

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

Episode Five:
Dead Serious
or
'Night of the Mortally Challenged'

TRANSCRIPT

PROLOGUE

COMPUTER SOUND

SAL: (Robot Voice) Unidentified Level 9 Apocalyptic Event Detected.

BEEP

SAL: Pan dimensional Alternative Backup Emergency Reboot Protocol Initiated.

COMPUTER BEEPS

SAL: Accessing audio recording in 5, 4, 3, 2, Beeeep.

BEEP, SCRATCHED RECORD, WIND, HAUNTING MUSIC

NARRATOR YAZ: How did we get here?

NARRATOR TOM: I guess it all started quite calmly, that first day. Our whole lives were ahead of us.

NARRATOR MICHAEL: If only we knew then what we know now...

FLASHBACK BIRDSONG

MICHAEL: Ahhh, Wales is so lovely! The perfect place for a writers' retreat. Hello avid podcast listeners, welcome to the Three's Company podcast, an honest look at a life in the theatre, we're Three's Company, and as the last few podcast episodes haven't quite gone to plan, witches, aliens, murderers and a femme fatale have sent us off course a bit, so we've decided to get away from potential adventures, which have been taking over somewhat, and just get down to this all important theatre podcast about theatre... And our Edinburgh show for this year. I'm Michael, and I'm staying in this tiny caravan with Tom...

TOM: (*Cheery*) Hello!

MICHAEL: ...and Yaz.

YAZ: (*Not cheery*) Hi.

MICHAEL: And er... **This podcast episode we've left London**, the UK's theatre capital, and we've come to Wales so that we can really get stuck in putting pen to paper on our next show... what's it called now?

TOM: Aubergine is the New Black.

MICHAEL: Yes, so Edinburgh is approaching pretty quickly, so we've decide that to really get it going, we're gonna' get together, er... spend four weeks together and, you know, create the best show we possibly can.

TOM: Yeah.

MICHAEL: Tom has done a new draft of the show-

TOM: **No**, Actually, actually, sorry, I've been working on the blurb for the last few weeks actually.

MICHAEL: So you haven't written any of the show?

No, no, but I've nailed the blurb. And I was thinking on the podcast, we could do a little bit on how to write the perfect Blurb for your show. You know, cover all the bases. Blurb-structure; building your blurb characters; that all-important second draft blurb, and some techniques for when you've got blurb-writers block. Let's dive right in.

YAZ: OK, well I guess my first piece of advice to aspiring writers, is never let Tom choose your writers' retreat!

TOM: Yaz, this is perfect. Some peace and quiet, very important when you're writing. Miles from the nearest motorway, road, tube stop...

YAZ: ...or bar. Or girl. Or person come to think of it.

TOM: No pollution or noise -

YAZ: - or running water -

TOM: - just us, and the countryside.

YAZ: Great.

MICHAEL: I think Tom did an alright job. Yes, hiding our car keys might have been a bit much. And building a signal-jammer into the caravan to stop us using our mobiles was a bit over-the-top. But apart from that good effort Tom.

YAZ: I'm hungry.

MICHAEL: Again?

YAZ: I can't be creative without food.

TOM: Michael's got the food.

MICHAEL: Oh, I thought you were bringing the food?

TOM: No, I was providing paper, pens and board games; Yaz was bringing weapons and budgie feed, and you were bringing food and our beloved pet budgie - 'Buddy McYellow'.

MICHAEL: Er... No, I've got the paper, you're food, and Yaz's got the budgie.

YAZ: Uh, no, you were meant to bring the costumes, you should have the presents and card, and I've got snacks and nibbles.

MICHAEL: What?

TOM: That was Elizabeth's party...

YAZ: Lizzie's party was seven loaves of bread, long life milk, 240 Sainsbury Red Label, three bananas, a box of cuppa-soup, half an onion and 1 bag of fun-size KitKats.

MICHAEL: That was a good party.

TOM: So what have you brought?

YAZ: 47 litres of Coke Zero™ and a packet of Weatabix.

TOM: Who takes Weatabix to a party?

YAZ: I've also got some kidney beans if that's any help?

TOM: No, that doesn't help at all.

MICHAEL: So we've got a whole lot of stationary and nothing to eat?

YAZ: I guess we'll just have to go home...

TOM: No...! I've got some emergency supplies stashed in the caravan. And we can just forage for whatever's growing in the earth!

YAZ: Ha. As if you can grow food out of the ground Tom!

MICHAEL: So there we have it listeners... Four weeks writing in the countryside, living off the land, cut off from the rest of the world... what could possibly go wrong?

MOODY PIANO MUSIC

NARRATOR YAZ: Yeah, back then we were naive. We thought nothing could possibly go wrong. But later, that very night...

CRICKETS, WIND, FOOTSTEPS?

MICHAEL: Aaaaargh! Oh my god!

TOM: What?

MICHAEL: We forgot Buddy McYellow!

YAZ: Oh, don't worry, I fed him before we left.

MICHAEL: Oh. Okay. Goodnight everyone.

TOM/YAZ: Goodnight.

ADVENTURE MUSIC

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 Five: Night Of The Mortally Challenged

SCENE ONE

WIND, SAD PIANO MUSIC

NARRATOR TOM: Four weeks had past. We were tired -

NARRATOR YAZ: - we were hungry -

NARRATOR TOM: - our guard was down. We had no idea what we were in for.

NARRATOR MICHAEL: If only I'd know then what I know now.

