

**THREE'S COMPANY'S
ADVENTURE DEPARTMENT**

Episode One:
The Quest for Dryland
or
'There Were Dungeons and it Dragged-on'

TRANSCRIPT

PROLOGUE

YAZ: Hello and welcome to the Three's Company podcast, a new podcast taking an honest look at a life in the theatre. My name is Yaz, with me here is Michael –

MICHAEL: Hi, nice to be here

YAZ: ...and this is Tom.

TOM: Yes, hello!

MICHAEL: The goal here is really to give a candid and serious look at some of the challenges facing young theatre makers like us.

YAZ: Young-ish.

TOM: Before we get stuck in, maybe we should explain a little about who we are.

YAZ: Yup. Together the three of us have run 'Three's Company', a three-man theatre company, since we were children.

TOM: Yes that's right. We played together, we were at school together, our parents did am dram together. We put on our first fringe show as a trio when we were fifteen.

YAZ: And even though it is harder to find the time to get together, twenty years on, we're still going!

MICHAEL: We'll be talking you through our process - do we have a process? - as well as covering some of the hot topics of the day. So let's jump right in to today's topic: funding.

TOM: OK, Later in the episode we'll be talking about making your money go further. For instance, we're about to start developing our new show and we only have £746.11 left in the bank.

MICHAEL: And I ask - can finding a rich benefactor magically save your theatre company?

YAZ: But first, let's begin by talking about more conventional methods of raising money.

TOM: Yeah this is an important topic, this. It's competitive out there, you know, and it can be challenging to see how to move forward after multiple funding rejections, and with increasing pressures on time, and you can quickly feel like you're no longer part of the theatre scene, and that you're drifting apart from the people you've always done this with, and that everything you've ever defined yourself as is slipping through your fingers. As you try to shield yourself from the crushing truth that you're not special, that you never were, that not everyone is born for success. But we are all born to die.

MICHAEL: Yaz, would you like to talk about our current fundraising efforts?

YAZ: Yes of course. One common way of raising awareness, and therefore money, is to put an advert out on something like Gumtree.

TOM: Yeah, er, what?

MICHAEL: What?

TOM: No-one does that.

YAZ: Yeah they do.

MICHAEL: No they don't

YAZ: I did.

MICHAEL: What?

YAZ: I put an advert out on Gumtree.

TOM: Why?

YAZ: For us.

TOM: Why?

YAZ: You said we were desperate.

TOM: Is this another of your mad ideas? Who hires a theatre company off Gumtree!?

MICHAEL: What does it say?

YAZ: "Available for hire: one trio, any genre. We do it all: research, tech, we can write, we can fight, and we can rally a crowd. We have cunning, we have skill. If it seems like no-one else can answer your cry for help, there's one group you can count on, Three's Company"... And our address.

MICHAEL: ...that, that's it?

TOM: It doesn't mention theatre anywhere.

YAZ: [*Defensive*] Well... I mean, what? I mean, no, it's obvious isn't it?

TOM: It's not obvious! it doesn't make any sense!!

YAZ: But...

MICHAEL: It does sound like we're just three random men for hire to just... do stuff.

YAZ: I mean, we can, do stuff.

TOM: How exactly is that going to save the theatre company Yaz!? I mean, it's not like someone is going to knock on the door right now and say, "excuse me, I need you to go on a perilous mission that requires cunning and skill, here's lots of money", is it?.. Is it?

EXPECTANT PAUSE.

TOM: ...Like, for instance, right now... All we have left is £746.11. Unless someone knocks on that door, right now, offering a well paid opportunity, we are still in a very precarious situation, and your fundraising "efforts" were a complete waste of time. Unless someone knocks now.

BEAT.

TOM: You know I really wanted someone to knock on that door.

MICHAEL: I was almost certain someone was going to.

YAZ: Have you checked it's working?

MICHAEL: I have Yaz. But it turns out you can hear someone knock on a door whether it's working or not.

YAZ: Back to the podcast?

TOM: Okay. So first, a thrilling look at how you can use a little known loophole to get 10p off every box of teabags you buy during rehearsals - as long as you're willing to resuscitate –

A KNOCK ON THE DOOR

MICHAEL: Wait! Sounds like someone does want to hire us!

YAZ: Sounds like someone's at the door.

CREAKING DOOR

FLORA: Excuse me. Am I right in thinking these are the offices of Three's Company?

MICHAEL: You are indeed young lady, what can we do for you?

FLORA: I saw your advert on Gumtree. I come from the mythical island of Dryland.

FANTASY MUSIC

FLORA: I need your help to defeat a Wicked Witch.

YAZ: Bloody Brilliant.

FANTASY MUSIC BUILDS UNDER

FLORA: My name is Flora. My father is... was a humble blacksmith... it was his dying wish, that I seek out help. You see, before I was born, a Wicked Witch with her evil army of Goblins stole the throne from the King, and she put the people of Dryland in to slavery. The Witch has made it that on the beautiful island of Dryland, it is never summer and always a rather blustery day in October. She is just so Wicked, she must be stopped.

FANTASY MUSIC STOPS

TOM: Goblins, Witches, Mystical Islands... is this some kind of joke?

MICHAEL: Tom, there is nothing funny about an evil witch usurping a throne, taking over an island and enslaving its people.

YAZ: I don't know, there's a kind of dark humour to it.

FLORA: Do you think you can help me?

MICHAEL: You want us to travel to this island of yours and defeat an evil witch?

FLORA: I know it's a lot to ask but-

YAZ: I'm in.

TOM: Sorry Flora, we're a Fringe theatre company, we don't work for free, how much can you pay us for this little excursion?

FLORA: I haven't a penny myself - but there are others on the island who still stand against evil in these dark times.

TOM: In my experience those who stand against evil in these dark times don't have much ready cash.

MICHAEL: It does sound fun...

TOM: I'm sorry, we just can't afford to help.

FANTASY MUSIC

FLORA: Wait. I... I have this ring. A family heirloom, it is all I have left of my father. But... I'll let you have it if that's what it takes.

TOM: We can't really hire an Edinburgh Fringe venue with a piece of second hand jewelery.

