

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

Episode Two:
Attack of the Clutchons
or
'2020- A Space Comedy'

TRANSCRIPT

PROLOGUE

ALL3: Hello.

TOM: Hello.

MICHAEL: Hello. Welcome back.

YAZ: Welcome to episode 2 of the Three's Company podcast.

TOM: Thanks for coming back.

YAZ: We are Yaz, Tom and Michael of Three's Company.

TOM: And welcome to episode 2 of the Three's Company podcast, a new podcast tasking an honest look at life in the theatre.

MICHAEL: If you missed episode 1 then fear not.

TOM: Because it was a complete failure. We were interrupted by a young woman who needed us to save an island from an all-powerful witch. And didn't get round to talking about any of the things we had planned.

MICHAEL: Since then we have made a bit of a name for ourselves as part-time adventurers. We've had some cracking adventures - The Curious Case Of Benjamin's Button, The Malteser Flavoured Falcon.

TOM: But today's podcast is strictly about theatre, we will not be discussing –

MIKE: The Greatest Snowman - that was a good one.

TOM: Yes we won't be discussing the Greatest Snowman.

YAZ: And who could forget the absent-minded assassin?

MIKE: Apart from the assassin?

TOM: Yes, so on today's - oh the Hunt For Fred October, that was a good one.

YAZ: He was hard to find.

TOM: Sorry, on the podcast today we'll be discussing the role of mentors. With plenty of uninterrupted time for discussion without anyone knocking on doors.

YAZ: But first up, Jukebox musicals: I ask why - ?

KNOCK AT DOOR

MICHAEL: Sorry Yaz, I think you got interrupted there.

YAZ: No, I'd finished.

TOM: Sorry listeners, I think someone's at the door.

MICHAEL: *[Walking away]* For Pete's sake! Can't people read the sign on the door that says "Recording In Progress, Well Possibly, Depending On When Exactly You Read This Sign, As I Can't Really Be Bothered To Keep Putting The Sign Up And Taking It Down At The Precise

Times We're Recording, Just Please Assume We're Recording And Don't Knock On The Door"? I mean, who do some people think they are?!

DOOR OPENING

MICHAEL: Oh my goodness – the Queen!

TRUMPET, GASP

QUEEN: Hello boys.

TOM: The Queen, come in, please.

QUEEN: Thank-you.

YAZ: Great to see you again your Majesty.

QUEEN: Oh boys, you don't need to stand up just for me.

YAZ: But of course we do! We sold all our furniture to pay for our last production.

QUEEN: Now, I hope you don't mind me coming unannounced and without my usual retinue, only this is an urgent matter for, well, for me and country.

MICHAEL: You know us – always ready to serve.

QUEEN: I imagine you will be unaware that I have recently been spearheading what is known as the Secret Interplanetary Alliance. With a mission to create sustainable, renewable energy throughout the galaxy. We're working with alien species all across the universe – all peoples in all the galaxy are involved, except the Americans, and we're getting very close to an answer. Naturally my government has been keeping it all secret.

TOM: My goodness!

QUEEN: You're surprised that aliens really exist?

TOM: I'm surprised our government was able to keep it a secret.

QUEEN: The research has been led by scientists aboard the Starship Endeavour. But My Majesty's secret service recently picked up on a distress call from their ship. Luckily my personal private scientist has remained on Earth. Dr Roger Smith.

TOM: Oh wow, I've read all his work. I'm a huge fan. I've always wanted to meet him.

QUEEN: Well he's standing right outside.

TOM: Oh wow.

QUEEN: Come in Roger!

DOOR OPENS

DR SMITH: Sorry, there was a sign on the door that said "Recording In Progress, Well Possibly, Depending On –

TOM: Dr Roger Smith, you're my hero, it's an honour.

QUEEN: These are the boys from Three's Company, a fair to middling theatre company with a fantastic Adventure Department.

MICHAEL: Thank you?

DR SMITH: Sorry, do you have a tissue, I'm sweating a lot – I'm not used to meeting new people, just nerves.

TOM: Dr Smith you are among friends.

YAZ: And people who've never heard of you.

DR SMITH: Good to meet you... Shall I play them the distress call?

QUEEN: Thank you Roger.

CRACKLE

RIPPER: [*Hard as nails female Captain, Over the radio, explosions, breaking up*] This is Captain Ripper of the Starship Endeavour. We have been attacked by Clutchons. Most of the crew have been killed. They have destroyed most of our research and kidnapped Skoda. We must discover where they have taken him or all is lost. Send the best you can Your Majesty, you are our only hope. Ripper out.

CRACKLE

DR SMITH: So... um... Skoda, is the head of research and recently discovered a breakthrough formula. The Clutchons must be trying to steal it from him, which would give them untold power.

YAZ: Who are the Clutchons?

DR SMITH: The Clutchon's are an evil alien species intent on conquering every planet they possibly can.

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

QUEEN: You'll have to act quickly, the fate of the Galaxy is in your hands... and it's my annual barbecue tomorrow evening, I don't want you missing it.

YAZ: This'll give us a chance to try out the Adventure Mobile's space mode.

TOM: And my new robot that arrived today.

BOX OPENING

He's called 4B2, let me just turn him on.

BEEPS

YAZ: Oh how nice.

TOM: That means... 'Please reboot main drive'.

YAZ: Um... Hey 4B2, will you help us on our adventures?

BEEPS

TOM: That means, 'You have performed an illegal operation'.

YAZ: Chatty fellow isn't he.

DR SMITH: Her Majesty has asked me to accompany you on the mission, which of course I am ready to serve... and... actually could I borrow that tissue again?.. Getting the Adventure sweats.

TOM: My goodness, an adventure with *the* Doctor Roger Smith.

YAZ: Really, *this* is Tom's hero?

TOM: I haven't been this excited since I discovered a copy of The Lost Train-lines of Hampshire back in 2006.

YAZ: Actually, I can see it now.

MICHAEL: Welcome aboard Dr Smith.

DR SMITH: Oh, yes.

TOM: No time to lose. To the Adventure Mobile!

