

17's Company - Series 999
"Open for Business"
Episode Seven:
Drunk, Dumb, and Disorderly

Squirminator2k, thomasp and tundraH are walking past the Open Discussion Pub. It is evening.

Pickleworm: (jumping out of a side alley) Hey! Wanna have a few drinks with me in the pub?

thomasp: Er, actually we were planning to go and see "Son of Baby II: Senior Junior" at the local cinema, tonight.

Pickleworm: Oh, come on... you have time for one little drink.

Squirminator2k: That statement is false. The average time it would take us all to consume "one little drink" would be approximately 7.3 minutes. The movie starts in 5.6 minutes.

Pickleworm: (looking annoyed) Did I mention the drinks are... on me?

tundraH: (lighting up) Well, why didn't you say so? (he pushes past PW and into the bar)

thomasp: Well, we're going to watch the movie, aren't we - Squirm?

Squirminator2k: (walking in) Oh, we've got time for one little drink...

thomasp sighs and they all enter the pub together. The picture swirls crazily. Cut to thomasp lying down in one of the sleeping cubicles. He wakes up.

thomasp: (drowsily) Oh, what happened? Where am I?

Cut to the other end of the cubicle.

Mischief: (waking up) Ugh, where am I? What happened?

They see each other.

thomasp: (screaming) Ahhhhh!

Mischief: (screaming) Aggggggggggggggggggggggggggggggh!

thomasp: Wahhhhhhhh!

Mischief: Ewwwwwwwwww!

thomasp: Noooooooooooo!

Mischief: NOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

thomasp: (banging on the side of the cubicle) Let me out! Let me out! Let me out!

Mischief: (banging on the side of the cubicle) Let him out! Let him out! Let him out!

Pickleworm: (opening the cubicle door) Hello, you lovebirds, you.

Mischief and thomasp: AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

Pickleworm: (closing the door) I'll leave them to it.

Squirminator2k: (walking in with a party hat on and a t-shirt reading "Let's get drunk, dumb and disorderly!") Ugghh... what happened last night, Pickle?

Pickleworm: Huh? Don't you remember? I thought your memory banks recorded everything.

Squirminator2k: MEMORY BANKS – DATE: Yesterday, 9:00pm-2:25am.

STATUS: Deleted. REASON: You don't want to know.

Pickleworm: (grinning evilly) Oooh, nobody remembers? Then gather round, all, for a tale of booze, blood and bandanas...(Pause) And booze!

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)

Watch Out For...

Run (shot of Run with glowing red eyes) and
Reddi Myal (shot of Reddi Myal eating crisps)

Pickleworm Voice-Over: The following took place between 9:00pm and 2:00am.

Cut to Open Discussion Pub. Many of the regulars are getting drunk while Pickleworm and Worm Mad watch on.

Worm Mad: (confused) I don't understand, Pickleworm. Why are you giving everyone free beer?

Pickleworm: (grinning) A-ha! But it isn't beer-beer, my friend. It's "Paul.Power's Patented Experimental Beer". I stole it from his lab.

Worm Mad: Wha-? Do you have any idea what it will do?

Pickleworm: No, but it'll be fun finding out.

Worm Mad: (cracking open a bottle of lemonade) It sure will (Pause) This isn't experimental lemonade, is it?

Pickleworm: (grinning) It can be.

Worm Mad: (knocking it back) Never mind.

Pickleworm Voice-Over: As I watched, I saw the terrifying change that took place...

Cut to table.

Paul.Power: (insanely) Oh no! Why? Why have I devoted my life to the devil's art of science? I must embrace God! Help me Lord! (he runs out screaming)

SargeMcCluck: (insanely) Chin-driving cars? Was I mad? I need to chin-drive my bicycle! It's the only way to get into the Guinness Book of World Records! (he runs out)

Squirminator2k: (laughing heartily) Hey-hey-hey! I'm God's gift to women, I could make love to every woman in this bar. Yeah, baby!

Neo-Casket: There's only one woman in this bar.