FLORA: Please. If you could just get me as far as the Great Wizard PhooTuTu. Maybe he could pay you?

MICHAEL: Can I have a quick word lads? [*Hushed tones*] This lady needs our help, and this could be the solution to all our problems. Maybe the Wizard guy could fund our next show!

YAZ: And it would be nice to get out for some fresh air

TOM: I don't think you understand the seriousness of this. We're this close to bankruptcy.

YAZ: That gesture doesn't really work on radio.

TOM: Sorry I forgot we were still recording. Hi listeners!

YAZ: You could've been holding your arms really wide.

MICHAEL: What about the £746.11? That would cover travel to the island.

YAZ: Or pointing at a chart showing us being really far away.

MICHAEL: We could cut scale back Silence Of The Lambs The Musical - make it a one act play with music?

YAZ: Oh Cripes.

TOM: Not with no money - it would be a no-act play without music. They don't tend to do well..!

YAZ: Double cripes.

MICHAEL: Guys, look around you, what do you see?

TOM: The door?

YAZ: My back?

MICHAEL: An office full of memories! We've been working together for two thirds of our lives. This might be our last chance to keep that going. Surely we have to try?

TOM: It's too risky.

MICHAEL: Sometimes, you have to take a risk Tom. Sometimes, the most realistic chance to save the theatre company you've run with your two best friends since you were 13 is to follow a girl you just met on an adventure to a mythical island to meet a magical wizard.

TOM: ...Fine. But you better be right about this.

MICHAEL: Yaz?

YAZ: You had me at "free sandwiches".

MICHAEL: I never said anything about - nevermind. *[To Flora]* Flora, we have conferred, and my two friends and I have decided we'll take a break from our busy schedule as flailing theatre makers to come and help you with your Adventure.

FLORA: You don't know what this means to me.

MICHAEL: It's the least we can do.

TOM: Literally.

MICHAEL: Right lads, no time to lose.

ADVENTURE MUSIC BEGINS

TOM: Right, pack up anything you might need for an adventure everyone. Maybe make a list and check it off?

YAZ: You do this every time..

TOM: Oh yes, every time we go on an adventure I do this!

MICHAEL: Calm down Tom, this'll be fun.

TOM: Just don't come running to me when you've forgotten something.

FLORA: Let's go - we have a long journey ahead of us.

GRAND SWELLING LORD OF THE RINGS STYLE MUSIC

NARRATOR: The Quest for Dryland. Book the first: There and Back Again.

SCENE ONE

RAIN

MICHAEL: Well, here we are.

YAZ: You know that really didn't take as long as I thought it would.

TOM: Oh god, I forgot my notebook, we'll have to go back!

MICHAEL: Oh for f-

MUSICAL STING

NARRATOR: Book the second: There Again.

SCENE TWO

ISLAND NOISES

MICHAEL: Well here we are again.

FLORA: Dryland welcomes us. The wind was in our favour and the Gods of the island smile down on us this day.

TOM: Yes and I think the flight to Cape Town helped a bit as well.

FANTASY MUSIC BUILDS

MICHAEL: Just look at this place.

YAZ: My god!

TOM: Wow.

MICHAEL: It's too beautiful for words.

YAZ: Incredible, indescribable.

TOM: I'm so glad I get to see this. When you just hear about views like this it's never the same.

FANTASY MUSIC MELLOWS, INTO ISLAND NOISES

TOM: Oh look here. A big map of the island.

YAZ: [Reading] Welcome to Dryland. Ah, thanks map.

MICHAEL: So we're here. Now where's PhooTuTu's hut?

YAZ: Look at all these cool places we could visit. The Mermaid Lagoon.

FLORA: They're a bit of a pest.

YAZ: The Cave of the HipHobGoblins.

FLORA: Very annoying creatures.

YAZ: The Unicorn Meadows.

FLORA: They're terrifying things.

YAZ: Oh.

MICHAEL: I think the quickest way is if we head towards this Skull and Crossbones and go through the canyon of doom and then the valley of 100% Guaranteed Death.

TOM: Um... Shall we take the scenic route instead?

YAZ: I'm sure the name's just an exaggeration.

TOM: Oh, yeah, no you're right, it's probably just like an 80% chance.

MICHAEL: Oh ok, well it looks like, if we follow this Yellow Brick Road, it'll lead us right to it. Come on.

TOM: One thing you can say about this wicked witch, her Highway Maintenance standards are superb. This Yellow Brick Road is gleaming.

TRUDGING

SCENE THREE

GAVEL

PHOO TU TU: I am proud to declare the 322nd annual Order of the Partridge council meeting now in session. Item number one: Apologies for absence. Anyone? Let it be written. No apologies for absence. Item number two: Minutes of the last meeting. I move that our last meetings minutes be accepted as an accurate record of that meeting. All opposed?... No? Good, we continue.

KNOCK KNOCK

Come in, come in. You're late!

DOOR CREAKING

YAZ: He must be a pretty powerful wizard to know we were coming, I only found out a bit ago.

MICHAEL: Go on Flora, introduce yourself.

FLORA: Hello, oh great and powerful PhooTuTu, I am Flora, I have come...

PHOO TU TU: I know who you are, I saw it all in a dream. Three men, and a young girl would come to clean my windows.

MICHAEL: No, we've brought Flora to you so you can help her defeat the Wicked Witch.

PHOO TU TU: Oh dear, in that case I've just sent a group of cleaners to their doom... I did wonder about the squeegee. No matter. You are most welcome friends but I'm afraid you have interrupted our meeting. As I've already read the agenda and taken attendance...

YAZ: What attendance? There's no one else here.

PHOO TU TU: Yes I'll admit the other members of the Council have somewhat shirked their democratic responsibilities of late.

TOM: How can you have a meeting when you're the only person here?

PHOO TU TU: *[Hysterical Laughing]* Oh I am not alone my child. I have many of the greatest trees in the wood here with me.

YAZ: Oh! The trees in this land can talk? Cool!

PHOO TU TU: Well no, but they are very pretty.

MICHAEL: *[whispered]* We can't leave her with this idiot.

TOM: *[whispered]* See if he can pay us.

