

LANDYACHT RADIO WITH LEFTY AND RED-EPISODE SEVEN

MUSIC and SFX: Ethereal and strange. Other-worldly.

WAYLAND

(echoing thoughts.)

Oh heck, now where am I? I gotta say, this traveling between dimensions thing is getting a little old. I've lost all track of time. How long has it been? A day? A month? A year? It's making my head spin, that's for dang sure. I can barely remember how this all started. How did I get here?

Music up. Flashback SFX.

MUSIC: Lefty & Red Show Open!

LEFTY

Good morning fellow Driftless folks, I'm Lefty.

RED

And I'm Red. And you're tuned into Land Yacht Radio.

MUSIC: Lefty and Red!

LEFTY

We've got a full plate of great stories for you today. We're gonna learn about walleye fishing on the Wisconsin River with fishing guide and songwriter Don Harwood.

RED

Cookie Hightower is heading to Boaz to visit with The Tapping Grannies from Tip-Top-Tippy-Toe Dance Studio.

LEFTY

And we're going to learn how to Clog. But first, this commercial message.

MUSIC: Lefty and Red!

SFX: Theophilous and Cranberry commercial plays in BG.

SFX: Door open feet walking in trailer.

RED
Hello Wayland.

WAYLAND
Oh Hi-ya, Red. Lefty...

LEFTY
What-cha got there?

WAYLAND
Oh, this is that old 80's
transponder I adapted; y'know, took
some spare parts from a broken
coffee maker and a copy machine the
library was throwing out. Thought
I'd, y'know, plug it into the
system, see what happens.

RED
Okay, don't blow anything up.

WAYLAND
Yeah, cross your fingers.

SFX: Footsteps and door opening. Sparks and electric hum.

WAYLAND (CONT'D)
Now, let's see here. I'll just run
the delay output into the patch
board.
(click.)
Then run the ground line to the
secondary power block.
(click.)
Now all I have to do is plug in the
main power--
(click.)
--and hit the red button.

SFX: Sci-Fi whooshing noise.

WAYLAND 002
I wouldn't do that if I were you.

WAYLAND
Wha--who said that?

WAYLAND 002
I did. It's me, Wayland.

WAYLAND
Who are you? You look awfully
familiar.

WAYLAND 002

I told you. It's me, Wayland.

WAYLAND

What a second...are you...me?

WAYLAND 002

Or you're me, works both ways.

WAYLAND

Wow, am I dreaming? I must have gotten a high voltage shock, or something. Hope I come to soon.

WAYLAND 002

It's no dream, Wayland. I am you, but from another dimension. Number 2757-38, to be precise. I've come to give you a warning.

WAYLAND

I am not understanding any of this.

WAYLAND 002

Maybe this will help. Here, put on these bi-fracular reality goggles.

SFX: Sci-Fi hum.

WAYLAND

Ha, cool.

WAYLAND 002

Now just clear your mind, and relax.

WAYLAND

Why, what are you--

SFX: Click and sci-fi whooshing noise.

WAYLAND (CONT'D)

Whoa-ho, whoooo! What is this?!

WAYLAND 002

What you're experiencing is a view not many of our kind have seen. Are you familiar with the "multi-verse theory", Wayland.

WAYLAND

Uhm...I'm gonna have to go with no.

WAYLAND 002

It's really quite simple and quite elegant. You see, the universe you know is, in reality, one of an endless number of universes, billions upon billions, all inhabiting an infinite space. All nearly identical, nearly touching, but yet all of them oblivious to each other's existence. Like scores of bubbles, floating mindlessly in an infinite bubble bath.

WAYLAND

Neat.

SFX: Sci-Fi un-whooshing.

WAYLAND 002

I come from one of the very few dimensions--

WAYLAND

2757-38.

WAYLAND 002

Oh, yeah, you remembered.

WAYLAND

Well, we're good with numbers.

