

Death at a Low Price

Episode 1: Hide and Seek, Razvan's It

[*kitchen ambience*]

[*footsteps*]

[*opening of cabinet, clanking of plates*]

Elliot: Are those my slippers?

Kennedy: Not anymore.

Kiera: And my gloves.

Kennedy: Mine now.

Eugene: And my husband's wedding ring!

Kennedy: You married me, Gene.

Eugene: Oh, I know. And I don't regret it!

Kennedy: Happy you finally decided on that. [pause] It's
fucking cold, alright?

Bundlebuddy: It is always cold in this miserable store.

Kennedy: And you're always a little bitch. See? I can deal in
absolutes too.

Kiera: Seriously, though. You're an AI system. You can't feel
temperature, can you?

Bundlebuddy: I assure you, I most certainly can.

Elliot: I can confirm that one! He screamed at me consistently
last night til I turned the temperature up.

Bundlebuddy: Only barbarians and lunatics keep the thermostat at
50 degrees, Miss Elliot.

Eugene: Ah, yes! I head you do that! [*pause*] Do it again and I'll turn it down to 20 degrees.

Bundlebuddy: I will not be silenced.

Jeremy: Um, sorry to interrupt, but why are we here again?

[*door slamming open, footsteps*]

Manager: I'll tell you why we're here!

Elliot: Were you just waiting to do that?

Manager: Yes. Of course. Obviously I was waiting! Why wouldn't I? It's all about presentation. If we don't have perfect presentation, well, we might as well lay down and die!

Bundlebuddy: I'd like to do that anyway.

Manager: I'd love if you did that as well, you ugly pillow-case reject.

Kiera: Hey, chill out. Back on topic, why are we up at 4:30 in the morning?

Kennedy: Yea. I could be asleep for another 30 minutes instead of here with you assholes.

Jeremy: I mean, I was...I was up anyway.

Bundlebuddy: No one cares, Mr. Howards.

Kiera: Dude, Jesus Christ. Calm the fuck down. [*pause*] He didn't mean it, Jeremy.

Jeremy: Oh, I'm, uh, used to it at this point? It's fine.

Manager: Anyway, you should all be paying attention to me! This should be instinct by now. I still have my announcement to make.

Kennedy: Just get on with it.

Elliot: Yea! What's going on?

Manager: Patience! As I was saying, our new overseer has called a meeting.

All but Manager and Elliot: Ughhhh.

Elliot: Oh, I don't know! I think he's nice enough.

Kiera: He told me I'd trip and die if I kept wearing heels due to me 'having the coordination of a drunk baby giraffe'.

Kennedy: Apparently my 'violent personality' is going to land me in the deepest depths of hell.

Eugene: I was told that I was going to most likely die in my office, and that my body would never be found due to the mess! He's lovely.

Bundlebuddy: The small human told me I should be broken down for spare parts. In return, I said that I would think the same should be done to him, except he is useless and no one would want anything to do with any part of him anyway, and he might as well just head to the trash bin to save time.

Kiera: Harsh.

Jeremy: He's been fine to me, I think.

Kiera: No one can be directly mean to you, man. You'd keel over with a heart attack.

Manager: You're all so overdramatic! After all, what's different about this one? He's just like all the rest we've had. We're going to scare him away eventually.

Kiera: I give it at least 5 weeks.

Kennedy: I still say he'll be gone within the month.

[*footsteps*]

Razvan: Who's going to be gone within the month?

[*silence*]

Elliot: Oh, it's...um...

Kiera: We're taking bets about a tv show we watched last night. Y'know, while you were holed up in your room. If you joined us sometime...

Razvan: I don't like tv.

Kennedy: Of course you don't. Fucking typical. Should've called that one.

[*sound of light hit*]

Kennedy: Hey!

Eugene: So, what are we here for, hm? I have a order I need to go carry out. You know how it is.

Razvan: [*with obvious disdain for what Eugene does*]

Unfortunately? Yea, I do. [*pause*] Anyway, here's what's going on.

[*footsteps; tearing of paper*]

Jeremy: Oh. Oh, wow. You're...thorough.

Kiera: When did you have time to put that up?