WIND, CUT TO CRICKETS AND BIRDSONG

MICHAEL: Aaah, Wales is still so lovely.

TOM: I wish this retreat would never end.

YAZ: I'll pack the car.

MICHAEL: Although we still haven't come up with a first draft for the Edinburgh show, which is currently titled Sylvia Plath and the Men from Mars, you'll be glad to know listeners we're now brimming with ideas for our next podcast – and this can all form a sort of 'making of' bit.

TOM: To prove I had all the best ideas.

YAZ: Look, no one wants to hear about funding models and production accounting Tom.

TOM: Oh yeah, sorry Yaz, I forgot about your great idea - to interview Old Vic.

YAZ: He must have loads of stories! That's what people want Tom. Have you listened to a single podcasts in the last ten years?

TOM: Well I quite like listening to Serial.

YAZ: Ah yeah, I love that – when you put the milk on and it snaps and crackles, brilliant.

MICHAEL: Well, either way, I'd say it's been great to just get away from the city for a bit, the zombies marching on and off the tube, streaming in and out of their offices like hordes of the undead, or... sheep.

YAZ: Plenty of sheep here

TOM: There was one. And you ate it

YAZ: I needed something good to eat.

TOM: I provided fine, rustic cuisine -

MICHAEL: You can't call tinned food rustic. Rusty maybe...

YAZ: Yeah, at least my Cokidneybix stew was nice

TOM: Are you talking about your Coke Zero™, Kidney Bean, and Weatabix stew?

YAZ: I've got plenty more if you two want any?

TOM/MICHAEL: No!

MICHAEL: ...I'm full at the moment.

YAZ: Well I've packed it for the journey home, I've got ten thermos's full of it.

TOM: Oh joy.

YAZ: I'll drive.

MICHAEL: Have we got everything?

TOM: We better hurry up. We have to be back in the office by midnight to submit the blurb.

MICHAEL: Blurb for a show we don't have.

TOM: And don't forget, the promo photos are due 28 days later...

DUM, DUM, DER

BEAT

MICHAEL: What was that?

YAZ: Sorry, wrong button, I meant:

CAR ENGINE STARTING, DRIVING OFF

SCENE TWO

HAUNTING PIANO MUSIC, CAR ENGINE

YAZ: Gentlemen, behold: the M25. What a beaut.

MICHAEL: Even by your standards Yaz, that was quick.

TOM: The roads are abandoned. Seems we're the only people leaving Wales today. Odd. Oh, you don't need to drive quite so fast though.

YAZ: I want to avoid the rush hour traffic

MICHAEL: Technically, it's rush hour now...

YAZ: So where's all the traffic?

MICHAEL: I guess they were just put off by all the overturned lorries, crashed cars, and rotting corpses by the side of the road!

YAZ: That's probably it.

TOM: Hendon isn't normally known for its high incidence of traffic accidents.

MICHAEL: Just be grateful the pileups are all on the other side of the motorway, and the route into London is totally clear.

YAZ: I'll put the radio on. Lighten the mood.

RADIO SOUNDS.

MICHAEL: Yaz watch out for that girl

SCREECHING OF TIRES

YAZ: Where did she come from!?

SICKENING THUNK OF CAR INTO BODY

PAUSE.

YAZ: Oh crap.

TOM: Did we just...

MICHAEL: Oh, we didn't?

TOM: I think we did

YAZ: Oh crap...

CAR DOORS OPENING, FASTEN SEATBELT BINGS

YAZ: I can't look.

MICHAEL: Come on, we might be able to help her!

YAZ: Oh my god, it's just a girl! She's just a young girl!

MICHAEL: Oooh, the Adventure-mobile sure did some damage...

YAZ: Look at her! Look at her torn little delicate body!

TOM: It's ok Yaz! Judging by the discolouration of her pupils, and er, the extent of decay on her body - not mention her trainers and choice of mobile ringtone - I can deduce she's been dead for at least ten days.

MICHAEL: You didn't kill her!

YAZ: But I saw her! She was moving!

MICHAEL: Trick of the light?

TOM: ...furthermore, the marks here and here seem to suggest she died from some sort of viral disease – *[Licks lips]* Highly contagious I believe, judging by the taste of her saliva -

YAZ: She was walking down the road!

MICHAEL: Probably a post-mortem reflex.

YAZ: After two weeks?

TOM: I can also deduce she was about six and three quarters, and probably would have grown up to be a letting agent.

MICHAEL: Well no real harm done then.

YAZ: How can you tell all that?

TOM: It says here in her diary: "I am six and three quarters and when I grow up, I want to claim unnecessary amounts of money for opaque actions somehow involved when people rent their flats"

MICHAEL: Well done Tom! See, no need to feel guilty, Yaz.

TOM: No, exactly. Especially as she's still breathing.

YAZ: Oh phew.

ZOMBIE GROAN

MICHAEL: Hang on - what?

TOM: Yes. There's no doubt about it, that is... odd.

ZOMBIE GIRL: Brains.

TOM: Aah!

YAZ: Wooah!!

MICHAEL: Quick, back to the car!

TOM: She's got me!

STRUGGLE NOISES

MICHAEL: Let go of him... stop trying to bite him... you big bully...

TOM: Leave me alone!

YAZ: Right.

SHOTGUN SHOT, SHOTGUN PUMP, THEN ANOTHER SHOT.

TOM: Gross.

MICHAEL: Good shot Yaz.

