

Crown of Mist: The Final Day of Princess Diana

WALT (BRANSON)

DIRECTOR (CHARLES)

DETECTIVE REMY LEBEAU (DAN B): French police detective who saw over the death of Princess Diana.

LADY BEATRIX PECKFORD (DEV): British nobility and friend of Princess Diana.

HUGH TARVIS (FELIX): Bodyguard for Princess Diana.

AGENT "STROUD" (ANDREW): MI6 Agent, anonymous.

CLERT KARDASHIAN (ALANA): Friend of Diana, American socialite.

TORVIS MUNCH (ANDREW): Friend of Walt, Beanie Baby collector.

CLAUDETTE (RAINA): French woman, single.

(audio clips of the news coverage of Princess Di play in rapid succession).

(first scene)

DETECTIVE LEBEAU: It was in the early hours of uh, August 31st there, 1997, Paris. It seemed insane. Cest feu. At that time, nobody knew anything, tu sais? There was a wreck... Everyone blame le paparazzi... But, by then...the narrative that was unfolding had already superseded reality. People did not want to know what happened. People wanted someone to blame. It just turned out that...some people did not want to cooperate with that.

LADY BEATRIX PECKFORD: Nobility is a difficult thing to parse, British nobility in particular. There has always been a difficulty for us to look, well, I'm loathe to admit it, but - human. Diana didn't have that problem. It's a shame that, well, at least I believe, she's gone because of the most common, lowbrow man in all of the world.

HUGH TARVIS: Everything was off that day. Everything. It didn't feel right. I don't know if you want to call it premonition, conspiracy, or what, but uh, there was an ominous cloud hanging over everything that day. I don't recall anything physical that he actually did, but even now, knowing that, I feel like, somehow, metaphorically, he is responsible for what happened.

LEBEAU: From Chapter 2 of the Police Inquiry, page 54. "Coincidentally, all parties involved that night had some sort of interaction with an unnamed American tourist. Princess Diana, Dodi, Hugh Tarvis and even the Paris police. This individual later, for unknown reasons, was at the

scene of the crime and could have been involved in the accident.” That man’s name was Walt Trembley. I am retired now, and I say this as a private citizen. Fuck Walt Trembley. Fuck to him. Tabarnac! Ostie du colon! Stupid ass. Dumb ass. What a dumb motherfucker. Maudite Anglais. Merde.

(MUSIC SWELLING, INTRO STUFF)

NARRATOR: There have been plenty of investigations into the untimely death of Princess Diana. Conspiracies surround the case, with people going as far as saying that Princess Diana was assassinated by the Queen of England. This is not one of those documentaries. This documentary is about a man named Walt Trembley. You wouldn’t have heard his name on the news or in the police reports. In fact, most people that are involved with the case don’t even know who Walt Trembley is. But from who I have spoken to, those that have met Walt, tend to remember. This is his story. My name is Horace Mealy. This is Crown of Mist: The Real Story Behind the Death of Princess Diana.

(THEME SONG PLAYS, LIKE THE HBO ONE. LIKE, SLIGHTLY DISCORDANT WITH LIKE, A GUY MOANING INSTEAD OF SINGING)

DIRECTOR: So, Walt, do you know why you are here?

WALT: Oh, yeah, probably. Well, maybe. I’m getting interviewed for two documentaries today. Sorry to double book, I’m not in Hollywood, not a Hollywood guy, I don’t know if that’s rude. Which one is this?

DIRECTOR: This is for the Princess Diana one, Walt.

WALT: Oh yeah, great gal, great gal.

DIRECTOR: Wait- what was the other one?

WALT: Some effeminate looking men, I’m not a bigot, I don’t care, but some soft looking men wanted to interview me about the possibility of me being the Terre Haute Strangler.

DIRECTOR: I’m sorry, I know this isn’t related to me, but why?

WALT: Well for a brief period of time I was a person of interest in the case, which doesn’t bother me, no sweat off my back. Being called a person of interest is basically the same as saying I’m an interesting person, so it’s sort of a compliment if you think about it. It’s a compliment to be a person of interest in a series of stranglings. If you are a glass half full kind of guy.

DIRECTOR: Can you elaborate?

WALT: Well, it’s like optimism, you see a glass and it’s up halfway, it’s either halfway empty or halfway-

DIRECTOR: I'm sorry, Walt, I know what the glass metaphor means, but could you elaborate why you were a person of interest in a series of stranglings, strangling, uh, choking murders?

WALT: Well long story short, my gynecologist ended up ratting me out to the cops –

DIRECTOR: I'm sorry, gynecologist?

WALT: This is a whole bag of worms. So much for the short story. This is a whole bag of worms so if you want me to get into it I will but I'm just letting you know it is a whole thing. Should I proceed or are you on a time crunch here? You got some time? You do? So basically, I was seeing a gynecologist even though I am biologically male and have a penis. My doctor at the time was upset that I kept sitting down in the shower and getting yeast infections in my butt. He told me to stop sitting down in the shower and they'd stop and I got very upset, with this man telling me what to do and all, and I worked hard every day. Back then I was working as a doorman at an apartment building and I was on my feet all day so when I came home I wanted to shower and sit down. So I think my doctor thought that if he threatened to send me to a gynecologist thinking that that would make me stop sitting down, I think, like, he wanted to feminize me or make me go "ohhh, no, I can't go to the gynecologist, I'm a man!" But I'm a new age Indigo Girls child type of guy and I don't think there is nothing wrong with going to the Gynecologist. So I show up at the gynecologist and I kick open the door and I yell "YEAH I'M A MAN, AT THE GYNO, SO WHAT" and all those chicks were terrified and –

DIRECTOR: Can you, um, shorten this story?

WALT: Long story short, he, the Doctor, he wants a urine sample for something. I always hated having a male gynecologist, you know? It feels weird for a man with a penis to go to the gynecologist and have a male gynecologist, you know? You know, they are for vaginal health, and there's two guys with dicks in the room, I'd just rather one of us have a vagina. Am I wrong? Am I wrong? I don't know if there are any women on set I can ask personal questions about their gynecologist on here on—

DIRECTOR: I'd rather you didn't.

WALT: Anyway, I was on a big vitamin kick at that time. Multivitamins. You take one, one leads to two, you know, I need a Men's Multivitamin, but then I like B12, Biotin, Elderberry, you know, then I start overthinking it, thinking, well what do the Women's Multivitamins have that, you know, maybe I need something they got too, because like, I'm very empathetic as a person, I have a lot of female traits, I don't know. I like a strong woman. Anyway, multivitamins are like medicine, right? Medicine makes you better? So what would happen if I took a whole lot of medicine, I'd feel great I bet. So anyway, I had a rare condition in my urine because of all the vitamins, it kind of, well it kind of glowed in the dark and it was this like neon orange, lime green colored urine. Like mixed sherbet, depending on the time of day, starts out orange, goes green, then raspberry. Anyway, it was leaked to the media that the Terre Haute Strangler, after he would strangle this women, I guess he liked to, uh, pee on them, and forensics noticed at the scene that uh, his urine was quite pungent and rich. Well, after my gynecologist got a urine

sample from me he, uh, he sent it to the cops, and uh, it wasn't a match, I'm not the guy, but a lot of internet weirdos still think that I did it, that I strangle, that I'm the strangler. But I'm not, I promise. Anyway, I'm talking to some of those guys later.

(Pause, someone coughs)

So, uh, this is the Princess Diana one?

DIRECTOR: That's correct.

WALT: So, uh, you going to try to make me look like the bad guy?

DIRECTOR: We're just trying to get to the truth of it.

WALT: You can tell me if you are, I don't care. I'm not going to freak out. Am I the bad guy?

DIRECTOR: There are no bad guys, really. We're going to let the viewer decide.

WALT: Alright, I got you, so I'm the bad guy. Listen, I'm very sorry for what happened to Princess Diana but if you're going to look at me and tell me I'm a criminal and you expect me to agree and nod you got another thing coming. I made a little mistake, but I'm not responsible. What do you want, my blood? It's all water under the bridge to me.

DIRECTOR: Why don't you start us off at the beginning, Walt.

WALT: (Exhales angrily.) Okay, well then, uh, it all started with the Beanie Babies.

(SWELL OF MUSIC AS A TRANSITION TO NEXT GUY)

DIRECTOR: Could you please introduce yourself?

MUNCH: Ah, yeah, my name is Torvis Munch, I am retired, I'm from Palm Springs, and in the late 90s I was a big, big, big enthusiast and collector of Beanie Babies. I met Walt Trembley after purchasing a Beanie Baby from him, the first one I bought from him was a little bear named Fran the Bear, it was, uh, a special edition Beanie Baby released to celebrate the 3rd season of the show the Nanny, named after Fran Drescher on the show, and I brought it with me, and you can see that it's got a little leopard print skirt here and a little, I don't know, bra, and this is considered one of the most, or the most, erotic beanie baby ever made. After that, you know, I knew Walt could get rare stuff, so I contacted him pretty regularly.

WALT: A lot of people don't know this but, uh, Beanie Babies were kind of the original Bitcoin. You know Bitcoin, it was worth a lot and now it's not, and back then it was serious business. You know these bears were being sold for six figures sometimes, these shut-ins and these, you know no judgement here but these losers and these old menopausal women, right, they'd fork over their life savings to me. For instance, I had a JFK Junior Beanie Baby with a printing error that you know, that said KKK Jr instead of JFK Jr and I sold that one for eighty grand, you know, to the ACLU, who burned it. They thought, you know, I was price gouging them, and I was, you

know, I respect the ACLU and all but, you know, there was a Grand Dragon in Kentucky who was prepared to give me nearly 90, so, uh, you know, I'm not the bad guy, they got a discount.

MUNCH: I was in Paris in August of 1997 for, uh, DonaldCon, a fan gathering celebrating all things Donald Duck. I got a call from Walt in my hotel room and he told me he had a rare Beanie Baby to offer me and he told me what it was and I was pretty interested in it. It was actually two Beanie Babies, a Lois and Clark set, you know, Superman and his girlfriend. The Clark one was a bear with a tie and glasses, and it had a hidden pouch on its back for the cape. The Lois one had, uh, the sloping shoulders and uh, pert breasts of the Lois actress Teri Hatcher, very erotic physique, you know, for a bear, uh, toy. And uh. Um. Yeah.