MICHAEL: Ok, so... Great Wizard PhooTuTu? I can call you PhooTuTu yes?

PHOO TU TU: Oh I go by many names my good man. For I move amongst many different peoples from many different lands. Also there are some problems with my credit rating.

TOM: *[whispered]* What did I tell you?

PHOO TU TU: Are these your knights Flora?

MICHAEL: We're a theatre company, Michael, Yaz and Tom at your service.

PHOO TU TU: So you have come to save Dryland.

TOM: Now we didn't actually promise...

PHOO TU TU: Since the King fled with the pregnant queen, a great darkness has crept over the land, the tree's wither and shed their clothes, and the sun, as if for shame, seems to set earlier with each passing day..

TOM: I mean it is autumn.

PHOO TU TU: But now you are here, this marks the final days of [Shouted] She Who Must Not Be Named's reign.

YAZ: Sorry, who?

PHOO TU TU: [*Shouting*] She Who Must Not Be Named

YAZ: Erm...

PHOO TU TU: The Wicked Witch.

MICHAEL: I reckon you could have worked that out from the context Yaz.

PHOO TU TU: It won't be easy to defeat her, she has become hugely powerful. We know she has the Earing of Magic and the Bracelet of Deception. Possibly, the Nose-stud of the Gods and the Anklet of Death. I just hope she hasn't got hold of the Ring of the King. [*He cries*]

TOM: I'm sorry to have to be the one to say, but we've come as far as we can go. And you owe us for this.

PHOO TU TU: You expect payment for saving a magical island from a wicked witch?

MICHAEL: Sorry. Gig economy isn't it.

YAZ: And Brexit, probably.

TOM: We've spent the last of our reserves getting here so we really do need to be paid for our time, or we're in serious trouble.

YAZ: Can you at least pay back the £746.11?

PHOO TU TU: Oh, well, I'm afraid I have nothing to give.

TOM: I knew this would happen.

SAD MUSIC

MICHAEL: I guess that means Three's Company really is done for.

YAZ: After all these years...

TOM: We better go home and pack up the office.

FLORA: Is that it? Are you leaving me?

MICHAEL: I'm so sorry Flora, but we just can't come with you.

TOM: Good luck Flora, um... Let us know how you get on.

YAZ: Maybe you could send us a postcard?

FLORA: You're supposed to be adventurers!

TOM: Flora...

YAZ: Let her go Tom. Some fresh air might do her good.

PHOO TU TU: That's it then. I guess the prophecies were wrong.

MICHAEL: Come on, it's time we went home.

YAZ: Um, guys, I think we might have a little problem. Look out the window.

SCARY MUSIC

TOM: What on earth are those?

PHOO TU TU: Oh no, it's a troop of Goblins.

MICHAEL: Oh god! They are terrifying.... hang on what's that they're riding?

PHOO TU TU: Flying gorillas.

TOM: A troop of Goblins?! I wouldn't have thought *that* would be the collective noun. I'd've thought maybe a *revulsion* of Goblin's or a *repugnance* of Goblin's, you know an *abhorrence* of Goblins... something like that.

PHOO TU TU: Oh no, they're heading right for Flora!

YAZ: We have to do something!

TOM: There's so many of them!

MICHAEL: I know stage combat, how different can it be?

YAZ: Hold your ground Flora, we'll get to you!

TOM: We won't let that troop of Goblins get you! ...No, you know, it just doesn't sound right.

SWORD FIGHTING SOUNDS

FLORA: I don't need your help!

MICHAEL: She is really handy with a sword.

PHOO TU TU: Oh gods! That's her. That's the Wicked Witch.

WITCH: Hahaha! Now to finish what I started all those years ago. Goblins, I don't care about the others but get the girl. Take her alive, kill the rest!

BATTLE SOUNDS AND ADVENTURE MUSIC INTENSIFY

YAZ: Run, Flora. Run.

GOBLIN CAPTAIN: Get out of my way human scum.

MICHAEL: Listen can we just have a grown up conversation about... Urgh.

YAZ: Michael, oh no! Tom, Michael's been knocked... Urgh.

PHOO TU TU: Yaz, oh no! You whatsyername, Yaz's been knocked... Urgh.

TOM: I see he found time to learn Yacein's name and not mine.

GOBLIN CAPTAIN: I've got her Your Wickedness.

FLORA: Help! Please help!

TOM: Flora!

WITCH: You'll never see her again. Hahahaha! Fly my pretties!

THE MUSIC COMES TO A HEAD

FLORA: Please, Help!

AFTER HER FINAL PLEA, THE MUSIC DIES DOWN. SILENCE.

MICHAEL: *[coming round]* Tom, what's happened?

TOM: That witch, she's taken Flora!

YAZ: *[coming round]* What? Taken Flora?

TOM: And it's all our fault! We have to go after her.

PHOO TU TU: *[coming round]* You've changed your tune.

ADVENTURE MUSIC BEGINS

TOM: We brought her here, so we have to save her and you know what? We'll defeat that Wicked Witch while we're at it! Sure, it will take all our remaining savings, so we won't be able to go to the Edinburgh Fringe anymore – or indeed afford to do any theatre ever again – but this is Flora's life, and the life of a whole island. I guess some things are more important than Fringe Theatre. And podcasting about Fringe theatre. What do you say? Ready for a proper adventure lads? That witch is cruising for a bruising.

MICHAEL: At a boy Tom! She's travelling for an unravelling.

PHOO TU TU: Oh yes, she's commuting for a booting. HaHa.

YAZ: Yeah, she's er... she's er... yeah!

PHOO TU TU: She Who Must Not Be Named will have taken her to the dungeons of the Castle Marrrmite.

TOM: Marmite?

PHOO TU TU: No no Marrmite. It has three R's.

TOM: I see. Well that's where we're going.

PHOO TU TU: It won't be easy to defeat her, she has become hugely powerful. You must find the Elf queen Galadrilocks, she will know how to defeat She Who Must Not Be Named. And as for me... oh wait mustn't forget my hat.

SWOOP OF HAT

YAZ: Woah, that's a big hat.

