

17's Company: Still 17
Episode Six:
When all is said and done – Part Two
(Digitally Remastered... and Rewritten!)

Voice Over: Previously on 17's Company...

APJ: You see Bjorn's box is remarkably clever. Within it is a certain magical gas that when released to the air causes anyone who inhales it to sing. But when they sing, they release more of the gas which has built up in their systems. Therefore within hours, the world has been filled with the gas and with it – the music!

Vader: And then?

APJ: Then the build-up of gas becomes so great that it causes the planet to explode...yadda yadda yadda... the end. (beat) But now, before I forget, let's unleash this musicgeddon. (Pause) Earth, your time is up...

He opens the box

Voice Over: And now on 17's Company...

APJ and Vader look at each other and then at the box which appears empty (and very dusty).

APJ: Is that it?

Vader: I'm singing...I'm SINGING!...I'm-

APJ: (interrupting) Not singing.

Vader: No.

APJ: What the hell is wrong with this thing?

He shakes it, then notices a label on the back.

Label: Best before May 1999.

APJ: Well, crap.

Cut to Paul.Power, he's mixing chemicals (as usual). Worm Mad walks up.

Worm Mad: So, Paul, what are you working on, this time?

Paul.Power: Ah, Mad. I'm trying to develop a chemical which will make everything it touches taste of cheese.

Worm Mad: Er, why?

Paul.Power: Because cheese is the bee's knees.

He laughs to himself. Worm Mad rolls his eyes.

Worm Mad: So, what happens if you pour it on a block of cheese?

SupSuper runs in with a block of cheese and throws it in front of them.

SupSuper: Let's find out!

Worm Mad: SupSuper! (beat) Where have you been, man?

SupSuper: Enough talk. Cheese potion – cheese – now.

Paul.Power: Okay, here goes. Stand back, gentlemen.

Worm Mad and SupSuper stand back. Paul pours the chemical onto the cheese. Steam rises obscuring the screen. When it dissipates, Paul has been transformed into an armadillo.

Paul.Power: Well, that was unexpected.

SupSuper: (exiting) Okay, bored now. Going to play X-Com. Bye.

Worm Mad: He's incorrigible!

Paul.Power: Forget him. What are we going to do about me?

Worm Mad: (shrugging) Play the Charango?

Paul.Power: ...I hate you.

Cut to Zero72 pacing the streets. It is night.

Zero72: (calling) Vampires. Oh, vampires. Here, vampy-vampy-vampires! (beat) Man, where's a bloodsucker when you want one?

An old man walks out from the darkness. He is leaning on a cane.

Old Man: I'm a vampire!

He bares his fangs. They're blunt.

Zero72: I dunno. You seem pretty harmless.

Old Man: Oh, I'm not. I pushed a puppy in front of a bus, yesterday. I'm a monster!

Zero72: Hm. Never really been much of a dog person.

Old Man: I stole money from a wishing well! I put chewing gum on the park bench!

Zero72: Okay, now, I'm just feeling embarrassed for you.

Old Man: I manipulated the financial system which will eventually lead to a catastrophic crash, job losses, global unrest!

Zero72: Yeah, that's not gonna happen.

Old Man: Yeah? Well... well... your ponytail sucks.

Zero72 looks severe and clasps his Zero sabre.

Zero72: Nobody...insults.... THE PONYTAIL!

He jumps through the air bringing the sabre downwards. The Old Man attempts his best action stance but is swiftly dispatched as the Zero sabre cuts through him like butter.

Old Man: Ow. (as he turns to dust) I brought this on myself.

Zero72: (buoyed up) Yeah! Zero the Vampire Slayer! Tell your friends!

The security alarm goes off at the bank, opposite.

Zero72: A hero's work is never done.

Zero runs into the fray. Cut to titles.

Cuts to titles.

Title Music Lyrics

*I'm going to fly away,
I'm going to fly away,
I'm going to fly away,
I'm going to fly.*

*I don't want any more random posts,
I don't want any more threads,
I don't want any more silent ghosts,
Or a bullet in my bed.*

*Let me fly away,
Let me go today,
Let me fly away,
Set my spirit free.*

*I don't want any more expectations,
I've had enough of delays,
I don't want any more animations,
There's nothing left to say.*

*Let me fly away,
Let me go today,
Let me fly away,
Set my spirit free.*

*I don't want any more 'wacky adventures',
I know where they will lead,
I don't want any more swear-word censors,
I've lost my sense of speed.*

*Let me fly away,
Let me go today,
Let me fly away,
Set my spirit free.*

*I look for the door - turn the key,
The door isn't locked - but it is to me,
You try to go - but you know you won't,*

It pulls you in – you've paid the fee.