WALT: I couldn't sell the stupid Lois and Clark Beanie Babies because every time I met a prospective buyer I went on my, uh, trademark Lois and Clark rant. Because you, it's an insane concept for a TV show, Lois and Clark, because it's uh, the most boring parts of Superman, you know, when he's just some nerd who is just going around lying to everybody. You know, he says he loves Lois but he just, he just lies about who he is, and he just pretends to be this clumsy, sad virgin, and you know, the whole time this show is going on, he never does anything cool, the girl Lois is in love with Superman and he's in Love with her but he won't like, you know, say you're Superman bud and then you could have sex with Teri Hatcher. It's like, 5 seasons long and she doesn't figure out he's superman til like season 4. Like what the fuck is going on for most of those episodes. Like seriously what the fuck is that show about?

MUNCH: You know, I told him I wanted to buy it, but I wanted to see it in person first. Which, he had a problem with, I guess. He wouldn't wait until I got back to America. He said he'd come meet me in Paris, which I thought was strange, but I didn't say anything.

DIRECTOR: Walt, why couldn't you wait until Munch got back to America to sell the Beanie Baby?

WALT: Hold on, I'm still on the other thing. I'm looking it up on my phone now. Lois doesn't figure out he's Superman until Season 3. The forty-fourth episode. What the fuck were they doing before that? Listen to this description.

The leader of Intergang Bill Church is retired and his son, Bill Church Jr. (Bruce Campbell), takes over. Intergang wants to buy the Daily Planet but fails while at the same time they discover a new type of kryptonite that is red and not green. While trying to convince Perry to sell the newspaper, they try out the new kryptonite on Superman to see what effects it has on him. The results show that when Superman is exposed to it, he becomes apathetic and does not care about anything. Intergang takes advantage of this to kidnap Perry while Superman wonders why he is acting that way. Lois sends him to Dr. Friskin (Barbara Bosson), a psychotherapist, to help him out. Dr. Friskin believes that Superman needs vacations because of all the stress he puts on himself, but during a session, the red kryptonite that Intergang put in her office is found by Superman and they realize that this is the reason for his behavior. Superman fights the effects the red kryptonite has on him and saves Perry while Church ends up in jail and the Daily Planet reveals that he was the leader of Intergang. Lois and Clark take a second chance on dating with Clark promising he won't run off again.

20 million people watched this episode. This was like the most popular TV show at the time. What the fuck is wrong with Lois and Clark.

DIRECTOR: Uh, Walt, focusing back on what we were talking about.

WALT: Mr. Munch just wanted to make the Teri Hatcher beanie baby kiss the Fran Drescher beanie baby, anyway. Did he tell you that? Did he? You can tell me, just cut the cameras. Did he tell you that?

MUNCH: He still tells everyone that I wanted to make the beanie babies kiss. Which I didn't. I just said I wanted to make them do it once.

DIRECTOR: Walt, why did you have to go to Paris immediately? Why couldn't you wait until Munch returned?

WALT: Huh? Oh, that's easy. I was going to be murdered.

DIRECTOR: Murdered?

WALT: Yeah. Murdered.

DIRECTOR: By who?

WALT: A bookie. I forgot his name.

DIRECTOR: Why?

WALT: I owed him money. I kept gambling. Why else does a bookie kill you?

DIRECTOR: On what?

WALT: I kept gambling on Lois and Clark saying that they would get together. It just seemed ridiculous that each episode would go by and they hadn't even, uh, kissed or nothing, and you know, he's Superman so, you know, why can't he get the girl? So I thought, surely next week-

DIRECTOR: And a bookie took bets on this?

WALT: Well, I demanded it. He didn't want to. I just kept saying it and saying it and eventually, you know, I gave him good odds, and it just didn't work. And it was just a thing for fun originally, but when that debt starts piling up, uh, people change, and they get mad, and they say things that make you scared. But, you know, I'm fine now, I don't gamble on the plot of television shows anymore. I learned that lesson. Because it's scripted. It's not even random. It's uh- some guy writes the whole thing. So I flew to Paris to sell it quick.

MUNCH: I was staying in the Hotel Hilton Paris Opera and on August 30th, 1997, at around 2pm, I met with Walt Trembley at Le Grand Salon to have a few drinks and to inspect the Lois and Clark Beanie Babies.

WALT: You know the whole flight I was thinking about my classic bit, the Lois and Clark rant, you heard it, just now, you know it's good, but honestly it was a very long flight, very long, and uh, I landed in Paris early, around 10am, and I was exhausted, you know. My jaw was killing me, because I was chewing on the same piece of gum the entire flight, you know, and the guy next to me was wearing headphones and I couldn't talk to him because of that, you know, I even you know tapped his shoulder just to introduce myself and be nice, but uh, he must of not liked what he saw because he kept those headphones in. Like, for 10 hours. Never let his guard down, you know, and I was waiting, because I wanted to practice my Lois and Clark rant for Torvis Munch when I sold him the beanie babys.

MUNCH: He shows up, the Lois and Clark Beanie Babies look great. You know, I write him a check, I don't want to say how much money because it is a lot and it is embarrassing, but you know, I'm trying to finish the transaction and go because it's DonaldCon and I love DonaldCon. I go to Paris for it every year. But he keeps trying to, I don't know what to call it, riff? He keeps trying to riff with me, talking about the TV show Lois and Clark, and how it's superman, and that like, he just looks the exact same in disguise but with glasses on.

WALT: Lois must be a real dodo bird, you know what I mean, not being able to recognize his face, like. Cmon. Anyway it's a good bit, people seem to enjoy it.

MUNCH: Well, I told him that I had never actually seen the TV show Lois and Clark, it was just a valuable Beanie Baby. And uh, you know, eventually I had to cut him off and tell him that I've never seen Lois and Clark and that did not go over well.

WALT: What kinda guy wants to buy the Beanie Baby for Lois and Clark and he hadn't even – nevermind, I'm working myself up, it still annoys me. Just to make that, I don't know, all that money and work just to make a Fran Drescher themed bear doll in a leopard skirt kiss a Teri Hatcher themed bear doll with like, those Madonna style pointy breasts. You know I thought about that riff the whole plane ride, and no wonder he wasn't laughing, he didn't know. Just a huge waste. Just a huge waste of time. I do have a good bit about those pointy bras, though, don't interrupt me because I'm just gonna say it, hey, those pointy triangle bras may look nice until, uh, you realize, uh, if you hook up with one of those girls you need a T-square to take the bra off. Eh, saying it out loud it's not, it's not that good. Anyway, that was a huge waste of a trip because he didn't know anything about Lois and Clark.

DIRECTOR: He did pay you, right?

WALT: Yeah.

DIRECTOR: So it wasn't a total waste, then.

WALT: Huh. Guess I never thought of it that way. Hmm.

MUNCH: Anyway, he starts asking me what I'm doing in Paris, and I tell him about DonaldCon. DonaldCon is a fan club convention that takes place once a year in a Banquet Hall in Paris. I'm not sure the cultural reasons for it, but the French just love Donald Duck. It's like a big deal

here. Like, it's attended almost exclusively by millionaires. Tuxedos, fancy gowns all over the place. I'm not sure why. I just really like Donald Duck and he's really important to me.

WALT: I was like, well, Donald Duck, sure, he's alright. You know I had a good Donald Duck riff ready so I was trying to play it cool. Because you know he doesn't wear pants right. That's kind of what the riff is about. I was keeping the riff in my back pocket until the moment was perfect.

MUNCH: So, Walt asks me if he could go look at some stuff at DonaldCon with me, and I thought, well, alright, you know, he did come through, so why not. Could be fun. I was, uh, I couldn't have been more wrong.

WALT: You know, it was my first time in Paris, we're at this fancy hotel, you know, having a café au late in a Parisian, you know, swanky establishment, you know I'm feeling a little in over my head, you know, I'm just Walt, you know, I'm just like this guy from Terre Haute Indiana with scabs all over my elbows and knees, I don't belong. I'm thinking the Donald Duck convention would be more my speed, I'd get an airbrushed t-shirt of maybe Donald in some baggy jeans with a backwards hat as a gift for my estranged wife at the time. I pegged the thing all wrong.

MUNCH: The Convention was in a banquet hall across the street, and I dropped off the Lois and Clark beanie babies in my hotel room, and I think we made it there around four o'clock because we were just in time for the Donald Duck impression contest.

WALT: You know, I see the impression contest, you know, it's on a stage adorned with like, gold and red tapestries with this big chandelier, everyone is either in costume or in a tuxedo, you know, and I'm sitting there in my, you know, Mighty Mac Vintage Indiana Pacers Windbreaker, feeling like I'm sitting on a bale of hay with my finger up my nose, you know, and I have this great thought. This riff, this riff I'm sitting on, could be a real icebreaker so these rich French guys will think I'm cool.

DIRECTOR: I was able to secure some footage from this impression contest. You can see the line forming here, where all the French men in full Donald Duck regalia are waiting to be called onto the stage by the judges, whereupon they do a short, one or two line impression. If the Judges like it, they'll ask you to say a more complicated sentence.

(In the background, bad French accents saying "CURSE YOU MICKEY MOUSE" and "AW PHOOEY" and "JE NE SUIS QU'UN CANARD" and "JE SUIS LE FRANCAIS DONALD DUCK" and "I AM KINGDOM HEARTS DUCK" and light applause) (Everyone should just do one line for this part)

As you can see, Walt Trembley skips the line completely and hoists himself onto the stage from the front, rolling onto it after struggling to get his feet above the threshold. People aren't happy. And it only goes down from there.

(Drowned out audio of Walt)

WALT: You know my favorite thing about Donald Duck is that he never wore pants, you ever notice this? He's got a little sailor outfit with no pants and a speech impediment. I don't know about you, but I don't think that Donald Duck would legally be able to be executed in most states, you know, if he committed some sort of horrible crime like murder or something. Whoa, what are you doing. Whoa. Get off the stage. Get your hands off of me. Get your hands off of me I'm an American you don't get to just touch me like that. Hey! Hey!

MUNCH: At this point, I couldn't do anything. I was already attempting to distance myself from Walt, but things just – they were just nuts. The police arrived shortly after.

(MUSIC SWELL, NEW PERSON)

DIRECTOR: Could you state your name for the record?

LEBEAU: My name is Detective Remy LeBeau, I am a member of the Prefecture de police de Paris. I responded to a call at the David Cage Banquet Hall regarding a disturbance to DonaldCon, a yearly high society event attended by some of the most powerful people in France.

DIRECTOR: May I ask, why do French people like Donald Duck so much?

LEBEAU: He does not wear pants, he is free, he has girlfriend, we love his uncontrollable rage, we love his spirité, we love that he hates Mickey Mouse calissé! (spits three times), he is the most French character and like most French people, he was Nazi sympathizer in war cartoons. We love this Donald Duck. He can dish it out but he absolutely cannot take it. If he smoked Gauloise he would be President of France.

