

Mini ep 2.3.5

Narrator: It's 2142 in the tiny, break-away Republic of Naprani, nestled high in the Silesian Mountains. Virtually every resident in this brand-spanking-new republic is a government official of some kind, which means there are a lot of speeches being made and not a great deal of work being done. But the country is only 33 minutes old, so we're cutting them some slack. Just at the moment, Karlov Kalhoty, newly self-appointed Minister of Culture, is attempting to outlaw ... well, culture, since he thinks we've been doing it wrong.

Kalhoty: [distantly, on microphone] Ukončete, prosím, výstup a nástup, dveře se zavírají. Příští stanice: I P Pavlová. Vypadáš jako čerstvě vyoraná myš.

LBF: [up close, quiet, cool and professional] Ah, Monsieur Minister, your title is so fresh, and yet, already you have a price on your head. Time to say "adieu," my friend ...

[click of gun being cocked or whatever, sudden sounds of struggle]

LBF: [muffled] Mon dieu! What is happening?! Take this off of my head at once! Ouch! Was that poison? [drugged, losing consciousness] What ... what ... is happening....

[sounds of medical equipment]

Doctor Skinner: You may want to close your eyes, Monsieur Freeze. It's very bright in here.

LBF: It is pronounced *Free-zay*. What is happening here? Where am I? Who are you?

Skinner: I'm Dr. Skinner. All your questions will be answered momentarily. Close your eyes. [sound of bag being whipped off his head]. All right. Open them slowly.

LBF: What is this place? Who are you? Loosen these bonds at once!

Skinner: I'm afraid I can't do that, Monsieur Frise. As you can see, there are ample tools here for someone of your skills to make use of in an escape attempt. While I'm confident we could stop you, Dr. Flounder over there is particularly slow and might not survive the fracas.

Flounder: Hey!

Skinner: No offense meant, Dr. Flounder, but you must admit, you run like, well, a flounder.

Flounder: I know. Damn my youthful experimentation! [sound of wet flipper slap]

Skinner: Do you have all the materials you require, Dr. Flounder?

Flounder: I do, Dr. Skinner. You can take him to storage.

LBF: Storage? Release me at once!

Flounder: Oo! Oo! Can I subdue him? I'm very good at subduing.

Skinner: Am I going to have trouble with you?

LBF: Monsieur, you interrupted me mid-assassination. There are very small, very stupid children who could count as high as your remaining breaths in this life.

[sounds of a rolling gurney, Flounder calls after]

Flounder: Let me know if you need help with the subduing!

Skinner: I was surprised to hear you were planning the Fianchetta Maneuver to kill the Napranese Minister of Culture. An unusual choice for a male assassin.

LBF: But I had only just decided! How do you know of this?

Skinner: Oh, I know everything about you, Monsieur Freeze.

LBF: Except how to pronounce my name.

Skinner: I think you'll find it's pronounced "freeze." As soon as I open this door....

[door hisses open]

LBF: My god, it's freezing in here!

Skinner: It's not, actually. Not yet. It was an honor, Monsieur Freeze.

[footsteps, doors hiss close]

LBF: FREE ZAY. What the hell is happening? Allo? Let me free this instant! I am le Bichon Frise, and I demand you release me!

Glenda: Oh, wonderful. A noisy one. Are you a thin man?

LBF: Allo? Who is there? Who is speaking?

Glenda: Answer my question please. Are you a thin man?

LBF: What kind of question is this?

Glenda: It's just that thin people tend to freeze more quickly, so I'm hoping you're skin and bone. For all our sakes.

LBF: Who are you? Where am I?

Glenda: I'm called the Albatros. Who are you?

LBF: I am le Bichon Frise. I know you. You assassinated the Chief FunTimes Officer at Hasbro! Who put you up to that?

Glenda: No one. Stupid job titles annoy me. I also took out their JoyTimes Guru and SatisfactionTimes Supervisor. Are their toys any less fun? No, they are not. But their letterhead is much less ridiculous.

LBF: You named yourself after a clumsy, flightless bird, but stupid job titles annoy you?

Glenda: I had ... sentimental reasons. And you're one to talk, small yappy dog.

LBF: I once killed a fellow who called himself "chef" despite having only mastered four of the five basic sauces!

Glenda: Goodness, how uninteresting. How are you feeling? Lips a little thick? Brain moving a bit slow? Or slower, in this case? How near-dead are you, in your estimation?

LBF: What is this place?

