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1772

The Sitcom Movie

Scene One

Black screen. The following text appears.

Caption: A short time ago, in a dimension not so far away...

Cut to Houses of Parliament in the alternate dimension. Alternative-Mad (the PM) is in the middle of a speech to the other MPs.

Alternative-Mad: (mid-sentence)...meaning that the flow of illegal salmon into the country has finally been stopped in its tracks. And so, with all major crisis' averted and happiness at an all-time high of 99.5%, I think I can safely say that everything is running smoothly. Also, if anyone wants to buy my latest music CD, "Vote for Me, Baby, One More Time", I'll be selling them in the foyer when we've done here.

Alternative-thomasp: (standing at the other side of the room) Mr. Mad, as the leader of the opposition, it should be my job to criticise every political decision you've made over the last two years you've been in office. (Pause) But I can't....I just can't do it. (wiping a tear from his eye) You're the best damned Prime Minister that this country has ever seen, Mr. Mad. That's why I'm disbanding my Raving Mac Loony Party and letting you do your job in peace from now on. (smiling) And I'll take five CDs by the way. (everybody laughs)

Alternative-Mad: Well, if there's nothing else on the agenda for today... I propose we all take the day off and go surfing. Who's with me? (dozens of MPs throw their hands in the air and cheer. A beach ball is thrown from off-screen and bounces off Mad's head)

All of a sudden, a giant viewing screen descends from the roof. Ominous music plays as it turns itself on and a shadowy figure is seen on it, sitting on a large chair and stroking a cat.

Figure: (from the screen, in an evil accent) Not so fast, Mr. Prime Minister. (Pause) I hate to interrupt your plans for the summer but...I'm evil, what are you going to do?

Alternative-Mad: (smiling at the view-screen) Who is this? And bear in mind...

(getting out his wallet and waving it at the screen) I do negotiate with terrorists! (some MPs cheer)

Figure: Tut...tut...tut...(Pause) I am not negotiating anything, Mr. Prime Minister. I am telling you all... that you will die.

Alternative-Mad: (shrugging) Yeah, sure, one day. Not much of a revelation.

Figure: Not one day, Prime Minister...This Tuesday. (the light turns on to reveal Alternative-Power)

Alternative-Mad: You're going to kill us all on Tuesday?

Alternative-Power: Yes, with my Killit-Killitnow Bomb.

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Alternative-Mad: Why?

Alternative-Power: Well, I spent a lot of time and money making it, so I have to test it, don't I? (he sighs)

Alternative-Mad: On all of us?

Alternative-Power: Yes, yes, all of you. I'll be safe in my Runa-Runawaynow Bunker, of course, but you'll all die.

Alternative-Mad: (worried) I...see

Alternative-Power: Well, goodbye, Mr Prime Minister. Bwahahahahahahaha! (the screen turns off)

Alternative-thomasp: (shouting angrily at Mad) This is all your fault, Mr. Mad! I'm not going to buy your CD now! (as he walks off) Vote thomasp! (all the MPs turn and look at Alt-Mad)

Alternative-Mad: Ha...ha...er...ha. (Pause) Just a joke. That guy was an actor. No bomb to worry about. Have the day off. (The MPs laugh and run out of the building in their summer clothes. To Traxada who stands next to him) We need to talk.

Fade Out.

Scene Two

In Alt-Mad's office. Mad is sitting down agitatedly while Traxada sits down opposite him, wearing shades and looking stern.

Alternative-Mad: What can we do, Mr. Traxada? What can we do?

Traxada: (musing) Well, sir, there's always that Anti-Terrorist agent who's never let you down in the past.

Alternative-Mad: Of course! You're a genius, Traxada! (he picks up his phone and calls a number)

Cut to Jack Flauér in a dark damp room. He is sitting in a chair with his hands tied behind his back.

Cliché Terrorist: (talking on a mobile, he holds it up to Jack. In a heavy Spanish accent) It's for you, Mr Flauér.

Jack Flauér: (in a French accent) Hello?

Split screen. Alt-Mad is seen on one side of the screen with Jack on the other.

Alternative-Mad: Flauer, it's the Prime Minister of Great Britain calling. (Pause) We need your help with a matter of national security.

Jack Flauér: I'm sorry, Monsieur Mad, but I am a liddle... tied up at the moment. Je comprende?

Alternative-Mad: (not understanding) With who? I thought your wife, Merry, was dead.

Jack Flauér: Quite true. Quite true. But this is not a case of my love-life but more of a matter of...life et mort.

Alternative-Mad: Mort? Who is this Mort? Put him on the line.

Jack Flauér: I cannot, monsieur... for mort is death.

Alternative-Mad: Ah... what a pity. But you know sign-language, Flauér. Tell him that the Prime Minister needs your help urgently.

Jack Flauér: Merde! *Death* not deaf!

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Alternative-Mad: What? What? I'm sorry you're breaking up.

The split-screen fades back into one screen and the camera shows Flauér's phone. It has 'Battery Empty' on its screen.

Cliché Terrorist: (angrily) This phone-call... is over! (he throws the phone at the wall)

Flauér looks horrified at the smashed phone. A giant clock appears ticking down to 10:00am (with beeping sound fx). When it reaches 10:00am, the camera cuts back to Alt-Mad's office.

Traxada: Now what?

Alternative Mad: (miserably) Now? Now, we need a miracle.

Cut to an empty street. Screaming is heard and a rift appears in the fabric of space and time. Through it, the pub regulars fall to the ground.

FatWhitey: Ouch...

Cut to titles.

Titles

The following text is shown over various shots of alternative-versions of places from 17's Company and 72 Ways to Die. Dramatic music plays.

Team17 Forum Productions Present...
A Worm Mad Film.