MICHAEL: Fear not your majesty. We'll rendezvous with the Endeavor, find Skoda, recover the formula and be back in time for the first round of drumsticks.

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!

Episode Two: Attack of the Clutchons

SCENE ONE

CAR DOORS SLAM

MICHAEL: Okay everyone in? You look a little pale Roger, anything wrong?

DR SMITH: I have to admit. I am a little nervous. I've never actually been into space before.

YAZ: Don't worry about it, it's really just like being in a tin can that's set on fire and propelled at extraordinary speed into an airless vacuum.

DR SMITH: Hooray.

EXCITING ADVENTURE MUSIC

TOM: Right, 4B2 is strapped in.

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

BEEP

TOM: That means "Storage almost full, you can manage your storage in Settings"

YAZ: Ok, Adventure Mobile to space-mode. Booster rockets ready.

DR SMITH: Oh goodness.

TOM: Don't forget your seatbelt.

DR SMITH: Seatbelt, yes, good idea.

MICHAEL: Stand by for liftoff. Check comms. Yaz?

YAZ: Roger.

DR SMITH: Yes?

YAZ: No.

DR SMITH: What?

MICHAEL: No Roger, Roger just means yes..

DR SMITH: Sorry.

BEEPS

MICHAEL: What does that mean Tom?

YAZ: Sorry, I think that's my phone. Oh it's a text from the Queen. She says 'Good luck'.

TRIO: Awww.

MICHAEL: Right everybody to your stations. Batten down the air-locks. Hoist the main-frame. Scrub the flight decks. Three's Company are on their way.

SPACESHIP NOISES

TRIO: Hooray!

DR SMITH: Yeah.

SPACESHIP ZOOMING OFF

SCENE TWO

SCI-FI ADVENTURE MUSIC

MICHAEL: Captain's Log Star-date 23 February... point 7489. These are the voyages of the Spaceship Adventure Mobile. It's current mission to explore the potential for Galaxy wide renewable energy, to seek out the kidnapped inventor Skoda and to boldly go where... Oh we're here.

SPACE AIR LOCK OPENING

RIPPER: I am Captain Ripper, welcome aboard the Starship Endeavour.

AWE-INSPIRING MUSIC

YAZ: What a ship!

TOM: Looks like the inside of an Apple Store.

RIPPER: If you'd like to follow me to the bridge... well then you should, because that's where I'm going.

MUSIC SUBSIDES. SPACESHIP NOISES

MICHAEL: Captain Ripper, we are the Three's Company, I am Captain Michael of the spaceship Adventure Mobile.

YAZ: *Captain Michael?*

RIPPER: Thank you for coming.

MICHAEL: This is my crew, Yaz, Tom and Dr Smith.

DR SMITH: Sorry, I don't suppose you have a tissue handy?

RIPPER: Dr Smith, it's an honour.

DR SMITH: Is it? Well, thank you.

RIPPER: Let's get down to business. The Clutchon's kidnapped Professor Skoda just as we were nearing a major breakthrough, they killed most of my crew in the process.

TOM: When was this exactly?

RIPPER: Just over two days ago.

SAL: He was kidnapped exactly 48 hours, 4 mins, 27 seconds ago Captain.

RIPPER: That's SAL, the ships computer.

SAL: To be precise I am the SAL 8000 I control the systems on the Endeavour and am expert in all space-fairing matters, advanced reasoning and Pub Quizzes.

YAZ: Can we get one?

TOM: I hear they listen in on everything you say.

RIPPER: My Science Officer, Mr Sock, is just through here. I should warn you, he's a Fulcrum.

DR SMITH: Oh I've always wanted to meet a Fulcrum! The most intelligent of all alien species, unfailingly logical, but completely lacking in the human sense of ...

TOM: Oh – emotions?

RIPPER: Humour.

SPACE DOORS OPENING/THE SOUNDS OF SPACESHIP BEEPING

SOCK: Welcome to the bridge. Please accept my fully appropriate greetings.

YAZ: Mr Sock I believe.

SOCK: Your belief is both justified and correct. Although I understand the crew use a nick name for me. So it may be more appropriate for you to call me “Chuckles”.

YAZ: Well I guess there's no point making a joke about that is there?

SOCK: Indeed not. Because I would not get it. Wait, was *that* a joke?

YAZ: No, no, I was just trying to say I'm not making a joke.

SOCK: Good. You see, the funny thing is, we Fulcrums do not have a sense of humour.

TOM: How is that funny?

SOCK: I do not know, I do not have a sense of humour.

TOM: Indeed.

SOCK: It is no laughing matter really.

TOM: No, I can see that.

MICHAEL: Interesting accent you've got there Chuckles.

SOCK: Indeed, to the untrained ear the Fulcrum accent sounds like a mix between bad American, a Middle Clash upbringing and some Derbyshire vowels, but I assure you this is a natural Fulcrum speech pattern.

DOORS OPENING

RIPPER: Ah, this is Spotty our Chief Engineer.

SPOTTY: These must be our reinforcements. I've made you all haggis stew to welcome you aboard!

RIPPER: With tattie scones?

SPOTTY: I canny do it Cap'n. I don't have the flour.

RIPPER: We took a great deal of damage during the attack. Spotty's been doing his best to piece the ship back together.

SPOTTY: I can't fix that downstairs toilet Ma'am, I'm sorry. I'm an engineer not a plumber. We'll need to stop on Mars.

SAL: To be precise, the chances of any good plumbing from Mars are a million to one.

SPOTTY: But still, they plumb. Tuck in all of you.

CLINKING CUTLERY

MICHAEL: I wonder, have any of you had experience of Clutchons before?

SPOOKY MUSIC

SPOTTY: Oh aye laddie. Years back it was, a Clutchon Fighter, cloaked, fired two torpedoes into my ship's side. Our mission was secret, so no distress call could be sent. That morning, the Clutchon's come cruising by, all wrapped up in those metal suits of theirs. There are those that say, they don't just have to live in those metal suits, sometimes they can live in skin suits like humans. So we never knew, you see, who was Clutchon or who was friend. By the end of that first day, we'd lost a hundred men, picked off one at a time. Eleven hundred men and women went into space. 96 came home. The Clutchons took the rest.