MUNCH: Yeah, I didn't know this until I attended DonaldCon, but the French version of Donald Duck really hates Mickey Mouse a lot. Like he is always saying, curse you Mickey, I spit on you Mickey, tell Minnie that she should come see me if she wants to see a real man, all kinds of nasty stuff.

LEBEAU: Mssr. Donald, while not French per se, is a top French cartoon. He make Asterix look like, how you say, Funky Kong. He make Tintin look like a, how you say, rapist.

DIRECTOR: So, when you first showed up to the David Cage Banquet Hall, what did you see?

LEBEAU: I see a man in a ripped up windbreaker, accosted by, I do not want to say the names of these men, but multiple well-respected and wealthy French men. They have him pushed up against the wall underneath a very tasteful and artistic black and white portrait of Donald Duck.

MUNCH: I'll tell you who it was, I don't care. Walt Trembley was getting roughed up by Roman Polanski, Tony Parker, Christian Audigier, and the parkour guy from Brick Mansions.

LEBEAU: These men I do not want to name were giving Mr. Trembley pink bellies, wet willies, Indian burns, Charlie horses, purple nurple, wedgie, atomic wedgie, and many such thing.. I

calm the situation by escorting Mr. Trembley outside of DonaldCon and telling him perhaps he is better suited for a Cheeseburger Restaurant.

WALT: I didn't take the Cheeseburger Restaurant thing as a dig, anyway, I mean, he was right. I'm just a normal guy, humble, down to earth kind of guy. I come from regular stock. My father was a burglar. Just a 9 to 5 burglar. Came home every night with that big canvas sack with a dollar sign on it. We didn't have much. Not fit for fancy places in Paris, I'll admit, I messed up, so what? I just didn't get it I guess. I never knew how much Tony Parker from the San Antonio Spurs loved the game Kingdom Hearts enough to defend Donald Duck's honor with his fists. I just didn't know it's not a big deal, you live and you learn.

LEBEAU: We held him in our custody for about one hour, but there weren't any charges to press. In fact, Walt could have pressed charges against at least a dozen French millionaires for his injuries but chose not to. Apparently, Jeanne Moreau gave him a purple nurple so horrific that it was detached without any blood. We offered to take him to hospital, but he said he would "just rub some dirt on it". American expression I believe. He wanted to be the cowboy like John Wayne.

WALT: I wasn't going to sue anybody for a little misunderstanding, you know. So what I lost my nipple? They don't do anything for men but poke out of your shirt. It's not like I got milk. If I had some milk in me then it would be another story. If I didn't have a nipple and there was milk in me it would curdle because it wouldn't be able to get it. But I don't, so it won't.

LEBEAU: He was released from our custody at 5:33 pm. He was last seen heading north on Rue de Roma. When I asked him where he was going next, he said he was hungry and wanted to find the le Hard Rock Café du Paris.

WALT: I had read on a pamphlet on the flight over that they had the wettest t-shirt Eddie Vedder ever wore on display and that you could touch it and it was still wet to this day.

DIRECTOR: So then what happened?

WALT: Well, I start walking up the street. I, uh, thought I saw a Columbia Fleece Outlet Store and I got excited. It was a little chilly so I wanted to upgrade my jacket 1 tier from windbreaker to a fleece. And I'm walking and there's this huge commotion, huge commotion in front of some little restaurant in Paris. There's all these camera guys, everybody snapping pictures, you know, and then I realize it's the paparazzi. And I start thinking of this great riff and start walking forward, but, uh, little did I realize, I guess, that Princess Diana was inside the restaurant.

(MUSIC SWELLS, NEXT CHARACTER)

DIRECTOR: Hi, could you two please state your names for the record?

BEATRIX: My name is Lady Beatrix Peckford. My grandfather is Godfrey Privy, the 9th Earl of Essex. I was a close friend and confidante of Princess Diana. I'm mostly known in American media for my brief relationship with Chris Pontius.

CLERT: My name is Clert Kardashian, I'm a lesser Kardashian who isn't on TV but I'm definitely a Kardashian. I was super close with Princess Diana and I cried like a little baby when she died. I am in the Guinness Book of World Records for being the only person in the world who has never accepted anyone's advice.

DIRECTOR: How did you guys become friends with Princess Diana?

BEATRIX: I met Princess Diana whilst we were both attending the very prestigious private school, Our Lady of Perpetual Chastity. Of course back then she wasn't a princess. Oh no, her father was merely another old plebeian chap with a sunken chin and grand aspirations of becoming Earl someday which he would blather on about. Honestly, I used to bully her pretty badly. I would take a box of Godiva with me to school, and rub the dark chocolate truffles on her school chairs and then tell everyone she had taken a shit in her uniform. I used to exhale cigarette smoke into her face and then stub the davidoff out on her collar. Oh, you know how girls are. Of course, once her father did in fact receive a title, she became much more valuable to me and we became immediate great friends. Well, sort of. I locked her in my basement for a night and told her father we were having a sleepover. But after that we were nearly inseparable.

CLERT: Well, back then my dad was a lawyer defending the Landmine Industry, who was suing Princess Diana for her slander and badmouthing of the Landmine Industry. So we met during that court case at the Judicial Mixer they had after court. I saw that Judge Lance Ito from the OJ case was checking me out so I tried to get Princess Diana to make out with me to turn him on. She wouldn't do it, which I understand. My mouth was pretty full of olives at the time. After that, we just like, kept hanging out.

DIRECTOR: So, what was your day like that day?

CLERT: We were drinking strawberry mimosas and brunching at Hard Rock Café Paris because we all wanted to see Eddie Vedder's wet t-shirt.

BEATRIX: It was so wet.

CLERT: Ya, it was like the wettest t-shirt I've ever seen.

BEATRIX: Easily.

CLERT: So cool. You could see like, he was so sweaty that when part of the sweat dried, it left like, a ring of salt from where the shirt was the most sweaty. But at the same time, it was still wet. And that's like, amazing.

BEATRIX: So amazing. It's quite refreshing to see a man put everything into his rock and roll music.

DIRECTOR: So, what did you guys do after that?

CLERT: We went back to the hotel to meet up with Hugh.

DIRECTOR: Wait... Hugh Tarvis? Princess Diana's bodyguard?

CLERT: Yeah.

DIRECTOR: Why wasn't her bodyguard with her, like, being her bodyguard?

BEATRIX: It's a personal matter. We can't really talk about it.

CLERT: Yeah. Diana got a call and was like, shit, we have to get back to Hugh, he's fucked up.

BEATRIX: We are not supposed to talk about it.

CLERT: I'm not saying what drug he was on, I'm just saying he was all messed up.

BEATRIX: Still, it is rather rude to discuss other people's personal matters. How would you like it if someone mentioned that bikini wax you had that put you in the hospital?

CLERT: How would you like it if someone brought up the fact that when Shia LaBeouf shot you, it wasn't during a movie audition, you just made that up to remind people you want to be an actress?

BEATRIX: How would you like it if someone leaked those pictures of you passed out inside of OJ Simpson's birthday cake because you were trapped in there so long you got carbon dioxide poisoning?

CLERT: How would you like it if someone mentioned that your family is so inbred that you were born with your clit on the inside of your body?

BEATRIX: CLERT! Shut the fuck up! Too far! That's private medical information!

CLERT: You started it.

BEATRIX: Judge Lance Ito will NEVER fuck you.

CLERT: (Gasps)

DIRECTOR: Ladies... I hate to interrupt but we should get back on track. What was going on with Hugh Tarvis, Princess Diana's bodyguard, on the day that she died that was so important that you guys had to rush back from the Paris Hard Rock Café after touching Eddie Vedder's wet shirt?

CLERT: Whatever. I don't even care anymore. Hugh Tarvis was addicted to Benadryl.

(DRAMATIC, SWEEPING MUSIC. NEW CHAR INTRO)

DIRECTOR: Could you state your name for the record?

HUGH: My name is Hugh Tarvis, I was on private security detail for Princess Diana on the day of her death. Oh man. Wow. When I say it like that, it makes me look really bad. Like I'm really bad at my job.

DIRECTOR: What do you remember on that day, Hugh? Start from the beginning.

HUGH: (Sighs) It's been a long time, you know? I've had to, uh, face a lot of demons from that day. It was, a, uh, dark time in my life and obviously the death of Princess Diana was... well... on me. You work detail and you know any mistake would be... devastating. At the time, I was thinking, you know, we're in France, everyone in the world liked Princess Diana, I thought. I thought I could, uh, well, let my guard down. Because I was sick. I messed the timing up, and I paid for it.

DIRECTOR: I'm sorry, timing of what?

HUGH: The Benadryl. (Sighs).

BEATRIX: Hugh kept sneaking off while we were in Paris. We all see the red flags now but back then it all seemed so... I don't know. It all seemed so... innocent. Perhaps that's not the word I guess. It just seemed so stupid. I think Hugh had the dumbest, most worthy of mocking and judgement addiction that I have ever seen in my entire life. I know that like... the compulsion, it's a disease, but this is just so fundamentally fucking stupid that when we found out, we didn't like you know... offer support or help or whatever, we just... we just had to ask about a million fucking questions. It's the dumbest thing I've ever heard of.

CLERT: He would take like twenty benadryl and then he would go and try to jack off and cum before he fell asleep. Then he would have spider nightmares. He said the orgasm was like 200x stronger. He talked me into trying it, and you do cum pretty hard, I don't know about 200 times, I mean, cmon, but the spider nightmares are absolutely awful. Not worth it. I had to get therapy. Well, more therapy.

HUGH: It's just the best feeling. I don't know how to explain it. It's like touching God's finger, you know, in that famous painting of those two guys? It's like rising higher and higher through your own consciousness that you burst through the top of your own skull. I tried heroin. I was sick from all the spider nightmares, and no one felt bad for me for being addicted to benadryl, so I thought, well, if I do heroin maybe people would respect me as an addict more, but I didn't like heroin. I don't know. I shot some up and everyone, in the drug house that I was in, was like, well, it feels so good, right? And I'm like... nah. This uh, heroin stuff doesn't work on me. It's nothing compared to that benadryl load. And when I said that they all rolled their eyes. It was... demeaning.

BEATRIX: We'd constantly find him passed out with his dick in his hand everywhere. Sometimes there was a mess, sometimes there wasn't. But Diana said it was fine as long as he didn't do it in public.

HUGH: I did, a, uh, documentary about people with strange addictions. I don't know if you guys are gonna film anything, or if this is all audio, or what. But they got a lot of B roll of me, you know, doing bleak but normal stuff to like, underlie the severity of my bizarre chemical induced masturbation addiction. They had me like, walking along the shore of the ocean, you know, the unfun part of the ocean, no sand, just a bunch of rocks, overcast. They had me skipping stones by myself. I would like, pet my dog and then look longingly out of the window. That kind of stuff. I can do that if you want.

