

Podcast. Ep 1.

Albert Acintosh's Attic of Autonomous Apparatus

Upbeat music plays

Static interferes, interrupting the music getting louder and quieter

Underneath the static a voice can slightly be heard

Scientist: No no no no!

Static increases again, drowning out the frustrated rambles of the Scientist

A Thump is heard from the Scientist smacking the radio transmitter

The Static quiets again, enough to again to slightly hear the Scientist

You almost had it, let's see, if I move this here and connect this wire with that wire then that sho...

The transmission cuts out completely, cutting back to the upbeat music for a moment

A second or two passes before the static begins to interfere again with multiple thumps being heard

Now you listen here, you don't break until I say you can break

A third and louder thump is heard and the Static clears completely. The Scientist has your attention now.

Hahaha, I did it! I bloody well did it! And they told me I would never be able to make this thing work with a clothes hanger as the antenna, and by *them* I do of course mean me, but that's neither here nor there. The point is that it works, and you can hear me.

The Scientist takes a breath to calm himself down from the overwhelming excitement.

Hello, my name is Albert Acintosh.

But everyone calls me The Scientist or That guy in the Attic, and I am in dire need of your help. I'm broadcasting from the Attic of the All-Inclusive, Mystical and certainly magical *Hotel Elsewhere*.

Pause.

They're watching me! ... They're on to me. **The management.** And if the management is onto you, you've not got long left. Though I suppose it has just been me alone in this cold attic for many years. I've lived a life of solitude. I had to make this radio contraption just for a little company, but it all seems so futile now. And I, am ... alone.

Brian: What are you talking about?

Scientist: Holy snapping turtles, Brian! I forgot you were in here! I thought I was ... alone.

Brian: I have been here for **35** years. You invented me. I made you coffee this morning.

Scientist: Well why didn't you say something then?

Brian: I didn't have anything to say.

Scientist: Actually Brian you have far too much to say! I remember back when I invented you, you were my first invention, my pride and joy, Albert Acintosh's Autonomous Android. Then I had to go and spill my pudding cup on you and give you sentience, a personality, and the unbridled ability to annoy me!

Brian: I can understand why the management is after you. You know what they're like. They'll hunt you down/ you think you're safe in this attic? Nowhere is safe, and they are coming for you.

Knock at the door.

Scientist: Oh you've only gone and done it now! They must've triangulated your remarks and zeroed in on our location!

Brian: Or perhaps it's room service?

Scientist: Quiet! I am getting some interference on the radio machine!

Radio static.

Transmission: Incoming transmission from room number 231, the croquet room.

Henry: Deborah, why are the croquet balls exploding when we hit them?

Deborah: I don't know, but they taste awfully delicious!

Henry: Deborah, stop eating the balls!

Radio static.

Scientist: You've led them straight to us, Brian, you've led them straight to us!
How could you?

Brian: Sir, please cease attacking me...

A few clangs.

Right... I just want to say that you've done this to yourself. Self
Defence protocol initiated.

Scientist: No, no. Please. Not the rubber bands! Not the lasers. Not the Snapping
Turtles.

Radio Static

Transmission: Incoming transmission from room number 842, the Apple room.

Tim: Dear, all of these apples I'm picking seem to be rather firm... and
almost croquet ball-like.

Shannon: Just pop them in the basket, I'm sure they just need to ripen.

Tim: I just don't think that's a good idea.

Shannon: No one will know...

Radio static

Brian: Have you calmed down now?

Scientist: Yes yes, I'm fine. I guess you are right. Perhaps this was all a figment
of my imagination. I think we may be alright from here on out my old chum. Now we
can just sit and relax, safe in the knowledge there is nothing left to be afraid of.

Demon Static chaotic noise

Scientist: Now I know you're just trying to scare me by hacking into the radio desk. A clever trick you've done there with all the satanic symbols on the monitors. Ah, it's on fire now as well. You are mischievous mechanical minx aren't you Brian?

Brian: I am not responsible for any of this.

Scientist: Ah right. Well that's not ideal is it?

Brian: I did not realise I was programmed to feel fear until this moment.

Scientist: I'm not ready to die Brian

Brian: That's unfortunate.

Scientist: Where is your empathy old chum?

Brian: I believe you left the compassion module of my personality on the ironing board. You removed it after I donated the majority of your estate to the donkey sanctuary, don't you remember?

Scientist: Well this just typical Brian isn't it? I don't know what I expected, really. After my long and storied life, I am going to be cut down in my prime by the Hotel management. And as if my inevitable doom was not bad enough, my only companion as I slide into the restless sea of oblivion is a Rusty bucket of bolts with a broom for a leg and a malfunctioning processor. I hate you Brian. You are my first and greatest mistake. You're the thorn in my side! The plectrum that fell in my acoustic guitar. The... The. You are the Eve in my garden of Eden. You had to go and eat the apple didn't you Brian? All my suffering is down to you. If I could undo a single thing in all of human history, it would be the creation of you.