PHOO TU TU: Oh yes indeed, the bigger the hat, the better the wizard. See, four hundred stars, sewed them on myself. Equestrian-redrum-equus!

HORSE ARRIVES

This is my trusty steed File-a-fax, I will ride to the four good corners of this octagonal island and build an army. Go careful, mysterious Knights of Three's Company, they say her great eye sees all. As does her extensive CCTV system.

TOM: Right.

PHOO TU TU: Look for me at the dawn of the third day when the sky glows blood red in the... actually, no, look for me at the dusk of the fourth day when the sky... you know what let's just keep an eye out for each other shall we. Now, grab a dictionary File-a-fax, we are going to redefine haste! Yah!

GALLOPING

PHOO TU TU: Good luck boys! *[Falls of the horse]* Ugh, don't worry I'm alright.

TOM: Must be really hard to balance with that hat.

PHOO TU TU: File-a-fax away! *[Falls of the horse]* Bugger.

GALLOPING

TOM: Wizards, Flying Gorillas, Woodland walks - none of this was in my risk assessment.

MICHAEL: Don't worry about it Tom.

TOM: It never hurts to be careful. Except that time I got beaten up for being too careful. That hurt.

SCENE FOUR

TENSE ADVENTURE MUSIC, TIRED WALKING.

TOM: God, we've been walking for hours and I'm completely soaked.

MICHAEL: Shhh. Someone's coming. Do you think it's a troop of Goblins?

TOM: It can't be – surely it's like a stink goblins or something like that.

YAZ: It sounds like there are seven of them, not Goblins I don't think, but they are heavily armoured.

TOM: Right.

YAZ: Tom, pass me that bag.

TOM: Woah, what have you got in here?

YAZ: I brought some weapons.

TOM: That would have been helpful earlier.

YAZ: Sorry. I was a bit knocked out.

MICHAEL: Where did you get weapons from?

YAZ: Our immersive production of Braveheart.

MICHAEL: Good thinking Yaz.

YAZ: Tom, pass me that big axe.

HEAVY LIFTING

TOM: Urgh... here you go.

YAZ: No, the big one.

HEAVY LIFTING

TOM: Urgh... urgh... here.

YAZ: No, Tom, the big one.

TOM: I can't, lift...

YAZ: Oh give it here. Who goes there?

BORING: Who goes *there*?

YAZ: Er... no... who goes *there*?

METALLIC WEAPONS BEING DRAWN

BORING: I am Boring Brokensheild sonny and you three are in our way.

GROUCHY: Aye, get 'oot the wee.

MICHAEL: A pleasure to make your acquaintance Mr Brokenshield. We're the theatre company Three's Company. We are on our way to save our friend... And I think that probably gives *us* the right of way.

GROUCHY: Don't let them push you around Boring.

FLEMMY: We'll beat the three of you to a pulp before we give you colossal numpties right of way.

TOM: That's not very nice!

MICHAEL: Also, not sure if this helps but whilst we're saving our friend we're also going to defeat the Wicked Witch

BORING: Well that's a different story. Why didn't you say? Let me introduce my men. This is Cheerful, Drowsy, Sheepish, Flemmy, Grouchy and Dense.

ALL: Alright, How d'ye'du, Och nice to meet you etc

YAZ: They're really nice axes you've got there.

BORING: Aye, made by the King's own hand. Ach, we miss that fine fella.

DENSE: Aye.

YAZ: Very nice to meet you all but I'm sorry we can't stay to chat. We've got a witch to dethrone.

TOM: And return flights on the 18th.

BORING: Let us come with you, there aren't many of us Dwarves left since She Who Must Not Be Named took the throne, but those that are will fight with you.

YAZ: Did the Wicked Witch kill them?

BORING: Much worse. Let me explain, through a short folk song, which tells the history of our peoples in only seventy-three verses – with a chorus, each time more hearty than the last.

TOM: Could you summarise it?

BORING: They're all off doing Panto. Oh the shame. We'll help though, won't we lads?

DENSE: Can we whistle while we walk?

BORING: I told you no whistling, that's how it started with the others.

MICHAEL: Follow us, my friends!

ALL: Hooray!

DWARVES: [singing]
We're from a Misty Mountain,
It's high up in the sky,
It's got a lovely Fountain,
And let us tell you why.
Our four fathers loved-

TOM: Sorry Mr Brokenshield, what are you doing?

BORING: Ach, we're signing our 'joining in an adventure' song.

TOM: How many versus in that one?

BORING: 472.

MICHAEL: Why don't you just catch us up?

BORING: Will do.

DWARVES: [singing]
Old Lenny was a funny sort,
Much taller than the rest...

WALKING

YAZ: Mike, can we whistle while we walk?

MICHAEL: If you like, but quietly.

YAZ: Mmmhmmmmhmmmm.

MICHAEL: That's not whistling Yaz.

YAZ: Oh.

SCENE FIVE

BOUNCY ADVENTURE MUSIC, FLOWING WATER

YAZ: Tom, can you please give it a break.

TOM: I mean, a bile of Goblins? A putridity of Goblins? You know, something along those lines.

MICHAEL: So, It looks like we're getting closer, all we have to do is cross this bridge over the river.

TROLL: Not so fast.

MYSTERIOUS STRING MUSIC

YAZ: Wow, look at this massive bloke.

TROLL: I am no bloke. I am Havisclod the Troll.

TOM: Sorry, can we just get past?

TROLL: No one can cross my bridge unless they can beat me in a challenge.

YAZ: I'll fight you!

TOM: How about a maths competition?

TROLL: We Trolls have our own games!

SCRABBLE BOX IS SHAKEN

MICHAEL: Travel Scrabble eh? Well, two can play at that game.

TROLL: Should you win you may pass across my bridge unharmed... Should I win, you die, very, very unpleasantly.

TOM: I'm not sure that's completely balanced is it?

TROLL: Well, dem's the rules.

TOM: How about we even it up a bit?

TROLL: I'm listening...

TOM: If you win, we die very, very, very unpleasantly...

MICHAEL: Tom, what are you doing?

TOM: But if we win, we pass across your bridge unharmed AND you tell us what the collective noun for goblins is.

MICHAEL: Oh for god's sake.

