

Written by Worm Mad. The characters of Zero72 and Nutter are based upon users on the Team17 Forum. Note: Any plagiarism of this work will result in your death.

72 Ways to Die ~ The Slayer Sagas ~ Episode Four: To Hell and Back...

Cut to an animation of a dog dancing. After a few seconds, it fades to black.

Caption: Fin.

Cut to chain-smoking demon sitting in a Jacuzzi.

Chain-Smoking Demon: Ah, welcome back. (Pause) It's almost time for our feature presentation but first let me describe a scenario to you, if I may. In this world of ours, there is no heaven, there are but three realms only – Earth, Space and Hell. Now when an animal dies on Earth, he or she, goes to Hell. (Pause, looks at camera) I know what you're thinking... You're thinking – "I don't want to go to Hell. Why should I go to Hell if I've been good." – Firstly, Shut up. Secondly, it's not that kind of Hell, you ninny! (Pause) Many of you earthlings probably think it's all doom and gloom down here. Bah! If that's the case, why am I sitting in a Jacuzzi? (Long Pause) Now, Hell is split into different 'dimensions', each providing its inhabitants with a different sort of reality. When you die, you go to one of them. Or... if you haven't got enough Soul Points and can't afford accommodation, then you can haunt the living. It's as simple as that. (Pause) But it's not just a bunch of fuddy-duddy dead people down here. No, because Hell is also the home of a great deal of supernatural beings ranging from the benevolent, the evil and the downright rude. It's quite literally a spiritual breeding-ground for the paranormal and the weird... Not a safe place for a *living* mortal, then? (Pause) After all, supernatural creatures don't always take too kindly to humans even if they're dead so putting a living human in close proximity with them is a foolish venture. (Long Pause) But what if a living mortal *was* to visit Hell? And not just an ordinary human but the one living mortal that all supernatural beings fear! (Pause) Yes, I'm talking about the Slayer, Zero72, who decided once upon a time to go to Hell to meet an old friend. Let us relive the story now... of last Friday night!

Cut to Team HQ (Nutter's House). Pillow is looking a notice board with a piece of paper on it.

On the Paper: Gone to Hell, Back Later – Zero.

Next to this is another note.

On the other Note: We're out of Ice Cream. – Envelope.

Pillow: (calling out) NUTTER! We're out of Ice Cream!

Cut to titles.

Title Music Lyrics

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*Someone's kicking ass tonight,
We're gonna slay and do things right,
The Team of Legends is here right now,
And ready to cook your zombie cow!*

*This is the Saga of the Slayer,
Hilarious Birthright – sworn to protect,
Zero must stand tall – must be brave,
Because those vampires like fresh neck.*

*A Demon is a tricky bleeder,
Until it meets this Team's leader,
If he hasn't banished it within an hour,
At least he'll show it one mean glower.*

*This is the Saga of the Slayer,
Hilarious Birthright – sworn to protect,
Zero must stand tall – must be brave,
Because those vampires like fresh neck.*

*So when you walk those streets at night,
Don't worry if you get a fright,
The Team will save you from any trouble,
Though they may reduce your house to rubble.*

Starring

The Team

Zero72 is the Slayer,
Nutter is his Mentor,
Root has a secret to hide,
Count Ferrell-Envelope seems normal enough,
Pillow is a hyperactive werewench,
Casket is the grumpy half-demon of the team,
Susan "Stakes" Smiles is the team's resident vampire,
The ghostly MtlAngelus pops up at random intervals.

P.A.I.N

Megaman is the company's president and Zero's nemesis,
Fallengel is his right-hand man,
Deathgo is MIA,
Dr. Scotch is the replacement loon (and AREF's headmaster).

Also Starring...

Bracket - the team member wannabe who is getting fed up with waiting.

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Zero72 walks along a corridor and up to a WC door.

Zero72: This is ridiculous... (he knocks on the door)

Voice: (from behind the door) Password please...

Zero72: Dr. Drago's Madcap Chase.

Voice: En-ter!

Zero opens the door and enters the room. Rather than being a WC, it is a small lift. A short grim-reaper look-alike is stood inside. The door closes.

Zero72: I've got a day-pass to go and see my pal, MtlAngelus. It's his housewarming party.

Reapo: I know that! I've already set the correct Hell Dimension Number in the lift control settings.

Zero72: Right. (Long Pause) What is all this "Hell Dimension" stuff, anyway? I mean how many of them are there?

Reapo: I'm glad you asked, Mr. 072. I'm glad you asked.

