

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 Seven: A Ghoulis Alliance

Cut to Team HQ (Nutter's House). Various Team members are lying around. Signs of a party from the night before are dotted around.

Zero72: (coming to) Uggghhhhhh....

Casket: You can say that again.

Zero72: Uggghhhhhh.... (Pause) What happened? I feel like I was run over by a horde of psychotic leprechauns.

Pillow: (half-asleep) Party...go...party...

Zero72: Oh, yeah. Our Christmas party... (grinning) It was great, wasn't it?

Casket: Uggghhhhhh....

Nutter: (walking in, incredulous) I don't believe it! (Pause) Evil is constantly on the prowl and you've all been inflicted with a seasonal crop of hangovers.

Zero72: I haven't got a hangover. I had a sensible amount to drink last night.

Count Ferrell-Envelope: (rousing himself) You...what? Since when has drinking two swimming pools worth of cider been considered a "sensible amount to drink"

Zero72: Since the Open Discussion Pub started their annual "Lake Beer" Tournament.

Pillow: (half-asleep) Drunk...me...go...sleep...now.

Nutter: There's no time for sleep! We have to keep a lookout for evil!

Zero72: Relax, who would want to kill us?

Cut to lair of unspeakable evil. Graham the ghoul sits cross-legged outside a circle of candles with a weird hex symbol which is on the ground.

Graham the Ghoul: (chanting) Humba-chumba-nutta-powwa-zeor-womba-guestaa-sambaa!

The candles light themselves and the hex symbol starts to glow.

Graham the Ghoul: (still chanting) W00ta-lola-rofla-tehla-omga-imhoa!

The candles dissolve and a terrifying vampire appears on the hex symbol.

Sampson: Why have you woken me from my deathly slumber, ghoul?

Graham the Ghoul: (confused) Huh? No, I didn't wake you up...you were dead. I brought you back to life.

Sampson: (irritated) That's what I meant.

Graham the Ghoul: Oh...right. (Pause) Anyhoo, I need you to help me get revenge against some old adversaries of mine.

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Sampson: Uh-huh? Well, who are these enemies?

Graham the Ghoul: One of them was that infamous Worm Mad fellow but he's in another town now and I can't be bothered to pursue him. (Pause) The others though were friends of that Zero-fellow. You know, the new Slayer?

Sampson: (growling) New slayer?

Graham the Ghoul: Yeah, because after you pegged it – there was that crazy Betong fellow and now there's this Zero-bloke. Nutter trained them both, I believe.

Sampson: Nutter...(screaming) NUTTER! (Pause, angry) I'll curse that name till the day I die!

Graham the Ghoul: Uh...you are dead.

Sampson: (sadly) I know. (angrily) And it's all HIS fault!

Graham the Ghoul: (grinning) You could say that getting revenge on him is a matter of life and death. (seeing Sampson's angry expression) Or not. (Pause) Anyway, we've both got to get revenge on these people so let's do it!

Sampson: Agreed. We strike at dawn.

Graham the Ghoul: Er, you're a vampire. You can't go out in the day.

Sampson: Oh... (realising something) Oh! So that's why I died! (smiling) I never knew that.

Graham the Ghoul: (sighing) Then it's settled. (Dramatic Pause) We strike at night! (Pause) It sounded better when you said it, didn't it? (Sampson nods)

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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Nutter: (calming down) Good. (Pause) It's just that I haven't had this dream since he died. (Pause) I'm worried it could mean something.

Zero72: Maybe it means that he's hovering outside your window waiting to suck your blood.

Nutter: (half-laughing) Now, come on. I don't think it means anything that prophetic.

Zero72: (with more urgency) No, I mean – he *is* hovering outside your window waiting to suck your blood!

Nutter: (looking at the window and seeing Sampson hovering there) Ahhhhh!

Sampson: (talking through the glass) Little pig, little pig, let me in.

Nutter: (to Sampson, through the glass) Oh, h...hello, Sampson. (to Zero, mouthing the words) Kill him!

Zero72: Huh?

Nutter: Kill him!

Zero72: What did you say?

Nutter: **KILL HIM!**

Sampson looks annoyed. Zero72 laughs.