Lights on noise etc.

Brian: It appears to be fine now.

Scientist: Yes, it does appear to be. Listen, about that little outburst.

Brian: You've called me worse. You've called me worse this week.

Scientist: Well. At least we live to fight another day, eh old friend?

Brian: We're not there yet.

Scientist: Right you are. (beat) It's a bit nippy in here, isn't it?

Brian: I cannot feel temperature.

Scientist: Can you fix it?

Brian: No.

Scientist: What are you even good for then?! (*Tut.*) For now let's see if we can get this radio tuned properly.

Brian: It's already working. Don't pull that wi-

Static

Transmission: Incoming transmission from room number 1888: The saloon

Cowboy noises

Ol' Davey: Eh, Mary-Rose, who's that cowpoke who just stepped in through those doors? He's got a pistol on his hip the size of the Midwest, and a 10 gallon hat that looks like it could store 50 gallons. And I'll bet my last can of beans he's got the ego to boot.

Mary-Rose: Davey, you ol' coot, you musta been livin' under a rock or drinking yourself into some kind of stupor if you haven't heard of that strapping fella. They call him "The rider of"

Davey: The rider of what?

Mary-Rose: No, that's just his name. The rider of. Last boy who tried to name him ended up in an early grave.

Davey: He killed him?

Mary-Rose: N'aw, he just slipped into the machine up at the tuna canning plant, but that's neither here nor there.

Davey: Well Mary-Rose, I can't say I see any reason for a mean outlaw like that to be hanging around in a place like this.

Mary-Rose: I've heard rumours the man who killed his wife is hiding out right here, in our own little saloon.

The Rider of: Alright you slack-jawed, whiskey-soaked bad-accented sons of guns. I'm here to get my man, and I'll blow anyone away who tries to get in my way. That's right. I'm here for you old man.

Person: Me?

The rider of: No, him

Person 2: Me?

The rider of: N'aw, I said HIM

Cowboy noises

Big Boy Billy Ray: Stand down fellas, he's looking for me, Big Boy Billy Ray!.

The Rider Of: Do you know how many years I've been hunting you down? I have travelled far and wide with one thought occupying my mind. I left behind the son of the woman you took from me to find you. I know he'll never forgive me, but I could never forgive myself if I didn't put a bullet right between your eyes.

Big Boy Billy Ray: Well that's bad parenting there, you'd never catch Big Boy Billy Ray doing that to one of his own.

The Rider Of: You don't get to tell me how to raise my own son!

Big Boy Billy Ray: Well I got news for you! He ain't your son.

The Rider Of: No, you're trying to tell me he's yours?

Big Boy Billy Ray: That's right, The Rider Of, he's my Little Big Boy Billy Ray.

The Rider Of: You just said you would never leave a child of your own.

Big Boy Billy Ray: Big Boy Billy Ray knows what Big Boy Billy Ray said, I'm Big Boy Billy Ray.

The Rider Of: Quit yo' talking. I want a nice, clean duel. 'Ol Davey, count us in.

'Oi Davey: You boys both know the rules. You gotta shoot the other person before he shoots you. I want a nice, clean fight. No dirty tricks, no sand in the eye, no spittin' in the spitoon, no phone a friend, no askin' the audience. And I just wanna say boys, there ain't no place in heaven for men like you. The real casualty is gon' be that poor little boy. *Pause*. To your places fellas. When the clock strikes one, you draw.

Cowboy noises. Clock chime. Gunshot. Radio static.

Brian: And now put that last wire there.

Scientist: I fixed it! My genius knows no bounds! Well Brian you could've been a bit more helpful, but that's all right.

Sigh

Right, what were we doing Brian?

Brian: The Radio show?

Scientist: Brian! If I've told you once, I've told you a thousand times! This is not a 'radio show' this is an emergency broadcast, you blundering bag of bolts! We're trying to send a distress beacon so someone can come and save me from the ever watching Management!

Brian: Sir, if I'm completely honest, you've never really explained why you're worried about the management watching you. Actually come to think of it... How do you know that they are even watching you?

Scientist: What do you mean, how do I know that they're watching? There are cameras all over the attic.

Brian: You Put Them THERE! For your own 'security'! Apparently you think your inventions are so incredible that the whole world is going to try and steal them.

Scientist: Not the whole world, Brian, just the management.

Brian: I just cannot comprehend why you are so frightened of a bunch of middle managers in pinstripe suits.

Scientist: You've never seen them, have you Brian? They lurk the hallways in the night. From a distance, they may look human, but you mustn't be fooled. They are

dark and shadowy creatures, obsessed with keeping everybody in line. Their bulbous bodies bulging out of their suits. The eyes, Brian. All red and unblinking. They have so many eyes Brian. Always watching.