Glenda: [sigh] I'm fairly sure we're in one of Gated Galaxies' off-shore laboratories. We're not alone in here, but as far as I can tell, we're the only two still alive.

LBF: You are a recent arrival, like me?

Glenda: I've been here eight days.

LBF: Eight days! In this cold? How have you not succumbed?

Glenda: Shallow breathing, biofeedback, vasomotor dialation, and rage. Mostly rage.

Armadillo: Not the only ones alive. Just the only ones flapping their noise holes.

LBF: What the hell's a "noise hole"? And who are you?

Armadillo: They call me the Armadillo.

Glenda: You're the Armadillo? Of castor-oil-and-ladyfingers fame?

Armadillo: The same.

Glenda: My god. That was an ... inspired kill.

Arm: Improvisation, actually. But it got the job done, like option B in the eye exam.

LBF: Eye exam? What? Are you sure no one else is alive? I am hearing some breaths.

Glenda: Let's see. [calling] Anyone else still alive?

Lady Trout: Lady Trout here.

[collective gasp]

Lady Trout: Oh, don't worry. I'm nearly dead now. You're all safe.

[collective sounds of relief]

LBF: Are we all assassins?

Lady Trout: We are.

Giant Squid (distant voice): I'm not!

Lady Trout: [yelling back] You invented the G2 sandwich machines. You've killed more than all of us combined.

Giant Squid: Oh, baloney! [mad laughter]

Glenda: As far as we can tell, we're ... models. G2 takes our measurements and tissue samples, does a memory dump, then we're brought here and frozen, probably to preserve the genetic material.

LBF: So they are building an army? Of assassins?

Lady Trout: Possibly. These folks are real professionals. Damn hard to get any of them monologuing.

LBF: So, what is the plan? How do we get out?

Armadillo: We don't, cowboy. We lie still and freeze to death, like the dozens of others in this room.

LBF: Mon Dieu, I will not! We are an assembly of the world greatest assassins! You will just lie here and die? Cowards!

Armadillo: Just ease your gristle, there, son; we've all made plenty of tries. No one's succeeded.

LBF: Ease my what? What does that even mean?

Lady Trout: The Squid over there-

Giant Squid: *Giant* Squid!

Lady Trout: Oh, for god's sake, *fine*. GIANT Squid actually gnawed his own arm off to get away, and even that didn't work.

GS: Didn't hurt!

Armadillo: Horse nuggets! You screamed like a coffee bean that just spotted Juan Valdez.

LBF: Coffee- Does anyone know what he's saying?

Lady Trout: Ignore him. He ran out of classic cowboy aphorisms, and now he just makes stuff up.

[doors hiss open; flipper slaps]

Flounder: There's too much talking in here, not enough dying.

Glenda: Doctor Flounder, could I trouble you to subdue our French friend here? He's ruining an otherwise quite pleasant death.

Flounder: Very well. But could you speed it up? You've been over a week at this. Now you, my little pomme frites, need to quiet down.

Glenda: I honestly never thought I'd get to use the Stonewall Practicum. Dr. Flounder?

Flounder: Yes?

[thump thump]

Flounder: Oof!

Glenda: Eight days I've been waiting to do that.

LBF: What happened? I cannot see! What has happened?

Glenda: Dr. Flounder is flat. And I'm out. Bye, assassins!

LBF: Wait! How? How did you do it?

Glenda: No food for eight days makes the bonds pretty loose. And the Giant Squid lent a ... hand.

Armadillo: Run! Run like the ... uhhh...

LBF: Why aren't you running?

Glenda: And miss this? I can wait.

Armadillo: Run like...

Lady Trout: I think Dr. Flounder is awakening.

Glenda: Oh, right, thanks.

[whump]

Glenda: Carry on, Armadillo. Run like ... ?

Flounder: Oof!

Armadillo: Run like ... my high school prom date.

Glenda: That one actually made sense. Toodle-oo!

[running footsteps]

LBF: Eight days, ehhhh? I can do this. Perhaps I shall try to find the copies of me when I am free again. I wager I am spectacular....!

Narrator: Much like his robotic double, this Bichon Frise is wrong. And in about 15 minutes, dead wrong. But Glenda manages to escape the clutches of G2's laboratory ... at least for now.

Commented [SP1]: Kalhoty (?)
Skinner (Ruk)
Flounder (Jess)
Armadillo (Kevin)
Lady Trout (Karin)
Distant voice/Giant Squid (Travis)