TROLL: It's a deal. Let's play.

NARRATOR: Will our heroes make it out alive? Will they save Flora from the Wicked Witch? Will Tom find out what the collective noun for goblins is? Find out after these short messages.

CRACKLY RADIO

FIRST 1940's FEMALE RADIO VOICE: Do you sometimes find yourself turning into a Goblin? Try Scale Away!

SINGERS: [sung]
Scale Away, Scale Away.

CRACKLY RADIO MUSIC

SECOND 1940's FEMALE RADIO VOICE: Out Now. The new Album from the HipHob Goblin. Ol' Green Eyes. Featuring 'Gremlin'...

HIPHOB: I'm just little Gremlin,
I got some friends in the Kremlin,
Yeah, Vladimir Putin,
We used to go loot'in.

SECOND VOICE: 'WarHammer Time'.

HIPHOB: Duhduhduhduh Duhduh Duhduh WarHammer Time.

SECOND VOICE: And other favourites including...

DANCE MUSIC

SECOND VOICE: The Long and Winding Yellow Brick Road, Wake Me Up Before You Goblin Goblin, Some Enchantress Evening, You've Got a Fiend in Me and many more. Ol' Green Eyes. Out Now. (*VERY FAST*) Not actually available.

SCENE SIX

NARRATOR: The Quest for Dryland. Book the third: Still there, but if you want to leave a message for the Adventure Department we'll get back to you as soon as possible.

MYSTERIOUS STRING MUSIC

And so, by Dryland's famous river the Wetroad, Michael took on the fearsome Troll. After many hours, involving 'drama' and 'tension', 'ironing', 'melon' and 'turnpike' on a double word score, Michael emerged as the winner.

TROLL: You have perseverance Michael.

MICHAEL: That's right. And the 'v' is on a triple letter score. Concede!

TROLL: Oh, alright.

YAZ: Will you let us past then?

TROLL: Yes. Well played.

TOM: And there was another thing wasn't there Havisclod? Come on it's nearly morning.

TROLL: *[dying]* It's what? Oh, bollocks, I've stayed up too early playing my silly games,

SAD PIANO MUSIC

TROLL: Trolls aren't supposed to be out in the sunlight... I had so much to live for... I could have been a quiz show host, or worked with animals or something... Oh and Tom, the collective noun for goblins is...

TOM: Is what? Is what? Oh god she's turned to stone.

MUSIC STOPS

YAZ: Maybe there isn't a collective noun for goblins.

TOM: You think they just forgot to think up a collective noun for goblins but did it for everything else?! That is ridiculous. I know you're trying to be nice Yaz –

YAZ: I wasn't.

TOM: - but that's the stupidest thing you've ever said!

MICHAEL: And there's some stiff competition there.

YAZ: If I was trying to be nice, I'd have said "There isn't a collective noun for goblins" and then given you a cream bun.

TOM: Oh, that really would be nice actually.

MICHAEL: Come on lads, let's get over this river.

SCENE SEVEN

SWIPE SOUND, BIRD SONG and FOREST SOUNDS

YAZ: Um... are you sure we're going the right way? I mean that rock looks very familiar. I swear we passed it five minutes ago.

TOM: You've been saying that every five minutes since we left that Troll Yaz, all rocks look roughly the same ok.

ELVISH MUSIC

GALADRILOCKS: Welcome wanderers.

TOM: Wowzers!

YAZ: Oh my god she's so fit.

TOM/MICHAEL: YAZ!

YAZ: Sorry.

GALADRILOCKS: Do not be ashamed Yaz, my incredible beauty has that effect on all visitors.

YAZ: She knows my name!

GALADRILOCKS: I know all your names, and I know why you are here. Michael, Tom, Yaz, I am Galadrilocks, Queen of the Elves. You are welcome to Graceland the Elvish village. You must be very tired from your long journey. Why don't you dine with us?

SCENE EIGHT

ELVISH MUSIC, CLINKING OF CUTLERY

YAZ: Nice to meet you, we're Three's Company, we're a fair to middling theatre company, but we also do Adventures.

TOM: I'm Tom, I'm a writer.

ELF: Pleasure to meet you.

TOM: That's Michael over there – he's an actor. And this is Yaz, he's... well this is Yaz.

YAZ: It's a lovely place you've got here.

ELF: It used to be. My people worry so much for the future of the land that they have lost all passion and shirk their responsibilities.

TOM: Sounds like they, have some er... low elf esteem? Yeah?

ELF: What?

TOM: I mean, maybe they need a bit more elf respect?

ELF: That's not funny.

YAZ: Why do you keep not pronouncing the s?

CLINKING OF CUTLERY

MICHAEL: Well that was delicious, thank you for your generous hospitality your Elvishness.

GALADRILOCKS: You're welcome Michael.

MICHAEL: I was wondering if it would be possible to talk to you about how to get into the castle Marrmrite as well as how to kill the Witch?

LEGLISS: *[drunk]* You, yes, yeah, yeah you. Why are you looking at my sister like that?

MICHAEL: Sorry are you talking to me?

GALADRILOCKS: Don't worry about him, he's Legless.

LEGLISS: Do you know what, I think, *[Hic]* I think, why are there two of you?

GALADRILOCKS: Brother dear, do sit down,

LEGLISS: I love you, you know mate,

MICHAEL: Oh, thank you.

LEGLISS: You're my best friend.

GALADRILOCKS: Legless sit down

LEGLISS: Hic.

GALADRILOCKS: You were asking if there was a way into the castle Marrmite, well listen carefully...

CLINKING OF CUTLERY

TOM: Right, right, when you take a photo, do you call it an elfie?

ELF: Do you mind?

TOM: Sorry, am I making you elf-conscious.

ELF: I am 740 years old you knob. Do you really think I haven't heard all the elf jokes already?

YAZ: He sure showed you Tom.

TOM: Thank-you.

YAZ: Elves are the wisest beings in the world – I read it in the instructions for a board game. So if one of them thinks you're a knob you've really gotta ask yourself some questions...