Razvan: Don't ask. As I was saying before, here's what's going on: inspection day.

Kennedy: Oh no.

Razvan: Oh yes. 7 days until the inspection occurs, and that means you need to get all your asses in gear. This? This is a posted list of rules. I've placed these rules up here because apparently, you can't comprehend that they exist in the first place. I thought that hey, maybe if I put the rules up, they'll actually follow them, like actual, functioning beings!

Eugene: Oh, dear. I think your expectations are too high.

Razvan: Hopes and expectations are completely different. I have little to no faith in any of you. Which is why we also have

this- [*pause, ripping of paper*] -chalkboard. It counts how many hours since the last time you all broke a rule, or did something less than stellar.

Elliot: Isn't that usually in, like, days?

Razvan: I mentioned the little to no faith thing, right? Look, that's not the point. The point is-

Kiera: You're treating us like school children.

Razvan: You haven't really given me much of a choice. Last week, Lacey got into fisticuffs with a customer-

Kennedy: That fucker deserved it!

Razvan: -Over them disagreeing on how a product name was pronounced and bugging Howards about it. Baker, you were cheering on from the sidelines-

Eugene: I'm a highly supportive spouse, you know. I love Kenny very dearly, and support him in his efforts in everything he does!

Razvan: -And you sold snacks to people who were on-looking. Like, if it was a baseball game or something.

Eugene: I also support gaining profits.

Razvan: Cleary. Moving along, Manager, you were put on register last week, yea?

Manager: And I did a magnificent job, yes!

Razvan: Sure, other than the fact you made every single person pay in pennies while you talked about your 'sad childhood'. Which, by the way, wasn't even your childhood. I've seen the movies you were reciting before, dipshit.

Manager: [*scandalized*] You said you didn't like tv!

Razvan: [*ignoring the comment*] Let's see...Jennings!

Kiera: Hit me with your best shot here, midget.

Razvan: You 'accidentally' knocked over a paper towel display on a small family of 4.

Kiera: And? Things happen.

Razvan: I saw you push it down on security footage. It wasn't an accident, and you're a fraud.

Kiera: The mom was a bitch okay? Christ.

Razvan: Harris.

Elliot: Yea?

Razvan: I have nothing on you. You're actually the height of policy-following in this place, along with Howards. However, that thing you carry around keeps yelling at customers about the inevitability of death and how buying trinkets is pointless since they'll probably get killed soon anyway.

Bundlebuddy: You talk as if I am not here. I'm right here.

Acknowledge my existence, small human. I'm right next to you.

Notice me.

Razvan: I legitimately hate that thing, but I'm not gonna force you to throw it out an airlock. Yet. Just...get it to shut up once in awhile. Back on topic...As I said, Howards, you're fine.

Jeremy: Uh, yea. I don't do much.

Razvan: Which is great! Keep that up.

Kiera: So you're saying we shouldn't stand up for ourselves, basically? That's the trend I'm hearing here.

Razvan: [*yep that's exactly what he means*] Yes! There you go, you got the point of this.

Kennedy: That's fucking stupid.

Razvan: [*he's bewildered by them, honestly; frazzled*] No, actually, it isn't! God, no. You work in customer service! You have to work with people, not chase them off! Do you know how many complaints I've had come in about you all? It's fucking insane! You can't just- you can't just tell them they're wrong! You have to be polite!

Eugene: I'm very polite!

Razvan: You act like you're a drug dealer, Baker. You're the shadiest person in this place! I've gotten concerned letters about you, they don't think you actually work here!

Eugene: That sounds more like a 'them' problem.

Jeremy: You are- you are pretty concerning, Eugene.

Eugene: Oh, so you're siding with the midget now, hm?

Jeremy: No, I just- uh- we...might need to be nicer? Maybe?

Razvan: This is ridiculous. The fact we need to have this conversation is ridiculous. Just- [*frustrated pause*] Work better with people. Follow the rules. Inspection is in 7 days!

[*footsteps*]

Elliot: That went well.

Kennedy: Yea, fucking fantastic. Maybe he should add 'remove stick from ass' to his to-do list.

Jeremy: He's just doing his job.