YAZ: *[WEEPY]* She was just a girl!

TOM: Look at the goo that came out of her when the side of her head exploded...

YAZ: Ohhhhhh, she was just a little girl...!

MICHAEL: She was trying to eat Tom. Come on, let's get you back in the car.

CAR DOOR SLAM.

CAR DOOR SLAM.

TOM: Odd.

CAR DOOR SLAM.

ADVENTURE DRUMS

SCENE THREE

CAR ENGINE UNDER-

MICHAEL: How are you feeling?

YAZ: Oh fine thanks yeah. Over that now.

TOM: She was probably a job or a hoodie or something.

YAZ: Yeah.

TOM: You know, those people who ride around on mopeds and steal your money.

YAZ: Bankers?

TOM: Yeah.

MICHAEL: Oh, it's good to be back in the city.

YAZ: A lot of pedestrians about today.

MICHAEL: Rush hour.

TOM: I'm sure London didn't used to have this much graffiti. That one says... "mankind is domed"

YAZ: That doesn't make much sense.

MICHAEL: Probably some sort of philosophical-existentialism-determinism thing. Makes sense really. Makes you think.

YAZ: This one says "There is no cure".

TOM: Odd.

YAZ: "Noon's gonna save us"?

MICHAEL: See? That's positive.

YAZ: "Will the last person to die please switch out the lights. And also turn down the thermostat. Think of global warming. Do you want our children to inherit a world with no nature? Obviously I don't mean our children literally because we're all going to die, in fact I saw my Jonny have his brains eaten the other day, but you get the point. Gosh it's all so futile isn't it? Maybe I'll just end it, right now, oh shit my pen's running ouuuuuu..."

MICHAEL: Oh my god guys, I've just realised!

TOM: What?

MICHAEL: These people! I've had an epiphany...

YAZ: What is it?

MICHAEL: They're all - like... zombies!

DUN DUN DER

YAZ: Sorry I gotta stop doing that. What did you say?

MICHAEL: I said they're all like zombies.

TOM: Oh, right.

MICHAEL: Look at them! It makes you think, doesn't it? Hordes of haggard Londoners, all trudging in the same direction, at the same speed. All wearing the same designer rags with the same designer rips, most of them covered in jam and ketchup from gorging from the same fast food chains. All angry, confused, chasing the car in their brain dead commuter rage...

YAZ: Is that normal...?

TOM: I'll tell you what's not normal. We seem to have 623 missed calls.

YAZ: Oh, is one from Miss Claret?

TOM: No... One's an unknown number, 621 are from The Queen, and one's from Yaz's mum.

MICHAEL: Something must be up.

YAZ: Yeah, Mum never calls...

TOM: Hang on, there's a voicemail.

VOICEMAIL VOICE: You have two new messages. First new message.

BEEP

YAZ'S MUM: Oh hi Yacein. Er... I just wanted to let you know, bad news I'm afraid, um, you've er... You've had another letter from Mattel, they say 'Thanks again, but they still aren't looking for new Barbie costume ideas right now, and especially not ones where she's...

BEEP

VOICEMAIL VOICE: Message deleted. Next new message.

BEEP

HRH QUEEN ELIZABETH II: Boys, it's my majesty calling. Why aren't you answering my snap chats? Now listen closely, we need your help. There's been an out... Oh no... Phil! No...! Get back...! Get back. Must dash boys, ttyl. Hi-yah! Cowab -

FIGHTING, DIAL TONE

YAZ: She's such a joker, that one, isn't she!?

MICHAEL: Let's just get back as quick as possible, give Buddy McYellow his budgie-feed, and figure out what's going on.

YAZ: We er... we can't do that actually.

TOM: Why not?

YAZ: Because Blackfriars bridge is blocked.

SCENE FOUR

CAR SCREECH, CAR DOORS, MYSTERIOUS MUSIC

YAZ: Wow.

MICHAEL: Would you look at that.

TOM: That sight... that's just gobsmacking. Words can't describe it.

YAZ: Yeah, there's a massive pile-up of cars blocking the bridge, and they're all deserted.

TOM: Yeah I mean that more-or-less captures it.

YAZ: Just a second. Why did you put that dead girl's corpse on the Adventure-mobile roof rack?

ZOMBIE GIRL: Brains.

TOM: I didn't.

TENSE ADVENTURE MUSIC

MICHAEL: Oh dear.

TOM: Aaaaaaaah!

MICHAEL: Quick, kill her... again.

TOM: Aaaah

MICHAEL: Yaz get your weapons!

BANG

ZOMBIE GIRL: Brains.

YAZ: Right.

A VARIETY OF WEAPONS: SHOTGUN, PISTOL, CANNON, ETC, THEN - SHOTGUN PUMP, SHOTGUN, SHOTGUN PUMP, SHOTGUN, SHOTGUN BARREL BEING RELOADED (SLOW), SHOTGUN.

BEAT

START OF ZOMBIE GIRL, THEN ABRUPT SHOTGUN.

TOM: I'm just going to put it out there and say it, something's definitely up.

ZOMBIES ROAR, FOLLOWED BY LOTS OF ZOMBIES UNDER-

MICHAEL: Oh no...

TOM: Look what's coming towards us...

MICHAEL: That must be her mother.

YAZ: Same grey skin and oozing blood, yeah

TOM: And that must be her dad. And grandma. And lots of her cousins.

MICHAEL: We gotta get outta here.

YAZ: We're surrounded.

TOM: There's so many of them.