WAYLAND 002

Yeah, right, we are. In our plane of existence, Wayland, we've learned to travel, very carefully, into other universes, other dimensions. That's why I'm here. To give you a warning.

WAYLAND

About what?

WAYLAND 002

That small transponder you cobbled together is, accidentally by your own hand, an inter-dimensional travel device.

WAYLAND

No way.

WAYLAND 002

I don't know how, but the combination of circuits and diodes from 1983, combined with the coffee stained relay switch and the resistor plugs from the copy machine, have somehow touched off a conversion point in the fabric of the space/reality continuum.

WAYLAND

But wait. If I'm you and you're me, how come I don't know about any of this?

WAYLAND 002

Like I said, the billions of universes are *almost* identical. But there are differences. Some small, and some not so small. For example, you spent three years at the Radio Shack in Dodgeville, while I got my PHD in elemental physics from M.I.T.

WAYLAND

Oh, yeah, that's a pretty good school.

WAYLAND 002

But I warn you Wayland. Do not activate that device. The entire fabric of reality could collapse in on itself if you push that red button.

WAYLAND

Wha--you mean this one?

SFX: Click, Sci-Fi whooshing noise.

WAYLAND 002

Ooh, that wasn't good.

SFX: Sci-Fi noise.

WAYLAND

Whoa! Whsansghdfgbewhshsnsnbsb!

SFX: Sci-Fi whooshing noise.

WAYLAND (CONT'D)

Wha? Where am I? Oh, there's the trailer, thank goodness. I made it back.

SFX: The growl of tigers.

ETHYLENE

Get back here, you coward!

SFX: Whip crack.

WAYLAND

Ow!

ETHYLENE

On your knees!

WAYLAND

(confused.)

Wha...Ethyl? Ethyl, is that you?

ETHYLENE

Filthy swine!

SFX: Whip crack.

WAYLAND

Owww!

ETHYLENE

I am Ethylene! Captain of the Silver Chariot's Royal Guard! Promoter of the holy message and caretaker of the scrolls, inks, bindings and writing implements!

SFX: Whip crack.

WAYLAND

Oww! Stop doing that!

ETHYLENE

And you are nothing but a vile coward. A spineless slave trying to shirk his royal duties. I could feed you to my cats for that. Are you hungry, my children?

SFX: Low jungle cat growling.

WAYLAND

No! No, no, no, no.

CECIL THE FOOL
What is all this racket?!

WAYLAND
Cecil, thank goodness--

CECIL THE FOOL
--Ah, so you've heard of Cecil The
Performing Fool, eh? I am known
throughout the land for my
boisterous blathering and reckless
ribaldry. I received stunning
reviews in the Rat Catchers
Chronicle for my humorous
monologues about the cholera
famine. Ahem, "Look not into the
bony abyss--

SFX: A sword cutting through the air. The spurt of blood and
a head hitting and rolling on the ground.

WAYLAND
Oh my god! His head!

SFX: The sound of a sword blade being sharpened.

LEFTICUS
Who dares disturb my royal nap?

WAYLAND
(shocked.)
Lefty?

MUSIC: Lefty and Red!

LEFTY
Well, we didn't get any fish, but I
did learn that most of the famous
hit songs from history were written
with only three chords.

RED
Now it's time to pay some bills.

MUSIC: Lefty and Red!

RED (CONT'D)
I gotta stretch my legs.

SFX: walking.

RED (CONT'D)
Oh, hi Wayland. Get that thing-a-ma-
bob to work?

WAYLAND 002

Oh--Red...yes. I did. I was just readjusting some of the levels on the output monitors.

RED

Oh...are you okay, Wayland? You sound different.

WAYLAND 002

Oh yes, y'know, just fine. Allergies kicking in...y'know.

RED

Hm..okay.

SFX: Walking away.

WAYLAND 002

(to himself.)

This is really not good. I hope I can get this piece of junk to work again.

SFX: Clicking noises.

MUSIC: Lefty and Red!

SFX: Growl of jungle cats.