Bundlebuddy: He did not even acknowledge my existence.

Manager: [*horrified*] He said he didn't like tv!

Kiera: Are you seriously still on that? After all this time?

Manager: He lied! About tv!

Kiera: If you haven't noticed, he kinda wants to avoid us, man.
I'm not surprised about it.

Manager: He lied to *me*!

Kennedy: Yea? We all lie to you. Constantly.

Manager: What?

Kennedy: Uh, yep. Every single one of us. What do you think
happened to your last spiked bat?

Manager: You've got to be kidding. Jeremy? [*pause*] Elliot? [*pause*]
Not you two as well!

Elliot: I just didn't think it was healthy for you to be
carrying it around everywhere! You could've been hurt.

Jeremy: I was, uh, a little afraid you'd accidentally hit one of
us, actually.

Manager: I'm appalled by your lack of belief in me!

Bundlebuddy: You are clumsy and foolish. I am not surprised that they did this.

Manager: You bastard.

Kiera: Back on topic: What are we going to do about that guy?

Kennedy: Isn't it obvious? Inspection day is coming up.

Kiera: No shit, sherlock. So?

Kennedy: So, we're going to do what we usually do. We're going to get him fucking fired.

[*fade out ambience; morning scene end*]

[*next scene boyyysss*]

[*store ambience; music, store noises*]

Kennedy: Hello and welcome to Slotspot, the place for all your dimension hopping needs! Do anything wrong and I'll fucking end you.

Eugene: I love how direct he is! That's my Kenny for you.

[*sound of things being set on counter*]

Jeremy: You guys aren't even going to try to be better, are you?

Eugene: Hm? What do you mean?

Jeremy: With what the overseer was saying.

Eugene: Oh! Well, I don't plan to act differently one way or the other. Kennedy is...well, he's still upset. You know how it is. He is dead set on making Oswin's life hell, and she is determined to do the same to him. They get caught in the cycle of back-and-forth, and it's likely that she specifically picked this man because she knew that he would nitpick at us. So, obviously, Kennedy aims to combat that, because that's just what he does.

Jeremy: And you don't care? At all? About any of this?

Eugene: Not particularly! After all, we've done this before, haven't we?

Jeremy: They haven't been this dedicated...maybe we should give him a chance?

Kennedy: Hey, asshole! Don't open random boxes in the aisles unless you're going to buy it! That's right, I see you, you bastard.

Eugene: [*chuckling*] We'll see if he can handle this first! Hold this, would you?

Jeremy: I guess that's fair. And, uh, sure. What is this?

Eugene: Oh, nothing in particular! [*pause*] Don't look so worried, it's just the latest papers from a few various dimensions. Nothing that could maim or kill anyone. They're for the counter!

Jeremy: I just- I don't want this one to get fired, Eugene.

[*silence*]

Eugene: Well, if he's good, then he'll stay.

Jeremy: I don't want us to keep getting people fired! Doesn't that bother you a little?

Eugene: I suppose a little, but not too much. I don't lose sleep over it.

Jeremy: This is the 10th one this year. Can't we just stop? What if this gets us fired? We could- we could be seen as a lost cause or something, and then we're all fired and starving on a street corner, and-

Eugene: [*chuckling*] Slow down! We'll stay in business. I have my ways to assure that.

Jeremy: I really hate when you say things like that.

Eugene: Would you rather I said it directly? I have blackmail, Jeremy. There!

Jeremy: That actually succeeded in making me feel worse, thank you.

Eugene: Anything for a friend, Jerm's!

[a little shuffling around for a bit]

[something falling over]

Icarus: [*scream; you've made mistakes in your time and this is a big one*]

Jeremy: Oh my god, did he just-?

Eugene: [*cackling*] He did!

Jeremy: [*panicking*] Is he dead? Oh my god, what if he's dead? Eugene! Stop laughing!

Eugene: [*trying to stop themselves from cracking up*] I'm sorry, I'm sorry. He probably just passed out!

Jeremy: He screamed!

Eugene: Hm. I suppose you're right on that one! Seems to still be alive, though.

Jeremy: You- you can't just say that from over here!

