

17's Company - Series 999
"Open for Business"
Episode Three: The Fall and Rise
of KamikazeBananze
(and MtlAngelus)

KamikazeBananze is stood in a circular trial room, a judge sits high above him.

Judge: Kamikaze Douglas Bananze, you have served as the head of the local police station for over three years now, is that correct?

KamikazeBananze: Yes, sir.

Judge: And in all this time up until last week, you had never deliberately disobeyed a direct order from your superiors. Is that correct?

KamikazeBananze: Yes, sir.

Judge: Why did you disobey the order to stop searching for Blinx?

KamikazeBananze: Because I believe I can find him... I think I know where he is.

Judge: We know where he is as well. We just can't be bothered to act, Bananze. He's no threat.

KamikazeBananze: (extremely agitated) Are you out of your mind? He stole my secret socks! He's evil incarnate!

Judge: (laughing) He stole your...s..secret socks! Ho ho ho! That's a good one!

KamikazeBananze: (screaming) What's so funny?

Judge: S...secret socks... ho ho ho!

KamikazeBananze: (calming down) What's to become of me, sir?

Judge: (serious) Oh...um...well, to be perfect honest, Bananze... you're fired.

KamikazeBananze: (under his breath) Curse you, Blinx. CURSE YOU!

Cut to abandoned warehouse. The lights are low. MtlAngelus (in his old detective clothes) is stumbling around it.

MtlAngelus: Hello? Hello? Is there anyone here? (Pause) I got a note saying that a client wanted to meet me here. Are you here, Mr. Ansa Gnoteb? Mr. Ansa Gnoteb...

MtlAngelus comes around a corner. All of a sudden BetongÅsna jumps out at him, holding a stake and dressed as a clown.

BetongÅsna: Stakity-Stakity! Stakity-Stakity!

MtlAngelus runs. Hundreds of Betongs, just like the first, start swarming around the corners at him. MtlAngelus runs past them and to the doors of the warehouse. The Betongs are gaining on him. He struggles with the door and opens it. Light floods the room setting him on fire. He screams.

BetongÅsna: (in an evil voice) You're dead!

FatWhitey: (appearing next to him, holding a sandwich, to Betong) Kind of scary. I mean this is a comedy right? to be honest I was kind of scared.

BetongÅsna: (to Whitey) Sorry, you think I overdid it a little? (Whitey nods)

Ghost of MtlAngelus wakes up screaming in his room in hell.

Ghost of Bracket: (coming in) Yo, what's the matter? Bad dreams?

Ghost of MtlAngelus: (sweating, terrified) It was...F...FatWhitey, he had a sandwich. It...it was horrible.

Ghost of Bracket: Anything else?

Ghost of MtlAngelus: (casually) Oh, and a bunch of stuff about BetongÅsna killing me, but I get that all the time. (Bracket nods)

Ghost of Bracket: Word.

Ghost of MtlAngelus: Now don't start that again!

Cut to titles.

Title Music Lyrics

*There's a pub - in your imagination,
There's a pub - where all your dreams come true,
There's a pub - that is a real sensation,
There's a pub - for me and for you.*

*But this isn't the pub.
But this isn't the pub.
This isn't the pub - you're - looking for.*

*This is a pub - of laughter and disaster,
This is a pub - where pickles are dispensed,
This is a pub - of crazy crazy people,
This is a pub - but of pubs it's the best.*

*Things aren't always in black and white,
Things aren't always simple,
Things aren't always wrong or right.
This is the pub.*

*Open the door if you dare,
Open the door if you care,
For we are here and we're going to win the war.
This is the pub.*

This is the pub.

Beer and grub.

This is the pub.

Cast

1. Worm Mad (clip of Worm Mad dropping a Ming vase),
2. Paul.Power (three short clips of Paul.Power mixing various potions),
3. SargeMcCluck (clip of a shocked Sarge chin-driving down a hill),
4. thomasp (shot of a scared thomasp running as X-Boxes fall from the sky),
5. FatWhitey (shot of FatWhitey throwing a cake aside and eating a plate of crisps),
6. Pickleworm (shot of Pickleworm serving drinks from the bar),
7. Squirminator2k (shot of S-2k with half his face showing the robotics beneath)
8. Blinx (shot of Blinx levitating),
9. KamikazeBananze (joint shot with MtlAngelus, they stand next to each other looking out on the city, KamikazeBananze has detective clothes on)
10. MtlAngelus, Ghost of (see KamikazeBananze)
11. K^2, Ghost of (Shot of darkened room with creepy flickering computer)
12. PinkWorm (shot of PinkWorm playing ice hockey)
13. SomePerson (shot of SomePerson swimming under water with various fishes)
14. Ploegman (shot of Ploegman playing cards)
15. Star Worms?!? (Shot of a burnt out spaceship)
16. MonkeyforaHead (shot of an ape attacking MFAH)
17. tundraH (shot of an asleep tundraH)