DIRECTOR: No, I don't think we need that.

CLERT: He would wake us up with his spider nightmares in the middle of the night. Just, like, wailing, screaming... It was past screaming, honestly. He was shrieking. He would just shriek in his sleep at the intensity of those spider nightmares.

HUGH: Uh, spider nightmares are the, uh, biggest downside of my condition. I know that like, addiction, compulsion, the lying that come from the, uh, benadryl use, the loss of family and friends, but uh, even past all of that, spider nightmares are by far the biggest downside. It's just, a peer into a world of infinite horrors, worse, infinite worlds containing infinite horrors, just streaming towards you...

DIRECTOR: (6-7 seconds of silence) Uh, Hugh? You with us?

HUGH: Legions of just, spiders, the small as horrible as the large... climbing on you, into you, becoming you, seeing you inside and out but while also physically covering all of you, biting, the acid, the poison... And then the web. Oh my God, the web. (DRAMATIC SCREAM) THE WEEEEEEEEEEEEEEB!

CLERT: Hugh talked me into doing it with him once. By it.. I mean benedryl, not sex. Even though we did have sex, but most of the time he was asleep. Having a spider nightmare. So I feel it kick in, and I'm like, building towards it, and I'm trying to time it, and I'm not going to lie, it was pretty good. I was pretty sold on it all then, but then I had that spider nightmare. And once I got to the web, I was like, I'm donezo. That fucking web. The web is just so bad.

HUGH: An insidious design, really, if you think about it. Eight legs. Eight legs wouldn't be so bad if they only had two eyes. But then... God. Eight legs and eight eyes. What are the chances? It can't be a coincidence... How does nature know? Awful, just awful. Eight legs. Just perfect for walking on that web.

BEATRIX: Yes so, apparently he called Princess Diana as he was slipping into his stupor and she heard him screaming about the web. So we left the Hard Rock and came back. And when she found him, his pants were around his ankles and he was rolling back and forth in his sleep.

CLERT: There's nothing you can do for a person in a spider nightmare. You got to just ride that web.

BEATRIX: believe me, he was riding the web very hard that day.

CLERT: Princess Diana went to go find a big towel to throw over him and we just kind of watched French TV, which is mostly reality shows daring 14 year old girls to go open mouth kiss old guys in tuxedos. We were just waiting for Hugh to get it out of his system because we wanted to go out for dinner and we knew the paparazzi would be crazy in the evening because that is when they all wake up from their naps in France.

BEATRIX: There was also that one TV show we were watching that was a French version of Sherlock Holmes where he just scoffed at everything instead of actually solving any crimes.

CLERT: Or that one French TV show where that toddler inherits his dad's porno company.

BEATRIX: We also happened to be drinking at this time.

CLERT: A lot of people don't know this, but Princess Diana loved drinking like, really heavy, black imperial stouts out of really big, heavy and foamy mugs. I tell people this and they never believe me.

BEATRIX: And she loved her cigars.

CLERT: Anyway, we are all slugging Imperial stouts at this time, and we're a little out there by the time that Hugh finally woke up from that spider nightmare.

HUGH: I tell you, when you are freed from that spider nightmare, it is a beautiful thing. Each time it feels like a billion years of captivity where they reprogrammed your brain to feel new, unfathomable levels of pain. It felt like its been so long you don't even recognize yourself or your own thoughts when you get out. But each time.... Only about four hours had passed, and I was just jerking off.

BEATRIX: He was still a bit wobbly, in hindsight. Probably not the best idea for us to make him go with us to the flagship Paris Au Bon Pain.

CLERT: He fell asleep in the limo over there, actually. Kept mumbling about the web. We knew he still wasn't doing too hot, so we just pretended he was talking about the internet. I didn't really want to drink Imperial Stouts for another four hours while he figured his shit out.

BEATRIX: We get there, get our table and he goes to post up against a wall or something as security, and I guess we all thought he was good then.

HUGH: It was very foggy, there was a lot of, uh, movement. I had kind of a fish eye lens thing going on, with the exception that every once in a while I would see a spider, um, attacking me, with either poison or just sheer quantity of bites. But it was usually only one spider. I can handle one spider.

BEATRIX: Someone tipped off the paparazzi and we saw them gathering outside. I can't tell you how irritated I was - by then we were all so full of imperial stouts that we easily looked 10 stone heavier.

HUGH: So I remember seeing the crowd, the paparazzi gather, and I splashed some cold water on my face, and I started getting an alternative exit together through the back of the restaurant. But, you know, the women weren't done eating yet, they wanted to stay. And I started getting anxious. I felt, uh, the call, if you will.

WALT: So I'm walking up the road now, me, little old Walt Trembley, and I see all these people standing in front of this restaurant, taking pictures, going nuts. And I think to myself... well, that's probably a pretty good restaurant if it has everybody acting like this. Later, I learned that Princess Diana was inside drinking Imperial Stouts with some bimbos, sorry to say it, but they are. Looked like. Great girls, I'm sure, but, you know. Just saying what I saw.

HUGH: I'm making sure no paparazzi sneak into the building, and everything is still hazy, and I just remember seeing this weathered voice and just hearing this grating, awful voice.

WALT: (Grating, awful) I-I-I-I had this beanie baby that had a crown on in my back pocket, you know, in case Munch wanted to buy another beanie baby, you know. It was a beanie baby named Queenie that they made, uh, to celebrate black girls, you know, like African American young women. And even though, you know, that the bear was about celebrating black girls, that maybe Princess Diana should still sign it because it would be worth more money. And when I saw it was Princess Diana they kept saying, uh, no paparazzi can enter, and I'm like, well, hey, I'm not paparazzi, I'm just me. So I just marched right in there and this big muscle guy blocks the door and says I can't come in. So I'm like why not. And his face just glazed over. He just went from being some guy to just being unhuman. He just freaked out. I don't know if he was trying to scare me or what.

HUGH: The voice just... he was so annoying. My stress levels were through the roof. And as I accosted him at the door, I'm talking to him and I watch a spider crawl out of his eye and into his mouth and that spider multiplied and when he asked me why he couldn't come in, a million venomous spiders flew out of his mouth straight into my mouth and eyes.

WALT: He just walked straight into the men's room. I don't know what was going on in his head.

HUGH: I keep some Benadryl in my boot in case of emergencies. And this was, I got woke up too soon. I had to return to the land of dreams.

WALT: So I'm harassing, let's be honest with what it is, I'm harassing Princess Diana. I found that, you know, if you want people to do something, you just keep bothering them and they will do it so that you leave. So I'm waving this beanie baby in front of Princess Diana, I'm lying to her telling her I work for a charity, really laying it on thick, Ohhh, these kids have cancer, ohh, and they are so poor, ohhh, trying to cry and I couldn't, and she's looking for someone to save her and you know I see on her face she realizes he's not coming and she gets a little scared, so she signed it. Well, that works fine for me, I got what I wanted and I don't care if Princess Diana is scared of me or not.

CLERT: This very weathered looking man scared the daylight out of Princess Diana, and we all started wondering where Hugh was. Then we heard the moans of pleasure coming from the bathroom. And, uh, we knew what was going on.

HUGH: I figure, if I'm going to take some Benadryl, even to, uh, escape the spider nightmares, I might as well, since I'm taking it anyway, I might as well just try to jack off real quick.

BEATRIX: Princess Diana immediately signed the man's beanie baby when she heard those moans. The awful man in the windbreaker kept trying to talk over it. It was...wretched. A terrible moment for all of us.

WALT: I hear this guy moaning and I'm like, what? Everyone looks horrified, so, I'm like, it's time to riff. It's time to riff on this guy. So I started saying like, "I'll have some of what he's having. Um, excuse me, waiter? I'll have what that man ordered. Because, you know, he's moaning. Excuse me, waiter, I want what he's having because it sounds like what he ate was so good that he went to the bathroom and started cumming and cumming hard, like, you could tell this guy was having a nut of the ages.

HUGH: Um, I remember that as an occasion in which I timed it perfectly. I could not have possibly done it better. It was a blue chip orgasm as far as orgasms, climaxes go. Timed it perfect. Not a single spider. You know when like, when you nut and the lumbar part of your spine, like, curls up, you kind of nut so hard it like, hitches up? It was like that. It was nice. But the second it ended, that's... that's when I fell asleep and the spiders showed up.

CLERT: That's kind of when, um, we knew it was time to go. We had spent enough time with Hugh to know what one of his classic blue chip orgasms sounded like. And Princess Diana reaches up and grabs this guy by the collar, forcefully.

WALT: You know, this woman grabs me, by like, the collar, not really the collar, you know, uh, the throat, she grabbed me by the throat. Like a Darth Vader grab. So, I'm ready, you know, I got a riff ready to go, I look at her and I go "You know, buy a guy a drink first." And I thought that it would kill I'm looking around with my eyebrows raised and nothing. Nothing. Awful crowd.

BEATRIX: She told him, ordered him, that man with the beanie baby, to go into the men's restroom and grab her security guard, drag him out the back door and throw him in the limo. Then she tossed him to the ground.

WALT: I landed right on my ass, and she starts walking away. You know, everyone is looking at me, but I'm ready. I got a riff loaded. I perk up my shoulders and I look at the audience, or crowd, crowd really, they weren't there to see me, anyways, I perk up my shoulders and I look at the crowd and I say "What a woman!" (PAUSE) Nothing. Awful audience.

CLERT: He tried a few more jokes but then he went into the bathroom to get Hugh off the floor.

WALT: You know, I walk in, this guy has his pants off and theres, uh, I don't know any other way to say it so I'll just say it, there's cum all over the place. It's quite a scene. So I turn back to the

restaurant and I'm like, you know, where's David Caruso when you need him? Like, it's a crime scene in here. But listen, if you are a cop, not really, I'm just goofing. But seriously, where is David Caruso when you need him. He's the CSI guy, right? Anyways, zero laughs. I just pulled his pants up and dragged him into the limo. Kind of left a snail trail of you know what behind, but I'm sure you don't want to hear about that, it's gross.

BEATRIX: For some reason, the beanie baby man climbed into our limo. We were even trying to physically push him out and he's like, hey, cmon, we are all friends here now, I helped you move this dead guy.