[*footsteps*]

[*silence*]

Jeremy: Is he okay? Oh my god, tell me he isn't dead. Is he dead? Eugene!

Eugene: Calm down, matchstick! He has a pulse. My best guess would be he passed out from shock.

Jeremy: Oh, thank goodness. He's alive. [*pause*] Wait, shock?
That would mean...oh. Oh no.

Eugene: [*delighted*] We've just discovered a normal, my friend!

Jeremy: [*horrified*] Oh no.

[*end scene*]

[*next scene*]

[*storage room ambience*]

Eugene: -And I said, "Of course I have it! What do I look like, a liar?". But, I didn't actually have it, and I was a liar, but they only figured that out when I had left. It was a good haul, little to no expense on my behalf.

Jeremy: That's...

Eugene: Illegal? Yes! Yes, yes it is. Anyway, after that, I-

Icarus: Ow...

Eugene: He's up! I'll tell you later, matchstick. [*pause*] Hey there, beanpole!

Icarus: What...? [*pause, then*] Jesus christ!

Jeremy: [*panicky*] Eugene! Oh my god, you can't just lean over him like that, move back a little!

Eugene: [*chuckling*] Whoopsie!

Jeremy: Are you ok? I'm so sorry, they're just like that, they- they have issues.

Eugene: That's rather offensive. I'm hurt!

Jeremy: P-please stop talking. Anyway, uh-

Icarus: [*shocked, amazed maybe*] You...have four arms. [*pause*] How hard did I hit my head?

Jeremy: You're...not seeing double. Well, actually, I don't know, you could be seeing double? But I do have four arms. [pause] Oh my god, Eugene, what if he has a concussion? I can't treat concussions! I can barely help with cuts!

Icarus: Wait, wait, slow down! You have four arms? For real?

Jeremy: Yes, they're not- they aren't fake. [pause] Uhm, can you...stop poking them?

Icarus: Holy shit, they're real.

Jeremy: I'd hope so? I use them a lot, so...

[silence]

Icarus: So...where am I, exactly?

Eugene: Good question! Smart place to start. Now, not that I can really answer. Who knows where we are! That's what's really odd about this place, you can never be-

Jeremy: You're in the storage room. Of the store you wandered into?

Icarus: Store...? [*pause*] Oh. Oh, god. So that was real?

Jeremy: Well, yea, the convenience store is pretty real-

Icarus: The aliens! I mean the aliens! [*pause, then, near horrified with realization*] You're an alien.

Jeremy: Well, I mean-

Eugene: You're the alien to us, beanpole!

Jeremy: I'm really sure you're just making this worse.

Icarus: This is insane.

Eugene: To you, maybe. This is incredibly funny to me.

Jeremy: Look, uh-

Icarus: It's Icarus.

Jeremy: Ok, Icarus, look. I need you to- if you can, can you tell us some historical events from where you're from?

Icarus: You mean, outside the store?

Jeremy: Uh, yes? You're from outside the store, right?

Eugene: Oh! And don't forget to tell us the year you're from.

Icarus: Why do you need that? Or any of this?

Eugene: You're currently in a very tricky situation, kiddo. If you're caught, you're gonna be in trouble. So! We need to get you to the elevator, and then to your exact time and dimension without our overseer noticing. My lovely husband has agreed to help out of spite, so we are doing pretty well already, but it is going to be a bit difficult.

Icarus: What? Why am I getting in trouble for walking into a store? That makes no sense.

Eugene: Welcome to Slotspot! That's practically our motto here.
Nothing makes sense.

Icarus: Fantastic. Great. [*pause*] So I just need to get to the elevator? That's not too hard.

Jeremy: You'd- you'd be surprised.

Icarus: I mean, isn't it right across the store? From what I saw when I walked in, that's what it seemed like.

Eugene: Oh, yes, it is straight across! However, there is also security camera footage as an issue. If your face is shown on it...

Jeremy: We'll have, uh, a few problems.

Icarus: So...this is some spy shit that we have to do?

Jeremy: I mean, no, not really-

Icarus: This is totally some mission-impossible type stuff. Can we have code names?

Jeremy: What happened to you freaking out?