1772: The Sitcom Movie

Starring

Alt-Mad,
Alt-thomasp,
Alt-Power,
(Alt) Traxada,
Cliché Terrorist,
Jack Flauér,
FatWhitey,
Worm Mad,
Paul.Power,
SargeMcCluck,
thomasp,
Squirminator2k,
Blinx,
KamikazeBananze,
PinkWorm,
SomePerson,
Star Worms,
tundraH,
Root,

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Zero72,
Newt,
Count Ferrell-Envelope,
Susan "Stakes" Smiles,
Igorvene,
UnKnown Xavier,
Alt-Nutter,
Alt-Betong,
Alt-PinkWorm,
(Alt) philby4000,
Alt-2k,
Alt-Whitey,
Alt-Person,
Alt-McCluck
Alt-Zero,
Alt-Spadge,
Nutter,
Zack Morris,
mocoworm,
Empress HuntaKilla,
Alt-Kjatte,
Alt-FutureWorm.

Scene Three

The regulars pick themselves off the ground and look around.

Worm Mad: (coming to) W...where are we?

FatWhitey: We're in another dimension. We escaped, just like you were trying to tell me.

Worm Mad: (annoyed) I wasn't trying to tell you to chicken out, I was going to tell you to bust some kung-fu moves on those suckers!

FatWhitey: I don't know any kung-fu.

Worm Mad: Which is why we didn't beat them. You have to be ninja-agile like me, if you want to survive. (jumping in the air) WOH-PAH!

FatWhitey: You got knocked unconscious.

Worm Mad: (ignoring him) Anyway, it looks like it's down to me to sort this mess out... as usual.

Blinx: (coming to) Ugh... where am I?

Worm Mad: (to Blinx) FatWhitey chickened out and brought us to this horrible hell dimension.

FatWhitey: (angry) Hey! This isn't a hell dimension!

Worm Mad: (pointing to a poster, reading) "Mucus Flavoured Coffee" (Pause) And you think this isn't a hell dimension?

PinkWorm: Enough of this bickering. What's the plan?

Worm Mad: Well, we've got to find a way home.

FatWhitey: I can get us home anytime we want to.

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Worm Mad: Then why don't you?

FatWhitey: Because our enemies are probably still back there. We should wait a few days... weeks, perhaps.

Worm Mad: Well, I don't agree with your cowardly behaviour but you've got spirit, kid. I like that. (Pause) Okay, we'll stay for a while but we should check out the lay of the land before we do anything else. I advise that some of us stay in that school over there (he points to a big manor house) while I command a small squad to see what other horrors this dimension has to offer. Agreed? (the gang grudgingly agrees) Good, let's move.

Cut to next scene.

Scene Four

Inside an X-Men style mansion. An alternative version of Igor (wearing a wolverine-style costume) leads the gang in.

Igorvene: S..s...someone to see you, professor (deeper) bud.

UnKnown Xavier: (coming out from the shadows in a wheelchair) Ah, hello and welcome to UnKnown Xavier's School for the Not Particularly Gifted. (Pause) Pray tell, what are you not particularly gifted in?

Worm Mad: Uh, hi. We're just visiting this area and we were wondering if a few of us could stay here while the others see the sights.

Igorvene: (mumbling) This...s..s isn't a hotel...(deeper) bud.

UnKnown Xavier: (smiling) Please ignore Igorvene, you are welcome to stay. And, while you're here, I'll show you how I manipulate the mutants who live with me and shatter their dreams. (Pause) Now, which of you will be staying?

Worm Mad: (to the others) Well?

PinkWorm: Have you got an ice-hockey rink, Prof?

UnKnown Xavier: Several.

PinkWorm: I'll stay then.

tundraH: I don't mind staying. I'd like to meet some of the mutants.

UnKnown Xavier: Excellent. (Pause, confidentially) Although, I must warn you that the mutants' special powers aren't particularly...exciting.

Igorvene: (stuttering) I...I can make spikes shoot out of my ears, (deeper) bud.

UnKnown Xavier: (shiftily) Yes...that's a bit annoying, actually.

thomasp: I'll stay if you've got Macs around here rather than PC's.

UnKnown Xavier: We have a wide variety of Macs. (Pause) Although I've never heard of these...PCs...of which you speak.

thomasp: Somebody, pinch me, I'm in heaven!

KamikazeBananze: I think I'll stay as well. I'm fed up with all this detective work.

Worm Mad: Then, it's settled. You guys stay here while me, Paul, Sarge, Squirm, Blinx, Some, Star and Whitey explore.

KamikazeBananze: Sounds good to me. See you all, later.

Cut to next scene.

Scene Five

Cut to random student accommodation.

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Caption: Somewhere in the Altiverse...

Cut to inside house. Alt-Betong is reading a book entitled 'Vampires...they're REAL! (honest)'

Alt-Nutter: (walking in) Man, you have to stop reading that garbage! It's all make-believe and fairytales!

Alt-Betong: (in a wild manner) No, you're wrong, man! It's true! It's ALL true! (Pause) They like bite you and then you die and then all kinds of crazy shit goes down!

Alt-Nutter: Uh-huh? And you got all this info from that book, did you?

Alt-Betong: (irritated) No...no, of course not. (Pause) I got it from the writer of the book, Acclaimed Vampire-Slayer – Pink.Z.Worm.

Alt-PinkWorm: (jumping in through the window) Pink.Z.Worm is in the how-wow-wow-se!

Alt-Nutter: (to PinkWorm) You told this lunatic where you live? (to PinkWorm) No offence.

Alt-PinkWorm: Pink.Z.Worm don't take no offence. He goes on the o-ffens-ive. (Alt-PinkWorm dances)

Alt-Nutter: Why are you here, anyway?

Alt-PinkWorm: Vampires.

Alt-Nutter: Well, you're wasting you're time. We don't have any – (Alt-Pink stakes Betong, with his ice-hockey stick, who crumbles into dust) vam...pires.

Alt-PinkWorm: Sorry about staking your vamp friend, buddy, but a Slayer's gotta do what a Slayer's got to do!

Alt-Nutter: (grinning) I never liked the guy, anyway.

Voice-Over: We now return you to your feature presentation.

Cut to next scene.

Scene Six

Cut to the street which the regulars appeared from. Another rift in space-time appears and Zero & The Team step out.

“Stakes”: That wasn't as painful as it looked.

Zero72: (shrugging) Well, you know this dimension-jumping, piece of cake when you get the hang of it.

“Stakes”: Yeah.

Zero72: So, we're in a zany parallel universe. (Pause) Cool.

Root: Now we must seek out the source of the evil which is plaguing it.