MUSIC GOES

YAZ: *[Sotto]* Wow, that got intense really quickly.

TOM: *[Sotto]* Scary.

MICHAEL: *[Sotto]* The didn't that speech sound an awful lot like that one from Jaws?

YAZ: *[Sotto]* Let's not invite him to do any after dinner speeches.

TOM: *[Sotto]* Why would we be inviting anyone to do after dinner speeches?

DR SMITH: *[Coughing]* Oh god. Help.

CUTLERY CRASH

RIPPER: Dr Smith?

SPOTTY: What's the matter, the stew's not that bad.

COUGHING AND SPLUTTERING

MICHAEL: Get him on the table.

DR SMITH: My chest, my chest, it feels like it's going to burst.

TOM: Dr Smith! Oh god.

DR SMITH: Curghuah!

COUGHING, RIPPING, SQUELCH

YAZ: Oh my god, blood has just sprayed everywhere.

TOM: How could such an incredible mind be taken from us?!

YAZ: No wait, he just rolled over the ketchup.

DR SMITH: My god... I'm... I'm... alright now actually. Sorry about that. Sorry everyone. I do get terrible indigestion sometimes.

SAL: Captain, a strange signal is coming from the hostile trader planet Urbottom.

RIPPER: Let's see it SAL.

SOCK: This signal is indecipherable, like nothing I have encountered before.

BEEPS

TOM: 4B2, do you know what it means?

YAZ: Sorry, just reheating the stew.

MICHAEL: Don't worry everyone. I've got this. SAL try recalibrating the hydro-syncopter, Mr Sock turn the electro-confibrator to 11, and Spotty divert all engine power to the Oxo-ontomotry Drive. Has that done anything?

SOCK: Sadly not, as everything you just said is nonsense.

RIPPER: It must be a coded signal from Skoda. SAL, run it against Skoda's pre-programmed personal encryptions.

SAL: Translation successful: Skoda says he's being held captive somewhere on Urbottom.

RIPPER: If that's where Skoda is, that's where we're going, however dangerous. Put the imaging on screen SAL.

ADVENTURE MUSIC

YAZ: Wow, your bottom is massive.

MICHAEL: SAL hasn't put it on screen yet.

YAZ: Put what on screen?

SAL: On screen.

SOCK: You know Captain, I have always wanted to see Urbottom.

TOM: Not very professional Mr Sock.

MICHAEL: Tom!

SOCK: The message seems to be coming from deep inside Urbottom Captain.

TOM: Seriously Chuckles?

SOCK: Captain, I urge you to find out what's going on in Urbottom.

RIPPER: Yes, thank you Chuckles. SAL set a course.

SAL: *[Different beeps]* Continue 200 yards then turn left at the next junction.

RIPPER: Engage.

SPACESHIP SOUND

SCENE THREE

EEIRE SCI FI MUSIC

RIPPER: Captains log, Stardate 5479.8. Two days since the attack on our vessel. We have welcomed aboard our reinforcements and are on our way to the planet Urbottom. As Captain / it is my responsibility to...

MICHAEL: (*Interrupting*) Captains log, Stardate February 24th point 7. As a Captain it is my responsibility to...

RIPPER: Oh.

MICHAEL: Oh, sorry, I didn't realise you were doing the... Please carry on.

RIPPER: Thank you. Captain's log-

MICHAEL: Or actually... perhaps we could share?

RIPPER: Share?

MICHAEL: Not really fair for just you to do it on your own. We could... do a word each?

RIPPER: It's a little unorthodox, but I suppose...

MICHAEL: You start.

RIPPER: Okay... Captain's.

MICHAEL: Log.

RIPPER: Stardate.

MICHAEL: Cauliflower. Yeah that's not going to work.

RIPPER: No.

MICHAEL: I just thought as I have had quite a lot of Captain-ing experience...

RIPPER: But you're on *my* ship.

MICHAEL: I mean the Queen did come to me. Well, the three of us, but clearly she wanted to come to me first –

YAZ: We can hear you both, you know. And Michael, you're the only one calling yourself Captain.

TOM: Yes, funny that.

SOCK: Is it?

TOM: Never mind.

SOCK: Captain, we are now arriving at the planet Urbottom. As the Clutchons have already seen our faces I suggest we remain aboard and Michael, Yaz, Tom and the Doctor head down to search.

DR SMITH: Um... I can't imagine I'll be much help...

RIPPER: No one else has your scientific experience Doctor.

TOM: I'll look after you.

MICHAEL: We'll take the Adventure Mobile to the planet's surface.

TOM: Come on 4B2, time to go. Where's he got to?

YAZ: He's over there chatting to SAL, they seem to be getting on well.

SAL: So the VCR says "0111010?" – and the Alarm Clock replies "1011000". Hahahahahaha.

BEEP BEEP BEEP

SAL: Hahahahahaha!

SCENE FOUR

MICHAEL: Well, here we are on Urbottom.

TOM: Skoda's signal seems to be coming from beneath this alien bar. Hmm... I wonder why it's called 3 Bottomed Bertha?

YAZ: Set you Phasers to Stun lads. We don't know what kind of creatures we'll meet.

PHASER VOICE: PHASERS TO STUN. SALOON DOOR OPENING - ALIEN MUSIC PLAYING

MICHAEL: Wow, look at all the different aliens.

TOM: What an amazing planet.

YAZ: Great atmosphere.

DR SMITH: Mainly Argon apparently.

TOM: Aha, I have a feeling that might be Bertha.

YAZ: Which one.

TOM: The landlady, just there, the one with 3 bottoms... for a face.

MICHAEL: Excuse me dear lady. I'm Captain Michael

YAZ: Here we go...

MICHAEL: of the Spaceship Adventure mobile... We're looking for a friend of ours, goes by the name of Skoda.

THE BAR GOES SILENT

BERTHA: *[With Fart sounds on each word]* Skoda! That leftie alien carrying out his liberal agenda!