LEFTICUS

I am High Lord Lefticus the Disemboweler! My left hand was bitten off by a War Beast on the Battlefields of Boscobel. In it's stead is a razor sharp war axe I would now use to remove your head from your pitiful shoulders.

WAYLAND

I really wish you wouldn't.

CRIMSON BEAST

What troubles you, my Lord?

WAYLAND

Red?

CRIMSON BEAST

The Crimson Beast to you, cowardly slave!

ETHYLENE

She wields a power more deadly than
a ravenous cat and more painful
than the sharpest spear.

LEFTICUS

Lethal Passive Aggression.

CRIMSON BEAST

(to Wayland.)

So, did you mean to wear *those*
shoes with *that* tunic? Or did you
dress in the dark.

WAYLAND

(frightened and confused.)

What? My shoes?

ETHYLENE

My Lady, no!

CRIMSON BEAST

I mean, I wouldn't be seen dead
wearing them together, but that's
just me. But if you think they look
good, then no, by all means, wear
them.

LEFTICUS

Stop, my sweet. He's not worth it!
Back to your post, slave. Make sure
the message of the Silver Chariot
goes out across the lands or it'll
be your head!

WAYLAND

Yes, sure thing.

MUSIC: Lefticus the Disembowler and Crimson Beast!

LEFTICUS

Good morrow peasants, I am Lefticus
the Disembowler.

CRIMSON BEAST

And I am the Crimson Beast.

LEFTICUS

And you are listening to The Silver
Chariot Messenger.

MUSIC: Wooo Ha!

CRIMSON BEAST

In two days hence we are planning
to raid the weak and pitiful
village of Ridgeway.

LEFTICUS

Looting, pillaging and burning as
we go. Hanging the heads of our
enemies high in the trees for the
crows to feast upon.

CRIMSON BEAST

So let's see what the weather's
going to look like, with our own
Seer of the Atmosphere, Crumpit
Highcastle. Crumpit?

CRUMPIT

My Lady Crimson Beast, it looks
like Friday is going to be a clear
and beautiful day to loot, maim and
destroy, with rain showers holding
off till later in the day.

SFX: Sci-Fi Tinkling.

WAYLAND

Whoa, I feel funny.

SFX: Sci-Fi Whoosh!

WAYLAND (CONT'D)

Whsansghdfgbewhshsnbsb!

SFX: Sci-Fi Whoosh!

SFX: Robotic digital noise.

WAYLAND (CONT'D)

What in the world...?

MUSIC: Big and modern.

WAYLAND (CONT'D)

Oh my gosh. I'm in some futuristic
city above the clouds. I've never
seen buildings so tall and modern.

SFX: George Jetson sounding flying vehicles and

WAYLAND (CONT'D)

Whoa! And flying cars?! Are you
kidding me? Oh--and there's the
trailer, high on that platform.

(MORE)

WAYLAND (CONT'D)
It's so clean and shiny. It's like
a beautiful dream--

SFX: Electric shock noise.

WAYLAND (CONT'D)
(in pain.)
Aghhhhhhhghgh!

SFX: Body hitting the ground. Robotic propulsion noise.

ETH-Y-L
ETH-Y-L reporting to base. ETH-Y-L
reporting to base. Prisoner has
been subdued.

SFX: Digital sounds of cats.

MUSIC: Lefty & Red!

SFX: Tap dancing with various voices of old ladies in the
background saying things like: "Oh, my hip!" Darn, my knee!"
"Oh, I'm gonna feel that tomorrow morning."

LEFTY
Wow. Tapping Grannies, huh?

RED
Gotta give them credit. Most of
them are using walkers, that does
take some hand-eye coordination.

LEFTY
True.

SFX: Lefty getting up.

LEFTY (CONT'D)
I'm gonna grab a coffee. Want
anything?

RED
Hot tea, two sugars?

LEFTY
All-righty.

SFX: Footsteps. Electrical hum.