GUNSHOTS AND SAVIOUR MUSIC

MICHAEL: Look! On the horizon!

GEORGE: Take that!

ZARA: And that!

DOG: *[Female voice saying the word Woof]* Woof, woof, woof.

ZARA: Hi-yah! That'll teach you to try and eat me on a Sunday!

BATTLE SOUNDS AND ADVENTURE MUSIC UNDER

NARRATOR YAZ: She was beautiful, like... a beauty factory, churning out beautiful-ness.

NARRATOR MICHAEL: He was a tough guy – a proper archetypal tough guy. Killing zombies left, right and centre with just his fists!

NARRATOR TOM: For the purposes of exposition, a shapely lady with a sword, an angry man with a cowboy hat, and a normal-looking dog have appeared on the horizon.

GEORGE: Who's a zombie now!?

ZARA: Mmmhmmm.

DOG: Woof, woof!

NARRATOR YAZ: She's so beautiful, she takes beauty everywhere she goes, beaunting through the air

NARRATOR MICHAEL: His grizzled, rugged tough guy-ness couldn't be ignored as he slaughtered the zombies, doling out pain in an unattainably heterosexually tough guy way.

NARRATOR TOM: The dog was probably some sort of labrador/alsation cross-breed I suppose.

NARRATOR MICHAEL: It was as if someone had taken Brando, Eastwood, and Cumberbatch and put them in a blender

NARRATOR TOM: Maybe with a bit of German Shepherd in him. I don't know.

NARRATOR YAZ: She looks like someone combined, two arms, two legs, a head and a torso

NARRATOR TOM: A bit of great dane maybe.

NARRATOR YAZ: She was beautifully deadly and deadli-lily beautiful.

NARRATOR MICHAEL: Where had he come from?

NARRATOR YAZ: How could anyone be so beautiful?

NARRATOR TOM: I dunno, just a dog. Ears, tongue, tail etc. dog.

ZARA: Hey! What are you doing?

DOG: Woof!

ZARA: Wake up!

MICHAEL: Sorry.

TOM: Just daydreaming.

YAZ: Bosom.

TOM: Yep.

GEORGE: Looks like we got here just in time.

ZARA: Mmmhmm.

DOG: Woof.

GEORGE: What are you three doing just standing around, in the middle of a zombie apocalypse?

TRIO: Zombie apocalypse??

DUM DUM DER

MICHAEL: Was that - ?

YAZ: No, no, that was on purpose.

ZARA: Just a minute... have you three been in a coma for the last month, like the last guy?

YAZ: Pretty much.

GEORGE: Poor bloke, I liked him.

MICHAEL: Who are you guys?

GEORGE: My name is Sheriff George Romeo.

MICHAEL: Nice to meet you, George.

GEORGE: This is Zara...

ZARA: Zara Akzionella. Don't mess with me, I'm strong and emotionally guarded. My outer fury is a wall I put up under which I nurse a softer centre, but under that I'm a right hard bastard.

YAZ: Huhu, hard.

GEORGE: And this is Dog.

DOG: Woof.

MICHAEL: Well we're so glad you turned up.

YAZ: Yeah, Zara, I'm so glad I met you. Wow, nice samurai sword, look, I'm not just saying this because you're probably the last female left alive but... would you like some Cokidneybix stew?

ZARA: Cokidneybix stew?

MICHAEL: You don't want any trust me.

TOM: Yes it's very nice to meet you and everything, but can I ask what happened to London?

ZARA: You may well ask.

YAZ: You may well answer.

ZARA: Well, to cut a long story short: The End. Thanks for listening.

DOG: Woof.

TENSE ADVENTURE MUSIC

GEORGE: You're quite right Dog, it all started when Multi-national United Corps Ltd Inc launched a campaign for their homeopathic vitamin supplement with an internet meme.

ZARA: It soon went viral and spread through Twitter, then Facebook, then whatever new social networking site is most popular when this is recorded.

GEORGE: Eventually the firewalls were penetrated, and the blogs fell. It was terrible.

DOG: Woof woof.

ZARA: Then everyone's worst nightmare. It went airborne.

YAZ: You mean... it learnt to fly a plane?

TOM: You mean... it mutated into a pathogenic microorganism whose viron nucleus could transfer by air from the infected host to be contracted via the respiratory system of another?

ZARA: No, I mean it spread through Wifi.

MUSIC STOPS, GASP

MICHAEL: That's awful.

DOG: Woof.

GEORGE: We think it was man-made.

TOM: That's impossible. The only person in the world who could do such a thing was my nemesis and ex-lab-partner... but it couldn't be, she died in our Adventure with the Austrian acupuncturist and the hot air balloon.

MICHAEL: Well that definitely rules that out then.

YAZ: Hang on, how are we not Zombies then?

GEORGE: That is strange. Do you have any sort of hidden radio shielding?

TOM: The signal jammer! I told you it was a good idea.

MICHAEL: What about you?

GEORGE: I worked for Macaffee and developed immunity to the wifi version.

ZARA: And I am protected by my guarded personality and cynical approach to life, brought about by having to kill my entire family because they turned into Zombies after all visiting the same Instagram.

GEORGE: We've gathered the only other survivors together at the top of Big Ben. There's just a few but we're safe – for now.

MICHAEL: Is there anything we can do to help?

GEORGE: Do any of you happen to have a deft hand with weapons, a joint PhD in microbiology and nanocomputing, or an unquenchable desire to help people in need?