Squirminator2k: (grinning) Then I'll start with her! Oooh, yeah! Come out, baby! I'm feeling hot! (he walks off looking for Mischief)

Ploegman: (as if he is on fire) Me too! Burning, burning, AGHHHHHHHHHHHHH!
(he throws a bucket of water over himself) IT DOEEESSS

NOOOOOOTHHHIINNG! (he runs to the bathroom)

FatWhitey: (yelling) Cake! Cake! I need cake! Where is it? (calmly) No, no, no more cake. It's bad. It's bad. (angrily) But I wants it. Nasty hobbitsis won't take my cakes... (stuffing crisps into his mouth) Eat something else, eat something else, Whitey, yes, yes.

Blinx: (picking up a chair and hitting it over PinkWorm's head – knocking him out, laughing evilly) Bwahahaha! Buddha does not condone violence! BUT I DO!

Hahahahaha! (he grabs a fire axe and leaves the pub, laughing)

Star Worms: Must-watch-every-Star Trek-episode-ever-made...Resistance Is Futile.... (he runs into the next room)

tundraH: (Shouting at everyone) What are you all doing? Reddi Myal! An alien menace is at large! He could be plotting anything! He must be destroyed! Who's with me? (nobody responds) Fine, I'll go alone! (he pulls a gun from his jacket and runs off)

Worm Mad: Who gave him the gun?

Pickleworm: I did, I thought it would make things more exciting.

Worm Mad: (distressed) Are you clinically insane?

Pickleworm: (confidently) I think it's pretty obvious that I am...

SomePerson: (walking in) Whoa, what's everyone doing? Did I miss something?

Worm Mad: Pickleworm gave everyone experimental beer to see what it would do.

SomePerson: (interested) Really? Let me have a go. (he takes a bottle of beer and swigs it back) Oohhh....Yahhh....Piranhas Piranhas Piranhas, Yah... Piranhas Piranhas Piranhas....

Pickleworm: That was just regular beer, SomePerson.

SomePerson: (attacking Pickleworm) Are yousch talking to mesch? Are yousch talking to mesch? I donsich see anyone elsh round here so you muscht be talking to mesch!

Worm Mad: I'm round here.

SomePerson: Shuddup, you! (he collapses)

Pickleworm: (looking down) It's important to know your limit, SomePerson. Half a swig is quite enough to get you tipsy. You should remember that.

Worm Mad: Uh, Pickleworm, he's unconscious.

Pickleworm: (aggressively) I'm aware of that!

Cut to a church. A vicar is sitting at a pulpit reading a book. Paul.Power runs in and grabs him violently.

Paul.Power: (screeching) Help me! Help me, Vicar! I need to know where I may find God!

Vicar: (smiling) Why, my child, you can find God in the sky outside, the pages of a holy book or in the innocent smile of a friend. He is everywhere and in everything.
Paul.Power: (impatient) Yeah, yeah, just give me his home address. I'm kind of in a hurry.

Vicar: (laughing) Well, I guess his home would be heaven, wouldn't it, my child?

Paul.Power: (disinterested) Would it? I wouldn't know. Never read the bible.

Vicar: (crossing himself) Good grief, my child! That is a grave confession to make. Would you like me to lend you a copy?

Paul.Power: Nah, I'm sure you can summarise it to me quick enough.

Vicar: Well, I don't know if...

Paul.Power: I'm waiting.

Vicar: Glod – Creation – Jebus – Son – Died – Resurrection – Heaven – Hell – Good – Evil – Repent – Apocalypse – Ad...

Paul.Power: (interrupting) Yeah, I'm going to have to go. See you around though. (he runs out of the church. Once outside) Man, that was a sobering experience, now I remember why I don't believe in religion. Back to science for me. (stroking his chin) And speaking of science...

Cut back to Open Discussion Pub. Squirminator2k is attempting to chat up Mischief.

Squirminator2k: Hey, hey, baby! Care to step aboard the love train?

Mischief: Depends on where it's going.

Squirminator2k: Does the Ultra-Fun City...of Lurrrrvvvee sound good to you?