CLINKING OF CUTLERY

GALADRILOCKS: And that Michael is how you will find yourself before [*Scary Voice*] She Who Must Not Be Named [*Clears throat*]. My dear Knights before you leave us, I offer you these gifts. To you Yaz, I give magical mushroom? If you fall in battle, this will restore your health.

MARIO 1-UP MUSHROOM

YAZ: Cool.

GALADRILOCKS: To you Michael, I be-gift this seeing-eye rock, the eye-stone-seven. The Spirit inside will help you with whatever difficulty you find yourself in.

MICHAEL: Well that sounds great, thank you.

GALADRILOCKS: To you Tom, I give to you this cloth of invisibility. When you are beneath it, if you believe it enough, your enemies will never see you coming.

TOM: Um... Right?

GALADRILOCKS: And when you find Flora give her these... some nice smelling bath salts. I always find other women so hard to buy for.

MICHAEL: I'm sure she'll love them.

GALADRILOCKS: Finally, I give to you the oldest book of spells in all of Dryland. This spell will destroy a witch as wicked as that you seek, but the spell is in a language of old and I fear you will be unable to read the ancient lettering.

TOM: So let me get this straight, we are going up against a huge army of mystical creatures including goblins and flying gorillas to try and defeat a terrifying evil witch armed only with a spell we won't be able to use, a rock, a mushroom, a glorified bed sheet and some bath salts... odds are better than usual then.

GALADRILOCKS: Good luck adventurers, may the Gods of the island send you good fortune.

MICHAEL/TOM: Goodbye.

YAZ: You're so fit.

MICHAEL/TOM: YAZ!

SCENE NINE

OMINOUS ADVENTURE MUSIC

MICHAEL: Ok, there's the Castle Marrrrmite.

YAZ: You know, I've been thinking.

TOM: Never a good idea.

YAZ: So you know how the Wicked Witch kidnapped Flora?

MICHAEL: Yeah?

YAZ: And how Flora's dad was a blacksmith and Mr Brokenshield said the King made swords, and how when the King fled his wife was pregnant and that Flora was born after the Wicked Witch took over, and how Flora had that nice ring from her dad and the Witch hasn't got the Ring of Kings but does have all that other jewellery?

MICHAEL: Yeah?

ADVENTURE MUSIC FADES

YAZ: Well... Sorry, no, it's gone.

PHOO TU TU: Hello lads.

EXCITING ADVENTURE MUSIC STARTS UP

MICHAEL: PhooTuTu, you made it!

PHOO TU TU: We don't have much time, I'm being pursued.

YAZ: Romantically?

PHOO TU TU: Well yes as it happens but that's not really relevant right now. I bring good news and bad my friends. The good news is we have great support, and the Wicked Witch hasn't raised a huge army to defeat us. The bad news is none of that that is true.

TOM: What?

PHOO TU TU: Sadly her power is too great and the creatures of the land have united behind her. She has enlisted all the evil animals – the sharks and velociraptors and crocodiles, as well as many of the previously neutral creatures such as elephants and tigers.

MICHAEL: What about the good animals of the island?

PHOO TU TU: Oh yes, the kittens are with us and the rabbits. They're following behind.

MICHAEL: So, once again it all falls to us.

TOM: Michael, don't be so dramatic.

MICHAEL: I'm an actor, give me a break.

YAZ: That's what they all say.

MICHAEL: Right, what weapons have you got?

YAZ: One-handed swords, two-handed swords, a single-edged sword, a double-edged sword... that one has good points and bad points I'll be honest.

MICHAEL: Grab a weapon everyone, follow me.

YAZ: Wish us luck listeners, as we attempt to rescue Flora. Then we'll get back to discussing –

MICHAEL: Yaz, have you been recording all this time?

YAZ: I thought it might be interesting...

TOM: Oh that's just fantastic – now I have to get signed consent forms off an island full of mythical beasts?!

YAZ: *[Aside]* Next week on the podcast...

MICHAEL: Stop that.

YAZ: Sorry.

MICHAEL: Follow me.

SCENE TEN

ECHOEY DRIPPING

FLORA: So let me get this straight... you spent most of your life living in a cave until someone stole something from you, you have a deep love for sparkly jewelry, you eat raw fish...

CALLUM: That's right precious. Yummy raw fishes.

FLORA: But you're *not* known for music or from reality TV...

SLIDING STONE

CALLUM: Who's there precious?

PHOO TU TU: Flora!

FLORA: Hey guys, how are you doing?

MICHAEL: We'll talk about that later, we need to get moving!

FLORA: Just give me a couple of minutes.

YAZ: What?

CALLUM: Hello precious-eses.

TOM: [*surprised/scared*] Oh, hello.

FLORA: I just need to figure this out. So you're a bit human but not really human, a fictional male from both a children's book and it's adult-orientated sequel, written by a male author. How many have I got left?

CALLUM: Just one.

FLORA: Oh I don't know, I've not read it! Um... Pass.

CALLUM: You... Shall Not... PASS!

FLORA: Alright touchy... I don't know, are you Noddy?

PHOO TU TU: We really do have to go.

CALLUM: Wait, one more round, it's so dull in this dungeon. We've had such a fun time, Riddles in the dark, Twister, Buckaroo.

FLORA: Maybe later.

CALLUM: Filthy, stinky humanses. Gollum. Gollum! [*Suddenly clearer*] That's better. Where was I?

SCENE ELEVEN

WITCH: Bring me another one of those roasted Kittens dipped in honey slave!

SLAVE: Yes your terribleness-ness.

WITCH: One last meal before I execute that brat and I will have no more troubles. Someone bring me another cup of Dolphin blood!

ADVENTURE MUSIC BEGINS

GOBLIN CAPTAIN: Sorry to interrupt your feast your great wickedness but we have a problem.

WITCH: What?

GOBLIN CAPTAIN: Those adventurers we thought we'd left for dead at the Wizard's hovel,

WITCH: What?

GOBLIN CAPTAIN: Well...

KNOCKING OUT SOUND

MICHAEL: Aren't dead at all! Haha!

WITCH: Oh for goodness sake. Once my staff have killed you all I really must get new staff. Surround them!

YAZ: Hey look she's got a Band of Goblins!

TOM: Well it's obviously not a *Band* of Goblins...

