

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 Two: Breakout Blinx!

*This Episode is dedicated to
Zero72 (whose birthday it was recently)
&
Blinx (who had his forum anniversary recently)*

Cut to a ferry. On deck. Envelope, Zero, FatWhitey, Pillow and Casket stand around.

Zero72: So, how did you actually find out about all this, Whitey?

FatWhitey: Well... It all started the other day when I was released from the asylum...

The screen goes blurry. Cut to FatWhitey being led outside of the asylum by a doctor.

Doctor Spockter: Take care, FatWhitey, and if you ever feel these cravings coming on again – give me a call.

FatWhitey: What cravings? I ain't got no cravings! I never had any cravings!

Doctor Spockter: Ye...s. Of course not. (Pause) Now, if you will excuse me, I have to attend to that man who thinks that "Zoo Cube" is a good computer game.

FatWhitey: Poor guy.

The doctor walks off. FatWhitey's mobile rings.

FatWhitey: (answering it) Hello...

Blinx's Voice: (muffled but urgent) You've gotta help me, Whitney! The other inmates are all being eat by zombeeZ!

FatWhitey: What? Blinx? How did you get my phone number?

Blinx's Voice: No time to exspleen! Get Zeor! HEEEEELP MEEEEEE! (the phone goes dead)

FatWhitey: Wow. He sounded pretty urgent.... (Pause) But I have time for one little drink. (he walks into the OD Pub)

Fade back to the present.

Count Ferrell-Envelope: (disgusted) Let me get this straight... You learnt that your friend was in trouble on Thursday and it took you until Saturday to do anything about it?

FatWhitey: Pretty much.

Casket: Hell, I know I'd do the same thing! (Pillow looks at him moodily) Uh, not to you, honey.

Pillow: Well, I can't believe you'd be so horridible!

Zero72: Yeah but then you don't know Blinx. (he sneezes) Damn, I think I'm coming down with something.

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Casket: Demon-Flu, perhaps? Because you could have easily caught it from that demon who stole your wallet last month.

Zero72: (sniffing) Don't be ridiculous. I do not have demon f...fl....a-choo! (he sneezes out fire) Okay, maybe a little.

Count Ferrell-Envelope: (looking out to sea) Looks like a storm's brewing. I hope your friend's okay.

FatWhitey: Ah, I'm sure he's fine.

Cut to penal colony, main communications tower.

Chief Guard: (at communication desk, into microphone.) Can anyone hear me? Oh god, you've got to help! They're everywhere! They're gonna kill us all! We need your hellll.... (he is grabbed by some kind of zombie creature and pulled to the floor)
AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

Cut to titles.

Title Music Lyrics

*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.*

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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 the crackpot of the organisation.

Also Starring...

Bracket - the team member wannabe who is getting fed up with waiting,
Dr. Scotch – Headmaster at AREF and registered alcoholic.

Special Guest Stars

FatWhitey – Reformed Cake-man.
Blinx – Unreformed Spellin-criminal.

Cut to AREF building – Head's room. Susan "Stakes" Smiles is talking to Dr. Scotch.

"Stakes": So, I'm sorry I couldn't hand in the assignment on time, it's just that I've been so busy and...

Dr. Scotch: (half-listening) Hmm... Oh, right. Well, the thing is Ms. Smiles. I don't really care.

"Stakes": Y...you don't but Mr. Cleanteeth seemed really angr...

Dr. Scotch: (interrupting) You see that where us teachers differ. He says "Your education is really important" and I say "Who gives a shit?"

"Stakes": But you're the head.

Dr. Scotch: (gloomily) Christ, don't remind me! Where's my liqueur? (he fumbles around in his drawer and produces a bottle of rum. He pours himself some. Sipping it)

Do you want a glass?

"Stakes": Er...no.

Dr. Scotch: Good. (he downs the rest of the bottle then chucks it aside) You were saying?

"Stakes": Never mind. (she leaves)

Dr. Scotch: (looking at his bottle) Damn it, this is some good rum...

Cut to ferry. It is approaching Penal Colony Speller which is on fire from several places and looks in bad shape.

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Sea Captain: Thar she be!

Zero72: We can all see it, captain.

Sea Captain: Arr.

FatWhitey: (to Zero and the Team) So what's the plan, guys?

Pillow: Plan?

Zero72: We thought that you were making the plan.

FatWhitey: Uh...sorry.

Casket: Looks we'll have to do what we always do then.

FatWhitey: Go home?

Casket: No, bust in there, kill everyone and rescue Guest Character B.

Zero72: He has a name!

Casket: Yeah, I know. I just don't care.

Cut to inside Blinx's cell.

