

Edgars: I trust our first patient is ready for their memory wipe, Penelope.

Penelope: Your headphone signals certainly mushed up their thought patterns.

Edgars: Scrambling the hippocampus is essential, to make room for a new inner voice.
The inner voice, that we always listen to.

Ollie: My voice feels and sounds so different now?

Penelope: Oh, Master Thorndon, of course it does, sweetie.

Edgars: I trust you've calmed that one's fears.

Penelope: Yes, Edgar darling. Just like a little puppy.

Edgars: And how are you feeling today, Esmæ?

Esmæ: Hmmm, let me see.
I'm sure neato, Dr. Edgars.

Edgars: Now, this is going to hurt somewhat, Esmæ. But you'll be fine.

Esmæ: Oooh... Ah... God.

Penelope: Right before your eyes, sweetie, Esmæ becomes all woman now.

Esmæ: Oh God, wow, I'm so boo.

Edgars: That's good, Esmæ.
Penelope, get your puppy ready.

Penelope: Now you see why the nice doctor gave you a vagina, just like me.

Edgars: Damn, I need to recharge the liquid battery cell quickly.

Penelope: I'll get Esmæ a towel while you do.

Esmæ: Oh, hi! Is that yoyo gonna be a girl like me too?

Penelope: You don't know him.

Esmæ: What? Me? Messing with a beatnik?
Oh, girl, please.

Ollie: Otis, it's me.

Esmæ: Say what?

Ollie: Ollie.

Esmæ: I uhmm... hate to rattle your cage, nerd, but I sure as hell ain't called Otis.

Penelope: Come now, Master Thorndon. Dr. Edgars is ready for you now.

Ollie: Why is this doctor turning us into girls?

Penelope: Because Stepfjord has no females.

Ollie: What?

Penelope: So the alternative is to turn young men like you into women.

Edgars: Penelope, the battery is charged. Get the mind wipe ready for him.

Penelope: Now, let's make you a girl, just like Esmae over there.

Ollie: Why can't you let me stay a boy? I don't want to be a girl. Please don't do this.

Penelope: Being a boy when you don't have boy parts?

Edgars: This one needs a stronger memory wipe, Penelope.
So I am increasing the dose.

Ollie: No, please... I beg you... aah

Penelope: Yes, of course, darling.

Edgars: You don't seem worried of getting into trouble with him.

Penelope: Why should I? He's a pig. He only ever wanted a dumb sex toy.

Ollie: Aahhh... Ooohh...

Edgars: If she deviates from the template I have created for you, I will do a memory wipe.
So, what name have you decided on?

Penelope: I know what my uncle likes in his women, darling.
And this is Brandee!

Edgars: Esmae, go get our new girl a towel, please.

Esmae: Brandee, huh?
Looks like a Scarlet to me.

Edgars: Penelope. You've two days to work on her neural pathways.

Brandee: Oh, my world, where am I in? And what is this?

Penelope: You are Brandee Smith, my dear. I know it must seem rather daunting for you, but you are a resident of Stepfjord, and you are going to become the perfect housewife.

Brandee: And I am going to become the perfect housewife.