Also Starring

The truly demonic, Neo-Casket (shot of furious flaming NC) and
The downright odd, Mischief (shot of Mischief holding a Viking hammer and grinning)

Cut to bar. Paul.Power's room. He is busy treating Star Worms (who looks a little better since last time)

Paul.Power: (hitting Star Worms' leg with a foam mallet) Does this hurt?

Star Worms: No.

Paul.Power: (hitting Star Worms' leg with a wooden mallet) How about this?

Star Worms: Not really.

Mischief: (popping up behind Paul.Power) Can I try?

Paul.Power: Oh, I don't see why not.

Mischief: (smashing her heavy metal hammer down upon his leg) Does this hurt?

Star Worms: (screeching) Owwwwwwwwww! Yes! Yes! Arrrrgggh!

Paul.Power: (turning to Mischief) Well, his reactions seem okay.

Mischief: Why don't we put him on the treadmill, now?

Paul.Power: What good will that do?

Mischief: It'd be funny.

Paul.Power: (smiling) Well, I can't argue with that.

Mischief: (discretely) Plus he could do with losing a few pounds.

Paul.Power: Don't worry about that. I took all the money out of his pockets when he came in.

Cut to MtlAngelus talking to a demonic secretary.

Ghost of MtlAngelus: Hi, would it possible to speak to BetongÅsna, please? He was my killer and I'd really like to get a few things off my chest to him.

Gormless Demonic Secretary: Sorry, sir, but Mr. Betong is currently [in Limbo](#).

Ghost of MtlAngelus: (laughing) I suppose they make him dance under sticks all the time.

FutureWorm: (approaching in a business suit and tie. To MtlAngelus) Sorry, but I couldn't help overhearing your conversation. I'm from the management and I'll have you know that we don't stoop as low as clichéd Limbo dancing jokes.

Ghost of MtlAngelus: So, what is the joke?

FutureWorm: (coughing irritably) Eh-hem. Hyperlink!

Ghost of MtlAngelus: Yeah. That link doesn't work anymore.

FutureWorm: (walking off, shaking his heads) Bah! But that was the funniest joke in this episode! Curse you, internet! Curse you, Team17! Curse you, Zuckerbeeerg!

Ghost of MtlAngelus: (to the secretary) Anyway, tell Betong to call me if he ever gets out. As for me, I have a date... with destiny!

Gormless Demonic Secretary: (smiling) Have fun! She's a nice girl, destiny is.

Ghost of MtlAngelus: Erm... not that destiny.

Gormless Demonic Secretary: Oh...right...

Cut to Open Discussion Pub. Paul.Power comes in from his lab and taps Pickleworm on the shoulder.

Paul.Power: Hi!

Pickleworm: (turning round) Yo, wassup, Paul? Is Star Worms okay?

Paul.Power: He's got some intergalactic space illness from something he ate but I'm sure he'll be okay.

Pickleworm: Does he remember what he ate?

Paul.Power: No, in fact he's got no memory of the last two months.

Pickleworm: Got drunk?

Paul.Power: That's what I'm guessing. (Pause) What are you doing?

Pickleworm: Me, Worm Mad and FatWhitey are playing the 'Throw darts at tundraH' game.

Paul.Power: That's not very nice.

Pickleworm: Hey! He started it with his 'Dissect FatWhitey' game, last weekend.

Voice from off-screen: (loudly) One hundred and eighty!

Pickleworm: Oooh, looks like someone hit the bull's-eye! (he runs off-screen)

Paul.Power: (smiling) Part of me wants to say "I don't want to know". But I do! I really, really do!

The door is flung open and an angry, drenched to the skin, KamikazeBananze steps into the pub.

KamikazeBananze: (seeing Blinx, angry) YOU!

Blinx: (calmly) Ah, brother Bananze! Peace be with you.

