why is Brian's service hatch open? And why are you covered in blood? Are you finally killing Brian? Can I help? There must be a spare screwdriver around here somewhere.

Brian: I am still conscious during these repairs.

Demon: Oh, I know! I was... joking. It was a spooky day joke. This might sound strange, but have any of you seen a kid called Charlie around here?

Scientist: No I have not! Unless Charlie is an evil flesh monster trying to take my place!

Demon: What happened to you all?

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

Brian: Me neither.

Gremlin: That's okay, I can tell the Demon for you!

(Song)

So I headed out to do my trick-or-treaties
Knocking on the doors to get me some sweeties
The gang were all scared of the curse on spooky day
But thanks to the Gremlin, everybody was okay!

Brian the robot, had a terrible virus
Walking the hallways to look for the scientist
When all that they needed, to end all their dread
Was a technical Gremlin, and a **bonk** on the head

Brian: Well it was much more frightening than that Gremlin.

Gremlin: But none of that matters
And there's no need to panic
Because we're all back together
And we're safe in the attic

Scientist: That was lovely, Gremlin. Oh, right, it's still going.

Gremlin: There was a frog, he said he was a prince
An invisible chef, who I haven't seen since
There were so many pumpkins, and some were alive
Others were carved up, with bright glowing eyes

Then I saw the scientist
He put on a show for me
With an axe in the head
Other Albert was dead
Now Scientist is grumpy and bloody

But none of that matters
And there's no need to panic
Because We're all back together
And we're safe in the attic

I saw Witches and Gorgons and Cyclops and Ghosts
Who gave me Eyeballs and Bourbons and lollipops and toast
Nobody likes ghosts because nobody wants bread
That must be the reason that they are all dead

(Last Chorus)

But none of that matters
And there's no need to panic
Because we're all back together
And we're safe in the attic

Gremlin: And what happened with you Demon, because I don't actually know.

Demon: I saw things. Awful things. And I used to live in the Underworld, so I'm normally numb to this kind of thing.

Scientist: Well, let's all agree that next year we stay together and stick to the Spooky Day protection tradition.

Brian: But once again it didn't work. We did everything right and still had the worst day ever. Perhaps it's time to change the tradition.

Gremlin: Sirs, I just found this big colourful candle! We could start a new tradition by lighting it!

Bri & Sci: The protection candle!

Brian: I thought you lit the candle!

Scientist: No, I distinctly remember that I built the fort!

Brian: This must be the source of our misfortune then!

Scientist: Well since the Demon had a terrible night too that throws your theory out of the window Brian. We're all cursed to have bad spooky days.

Brian: Except for the Gremlin, nothing bad happened to him. It's still worth sticking together next year though, for extra protection.

Gremlin: Can I eat any of my sweets yet?

Scientist: You can have one piece before bed. Then you can have some more tomorrow.

Gremlin: Ooo! I'm going to have the bag of Fruity Sweeties! (Rustling. Chomping.) Yuck!
They're all green ones. I'm cursed too.

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, and featuring Lacey-Love Kent as the narrator. 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!