WALT: That guy wasn't dead, I guess, because he started screaming about the web. So I'm like, you know, I got nightmares about the web too, when my wife, goes online shopping. But seriously, I told him it wasn't real, I am a divorced man, not on paper, technically, but, in reality I am a divorced man. My wife, ex-wife, she's a real business lady type and I'm very much just a regular type of guy. It couldn't work. Couldn't work. No harm no foul. Easy divorce. Easier divorce than the marriage was. I say that she's like, well, she's my estranged ex-wife, but I'm not estranged to her, I send her mail all the time, online messages, um, she still hears a lot from me, I just don't get much from her.

CLERT: By this time, our driver was already getting out of there because paparazzi was showing up. And we couldn't kick the guy, Walt, out of the limo because then they would ask him why he was with us. So we let him stay in the limo for a bit until we were able to lose the paparazzi.

BEATRIX: They tracked us for 4 hours.

CLERT: It was exhausting. He kept asking us to guess what celebrities he looked like and then he would say yes or no. It's not really a game.

HUGH: I actually woke up near the end and I heard him just keep trying to guess all the girls ages while they just kept sighing. I was pretty confused but things became clear. I immediately moved to remove Walt from the limo.

WALT: I've never been kicked out of a limo before. Especially not a moving limo. I've been kicked out of a lot of places, believe it or not, and not just standard places like restaurants or bars or peoples houses, places like the post office or bath and body works. They got mad that I kept smelling and commenting on all the candles. And I didn't care how bad they wanted to go home, I made it through that door at 7:59pm. I was on time. It was still open and I had rights as a customer.

BEATRIX: I was actually worried when Hugh tossed him from the limo. I thought he might have killed him. But then again, I was more relieved than worried. Unfortunately, Diana said that she saw him flailing when we sped away so that meant he was still alive.

HUGH: I kind of just grabbed his ankle and whipped him out the window. His window was open because he was eating sunflower seeds and throwing them out of the window when he was

done with them. He was a pretty light guy. He was lighter than I expected so I think I accidentally threw him pretty fast.

WALT: I don't know what happened, I just went from eating my sunflower seeds to rolling through some French street bouncing up and down. Never been thrown from a moving car before, so that's one for the bucket list.

CLERT: Princess Diana was pretty worried that the paparazzi were still on us, but we didn't see anyone. The only tail that we had was this blacked out SUV, but they weren't taking pictures. And they stopped to check on Walt, which meant that we had to get out of there as fast as possible.

HUGH: It was just a huge relief to be rid of that man and to be rid of the spider nightmares, even if it was only for a moment. It was a really hard day.

DIRECTOR: What time was it when Walt was thrown from the SUV? Where did you all go after this happened?

HUGH: It was around ten pm. And after that, Princess Diana just wanted to get some cigars and chill. So Princess Diana got into her fat suit so that she could go back into the hotel unnoticed.

DIRECTOR: I'm sorry, Princess Diana had a fat suit?

HUGH: Yeah. It kind of had a Klumps vibe. And Princess Diana really played it up, I mean really played it up. Beyond what she had to do. She would go to the front desks of hotels in her fat suit and be like, what time is breakfast, I reeeeeally love breakfast because I'm a big fat lardass and stuff. She kind of played into it like... she was like what a child's idea of a big fat person is like. Like, she thought that fat people ate until they threw up every single meal.

BEATRIX: In English nobility circles, if you are a child and a woman, there is a constant threat that you will be condemned to marry to one of the Hapsburg heirs in Austria if you get too fat. And what little girl dreams of marrying a sewer person? That whole offspring looks like those poor martians from that one movie, Total Recall. They have teeth coming out of their ears, and toenails on their penises. Awful business. So really, Princess Diana's fat posturing makes much more sense if you look at it through that lens.

CLERT: Sometimes I felt that when Princess Diana was in that fat suit, completely anonymous, she finally got a chance to really be herself. It's sad really. That's when she was at her most honest, most vulnerable, most empathetic... if you take away all the fake farting that she did in it, the quoting of Fat Bastard from the Austin Powers movies, and the fake puking, it was pretty legitimately close to who she actually was.

DIRECTOR: Wait, how did she fake puking in it?

CLERT: She had one of those tubes in her sleeves rigged up to spray fake vomit like they did on SNL. So every once in awhile, when we had to leave in a hurry, she just let it rip.

DIRECTOR: So Princess Diana had a fat suit rigged up with a fake vomit machine in it and when she was in it she was closer to being the real her.

CLERT: That's right.

DIRECTOR: Okay.

CLERT: Fine.

DIRECTOR: Good to know.

CLERT: So, that's that, she had a fat suit and it's normal and it's not a big deal. Fine. That just is what it is, okay?

DIRECTOR: So, out of the window, was that the last you saw of Walt that night?

CLERT: Unfortunately, no. We saw him later.

DIRECTOR: Walt, what happened after you were thrown out of the limo?

WALT: Well, I hit the ground pretty hard. I'm not gonna lie. I had a stitch in my side and my stomach hurt and I was in some French gutter, Le gutter I guess, so I was rolling around on my back going ohhh, ohhhh, OHHHH, oh God, no, Ohhhhh. You know, like people do when they are hurt. Nobody really checked on me, they were walking by. But it was fine, I just got the wind knocked out of me. But then this big black SUV pulled up and I saw all these James Bond looking guys hop out. Could of actually been James Bond, what do I know.

(Music swells, transition)

AGENT: (Distorted voice) And this will be anonymous?

DIRECTOR: Yes.

AGENT: You're going to distort it? And give me that black outline? From the lighting.

DIRECTOR: It's a podcast, so we are just going to alter the voice. Could you state for the record who you are?

AGENT: My name is Agent S. I'm an ex MI6 Agent who was working in Paris at the time of Princess Diana's death.

DIRECTOR: Does the name Walt Trembley mean anything to you?

AGENT: (Pause) Is that who this is about?

DIRECTOR: He was at the scene of the crash and a lot of people think he is responsible for her dying.

AGENT: That's funny.

DIRECTOR: I'm sorry, what's funny about it?

AGENT: Well, just, you talked to him.

DIRECTOR: Yes? And?

AGENT: Well, he just sucks. He is a very annoying man. Just awful to be around. The joke, to me, is basically that he sucks so bad that he gets blamed for Princess Diana's death. That's pretty good.

DIRECTOR: I... I guess I get it.

AGENT: It's fine. You don't have to. It's just all kind of funny to me. You don't got to get it. I mean, except for the Princess Diana part. That wasn't funny, I guess. But getting blamed for someone's death is pretty funny.

WALT: So these guys in suits and sunglasses all of a sudden pick me up and start dusting me off, asking me all sorts of questions. I can tell that they were British because they were the only people in France whose breath didn't smell like coffee. They push me into their big black SUV and speed off.

AGENT: Walt was very uncooperative. Before we said anything to him, he started to yell things at us, like "I don't know nothing, I got no secrets, but you'd have to kill me before I told you guys anything!" Basically, we just wanted to know who he was and why he was ejected from Princess Diana's limo.

WALT: So they pull me in, right, and everyone is wearing sunglasses and has ear pieces in and guns and I'm like, wait a minute, something is up here. So I scan the scene. The back of the SUV is filled with duct tape, rope, chloroform (don't ask me how I know what chloroform is, I just do, but I'm not one of "THOSE GUYS"), big, red garden shears labeled as "CAR BRAKE CLIPPERS", a case labeled "Anti-Princess Missile" and I'm like... hold on... these guys are up to something. I'm not sure what, but definitely something.

AGENT: We were simply following the Princess on security detail. Also, I dispute the account said by Mr. Trembley. He was concussed.

WALT: So I ask them about the stuff and they said that it was for home improvement. So I said, "Great TV show", but apparently they didn't have that show over in England.

AGENT: That Anti-Princess missile WAS there, but that was for a completely different Princess.

WALT: They got defensive, you know, they started poking me in the chest real hard. Like that real pushy chest push thing that people do. Well, needless to say, I didn't like that one bit. They started yelling in their british accents, "WHAT WERE YOU DOING IN THE LIMO, MATE?"

Sorry, sorry. That was more Australian. "WHAT WERE YOU DOING IN THE –" Nope, nope, that was like, Jamaican. White guys can't do that nowadays. Reagan. I can do Reagan. Jellybeans. Jellybeans. Jellybeans. Mr. Gorbachev, tear down- Ugh, I can only do Jellybeans. I am not a crook. Nope, that's Nixon. Nixon said that.

DIRECTOR: Sorry, Walt, but what did you say?

WALT: I said that was Nixon. Nixon.

DIRECTOR: No, when they asked you what you were doing in the limo.

WALT: Oh. I said that, "What, I look like I don't belong in a limo to you? What you trying to say, buddy? I don't desire to be in a limo" I mean I really let him have it.

AGENT: What started as an informal questioning, um, soon escalated into an argument with me and Mr. Trembley about his general appearance and his general exuding of a lower to working class vibe.

WALT: You know, he said I don't look like I'm fit to sweep Chimneys in what I was wearing. And that pissed me off, and you know, I said, hey, your mother said I looked pretty good last night, and he starts coming back at me, and I tell you what, I was having the time of my life. Me and this guy were just ripping into each other. So he says I look like an unemployed Walter Matthau, and I said yeah well I'm going to be looking better than you after I knock your ass out buddy.

AGENT: Protocol was basically out of the window at that point. We ended up transporting Walt Trembley to one of our black sites. I am embarrassed to admit that we transported Walt to our black site so that I could engage in a fist fight with him after he made a joke about knocking me out. I wanted to strike Mr. Trembley very badly.

WALT: So he says, listen here buddy, we are taking you to a black site. So I'm like, what's a black site? Like, uh, The Root... dot com? Black site like, uh, world star hip hop. Or, uh, I read a blog called One Eclectic Brotha. A black site like that? How are we going to visit a black site like that? Needless to say, zero laughs. And when they didn't laugh, I thought... wait a second. Are they actually taking me, somehow, to the physical manifestation of a website for black people?

AGENT: We started into this... I don't know what to call it? Rant? Riff? I can't remember most of it, it was pretty rough. He kept asking us if we thought mayo was spicy in what could only be described as a very racist accent.

WALT: Nothing. Horrible audience. I got nothing from them.

AGENT: We finally arrived at the black site and transported Walt to a section of the basement that we typically have fistfights in. With just like, mainly, random French guys we pull off the streets.

WALT: I walk in, and I'm like, this place is a dump! If this is a black site, it's gotta be like, uh, one of those weird ones, like the homepage of the Black Israelites where they try to explain what they believe in and they can't.

AGENT: I actually enjoyed that joke at the expense of the black Israelites, but I tried really hard not to smile. I figured if he saw that I smiled, he would take too much pleasure from that. I brought him downstairs, I put him in one corner, and I squared up.