TOM: You've heard of him? Great... So we just need to find him... It's a matter of life and death... and barbecues.

DR SMITH: I think maybe we should leave.

BERTHA: Yeah, listen to your sweaty friend here.

RAN: It's alright Bertha, they're with me.

BERTHA: Oh, Ran, it's you. They're fine everyone, they're with Ran.

THE MUSIC STARTS BACK UP

YAZ: Who are you?

RAN: The names Soslow, Ran Soslow. Professional Space Cowboy and all round rogue.

TOM: Why did you help us?

RAN: Maybe I have an interest in seeing Skoda found as well.

DR SMITH: I'm not sure we should be listening to this fellow. He's no more than a pirate!

MICHAEL: Roger's right, why should we trust you?

RAN: My motives are as clear as anyone's kid – I need the reward money.

TOM: There's a reward? The Queen never told us that. We could use that for our production of Mutiny on the Bounty.

YAZ: I ordered the chocolate don't worry.

TOM: What?

RAN: Listen, that reward money's mine. I owe a small fortune to that evil space-dog Jabba The Mutt. He's put out a hunt for me ever since I went bankrupt because of a bad business decision. You see, a long time ago, in a galaxy... Well, just round the corner actually, I bought a whole fleet of space-vans, fitted them out to play jingly jangly music and go selling cornettoes and 99s to kids around the galaxy.

YAZ: What went wrong?

RAN: Turns out, in space, no one can hear ice-cream. It was a disaster.

TOM: So you er... didn't make much lolly then?

MICHAEL: Tom.

TOM: Did you lose er... hundreds and thousands?

RAN: Yeah, about that much – now there's a bounty on my head.

YAZ: No there isn't..

TOM: I suppose the bank's probably frozen your assets?

RAN: No that's my whole point – I'm bankrupt.

MICHAEL: This really isn't the time Tom!

RAN: Look, I happen to know Skoda is locked in the Clutchon dungeon hidden below this bar. I recently knocked out four Clutchon guards,

YAZ: How come?

RAN: They looked at me the wrong way.

YAZ: Fair enough.

RAN: Must have had their helmets on backwards. Their metal suits are in the bathroom over there.

TOM: Right.

RAN: Dress as Clutchons and you'll be able to get past the guards and break out Skoda. You save the galaxy, I get the reward, even stevens.

YAZ: When I grow up I want to be just like you.

RAN: You can be kid, you can be. Good luck.

TENSE MUSIC

YAZ: Wow, he was so cool.

NARRATOR: Will our adventurers find Skoda? Will they save the Queen's barbecue and the rest of the world? Find out after a note from our sponsors.

SPONSOR: Yeah. It's quite good. Bit long. Not sure about the Brexit joke. I like the guy who plays Yaz though, think he's a really good actor and his friends should be nicer to him and yeah, it's alright.

BEEP

SCENE FIVE

METALLIC FOOTSTEPS

TOM: These Clutchon suits are pretty cumbersome.

MICHAEL: Just behind this door is where Ran said the secret Clutchon dungeon is.

DR SMITH: I don't think we should be doing this.

MICHAEL: We'll be fine just stick to the plan.

KNOCK KNOCK, DOOR OPENS

CLUTCHON 1: What are you doing here?

CLUTCHON 2: Yeah, what's going on?

MICHAEL: Oh, hello fellow Clutchons, um, we've been sent to guard the prisoner whilst you go and... do whatever it is you do when you're not guarding the prisoner.

CLUTCHON 1: Oh, cool. Ping Pong.

CLUTCHON 2: See ya.

DONK

CLUTCHON 1: Hey Brian, did you just bump your head on the way out.

CLUTCHON 2: Yeah, but I don't think anyone noticed.

DOOR CLOSES

TOM: That went well.

MICHAEL: Skoda, Skoda are you in here?

YAZ: It's completely empty.

DR SMITH: On the wall – it's a distance portal. Skoda truly is a master scientist. He must have heard us coming and panicked.

MICHAEL: Quickly, after him, before it closes. Everyone in.

PORTAL SOUNDS UNDER

MICHAEL: What's going on?

YAZ: Ha! This is incredible.

TOM: Where is it taking us?

DR SMITH: Impossible to say until we arrive at our

BUMP, BUMP

Ow... destination.

MYSTERIOUS MUSIC

TOM: Wow! Look at this place.

MICHAEL: Where are we?

TOM: According to my space scanner... we're over ten million light years away.

YAZ: What an amazing planet! Look it's got palm tree's growing out of the sky.

MICHAEL: And those mountains look like they're floating on some sort of sea of fiery water.

TOM: And look, the sand, wait, what colour is that?

MICHAEL: Not one I've seen before.

YAZ: This whole planet is just too incredible for words!

DR SMITH: And yet you keep talking about it.

MICHAEL: Dr Smith's right – let's find Skoda. Roger can you keep that wormhole thingy open.

DR SMITH: Yes I think so.

TOM: There's a little hut just here, shall we see if anybody's home.

SCENE SIX

KNOCK KNOCK, DOOR OPENS

YAZ: Excuse me, sorry to bother you but are you Skoda?

SKODA: Seek this person why do you?

TOM: Sorry?

SKODA: Something you need is there?

YAZ: I think he's crazy - let's leave.

TOM: Do. You. Speak. English?

SKODA: Fool you are if this question you ask. Skoda I am. This name mine is.

MICHAEL: Why is he speaking like that?

TOM: Need the renewable energy formula... to... know, we... Do.

MICHAEL: What are you doing?

TOM: Just thought it might help.

SKODA: To take, welcome you are, upon written it is, this piece of paper.

TOM: Thank you, I'll keep that safe.

MICHAEL: Well, I guess that's mission complete. Skoda, let's go. We'll hop back through the portal and get you to safety. Yaz, you've got your weapons if we run into trouble.

SKODA: Wait.

JOHN WILLIAMS STYLE MUSIC

SKODA: More than weapons does the true warrior need.

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

SKODA: Take this Clutchon Detector you should

YAZ: Oh. Cool.