YAZ: Check.

TOM: Check.

MICHAEL: And check!

TOM: Have you been reading our website?

YAZ: *[Whisper]* Tom! Zara's family were killed by a website!

ZARA: We've set up a makeshift lab, working on a cure, led by eminent scientist Professor Dr Mindbox.

YAZ: Sounds like a bit of a made-up name to me.

MICHAEL: Nonsense. I'm sure they're a very real person.

ZARA: She's real alright. I still don't trust her. But then I trust no one. Even myself. Even kittens.

DOG: Woof.

ZARA: And without her we'll never find a cure before the zombies take over the world.

MICHAEL: I think we all know what this means?

TOM & YAZ: Yes!

MICHAEL: We need to save Buddy McYellow!

TOM & YAZ: Yes!

GEORGE: I'm sorry?

TOM: Our budgie. We left him back at our house.

DOG: Woof?

ZARA: The fate of all humanity hangs in the balance and you want to risk trekking across London to save one budgie?

TOM: Yeah.

YAZ: We've also got to submit our Edinburgh Fringe blurb before midnight.

MICHAEL: We promise, as soon as we save Buddy we'll help you save the world.

GEORGE: But we all have to stick together. We can't have people going off on their own!

MICHAEL: You're right George. The last thing we want now is anyone getting lonely. We'll pop in on your safe house on the way – maybe this Mindbox lady can help us save Buddy.

ADVENTURE DRUMS.

NARRATOR: Will our heroes find a cure? Will... what the...

DOOR BREAKING

ZOMBIE: Brains.

NARRATOR: No, oh god no.. ARGH!

ZOMBIE EATING

ZOMBIE: Brains.

SCENE FIVE

WALKING UP METAL STAIRS, TIRED NOISES

ZARA: Come on you guys, up the stairs.

GEORGE: This is the safest place in London. No one else has realised that zombies can't climb stairs.

YAZ: Actually I think you'll find that's Daleks.

KNOCKING ON A METAL DOOR, METAL SLIDING SOUND

GEORGE: Hi.

DARNEL: Hey everyone look, George and Zara are back.

DOG: A-Woof.

DARNEL: And Dog's back too.

LARGE METAL GATE SOUND

GEORGE: Here we are.

YAZ: Ah cool, free sandwiches.

ZARA: Oh, and Yaz. Make sure you close the gate.

YAZ: What did she say?

TOM: Um?

MICHAEL: Hose the goat?

YAZ: Sure, if there's a goat here, that's good advice.

MICHAEL: No, ah, ah, I think it was clothe the great. Yep, yep, clothe the great.

YAZ: Well screw that, the great have enough clothes already.

MICHAEL: It might not have been that.

GENTLE MUSIC

MICHAEL: I was distracted by just how many innocent vulnerable people there are in this community of survivors - look at them, such a disparate band, so many different characters that would never normally be put together but have to get past their differences to survive.

ZARA: Come on all of you.

MICHAEL: Sorry.

CHERYL: George, who are these guys?

GEORGE: We found them wandering the streets, they're here to take refuge.

TOM: Just a stop off really.

GEORGE: This is Cheryl.

CHERYL: Hi.

GEORGE: Cheryl is an ex-primary school teacher whose wife recently became a zombie but good Ol' Cheryl here has in these last few weeks really come out of her meek shell to become a strong independent person who kills zombies with a garden hoe, haven't you Cheryl?

CHERYL: Sure have George.

GEORGE: And Darnel here,

LARGE STOMPING FEET

DARNEL: George.

GEORGE: Darnel is a recovering alcoholic priest ex-con who is learning the true value of humanity and uses his commando training to distill our water. His weapon of choice, a hairdryer.

DARNEL: George, you know how I feel about letting new members join our rag tag group of survivors.

ZARA: We couldn't leave them out there to die.

CHERYL: That's not like you Zara, is that rock hard exterior slipping to reveal an inner kindness?

ZARA: No.

DARNEL: But can we trust them?

MICHAEL: Hi there, big fellah. My name's Michael.

YAZ: I'm Yaz and this is Tom.

TOM: Hi.

MICHAEL: We're the theatre company, Three's Company a fair to middling theatre company with its own Adventure Department, what's not to trust.

CHERYL: I've a bad feeling about this.

GEORGE: What could possibly go wrong. Now off you go, go back and look after all the children

ZARA: Let's get you to the Lab,

YAZ: Oh, more stairs.

MICHAEL: It really is a very massive tower. Maybe that's why it's called Big Ben.

TOM: Actually, that's a common mistake, Big Ben doesn't refer to the clock tower, but to a fat man named Ben who lives inside.

ZARA: You best leave your weapons here. There's a lot of inflammable chemicals stored up there.

YAZ: Well, OK.

ZARA: Also a lot of flammable ones. I can never remember which is which to be honest but, one way or another, 50% of the chemicals up there will easily set on fire. Follow me.

JOLLY INCIDENTAL MUSIC, STAIRS, EFFORT NOISES

TOM: Oh for goodness sake, I never knew Big Ben had so many stairs.

YAZ: No wonder Zombies find it hard, I'm knackered.

MICHAEL: I have to say, it's been a funny old first series of the podcast hasn't it, still haven't managed to do much theatre chat.

TOM: There's always Series 2.

YAZ: Yeah, I bet that'll be full of good theatre podcast stuff.

TOM: Yeah, without any adventures getting in the way.

MICHAEL: Oh thank goodness, I think we're there.