Zero72: Oh, 'Kill him', Ha ha ha! I thought you said 'Kiss him', ha ha ha ha!

Nutter: Just do it!

Zero72: (incredulous) Uh-huh, and how am I supposed to do that when he's floating in mid-air? Throw my sabre at him?

Sampson: You could just invite me in.

Zero72: (grinning) Good idea! I invite you into our hou...

Nutter: (interrupting, shouting) NO, ZERO, DON'T!

Zero72: ...se. (Pause, to Nutter) Why not?

Sampson smashes through the window and seizes Nutter with his hand slamming him against the wall.

Sampson: You're going to pay for what you did to me, Nutter!

Nutter: (half-choking) N..now let's stay calm. No need to get upset, eh?

Zero72: It's Zero-time! (he reaches for his sabre but instead unsheathes a baguette) Huh?

Graham the Ghoul: (walking in, holding Zero's sabre) I believe this is what you're looking for, Mr. Slayer.

Zero72: (confused) And who in the name of heck are you?

Graham the Ghoul: Quake in fear, foolish mortal! For I am the infamous

Graham...the Ghoul!

Zero72: (to Nutter) Who?

Nutter: He's the idiot that Worm Mad caught trying to rob a shop when you were away last summer.

Zero72: (half-interested) Oh!

Graham the Ghoul: Yes! Yes! I was that idiot! But what you did to me was inexcusable! It was worse than death... (choking up) The humiliation...(Pause) All those cold dead eyes....suddenly filled with rage. (curling himself into a ball) So much rage.... So much... (screaming) It took me a month just to lose the nicknames!

Zero72: What nickname?

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Graham the Ghoul: They...they called me 'Graham the Girl'! (screaming) And 'Cakeface'!

Zero72: (laughing) Ha ha ha...Cakeface! Man, that's killer material! (Pause, seeing Graham's anger) Uh-huh. Well, where were we?

Graham the Ghoul: I was just explaining the reason why I'd come back here to enact a bloody revenge on all of your friends.

Zero72: (nodding) Right, because they forget to tape 'Scrubs' for you.

Graham the Ghoul: (shouting) No! Not because they forgot to tape 'Scrubs' for me! I never miss an episode of 'Scrubs'!

Zero72: Right...(Pause) Well, I've kind of forgotten the reason so can't we just forget about it?

Graham the Ghoul: No! We can't! They humiliated me!

Zero72: (remembering) Oh, yeah – Cakeface. (Pause) I'm back up to date now. Please continue.

Graham the Ghoul: Well anyway, I've planned a dastardly revenge... a dastardly...revenge...I plotted it for months...months...(Long Pause, shouting) Only now I can't remember what the hell it was!

Nutter: The killer-vampire from my past routine?

Graham the Ghoul: Ah, yes! That was it! (Pause) Now where was the little rascal?

Nutter: (looking at Sampson who has fallen asleep) Ehem.

Zero72: (patronising) Awww, looks like the evil undead critter's all tuckered out! (to Graham) Now, can you give me my sabre back please?

Graham the Ghoul: (laughing manically) Bwahahahahahahaha! Never! You can't kill me if you don't have your precious sabre!

Zero72: (sighing) Graham, Graham, Graham, you are so naïve. (he pulls out two mini-sabre daggers) Meet the twins. (he jumps in the air and lands with one of the sabres impaling Graham's chest) Confidence. (he uses the other sabre to slice off the arm Graham was holding Zero's main sabre with) And Paranoia.

Graham the Ghoul: Oh...shit. (Pause) I really wasn't expecting that.

Zero72: (picking himself up, taking the sabre) That's the problem with the bad guys... they never do. (Pause, laughing) He he he... Cakeface.

Pillow opens the door slamming it into Graham who is sat, defeated, next to it.

Pillow: Hi guys! Whatcha doing?

Zero72: Oh, hi Pillow! We're just beating up some old friends.

Sampson: (waking up, grabbing Nutter again) Now you die, asshole!

Zero72: Quick, Pillow! Sing!