WALT: It doesn't take a genius to figure out that that guy was actually going to fight me. I thought he was bluffing. He obviously could have kicked my ass. I shouldn't have threatened to kick his ass. Well, I had no one to blame but myself.

AGENT: So I'm kicking his ass, like, bad. Like I was really kicking his ass and he offered very little resistance. I was doing wrestling stuff to him. I was actually throwing him across the room. He was very light. I tossed him through windows, into the ceiling... it was crazy.

WALT: You know, yeah, I got my ass kicked. So what? You know, but it's not like he was in good shape after the fight.

DIRECTOR: Did you injure him?

WALT: No, no, not that, but he was very tired. He had to like, sit down, and he sweated through his shirt. He was very tired. Not injured. But sweaty. So, you know, it wasn't just me that suffered. I got him messed up too.

DIRECTOR: How'd you get out of it? What happened next?

WALT: I was saved by the bell.

AGENT: The sirens started going off and calling for us to meet at the rally point upstairs. I had completely lost track of time at this point. We had received a location ping on our mission target, who was on the move, and we were called to establish a cut off point.

DIRECTOR: Who was the target?

AGENT: I know what you are thinking. It wasn't Princess Diana. It was a completely different Princess.

DIRECTOR: And what happened to the other Princess?

AGENT: Oh, she died.

DIRECTOR: I don't remember hearing about any other Princess dying in Paris on that day.

AGENT: Well, that's the point of intelligence, that you DIDN'T hear about it.

DIRECTOR: Yeah, but if a Princess died on the same day as Princess Diana, I think that would be a huge story. So we would have heard about it, if it was true. You can't just hide a Princess' existence if she was dead. It doesn't make sense.

AGENT: Oh. Well.... I guess I never thought of it like that. Yeah. I guess that doesn't work. But regardless – it wasn't Princess Diana. It was a different Princess.

DIRECTOR: Yeah, but-

AGENT: It's just a different Princess. Let's move on. I'm moving on.

WALT: So the last place they threw me, I was, uh, you know those like, sticky things kids buy, and you throw it against the wall and it slides down really slowly? That's what I was doing. I was sliding down the wall when the alarm went off and, uh, they came over and scraped me off the side. They put a bag over my head and wrapped me in duct tape and threw me into the back of a car. I was blindfolded so I didn't see what kind. Definitely a sedan, because I was in the trunk. Well, I didn't like that one bit.

AGENT: We drove to our rally point and we kept Walt with us. He was a loose end.

WALT: You know, I got these teeth, I don't know how to explain it, my dentist said that I talk so much that the wind from my mouth sharpened them, but I think he just said that so I would get out of his car. But, needless to say, they are pretty strong and sharp. I was able to bite through that bag pretty easy, and I bit through the duct tape on my wrist, and I knew where the little emergency, uh, you know, the victim pully thing is, if you are like kidnapped by a... one of those rapists. I'm not one of those guys I just knew about that victim pull thing, don't remember from where, but just – not from being one of those guys. The rapists. Like, the kidnapper rapist guys. It's not good news at all, what they do, it's awful. So I pull the thing and I just lob myself out into the road. And again, I was going pretty fast into the street, and I don't know how many times I rolled or I was hit by cars, but I was definitely winded. I mean, I was gassed. So I got up, and I ran out of there.

AGENT: When we arrived at the location, we realized that Walt had somehow escaped. We didn't think it was possible. It was at this time that we considered that maybe Walt was actually a foreign agent just pretending to be an annoying Midwestern American man. That was kind of mind blowing for us, honestly. It was the only explanation for his, I guess you would call it, unique skillset.

DIRECTOR: I'm sorry, are you serious? You think that that is a possibility.

AGENT: Mossad, CIA, KGB... don't know who, but yeah. I'd bet my life my on it.

DIRECTOR: What happened next?

AGENT: And then we realize... our Anti-Princess missile was missing. It had to have been Walt. He pulled one over on us. That's when I thought... Walt Trembley... he's got to be an

American agent. He really just... played us from start to finish, and was watching us the whole time. Or... he's just a fucking idiot. I don't know. But I've heard rumors about Walt Trembley... I don't know who he is.

DIRECTOR: Walt, are you a member of the CIA?

WALT: Haha, could you imagine? Agent Walt Trembley, excuse me ma'am, can I see your basement I think a, I don't know, terrorist lives in there. Freeze! Look at me, I'm Jack Ryan and I'm shooting up the Taliban. Uh, yeah, I'm a CIA agent. Haha! Agent Walt in the Yemen, flirting with some lady agent in a cocktail dress that both hates me and wants to fuck me at the same time. From the hours of 11 pm to 7 am every day, while I'm snoozing, that's when I'm on the clock. In my dreams, bud. In my dreams.

AGENT: Annoying idiot... it's a great cover. I bet he's still pretending to be stupid to this very day.

WALT: I'm sorry, can I – I spilled V8 all over my carpenter jeans. Can someone... can someone get me another V8? Anybody got another V8? And, this is a wild shot, but can someone get me a new pair of carpenter jeans as well. No- no sweetheart, I don't care if you got clamato. I said V8. Unless, I – I got a great clamato riff if you are interested.

DIRECTOR: Agent S, was that the last you saw of Walt that night?

AGENT: Uh, no. He, uh, came back for us. And he almost botched our whole operation.

DIRECTOR: Walt, where did you go after you escaped?

WALT: So no Clamato riff? We don't have time?

DIRECTOR: No, sorry.

WALT: Ah, your loss buddy. Anyway, I was sick of Paris, I was tired, I figured I had to get out of town as fast as I could because all those James Bonds were after me, so I went to the closest train station to try to get as far away as I could.

DIRECTOR: And then what happened?

WALT: Well, that's when I saw her.

DIRECTOR: Her?

(MUSIC SWELLING, CHARACTER TRANSITION)

DIRECTOR: Could you please state your name for the record?

CLAUDETTE: My name is Claudette LeRoux.

DIRECTOR: And could you describe yourself briefly?

CLAUDETTE: I'm sort of a dreamy, vague sort of woman, kind of passionate for no real reason that you can determine. I just like to kind of walk around holding roses and looking sad.

WALT: So I go to the train station, and there is a beautiful French girl there, holding a single, wilting red rose, and she's just kind of staring longingly at the sunset. You know, I didn't know what her deal is.

CLAUDETTE: I'm less of a woman and more like a man's idea of what a single French woman is, you know? Scarf, beret, big baguette for some reason. My dad has a ranch where he raises marionettes.

WALT: So, I see this French woman, and she's looking gorgeous, you know, great looking girl, and she's looking so sad, and it's breaking my heart. You know, I'm looking at her and she looks like she works as one of those made up jobs that only movie people have, like a museum curator or something. So I immediately start thinking of opening up a riff so I can talk to this beautiful woman who probably likes it when strange men approach her in public, like who am I to say if women like that or don't before I meet them?

CLAUDETTE: He came up to me, this very, how do you say, haggard looking man with face like studded leather. He looked like a statue that had spent a decade in a sandstorm. He smelled like a brand new used car and he was chewing gum loudly as he walks towards me, making 100% eye contact, which is very calming for a woman. I trusted him immediately. He points at my rose, which at this point was near death, wilting, and he said, "hey miss, your rose is limp. Maybe you ought to get it to a botanist and give it some flower Viagra."

WALT: Great line. One of my best lines. And for the first time since I'd been in Paris – she laughed.

CLAUDETTE: I could not stop laughing. Wonderful riff. American humor to me, this man, I think to myself, he is funny like my favorite American Comedian, Sir Donald Duck.

WALT: It was just such a relief to get a laugh. I really needed a win after a hard day of being beat up constantly and kidnapped once and also kidnapping a guy because Princess Diana told me to.

CLAUDETTE: I found him very charming. We talked for nearly an hour – after a bad day, my boyfriend had broken up with me because he thought I loved him too much and then I spilled red wine on my horizontally striped white and black shirt, it was a relief to talk to a man who seemed so determined to make me laugh. I didn't even care that he looked like an English bulldog with a catchers mitt on his face. He was nice. I enjoyed my time with Monsieur Walt Trembley.

WALT: I tell you, it was like I was Jerry Seinfeld at the Laugh Factory. Every. Joke. Killed. I was in heaven, making this beautiful woman laugh.

CLAUDETTE: I asked him to get a drink with me. Just one drink, because it was getting late.

WALT: When a pretty French woman asks you to get a drink with her, you get a drink with her and offer to hold her baguette for her, like a gentleman. We went to another Au Bon Pan. We drank this amazing French beverage that the locals drink. A mixture of white wine and black coffee. They call it French Juice.

CLAUDETTE: French Juice is a local delicacy. It is called French Juice because it tastes so good that it is like juice to us.

WALT: So we have this amazing conversation, and, it's like, I'm in love, instantly, with this lonely, depressed, kind of a sadsack, honestly, but so hot, French woman after meeting her and sitting with her and drinking this disgusting French drink with her. She moves to leave, and I'm like, honey, I'm over the moon for you, I got to see you again. So I reach for my wallet to give her one of my business cards – I didn't really have a job, per se, but I had my fingers in a lot of holes, and also it was good to have a business card saying you are different jobs if you ever need an alibi or something – and I reach for my wallet and my wallet is gone. That's when I remember, the James Bond guys took my wallet.

CLAUDETTE: He just stood up, went pale, and said "James Bond has my wallet." So I laughed. But then I realized he wasn't joking.

WALT: I go, wait here. Don't move an inch. Have another French Juice, I beg you. I have to go grab something. That's when I decided to go track down those secret agents that beat me up so I can talk them into getting my wallet, so I could get a business card of mine with a fake job on it and give this beautiful French Woman Claudette LeRoux my phone number and email address, which is FranksUncleWalt@hotmail.com. I'm very proud of my ten year old nephew Frank. Not like his shithole twin, Darren.

DIRECTOR: Why couldn't you have just given Claudette your phone number from memory?

WALT: I don't know, you get these business cards and you have this romantic idea of giving them to women and I paid all the money for them it seemed like a perfect opportunity to give her one, and it would be sexy, I can't be sexy like a woman, you know, putting on lipstick and kissing a note or like going to the bathroom and giving someone my underwear, I can't do that, only chicks can. So all I had was the business card thing. So I sprint out the door.

CLAUDETTE: He told me to stay there in that cabaret until he returned. I waited until it closed. The next day, I waited there for Walt. I waited one hundred days for Walt Trembley to return, drinking French Juice in that cabaret. But he never came. I guess it wasn't meant to be.