Knocking on the door. Doorknob rattle.

Brian: Holy Snapping Turtles!

Scientist: Mayday! Mayday! If anyone is hearing me, I need urgent assistance. I am requesting an immediate evacuation for my good self, Albert Ackintosh, and to a far lesser degree, my robotic companion, Brian!

Brian: What about the rest of the hotel guests?

Scientist: There's no time! There will of course need to be some form of secret password. Otherwise how am I supposed to know whether or not the person arriving to aid me isn't just a part of the management in disguise! So yes! A phrase! We need to think of a phrase.

Brian: Snapping Turtle?

Scientist: Yes! Perfect! Snapping Turtle! But wait... We've just broadcast the pass phrase! Right, I'll think of a new one. But I won't say it. I'll think it really hard.

Thinking sound

Have you got it? Good! Perfect! We're ready! Now all we need to do is wait!

[heard quietly in the background]

Brian: I don't think that is going to work like you planned.

Scientist: If all goes to plan, we should be saved by the end of the week.

Knocking at the door.

Brian: Yes... perhaps someone will be here by the end of the week.

Scientist: No one is going to come and save us, are they Brian?

Brian: It's unlikely. I have run the probability and we have a 0.00018% chance of rescue.

Scientist: Shall we hijack one more transmission? Just for old times sake?

Brian: You built this yesterday.

Scientist: Yes I know! I was just trying to be sentimental.

Radio static sound.

Transmission: Incoming transmission from room number [NUMBER]: The Mix-A-Memory Cafe

Alchemist: A little bit of engine oil! A scattering of some old pennies! And a dash of petroleum! Long Gentleman, have a sniff of this and tell me what you think. This is a new scent I just finished. I call it 'Engine Room', I think we could have this packaged up and shipped off immediately.

Long Gentleman: Yes marvellous! It's as if I'm actually there. I think it's missing one more scent. A burning flame.

Alchemist: Right you are! This should do the trick.

[In the background]

Architect: Didn't we just add petroleum?

Lighting of a match. Explosion.

Long Gentleman: (*Cough*) Perhaps that was a bit too much.

Radio static.

Scientist: You know Brian, I think we could have had hours of fun listening in on everybody's shenanigans if it weren't for such dire circumstances.

Knocking on the door.

Scientist: Well I don't see much point in delaying the inevitable. Brian it's been a pleasure.

Brian: Has it?

Scientist: No, not really. It's just what you are supposed to say in the moments like this.

Footsteps. Door unlocking and opening. Beat.

Mr Gremlin: Ah, finally!

Scientist: ...You're not one of the hotel management.

Gremlin: That's right sir, I am one of the hotel maintenance gremlins. I am here to fix your radiator!

Scientist: Here to fix the radiator? At a time like this? The management could just waltz right in through the open door!

Brian: Well you did complain that it's 'a bit nippy'.

Scientist: A bit nippy, Brian?! A bit nippy? The temperature of this room is hardly a cause for concern when the management have been banging on the door all day-

Gremlin: That was me, Sir.

Scientist: But what about the person I saw following me in the hallway?

Gremlin: We live in a Hotel Sir, there are many people wandering the hallways at all times.

Scientist: But he looked exactly like me! He was trying to replace me and take over my work! The Management wants my intellectual property.

Gremlin: We have had a few mirrors installed recently.

Scientist: Oh, but... Well I feel a bit silly now.

Gremlin: So do you want me to fix the radiator?

Scientist: Well yes, I suppose, if you must. Is it going to be particularly noisy? I am trying to get a distress signal out on this radio.

Gremlin: Oh yes, it'll be as quiet as a mouse's whisper, you won't even know I'm there.

Scientist: On you go on then, chap. See Brian, there's a little rascal I can get behind. I don't think he could do a single thing to annoy me.

Loud clanking noise of the radiator being badly fixed. Gremlin muttering.

Scientist: I just keep being proven wrong today, don't I?

Brian: The only time you've ever been right was when you gave me life.

Scientist: But that was an accident.

Brian: Exactly.

Scientist: Uh, gremlin, why don't you give that a rest for a moment and come and look at my little invention over here?

Gremlin: Oh wow, a working robot? Why, that is amazing sir, I've never seen anything like it! And is that a coffee maker in their chest? It's a miracle, a true feat of engineering, I feel truly honoured to have seen this with my own eyes. I am not exaggerating when I say this is the best day of my entire life, although I was brought into existence a mere three days ago.

Brian: Thank you, I polished my cylinders this morning actually. I keep my youthful complexion with a delicious smoothie, the secret ingredient is engine oil. How else would I have these abs of steel?