Blinx: (singing) *Wheeeeere is Zeor?... Wheeeeere is Zeor?... Is he comin' to help me out or will my brains be eateeeen?.....*

Criminal being eaten in cell next to him: I can stand being locked up. I can stand being eaten. But if there's one thing I cannot stand – It's that guy's singing!

Blinx: I only sing when I'm sad.

Zombie-Waiter: (appearing as if from nowhere) Then can I be of assistance in any way? Any way at all?

Blinx: No, I'm too depresseyd.

Zombie-Waiter: (desperate) Oh, no need to be sad. Do you want a cake? Because we can bake you a cake... a brain cake.

Blinx: I prefer sponge.

Zombie-Waiter: Uh, that may be a problem.

Blinx: *Wheeeeere is...*

Zombie-Waiter: (interrupting) On the other hand, it's no problem at all. (Pause) Just don't sing any more ever.

Blinx: Okay.

Criminal: At last I can have my brains eaten in peace.

Cut to Team HQ (Nutter's house). Nutter is sitting in the living room smoking a pipe, Root is reading a book. "Stakes" enters.

"Stakes": (annoyed) Man! I do not believe the nerve of that guy! I mean he's supposed to be teaching not getting drunk!

Nutter: (looking up) Hmm, who?

"Stakes": AREF's Headmaster, that's who!

Nutter: (smiling) What? You mean, Ol' Dr. Scotch? He's been at the bottle for years. He only got the job as Headmaster because nobody else wanted to take it.

Root: Why did he want to take it?

Nutter: The salary mainly. (Pause) He sleeps in his office, you know?

"Stakes": That's not healthy.

Nutter: Hmm, nonsense. I used to sleep in the library until I brought this place.

"Stakes": (disturbed) Right. (looking around) Where is everybody?

Cut to penal colony dock. Zero and the Team step off the ferry.

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Zero72: (sniffing) Looks normal enough. (he trips up)

Pillow: (looking down) Oh my god! This guy's missing his brain!

Casket: (laughing) That's going to handicap his career chances! (they all look at him) What?, I'm just saying!

FatWhitey: (they enter the actual building) I think Blinx is in Cell 42 on the third floor. We should all move our way up there.

Zero72: (sitting down, coughing) Aghhh... too sick. You guys go rescue him.

The Team + FW: What?

Zero72: You heard me. You'll be fine and I can fight off any zombies that come at me.

Count Ferrell-Envelope: Well...if you're sure.

Zero72: I am...A-chooo! (Pause) See if you can find me some cough-drops too while you're up there.

Cut to zombie-infested corridor. All of a sudden a burst of flame flies through it, setting the zombies alight.

Count Ferrell-Envelope: (walking down the corridor with the Team) I knew this flamethrower would come in handy.

Casket: Yeah, we're certainly cooking up a storm!

FatWhitey: (looking at the cell numbers) 35, 36, 37... (tapping a flaming zombie on the shoulder) Hey, do you know where 42 is?

Miscellaneous Zombie: Why sure. Just keep going and take a left at the corner.

FatWhitey: Thanks. (they start to walk onwards)

Miscellaneous Zombie: Hey! Could any of you guys like...put me out?

Casket: No.

Miscellaneous Zombie: Damnit, well thanks anyway. (he disintegrates)

Cut to Zero72. He is sleeping with a blanket over him.

Creepy Zombie: (approaching the sleeping Zero) Bwahahaha! Now to eat his braaaaaains!

He gets to within grabbing-distance of Zero. Zero's hand flies up with the sabre in it and impales the Zombie.

Creepy Zombie: Ow.

Zero72: You know you really shouldn't sneak up on people like that.

Creepy Zombie: Hey, I'm evil, what do you expect?

Zero72: Point taken. Now do you mind dying? I'm trying to get some sleep!

Creepy Zombie: No, not at all. Sorry for the inconvenience. (he dies)

Zero72: Amateurs.

Cut to AREF Building – Head's office.

Dr. Scotch: Hmm, I feel like a drink. (he pours himself a drink from his rum bottle.

Tasting it) Tastes a little odd. (tasting more.) Wait a minute! This isn't rum! It's some kind of transparent non-alcoholic liquid! I can't drink this! (throwing it to one side)

Arrrrrrgh! Somebody's going to pay!... But first, sleep. (he crawls under his desk where he has his bed and falls asleep)

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Cut to Blinx's Cell. The door is open and Blinx is tied to a chair.

FatWhitey: (entering, with the team) Blinx! How've you been?

Blinx: In trooble! You're in trooble!

FatWhitey: Ha ha! I see your time inside hasn't done anything for your pronunciation!