YAZ: No it really is a Band of Goblins!

BAND STARTS UP

GOBLIN BAND: "Hey, Hey, We're the Goblins!
People say we..."

CUTS OUT

WITCH: Quiet! Who are you three anyway?

MICHAEL: We are Three's Company.

YAZ: Yes.

FLORA: And they're here to stop your reign of terror!

WITCH: Hahahahahaha. Hey this is just politics my little girl. You don't get where I am today without dropping a few houses on your sisters... metaphorically speaking. Even the great Galadrilocks got her village by throwing out the three Armoured Bear tribes all those years ago. I did all this for social change and the good of the people. I was even thinking of holding elections next year.

TOM: With a full delegation of UN observers?

WITCH: Well...

TOM: I thought not.

WITCH: Let me explain.. Ehem...

[Singing Brilliantly]

You know that I'm Supplanting Monocracy...

MICHAEL: Woah, woah, we really need to careful about mixing genres.

YAZ/TOM/WITCH: Sorry.

WITCH: Surround them. My Malignity Of Goblins will see you never trouble me again! And this island shall be mine!

TOM: Oh it's a Malignity of Goblins!

EPIC ADVENTURE MUSIC BEGINS

MICHAEL: Defend Flora!

FIGHTING SOUNDS

YAZ: Come and get it Goblin scum!

GOBLIN SCUM: Urghuph!?

MICHAEL: Look over there.

PVT GOBLIN: Where, Oi you stabbed me when I was looking over there!

FIGHTING SOUNDS

TOM: Take that, and that, and that!

ANOTHER GOBLIN: I can't carry all these.

FIGHTING SOUNDS

WITCH: ExKilliAllofyouUs!

MAGIC SOUND

MICHAEL: *[whilst fighting]* That was close! PhooTuTu do some magic, quick!

PHOO TU TU: Now I never actually claimed to be able to do magic. I use a mixture of psychology, suggestion, misdirection and showmanship.

YAZ: I keep on dying but the mushroom Galadrilocks gave me keeps bringing me straight back, it's really putting these Goblin's off. Oh he got me! Ugh.

MARIO 1-UP MUSHROOM

Hello again! I got him. Woohoo!

FIGHTING SOUNDS

PHOO TU TU: Don't hurt me, please!

TOM: Woooooo!

SCARED GOBLIN: Argh a ghost! Run away, run away!

PHOO TU TU: Thanks Tom.

TOM: No worries, might not make me invisible but it has its uses!

FIGHTING SOUNDS

GOBLIN CAPTAIN: Goblins, on me. No not literally, get the feck off me.

FIGHTING SOUNDS

PHOO TU TU: Don't pull the beard!

FIGHTING SOUNDS

WITCH: Draco, my pretty, FLY!

MICHAEL: I wonder who Draco is.

DRAGON WINGS, THEN DRAGON SCREECH

TOM: Oh dear.

YAZ: Michael, use Galadrilocks' gift!

MICHAEL: The eye stone of course. Spirit, how do I defeat a Dragon?

SIRI: Did you say, how do I meet a Dragon?

DRAGON ROAR

MICHAEL: No I've definitely met one, I'd like to defeat a Dragon please.

SIRI: Do you mean eat a Dragon?

MICHAEL: No defeat!

DRAGON SCREECH

Oh crumbs!

SIRI: Was that Call Mum?

MICHAEL: No!

SIRI: Calling Mum.

MICHAEL: No, don't call Mum!

PHONE RINGS

MICHAEL: Oh, Hi Mum.

MICHAEL'S MUM: Hi love, is everything alright?

MICHAEL: Actually, I don't suppose you know how to defeat a Dragon do you?

MICHAEL'S MUM: Oh yes, it's quite simple really all you have to do is...

BEEP BEEP BEEP

SIRI: Battery low. Warranty expired. Do you want me to self-destruct?

MICHAEL: No!

SIRI: Self destructing now. Thank you. Have a nice day.

MICHAEL: Looks like it's just me and you then. Yaz, could you chuck me another sword?

YAZ: Sure thing! Ugh!

MARIO 1-UP MUSHROOM

Haha! Here you go.

THROWING SOUND. STABBING SOUND.

MICHAEL: Gotcha!

DRAGON DEATH CRY

Oh bugger.

CRASH

FLORA: Michael are you alright?

MICHAEL: *[Muffled]* Apart from having this Dragon on top of me. You lot carry on.

FLORA: Time to end this. Give me that book of ancient spells.

GOBLIN CAPTAIN: Get down Sheila!

EVERYTHING STOPS

YAZ: Sheila?

WITCH: You idiot!

FLORA: Is your name Sheila?

WITCH: Um...

GOBLIN CAPTAIN: Sorry, I didn't mean to let it slip...

TOM: There's no shame in being called Sheila.

WITCH: I just don't think it's very witchy!

PHOO TU TU: Is that why you're She Who Must Not Be Named?

WITCH: Stupid Goblins, there are more of you than them! Get them!

BORING: *[Distant Singing]* Hi-Ho.

WITCH: What is that now?

CRASHING WOOD, MARCHING

BORING: We've come to help, and I've brought some mates!

WITCH: The Dwarf Army! They're all back from Panto'. Oh gods!

MANY FEET MARCHING

DWARVES: Hi-Ho, Hi-Ho, Hi-Ho.

CLIMACTIC ADVENTURE MUSIC

MICHAEL: We have the upper hand! Spell, Flora, now!

YAZ: *[Quickly]* Um.. F-L-O-R-A!?

MICHAEL: No, *Flora*, spell, now!

FLORA: N-O-W.

MICHAEL: *Cast the spell!*

FLORA: You're-a-very-bad-lady-you-should-have-a-serious-think-about-what-you've-done-would-your-mother-be-proud?

MAGIC SOUNDS

WITCH: Argh, I'm being turned inside out, and I'm going mad, and I'm melting. Oh what a world, what a world!

MAGIC ENDS

WITCH: Urgh.

GOBLIN CAPTAIN: She's dead, you killed her!

PHOO TU TU: We've won!

ALL: Hooray!