Count Ferrell-Envelope: Same ol' Same ol'.

Newt: Maybe those guys can help us out? (she points to Mad & Co who are walking by)

Zero72: Worm Mad? (calling) Oi! Worm Mad!

Worm Mad: (walking up to Zero) Why if it isn't my old friend, Zero72. (Pause) And what brings you to this hellhole of a place?

Zero72: Chicks, man. In it for the ladies!

Worm Mad: Me too!

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Root: (annoyed) What? That's not the reason. You're trying to find and kill a great evil (pointing to Worm Mad) And you were just escaping from your enemies.

Worm Mad & Zero72: Oh yeah...

SomePerson: So now we've got to find some ancient evil?

Worm Mad: (to SomePerson) Fraid' so, SomePerson. We can't leave this lot to discover the evil on their own.

SomePerson: (groaning) Okay, but I better be back home by Wednesday or my salmon are going to starve to death.

FatWhitey: If we're not back by Wednesday, we'll *all* starve to death.

Newt: What are you talking about? There's bound to be food here.

FatWhitey: But tasty food? What about that? (Pause) I mean – some of us would rather die than eat something as bland as Pot Noodle.

Blinx: But I like Pot Noodles. (they all look at him) What? It's not a crime!

philby4000: (approaching, dressed as a policeman) Actually sir, I'm afraid it is. You're under arrest.

Blinx: YOU'LL NEVAR TAKE ME ALEEEEV! (he runs down the street, followed by philby)

SargeMcCluck: (sighs) And there I was thinking he'd fixed that spelling problem of his.

Count Ferrell-Envelope: Well, you know these things always come back to haunt the people who think they're cured. It's inevitable.

FatWhitey: (annoyed) What rubbish! That's preposterous! I mean, I don't need cake anymore. That chocolaty, caramelised, soft, crumbly, melts in your mouth...

(drooling), wondrous, delicious, tasty...tasty....(cracking up) I CAN'T TAKE IT... I thought I could beat it! But I can't! It's too much! Too much!

Worm Mad: (to Envelope, sarcastic) Great! You've driven one of our finest allies insane. Nice work, Count!

Count Ferrell-Envelope: Well, you win some. You lose some.

Root: Enough messing about. We must find the evil power that we seek.

“Stakes” (to Root) You're the Source of a lot of evil. Can't you detect it or something?

Root: I can. At least, I think so...(Pause) Follow me. (she begins to walk along the road, the rest follow)

Star Worms: (to S2k) Whatever this evil is, it won't stand a chance against my lightsaber. (pointing to his belt)

S-2k: (looking at the lightsaber) It's plastic and has 'Made in Tibet' engraved on it.

Star Worms: Oh crap! Don't tell me I brought the dummy-lightsaber *again!*

Cut to next scene.

Scene Seven

Cut to Alternative-Power's Lair of Evil. He sits in a throne, sipping a martini with his inventions scattered around him.

Alternative-2k: (a rusty alt version of S-2k, he moves up to the throne and kneels before it) My master, my calculations indicate that a group of individuals from the Dimension #02301 have entered into our own – only four hours ago.

Alternative-Power: Ah, my mechanical monstrosity, this is interesting news.

Alternative-2k: Why, master?

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Alternative-Power: Because it occurred just after I spoke to the prime minister...which would indicate that he has requested outside assistance in order to help him with this problem. (Pause, contemplating) He must also have some kind of dimension-hopping device to have accomplished this. Hmmm...

Alternative-2k: How can I be of assistance?

Alternative-Power: Open my communications channel with the prime minister. (Pause) Oh, and kill those dimension-jumping jerks. We can't have anything interfering with my plan.

Alternative-2k: Yes, master. (he scuttles off)

Alternative-Power: And so... another piece is added to the puzzle. How intriguing.

Cut to Alt-Mad's office, he is arguing with Trax.

Alternative-Mad: No, Traxada! I don't think challenging the terrorist to a drawing competition will help us! We need to find him and eradicate him!

Traxada: And how do we find him? We don't even know his name!

A monitor rises up and switches itself on, Alt-Power is on it.

Alternative-Power: (grinning) Professor Paul Dot Power at your service, Mr. Prime Minister. (Pause) So, you thought sending goons after me from an alternative dimension would stop me, eh?

Alternative-Mad: (perplexed) Alternative dimensions? What are you talking about?

Alternative-Power: (laughing) As if you don't know. Really, Mr. Mad, you underestimate me! (folding his arms) I've already sent someone to deal with them and believe me, he's one of those 'ask questions later' kind of guys.

Alternative-Mad: What are you talking about?!

Alternative-Power: (angry) Enough games, Mr. Mad. I want your dimension-hopping device. Deliver it to me within the next 24hrs and nobody will be harmed.

Alternative-Mad: You're insane, I don't ha...(Traxada puts his hand over Alt-Mad's mouth, silencing him) pthh fthlfnk...

Traxada: (half-laughing) Ha ha...heh...The PM's just kidding with you. We'll have the Dimension-Hopper to you within the next 24hrs, I guarantee.

Alternative-Power: Excellent! Well, Adieu, then. (he disappears and the monitor descends)

Traxada: (removing his hand from Mad's mouth) Phew!

Alternative-Mad: (to Traxada, angry) Have you completely lost the plot? We don't have a dimension jumping device!

Traxada: No, but he doesn't know that and in the meantime we can have our Spymaster, SargeMcCluck look into his details and try to track him down.

Alternative-Mad: SargeMcCluck, eh? I thought we fired him.

Traxada: No, that was Pickleworm, sir.

Alternative-Mad: Oh, yeah. (laughing) Now *he* was quite a character!

Traxada: (shocked) Sir! He threw you out of a moving vehicle!

Alternative-Mad: (smiling) Yeah, good times.

Trax sighs. Cut to next scene.

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Scene Eight

The good guys are walking through an abandoned parking lot.

Count Ferrell-Envelope: (to Root) So how long till we reach this evil dude?

FatWhitey: Yeah, I'm getting hungry.

SomePerson: Me too.

Root: I'm not sure if we're close to reaching the evil we seek but we are closing in on another source of evil.

SomePerson: (sarcastic) Oh, great! Now there's two sources of evil!