WAYLAND 002
(to himself.)
Okay, I've got it working again.
That was a pretty good surge. But
this thing is so crude.
(MORE)

WAYLAND 002 (CONT'D)
Is he actually using Scooby-Doo
band aids to hold this together?

LEFTY
Hey, Wayland.

WAYLAND 002
(surprised.)
Yes, Lefty, hello.

LEFTY
Wow, the equipment room looks
great.

WAYLAND 002
Oh, you know, just tidying up.

LEFTY
But there's usually humming and
sparking and smoke, you know,
generally melting plastic here and
there.

WAYLAND 002
Yes, well, you know what they say,
"Clean enough to be healthy, dirty
enough to be happy."

LEFTY
Right. I'm going for coffee, get
you anything?

WAYLAND 002
Oh, yes, a sparkling mineral spring
water with a twist of lime?

LEFTY
(after a pause.)
Ha-ha--
(walking away.)
--you're funny.

MUSIC: Lefty & Red!

SFX: Sci-FD flying car noise. Landing. Door hatch opening.

ETH-Y-L
Here is the escaped prisoner, LF-T,
as promised.

LF-T
Satisfactory expulsion of effort,
ETH-Y-L.

(MORE)

LF-T (CONT'D)

Reward yourself with a new, ink-filled manual communication stick.

RAD

He is not moving. Did you permanently damage him?

ETH-Y-L

Negative, RAD. He is merely unconscious. I will gently rouse him.

SFX: Electric shock.

WAYLAND

Whaaaagh! What the...what's going on?

ETH-Y-L

See? His now-conscious electrical binary patterns are actively flowing.

C-CELL

Perhaps I could entertain him with an interpretation of a fictional scenario emoted through my performance circuits.

LF-T

Not now, C-CELL.

WAYLAND

C-CELL?...Cecil? Ethyl, Lefty, Red? You're...you're all robots?

ETH-Y-L

Hey!

SFX: Electric shock.

WAYLAND

Whaaaa!

RAD

That is the "R-Word". You do not use that word. It is offensive to our kind.

LF-T

You will refer to us as advanced senscient digital protoplasmic bio-mechanical units...Ass-hat.

(MORE)

LF-T (CONT'D)

Bring him to the portable stainless steel radio-sonic broadcast enclosure.

WAYLAND

(disgusted.)

Ugh, what is that?

LF-T

Do not be afraid. I had my left engagement claw ripped off in a thermal repair accident. All I could get as a replacement was this human hand.

RAD

Grown in a lab. Very inexpensive.

LF-T

I've become attached to it.
Ha..ha..ha.

ETH-Y-L

Move, organic unit. Don't make me engage my testicular grappling device.

SFX: Robot movement.

WAYLAND.

No!...I'm going. I'm going.

MUSIC: Lefty & Red!

SFX: The sound of clogging.

RED

Well, we're here with clogging expert and part-time substitute teacher Josie Bodkins. And she's going to show us the basics of clogging. Welcome Josie.

JOSIE

Thank you, Red. You know Clogging is the only true American dance, going way back to the early pioneer days in the southern mountains of Appalachia.

LEFTY

And I see you even brought us Clogging shoes.

JOSIE

Ja, my husband Dreyfus hand carved these from oak trees we harvested on our own property. They're made from original pioneer designs.

RED

I have to say, they're a little snug and quite painful. I feel like I have bleeding ulcers on my toes, just from standing in them.

JOSIE

You bet. There's an old Appalachian Clogging saying that goes, "Shut your mouth and Clog the pain away."

LEFTY

That sounds a tad counter-productive.

JOSIE

Well let's put on some Clog music and get Clogging, ja?

MUSIC: Old Appalachian Clogging music.

SFX: Clogging noises.

JOSIE (CONT'D)

And one and two and-a four five six. Pick those knees up, Red.

RED

Ow! Oh, god, OW!~

FADE

WAYLAND 002

(to himself.)