KamikazeBananze: Peace be with me? Peace be with me? Oh, you are so dead! (he runs at Blinx angrily)

Pickleworm: (intervening) Whoa! Steady on, hombre. (Pause) Now, let's not interfere with my custom, eh? If you want a drink, I'll get you one free as you're the police guy and then maybe you two can have a fight outside.

KamikazeBananze: (sad) I'm not a police officer anymore. I got fired. (Pause) I don't have any money to pay you for a drink and all I came here to do was to get

vengeance. (Pause) If you let me do that, then I'll leave you alone and never come back. Will you let me do that, Pickleworm. Will you let me defend my honour?
Pickleworm: (wiping a tear from his eye) Y...No. (Pause, loudly) Get out of my pub and don't come back until you can pay for your drinks! (KamikazeBananze leaves sadly. Turning round to Blinx) Hey, have you got a water bottle? I need to pee. (Blinx shudders violently)

Cut to outside the bar. KamikazeBananze walks sadly along the road. He comes up to a man who is heavily dressed in a large coat and hat.

Man: Hey, Bananze!

KamikazeBananze: (looking shocked) What? Who are you? How do you know my name?

Man: Do you *really* want to know?

KamikazeBananze: Yes! Yes, I do!

Man: Well, okay then...

The man sheds the coat and hat revealing himself as the ghost of MtlAngelus.

Ghost of MtlAngelus: (solemnly) I am a soul, fallen from the grace of this mortal coil. Once a man, then a vampire, now a ghost. I was a detective when I was undead. I helped people fight the supernatural menace. I was a hero. (Pause) But the world wasn't big enough for two heroes.

KamikazeBananze: (shrugging) Oh, yeah. MtlAngelus. I've heard about you. What do you want?

Ghost of MtlAngelus: I want you to restart my detective agency.

KamikazeBananze: (laughing) Ha ha... what do I know about that supernatural stuff?

Ghost of MtlAngelus: We wouldn't just deal with supernatural mumbo-jumbo, we could help anyone who needed it!

KamikazeBananze: Meh...

Ghost of MtlAngelus: Come on, it'll be an adventure! Nobody around to tell you what to do, anymore! You'd be in charge! Are you going to let that glory-hog, Poirot, get all the good cases? Or are you going to help me recreate the world's greatest detective agency?

KamikazeBananze: Okay. (Pause) But we have to call it 'Kamikaze Angels'

Ghost of MtlAngelus: Sounds great! (Pause) And maybe, one day, we'll even find a way of resurrecting me!

KamikazeBananze: (laughing) Maybe. (Pause) Come on, we've got work to do.

They walk off. Cut to Open Discussion Bar. SomePerson is talking to a group of regulars.

SomePerson: (mid-sentence) ...and the lesser-spotted bladderfish has only been seen five times in the wild!

Listeners: Oooh!

Pickleworm: (pushing past them) Eh? What's going on?

tundraH: (he has a dart sticking out of his head) SomePerson's telling us about fish!

Pickleworm: Fish?!? Who wants to know about fish?

Ploegman: Me!

MonkeyforaHead: I do!

Worm Mad: You can't stop us!

Pickleworm: Meh...fffft....pfft....meh....buh....pfff... (Pause, walking off) If you want me, I'll be busy rewiring S-2k.

MonkeyforaHead: (to tundraH, pointing at his head) You've got a little...

tundraH: (batting at his head) Is it gone?

MonkeyforaHead: No, no, it's still there.

tundraH: (he bats his head again and manages to dislodge the dart) Now?

MonkeyforaHead: Yeah, but now it's kind of bleeding.

tundraH: (exasperated) Oh, damn it!

Cut to 'Kamikaze Angels' Offices (actually the same offices that MtlAngelus used to own). The door has a picture of an angel impaled on a spike on it. KamikazeBananze is lying back on the swivel chair, he is wearing detective gear. MtlAngelus stands nearby.

KamikazeBananze: Wow, this is a cool office, Angelus. I can see why you liked it here.

Ghost of MtlAngelus: Yeah, it's pretty cool, isn't it?

KamikazeBananze: (considering) Wait a minute... wasn't your office in LA?

Ghost of MtlAngelus: Yeah, but I had it exported here via the town's plothole system.

KamikazeBananze: Cool! (Pause) Do you think we'll ever get any cases?

Ghost of MtlAngelus: (in his narrator voice, as a woman walks in) My friend had just finished his sentence when she walked in. A sassy blonde with a smile that could melt ice. Part of her seemed to be screaming 'I want you' while the other half warned 'Stay away!'

