

TSS: I'm glad you came to see us today. After we last spoke, we checked your blood work and I'm afraid to give you some bad news. It seems like you have come down with a chronic case of smarty-pantus. What's that? Well, it's a genetic disorder where your brain has too many brain cells, so many in fact that you can't be as happy as everyone else, what a shame. Oh, no, no don't worry, it isn't fatal, but we will need to cure it right away so you can live a long and happy life. Nurse Maiden and I are experts on the disease and will do everything in our power to cure you. You aren't our first case and you won't be the last I promise you. Now, we do have a treatment plan in place and we just need you to sign these consent forms and we can start in patient treatment right away. Oh, of course you would have to be admitted here full time so we can monitor your progress, the drugs we use here are quite strong and we need to make sure you are on the right dosage. Nurse Maiden?

M: Yes Dr Subject?

TSS: Take this patient to be prepped for treatment right away.

M: Of course Dr Subject. Now, come with me. Oh, no it's okay, we here at BS Medical Center will take good care of you. Sit here and I'll get the gas going. This is perfectly safe, trust me. Now as I put the mask over your face I'll need you to breathe in, that's it, breathe in **nice** and **deep**, that's right. So easy to breathe in the gas and feel its effects on your mind. This gas is a nice one, it makes you drowsy, sleepy and ready for your reprogramming, I mean treatment. That's it, treatment. So breathe for me now, just breathe

(**TSS:** Breathe deep for us now)

and focus on how good it feels to allow the drugs to drift into your system. That's right, breathe so deeply for us now, and allow the drugs to relax you. You are so safe here with us, ready to allow your mind to be reprogrammed, changed and that's okay because it's going to be so nice, such an enjoyable experience.

(**TSS:** Breathing in---- and out---- In--- and out---)

And as you continue breathing in and out you can feel your body relaxing, your mind relaxing. Drifting down deeper and deeper into that nice, drowsy feeling. The drugs drifting into your mouth and sinking into your mind.

(**TSS:** Deeper and deeper down, sinking, drifting, falling down. So comfortable and relaxed, so drowsy and drugged...)

And as you continue breathing deeper and deeper you can just imagine the drug trickling through your system, that's right as goes in through your mouth and travels into your bloodstream

(**TSS:** The drug travelling around your system, dropping you deep down into sleep. Drowsy, and relaxed, so deep, so drugged.)

And now that you are feeling so nice and relaxed you can just continue to breathe deeply, allowing each sound you hear, every word we say, and each and every second that goes by to drop you deeper into this drug, deeper into drowsy submission. Deeper into the feeling of haziness as your mind reels in the drugged out bliss of deep slumber.

TSS: Are they ready for reprogramming Maiden?

M: They sure are TSS, once we brainwash them into bimbos they can be part of Maiden Inc's plan for bimbofication of the entire world.

TSS: Excellent, let's get them to the brainwashing chamber.

M: I can't believe they fell for our plan.

TSS: They always do, what can I say, I guess it's the lab coats, they work wonder to instill a sense of trust.

M: Okay, phase two ready to go.

TSS: Rise and shine sleepy head! Come on, it's time to get up. Aww don't try to move honey, it's use. These straps we've used to restrain you are made of steel. Maiden Industries sure knows how to make a reprogramming chamber.

M: Silly you, you feel for our trap! And now we're going to brainwash you. Make you our little bimbo, your brain stamped with the Maiden Industry seal of approval.

TSS: BS Medical Centre, I can't believe you fell for that. Oh well, it looks like soon you won't even know your left from right after we've reprogrammed you.

M: That's right, our brainwashing machine will strip you of all your smarts, free you of all that pesky worry or shame and you can just be a happy, bubbly, bimbo. Now doesn't that sound fun?

TSS: That sounds delightful!

(Backing vocals plays:| Dumber and Dumber | Bouncey, Bubbly, Brainless Bimbo | The Less I Think, The More I Sink | Happy and Dumb | Random Giggles |)

M: It's too late to escape now, listen to the voices echoing through your mind and think about all the fun you are going to have as a silly little bimbo, a dumb and brainless little toy. So happy and giggly, so dumb and silly. It's so easy to imagine yourself giggling your mind away, you aren't using it anyway, and nor do you want to.

