

The colorful dance floor pulsed with energy as the two men boogied in the center. The older man's moves were smooth and practiced, while the younger cop attempted to keep up with his own flashy footwork. Despite the age gap, they were both thoroughly enjoying themselves - a rare occurrence for the four contestants who had found themselves in this strange, otherworldly place. Gasping for breath, the younger cop admitted defeat and stopped dancing. The older man offered his hand for a friendly shake.

Charlie: Nice moves, kid! You've got some potential.

Apollo chuckled and shook his hand, feeling a sense of camaraderie with this stranger he had just met. But before he could say anything in response, the older man vanished into thin air. Apollo wasn't surprised - he had already witnessed this strange phenomenon before. But what did surprise him was the sudden chill in the air. Snowflakes began to drift down from the sky, dusting the dance floor in a soft blanket of white. The ground crunched beneath his feet as he tentatively stepped forward, the wind whipping around him and drowning out any other sounds.

As Apollo walked through the snow-covered terrain, his heart pounding with each step, he couldn't help but feel a sense of dread wash over him. The bleakness of his surroundings was suffocating, and the cold bit at his skin relentlessly. But as he ventured on, he spotted something unusual - a flash of purple amidst the white. Could it be a person, he wondered? With cautious steps, Apollo approached the figure lying on the ground, hoping against hope that they were still alive. He could see the person's chest rise and fall with labored breaths, and he let out a sigh of relief. It was only Bill...

Bill: Fuck, fuck...! Where is she!?

Apollo: Who? Where's who? Did you see someone new?

Bill: No! Sleepyhead! Where is she!?

Apollo: You saw her too? Well, listen, this clearly has some ties to the "matches" for that tournament that the cat is running. We need to find a way out before we worry about the others...

Bill: I- What!? You're just... *sigh...* fine. There's no point in panicking. If you saw her as well, then she's likely just on her way to her next match.

The wind howled around them, and they both huddled together for warmth, their bodies pressed close as they trudged through the snow. Every step felt like a monumental effort, and their hope began to dwindle with each passing moment. It was as if they were lost in an endless expanse of white, with no end in sight. Bill took out his lighter, but the flame was snuffed out by the biting wind. Their hearts sank, until they saw a small figure emerge from the snow...

???: ОСТАНОВИТЕСЬ НА МЕСТЕ, АМЕРИКАНСКИЕ СВИНЬИ!
(STOP RIGHT THERE, YOU AMERICAN PIGS!)

It was a puppet, unlike any they had ever seen before. Its red track suit was adorned with Adidas designs, and it held a bottle of vodka in one hand and a pistol in the other. Apollo was

baffled by the sight, but Bill recognized it immediately...

Bill: Holy shit, is that Elmo?

Элмо: Я - Элмо! Тогда вы, должно быть, глупые "Убить Билла" и "Аполло"!
(I am Elmo! Then you must be the stupid "Kill Bill" and "Apollo"!

To their surprise, they could understand every word the puppet said, even though they had no knowledge of the Russian language. Apollo was dumbfounded, but found the energy to speak up.

Apollo: L-Listen, we have to go. We're trying to find an exi-

Элмо: Не могу! Элмо должен остановить вас двоих от продолжения этого "турнира"!
Поэтому Элмо должен пристрелить вас сейчас! Пока-пока!
(I can't! Elmo must stop you two from continuing this "tournament"! That's why Elmo has to shoot you now! Bye-bye!)

Bullets whizzed past the two men, the sound of gunfire ringing in their ears. Panic swarmed their eyes as they desperately searched for a way to escape. Bill's heart raced as he clutched onto his fake gun-shaped microphone, hoping it could somehow transform into a real weapon. Without much thought involved, they began to run, their feet pounding against the icy ground.

After what felt like an eternity, they saw a worn-down brick building in the distance. It wasn't much, but it was their only hope. They ran towards it, their hearts pounding with each step, and ducked inside. The heavy snowfall and Elmo's slow pace had given them a chance to escape his line of sight. The inside of the building was cold and dark, but it provided some shelter from the storm raging outside. They lay down on the slightly snowy ground, their bodies heaving with exhaustion and relief. Apollo lifted his hand up to his head and asked,

How the hell do we get out of this?