I don't know how many more pulses I can get from this device. It's so crude. Wherever you are Wayland...I hope you're okay.

MUSIC: Lefty & Red!

SFX: Sci-Fi ambience.

ETH-Y-L

I am now shackling you to your work area so you do not escape again.

WAYLAND

But you're all so technically advanced. What do you need me for?

ETH-Y-L

This broadcast equipment was invented by humans before the Great Nuclear Meltdown that saw the rise of our species. It is too crude and primitive for us to understand.

WAYLAND

Why don't you just upgrade?

ETH-Y-L

Budget cuts. We also have a new assistant for you. His name is Robot.

ROBOT

(from Lost In Space.)
Hello Wayland Smaltz.

WAYLAND

But, I thought you didn't like that word.

ETH-Y-L

It is our word. We have reclaimed it. We can use it. You cannot.
(to Robot.)
What up, my Robot?

ROBOT

Later, Robot.

SFX: ETH-Y-L whirring away.

WAYLAND

Well, this all looks familiar. I guess I'd better plug the main relay in--

ROBOT

Danger, Wayland Smaltz. Do not plug that in.

WAYLAND

But that's the way I always do it. I bypassed the main amplifier with a coat hanger and then I just--

ROBOT

No! Danger, danger, danger, Wayland
Smaltz. Do not plug! Danger!
Danger!

WAYLAND

Oh lordy...

MUSIC: Digital LF-T and RAD.

LF-T

Greetings senscient bio-mechanical
units. I am LF-T

RAD

And I am RAD. And you are listening
to 10011000101110110010000110.

SFX: Pre-Whooshing effect.

WAYLAND

Oh boy...here we go again.

SFX: Whoosh!

WAYLAND (CONT'D)

Whsansghdfgbewhshsnsnbsb! This is
not getting any easier!

SFX: Reverse Whoosh! Birds chirping.

WAYLAND (CONT'D)

Wha?...Am I...am I back? I think I
am. There's the trailer. The trees.
The grass. I'm back! Oh thank
goodness! It's over. This crazy
nightmare is over!

SFX: The rustling of grass and chirping of squirrels.

WAYLAND (CONT'D)

Wha?...Boy, that's...that's
certainly an awful lot of
squirrels.

SFX: One chirping.

WAYLAND (CONT'D)

Well, hello little fellah. What can
I do for you?

LEFTY SQUIRREL.

Wayland? Is it really you?

WAYLAND
(fainting.)
Ahhhh!

SFX: Body thunk.

MUSIC: Lefticus the Disembowler and Crimson Beast!

CEPHUS
Do you tire of having dull swords
on the battlefield? Do you shrink
in shame when the limbs of your
enemy do not roll to the ground in
a single swipe? Then bring your
weapons in to Cephus and Agnus
Metal and Bread. We sharpen all
your metal weapons to their
deadliest hone. You will cut
yourself just looking at
them...kidding. And while you're
here, get bread from Agnus.

AGNUS
I make bread.

CEPHUS
Cephus and Agnus Metal and Bread.
Just behind the sulphur pits near
the dung pile in Lone Rock.

AGNUS
I make bread.

MUSIC: Lefty & Red!

RED
Wayland, can we have a talk?

WAYLAND 002
(cautiously.)
Uh, sure, Red. Lefty.

LEFTY
Wayland, we couldn't help but
notice how smoothly things have
been running back here.

RED
No small electrical fires. No
amplifiers shorting out.

LEFTY

We've stayed on the air all day,
and this equipment room looks as
spotless as it ever has. Which begs
the question--

RED

--Who are you and what have you
done with our Wayland?

WAYLAND 002

Oh boy...

MUSIC: Lefty & Red!

SFX: The quiet whispering of squirrels.

WAYLAND

(waking up.)

What...I...wha? Oh my gosh! The
talking squirrels!

LEFTY SQUIRREL.

Welcome home, Wayland.

RED SQUIRREL

It's so good to see you.