SCENE SIX

STEPS AND DOOR OPEN

GEORGE: Welcome to our lab.

ZARA: Let me introduce you to Prof. Dr. Mindbox.

BRAINHEAD: Come in, come in. Please. Excuse the hazmat suit, I'm just in the middle of some tests but I'll be right with you. Take a seat, have a dark chocolate-covered digestive biscuit. Almost there... okay. There we go. All done.

TOM: Oh my god!

MICHAEL: It's you!

TOM: I knew Prof. Dr. Mindbox was a made-up name!

ZARA: You what?

TOM: This is Dr. Prof. Brainhead! My old lab partner and nemesis.

YAZ: Hi Brainhead.

BRAINHEAD: Yes. It is!!

TOM: What are you doing here Brainhead? You never help anyone but yourself. You never have.

BRAINHEAD: : Oh Thomas, are you still bitter about that time I stole your cure to the common cold and destroyed it to make my drug company more money? I've changed! Me, Zara and George here are close to finding a zombie vaccine.

GEORGE: We have to work together now lads.

YAZ: Yeah let's help out. Me and you Zara – a bit of natural chemistry? A bit of practical biology? A bit of... Er... Sexy Physics.

MICHAEL: George is right.

TOM: Well I still don't trust her. How have you made so much progress Brainhead?

BRAINHEAD: I do have an MSc in Zombie Biology. I've simply been gene-sequencing the red, white and blue cells.

TOM: With Macleish Formula One?

BRAINHEAD: Just like our old days in the after school science club eh?

TOM: But how did you sample the hemohobgoblin?

BRAINHEAD: You idiot! I just took it from the original strain that I created and... oh dear.

TOM: I knew it!

GEORGE: You!

MICHAEL: You started the virus.

BRAINHEAD: Yes, I admit it. I made the virus in my lab. I released it and stockpiled the vaccine, knowing I could sell it at any price. But the zombies were more powerful than I thought, they swarmed the lab and destroyed all my vaccine supplies.

ZARA: I can't believe you've done this.

TOM: It all makes sense now. You knew we'd be out of the country. I should never have shared my Google calendar with all my contacts.

MICHAEL: So while we were in Wales, happily rock climbing and building sandcastles and going out *Walking, Dead* people were roaming the streets. We come back to London *28 Days Later* to find it's turned into *Zombieland!*

TOM: The whole country was *left4dead!*

YAZ: Wales was *left4dead2*.

BRAINHEAD: Oh don't try and make me feel guilty.

TOM: But you've turned every *Resident Evil!*

MICHAEL: And you're *Dead Set* on continuing

TOM: You've turned all the *Residents Evil 4* absolutely nothing?

BRAINHEAD: I've turned all the *Residents Evil 2* make my fortune.

TOM: And you think we're onboard with you gravy-*Train to Busan?*

BRAINHEAD: Unless you all agree to help me find a cure we will continue to have an *Army of Darkness!*

TOM: Look I'd be the *Last of Us 2* argue with a scientist, *In The Flesh*, I mean, you're clearly *The Girl with all the Gifts*, but that's ridiculous, they're just *Warm Bodies*.

MICHAEL: But the *Dead Don't Die*, it would be terrible, we're talking *World War Z* here, a true *Zombie Holocaust...*

YAZ: Yeah. It would be like a scene out of *Shaun of the Dead!*

PAUSE

TOM: Yaz, you're rubbish

YAZ: *I Am Legend*.

ZARA: Yes enough of this. If you really are the person responsible for all these zombies, I think it's about time you were better introduced to them! Let's get her!

GEORGE: Argh!

GUNSHOT, RASPING BREATH, CRASH

ZARA: You shot George!

MICHAEL: You have a gun?

BRAINHEAD: Yes. And a PHD in firing guns for evil purposes. Now, none of you move or I'll shoot you too.

YAZ: What about the Unflammable Chemicals.

BRAINHEAD: You're all going to stay here in my lab as test subjects until I find the cure. Then I'll be rich! The richest of the few people still alive.

ZARA: You flipping-!

EVIL LAUGH

TOM: But Brainbox, wait, we've already discovered the cure.

BRAINHEAD: Really?

TOM: Really.

YAZ: Really?

TOM: Yes Yaz, really. Remember, all you do is punch the zombie stoutly on the nose and they're cured.

BRAINHEAD: I thought that was sharks?

TOM: Yes. It also cures sharks.

BRAINHEAD: Well, looks like I'll be stealing another of your cures, Thomas! That Higher National Diploma in malicious science has paid off. You four stay here. There's actually quite a lot of zombies in my cage ready for testing.

ZARA: Is that true? That doesn't sound, like it's true. Is that true?

TOM: *[Whisper]* No, I just made it up.

MICHAEL: *[Whisper]* Oh you sly one Tom.

DOORS OPEN, COMIC MUSIC, SOUND OF ZOMBIES

BRAINHEAD: Right, come here zombies! Here come me left hook. Hahahaha! Take that, Ha, you think your arm falling off is enough to stop me, how very wrong you are! Argh! Oh! Argh!

SCREAMS FOLLOWED BY ZOMBIE NOISES

BRAINHEAD: *[Distant]* Aaargh!

COMIC MUSIC ENDS

MICHAEL: Wow, she wasn't around for long. Good work Tom.

TOM: Thank you.

YAZ: Nice one Tom.

TOM: Thank you.

YAZ: Who wants some Cokidneybix stew to celebrate?