Icarus: This is so cool, man, it's like I'm in a sci-fi spy show!

Jeremy: We're- we're in a convenience store.

Icarus: Beggars can't be choosers! And anyway, it's not like I'm in any real danger, right? So, no use freaking out. I'm sure I'll, like, need to reevaluate my world views now that aliens exist later, but I'm deciding to live in the moment!

Eugene: I like this one! We should hire him.

Jeremy: Eugene, no!

Icarus: Eugene, hell yes. Is that a thing you guys can do?

Jeremy: No, no we can't do that, we can't just hire you, that's not how this works!

Eugene: We've done worse.

Jeremy: That isn't the point!

Eugene: He's adapting well, matchstick! We could just-

Jeremy: The overseer would murder us!

Eugene: I've heard he's a pacifist.

Jeremy: [*reiterating*] That's not the *point*!

Icarus: Wait, overseer? Who's that?

Eugene: Oh, just our supervisor. We're not exactly allowed to have normal people in the store! Now, I'm not sure what the procedure is when they catch you, but I've heard it isn't the most pleasant thing ever! To be expected, though. The HA is a rough group of people!

Icarus: [*going back to frantic*] Catch me?!

Jeremy: Why do I work with you? You make things so much worse whenever you talk! Why?

Eugene: It's my charm! That's why Kenny married me, you know.

Jeremy: [*frustrated*] Nevermind! Icarus, we're not- you're not going to get caught, ok? Which is why we need to figure out which dimension you're from, and time period. We can't just walk you across the store because if that much security footage is missing, the overseer will notice and we'll get interrogated on it, so we have to be very, very careful about this. Okay? Do you think you can manage that?

Icarus: I'm not going to get killed, right...?

Jeremy: No, you aren't going to get killed! Don't listen to Eugene. Bad things happen when people do that!

Eugene: Ouch.

Icarus: Okay.

Jeremy: Okay?

Icarus: Yea, I just...yea. Okay. Let's go get me not-killed.

Eugene: This'll be fun!

[*scene end*]

[*store ambience*]

Icarus: There it is.

Eugene: Mmhm! Just a simple walk in the park.

[*silence*]

Jeremy: No offense to you, Eugene-

Eugene: But?

Jeremy: Isn't that outfit a little excessive?

Icarus: It's a disguise! Obviously I need it to avoid the cameras.

Jeremy: You could just...wear a hat or something?

Icarus: The scarf makes the look.

Eugene: Really, it does. I agree.

Jeremy: You're both ridiculous...

Eugene: Oh, of course! Ridiculous is the best way to be. Now, let's go over our plan. First?

Icarus: We walk through the back, right? By the frozen goods.

Eugene: Correct! Next?

Jeremy: We go through the meat aisle.

Eugene: Right. And then?

Icarus: Elevator!

Eugene: And what dimension and date?

Icarus: That'd be...March 1st, 2017, dimension 15.

Eugene: I'm so proud! Now all we have to do is avoid the cameras and the overseer, and we're as good as gold!

Jeremy: Please don't jinx it.

Eugene: You worry too much, carrot!

Jeremy: Please...please don't call me that.

Eugene: Mm, noted. I'll take that one off the list. This is why I don't sway away from matchstick! [*pause*] Shall we?

Jeremy: Now or never.

Icarus: I'm feeling like I'm going to regret this, but sure.

*[footsteps, refer to eugene i'm not writing all this out i'm
the one audio editing this anyway]*

Eugene: Okay, we're walking, we're walking, and we're stopping,
and we're standing, and-

Jeremy: Do you- do you have to do that?

Eugene: Yes! Communication is key. So, we're walking again, and
we're continuing to walk, and we're stopping, we're stopping
beanpole! I know that you must be hard of hearing all the way up
there, but really, I am instructing you on what to do. This is a
team!

Icarus: Sorry, sorry! I can hear you fine.

Eugene: Good! I was worried the atmosphere was too thin up there
or something of the like.

Icarus: I'm not THAT tall.

Eugene: Keep telling yourself that, bean. Now, we're walking,
and we're walking, and- shit! Freezer, freezer!

Icarus: [*confused, frazzled*] What?