Pillow: Okay. (singing) *Bright eyes, shining like fire! How can the lights that shined so brightly suddenly shine so pale? Bright eyes.*

Zero72: This is hopeless! What happened to your singing voice?

Pillow: (Pausing) Casket improved it!

Zero72: But now people can listen to it without bursting into tears!

Sampson: (crying on Nutter's shoulder) It's so sad....waahh! I always loved this song!

Zero72: (grinning) I stand corrected.

Pillow: (comforting Sampson) There, there, Mr. Vampire. It's okay. (Pause) Why don't you go for a nice morning stroll to cheer you up?

Sampson: (wiping his tears) Th...thanks. (Pause) I think I'll do that. (he leaves out of the door.)

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Graham the Ghoul: (half-alive, calling out) You can't go out in daylight, you're a vampire! You idiot! (a scream is heard from Sampson) Incompetent fool. (to Zero) Hey, can I have my arm back?

Zero72: Nope.

Graham the Ghoul: Chris Almighty!

Casket opens the door, slamming it into Graham again.

Casket: What's happening, guys?

Pillow: (excited) Well, a couple of old friends stoppeyed by and I sang and one left but there's still that Ghoully fellow in the corner there!

Casket: (seeing Graham, grinning) Hey! You! How did that cake-thing go? Did the crowd like it?

Graham the Ghoul: I still visit a counsellor fortnightly to talk about it.

Casket: Does it help?

Graham the Ghoul: Not really, she calls me 'Cakeface' – laughs at me then charges me £50. (Pause) Underworld counsellors are hell.

Casket: (ignoring him, grinning) You know who'd love that cake thing of yours? That fat friend of Zero's! (to Zero) Hey, what was his name, Zero?

Zero72: FatWhitey? Nah, he's quit the whole cake thing now.

Casket: (remembering) Oh yeah. (to Graham) Well, maybe you should try a different routine.

Graham the Ghoul: It wasn't a routine! You forced me to do it!

Casket: (sulky) Well, you can't blame us if your singing sucks.

Pillow: Mine doesn't suck.

Casket: (smiling) No, it doesn't. (to Graham) You know if you'd have said you needed help with this number, Pillow would've been happy to do it for you and help me out.

Graham the Ghoul: But...you forced me to do it!

Casket: Yes, yes, that's the spirit. Never give up the dream, I always say.

Nutter: I thought you said "Give up the dream, it's not worth fighting for"

Casket: Well, yeah, I do. (Pause) But that's only to close friends and family.

Graham the Ghoul: Goodbye, cruel world. Parting is such sweet sorrow. (he dies)

Casket: (to Zero) What did he say?

Zero72: Something about a sweet shop.

Casket: What a weirdo.

Pillow: Yeah.

A severely burnt Sampson walks in.

Sampson: Silly me! I forgot that I can't go out in the sunlight! (Pause) I get these awful burns, you see. (seeing Graham) What happened to him?

Zero72: I killed him.

Sampson: (looking at Graham) Oh... (turning to the others) Anyway, I just remembered why I was here – I need to take revenge upon Nutter.

Zero72: (unsheathing his sabre) I don't think I can let you do that.

Sampson: Sure you can – just stand there and don't interfere.

Zero72: What I mean to say is – I'm not going to let you do that.

Sampson: You can't stop me! I was a Slayer once. I'm as strong as you are. Perhaps stronger. So if you think that you can kill me just becau... (Zero slays him)

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Zero72: You were saying? (Sampson turns to dust)

Pillow: Well, that was fun.

Casket: It sure was.

Nutter: What are you talking about? Fun? I found it quite disturbing.

Casket: Well, you know the expression – If you don't like the heat, get out of hell quick.

Zero72: Actually, it's pretty cold in Hell...

Casket: ...Lousy central heating. (they both laugh)

Pillow: I don't geddit.

Fade to black.

### The P.A.I.N Files – P.A.I.N Annual Holidays #145

Holiday Title: P.A.I.N.T

Duration: Around a Week

What it is for: The annual painting of the HQ's walls. Colours vary from sinister black to moody grey.

Extra Help Required: Stan, Steve and Satan – Registered Painters & Decorators.