The sides of the lift fall down revealing fire and brimstone. Reapo pushes Zero into a seat and two small demons resembling Reapo appear. Music starts up behind them. They began to tap-dance.

Lil' Reapo & Really Lil' Reapo: (singing) *Ooooooooooh... Ahhhhhhhh...*

Reapo: (in a stupid voice) Now, how many hell dimensions, I hear you ask?

Lil' Reapo & Really Lil' Reapo: (singing) *Ooooooooooh... Ahhhhhhhh...*

Reapo: (in a stupid voice) You wanna know what they're called, what they're like. Am I right?

Lil' Reapo & Really Lil' Reapo: (singing) *Ooooooooooh... Ahhhhhhhh...*

Reapo: (in a stupid voice) Well, sir, I'll tell you something about these Hell Dimensions and I'll tell you it for free... Just listen up, now you listen to me.

The three Reapo's put top hats on and bring out canes.

All three Reapo's: (singing) *Hell Dimension No.1!*

Reapo: *A place of fire, brimstone and sun.*

All three Reapo's: *Hell Dimension No.2!*

Lil' Reapo: *Luxury fish ponds make it blue.*

All three Reapo's: *Hell Dimension No.3!*

Really Lil' Reapo: *It's all a big cons-piracy!*

All three Reapo's: *Hell Dimension No.4!*

Reapo: *The one with all the magic doors.*

All three Reapo's: *Hell Dimension No.5!*

Lil' Reapo: *Fish-lemurs keep that realm alive.*

All three Reapo's: *Hell Dimension No.6!*

Really Lil' Reapo: *Actually that does not exist.*

All three Reapo's: *Hell Dimension No.007!*

Reapo: *For James Bond look-alikes, this is heaven.*

All three Reapo's: *Hell Dimension No.7!*

Lil' Reapo: *Where creatures moan and hate to rhyme.*

All three Reapo's: *Hell Dimension No.8!*

Really Lil' Reapo: *Orange bungalows? I can't wait!*

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All three Reapo's: *Hell Dimension No.9!*

Reapo: *Out of space and out of time.*

All three Reapo's: *Hell Dimension No.10!*

Lil' Reapo: *Their ruler is a giant hen.*

All three Reapo's: *Hell Dimension No.11!*

Really Lil' Reaper: *Home of Ryu and Hadoo-Ken.*

All three Reapo's: *Those are the Eleven Hell Dimensions! Some say there are more!*

Those are the Eleven Hell Dimensions! Non-divisible by four!

Reapo: *Cha cha cha cha... cha cha cha... cha cha cha – cha cha cha!*

The Reapo's all end in various poses, looking extremely pleased with themselves. The music stops. The two smaller Reapo's discard their hats and canes and walk off. Zero72 gets up from his chair and the walls of the lift come back up.

Reapo: (grinning) Any more questions?

Zero72: (looking disturbed) Good god, no!

Reapo: (sadly) We do requests.

Zero72: (angrily) I said no – damn it!

Cut to Team HQ (Nutter's House). Pillow is tapping away on the computer.

Nutter: (walking in) Found anything on this Ivanovich Deathgo yet?

Pillow: Yep. It says here that he's a geneysis, he used to work for NASA but they caught him dissecting the institution's pet walrus and he was dismissed. It's got his homerdres, right here.

Nutter: Homerdres?

Pillow: Where he lives.

Nutter: Oh... Home address!

Pillow: Yeah, that's what I said – homerdres.

Nutter: (smiling) You know I always find it remarkable that you can find any minute personal detail about people on the internet if you know where to look. Remarkably convenient.

Pillow: Unbelievable too.

Nutter: Er...yes, quite. (Pause) Well, we'll have to send a couple of you to investigate. I suggest you and Susan for the job.

Pillow: (annoyed) Oh, can't I go with Casket? I don't want to go anywhere with that vampire.

Nutter: No, Casket's gone shopping for tonight's dinner. (Pause) And anyway it'll give you two a chance to patch things up.

Pillow: Hmmph, Okey-doke.

She walks off. Cut to Lift.

Reapo: Almost there now, Slayer.

Zero72: Good.

Reapo: (the lift beeps and stops) Ah, here we are. (the door opens) Hell Dimension No.10!

Zero72: (stepping out of the lift with Reapo, incredulous) The giant hen one?

Reapo: Shush!... He's very sensitive about his weight.

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Zero72: You brought it up! It's not my... (realising something) Wait a minute, 'he'? It can't be a hen if it's a 'he'!

Reapo: Shush! I say, he's a hen!

Zero72: And I say he's a cock!