"Stakes": (grinning) What are you talking about? It's exciting!

SomePerson: Pfft... for you, maybe. But bear in mind that I spend most of my time tending to injured fishes. I'm not really looking for a fight.

Alt-2k jumps in front of them (as if from nowhere). Alt versions of FatWhitey (who looks extremely malnourished and has an insane grin on his face – he carries a chain) and SomePerson (he wears a necklace of fish skulls around his neck and carries a giant can opener) walk out of the shadows behind him.

Alt-2k: That's a shame, interloper, because you found one.

Newt: (to Root) Would this be the evil you were talking about?

Root: Er...yes.

Newt: (to Envelope) Next time, I pick where we go for a good time, Okay? (Envelope shrugs and half-nods)

Alt-Whitey: (striking a battle pose) You paltry mortals are no match for the awesome power of... AnorexicWhitey!

FatWhitey: (to Worm Mad) Did he just say 'AnorexicWhitey'?

Worm Mad: Well, he didn't say 'Joan of Arc', that's for damned sure.

Alt-Person: And quake in fear, small fry, for you have picked the wrong day to mess with the one they call SomePerson, owner of the best fish restaurant in town and a black belt in ka-ra-te!

SomePerson: (to Alt-Person, horrified) You monster! I mean... me monster! (sighing) Oh, I'm so confused.

Squirminator2k: If these phoneys want a fight... then bring it on.

Worm Mad: Indeed. For we are trained in the Seven Deadly Arts. (striking a kung-fu pose) WOOOH-PAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH! (he runs at Alt-2k and attempts an upper cut on his robotic jaw. Alt-2k grabs his arm and begins to twist it) Ow...

Alt-2k: Pathetic mortal. You are no match for me. (he breaks Mad's arm)

Worm Mad: Ouch! Quit it!

Squirminator2k: (to Alt-2k) Leave him alone. This is a battle for machines, not men.

Alt-2k: (tossing Mad aside) Very well. We will fight...till our files corrupt and all that we have left is our RAM. (Pause) And that shall lead us to Valhalla!

Squirminator2k: (nodding) Uh-huh? You're not all there, are you?

Alt-2k: Not since I lost my copy of Amiga Power, Issue #1. (Pause) It hurts to speak sometimes.

Squirminator2k: (to the others) Go! I'll handle this alone.

Worm Mad: (standing up, mildly dazed) Oh no you won't! (he runs towards Alt-2k screaming then runs past him and kicks Alt-Whitey in the jaw)

Alt-Whitey: My facsh...my bootiful fasch... (he falls to the floor unconscious)

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Worm Mad: Okay, I'm done. (to S-2k) Good luck with the fighting.

Everyone makes their way outside except S-2k and Alt-2k.

Alt-2k: (to S-2k) You'd better be ready, 2k. Cause it's Judgement Day!

The pair run at each other and exchange blows. Cut to outside.

Alt-Person: (to the good guys) You better watch out, small fry. I'll be watching you. (he runs away and hides behind a tree.)

"Stakes": (sighing) Why are the evil guys always insane?

Zero72: (to "Stakes") Dunno... (realising) Hey! You're not dead!

"Stakes": Well, technically I'm undead but...

Zero72: (interrupting) No, I mean, we're out in the daylight and you haven't died.

"Stakes": (looking around) Oh, yeah. (Pause) I guess they get a different type of sunlight here.

Paul.Power: (typing something into a calculator) Indeed they do! Here, the concentration of the Sun's rays is 17% less. Probably due to the fact that the Ozone Layer is still intact and the Sun is further away.

SargeMcCluck: I thought it was a little cold.

"Stakes" and Zero72: (simultaneously) And now we know...

FatWhitey: (to Root) So, the evil's being dealt with by 2k, right?

Root: That evil... but there is another far more dangerous evil in this dimension.

FatWhitey: And where does that live?

Root: (pointing to a large, dark and foreboding castle in the distance) There!

Worm Mad: You don't need super-powers to see that!

Cut to next scene.

Scene Nine

Alt-McCluck is creeping around Alt-Power's castle. He is dressed in a black hooded cloak. All of a sudden, his phone starts playing the "Worms" themetune. Alt-McCluck frantically fumbles about for the phone under his cloak and retrieving it, answers it.

Alt-McCluck: (whispering) Hello?

Alt-Mad: (on the other end of the phone) Hello.

Alt-McCluck: (whispering) Is it me you're looking for?

Alt-Mad: Why else would I phone you, you idiot?

Alt-McCluck: Good point.

Alt-Mad: What's happening? Did you find out who this Power guy is?

Alt-McCluck: Indeed I did. He appears to have once been an eminent and highly regarded scientist, working at the Ossetton Research Facility.

Alt-Mad: What went wrong?

Alt-McCluck: He accidentally injected one of his patients with custard. They died instantly and he was made into a laughing stock. Never again could he show his face in public without being labelled as 'The Custard Killer'

Alt-Mad: So what did he do?

Alt-McCluck: He vowed revenge on the whole of mankind, went into hiding and hadn't been seen since... until yesterday.

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“Stakes”: (to Alt-Mad) So, what’s the beef? What do you want?

Traxada: (to “Stakes”, angrily) You will treat our Prime Minister with a little more respect, lady!

Alt-Mad: (to Traxada) Whoa, Calm down, Mr. Traxada. (Pause) This young lady has every right to wonder what we’re here for.

Count Ferrell-Envelope: Which is?

Alt-Mad: We’ve been tracking you since you crossed over into our dimension. In fact, a terrorist, who plans to kill us all in a few days time, believes we brought you here. (Pause) So, I guess the question on everyone’s lips is... Why are you here?

Root: We’re here to track down and destroy a great evil that lives in the fortress up ahead.

Alt-Mad: (grinning) Ooh! Inter-dimensional Evil Busters! That’s amazing, isn’t it, Mr. Traxada?

Traxada: Très Nifty, sir. Très, Très Nifty...

Alt-Mad: Well, don’t want to stop you doing our job so we’ll be on our merry way! (he hops into the helicopter with Traxada) See you guys, later!

Worm Mad: (saluting) Glod bless you, Mr. Prime Minister.