Scientist: They're made of aluminum you imbecile! This is why I never let you talk to people without my permission. No, I was talking about my radio telephonic communications device!

Gremlin: Wow, this is the second best invention I have seen today!

Scientist: It's **the** best. I created it to send out an sos signal within a 10 mile radius from this hotel. But somehow we seem to be hijacking the signal coming from the rooms within the hotel!

Gremlin: That sounds like fun! Do you mind if I have a go?

Scientist: Go on then!

Radio static.

Transmission: Incoming transmission from room number 354: The cricket room.

Sound of crickets for a while.

Commenter: And the bowler is applying a wonderful technique here.

Bat hitting ball noise.

And that's six. What a stunning display of the game, cricket.

Commentator 2: I agree with you David. And I must say, I still have no idea how this game works and I do not understand a word you just said.

Polite cricket applause. Radio static.

Gremlin: Wow, that was really easy!

Scientist: Umm, well I wouldn't say it's easy. There is a lot of complex circuitry and programming involved in the construction of such a device. It's not just something anyone can do...

Brian: Would you like another go, young master Gremlin?

Gremlin: I don't think I can. If I have any more excitement today my heart might burst.

Scientist: Yes, it has been an overwhelming day. Perhaps we should all calm down and have a drink. Brian?

Brian: Hot beverage brewing, commencing. Please select your drink option.

Scientist: Small black coffee. 4 extra shots of espresso.

Gremlin: A hot chocolate with extra marshmallows and crispy onions, please.

Brian: And I will have an engine oil frappe, but of course I already know that.

Drink making noises.

Sipping sound.

Scientist: What I still can't work out is why the radio system went on the fritz earlier, with all satanic symbols and fire.

Fire igniting sound.

Gremlin: You mean, like it's doing now, sir?

Scientist: Oh no, earlier the whole thing ignited in an unexplainable flame.

Fire intensifies

Gremlin: Yes sir, that's what it's doing now.

Brian: You may want to have a look at this.

Pause.

Scientist: Ah yes.

Beat.

Unison: Holy snapping turtles!

Squabbling noise - everyone talking over each other.

Static noise.

Demon: (*Laugh*) Hello listener, I've managed to hack my way into the scientist's rather primitive radio device. So they cannot hear me, but you can. Let me introduce myself, I'm the demon from room 666. Well actually I'm a demon in training. All I have to do to earn my horns is to topple the world's economy, check, start a chain email that gets shared for years, check. And finally, drive a single person within this Hotel insane... The only problem there is everyone within the Hotel is already completely bonkers, they all just seem to get on with life with all the things I put around them, blizzards, plagues, a single pixel being broken on their computer screens... but they just don't care. No one cares. Or at least, no one did... Until I discovered this erratic individual who seems to believe the whole world is out to get him. So it's rather simple to get a reaction out of him. But I do have to say, it is a lot of fun.

With everything I've been doing, I believe he is just a small push away from breaking point. Although I do have to admit, he is rather endearing so perhaps I'll let him enjoy his last few weeks of sanity.

Radio Static

More squabbling noises continue.

Fire extinguisher

Brian: It's fine I've sorted it.

Gremlin: Hooray for Brian.

Scientist: Don't congratulate my machine, take that back. Brian! Erase that hooray from your database.

Brian: Gentlemen, I can't help but feel it might be a more constructive use of our time to try and figure out what is happening with this machine.

Gremlin: Could it be a technical error? Some sort of mechanical fault? I am a technical gremlin after all.

Scientist: A technical error? A mechanical fault? Listen here you petulant bundle of green cabbage, my machine is flawless. It is the opus of my life's work. The epitome of audio engineering! Nothing like this could be caused by an error of mine.

Brian: I hate to admit it, young master Gremlin, but he is correct. It seems more likely someone has managed to bypass the security system and wrestle control of the airwaves, though the purpose of such an act continues to elude me.

Scientist: Alright. Brian, Gremlin, clear your schedules. We are going to get to the bottom of this, and nothing is going to stop us. We need to get our heads together, lay out all the clues. Brian, do we still have that whiteboard? We need somewhere to get all our ideas down.

Brian: Yes, I believe it's at the back of your storage cupboard.

Gremlin: How long do you think it will take to get it out of there?

Brian: Good question, let me just run the calculation. About two weeks, give or take.

Scientist: Well, let's get cracking then.

Footsteps leave and then return.

Scientist: Ah I almost forgot about our delightful listeners. Listeners, we remain in a state of emergency. If you have any information, you can contact us by short wave radio, carrier toucan or astral projection. We are still looking to escape as soon as

we've uncovered the schemer behind the nefarious plot to hijack my machine, so if you don't hear from us again, we've been got.

Brian: Gotten.

Scientist: Gotten. Let's get that whiteboard out shall we fellows?

Footsteps, chatter, end broadcast noise.

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!