WALT: I wanted to go back and all, but things got pretty dicey for a minute. When, uh, Princess Diana dies it is probably time to get out of town. I really wish I got another chance to see Colette. I wasn't so old then. We could have had a real life together. But, you know, whatever. My ex-wife wasn't THAT mean to me. I only really had to sleep outside on weekends.

CLAUDETTE: Walt, if you're there. If you watch this. I love you. I want to see you.

WALT: What channel will this thing be on?

DIRECTOR: It's online, Walt.

WALT: Like, on a computer?

DIRECTOR: Yeah.

WALT: Oh, I don't mess with that stuff. I probably won't ever see this thing.

DIRECTOR: What happened when you left the cabaret to look for your wallet?

WALT: Left the what?

DIRECTOR: The French, uh, bar.

WALT: Oh, yeah, that. Well, I didn't really know what to do or where to look so I started to think. I just remember them saying they were headed to a bridge. So I looked for some water. Sounded pretty easy to me. Turns out, though, there's a lot of bridges in Paris. But I guess I got lucky.

AGENT: Okay, so here is the scene. We're without our missile and we are posted up outside of a bridge waiting for our target to show up. Nothing that night had really gone according to plan. We were NOT targeting Princess Diana. Different Princess. There was a problem, though, there was a lot of unexpected foot traffic and a local policeman was on the scene arguing with what appeared to be a banana merchant.

LEBEAU: Yes, my name is Detective Remy LeBeau, and I was at the scene. I was arguing with a neighborhood banana merchant. He ran Le Banane, a small, banana streetfood kiosk. He never got approved by the city to operate a foodcart, but he would bring up that he is a sovereign citizen, and our solution as a police department was to send someone to argue with him about whether or not a person has the right to be a sovereign citizen within a nation until he gets so tired that he closes his business. Strangely, it is a very effective solution. All parties seemed pretty satisfied.

AGENT: At that moment, we observed that a large group of men dressed as Donald Duck were walking down the street drinking champagne out of champagne flutes.

MUNCH: Yeah, Torvis Munch here. DonaldCon that year was, uh, fucking nuts. You know, after Walt was kicked out, the party really got thrown into top gear. All the adrenaline, I think. It was sick. I puked like... ten times. I guess we were at the tunnel that night. That's what it shows on the cameras. I don't know. If you told me I was anywhere, I'd believe you. I was fucked up. I puked on Christian Audigier. Right on his bald head. Slid right off. Don't even think he noticed.

AGENT: We had been establishing ourselves at the mission point, waiting for the target, which was not Princess Diana, as we've established. We were about one minute out from the targets arrival, two unseemly scenes began to unfold before us, with the French Policeman at the banana cart and with the arrival of around three-dozen drunken wealthy French men dressed like Donald Duck. And this was bad news for us, a lot of elements we couldn't control. But we, um, didn't call off the operation. We were too close to bail. That's when Walt Trembley arrived. We... we don't know how he tracked us down. Um, I don't know who he works for, but he's the greatest field agent I've ever seen.

WALT: So I head to this bridge and immediately I see the James Bonds. The James Bonds guys. What were they called? The 007s? Are they the 007s? Is the 007 like the British CIA. CIB, I guess it would be. Does the A in CIA stand for America? Anyway, I can tell that they are all James Bond because they are all holding guns and wearing bow ties. Dead giveaway. Any dumbass can tell you that if a guy is wearing a tux and holding a gun, he's a spy. And if the gun has a silencer? Oh God, even better.

AGENT: We assumed he would just monitor us from a nearby position. But he didn't. He approached our surveillance vehicle and confronted us.

MUNCH: I do remember we were walking around following Tony Parker who was leading us to a gym that he owned because we all wanted to drink beer and shoot baskets. I remember everyone was very excited, I even remember that Silvio Berlusconi was there and that he had a Kobe Bryant shooting sleeve. And then I hear a guy screaming at some car, in a shrill, disagreeable voice. I'm like- what the fuck is Walt Trembley doing here? Is that Walt Trembley?

LEBEAU: The banana man who owned La Banane, we were having a political debate when, um, he appeared to become distracted and frightened by a bizarre, weathered man screaming at a black sedan with blacked out windows. I looked over and it appeared to be the same man that I pulled out of DonaldCon earlier that day. I, do not like to say it...it's not as if I am a Spaniard or Slavic person with le sange chaude..this HOT BLOOD...you can of course check me and see! But! it made me very upset. I immediately stop what I was doing and go to arrest, and potentially, physically harm Walt Trembley.

WALT: So I see all these James Bonds and I'm like, "First of all, I'm not afraid of you with your little guns and your wrist watch darts and your other little inventions that that British nerd gives to you when the old lady tells you to go see him. I'll let you know just two things. I'm Walt Trembley and I need you to give me my wallet.

AGENT: We weren't sure what angle he was going for, here. We were very frightened and distracted and – most importantly – we didn't have his wallet, so we didn't know what he was actually talking about.

WALT: They started to play real cute with me, saying stuff like, "Who do you work for? How did you escape? Who trained you? What wallet? We don't have your wallet. Did you steal our Anti-Princess Diana missile? The Queen made it herself because she thinks Diana shows too

much cleavage!” Like, asking me all these dumb questions, pretending they didn’t have my wallet. I wasn’t having that at all. I was rolling my sleeves up right when I get tapped on the back with a nightstick.

AGENT: At that time, Walt Trembley was accosted by a French Policeman and we were able to focus a bit more on our mission.

LEBEAU: I immediately began by yelling ARRETTE! “STOP RESISTING” and then immediately hit Mr. Trembley with a night stick. It’s a trick I learned when those single mothers were protesting that they were getting too much maternity leave and we beat all of them up. Those single mothers very badly wanted to get back to work. But non. Is not the French way.

MUNCH: Yeah, I start yelling, “WALT! WALT!” and after that a French cop just started wailing on Walt with a nightstick. Not like shots to meaty parts either. He was hitting Walt in the head, in the neck, wrists, joints, knees, elbows, really letting him have it, just trying to break him down like a whole, raw chicken, and Walt was just taking hit after hit and barely buckling.

WALT: You know, he’s wailing on me, and I’m more like, shocked than hurt. I immediately turn to him and I go listen, buddy, that’s cute that you’re mad, but what’s going on here? Are you a crazy guy? And meanwhile he’s really getting me good but I’m trying to get some riffs in because you know, I had such a buzz going from the French Juice. And I’ve been beat up so much it’s like cmon you really want me to savor this one or something? Just beat me up, I’m bored, I’m not impressed.

MUNCH: So everyone starts losing it and cheering, and someone recognized him, started yelling “golem de sueur, golem de sueur,” and rushing over there. Apparently, golem de sueur means Sweat Golem, which was what they all had decided his name was after they were done beating him up. Well, that scares the cop pretty good to see all these drunk, pantsless guys rushing towards him.

LEBEAU: When the large mass of men wearing no bottoms charged me I will admit I was afraid. They cocked back their fists, and I thought “mon dieu...I am to be punched and smacked.” So I hit first.

MUNCH: They are all going in to hit Walt, and the cop freaks out and starts hitting them with the night stick and he goes and maces the whole crowd. Nobody can see anything, and everybody starts swinging.

AGENT: Yeah, all of a sudden there were pantsless guys screaming and trying to flip our car. Like, it escalated very quickly. Obviously, we figured that somehow the agent going under the obvious codename of Walt Trembley, was responsible for this.

WALT: All of a sudden it is a nuthouse, and I see these naked guys running around and I look to no one in particular but kind of for everyone I say, “hey, this doesn’t seem like my kind of party, so I’m going to goooo, okay... Awk-waaaard.” It got nothing, but I really wasn’t mad because, uh, everyone was pretty distracted. I see the Donald Duck guys are jumping onto of the James

Bonds car, the French cop was beating up some guys who were freaking out. But all I'm thinking about is that French girl and how I want to give her my fake business card that says that I'm a Jeweler on it so that she will think that I have more money than I do so that she will like me more. So I immediately move to dive inside of the James Bonds car. They had a little crack in the window but I'm good, I don't need much room, I'm like a newt, I'll squeeze in there.

MUNCH: He shot into that sedan like a tapeworm. It was honestly disgusting. It's like he was all cartilage or something.

WALT: My mom smoked when she was pregnant so there's a lot of cartilage where there should be bones. But I can like, do everything, stand and stuff. I'm fine.

LEBEAU: I was trying to relocate my initial target of Walt Trembley after I hit a man in the head that was most likely Christian Audigier, I thought, you know what, I should probably stop smacking these guys, mais non? Then I thought that I saw Walt Trembley slide into the sedan, so I went to go pull him out.

AGENT: Walt Trembley slipped into our car like a tapeworm. It was awful. I could see just little pieces of spinach all over his teeth and he starts rummaging around on the ground for his wallet. I immediately pulled out my firearm and attempted to shoot him.

WALT: You know you can tell when someone is pointing at you, even if you ain't looking? Is that- is that a common thing? Anyway, I feel someone holding something out to me behind me so I just reached back and grabbed it because I thought they were giving me my wallet. I even had a riff ready, so I started to say it.

AGENT: He goes, "hey, I think I know why you are going through my wallet. You must be my ex-wife's lawyer" right after he just plucked my handgun out of my hand. I immediately surrendered.

WALT: So then after my great riff he totally didn't get because he didn't know the details of my ex-wife who I had to pay for her lawyer because we were still married when she hired him. And I had to get a different guy. So I basically had to pay two lawyers. Anyway, I'm like what's the big idea, what are you going to shoot me for, just give me my wallet.

AGENT: I just immediately gave him my personal wallet. I didn't know what else to do. I had been beaten. I was spare parts.

WALT: I didn't remember my wallet being that nice but I had no room to complain about something like that, right? I had to get back to Claudette, the depressed, anxious French woman that I have known for an hour or two and that I love.

LEBEAU: I saw Walt Trembley holding a pistol when I threw open the door of the sedan. I immediately strike his arm in an attempt to disarm him.

DIRECTOR: Were you scared to see a gun pointed at you?

LEBEAU: No. I was French Foreign legion.

DIRECTOR: Wait – how can that be. You're not from France.

LEBEAU: No, I am Quebecois. I did not want to participate in the Canadian military after they banned smoking indoors, hostie du tabernac! Many foreigners joined the legion for this exact same reason.

WALT: So anyway, I'm getting my ass kicked, AGAIN, and he's beating me up and tosses me into the front seat.

LEBEAU: It was then, one of the men without pants crashed through the front window. He was wearing a sailor suit top and he said "Oh phooey," the very famous catch phrase of Donald Duck. Everyone is laughing.