TSS: That's right, it's so easy to giggle your mind away as we fill the room with a pink fog. This fog is our special concoction of bimbo juice, in gas form of course. That pretty pink gas, filling the room and creeping into your lungs, into your blood, into your mind.

M: And as you breathe deeper you can just focus on the voices swirling around your head, drifting in one ear and spiralling around your mind. It's almost as if the harder you try to listen to those echos the more you seem to lose track of the words they are saying. And isn't it funny to imagine those words just drifting through your mind, as you listen so intently as you try to hold on so tightly to those meanings behind the words, but what are words but just a series of silly letters anyway?

TSS: Wouldn't you rather just giggle them away, as you realise how silly words are in the first place. As your mind continues to fill with silly pink fog, until all that's left of your mind is pink mist, echoing words and giggles. Why don't you just let yourself giggle

(**M:** Giggle your mind away)

Giggle your mind away

(**M:** So good to giggle your mind away)

Giggling it further and further into the fog, as it drifts away. As you lose track of your smarts, your wits, your will to do anything than just smile and be happy. Giggle and be the perfect bimbo. Who needs words when you have something far better, brainlessness. Your smarts, your IQ just drains away, right out of your head.

M: And with each second that passes

TSS: With each word you hear.

M: You fall deeper and deeper.

TSS: Dumber and dumber.

M: Deeper and Dumber

TSS: Dumber and Deeper

Both: So easy to listen, so easy to fall, so easy to giggle your mind away.

TSS: So giggle, silly bimbo

M: So accept your fate

TSS: But that's okay, because we both know

M: We both know

TSS: How much you're going to love being stupid.

M: Dumb

TSS: Mindless

M: And brainless

TSS: A brainless little bimbo

M: An empty little plaything

TSS: And I'm sure Maiden Industries will be able to give you a wonderful job being a bimbo for us.

M: Spending your days not thinking and just smiling and being so carefree

TSS: So sad for all the smart people who will never know how content you are, and how blissful it is to be a bimbo. To have your mind filled to the brim with pink mist. Completely corrupted and so easy to be what we want you to be, as we tell you how and what to think.

M: As you simply follow along, floating so gently on the mist in your mind as you see the words coming to the surface of your subconscious, I am a brainless bimbo.

TSS: That's right, I am a brainless bimbo. Say it. Say it under your breath, repeat those words until they stop making sense to your mind. Until they imprint themselves into the back of your brain.

(Echos change to: I Am a Brainless Bimbo, on a loop)

M: Repeating those words again and again and again, as they mingle with the mist in your mind and allow you to sink deeper and deeper down into your own dumbness, into a mindless stupor, where all you want to do is be the best brainless bimbo you can be as you repeat your mantra and giggle your mind away.

TSS: And I wonder whether or not you lose the words to the mist or if you'll lose the ability to speak through your giggles first. Perhaps you'll notice that the more you giggle the dumber you get so to more you try to repeat your mantra only to be cut off by the giggles, which means you have to try again, and it's so hard being trapped in that cycle of the mantra, the mist and the giggles but it's so fun to know that you don't need to think

M: You don't need to think

TSS: Thinking is so boring

M: So boring, it's fun to giggle

TSS: It's fun to be brainless.

M: and you know, each and every time you want to return to this bimbo space you can. All you have to do is say those words, "I am a brainless bimbo" while you are in a safe and comfortable position to do so.

TSS: And you know if there is an emergency or you need to get out of bimbo space to take care of something you can do so easily and effortlessly by counting up to five.

M: Like right now, because in a moment we're going to count up from one to five, and as we do you will start to awaken, feeling so happy and content refreshed and energised. Knowing and remembering each and every single thing we did and how much fun you had with this little fantasy.

TSS: So coming up on the count of five (Count to five.)
Sign off?