Mischief: Nah, I've been there, it's overrated.

Squirminator2k: Aww, come on, you gotta get down with the man!

Mischief: (walking off) Let me know when you see him then, Kay?

Squirminator2k: (looking sad) Hey....that was really demoralising. Perhaps I'm not the god of love, after all. (coming to his senses) Ohh, looks like the beer's worn off. Thank goodness. It was creating havoc with my circuiting. (he stumbles off)

Cut to Bill Gate's office. thomasp has his arm around Bill Gates' shoulder.

thomasp: (grinning) You sir...are a *true* hero. Your heroic enterprises have touched us all.

Bill Gates: (laughing nervously) Heh..heh... hey, even I don't believe that!

thomasp: I have *every* single version of Windows. I brought them ten minutes ago and they're all a-mazing! I even have the limited-edition Doors SE (nudging him) You know... the planned sequel to Windows which actually turned out to have even more problems than the regular Windows! (Pause) The bugs are so cool too. (imitating) 'This program has performed an illegal operation and will be shut down' – (happy) I... LIVE for that error message, y'know?

Bill Gates: (tapping an Alarm button repeatedly) Yeah...yeah...heh...heh...Okay, okay, like....yeah...heh...heh...help....

Two guards enter.

Guard #1: Erm, sir, I'm afraid I'm going to have to ask you to leave.

Guard #2: Yeah, sorry, sir.. Try not to get upset but we're gonna have to kick you out.

thomasp: Chill, that's cool, I won't be blue. (thinking, laughing) Ha ha ha...blue... that's a good one, like the Blue Screen of Death...ha ha...that's so cool. (Pausing, serious) Wait a second, the Blue Screen of Death isn't cool. (getting angry) It's

bloody annoying.... (picking up Bill Gates by his collar) JUST LIKE EVERYTHING YOU'VE EVER MADE!

ARRRRRRRRRRRRRRGGGGGGGGGGGGHHHHHHHHH! (he throws Bill Gates out of the window. Sneering) How do you like Windows now, Gates? (walking out the door) Man, that alcohol was awful!

Guard #1: (smiling) Yay! Bill Gates' reign of terror is over.

Guard #2: (authoritatively) Send in his replacement!

A man in a business suit and glasses walks in and sits behind the desk.

Man: Hello, I'm Phil Crapes and I've been appointed the new head, here at Microsoft. (Pause) I know my predecessor wasn't much liked but I'm going to be making some big changes around here!

Guard #1: Hurray!

Phil Crapes: (angrily) Silence, you commoner! (calmly) First of all. I'm unhappy with the amount of bugs in our last edition of Windows. (Pause) I want an increase of at least 20% more problems and complaints with our new operating system, is that clear?

Cut to the Open Discussion Pub, it is later the same evening and everyone is sitting around exhausted.

Star Worms: (grumpily, to Pickleworm) Uggghh... I can't believe you did this to us, Pickleworm. (Pause) I mean... do you know how bad Star Trek: Voyager is? It's like repeatedly smashing your head against a brick wall – again and again and again and again. (screaming) *I WAS IN HEEEELLLLL!*

Blinx: (shaking in the corner) So terrible...so terrible...I can STILL hear the SCREAMS! AHHHHH! AHHHHHHHH!

Pickleworm: Okay... so I admit I was kind of rough on all of you. But, hey... (Pause, smiling) Who wants some free *regular* beer?

FatWhitey: (he has pie all over his face) Oooh, I do! I do!

Ploegman: I wouldn't say no!

Blinx: Yeah, sure. (Pause, to himself) After all, it was only three ants...

Pickleworm Voice-Over: And so you drunk late into the night and I charged you for all the beer anyway. The End.

Cut back to present day. The regulars are gathered around, having listened to Pickleworm's story.

Worm Mad: (shaking his head) You charged them for drinks? How could you take advantage of them like that, Pickleworm?

Pickleworm: (shrugging) Hey, what can I say? I'm a businessman. (Pause, thinking) And besides, it was your idea...

