

Final Fantasy 17: Last Flight of the Armadillo

Paul.Power (who is still an armadillo) sits at the bar.

Paul.Power: I can't go on like this. I've got to leave, find an antidote.

Spadge: Antidote for what?

Paul.Power: The fact I'm an armadillo!

Spadge: What? Haven't you always been an armadillo?

Paul.Power: No!

Spadge: Sorry, Paul. I've just got a short memory. (Pause) So what do you want to drink?

Paul.Power: (angrily) I have a drink!

Spadge: Right, that'll be £3.50 please.

Paul.Power: And I already paid you!

Spadge: (sadly) Sorry. (he walks off)

Paul.Power: He he he. Sucker.

FatWhitey: (walking in) Hi, everyone! Guess what? I'm cured!

Paul.Power: Cured, eh? Like cured ham?

FatWhitey: No, like cured-sane.

Paul.Power: I see... (Pause) Well since I sacked wormsreak for letting me get myself turned into an armadillo, maybe you can become my assistant.

FatWhitey: Assistant? What's in it for me?

Paul.Power: Money.

FatWhitey: Hmmm, I was kind of hoping for cake.

Paul.Power: Are you sure you're cured?

FatWhitey: Yeah, I was only joking. In fact the sight of cake makes me sick now.

Paul.Power: Good. Now, I need to visit a Professor Sel who lives in Russia. You'll be booking the flight and accompanying me to Russia. Understood?

FatWhitey: Yeah.

Paul.Power: Then let's go!

Cuts to titles. While titles play, FatWhitey is seen booking the flight, driving PP to the airport. Them at the airport and the plane taking off.

Title Lyrics

*Armoured Armadillo,
Flying so brave and free,
Armoured Armadillo,
What became of you and me?*

*Armoured Armadillo,
Once human were you,
Armoured Armadillo,
No I'm not lying – it's true!*

*Scientist Populous,
Mega Lo Armadillo,
Last Flight is calling you...*

LAST FLIGHT OF THE ARMADILLO!

(repeat x2)

Starring

*Paul.Power,
Spadge,
FatWhitey,
Professor Sel,
Bald Man,
Some Dumb Kid,
Parent of Dumb Kid,
Farmer Stavros*

Paul.Power is sat in the plane, between FatWhitey and a bald man.

Bald Man: Oh, dear me. Dis' flight is a grand disgrace. Where's the entertainment, eh?

Paul.Power: I think the reason that flight was invented was travel not your personal amusement.

Bald Man: Oh, what do you know? You're just an armadillo!

Paul.Power: (crying) That hurts! One day, us armadillos will rise up and take vengeance upon your kind. Then you'll be sorry!

Bald Man: Hmmm, whatever. (Pause) Anyway, what's your reason for visiting Russia?

Paul.Power: I'm trying to get myself turned back into a human. You think I want to be a crummy armadillo forever?

Cut to airport in Russia. Paul and FatWhitey disembark from the plane.

Paul.Power: Okay, we've got to find the Professor but more importantly we have to stay together otherwise... (he notices FatWhitey has disappeared) Oh, crap!

Some Dumb Kid: (seeing Paul.Power. In Russian) Awww, A sweet liddle Armadillo. (he picks Paul up and takes him to his parents)

Parent of Dumb Kid: What's that?

Some Dumb Kid: An armadillo, can we keep it?

Parent of Dumb Kid: Hmmm, I don't know.

Paul.Power: Get your hands off me, you dumb kid!

Some Dumb Kid: (screaming, dropping PP) Ahhhhhhhhhh! He spoke!

Parent of Dumb Kid: It's evil! Get me my chainsaw! Kill it! Kill it!

Paul.Power makes a quick exit into a nearby store where he finds FatWhitey.

Paul.Power: (grumpy) Where have you been?

FatWhitey: I was just buying some new pyjama bottoms as I lost my old ones in the wash.

Paul.Power: Uh-huh. And you were buying these in a cake store?

FatWhitey: (looking around) What? A cake store? I had no idea! Let's um...get out of here!

Paul.Power: Just what I was about to suggest.

They walk out of the store.