*Can't fly away,
I'll have to stay,
Can't fly away,
I'll leave tomorrow - Maybe.*

Cast: Worm Mad is the Creator (shot of Mad with puppets with strings)
Paul.Power is the Scientist (shot of Power concocting chemicals)
Test Zero is the Chosen One (shot of Test Zero leading donkey down street)
Vader is the Lunatic (shot of Vader in asylum in a straight jacket)
SargeMcCluck is the Designated Driver (shot of McCluck chin-driving)
FatWhitey is the Fat Guy (Shot of FatWhitey eating a cake)
Star Worms is the Jedi (shot of Star Worms holding a lightsaber)
Blinx is the Spellar (shot of Blinx looking at a whiteboard with 'Blinks' on it.)
MtlAngelus is the Vampire (shot of Angelus on top of building with cape flowing.)
Zero72 is the Artist (shot of Zero72 drawing)
wormsfreak is the Worms Freak (shot of wormsfreak playing Worms)
thomasp is the Mac Fan (shot of thomasp attacking Bill Gates)
UnKnownX is the Creepy Dude (shot of UnKnownX inside his mansion)
BetongÅsna is the Slayer (shot of Betong staking a vampire)
KamikazeBananze is the Police Chief (shot of Kamikaze wearing police uniform)
Squirminator2k is the Robot (shot of S-2k with wires protruding)
mocoworm is the Extra-Terrestrial (shot of mocoworm as an alien)

Also Starring...

Spadge (shot of Spadge serving beer)
APJ (shot of APJ standing in bar corner in shadows)

And Introducing...

Dart (shot of Dart kicking someone in the stomach)
Miguel (shot of Miguel wearing hat)

Cut to inside the bank. UnKnownX is leaving the vault, dressed in a stereotypical burglar's outfit. He has a big bag with 'Swag' written on it.

UnKnownX: Yes! YES! The police will never GET here in time! I've won! I've finally won!

A fist flies out of nowhere, knocking UnKnownX down. Zero stands over him.

Zero72: (raising his sabre) Now, for the coup de grace. Die, vampire-scum!

UnKnownX: Wait!

Zero72: Yes.

UnKnownX: I'm not a vampire!

Zero72: Impossible. You've got the pasty skin, the bloodshot eyes, the dress-sense of someone who hasn't been outside in the past century, and you smell like a corpse. If you're not a vampire, what are you?

UnKnownX: (sobbing) Hurt!

Zero72: Oh. Well, in that case I'll leave you for the authorities to deal with.

He throws UnKnownX in the vault and locks the door.

Zero72: Job done.

Cut to pub. Dart and Test Zero walk to the bar where Spadge is standing.

Dart: Me and Test Zero have decided to leave the town and move to the country together.

We're going to buy a farm and keep Miguel on it.

Spadge: Well, good luck with that. I hope I've been a good guardian to you, even if it wasn't for very long.

Test Zero: (attempting to embrace Spadge) You were always there for me, big guy!

Spadge: (annoyed, pushing him off) Not you! Idiot! (to Dart) So, I guess this is it?

Dart: We'll keep in touch.

Spadge: Nah, you won't. (beat, before he gets emotional) Well, you'd better go. Your donkey's looking bored.

Miguel: I'm not bored, I'm depressed. The rest of my life spent on a farm with these sappy idiots? Somebody, kill me now.

Test Zero: He's fine.

Miguel: Bah. What's the point in you being able to understand me if you're just going to ignore everything I say? Worst Doctor Doolittle ever.

Miguel breaks free and runs for the door.

Miguel: (exiting) Sod you, guys! I'm moving to Canada! HEE-HAAAW!

Dart: We'd better go after him.

Test Zero: Do we have to?

Dart gives him a look.

Test Zero: Bye, Spadge.

He shakes his hand and exits, followed by Dart who waves goodbye as she leaves.

Spadge: (smiling) Good kids.

thomasp enters, wearing a top hat and monacle and smoking a cigar. He sits down at the bar.

thomasp: Well, Spadge, you were wrong. The 'Big Apple' was a resounding success. I'm rich!

Spadge: I have no idea what you're talking about.

thomasp: Oh, yeah. It wasn't you I talked to. It was Star Worms. (beat) Where is he?