Worm Mad: (nervously) Ha ha...he's just joking.

Pickleworm: I even split the cash between us, 50-50, remember?

Worm Mad: (hitting Pickleworm) No, Pickleworm. No, I don't.

thomasp: (irritated) This is all well and good but it doesn't explain how I ended up in the same bed as Mischief.

Pickleworm: You were both drunk. Mischief opened the cubicle, went out of the room for a minute, you got in the cubicle and put the covers over you. Mischief returned – didn't notice you – got in the other side and you both fell asleep.

thomasP: (smiling) Well, thank heavens for that!

Mischief: (laughing nervously) Ha ha...yeah, yeah...thank heavens (she looks away sadly)

Paul.Power: Hey, wait a minute!

PinkWorm: (with a bandage over his head) What, Paul?

Paul.Power: I don't have any experimental alcohol in my lab!

Pickleworm: But it had your name on it.

Paul.Power: Well, it wasn't mine.

PinkWorm: Then whose-?

Ghost of K^2: (speaking from one of the machines) I guess we'll never know.

Paul.Power: (sadly) Yeah, I suppose you're right. (Pause) Hey, wait a minute!

Pickleworm: (irritated) What?

Paul.Power: Where's tundraH?

All: (murmuring) Yeah, where's tundraH? Where's tundraH?

The camera moves to the computer that K^2 is currently inhabiting. On it, a web-cam shows tundraH tied up, sitting in a cage while Reddi Myal and Run watch on.

Ghost of K^2: (laughing, to himself) I guess you'll never know.

Caption: To be continued...

Cut to credits.

Random Pub Song

*When danger is near – you've got nothing to fear –
For there's a code monkey over there.*

*When things are off-topic and you know they are –
That's when P.Power is the star.*

*TEAM17 FORUM – MOJO JOJO – GO GO GO!
TEAM17 FORUM – WAKA LAKA – BAKA SMAKA!*

*If sit-coms are your thing then you know where to go,
My sit-com site is really cool – you know.*

*SomePerson is a fishy fellow, he hosts my website,
And he's on the level.*

*TEAM17 FORUM – MOJO JOJO – GO GO GO!
TEAM17 FORUM – WAKA LAKA – BAKA SMAKA!*

*Squirminator2k – Dream17,
He's a fan-based fudge-eating web machine!*

*Blinx used to always - spell things wrong,
But plays guitar now – sing along!*

*TEAM17 FORUM – MOJO JOJO – GO GO GO!
TEAM17 FORUM – WAKA LAKA – BAKA SMAKA!*

*Star Worms just loves Star - Wars,
To him - Darth Vader, never bores!*

*MtlAngelus is from Mex-ico,
He can draw – just like a pro!*

*TEAM17 FORUM – MOJO JOJO – GO GO GO!
TEAM17 FORUM – WAKA LAKA – BAKA SMAKA!*

*Pickleworm is slightly crazy,
But he isn't - all that lazy!*

*SargeMcCluck vs. Forumsville,
Will he finish? Sure, he will!*

*TEAM17 FORUM – MOJO JOJO – GO GO GO!
TEAM17 FORUM – WAKA LAKA – BAKA SMAKA!*

*Don't forget K^2 – programming wiz,
He could program – a computer quiz!*

*PinkWorm has a hockey stick,
That's ice-hockey! Run with it!*

*TEAM17 FORUM – MOJO JOJO – GO GO GO!
TEAM17 FORUM – WAKA LAKA – BAKA SMAKA!*

*FatWhitey is cool,
Ploegman's no fool!
tundraH is tough backwards,
Munkee does it all!*

Oh –

*TEAM17 FORUM – MOJO JOJO – GO GO GO!
TEAM17 FORUM – WAKA LAKA – BAKA SMAKA!
BAKA SMAKA WAK BAKA WAKA SMAK WAKA LAKA LAKA MOJO JOJO – WHAT IS
WRONG WITH THAT? NO GO? SMAKA LAKA! LAKA WAKA! LAKA WAKA - ACK!*