Hen Master: (appearing as if from nowhere) Did you just call me a cock?

Zero72: (looking at him) Yes!

Hen Master: (looking upset) And why was this?

Zero72: (Frustrated) Because you're not a hen! You're a great big cock!

There is silence. Random demons, creatures, ghosts, etc who are walking around stop and look at Zero72 in disgust and horror.

Zero72: (realising why they look appalled) Oh... you think I mean.... No, not that type of cock. No. No. No. You see...

Hen Master: (interrupting, ignoring Zero) I have never been so insulted in all my lives! How dare you call me, the great master of Hell Dimension No.10, a cheap and tasteless beverage.

Zero72: Huh?

Reapo: (to Zero) "Cock" is a very popular fizzy drink here. There's also "Diet Cock" and "Strawberry Cock".

Zero72: Oh. Right. (to Hen Master) Sorry, if I offended you, my lord. It was a foolish misunderstanding on my part.

Hen Master: Indeed it was, boy. Indeed it was. (Pause) Go about your business then but be warned – I'm watching you, Slayer. (he disappears)

Zero72: Yikes!

Reapo: I think he likes you.

Pan out. We can see that this area of dimension 10 looks a lot like a normal street on Earth, apart from the fact that supernatural creatures are in place of the humans and the buildings are all of a weird gothic style. Also, the sky is golden instead of blue. Cut to Earth – Outside house (it is night).

Pillow: (frustrated, to Stakes.) Okay, before we knock on the door – are you sure that you understand the plan?

"Stakes": You haven't even told me the plan, yet!

Pillow: (sighing) I thought I'd have to explain this to you again. (Pause) Okay, when the door is opened, if it's not opened by Deathgo but by one of his friends or relatives, we say that we have to see Deathgo immediately. If they ask us why then we tell them that we're Deathgo's secret lovers and have to see him urgently or he will die of non-loveritis. Got it?

"Stakes": Um, perhaps I'd better do the talking.

Pillow: (sighing again) Fine, whatever! (she knocks on the door)

Woman: (answering the door) Yes? Can I help you?

"Stakes": Yes, we're friends of Ivanovich's. Is he in?

Woman: (looking shaken) Oh, well, um... perhaps you'd best come in.

They enter the house and into a lounge area. "Stakes" and Pillow sit on the sofa, the woman sits on the comfy chair.

Woman: As you've probably realised by now – I am... or rather... was... Ivanovich's wife.

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“Stakes”: Oh dear! Has something happened to Mr. Deathgo, then?

Mrs. Deathgo: Indeed it has. (Pause) As you are no doubt aware, my husband was a very intelligent man. (“Stakes” nods) Well, his studies always came before our private life and I respected that but after he started working at *that company*, I hardly saw him at all. There would be whole weeks where I wouldn’t see anything of him and when he came back, he was always excited about some project or other he was working on.

“Stakes”: Did he happen to mention the name of the company that he worked for or any of the details of these ‘projects’?

Mrs. Deathgo: No, indeed he did not. I asked him once or twice but he said that he was sworn to secrecy and that there would be repercussions if he revealed anything to me. (Pause) Of course, this worried me, but I didn’t say anything to him about my concerns. Perhaps I should have done. It’s too late now.

“Stakes”: What happened to him?

Mrs. Deathgo: Well, it happened a few days ago. I hadn’t seen my husband for two weeks and I was beginning to get worried when all of a sudden, I got a knock on the door.

“Stakes”: Who was it?

Mrs. Deathgo: The postman, he had a big package, said it was for me. (Pause) Well, I brought it inside although the noises I could hear from inside disturbed me a little and opened it up. (she starts to cry)

“Stakes”: What was in it, Mrs. Deathgo?

Mrs. Deathgo: A note saying “Your husband had this coming to him. Remember to feed him lots of salmon.” And...and... a walrus.

“Stakes”: They turned him into a walrus? How horribly ironic.

Mrs. Deathgo: I’m keeping him in a swimming pool in the garden. He seems to like it there. (Long Pause) But how do you know my Ivanovich? He never was all that sociable.

Pillow: (loudly, grinning) We were his secret lovers.

“Stakes” covers her head in her hands. Mrs. Deathgo looks shocked. Cut to HD.10 – Zero knocks on the door of one of the strange houses.

Ghost of MtlAngelus: (opening the door, happy) Zero! So good to see you!

Zero72: Hi, Angelus!

Ghost of MtlAngelus: Come in, the party’s almost started!