Alt-Mad salutes back and the helicopter ascends and flies away.

Worm Mad: (to Zero72, grinning) What a nice guy!

Zero72: (sighing) You’re loving this, aren’t you?

Worm Mad: What?

Zero72: That an alternative version of you is Prime Minister. That he’s actually done something worthwhile with his life.

Worm Mad: (outraged) I’ve done something worthwhile in my life.

Zero72: What’s that? You bum around a pub all day and make wise-cracks.

Worm Mad: Well, somebody has to. (Pause, thinking) What about the time that I caught that meddlesome ghoul in Scorched City?

Zero72: (grinning) Graham?!?

Worm Mad: That’s the guy.

Root: (to Mad, laughing) He was one of our lamest villains. Nutter didn’t even bother to add him to the Creature-Files.

“Stakes”: (to Root) We have Creature-Files?

Root: (nodding) Yep, you’re down in it as Creature #465.

“Stakes”: (sighing) Why does nobody tell me about anything?

SargeMcCluck: Because you’re a vampire?

“Stakes”: Oi!

SargeMcCluck: Just making an observation. (Pause) You are...a vampire, aren’t you?

“Stakes”: Of course I’m a vampire, what else sizzles in the sun and is easily staked.

SargeMcCluck: Lamb Chops? (“Stakes” glares at him) Sorry, just another observation. Ha...ha....I’ll shut up, now.

“Stakes”: You do that.

SomePerson: Hmmm... I hope S-2k’s alright.

Star Worms: Yeah, I have to admit, I’m a bit worried about him.

Root: We can’t afford to worry about him. (Pause) We must carry on with our quest...regardless of the cost.

Worm Mad: The cost? I left my wallet back in our dimension.

Root: Not that type of cost.

Worm Mad: Phew...

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Cut to the parking lot, S-2k has been torn in to two pieces. Alt-2k is holding his top half in the air.

Alt-2k: It is over. Any last words before I terminate you.

Squirminator2k: Yeah...(Pause) I'd just like to say that... it's been a blast!

He opens a hatch on his chest revealing a large red 'SELF-DESTRUCT' button and presses it. The explosion tears through the parking lot. Cut to next scene.

Scene Eleven

The good guys arrive at the castle's perimeter.

FatWhitey: What now?

Root: We must enter the castle and find the evil unnoticed.

Zero72: (to Worm Mad) Just like a video-game, eh?

Worm Mad: (to Zero) Dude, did you ever play "Castle of Doom"?

Zero72: No, was it any good?

Worm Mad: (thinking) Not really...

Star Worms: I think I played it! (Pause) No, wait that was "Star Wars: Episode One: Racer".

Root: Enough of this. We need to think of a strategy.

Newt: I could cast an invisibility spell on us.

FatWhitey: (grinning) +3 Resistance!

Root: (annoyed, to FatWhitey) Could you people please shut up for a moment?

(Pause, to Newt) We can't use an invisibility spell because he's a great evil. He'd see right through it.

Newt: Oh, yeah, right.

SomePerson: How about a secret passageway that runs beneath the castle?

Root: (sarcastic) Oh, yeah. Great idea. I'm sure we're going to find one of those.

SomePerson: (lifting up a stone, revealing a hole with a ladder leading downwards)
Ta-daa!

Root: (lost for words) Wha-? How-? Wha-?

SomePerson: Just call it SomePerson know-how.

Root: But...but...but...

Zero72: Shut up and follow me! (he jumps down the hole. The others follow)

Cut to next scene.

Scene Twelve

Our heroes walk along a dark corridor. They reach a large wooden door.

Zero72: Hmm, I'm going to take a look behind this door. If it's safe, I'll tell you and you can follow me.

The others nod and Zero opens the door and enters the room. It is a circular room but is fairly dark. There are candles dotted around on the walls and a half-made bed in the corner. There is also a ladder leading upwards. Zero looks around when all of a sudden, a figure throws him to

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a wall and raises a saber-esque weapon which he switches on. It has a red blade-thingy and illuminates his face showing him to be an alternative version of Zero with white hair.

Alt-Zero: (in an evil voice) Now you...dIEEEEEEEEEEE! (he thrusts the weapon at Zero who closes his eyes but the weapon doesn't hit his head, instead chopping off his ponytail. Grinning and releasing Zero.) Psych!

Zero72: (horrified, holding the ponytail in his hands) You...you chopped off my ponytail...

Alt-Zero: (laughing) Cool it, baby! It'll grow back!

Zero72: (getting angry) You...YOU chopped off my PONYTAIL!

Alt-Zero: (mocking) Oh, is widdle Zeor gonna cwyy? Oh, poor widdle Ze... (Zero turns on his sabre and chops off Alt-Zero's ponytail before he can finish the sentence) Wha--?

Zero72: (grinning) Cool it, baby! It'll grow back!

Alt-Zero: But m...my ponytail!?! The chicks *dig* the ponytail! Waaaaaaah! (Alt-Zero cries)

Zero72: It's gone, it's all gone! Waaaaaaaah! (Zero cries too)

Alt-Zero: (sobbing) At...at least we'll always have...the memories!

They both begin sobbing on each others shoulders, consoling each other. The door opens and "Stakes" steps through.

"Stakes": (smiling, to Zero) Oh, cool! You got rid of that dumb ponytail!

Zero72 & Alt-Zero: (yelling simultaneously) It was a *manly* ponytail!

"Stakes": He he. Whatever. (Pause) Hey, Zero, is it safe for us to come in?

Zero72: (reluctantly) Yeah, I suppose... this guy seems harmless enough.

Alt-Zero: (indignantly) Hey! Hey! I'm Captain Danger! I'm the lord of the Collateral Damage, y'hear?

Zero72: (to Alt-Zero) Do you even think about the things you say before they come out of your mouth?

Alt-Zero: Sometimes, but it gets in the way of my sophisticated charms. (as Root and Newt enter the room with the others) Hey, ladies, looking for a g-reeeeat time? Oooh, yah. Zero's da man! (Alt-Zero dances)

Newt: (to Envelope) My god, he's an even bigger jerk than *our* Zero!

Zero72: (to Newt) What did you say?

Newt: Er...Cheese?