FatWhitey: So where to, now?

Paul.Power: We need to get to Sel's lab. It's located somewhere in the North.

FatWhitey: Where exactly?

Paul.Power: Nobody knows. But I intend to find out.

FatWhitey: Surely somebody knows.

Paul.Power: Pardon?

FatWhitey: Well, the Professor must know – he works there. And whoever built it must know unless Sel built it himself. So clearly some people do know.

Paul.Power: Shut up.

FatWhitey: I was just saying...

Paul.Power: (interrupting) I said "Shut up!"

FatWhitey: I don't remember any exclamation marks.

Paul.Power: Grrrr....

Cuts to PP and FW in the back seat of a car.

Paul.Power: I'm surprised you found a driver willing to look for Sel's lab with us.

FatWhitey: Huh? Aren't you driving?

Paul.Power: Of course I'm not driving, I'm sat right next to you!

FatWhitey: Uh-Oh...

The car crashes into a tree.

Paul.Power: WHIIIIITEY!

Cut to farmhouse. PP & FW's car is parked outside. Cut to inside. PP & FW are sat down at a table opposite a farmer. There is a warm fire behind them.

Farmer Stavros: Yes, yes. I know where Sel's lab is located. I will take you there tomorrow.

FatWhitey: Thank you, Stavros.

Farmer Stavros: But tonight, you will dine with me.

Paul.Power: Thanks, but where will we sleep?

Farmer Stavros: On the floor of course.

Paul.Power: While you sleep in a nice warm bed, I suppose?

Farmer Stavros: Naturally.

FatWhitey: Enough of this, what's for dinner?

Farmer Stavros: I'm afraid you have arrived too late for dinner. (He puts a large plate on the table with a metal lid over it) But not for dessert. (he removes the lid to reveal a giant chocolate cake)

FatWhitey: CAKE?

Paul.Power: (grinning) I'm afraid my friend cannot abide cake but I am not adverse to it. Therefore I will have a double-helping and my friend will have nothing.

Farmer Stavros: Can't abide cake? (shaking his head) Well all the more for us then.
(he cuts a large piece for himself and Paul)

FatWhitey: (leaving the table, eyes fixed longingly on the cake) Excuse me, I
uh...just remembered that I left the car engine on. I'll go turn it off. (he leaves)

Farmer Stavros: Strange lad.

Paul.Power: (tucking into his cake) The very sight of it makes him sick. I keep telling
him to try this cake or that cake but he always refuses.

Farmer Stavros: Hmm, most concerning. I suppose he's ethically-opposed to it in
some way. Equal rights for cake or some such nonsense.

Paul.Power: It wouldn't surprise me. But now, I wonder, do you happen to have any
alcohol?

Cuts to next day. A traffic cone is lying on the table. FW is sleeping on the floor.

Paul.Power: (crawling out of the traffic cone, looking worse for wear) Ohhh, What
happened? I feel like I've been run over by a steam-roller.

FatWhitey: (getting up, rubbing his eyes) You got drunk.

Paul.Power: (shaking his head) Impossible, I would remember. Anyway, where's that
Stavros fellow? We'd best get moving. I want to be out of this house before midday.

FatWhitey: It's 2:00pm now.

Paul.Power: What? Why didn't you wake me?

FatWhitey: I did but you told me to "go to the devil!"

Paul.Power: Hmm, that doesn't sound like me. Anyway, we'd best get going now.
(calling) Stavros!

Cut to PP, FW and FS in car. They are approaching a large metal building.

Farmer Stavros: There (pointing) that is Sel's lab.

FatWhitey: Looks a big place.

Paul.Power: Of course it's a big place, you idiot! Do you think he's going to work in a
hut?

Farmer Stavros: I will drop you off outside the lab. I dare not enter myself.

FatWhitey: Why? Is sel dangerous?

Farmer Stavros: No, not really. I just stole his hat a few years ago.

Cut to car arriving at building. It stops. FW & PP disembark.

Farmer Stavros: Goodbye my friends and good luck!

FS drives away. FW & PP walk up to the front of the building.