Eugene: Step into the freezer, beanpole! Go, go, go!

[*freezer door being opened, icarus being shoved in*]

Icarus: Jesus-

[*slam*]

[*footsteps*]

Razvan: There you two are! Finally. I've been looking
everywhere.

Eugene: Heeeeey, buddy!

[*silence*]

Razvan: [*suspicious*] Buddy?

Eugene: Yea. Pal. Amigo. Good friend of mine?

Razvan: What did you do now, Baker?

Eugene: Oh, you know. Nothing.

Jeremy: Eugene-!

Eugene: Shh, matchstick. It's all good.

Razvan: I'm still waiting on a real answer.

Eugene: Hm? Oh! Of course, of course. Now, I may or may not have decided to place a watermelon in the freezer, just to see what would happen. And of course, that watermelon, that may or may not be in the freezer, maybe exploded after possibly being placed. Which means, obviously, that that maybe existent

watermelon...well, there's a chance, if it exists, that it caused a mess. Obviously.

[*silence*]

Razvan: You WHAT.

Eugene: Remember, nothing is for certain!

Razvan: You- [*tortured sigh*] Whatever. Just...one of you clean it up. The other takes the register. Please, just do this for me.

Eugene: Why, sure! We can do that. Can't we, Jeremy?

Jeremy: Huh? [*pause*] Oh! Yea. Yes.

[*silence*]

Razvan: [*wary*] Okay, great...don't cause any more trouble.

Eugene: Anything for you! Bye now!

[*footsteps fading out*]

Eugene: Close call!

Jeremy: [*astounded*] Close?! He was right there!

Eugene: He was, wasn't he? Unfortunate. Move aside, please!

[*door opening, sound of icarus tumbling out*]

Eugene: Hi there, sunshine!

Icarus: It's freezing in there!

Jeremy: It is...it is a freezer.

Icarus: You make a good point.

Eugene: Well, that went well! Now, I'll go take care of the counter. Ta!

Jeremy: [*horrified*] You aren't.

Eugene: Oh, I am.

Jeremy: You can't leave me here alone!

Eugene: I can! And I need to. Good luck, you two!

[*footsteps*]

Jeremy: [*begging, disbelieving; eugene why*] Eugene! [*pause*]

They're gone. Great! That's...that's great. Life is great.

[*silence*]

Icarus: So...never got to ask your name.

Jeremy: [*still panicking*] We're in this situation and that's what you're worried about?! [*pause, then, a little calmer but still frantic*] Sorry, I'm just- oh my god! We're doomed! Eugene left and we're going to die.

Icarus: We just need to walk across the shop, right? It's all good!

Jeremy: We. Are. Going. To. Die!

Icarus: Jesus christ, okay! Calm down.

Jeremy: I can't- it isn't just a snap of the fingers thing, I can't just relax! We are going to get caught, and I will get fired, and Eugene will laugh at me because they're at the counter and safe and I'm not, and-

Icarus: Take some deep breaths, man. In and out.

Jeremy: [*doing as icarus said?? If you can record that. Maybe. I don't know. I trust you*]

Icarus: Any better? [*pause*] Alright, cool. Anyway...about that name...

Jeremy: [*miserable*] It's Jeremy.

Icarus: Nice to meet you, Jeremy. Now, let's get to that door!
Meat aisle is next.

Jeremy: [*he TOTALLY means it (no he doesn't)*] Sounds
fantastic.

[*footsteps*]

Icarus: Okay, so, should I be doing the 'we're walking, we're
walking, we're stopping' thing, or do you want to do that? Or we
could-

Jeremy: Silence. Silence would be best. We can pull off silence,
I think.

Icarus: Oh. Oh, okay. Yea, that works.

[*Silence*]

Icarus: So you work here?

Jeremy: No, I'm just wearing the uniform. [*pause*] Sorry, that was rude. That was really rude, wasn't it? I'm sorry. I'm just...it's been a long day.