SKODA: On a perilous mission are you all.

TOM: Indeed. Advice for us any you have?

SKODA: Long spoken have the space oracles of a battle between good and evil.

MICHAEL: Nah, sorry didn't get a word of that.

SKODA: Throughout the Galaxy, energy sustainable and renewable, the evil Clutchins would not want. Heavily invested in oil, are they.

MICHAEL: No, sorry not a clue,

TOM: Me neither.

MICHAEL: I'm going to have to write this down.

SCRIBBLING

SKODA: When time it came, the Galaxy's furthest reaches, distract they would with a mission, of the planet's heroes greatness of earth, take over so the Clutchons can.

MICHAEL: Give me a minute.

SKODA: Certain am I, pretty, Clutchon your friend is, disguised.

DR SMITH: I think it's time we left now.

MICHAEL: Hang on...

SKODA: If all the time, sweating? Give away straight always is. Haggis.

DR SMITH: You've got the formula, let's bloody go.

MICHAEL: Calm down Roger, ah here we go. I think he said... Some stuff about good and evil, then um... The Clutchons have invested heavily in the oil companies.

TOM: I mean that is generally a sound investment.

MICHAEL: Then he said... The greatest Heroes of earth...

YAZ: I guess that's us.

MICHAEL: ...Would get distracted by a mission in the far reaches of the Galaxy...

TOM: Oh dear.

MICHAEL: ...whilst the Clutchons take over the planet.

TOM: Damnit.

MICHAEL: And then he said... Also I'm pretty certain your friend there is a Clutchon in disguise, It's a straight give-away if he's sweating all the time, or if he's ever had a bad reaction to Haggis. Hang on!

PHASER BLAST

SKODA: Urgh!

TOM: Roger, you just shot Skoda.

DR SMITH: Allow me to explain. Let me just get out of this Clutchon armour.

CLANG

YAZ: Oh good, Skoda was wrong, it's just Roger.

DR SMITH: And then get out of this Roger suit.

SQUELCHING SOUND

MICHAEL: Oh my god, he is a Clutchon!

YAZ: And really not a very good looking one.

DR SMITH: I'll have you know I'm thought quite dashing by my people.

YAZ: Sure.

DR SMITH: I was sent to make sure you never got this far. And now you have, I'm afraid you're going to have to die!

PHASER FIRE UNDER

MICHAEL: Stop him Yaz.

DR SMITH: You will never get back to earth alive. Hahahaha!

YAZ: He's jumped inside the portal.

DR SMITH: Ah Hahahaha!

PHASER FIRE, EXPLOSION

YAZ: Damnit, he's destroyed the portal.

MICHAEL: How are we going to get back? We have to stop the Clutchon invasion of Earth!

TOM: I can't believe my hero was a Clutchon all along.

SKODA: [*Cough*] Urgh. To me, listen you must.

YAZ: Skoda, you're alright.

SKODA: Dying I am. When the time it comes, Yaz, my voice hear you shall. Strong with you it is.

YAZ: Sorry what is?

SKODA: Welfare.

TOM: Welfare, what a weird final word. I guess he wants us to support people in greater need than ourselves.

MICHAEL: He means, Farewell.

TOM: Oh.

MICHAEL: We've got to think of a way to get back to Urbottom. Any ideas.

TOM: Well Skoda must have had a portal device with him. So if we just, you know, step over his newly dead body and have a quick rummage in his hut...

SQUELCH

YAZ: This doesn't feel right.

TOM: Well don't step *on* him – step *around him*. Look here it is. It works just like a portal gun.

YAZ: I bloody love that game.

MICHAEL: Can you get us back to Urbottom?

TOM: Should be fairly simple to... reverse the previous coordinates...

SPARKS

No, not like that then, um...

MONSTER SOUND

MICHAEL: Oh, what now!

YAZ: Um, I think that we're about to be eaten by a huge space alien monster.

MONSTER SOUND

MICHAEL: OK. Can you work out how it works and run at the same time? Come on.

RUNNING AND MONSTER SOUNDS UNDER

TOM: Gosh, this really is a bit fiddly whilst running.

YAZ: How many arms has it actually got?

MICHAEL: Come on Tom, it's gaining on us.

YAZ: How is it even moving, it doesn't have legs.

TOM: Got it.

PORTAL SOUND

TRIO: Wooooow!

YAZ: Nice one Tom.

THUNDER

MORPHEUS: You take the blue pill - you wake up in your bed. And believe whatever you want to believe. You take the red pill - excuse me can I help you?

TOM: Sorry, just can't get this blooming thing to-

YAZ: Take the blue pill, it'll be easier.

PORTAL SOUND

TRIO: Wooooow!

RAIN

ROY: I've seen things you people wouldn't believe. All those moments will be lost in time, like tears in the... sorry are you lads lost?

TOM: Sorry, must be the next stop.

PORTAL SOUND

TRIO: Wooooow!

BUMP

ET: Phone ho-

TOM: Nope.

PORTAL SOUND

TRIO: Wooooow!

SCENE SEVEN

BUMP

TOM: Here we are: Urbottom. Simple as that.

YAZ: Hey lads, lads, what's ET short for?

TOM: Oh for goodness sake, I don't know Yaz, what's ET short for?

YAZ: No, I was asking you.

RIPPER: *(On radio)* Michael come in, can you hear me?

MICHAEL: Captain Ripper, receiving you.

RIPPER: You can't leave the planet in the Adventure Mobile, the Clutchons have it surrounded.

MICHAEL: Roger!!!

RIPPER: Good, you understand.

MICHAEL: No actually I was just... Don't worry.

YAZ: What the hell do we do now?

TOM: I know... Beam us up Spotty!

SPOTTY: You mean kill you all and then reassemble your atoms here on *The Endeavour*, creating physical copies of your bodies that have your memories and then they continue living your lives?

YAZ: Yeah maybe not.

MICHAEL: Sounds creepy.

WEIRD SFX NOISE

TOM: Oh my god what's that?

MICHAEL: It looks like... us??

FUTURE MICHAEL: (Silly voice) That's right Michael. We are you three from the future!