Zero72: (scowling) You'd better have just said 'Cheese'. Because if you didn't... (he shakes his fist menacingly)

SomePerson: (to Alt-Zero) So, uh, got any tips on chatting up girls?

Alt-Zero: Man, I wrote *the* book on chatting up girls! (Pause) No, seriously, I did. Take a copy. (he hands SomePerson a book)

SargeMcCluck: (to Alt-Zero, cynical) So, why's a literary babe-magnet like yourself living beneath the lair of an evil mastermind?

Alt-Zero: They thought it would make a good TV Show.

SargeMcCluck: (confused) Who did?

Alt-Zero: My publicist, Blinx. He's making a show called 'Living Beneath the Evil' about people who live in rooms beneath evil people. He suggested I moved here for the show but he hasn't been round in weeks.

Worm Mad: Tough break.

Alt-Zero: Yeah, and that deal with "Just the Truth Magazine" about my scandalous relationship with Token Girl while I was still married to Pillow fell through, because

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Token Girl refused to appear in it. (sighing) It's times like this that I wonder if the world deserves someone as perfect as me.

Zero72: (to Envelope) Let's go and kill the evil guy before this imbecile makes a bigger fool of himself than he already has.

Count Ferrell-Envelope: But he's you!

Zero72: He's a warped-version of me. We have nothing at all in common.

Alt-Zero: (to Zero) What did you say?

Zero72: Er...Cheese?

Alt-Zero: (scowling) You'd better have just said 'Cheese'. Because if you didn't... (he shakes his fist menacingly)

Worm Mad: (to Alt-Zero) So, are you a vampire slayer, like Zero?

Alt-Zero: (perplexed) What's a vampire?

"Stakes": I'm a vampire.

Alt-Zero: Oh, you mean good-looking girls? Well, I don't kill them but I do slay them with my good looks and personality (he laughs) Feel free to use that one.

Root: Enough chit-chat. Where does the ladder lead?

Alt-Zero: To the balcony overlooking the room where the evil-dude lives. He's a noisy bugger, always laughing manically. Sometimes it's hard to get to sleep at night.

Root: Don't worry about that. Go to bed and we'll sort out the evil guy.

Alt-Zero: (grinning) Will anyone be coming to bed with me? (our heroes begin ascending the ladder one by one until they've all gone) Guess not. (he takes out a mobile phone and rings a number) Hey, Dart, babe. I was just wondering if you wanted to...uh-huh...washing your hair...right well that does sound pretty urgent but surely...uh-huh...on fire you say?

Cut to next scene.

Scene Thirteen

Cut to prison. Blinx is sitting in jail with his guitar. Someone else is sat next to him with a shroud over their head. philby4000 is standing outside on guard.

Blinx: (to the other prisoner) What are you in here for?

Prisoner: I belong to the SupSuper Clan. We believe that his Superness will rise again and when he does, darkness will envelope the world!

Blinx: That's all very nice but why did they put you in prison?

Prisoner: It appears the *man* doesn't like some of the stuff that our illustrious clan does. I was arrested for my religious beliefs. It's an injustice!

Blinx: You were put in jail just for holding certain religious beliefs?

Prisoner: Well, that and illegal possession of Cannabis.

Blinx: Ah...

Prisoner: What crime did you commit, anyway?

Blinx: Liking Pot Noodles.

Prisoner: You are a sick, *sick* man!

Blinx: (singing) *Lemme Out... Let me out of here... Been in jail, far too long and I'm running out of beer...*

Prisoner: You can't talk to the *man* like that!

Blinx: Why not?

Prisoner: He hates singing, don't you, philby?

philby4000: (looking over) Hate it even more than I hate you, you degenerate filth!

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Our heroes jump down and land in front of Alt-Power.

Alt-Power: (laughing) Oh this is really too much... Who are you people anyway?

Zero72: Zero72, Vampire Slayer Extraordinaire.

FatWhitey: FatWhitey, Dimension-Jumper.

“Stakes”: “Stakes”, Fearless Vampire.

Root: Root, Source of vast amounts of Supernatural Evil.

Worm Mad: Worm Mad, Slacker for Hire.

Newt: Newt, Super-Powerful Witch.

Count Ferrell-Envelope: Envelope, here. (to Alt-Power, indicating Newt) I'm her boyfriend.

Paul.Power: And I'm Paul.Power, eminent scientist and all-round good guy.

Alt-Power: (looking at PP) Wow! It's like looking into a mirror... (sneering) Albeit, a rather cracked mirror.

Paul.Power: (to Alt-Power) You're a disgrace to the name, Power.

Alt-Power: (laughing) No...I'm not the disgrace. I'm the one who lives up to the name. (walking up to Paul) You see... (Pause) I'm the one with the POWER! (he thrusts the dagger that formerly belonged to Alt-Cluck into PP's stomach)

Paul.Power: Crumbs! (he falls to the floor and falls unconscious)

Worm Mad: (shouting at Alt-Power) You BASTARD!

Alt-Power: Sticks and stones might break my bones, Mad-boy, but words shall never hurt me.

Newt: (uttering a spell) Quazo-Muzzal-Jebus-Dubbul-Enten...

Alt-Power: (turning to look at Newt) Fuzzel. (Newt is frozen to the spot)

Count Ferrell-Envelope: (to Alt-Power, angry) What did you do to her?

Alt-Power: Just froze her with a little spell I learnt from my days at Cambridge. Quite simple when you know how. (laughing) She's quite unharmed if that's what you mean. (Pause) You should have realised by now that whatever you throw at me, I can resist. (a coconut bounces off his head)

Worm Mad: (worried) Er...that was me. (Pause) Sorry, just testing.

Alt-Power: Speaking of testing. (he pulls out a small device from his pocket) Here's something I've been meaning to test out. (he points it at Worm Mad and a laser shoots out from it, shrinking Worm Mad to the size of an ant)

Worm Mad: Oh great, now I've been shrunk. (Pause) This day sucks.

FatWhitey: 2004 Sucks!

Alt-Power: Well, come on. Anyone else, fancy a fight?

SargeMcCluck: (he has just finished beating Alt-Person with the can-opener) Just finished mine, thanks.