Icarus: Hey, no, it's fine! Don't worry. Look, I know this is probably stressful to you. I mean, it's stressful to me-

Jeremy: Icarus-

Icarus: Give me a second to talk, okay? Anyway, it's stressful to me, obviously, but to you too, and I can see that. So it's understandable that-

Jeremy: Icarus, if you could just-

Icarus: I am trying to be nice! Please let me be nice, that's the only thing I have going for me right n- [*he's tripping so surprised pterodactyl screech*] OW!

[*sound of him hitting into shelving unit*]

Jeremy: [*trailing off*] Pay attention...to where you're going... Are you okay?

Icarus: [*not meaning this*] Never better. Jesus, good thing that's nailed to the ground, or I would've knocked it over.

Jeremy: Be more careful.

Icarus: Okay, yes! Next time I'll listen. [*pause*] Hey, could we weave through the next aisle? That might work better.

Jeremy: I'm not sure, Eugene said that we should walk straight towards the elevator, and that would just take longer...

Icarus: Live a little! Come on, it's out of the way of the cameras, right? That makes your life easier!

Jeremy: I...I guess?

Icarus: Great! Let's go.

[*faster footsteps*]

Jeremy: Maybe we should just go to the elevator...

Icarus: And cut down on the time I'm in here? No way! Look, I know I'll totally-maybe die if caught, but this is a once-in-a-lifetime chance! I'm never gonna see aliens again. Ever! Besides, this can't be too dangerous.

Jeremy: Don't jinx this, please. Eugene already jinxed us, I don't need you doing it too.

Icarus: Relax a little. You're going to have a heart attack if you keep worrying.

Jeremy: I get told that a lot.

Icarus: I mean, I can see why. You look like you'd start sobbing if that overseer guy came back over here again.

Jeremy: Probably.

Icarus: Hey, at least you admit to it, I guess. It's not a bad thing, you know. Being worried. Just seems like you do it too much. Then again, this is just from, like, and outsiders perspective.

Jeremy: Oh, no. I wish I could relax. I just can't. I just- [
cuts himself off] Watch out!

[*sound of glass shattering*]

Icarus: That was close! Man, can you imagine if that hit me?
That would-

[*icarus slipping*]

Icarus: SHIT

[*sounds of 3 shelving units falling; everything is crumbling
because this doofus slipped*]

Icarus: [*practically wheezing*] Why weren't those screwed down?
That other aisle was screwed down.

Jeremy: We're so dead.

[*scene end*]

[*next scene*]

[*kitchen ambience*]

Razvan: So, who would like to tell me where we went wrong today?

Eugene: Nothing! I think we fared splendidly.

Razvan: Take a look at the board, Baker. What's the number on it right now?

Eugene: Zero.

Razvan: And what is the unit of time we're using?

Eugene: Why, I don't see how this matters-

Razvan: Hours. We're going by hours. You people can't even go a day without something happening! So, I repeat, who would like to tell me where we went wrong today? Howards, put down your hand, I don't want to hear it from you.

Jeremy: O-oh. Uh, okay.

Eugene: I don't see what you're so annoyed over, overseer! We haven't done anything awful.

Razvan: So I'll take that as a 'no' to someone telling me the problem. Alright. Fine.

Jeremy: I-

Razvan: No. Hand down. Baker dug this grave, and now he's going to lay in it.

Jeremy: But I helped?

Razvan: You're exempt because you're easily pulled into things. Back on topic, the issue is that you tried to sneak a normal

person across the store! On the way to do that, you destroyed several objects, knocked over 3 shelving units, left the counter unstaffed, and lied to my face about it!

Eugene: You're very gullible.

Razvan: No, Baker, I'm not. What I was doing was trusting you. I was trying to, at least. You don't want to be treated like children? Then stop acting like you are. You're a bunch of grown-ass people, working in a store. Maybe you should get your shit together and actually do your fucking job!

Kennedy: Look, it isn't their goddamn fault! If we had reported it-

Razvan: What? What the FUCK did you think was going to happen, Lacey?

Kennedy: They would've done something fucking awful to him, probably!

Razvan: [*disbelieving laugh*] Do you actually think that?
Seriously? You think they just kill every person that walks into
a hot spot? Are you that dumb? No! No, they don't do that! In
fact, they give them a slap on the wrist and send them back to
where they came from! The worst they do is monitor them! Maybe
if you actually read the guidelines, you'd know that!