WAYLAND

Get back! Please...please don't
make me your slave! I can't take it
anymore. I'll do anything!
Anything! Just don't whip me, or
electro-shock me or grapple my
testicles!

RED SQUIRREL

Do not be afraid, Wayland.

LEFTY SQUIRREL.

We mean you no harm.

WAYLAND

You don't?

CECIL SQUIRREL

Perhaps I should perform a
monologue from my one squirrel
production of "Nuts About You."
That might calm him down.

RED SQUIRREL

Cecil, please. Not now.

CECIL SQUIRREL
Sorry, Red.

WAYLAND
Wait...you're Red?

RED SQUIRREL
Yep.

WAYLAND
And Cecil?

CECIL SQUIRREL
At your service.

WAYLAND
And Lefty? My gosh, you even have a little claw.

LEFTY SQUIRREL.
Got my paw caught in a gopher trap. Had to chew it off.

RED SQUIRREL
We have been waiting so long for your return, Wayland.

CECIL SQUIRREL
We'd almost given up hope.

WAYLAND
Wait--you knew I'd be here?

RED SQUIRREL
As it was foretold. Ethyl?

SFX: Cat meowing.

WAYLAND
Is she riding a cat?

ETHYL SQUIRREL
I have here the sacred scrolls, written and transcribed from the ancient days.

LEFTY SQUIRREL
They foretell of a man named Wayland Smaltz. A man whom our ancestors admired, looked up to and stole from.

WAYLAND
Stole?

RED SQUIRREL

It is the highest form of squirrel flattery.

LEFTY SQUIRREL

They took wiring harnesses from you, paper clips, hand tools, even an extension ladder.

WAYLAND

Oh yeah...

RED SQUIRREL

They all loved you, Wayland. Our Holy Squirrel Fathers knew you were special. They predicted that in a thousand years hence, after the age of man was over, and the cruel reign of the machines would grind to a halt, our squirrel savior would return, and deliver us to the world.

LEFTY SQUIRREL.

He would re-ignite the magic of the Silver Trailer. He will give us voice and let our squirrel chirpings be heard throughout the land. And here you are.

WAYLAND

Me?

RED SQUIRREL

You are our Squirrel Savior, Wayland Smaltz.

SFX: The chanting and praise of the throng of squirrels. "Way-Land! Way-Land! Way-Land!"

MUSIC: Lefty & Red!

LEFTY

So that little do-dad with the band aids on it is an actual dimensional transporter?

WAYLAND 002

I'm afraid so.

RED

That's Wayland, everything by accident.

(MORE)

RED (CONT'D)

Look, you seem like a smart guy.
You're neat and tidy, and you
really know what you're doing,
electronics-wise.

WAYLAND 002

Thank you.

RED

But bring our Wayland back to us,
please.

LEFTY

He maybe a total, scatter-brained
incompetent boob. But he's our
scatter-brained incompetent boob.

RED

He's family, and we need him back.

WAYLAND 002

Your Wayland's a lucky guy. I'll do
my best.

SFX: Strange electronic beeping.

WAYLAND 002 (CONT'D)

Uh-oh...

LEFTY

What's that?

RED

What's it doing?

WAYLAND 002

I--I don't know. It's never done
that before. This could be bad.

SFX: Beeping becoming faster and higher pitched.

LEFTY

Oh no...

RED

Look out!

SFX: Small explosion.

WAYLAND 002

It's completely fried. I'm so
sorry. I don't think Wayland's ever
coming back.

MUSIC: Lefty & Red!

SFX: Squirrel chatter.

WAYLAND

Look, you don't have to carry me.
I'm fine.

LEFTY SQUIRREL.

Here is the Holy Control Center,
Wayland. Just as you left it.

WAYLAND

Yeah--

(cough! cough!)

Maybe a little dustier than I
remembered. So, if your friends
want to start up the generator.

SFX: Window opening.

LEFTY SQUIRREL.