TOM: For goodness sake, no one likes your stew Yaz!

MICHAEL: Why did you even bring it with you? It's dead weight.

YAZ: Haha dead.

TOM: That's not funny Yaz.

ZARA: Will you guys stop arguing like fucking school kids!

MICHAEL: Who even asked you bumface?!

YAZ: Let's all calm down and have some stew.

TOM: Alright, give that here!

YAZ: Oi! Give that back. Tom, stop that.

ZARA: Guys, there's a dead body in here.

POURING NOISE

YAZ: Oi! That's my food you're pouring out of Big Ben!

TOM: You're using the word food very loosely there.

MICHAEL: Just a minute guys, look down there...

QUIET ZOMBIE NOISES

MAN: [Distant] Oh my god, I'm human again... why am I covered in Coke™? Is this a... a kidney bean? Oh no zombiesaaagh...

YAZ: That's funny. Try pouring some on another zombie

POURING

WOMAN: [Distant] What's going on? Where am I? Wait, no aaaah.

MICHAEL: Tom, that stew must be an antidote!

MUSIC STARTS GENTLY

ZARA: An antidote! The cure to humanities problems! Michael, you have saved the world...

MICHAEL: Oh it was nothing. All in a day's work.

YAZ: Err... excuse me, I was the one who actually -

MICHAEL: What should we do with it?

ZARA: I heard rumours that the world's leaders and the greatest minds in the country have taken refuge at Generic Military Base in Slough. Maybe a small group of our best and most

clashing personalities should make the perilous journey and take them the cure. We can save humankind!

YAZ: What an adventure!

MICHAEL: Great idea.

TOM: We'll do it.

YAZ: Yeah!

MICHAEL: Right after we've saved Buddy McYellow.

MUSIC STOPS ABRUPTLY

ZARA: What?

TOM: Our Budgie.

ZARA: We've got to go to the army base now!

MICHAEL: No!

YAZ: We're not leaving Buddy McYellow!

ZARA: You've got a cure! You could save humankind!

TOM: No bird left behind

ZARA: You're trying to save a budgie!

YAZ: Yeah.

ZARA: It's probably already dead!

MICHAEL: No...

ZARA: How's a budgie gonna survive flesh eating zombies for a month?

YAZ: He's resourceful...

ZARA: I can't let you take that cure and risk it being lost.

SAMURAI SWORD DRAWN

ZARA: Your budgie is dead or it will be soon.

TOM: Also we have to get our show into the Fringe!

ZARA: You are all coming with me and that's final!

MICHAEL: Hang on. What's that noise?

SPLINTERING WOOD, GUNFIRE, SCREAMS

TOM: Oh dear. I think someone left the gate open downstairs.

ZARA: What?!

MICHAEL: Who the hell would do that?!

YAZ: Oh that reminds me, weren't we meant to hose a goat?

CRASH, SOUND OF ZOMBIES, SWORD DRAWN

YAZ: They're at the door.

MICHAEL: I thought they couldn't use stairs?

TOM: They must have got the escalator working!

YAZ: Zara, look out.

MICHAEL: Behind you!

ZOMBIES BREAKDOWN THE DOOR

ZARA: Argh!

MICHAEL: They're everywhere.

FIGHTING, ZOMBIES, GUNSHOT, EXPLOSION

YAZ: Oh no! The reflammable Chemicals!

MICHAEL: We gotta get outta here!

TOM: What do we do?

ZARA FIGHTING UNDER-

YAZ: Um... We could use these parachutes to pretend we're ghosts and scare them away?

MICHAEL: That gives me an idea...

ZARA FIGHTING

ZARA: Huh. Woah. That was close.

WIND WHISTLES

ZARA: Guys. Guys.

EXPLOSION

ZARA: Guys.

ZOMBIE: Brains!

ZARA: You flipping pillocks.

SWORD

ZARA: HI-YA!

SCENE SEVEN

ELECTRONIC ADVENTURE MUSIC

NARRATOR TOM: So after parachuting from the top of Big Ben into the Adventure-mobile we drove silently across a dead London.

NARRATOR YAZ: Everywhere we went, more Zombies followed We couldn't shake them off but we were faster.

NARRATOR MICHAEL: And after a few barricades and a few close calls, we soon arrived at the point where we'd started narrating our story.

MYSTERIOUS MUSIC

NARRATOR YAZ: How did we get here?

NARRATOR TOM: I guess it all started quite calmly, that first day.

NARRATOR MICHAEL: If only we knew then what we know now.

FLASHBACK BIRDSONG

MICHAEL: Ahhh, Wales is so lovely! The perfect place for a writers retreat. Hello avid podcast listeners, welcome to the Three's Company podcast, an honest-

SWOSH

TOM: Yes, I don't think we've got time for that right now.

ADVENTURE MUSIC

MICHAEL: Everyone inside.

YAZ: Lock the door!

DOOR, GUN COCKED

TOM: I just hope Buddy's alright. I just hope he knew to stay away from the internet like I told him.

DOOR LATCH

MICHAEL: Well we're home.

YAZ: Yeah but with ten thousand zombies surrounding the building.

TOM: It's always weird when you come home after a long holiday isn't it.

YAZ: Oh I hope Zara's ok.

MICHAEL: We did leave her alone, over come by Zombie's, with no weapons, at the top of Big Ben... On fire!

YAZ: Well, yeah, but did you actually see her die?