Blonde Bimbo Lady: (in a condescending manner,) Puh-lease! I don't date dead guys! That's so...ewww!

Ghost of MtlAngelus: She was playing hard to get. But my friend had decided that the time for games was over.

KamikazeBananze: (Smiling politely, removing his hat) Excuse my friend, madam, he's just a little high-spirited. But what can – we – do for you?

Blonde Bimbo Lady: My cat's been stolen.

KamikazeBananze: Hmmm... I heard of a criminal who stole cats, back when I was in the police force. Catherine Pussyton, the Cat Burglar. She's still out there as far as I know...

Ghost of MtlAngelus: My friend was obviously in over his head. I deduced that the cat hadn't been stolen. (Pause) It must have been taken by a Duzthisevenmayksensae Demon. The only meat they eat is feline and it was currently their annual feeding month. I doubted we would be in time to save the blonde bimbo's cat...but I did hope we could at least get a bloody revenge on the beast responsible.

KamikazeBananze: (to MtlAngelus) Dude, it's not a demon. It's the Cat Burglar!

Ghost of MtlAngelus: 'Feline Eating Demon' I protested.

KamikazeBananze: Cat Burglar!

Ghost of MtlAngelus: He yelled. (Pause) There was only one way to discover who was right. We would have to split up and search for the creature that we believed was responsible. We could then return later with the evidence and come to a conclusion. (to Blonde Bimbo Lady) 'We'll find your cat... or destroy those who killed it.' (to himself) I assured her. (Pause, walking out of the door) I didn't turn back. I just left the office and headed towards the lair of the Duzthisevenmayksensae demon. Little did I know that this was a night that I would never forget. (he leaves)

Blonde Bimbo Lady: (to KamikazeBananze) Is he always like this?

(KamikazeBananze nods sheepishly)

Cut to bar. The regulars are sitting around having a meal. Star Worms is at it, looking considerably better.

FatWhitey: (holding a piece of bread up) I'd just like to make a toast to Star Worms! Who ate something in space, got ill, but pulled through. Star Worms, we salute you! (he salutes and puts the bread in a toaster)

All: Hear, hear!

Star Worms: (smiling) And I'd like to thank Paul for saving my life. You're a real friend! (there is more clapping, looking at the walls) Hey, did someone change the wallpaper in here? It looks kind of cruddy. (standing up) Anyway, thanks for the grub and I...I...(grabbing his chest)...Arrrrgggh....Arrrrrlongwindedscreaminggoesherrrrrr....

SargeMcCluck: What's wrong? What's the matter?

PinkWorm: I didn't poison the food this time! I swear!

Star Worms: Agggggggggghhhhhhhhhhh! (an alien bursts out of his stomach, helps itself to some crisps and runs out of the pub) Ooh... (he faints)

Pickleworm: Hey! Everybody after that alien! (Pause, angry) IT STOLE MY CRISPS! (he runs out of the bar with a group of others)

Squirminator2k: (left with Star Worms) Are your systems malfunctioning, Star Worms?

Star Worms: (coming round) No, I think I'll be okay now. Thanks for asking.

Squirminator2k: Then why not purchase a cool refreshing drink from the bar?

Star Worms: Eh?

Squirminator2k: With prices as low as £1 per drink, now's the time to get drinking!

Star Worms: Did Pickleworm reprogram you or something?

Squirminator2k: No, he just offered me lots of this (he shows Star Worms some money, they both laugh)

Fade to Black.

The Rules of the Open Discussion Pub

1. The first rule of the Open Discussion Pub is you don't talk about the Open Discussion Pub.
2. The second rule of the Open Discussion Pub is you don't talk about the Open Discussion Pub.... No, wait. That was the first rule. Second rule is if you don't have any money, you don't come in.
3. The third rule is that nobody steals Pickleworm's crisps. If you do then he'll get angry... very, very angry.
4. The fourth rule is never...ever...ask Pickleworm about the water bottle. Believe me, you don't want to know.
5. The fifth rule is keep out of mischief...or should that be *away from* Mischief.
6. The sixth rule is no fights before 10pm and all fights must be conducted outside the bar itself.
7. The seventh rule is to keep on K^2's good side. After all, he controls the computers.
8. The eighth rule is to say something funny. After all, this is supposed to be a comedy.

9. The ninth rule is to never eat more than five pickles in one sitting.
10. The tenth rule is to obey rules 1-9.