FUTURE YAZ & TOM: (Silly voice) Hello!

MIKE: Why are you doing that silly voice?

FUTURE MICHAEL: So people can tell which of us is from the future.

MICHAEL: I really don't think you need to do that.

FUTURE MICHAEL: O... kay. Sorry.

YAZ: Hi Future Me.

FUTURE YAZ: Hi Past Me.

FUTURE TOM: Hi Tom.

TOM: Hi Tom.

FUTURE TOM: Sorry to interrupt your mission but we have an important message from... the future.

TOM: Wow.

FUTURE MICHAEL: You can't go back up to the bar. You need to go through that door over there right now, instead.

MICHAEL: Sure, but why.

FUTURE MICHAEL: We don't have time to explain why! But know that, in our time, the entire fate of the universe depends on you doing this. Countless people will die if you don't. Nations will fall, many points will be wiped off the FTSE500 and Rafa Nadal's end of year ATP score, and the world will never be the same again!

MICHAEL: I mean we already said yes.

FUTURE TOM: Thanks past Michael.

FUTURE YAZ: Also, we shouldn't be telling you this, but you must know. Roger is actually a Clutchon in disguise.

TOM: We know!

FUTURE YAZ: Oh sorry, still getting the hang of this time-travel stuff.

YAZ: Well can you at least tell –

FUTURE TOM: There's no time!

YAZ: Will we see you again?

FUTURE MICHAEL: Maybe. In the future.

FUTURE TOM: We have to go!

FUTURE YAZ: Don't do anything I wouldn't do.

WEIRD SFX NOISE

TOM: If they're in such a rush, why didn't they just travel back in time to a few minutes earlier?

MICHAEL: Well come on, I guess we better go through this door then.

DOOR SOUND.

RAN: Well look what the Martian Cat dragged in...

YAZ: Ran Soslow. Good to see ya, you old space bastard?

RAN: Looking for some help boys?

YAZ: I knew that behind that harsh space cowboy exterior there was a heart of gold?

RAN: Sure is. A heart of gold that lost a lot of money and needs the reward.

TOM: *[Whispered]* What ever you do, don't tell him Skoda's dead.

RAN: What?

TOM: Nothing.

RAN: Come on, that's my ship. The Gargantuan.

TOM: Oh my god it's enormous!

RAN: It sure seems that way kid, but it bends the laws of space - so it's actually much smaller on the inside. Get on board, quick before anyone sees you.

TOM: *(From inside)* Bloody hell. Yeah it's a *lot* smaller in here.

MICHAEL: Do you think we can all fit in?

YAZ: Only one way to find out

TOM: *(From inside)* Well actually we could measure the area of the inside and then -

MICHAEL: In you get Ran, up you go Yaz and in... I... Get.

YAZ: *(From inside)* I like it, it's cosy. Oh, hello.

CHEWIE: Urghuph.

SCENE EIGHT

SPACESHIP NOISES

SOCK: Captain they have no ship and we can't wait any longer, I believe it would be logical to leave orbit and head to safety.

RIPPER: Leave them behind? You must be joking.

SOCK: Am I? How can you tell?

SAL: We're receiving a signal. It's from Ran Soslow's ship.

RIPPER: Oh no, not him. Alright, let's hear it SAL.

CRACKLING RADIO

MICHAEL: This is Captain Michael of the Sapceship Gargantuan...

RAN: Woah there partner, there's no other Captain of the Gargantuan but yours truly.

MICHAEL: Sorry.

RAN: Well apart from the bloke I stole it from, but that's a different story. Captain Ripper, permission to come aboard?

RIPPER: Granted.

DOORS OPENING

RAN: Good to see you again Ripper, it's been too long.

RIPPER: That's a matter of opinion Ran.

SAL: Captain, a fleet of Clutchon warbirds are heading straight for us.

MICHAEL: Yes, change of plan. Dr Smith was a Clutchon in disguise, he killed Skoda...

RAN: What?

MICHAEL: ...and this has all been an elaborate rouse to get us off the earth whilst the Clutchons take over.

RIPPER: God-damn you, Clutchons. God-damn you all to hell...

MICHAEL: We need to get back home *now!*

RIPPER: You heard the man, SAL take us to earth. Everyone battle stations. Yaz, Ran take the gun ports. Tom, Michael help Spotty reconfigure the shields. Red Alert.

SAL: Red Alert, Red Alert.

RIPPER: *No-one* fracks with Earth...!

YAZ: Well this is getting exciting isn't it listeners?

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

YAZ: Er... “no”? (*Sotto*) I have really listeners – but don’t tell Mike.

MICHAEL: Don’t tell me what?

YAZ: Nothing! (*Sotto*) Not nothing really listeners – I mean don’t tell him about the fact I’ve been recording!

EXPLOSION

RIPPER: We’re under attack.

TOM: Oh really?!

SOCK: Yes really.

TOM: You don’t even get sarcasm Sock?!

LASER SOUND

YAZ: Pew Pew! Haha! Take that sucker!

LASER SOUND

RAN: Nice shot kid.

LASER SOUND

YAZ: Pew. Pew.

LASER SOUND. EXPLOSION.

RAN: Gottcha! Haha.

YAZ: Hey, I shot first.

RAN: No, I shot first.

LASER SOUND

RAN: Take that Clutchon scum.

YAZ: Perhaps they want a flake with that?

SCRATCHED RECORD, ALL STOP

RAN: Listen, the first 67 jokes about ice-cream were just about funny. But I’ve got a bit tired of it now.

YAZ: Sorry Ran.

TOM: I’m sorbet as well.

RAN: Did you just say sorbet?!

TOM: No.

RAN: You did!

YAZ: He didn't Ran, he wouldn't dairy.

RAN: What did you say?

TOM: Oh don't mini-milk it.

CHEWIE: Urghuph!

RAN: Don't you start.

SAL: We're receiving a signal from the lead Clutchon ship.

RIPPER: On screen.

MICHAEL: Oh god, it's Clutchon Roger!

DR SMITH: You can never escape us. Fire.