Paul.Power: (noticing a notice on the door, reading it) "Note to all: This metal
warehouse was a bit too big for conducting my experiments in so I've sold it to
'Useless Industries'. You can find me in the hut around the back of the building which
is just the right size for my needs."

FatWhitey: Now whose the idiot, Paul?

Paul.Power: Shuddupyourface!

They move around the back to the hut and open the door. They are surprised to find that all
that is inside is a monkey working on some strange gadget.

Paul.Power: Oh great! We come all this way and Sel's gone and left his monkey in charge.

Monkey: Maybe, but did it ever occur to you that the monkey before you may be Professor Sel?

Paul.Power: (he gasps) Professor Sel! You transformed yourself into an animal by accident as well?

Professor Sel: No, I'm just a talking monkey. I hide out here because I get embarrassed by people saying 'Oh look, a talking monkey!' or 'Wow! That monkey can really talk'. Why aren't we allowed to talk, huh? WHY?

Paul.Power: I see... Anyway, I came here because I have a little problem.

Professor Sel: You feel shy around the opposite sex?

Paul.Power: What? No. I'm an armadillo!

Professor Sel: And?

FatWhitey: He wasn't always an armadillo. He turned himself into one by accident.

Professor Sel: Well, I suppose I could help you. But in exchange, you'd have to buy me a crate of bananas.

FatWhitey: Real Bananas? Sorry Sel, Nothing doing!

Paul.Power: (ignoring FW) We'll go get a crate now.

FatWhitey: How? We haven't got a car.

Professor Sel: You can borrow mine.

Paul.Power: Hmmm, seems like everyone has a car these days.

Cuts to FW and PP driving to a store, getting some bananas and driving back with them. Music plays throughout this sequence.

Professor Sel: (tucking into a banana) Mmm, good bananas. Now I can get down to business. (he fiddles around with a monkey wrench and some different metal implements. After a while he holds up a metal collar triumphantly) A-ha! Done!

Paul.Power: Um, What is it?

Professor Sel: When you wear this, it will track your DNA's original formation and realign it. Wear it overnight and you should be a human again by the morning.

Paul.Power: I see. How does it work exactly?

Professor Sel: How should I know? I'm just a monkey!

Cut to the next morning. PP is human again and he and FW are about to leave PS.

Paul.Power: Thanks for everything, Professor.

Professor Sel: Think nothing of it. Think nothing of it.

Paul.Power: No, really, Thank you. Without you I'd have been an armadillo forever.

FatWhitey: (coughing loudly) Eh-hem.

Paul.Power: (looking at FW, sarcastic) What do you want? A medal?

FatWhitey: (sighing) Sometimes I don't know why I bother...

Paul.Power: The money

FatWhitey: Oh yeah. (Pause) Well bye, Prof.

Professor Sel: If you need any more recipes for banana cake just let me know.

FatWhitey: (to Paul.Power) They're for a friend.

Paul.Power: (smugly) Yeah, sure. (Pause) Let's go.

Cuts to bar. PP is at the bar.

Paul.Power: Well Spadge, I'm a human again.
Spadge: Eh? When were you anything else?
Paul.Power: Never mind.

Two men in white coats burst in.

White Coat Man #1: Alright, where is he?
Paul.Power: Who?
White Coat Man #2: You know perfectly well. (Pause) FatWhitey.
Paul.Power: Oh. (Pause) He said he was cured.
White Coat Man #2: They all say they're cured.
Paul.Power: Supply closet.

The men break the door down to the supply closet. FatWhitey is inside surrounded by cakes.

FatWhitey: (as he is dragged away) NO! DON'T TAKE ME BACK! I'M SANE!
NOOOOOO!

White Coat Man #1: (to PP) Cheers mate.
Paul.Power: Don't mention it. Pleased to be of assistance. (they leave with FW) That and it means I don't have to pay him.
Spadge: Pay who?

Trailer

Voice-Over: One Slayer. (clip of Zero shown) One Team (clip of team.) One Town (clip of town from above) (Dramatic voice) "72 Ways to Die"

(clip of Zero talking to team) Zero72: Let's get em!

Voice-Over: Coming Soon to a Forum near you.