(calling.)

Run my friends! Run as you've never
run before.

SFX: Many squirrels running and a metal wheel turning.

RED SQUIRREL

The wheel is turning! We're
generating power!

WAYLAND

So now I just flip the main, and--

SFX: Click! The equipment humming to life. Squirrels
cheering.

LEFTY SQUIRREL.

Huzza! He did it! The Silver
Trailer has come back to life!

SFX: More squirrel cheering.

RED SQUIRREL

Quick, my love! To the control
center!

SFX: Squirrel scampering.

LEFTY SQUIRREL.

Hit it, Red!

MUSIC: Lefty Squirrel & Red Squirrel opening theme!

LEFTY SQUIRREL. (CONT'D)
Greetings Driftless rodents, I'm
Lefty Squirrel.

RED SQUIRREL
And I'm Red Squirrel. And you're
listening to The Silver Trailer
Show!

LEFTY SQUIRREL.
We've have so much squirrel news to
tell you. Acorns are on the rise
and our holy savior has returned.
But first, a message from one of
our sponsors.

MUSIC: Lefty Squirrel & Red Squirrel!

WAYLAND
(to himself.)
Everything seems to be working
okay, and--hey. What's this?
(blows off dust.)
Oh my gosh. It's that dimensional
transporter thing.

SFX: Click and hum.

WAYLAND (CONT'D)
And it still works. I wonder--

SFX: Fast beeping and whirring.

WAYLAND (CONT'D)
Uh-oh, that's not good.

LEFTY SQUIRREL.
And now it's time for Ask Your
Squirrel Neighbor.

RED SQUIRREL
The call-in show where you give
advice, post a problem, make an
announcement or just swap and
barter goods and services with
other rodents in your tree.

LEFTY SQUIRREL.
No nuts change hands, no hard
feelings.

RED SQUIRREL

It's our little, radio version of
an Alvin and the Chipmunk's
concert.

LEFTY SQUIRREL.

Without all the bushy tails, buck
teeth and methamphetamine issues.

SFX: Ring!

LEFTY SQUIRREL. (CONT'D)

Hi, you're on Ask Your Squirrel
Neighbor.

LOUELLA BOWIE GOPHER

Hi, this is Louella Bowie Gopher
from Boaz.

LEFTY SQUIRREL.

What can we do for you Louella?

LOUELLA BOWIE GOPHER

Well I was tunneling a new
underground den by a bridge off of
highway P, over near Darlington,
and I ran into some hard clay...

She fades out.

SFX: Extremely fast beeping.

WAYLAND

Oh no...she's gonna blow! Lookout
everyone!

SFX: Sci-Fi Whoosh!

WAYLAND (CONT'D)

Whsansghdfgbewhshsnbsb!

SFX: Reverse Sci-Fi Whoosh!

LEFTICUS

Greetings, your on Torture Your
Neighbor With Lefticus the
Disembowler and the Crimson Beast.

WAYLAND

Oh no...not here.

BERNICE RAMSEY

Hello, this is Bernice Ramsey, over
in Muscoda.

CRIMSON BEAST

How can we come to your aid,
Bernice?

BERNICE RAMSEY

Well, as you know, me and other
folks out here are practicing
cannibals.

LEFTICUS

Finger lickin' good.

BERNICE RAMSEY

And we love all the great meat we
get; steaks and stew meat and rump
roasts. But we just don't know what
to do with all the innards we don't
consume. Gall bladders and the
dirty old intestines. They're
piling up right quick and starting
to stink. Can anyone help us out?

CRIMSON BEAST

Stay on the line Bernice. If anyone
in the region has an answer for
Bernice and the rotting entrails of
her food enemies, give us a call.

SFX: Drum beats.

CRIMSON BEAST (CONT'D)

Greetings, you're on Torture Your
Neighbor.

HERM

Yeah, this is the Hermit over by
the Clyde scum pond. I really think
I can help Bernice get rid of her
stinky guts.