Zero follows MtlAngelus into the house. Inside banners, balloons and other party related items are evident. The banners read “Happy Housewarming, MtlAngelus!” Assorted ghosts, ghouls and demons are standing around.

Ghost of MtlAngelus: (introducing Zero to a guest) This is FutureWorm, he’s a Cutlery-Demon!

FutureWorm: Word.

Zero72: Any particular word?

FutureWorm: They’re all good.

Zero72: So, what does a cutlery-demon do exactly?

FutureWorm: Eats cutlery.

Zero72: Right... So, how did you meet MtlAngelus?

FutureWorm: One of his clients was having problems with me when he was alive.

MtlAngelus told me not to eat any more of his client’s cutlery so I didn’t. Angelus

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gave me some forks to say thank you and we've been friends ever since. (Pause) I'd eaten most of that guy's cutlery anyway.

Ghost of MtlAngelus: (smiling) Ah, happy days. If only I could turn back the wings of time... But alas, the days of my life are all behind me and the days of my death are right here, right now.

Zero72: How come you managed to get a place here anyway, MtlAngelus? I thought house-prices were too high. (see FF17 – Slayer Vs. Slayer)

Ghost of MtlAngelus: Yeah, but I earned some soul points for all those times I helped you out.

Zero72: I don't recall any actual 'helping'.

Ghost of MtlAngelus: (he laughs, then seriously) Shut up.

Cut to the end of the party. Zero72, FutureWorm and MtlAngelus are staggering drunkenly about.

Zero72: (to MtlAngelus) You wersch the bescht, Angel...Angelus!

Ghost of MtlAngelus: (to Zero) Nosch, you wersch the bescht!

Zero72: (angry, to MtlAngelus) No, you wersch the beschest!

FutureWorm: You're both the beschst!

They all laugh.

Zero72: (looking at his watch) Well, hic, itsch been fun but I gorra...I gotta go...

Ghost of MtlAngelus: Come back any rhyme...

FutureWorm: Time.

Ghost of MtlAngelus: Any time, Zeor27.

Zero72: Toodle-pipshkie! (he staggers out the door)

FutureWorm: I love pretending to be drunk.

Ghost of MtlAngelus: Whosch pretending?

Cut to outside. Zero staggers down the road towards the lift, humming the Worms theme tune. Suddenly, just as he is about to enter the lift, he finds himself surrounded by various demons.

Ugly Demon: Prepare to die.

Zero72: Do yousch know who I sham?... I'm...I'm...the Shlayer!

Pompous Demon: Yeah and you're on our turf.

Ugly Demon: You had a lot of nerve coming here.

Upside-Down Demon: You won't have a lot of nerves, coming out.

Zero72: Feelsch my Shlayer wrath. (he reaches for his sabre and realises he has left it at MtlAngelus') Shoot.

The Demons fight Zero who miraculously manages to beat two of them, even in this drunk and unarmed state. The last demon however lunges at him and pins him to the floor.

Pompous Demon: Goodbye, Slayer. (he raises his claw to strike)

Hen Master: (appearing above him) Stop in the name of the hen!

Pompous Demon: (rising) My lord?

Hen Master: Leave this mortal alone. I will deal with him.

Pompous Demon: As you wish. (he leaves)

Zero72: (to Hen Master) Thansch Rooschter-boy! You're one in a millschion!

Hen Master: I said I was watching you, Slayer. I wasn't going to allow you to be

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killed in such an unworthy manner. (he hands him his sabre) But that doesn't mean I like you, Zero. It just means I have mercy. Now take your weapon and go.

Zero72 takes the sabre and steps into the lift.

Hen Master: Send my regards to the source of all evil.

Zero72: (on the alert) Who?

Hen Master: You mean, she hasn't told you?

Zero72: Who? Who hasn't told me?

Hen Master: You'll figure it out soon enough.

Zero72: But wait. Who... (the door of the lift closes) Damn!

Reapo: (standing next to him in the lift) I'm in a singing kind of mood. (tapping his foot to music which has suddenly surrounded them) A – one, two, three, four –

Fade to black. Reapo's singing can be heard during the credits.

The P.A.I.N Files – Personnel Report: #43256a

Name: Tricia Teabags.

Sex: Female.

D.O.B: Refused to tell us.

Marital Status: Married.

Position: Tea Lady.

Hobbies: Cooking Yorkshire pudding and trying on designer glasses.

Character Profile: Tricia is our ever cheerful tea lady. She is a master in her area and also a great fan of gossiping about her neighbours. If you're nice to her then you may get a biscuit with your tea – if not then you may get a cracked mug.