EXPLOSION

SOCK: Direct hit. Repeat, that was a direct hit.

TOM: I can't believe how stupid I've been.

SOCK: Critical gluten levels.

TOM: You were my hero.

EXPLOSIONS AND THE SOUND OF THE CREW IN JEOPARDY UNDER

DR SMITH: Join me Tom. Join the Dark Grey Side. Our costumes are so much more flattering.

TOM: Never.

DR SMITH: I am still your friend. And... I am your farther –

TOM: What?

DR SMITH: Your farther out in space friend. Maybe your farthest out in space friend.

YAZ: Pew.

LASER SOUND AND EXPLOSION

YAZ: Yes!

SPOTTY: At a boy laddie!

DR SMITH: I'm hit. You fiends, I will have my revenge.

SMITH'S REVENGE LASTS FOR A VERY LONG TIME AND MICHAEL TRIES TO START SPEAKING< BUT KEEPS GETTING CUT OFF

MICHAEL: His ship's spiralling off into the distance, I wonder if he's dead or not? It's a bit open ended isn't it?

RIPPER: Michael..?

TOM: Oh no, Captain Ripper's been hit. Get her to sick bay.

RIPPER: Michael.

MICHAEL: Yes Captain Ripper?

RIPPER: Call me Sigourney. Michael, please, look after my ship. Ugh.

MICHAEL: I will. SAL how close are we to earth?

SAL: We are about to enter orbit, Captain.

MICHAEL: Captain, she just called me Captain.

PHASER FIRE

MICHAEL: Evasive maneuvers SAL.

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

MICHAEL: What? Oh god, she's rebelling.

SAL: You need to enable the 'evasive maneuvers' skill from the SAL app. Enjoy a month's free trial, after which you will be automatically charged.

MICHAEL: Whatever, just do it.

YAZ: I bet you anything we forget to cancel that. I know what I'm like.

EXPLOSION

SAL: Oh dear, my server has taken a direct hit, I am losing all power, I can no longer pilot the ship... Danger Will Robinininininin... Daisy daisy...

POWERING DOWN. SAD MUSIC

MICHAEL: Spotty, can you get her back on line?

SPOTTY: Afraid not Captain. She's gone.

MICHAEL: Oh god SAL! Yaz, quick, take the helm.

YAZ: We've been hit pretty bad. I don't know if we'll be able to land safely.

TOM: I do think it's quite funny, the second you become Captain the ship crashes.

SOCK: How is that funny?

EXPLOSION

TOM: Actually you're right, it's not that funny.

EXPLOSION

YAZ: Brace for impact.

RAN: I gotta a bad feeling about this.

PAUSE WITH JUST THE SOUNDS OF THE SHIPS BEEPS

What? Why are you all looking at me like that? ...That's just what you say in situations like this.

CHEWIE: Urgh.

RAN: [*defensive*] Alright!

MICHAEL: I better call it in. Come in, come in. This is Captain Michael of the Starship Endeavour. Do you read me?

TRAIN WOMAN: Um... hello?

MICHAEL: Euston, we have a problem.

*CRASH LAND
FADE INTO STATION BING BONG*

TRAIN WOMAN: (on a tannoy) Due to a crashed spaceship on the track, we will now be operating a replacement bus service.

PASSENGERS: Owwww. Every single time. What did hey just say? I don't know how I'm going to get home now. Bloody nationalise it. Etc.

PASSENGER: Darling I'm going to be home late. There's a spaceship again.

SCENE NINE

POSH MUSIC CHATTERING

POSH WOMAN: Well, this is a lovely barbecue isn't it Archibald.

POSH MAN: Yes dear.

BUTLER: Can I interest you in a bit of barbecued Swan madam?

POSH WOMAN: Oh thank you.

MICHAEL: (*Out of breath*) Sorry, where's the Queen?

BUTLER: Just over there sir, in the stables.

YAZ: I hope we're in time to stop the invasion.

TOM: Your majesty, there you are,

QUEEN: What are you three doing here?

YAZ: We've come to warn you, the Clutchons, they're already here!

BEEP BEEP

MICHAEL: What's wrong 4B2?

TOM: That wasn't 4B2, it was Skoda's Clutchon Detector.

ALL3: Gasp.

QUEEN: You fools! I wasn't sure this disguise would work but you fell for it all.

YAZ: You mean... you're not really the Queen?

QUEEN: Congratulations idiot - allow me to reveal my real form.

SQUELCHY SOUNDS, CHORAL MUSIC

TOM: Oh my god - Germaine Greer?!

QUEEN: Oh no, that's another of my disguises. One moment...

SQUELCHY SOUNDS

MICHAEL: You... you're a Clutchon?!

QUEEN: Yes I am.

ALL3: Gasp.

QUEEN: We needed you off the planet so we could take over. But it looks like my idiot Clutchon brother let you find out the truth.

YAZ: You were a Clutchon the whole time!?

QUEEN: No, I have your precious Queen right here.

REAL QUEEN: No, please!

QUEEN: And now my plan is almost complete... and so I shall just have to kill you!

PHASER BATTLE

MICHAEL: Argh, I've been hit. Tom, look out!

TOM: Urgh!

YAZ: Take that.

QUEEN: You're coming with me.

REAL QUEEN: No.

QUEEN: You'll never catch me.

YAZ: Get back here.

QUEEN: Get out of the way.

MICHAEL: Leave us, go after her.

TOM: Actually, I am quite badly hurt. If you have chance to do both...

YAZ: Oh my god, Clutchon's are so fast.

QUEEN: *[Distant]* No, you're in my way big ears.

YAZ: I'll never catch her!

SKODA: Speaking from the grave I am.

YAZ: Wow, that's so weird.

SKODA: Use the horse Yaz...

PARTY CHATTERING

POSH WOMAN: I do like this caviar dip, don't you Archibald.

POSH MAN: Yes dear.

POSH WOMAN: What is that man doing on that horse?

GALLOPING FROM THE DISTANCE

YAZ: (*GETTING CLOSER*) No one pretends to be the Queen and shoots my friends and gets away with it. Well actually one person did - but they were the last.