MUNCH: Yes. I remember that. It was Tony Parker who went flying through the windshield.

WALT: That kind of bugged me because I'd been spitting out gold all night and the guy just copies something from the TV and everybody laughs. But also because he knocked the car out of park and into drive.

AGENT: The mission sedan began to roll across the street. Traffic was pretty steady so I exited the vehicle immediately. Most people did.

WALT: You know, everyone is rolling out of the car, there's cars speeding at us, honking, swerving around us, and I'm like you know what, I don't care if they even kill me, I'm not rolling out of a car again today. Nope. Kill me or don't, but I'm going to sit in this moving car until it stops.

MUNCH: I saw Walt as the only one left in the car. He kind of had his arms crossed and he was looking up like he was being stubborn to the car. I didn't get it. I figured he was just committing suicide so I didn't move. But he just kind of slowly drifted across traffic, hopped the curb, and rammed into this banana stand across the street.

WALT: You know, so I think, I'm not dead, whatever, I'm not going to thank God or anybody about it, and I see all these busted bananas all over the dash of the car. So, I'm like, okay, I got a great riff ready, let's get out of the car in a hurry. So I jump out, I see everyone stopped fighting and was just kind of looking at me. And I said "I bet people really go bananas for this place". And the mood completely changed. They hated the joke, and it really made them mad.

LEBEAU: I cannot explain it. But when he said that he bets that people really go bananas for this place, I had had enough. I made a decision in my mind to kill him right there. I cannot explain it. It is such a lazy joke. An American joke, but without the finesse of mssr donald, nes pas? Just using the word of something that is there and saying it like it is this big, crazy joke, obviously waiting for the thunderous applause because he is holding his arms out and his eyebrows are arched. Desgallasé! Disgusting man. En francais we say "connard"....a JERK...a

FOOL. This is very close to our word for duck...les CANARD. But mssr Tremblay is not NOBLE and brave and fun-ny like Donald le Canard. He is a repellant idiot. You don't understand, I had to kill him. Apparently, all of the Donald Ducks agreed without me having to say anything, and we all began to slowly march through traffic across the street.

MUNCH: It was just the laziest riff on a day of high volume, lazy riffs. I don't think it even is a riff. It is just a disappointing sentence.

WALT: I don't know how to describe it. I could basically tell instantly that, uh, dozens of people wanted to instantly kill me because they were a bad crowd. I had one move to get out of this. I did Looney Tunes rules. I threw a bunch of banana peels into the street before they could get to me. Unfortunately, uh, there was the accident before they ever even were able to even get onto the median.

(MUSIC SWELLING, CHARACTER TRANSFER)

CLERT: We hung out at the hotel a little bit. Me and Beatrix wanted to go to this cool, secret French club we heard about that was underwater and the only way that you could get to it is if you were kidnapped. The Princess wanted to go visit her boyfriend, who was some sort of heretic or something.

BEATRIX: So me and Clert put on our spiked stiletto Loubotins and walked around on some cobblestone streets, waving these little American flags. It took about five minutes until we were kidnapped and at the club. It was fantastic.

CLERT: And Diana went to go visit her boyfriend with Hugh and their driver for the night.

HUGH: When you work for someone as a valet or bodyguard or anything like that, you build a sort of rapport with the other people in their service. I don't want to say his name, or call him out or anything like that. I don't want to say a single word about him because I respect him.

BEATRIX: Apparently, while we were trying to get kidnapped, Hugh slipped the driver some Benadryl.

CLERT: He's one of those guys with a weird thing that is always trying to get people to try his weird thing, and he does it so much that people just eventually give in so he will stop asking.

HUGH: We sent out a decoy car about five minutes before midnight. The car arrived and left. I helped Princess Diana into the real car while she was wearing her fat suit. Somehow, someone caught on, so we had to get out of there quick. I told the driver to haul ass, because the paparazzi were running to their cars. At around ten past midnight, we were out on the streets of Paris, trying to lose the paparazzi again. Diana was able to slow down a lot of the paparazzi from getting to their cars by using the fake vomit pump in her fat suit to make them all slip and fall over.

DIRECTOR: And what was the destination that Princess Diana wanted to go to?

HUGH: She wanted to go to her boyfriend's house. He was the King of Egypt or something. I thought he sold carpets or something, but when I said that, Princess Diana said that I was a racist, and that that was the wrong country.

DIRECTOR: What happened next?

HUGH: Well, the Driver... Driver error. Let's leave it at that.

DIRECTOR: Hugh, was the driver high on Benadryl?

HUGH: I don't want to talk about that.

DIRECTOR: Hugh. I understand that you want to protect your friend and yourself... but, well, I think you should tell the truth.

HUGH: (Sobbing) He started screaming about the web! He timed it wrong! He timed it so wrong! I told him to wait until right before we got there! He timed it all wrong! He didn't even get to jack off! I told him it would be a blue chip orgasm if he listened! A blue chip orgasm!

LEBEAU: I recall a car flying down the street, right before we jumped on the median. The naked gentlemen and myself all seemed pretty determined to beat up Walt Trembley. I remember the windows were open, and the driver was screaming. Something about "the web being the worst part".

HUGH: I immediately reached over the seat to help the driver steer the car. I was able to keep it straight, and it was slowing down, but I couldn't reach the brake. I remember thinking, okay, I got this, just coast it in. But then I saw the bananas.

WALT: Looney tunes rules. So these guys wanna kick my ass and some luxury car goes speeding by, slipping on the bananas, crashing. Big wreck, everybody freaking out. Not good. Not good at all. But, uh, a banana shouldn't crash a car. I don't care how big the bananas are. You should make cars better than that. It really isn't my problem. And they said Princess Diana died in that crash but Princess Diana wasn't even in that car. It was some great big fat woman, who, and I'm sorry here I don't wanna speak ill of the dead, but she had puked everywhere.

LEBEAU: I saw the automobile – I heard the screams about the web. I see it hit a banana and flip over, flying into the air. I see a brief glimpse into the passenger window – Princess Diana, upside down. Her tiara gently glistening in the white-blue streetlights, like a crown of mist. Fuck. I need a cigarette. Fuck that felt good. Ugh. I love reflecting like that. Cest tres bon. Ahhh la vie.

DIRECTOR: That was pretty good. Crown of Mist. Wow. Do you mind if we use that as the title for the documentary?

LEBEAU: Non. Bien sur. I expected you would. I am extremely proud of myself right now.

MUNCH: So, the scene was a nightmare. Bloody people, body parts, screaming. A surprising amount of uniformly colored beige puke. Everything on fire. It was a mess. At one point, even though I was pretty drunk I think I remember this, a guy carrying a big sheet cake walked into a big window that two guys were carrying.

HUGH: I'm sorry. This is hard to relive. (Sighs) I was only able to survive through some quick thinking. I was ejected through the front of the vehicle and was flying through the air. Before I hit the ground, I injected an epi-pen into my forehead. It hit quick, and my body was so conditioned to this that I barely had to graze my own member before I ejaculated into my, um, suit pants. My body went completely limp after I orgasmed so when I hit the ground there wasn't too much serious trauma.

MUNCH: At this point, everyone is kind of looking at Walt like what the hell. And he didn't read the room. He didn't read the severity of the moment.

WALT: I don't know they were looking at me, so I hit them with the "check please".

AGENT: At that point, Walt Trembley said "check please". And we exited the scene immediately.

MUNCH: We all basically run him out of the scene.

CLERT: We turned up at the scene right after the accident. It was kind of, like, random, actually.

BEATRIX: We were only at the club for about twenty minutes, but then we got for real kidnapped and brought to some alley. We walked out of the alley and ta-da! There's Walt Trembley, and he's saying check please to a bunch of very angry people.

CLERT: Apparently he had killed Princess Diana.

BEATRIX: Correct.

CLERT: With a banana.

BEATRIX: Yes. And then he just ran out of there.

(News clips of Princess Diana's crash)

WALT: I wanted to go see the French girl, yeah, but I was pretty sure I had pushed my luck a lot that day and that multiple parties were deeply invested into murdering me. So I just left. I took a straight flight from Paris to Terre Haute. Just my luck. One ticket left.

MUNCH: I want to say that it was hard for me to live my life after seeing Princess Diana die, but sorry, I think nobility is a ridiculous concept. So it's just like, some rich lady died. Not to sound callous, but big whoop. I mean, for the documentary, I can play it up emotionally like I was rocked by this deep tragedy, but, I mean, let's be straight, she was a stranger. I was basically fine. It's not like food tastes worse now. Do you think I should play it up? You think?

LEBEAU: In the confusion, we all did what we could to save her, but it was too petite, too tarde. After that, I found it difficult to have purpose anymore. I became an existentialist. I spent a whole year in my black turtleneck and beret. I looked out many cafe windows while drinking coffee, which was also black.

CLERT: I went back to America after that. My next most famous friend was Jenny McCarthy, so I went out to LA to mooch off of her instead. I never got to fuck Judge Ito, but I did get fingered by Kato Kaelin.

BEATRIX: I leaked several photos of my breasts to the Sun after that. We all grieve in our own way, I suppose. I miss Princess Diana very much. I miss her deeply to this day. (sniffs). Could you zoom in? I have this one tear perfectly about to fall. This... this is all audio? Do you mean to tell me I put numbing anal lubricant in my eye for audio? Whatever. Listener at home, I AM crying.

MUNCH: (fake crying) Ohhh! I miss her so much! Taken too soon! The light of England, Britain's sunrise, you are the hero of the Island! You were so much less inbred than the rest of them! Sorry you died! Me sorry! Me wanna be a baby again! (brief sobbing). Was that better? Too much?

CLERT: Princess Diana was a great person. She did charity work for many charities that I can remember. I'm remembering them all right now and it's so much. She truly was a uniquely wonderful person. I don't know why anyone would try to kill her.

WALT: Anybody would have done what I did in my situation. Anybody. I don't care what you say, who you are, if you're listening to this, you would have done it, and not regretted, and you're just like me. You can strut around and pretend you are better, but listen, it's a cold world, and if Princess Diana has to die so that Walt Trembley doesn't get pulled apart like boiled chicken by a cop and a bunch of naked, wealthy Donald Duck aficionados, then it looks like Princess Diana is going down. Capiche? No, no, don't wave me off. Don't tell me to stop talking. Listen here, viewer at home, you're JUST LIKE ME. YOU'RE EXACTLY LIKE ME. WE BOTH KNOW IT. G-get your hands off of me, man, come on. Hey! You asked me to be here! (getting dragged away, in the background) I NEVER GOT TO SAY MY CLAMATO RIFF! I NEVER GOT TO SAY MY CLAMATO RIFF!