Spadge: Outer space.

thomasp: Well, that sucks. I was hoping to humiliate him. Had a speech prepared and everything. (taking a speech out of his pocket, reading) "A wise man once said 'Star Worms doesn't know what he's talking about' and I should know, because it was me. Just now. How did I come to this startling realisation? It all began when..."

Spadge: Stop.

thomasp: There's only three pages.

Spadge shakes his head.

thomasp: Fine. I guess I'll just pay someone to build me a spaceship so I can find him and tell him in person.

Spadge: Or- you could move on with your life.

thomasp: Haha, oh, Spadge. You're like an older, fatter, more ineffective Patch Adams.

(beat) Never change.

He exits. Cut to dealer. APJ and Vader are talking to him in his house.

APJ: And you're sure this box will work?

Dealer: Yeah, man. Totes legit. This one'll make everyone lose their voices, thus illustrating the difficulty we have in expressing ourselves as a species on a daily basis.

APJ: Lovely. Will it also blow up the planet?

Dealer: For sure.

APJ: We'll take it.

Police siren sounds. Cars pull up and the door is knocked down. KamikazeBananze stands in the doorway, backed by two police officers.

KamikazeBananze: APJ! You're under arrest.

APJ: On what grounds?

KamikazeBananze: Trying to destroy the world through song. Also, some other stuff.

Soliciting a possum?

Vader: That was me!

Dealer: (grossed out) Dude.

KamikazeBananze: Look, we'll work out the charges back at the station. Now, come with us.

APJ: You're too late, pig!

He grabs the box the dealer was showing him and opens it. A clown pops out (it's a jack-in-the-box!). Beat, as everyone reacts. Enraged, APJ starts strangling Dealer. KamikazeBananze steps in and handcuffs him.

KamikazeBananze: That's enough 'PG. You're going away for a long, long time.

Vader: What about me?

KamikazeBananze: Back to the asylum with you.

Vader: Hooray! I mean – aww.

They're taken away. Cut to bar. Spadge is tidying up. He walks over to a table where a young man is tapping away on a laptop.

Spadge: Last orders, son. Time to go home.

Young Man: Pfft, last orders for you, maybe.

Spadge: Excuse me. Who do you think you are?

Young Man: I'm Mark frigging Zuckerberg. And this (he taps at something on his laptop screen) is going to make this little pub of yours irrelevant.

Spadge pulls out the plug.

Spadge: Not today it's not.

Zuckerberg: Ooh, big whoop, grandpa! I have like 40 minutes of battery life on this thing.

Spadge: Good for you. Now get out.

Zuckerberg: Fine, I'm going. But mark my words – places like this aren't the future, HeadMagazine is! People sitting around having meaningful conversations – it's so last century! An internet site where people post their holiday snaps and stalk everyone they ever met? Now that's the FUTURE!

Spadge: HeadMagazine?

Zuckerberg: It's a working title, shut up!

He storms out.

Spadge: (shaking his head) Idiot. (noticing SargeMcCluck and Worm Mad) Come on, guys! Time to leave.

Worm Mad: Two minutes!

Pan over to where Sarge and Worm Mad are sitting.

SargeMcCluck: So, where did you say S2k was?

Worm Mad: In the factory. He developed a bug so he's being repaired.

SargeMcCluck: What about me?

Worm Mad: What about you? You're sitting right there.

SargeMcCluck: Oh yeah. So, I guess everything resolved itself nicely then.

Worm Mad: Yes, and without us having to sing any awkwardly written songs.

SargeMcCluck: Haha, you can say that again!

They both laugh, then look around awkwardly. Spadge walks over.

Spadge: The End!

Beat.

Worm Mad: Why'd you say that? End of what?

Spadge: Of your pints. Now, GET OUT OF MY PUB!

Spadge chases them out with a broom. Cue uproarious canned laughter and applause.

Epilogue

Vader is pushed into an asylum room.

Guard: And stay in, this time!

Vader: Pfft.

Vader looks around the room, he sees FatWhitey in the corner in a straightjacket.

FatWhitey: *Crazy. Crazy for being SO lonely. I'm crazy for crying...*

Vader: Er, guards? I want another room!

FatWhitey: *And crazy for lying...*

Vader: Anybody?

FatWhitey: *And crazy for LOOOOVVVVIIIINNG You!*

Vader: HEEELP!

Canned laughter. Fade to black.

And that's a wrap!

Worm Mad: Thanks guys, you were great! That's a wrap! Final wrap of the series! That's it now. I expect you'll be sad to say goodbye to the set and everyone but... (looking around)

Guys? Er, guys? (the set is empty) Ah, forgeddaboutit.

Fade to black.