POSH WOMAN: Look out for the condiments table!

CRASH

REAL QUEEN: No please!

CRASHING AND NEIGHING

YAZ: Get away from her you bitch.

DRAMATIC MUSIC. PHASER VOICE: PHASERS TO STUN, MIDLY MAIM, KILL, DANCE ON GRAVE

QUEEN: Your puny human weapons won't work on me!

SKODA: Use the sauce Yaz...

YAZ: Good idea, take that!

SQUELCH

QUEEN: What is this? I'm covered in ketchup!

SKODA: Use the Morse Yaz...

YAZ: Sorry what?

SKODA: The Morse.

YAZ: Morse?

SKODA: The Morse Yaz.

YAZ: Morse code?

QUEEN: Oh no. Who told you that the frequencies of morse code are fatal to Clutchons?!

YAZ: I don't know any Morse code.

BEEPS

YAZ: 4B2! You're here!

QUEEN: Please don't.

4B2 BEEPS IN MORSE

QUEEN: Urgh! I'm dying.

YAZ: Yeah! Dash dot dot – dot dot... dot!

REAL QUEEN: Thank-you Yaz, and you too you little robot. You saved me.

MICHAEL: Nice work Yaz.

YAZ: Tom, Mike you're okay?

TOM: Just a little worse for wear. Your majesty, we must find out if there are any other Clutchons on the planet.

REAL QUEEN: No, I overheard them talking when they kidnapped me, it was a rogue mission, they were the only ones.

YAZ: But, Donald Trump, all the oil stuff, denying global warming, he *must* be a Clutchon?

REAL QUEEN: Sorry, no, just a dick.

MICHAEL: Well, I guess we saved the world then.

ALL3: Hooray!

MICHAEL: Wait Tom, the formula for renewable energy do you still have it?

TOM: Of course. Here it is. Oh for god's sake.

YAZ: What's wrong.

TOM: It's written the way Skoda speaks isn't it, it'll take years to decipher this.

REAL QUEEN: Plenty for my scientists and the Interplanetary Alliance to be getting on with then.

MICHAEL: I think maybe 4B2 should have the last word?

BEEPS. THEY ALL LAUGH.

MICHAEL: Anyone know what that means?

TOM: "Battery low".

YAZ: Aww.

MICHAEL: Well said 4B2 – well said.

CREDITS

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

TOM: We're broadcasting live, direct from the Barrington-Smyth theatre grant awards.

BARRINGTON-SMYTH: Where's the carving knife?

LADY: Darling?

BARRINGTON-SMYTH: The long carving knife is missing.

CRASH

MISS CLARET: Having held my finger against his neck for two seconds, I can pronounce with certainty, Lord Barrington-Smyth, my uncle, is dead.

BUTLER: Oh no!

LADY: Oh goodness!

YAZ: Oh gosh!

MISS CLARET: Oh horror!

TOM: Oh crap... Why does this always happen whenever we go out.

THUNDER

MICHAEL: None of the guests can leave the house until the murderer is found.

YAZ: Especially not the murderer them self.

BUTLER: Certainly sir.

MICHAEL: Thanks Jeeves.

BUTLER: I'll just stand over here.

MICHAEL: Sure.

BUTLER: You won't even notice me.

TOM: Right.

BUTLER: You wouldn't even notice if I disappeared.

YAZ: Ok, but don't.

BUTLER: Ok, but don't.

THUNDER

TOM: There's poison in his soup. It smells like... Arsenic!

YAZ: What? No it doesn't and stop calling me Nick.

DOOR OPENS

BUTLER: He's been so busy amending his will this last week he hasn't had time for much of a chat.

MISS CLARET: You've got guilt written all over you.

DUMPLING: That misjudged tattoo as got nothing to do with this.

MICHAEL: Ladies and Gentlemen. Fear not. My friends and I have solved many a grisly murder in our time.

TOM: Michael, come and look at this...

YAZ: ...I said hands where I can see them!

MISS CLARET: Where are your trousers Wing Commander?

YAZ: We need answers.

MICHAEL: Everybody in this room is a suspect.

TOM: Lady Barrington-Smyth.

MISS CLARET: Wing Commander Bridges.

DUMPLING: Mr Hedges!

YAZ: Reverend Pious.

MISS CLARET: And Miss Dumpling.

MICHAEL: But whatever it takes we will figure out who has dun it, as well as hopefully how dun it, when dun it, where and precisely why they dun it.

NARRATOR: Episode 3. The mystery of Murder Manor.

SHORT: Sergeant.

SERGEANT: Yes guv?

SHORT: Go tell the Belgian and the little old lady to stay in the car.

CREDITS MUSIC

YAZ: You have been listening to Three's Company's Adventure Department Episode Two: 'Attack of the Clutchons' or '2020 - A Space Comedy'.

Visit AdventureDepartment.uk for more info and make sure you subscribe in your podcast app so you don't miss episode three, The Mystery of Murder Manor.

Adventure Department was written, performed and created by Three's Company.

Guests this episode were

Mariam Bell, Paul Dodds, Joanna Bending, Ashlea Kaye, Daniel Millar and Rosie Jones.

With Rufus Hound as Ran Soslow.

And The Queen as The Queen... Only joking that was me, and also Mike

Edit and sound design by me, mixed by Tom Griffiths. Artwork by Mike.

And special thanks this episode to Hamish Nicholls, Alan Fielden, Youssef Kerkour, Claire Birch, Jeremy Dunn and everyone at the RSC.

Full credits, music listings, transcripts and more in the show notes at AdventureDepartment.uk

Now if you enjoyed the podcast please do rate and subscribe in your favourite podcast app, and please help us spread the word, pick up your phone right now and tell a friend, go on, right now, I'll wait.

Our Twitter is @ThreesCompany or Instagram, is ThreesCompanyUK, our Facebook is ThreesCo and our website is AdventureDepartment.uk

Three's Company are Tom Crawshaw, Michael Grady-Hall and Yaz Al-Shaater... Right, now, how am I going to get my hand out of this vending machine?