Root: (to Alt-Power) I can defeat you. I can control some evil.

Alt-Power: Supernatural evil, dear. There's nothing supernatural about me.

Root: I don't think you fully understand. Whitey! (FatWhitey opens a dimension portal and they both jump through. It then closes)

Count Ferrell-Envelope: (horrified) Oh, good god, they've scarpered!

“Stakes”: (to Envelope) We can take them!

Count Ferrell-Envelope: (to “Stakes”) Really? And how should we do that?

Zero72: (through gritted teeth) Like this! (he draws his saber and runs at Alt-Power who draws his own saber and clashes it with Zero)

Alt-Power: (smiling) A duel, eh? How exciting.

Zero72: (as they fight) You can't defeat me. I'm a vampire slayer.

Alt-Power: Well, I'm sorry, old boy. (Pause) But I'm not a vampire.

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Zero72: Demons, ghosts, I can slay em all.

Alt-Power: Even...humans? (Zero72 drops his guard for a second, allowing Alt-Power to knock the saber out of his hand) Game Over, Slayer. Game Over.

Zero72: Continue! Continue! Aww, come on! I have three lives left!

Alt-Power: Hasta La Vista, Zeor. (he is about to slay Zero when a portal opens up on the other side of the hall. Out of it come FatWhitey and Root riding a large demonic dragon-esque creature.) Oh, fiddlesticks.

The dragon reaches Alt-P with terrifying speed and devours him. It then lands and FW and Root step off it. The portal closes.

Zero72: Phew! I've never been so happy to see you, guys.

SargeMcCluck: But how did you do it?

Root: I knew that I couldn't control Power because he wasn't supernatural but then I thought... there are other dimensions with creatures that I could control and use to defeat him, so I telepathically contacted Whitey and got him to open a portal, so we could go and pick one up.

SargeMcCluck: Ingenious!

"Stakes": (to Root) Wait a second, you're a telepath now. (Pause, looks deep in thought) Ah, right. That explains it.

Count Ferrell-Envelope: What explains it? (Pause, looks deep in thought) Right, thanks Root, all cleared up now.

Alt-Power cuts his way out of the dragon-demon's stomach and stands up, laughing.

Alt-Power: Mwahahaha... I am unstoppable!

Envelope picks up the shrink-ray which lying on the floor (having fallen there during the ruckus) and points it at Alt-Power.

Count Ferrell-Envelope: You know, you appear to have a rather inflated ego. Maybe you should go see a shrink! (he shrinks Alt-Power)

Alt-Power: Curses! I'm tiny!

Worm Mad: (walking up to him with a toothpick) Tiny enough for me to kick your arse, Prof-boy! (he swings the toothpick into Alt-Power's chest causing him to be catapulted across the room, to where SargeMcCluck is standing)

SargeMcCluck: This is for the other me! (he steps on Alt-Power)

"Stakes": Thank heavens that lunatic is finally dead.

Zero72: Yeah... Everything has wrapped up nicely. I guess this is the end.

THE END

Worm Mad: What are you talking about? This isn't the end. I'm still shrunk. Newt's still frozen. Paul may well be dead. SomePerson and Star Worms need medical attention. Blinx is in jail and we don't know what's happened to S-2k.

Zero72: Good point.

FatWhitey: There's only one person who can help us with all these problems... Worm Mad.

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Worm Mad: Wahoo!

FatWhitey: The other Worm Mad.

Worm Mad: Hmmph...

Cut to next scene.

Scene Fifteen

Alt-Mad's office. A back-to-normal Worm Mad and Zero72 sit opposite Alt-Mad.

Worm Mad: Thanks for restoring me to my normal size, Mr Prime Minister.

Alt-Mad: Ah, think nothing of it. You people saved our town and my reputation, it's the least I can do. (Pause) I also restored Newt to her old self this morning. (Pause) As for SomePerson and Star Worms, they're recovering in hospital. They should be out in a few hours.

Zero72: What about our Paul.Power?

Alt-Mad: Well... I'm afraid he's dead. (WM and Zero look shocked)

Worm Mad: (sobbing) And I never got to tell him that I stole 20p from him in order to pay off a library fine!

Zero72: (sobbing) I never thanked him for helping me construct the Zero-Saber.

Worm Mad: (to Zero) I thought you constructed that with your own bare hands?

Zero72: Well, now you know.

Worm Mad: (sobbing) And now I know!

Alt-Mad: (reassuringly) No need for despair just yet, lads. (they both look at him) I have here (he pulls out a box) a box that contains a special Plot-Device button which will allow me to bring one person back to life, no questions asked. (Pause) I was going to bring back our SargeMcCluck but then I remembered that I never really liked the guy, anyway. So I'm going to bring back your Paul.Power.

Worm Mad and Zero72: Oh, thank you, Mr. Prime Minister!

Alt-Mad: Don't mention it. It's my pleasure.

Worm Mad: Well, we'd best be going.

Zero72: Gateway to our dimension to escape through and all that.

Alt-Mad: (saluting) Drop in anytime.

Worm Mad and Zero72 smile politely and leave the room. Cut to the street. Our heroes (including the ones who were left at Xavier's mansion) are standing about.

SomePerson: (with his arm in a sling, to KamikazeBananze) Have fun?

KamikazeBananze: Not really. I was trying to take a break from crime-solving but I ended up trying to deduce who stole UnKnown Xavier's cat.

SomePerson: Who was it?

KamikazeBananze: (looking at tundraH, annoyed) tundraH!

tundraH: I keep telling you... it was Mystique in disguise and I was trying to interrogate her!

KamikazeBananze: (to SomePerson) He's gone all Marvelverse on us, since he discovered that we were staying in a blatant rip-off of the mansion from X-Men.

thomasp: (winking) The truth is out there!

tundraH: That's the X-Files, you idiot!

thomasp: (sulking) I'm aware of that.

“Stakes”: (to Paul.Power) So, what's it like to be to living again?

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Paul.Power: It's okay. Kind of weird, though. (Pause, sadly) Y'know, when you've seen the other side...

“Stakes” (grinning) I go to the other side on holidays. They have satellite.

FatWhitey: (opening up a portal, to Zero) This should take you back to your HQ, Zero.