Kiera: So, what? You're just going to drag the poor guy over to
the HA, and that's that?

[*silence*]

Razvan: [*calmer; defeated tone*] No. No, I'm not.

Kiera: [*surprised*] You...you aren't?

Razvan: [*instantly going back to his peeved tone*] That's what
I said! [*a little calmer again*] Look, he can stay here til
they figure out what to do with him. I still have to report this
to the HA, though. That's my job.

Kennedy: Yea, god forbid you actually do something nice.

Elliot: Kennedy!

Manager: He isn't wrong, chickadee!

Razvan: [*he tried being nice while also doing his job and this is what he gets?*] Don't do this again. That's all for today.

[*footsteps*]

[*slamming of door*]

Elliot: You were awfully quiet.

Bundlebuddy: I had nothing to say to him. It was not MY problem.

Elliot: Anyway, you all need to be polite to him!

Kennedy: He's a fucking asshole, Elliot. I'm not going to be polite.

Elliot: It's his job!

Kiera: El, he takes it a little too far.

Jeremy: To be fair, we're a bit much.

Eugene: I think we're just enough, actually! After all, Dana could handle us, remember?

Manager: I think you're all forgetting that Dana isn't exactly here anymore.

[silence; next lines from slotspot crew muffled like heard from behind a door]

Kennedy: Yea, well, I'm still pissed off.

Manager: Oh, no, I 100% agree with you! I'm just mentioning it.

Elliot: Manager!

[cat meowing]

Razvan: [*with a sigh*] Yea, I know. This isn't going too well,
is it?

[*cat purring*]

Razvan: At least I have you, right Mr. Whiskers? You can't
shittalk me. You're a cat.

[*pause*]

Razvan: ...Who I'm talking to anyway. Jesus christ.

[*another meow*]

Razvan: Yea, laugh it up, freeloader. I'll feed you in a second.

[*standing up, creaking of chair, dialing of phone, ringing,
phone being picked up, etc etc so on so forth whatever whatever
whatever*]

Oswin: Hello?

Razvan: Hi, Ms. Oh.

Oswin: Oh. It's you.

Magnolia: Oswin, be polite. This is a professional call.

Thaddeus: Hah! Professional. [*pause*] Wait, these are supposed to be professional? Are they recorded? Shit.

Razvan: Anyway, back on topic, everything is going well.

Oswin: [*suspicious*] Nothing has gone wrong?

Razvan: [*hesitating, then*] Nope. Everything's fan-fucking-tastic.

Oswin: [*disbelieving*] Really?

Razvan: [*he's lying and he hates it; strained*] Yeaaa, they're great! Best job ever.

Thaddeus: That's new. Are you sure you went to the right place?

Magnolia: Now, I don't find it too hard to believe. They're all wonderful people.

Oswin: Hardly. They're a bunch of messy, disorganized fools.

Magnolia: That you used to be friends with, Oswin.

Oswin: I'm only human, Magnolia. I tend to make mistakes. That was one of them.

Thaddeus: Oof.

Razvan: Yea, well, they were fine. Is that enough? Can I hang up now?

Oswin: I have one last thing to ask you, Mr. Carol.

Razvan: [*shit shit shit*] Yea?

Oswin: Have you noticed any illegal activity? At all? Even hints of such should be reported.

[*silence*]

Razvan: Nope. None.

Thaddeus: That was a really long pause for a two word answer.

Razvan: It's called thinking. Maybe you'd like to try it
sometime.

Magnolia: Boys, please. This is being recorded.

Razvan: Okay, okay. Look, are we done now?

Oswin: Yes, we are. Feel free to hang up, Mr. Carol. However, I
expect you to check back in tomorrow.

Razvan: As usual. Bye now.

[*sound of Ravan hanging up*]

[*purring from cat*]

Razvan: Better start writing my eulogy, Whiskers. I think I'm going to die here.

[*scene end. Next scene lads*]

[*news music*]

Terry: Weeeelcome to the news! I'm Terry.

Sarah: And I'm Sarah. Today, we'll be speaking of a story involving the HA.