PHOO TU TU: But Flora, how did you manage to read the runes of ancient Dryland?

FLORA: I don't know, I've always been able to do that.

PHOO TU TU: But only the true Queen should have the knowledge to...

YAZ: Oh that's what I was going to say. Flora must be the true heir to the throne.

PHOO TU TU: Can this be true?

TOM: And that's why the Witch wanted you killed!

PHOO TU TU: Wait! The scar, the scar. If you are who you say, show us the scar.

FLORA: But nobody knows about...

GASPS

BORING: Bloody hell, she is the Queen.

PHOO TU TU: *[almost crying]* The Rain Cloud Scar! I never thought I'd see the day, my dear girl you are alive.

YAZ: How did you manage to keep that hidden behind your fringe all this time? What hair product do you use?

PHOO TU TU: Dryland, behold your true Queen.

BORING: Kneel lads.

MICHAEL: Um... when anyone gets chance, could you give me a hand shifting this Dragon?

SCENE TWELVE

WAVES ON THE SHORE

YAZ: Well, it's been a great adventure Flora, thank you.

FLORA: I'm so sad to see you go.

PHOO: As am I. What a time we've had. It seems in this game of thrones you win or... you don't win. And we won, which is nice.

YAZ: Mmhmm. So true...

PHOO TU TU: You can always find a way back to us. Wherever there's an old abandoned wardrobe, a house in a hurricane, a magical knife that cuts through dimensions, or a magic train, or a flying car, enchanted zeppelin, mythical skateboard... or an airport, wherever there is one of those.

MICHAEL: Good to know.

PHOO: We will remember you my friends. Dryland owes you a great debt.

TOM: Yes I've been meaning to talk to you about that...

PHOO: Ah well yes, it's really more of a metaphorical debt.

TOM: Right.

MICHAEL: I could see us being quite good as part time adventurers, if we weren't about to go bankrupt.

YAZ: Yeah...

TOM: Well. I guess we better get back and close down the theatre company. We can sell this recording equipment.

MICHAEL: Bye Flora.

YAZ: Bye.

FLORA: Wait. Perhaps this can help. A parting gift - The Bottomless Purse of the Queen.

YAZ: Cool!

FLORA: Not so much, it means money just keeps falling out of the bottom. But you could probably get quite a bit for it on eBay.

TOM: She's right! This will cover our debts, and leave enough left over for the Edinburgh brochure fee!

ALL3: Hooray!

TOM: Bye Flora, good luck with being Queen.

PHOO: Farewell. From hence-forth-ward on, you shall be remembered as the Knights of Three's Company, and their specific department for the handling of adventures.

YAZ: Good name.

WALKING AWAY

MICHAEL: Shall we do this again?

TOM: Adventuring could be a good second string to our bow. Alongside making theatre. And podcasting. Third string.

YAZ: You had me at “free sandwiches”.

MICHAEL: That's settled then.

TITLE MUSIC STARTS

YAZ: I have a feeling by this time next episode we'll be fully established adventurers. A successful theatre company, with our very own Adventure Department.

TOM: Maybe we can get that nice fella down the road to record a voiceover?

NARRATOR: In a small town called London, England, there live three men. By day a fair to middling theatre company, by night... a fair to middling theatre company with an Adventure Department. If you have a perilous mission that requires cunning and skill; if it seems no one will answer your cry for help; if you can cover insurance costs and all reasonable expenses – there's one fair-to-middling theatre company you can count on. So strap yourselves in, keep arms and legs inside the carriage and remove all loose items, such as glasses, because it's time for Three's Company's Adventure Department!

TITLE MUSIC ENDS

NARRATOR: Next time on Three's Company's Adventure Department.

RIPPER: Captain's...

MICHAEL: Log...

RIPPER: Stardate...

MICHAEL: Cauliflower, yeah it's not gunna work.

KNOCK KNOCK

MICHAEL: Oh my goodness the Queen!

QUEEN: I hope you don't mind me coming in unannounced, only this is an urgent matter, well, for me and country.

RIPPER: We've been attacked by Clutchons, most of the crew have been killed.

BEEP BEEP

MICHAEL: Ready to go on your first adventure 4B2?

BEEP BEEP

RAN: The name's Soslow, Ran Soslow.

FUTURISTIC BEEPING

TOM: According to my space scanner, we're over 10 million light years away!

LASER FIRE AND EXCITING ADVENTURE MUSIC BUILDING

RAN: Nice shot kid.

YAZ: Maybe they want a flake with that!

SKODA: More than weapons does the true warrior need.

TOM: Subject, verb, object, what's wrong with that?

VILLIANOUS VOICE: Join me Tom. Join the dark grey side.

TOM: Never!

SPACESHIP SOUNDS

MICHAEL: Try recalibrating the hydro-syncopter, turn the electro-confilburator to eleven -

YAZ: Brace for impact!

MICHAEL: - we need to get back home, now!

SAL 8000: I'm sorry Michael, I'm afraid I can't do that.

MUSIC FADES, LASERS

RIPPER: Send the best you can your majesty, you're our only hope. Ripper out.

SOCK: Critical gluten levels.

RIPPER: Argh!

RADIO CRACKLE

CREDITS

TOM: You have been listening to Three's Company's Adventure Department Episode One: The Quest for Dryland or There Were Dungeons and it Dragged-on

Written, Performed and Created by Three's Company

Find out more at [AdventureDepartment.uk](https://adventuredepartment.uk)

Guests this episode were

Mariam Bell, Joanna Bending, Jade Croot, Paul Dodds, Siubhan Harrison and Ashlea Kaye.

With Les Dennis as Phoo Tu Tu

and

Michael's Mum as Michael's Mum

Edit and Sound Design was by Yaz, with Chris Sharland who also mixed and mastered it.

The artwork for this episode is by Rosina Al-Shaater.

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On Twitter we're @ThreesCompany and on Facebook we're ThreesCo and you can visit [AdventureDepartment.uk](https://adventuredepartment.uk) or check the show notes for transcripts, music listings, full credits and more info.

Three's Company are Yaz Al-Shaater, Michael Grady-Hall and me Tom Crawshaw.

...Yes! One take. Nailed it.