Blinx: Ruun Aweey!! Run be4 it's 2 lat!

Casket: Is he always like this?

FatWhitey: Pretty much.

Pillow: Wait, guys! I think he may be trying to warny-warn us about something!

The door slams and three zombies appear as if from nowhere. One carries a crossbow, one an axe and the final one – a packet of Wagon Wheels.

Zombies: You fall into our trap! Ha ha ha! Now, we eat your braiiiiins!

Count Ferrell-Envelope: (angry) Not again! Can't we go anywhere without running into a trap?

The zombies attack with lightning speed. The first lands an arrow in Envelope's arm, causing him to fall to the floor. The second attacks Casket with the axe and he disappears. The third throws a Wagon Wheel into Pillow's mouth.

Pillow: Oh goff...I thinkf I'm gonna be sthick... (she faints)

FatWhitey: Looks like it's all up to me. (angry) ARRRRRRRRRRGH! (he kicks the first zombie and head butts the second. They fall down and FW dispatches them with their own weapons) That about wraps things up. (he goes over to Blinx and starts to untie him)

Zombie Chef (previously Third Zombie): Hey, Fatso! (Whitey turns round) If you stop helping your friends out then I'll give you this cake that I cooked to stop Blinx singing!

FatWhitey: A c...c...cake?

Blinx: Oh no!

Zombie Chef: Mmmm, lovely sponge cake with chocolate icing. It could be all yours.

FatWhitey: (hearing in his head – Doc Spockter's voice) *You don't need the cakes, Whitey. The cakes can't control you anymore. The craving must stop!*

Zombie Chef: (holding some cake out to Whitey) Come on, just one little bite!

FatWhitey: NOOOOOOOO! (he thrusts his hand forward pushing the cake into ZC's face who falls to the floor and dies.) Never again will the cake control FatWhitey!

From now on – FatWhitey chooses his own destiny!

Blinx: Hurray! (Pause) Now, do ya think u could untie me?

Cut to ferry. The Team, FW and Blinx are on the way back to shore.

FatWhitey: So, what's been happening to you, Blinx?

Blinx: Well, at first, it was just boring but then it started getting real scary. What with all my prison frends getting keeled by ZombeeZ.

Pillow: Where did all the zomby-zombs come from though, Blinx?

Blinx: Some sayd that thay came from over the seas but I think they came from the big crate we got delivered from the mainland. It sayd on it "ZombeeZ inside – handle with car" and I thought that was a leetle fishy.

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Count Ferrell-Envelope: Do you know who sent the box?

Blinx: I think it was a Mr. Ivanovich Deathgo. Dunno why anyone wuld wanna send us Zombeez, myself.

Count Ferrell-Envelope: Hmmm, what do you think Zero...

Zero72: (with a thermometer in his mouth) I think I would have preferred to spend my birthday at home than at a zombie-infested penal colony.

Count Ferrell-Envelope: Don't worry Zero, I'm sure today will still turn out alright! Mark my words.

Cut to everyone arriving back at Nutter's House.

Zero72: Why are all the lights off?

Casket: I guess everyone went to bed early.

Zero72: Hmmph, typical.

They walk in to the lounge. The lights are suddenly turned on, revealing lots of party guests including the cast of "17's Company". A banner above reads "Happy Birthday, Zeor!"

All: SURPRISE!

Zero72: Wow! This is incredible! You did all this for me?

Worm Mad: Well, we certainly didn't do it for Blinx! (they all laugh)

Blinx: It's funney because it's true! Happy Birthday, Zero!

Cut to P.A.I.N HQ. Megaman approaches Deathgo in the HQ's lab.

Megaman: Ah, Mr. Deathgo. I do trust that this Blinx-zombie-distraction brought you all the time you needed to collect the DNA for our little project?

Deathgo: Why of course, sir. All is in readiness.

Megaman: Excellent. Then without further ado... Send in the Clones!

Caption: To be continued...

Fade to black.

The P.A.I.N Files – Personnel Report: #356399c

Name: Professor Ivanovich Deathgo.

Sex: Male.

D.O.B: God only knows.

Marital Status: Married (apparently)

Position: Head of Research and Development at P.A.I.N

Hobbies: Counting pelicans, dissecting walruses, sacrificing virgins.

Character Profile: "Ivanovich Deathgo is one of most singular examples of genius that our age has to offer. Ruthless, cunning and psychotic, his research into the supernatural is unparalleled and was the central reason for his getting hired at P.A.I.N. While Deathgo is always keen to point out that he is married, the company has as-of-yet seen little evidence of this. In fact Deathgo has been known to live in his lab for days upon end without ever venturing home."