Zero72: Thanks, Whitey. We'll phone you when we get back. (he jumps through the portal)

Root: Catch you later, guys! (she jumps through)

Count Ferrell-Envelope: See you soon! (he jumps through)

Newt: Bye! (she jumps through)

“Stakes”: Don't forget to bite! (she winks and jumps through, the portal closes)

FatWhitey: Now to open one to take us home.

SargeMcCluck: And if the monsters are still there?

FatWhitey: I think after what we've been through today, we're ready to face them.

Worm Mad: I think we were ready to face them before but each to his own, I guess.

Traxada: (walking up to them) We investigated the scene of the parking lot you guys mentioned. There wasn't much left. (Pause) All we could find were these. (he hands Worm Mad a couple of computer chips) I'm sorry.

Worm Mad: (sighing) Squirminator... (to Traxada) Paul might be able to bring him back online when we get back to our dimension. We'll just have to wait and see.

Traxada: Good luck. (he smiles and walks away)

FatWhitey: (opening the portal) Let's go! (KB, thomasp, PinkWorm and tundraH jump through) Next lot! (SargeMcCluck, SomePerson and Paul.Power jump through) Next lot!

Worm Mad: You mean me?

FatWhitey: Yeah, you. (Worm Mad jumps through) And now it's my turn. Though I feel like I've forgotten something... (Pause) Oh, well. (he is about to jump through when...)

Blinx: (running along the road, pursued by philby4000) Wait, Whitey! WAIT FOR ME!

FatWhitey: Hurry up, Blinx. (FatWhitey jumps through the warp but leaves it open. Blinx dives through but philby dives in after him. The warp closes)

The prisoner from the jail watches the spot where the warp was and pulls off the shroud over his head. It is Alternative-Spadge.

Alt-Spadge: (sighing) And they call me insane?

Cut to next scene.

Scene Sixteen

Team HQ – Nutter's House. Normal Dimension. Zero and the others jump into the lounge area. Nutter is sitting on the couch looking miserable.

“Stakes”: (enthusiastic) We're back, Nutter!

Nutter: (sadly) I can see that.

“Stakes”: (confused) We can go again, if you want...

Nutter: It's not you...

Zero72: (moving over to where Nutter is, highly concerned) What's the matter, Nutter? What's wrong?

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Nutter: (miserable) Something horrible... Something terrible.

Zero72: (serious) What is it? Whatever it is, I'll deal with it.

Nutter: The AREF Educational Division has decided that anyone below the age of twenty-five must compulsorily attend the AREF facility.

Zero72: What are you trying to tell me, Nutter?

Nutter: You're going back to school, Zero.

Zero72: (sitting down next to him, horrified) This is terrible.

Zack Morris: (walking in from the neighbouring room, putting his arm round Zero's shoulders) Tell me about it! It Sucks! But don't worry I have some 'ideas' that should see us through the year without Mr. Belding giving us one detention.

Zero72: Who the hell are you?

Zack Morris winks knowingly at the camera. There is canned laughter. Cut to the former OD-Pub location. The regulars appear through the warp.

philby4000: (looking around) What the-? Where the 'eck am I?

PinkWorm: Our dimension. But something's wrong.

Worm Mad: Whitey, are you sure this is the right dimension?

FatWhitey: (sadly) Positive.

Star Worms: Then where's the pub?

FatWhitey: We're standing on it.

They all look down at the rubble.

Paul.Power: This can't be good.

A giant UFO moves over the pub and buzzes. A green light envelopes the regulars and they are beamed aboard. Inside the spaceship, the regulars look around confused.

mocoworm: (entering with an alien-esque empress) These are the heroes I was telling you about, m'lady.

Empress HuntaKilla: (disgusted) You have got to be kidding me.

Cut to next scene.

Scene Seventeen

A large stage in a field is seen. There is heavy security and a large audience. Alt-Mad stands on the stage with a microphone. Alt-Kjatte and Alt-Futureworm stand behind him – K on guitar and FW on drums. A banner reading 'GLASTONVARLEY 2004' hangs atop the stage.

Caption: Meanwhile in the other dimension...

Alt-Mad: Okay, thanks for all coming here (Pause) although it was compulsory. Anyway, me and the guys are going to be playing a song that I wrote the other night before I went to bed. (the audience cheers) We hope you'll enjoy it. (Pause) It's called 'Just Our Heroes' and it goes...a little something like this. (he motions to the band members who begin playing the music, singing)

*They may have come from far away,
I couldn't say,*

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*They didn't stay,
They only came here for a day
And now again - they've gone away...*

*They didn't come for drink or food,
They didn't come to bask or brood,
They were not angry – were not rude,
Their course was clear – not strained or crude...*

*They saved the planet,
Saved us all,
From a guy with Power,
A guy named Paul...*

*They won't win accolades in the street,
They won't be worshipped by those they meet,
They won't feel the shine of the public eye,
They won't live here – they will not die...*

*The heroes - they have gone away,
And where they go – I cannot say,
They only came here for a day,
They're Just Our Heroes anyway...*

*Yes, they're – JUST OUR HEROES!
Yes they're – HEROES OF MINE!
Yes they're – JUST OUR HEROES, BABY!
So let their honour SHINE!*

*Yes, they're – JUST OUR HEROES!
Yes they're – HEROES OF MINE!
Yes they're – JUST OUR HEROES, BABY!
So let their honour SHINE!*

Cut to audience, Alt-Zero is in the audience with two girls (one of each arm)

Alt-Zero: (with a tear in his eye) Yes, let their honour shine... (turning to one of the girls, serious) Speaking of honour, what were you saying about a part opening up on the set of "The Mouse Files"?

Girl: They're looking for someone to play the part of I.B Squeecker.

Alt-Zero: (grinning) It's the part I was born to play, baby!

Cut to short overhead view of audience. The song continues as the credits roll.

THE END!?!
NOT BY A LONG SHOT...

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Well, it is the end of the film but it isn't the end of the adventures of our favourite pub-regulars or Zero72 and his rag-tag band of demon bashers. Look out for new Series' of "72 Ways to Die" and "17's Company", coming soon to a forum near you...

That's it, Now turn off your computer and go to sleep!