SFX: faster Beeping.

WAYLAND

Oh, no...

SFX: Sci-Fi Whoosh!

PD-L FIRST

Hello, this is PD-L First residing
over in the Union Center district.

RAD

How may we be of assistance to you
PD?

PD-L FIRST

Type 4 androids have been transporting themselves through the automated monorail system that runs in front of our personal storage unit. They are leaving pools of lubricating solution all over the recharging area. One in particular. I know who you are GG-Slash Zed Seven! And my permanent companion unit is of absolutely no use. All he does is pour scrap metal into his recycling gullet.

TOM

PD...come on.

SFX: Fast beeping.

WAYLAND

Yikes!

SFX: Sci-Fi Whoosh!

LOUELLA BOWIE GOPHER

And I want to give a shout out to all of the woodchucks and wild ferrets that helped us make our little hole in the ground a home!

SFX: Fast beeping.

SFX: Sci-Fi Whoosh!

HERM

The giant scrounge lizards I keep at the scum pond love rotted gall bladders-

SFX: Fast beeping.

SFX: Sci-Fi Whoosh!

PD-L FIRST

And I did want all units in the area to know that I have a large surplus of crocheted waste unit decorations, free for the taking--

SFX: Fast beeping.

SFX: Sci-Fi Whoosh!

LOUELLA

Stay safe, everyone--

SFX: Fast beeping.

SFX: Sci-Fi Whoosh!

HERM

You can make glue out of that
intestinal goop--

SFX: Fast beeping.

SFX: Sci-Fi Whoosh!

PD-L FIRST

That's neither here nor there--

The beeping and whooshing loop faster and faster and faster,
until--

The calm of outer space. The same sounds we heard in the
opening.

WAYLAND

Oh yeah, that's how I got here. And
it looks like this little box might
have only one good charge in it. Oh
well. Here goes nothing--

SFX: Click. Beep. Loud Sci-Fi Whoosh!

We hear the echoing voices of Lefty and Red that start to
become clearer and clearer.

LEFTY

Wayland? Wayland, can you hear me?

RED

He's opening his eyes. Wayland? Are
you all right?

WAYLAND

Wha...what happened?

CECIL

You took a bad fall, my friend.

ETHYL

We were so worried.

HERM

I pulled up in my truck and saw you
laying out on the grass. Out cold.

LEFTY

I think your little home made device backfired and gave you a bad shock, pal.

WAYLAND

But...but I was gone. Far away.

RED

What?

WAYLAND

I was in all of these different places, with all of these strange creatures. And you were there, and you were there, and you, and you.

HERM

Was I there?

WAYLAND

Nope.

HERM

Oh.

RED

Were so glad you're okay, Wayland. I hate to ask, but, do you feel up to going back to work?

LEFTY

I think your little box shorted out something in the system.

WAYLAND

Oh sure, no problem.

SFX: Footsteps and equipment room door opening. Electrical hum and the sound of sparks.

WAYLAND (CONT'D)

Ahhh, it's good to be home.

SFX: Sci-Fi Whooshing noise.

WAYLAND 002

Hey Wayland?

WAYLAND

(surprised.)

What?

WAYLAND 002
Glad to see you back.

WAYLAND
Thanks, Wayland.

SFX: Sci-Fi reverse Whoosh!

WAYLAND (CONT'D)
I gotta call my mother.

MUSIC: Closing music

LEFTY
Well that's all the time we have
for Land Yacht Radio with Lefty and
Red.

MUSIC: Barbarian drums.

CRIMSON BEAST
We rejoice in the bone-crushing
defeat of those who oppose you.

MUSIC: Sci-Fi Robotic

LF-T
Don't forget to recharge your power
cells.

RED SQUIRREL
And keep your nuts close and warm.
So for all of us here.

LEFTY LEFTICUS AND LF-T
Do you want to come with?

CRIMSON BEAST RAD AND RED SQUIRREL
Then come here once!