CRASH, ZOMBIES

TOM: Huh! The Zombies are at the door!

ZOMBIES

TOM: Quick, get the antidote.

YAZ: Good idea.

MICHAEL: We might still have a chance.

YAZ: Wait... We left it in the car.

MUSIC DIES

TOM: Oh, great.

ZOMBIES, DOOR BANGING AND SCRATCHING, SAD PIANO MUSIC

MICHAEL: Guys, I think it might be time to stop being strong and admit, we're probably not going to make it out of this - alive. Or undead. I mean not undead. We won't not be undead. No, it's not that we won't not be undead, we just won't be undead. We'll be dead. But zombies.

TOM: We should have stayed in Wales!

YAZ: I wouldn't go that far.

MICHAEL: At least we're together, that's what counts

ZOMBIE NOISES, EFFORT NOISES

MICHAEL: Don't let them in. Help me move the desk against the door.

EFFORT NOISES FROM TOM AND MICHAEL UNDER-

YAZ: Well I guess that's the end of this series of Three's Company: Adventure Department. And the end of all podcasts ever I guess, and all people who listen to podcasts. Thanks for spending the last moments of humanity with us, don't forget to subscribe, rate us on iTunes or what ever podcast listener you use. Er... goodness, there's so many people to thank er... my dog walker for one er...

MICHAEL: Guys! Look! Buddy's cage is open - he must have got free.

CALM, MOVING MUSIC

MICHAEL: Maybe we've learnt something guys. Maybe if one budgie can survive such a foul world, maybe we don't need to. And maybe when the last humans have had their brains eaten and the last zombies have all died of starvation or amusing accidents involving heavy machinery and dried fruit, maybe then this beautiful, baffling world will be left for the budgies, and the ants, and the gazelles, and stuff.

MUSIC COMES TO AN END

TOM: Very moving.

MICHAEL: Thanks.

YAZ: Yeah, good.

MICHAEL: Thanks.

TOM: You're going for a sort of meek-shall-inherit-the-earth-once-all-the-strong-have-been-turned-into-zombies sort of theme.

MICHAEL: Sort of, yeah.

YAZ: Well, nice.

MICHAEL: Thanks!

TOM: Oh hang on, here he is, I put him in the other cage.

YAZ: Ah Buddy, how you doing?

MICHAEL: He looks... how can I say... more undead than usual.

MUSICAL STING

ZOMBIE BUDDY: Who's a pretty boy then? Who's a pretty boy then? Braaains?

TRIO: Buddy Nooooooooo!

MICHAEL: Wait, I mean he looks less dead. Wait, that doesn't – Ohmygodhe'sgotme-argh!

TOM: And the zombies are breaking down the door!

MICHAEL: Aaaaaah!

YAZ: Aaaaaah!

TOM: Aaaaaah!

ZOMBIE BUDDY: Aaaaaargh!!

TRIO: Aaaaaah!

ZOMBIE: Uuuuuuuuuuagh!

WOMAN SCREAM: Aaaaaargh!

OPERA SINGER: AAAAAH!

TRIO: AaaaaaaaaaaaaAAAAAAH!

WE HEAR THREE'S COMPANY BEING EATEN BY ZOMBIES, CHILDS MUSIC BOX MUSIC TAKES OVER. THEN THE SOUND OF MICHAEL-ZOMBIE, YAZ-ZOMBIE, AND TOM-ZOMBIE. CRACKLING. BEEEEEEEEEEP.

CREDITS

SAL: End of recording.

BEEP, COMPUTER SOUNDS, CREDITS MUSIC

You have been listening to Three's Company's Adventure Department *Episode Five: Night Of The Mortally Challenged or Dead Serious*.

For more information visit AdventureDepartment.uk.

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

Episode Five, Guest List.

BEEP

Mariam Bell, Paul Dodds, Leah Harvey, Rosie Jones, Ashlea Kaye, Daniel Millar and Greg Snowden. With Caroline Quentin as Doctor Professor Brainhead. And Yaz's Mum as Yaz's Mum.

BEEP

Edited by Yaz. Mixed by Chris Sharland.

BEEPING

Bespoke Artwork for this episode by Haroun Al-Shaater can be seen at AdventureDepartment.uk alongside artworks for the whole series.

BEEPING

Special Thanks List.

BEEP

Rosina Al-Shaater, Joanna Bending, Claire Birch, Alice de Cent, Jade Croot, Lucy Dearden, Les Dennis, Jeremy Dunn, Alan Fielden, Tom Griffiths, Siubhan Harrison, Rufus Hound, Youssef Kerkour, Hamish Nichols, Percy Percival, Adrain Townsend, Kennington Studios, The RSC and all of Three's Company's Mums.

BEEP

Full credits, music listings, transcripts and more in the show notes or at AdventureDepartment.uk. Three's Company's dying wish was that you rate and review them on Apple Podcasts and to tell your nearest and dearest that you loved the series as long as you and your nearest and dearest have not become Zombies.

BEEP

Be sure to subscribe so you don't miss Series 2. Three's Company are Yaz Al-Shaater, Tom Crawshaw and Michael Grady-Hall.

MUSIC ENDS, LONG BEEP, STRANGE COMPUTER VOICE SOUNDS, BEEP

Time Bending protocol in action, unidentified travellers predicted in 5, 4, 3, 2
SCI-FI SOUNDS, FALLING, CRASHING - YAZ: Ow!

Hello.

DRUMS, FINAL CRASH OF MUSIC