

= Twelve Angry Bullet-Time-Proof Monkeys

The OUSFG PuntPartyPanto of 2003. Look on our works, ye mighty, and despair.

== Dramatis Personae

- Jon Courtenay Grimwood (narrator)
- The Jade Emperor, ruler of heaven
- Twelve Bullet-Time-Proof Monkeys (at several points Angry), including their Irrepressible leader
- The Smiths
- Divers well-dressed superheroes
- Michael Moorcock
- The Incredible Hulk
- Judge Dredd
- Kilgore Trout
- Kurt Vonnegut
- ee doc smith
- A Complainant
- A Really Big Dog (Not Really)
- GSV Except on Wednesdays, When I Get Rudely Awakened by the Dustmen

== Prologue

In which Jon Courtenay Grimwood gives an overview of the story, some excuses for it, and the legally mandated 'parental advisory' notices. In haiku.

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This is our story,
To watch while the punts float past;
You have no - fucking - idea.

There are monkeys, yes,
And also, somehow, the Smiths.
Yes, those Smiths. D'you see?

No. No, you do not.
It does not matter a bit:
All will be made clear.

We tried to create
A tale of action and love
We failed. We failed bad.

It was written by
a bottle of rum, red bull,
baileys and aspirin.

For no good reason
There is a Cambridge in joke.
Nobody gets it.

Will this do? -- ed.

== Overture

It's time for Animatrix
We have many Agents Smith
There's a host of flying kicks
And some bullet-timey tricks
The Animatrix

We are the Kaufman brothers
And Cyrano Bergerac
Just for fun we meet up with Monkey and Tripitak-
-A and eleven angry monkeys more
The Hulk and Colin Jack
The skyhook broke
We have no joke
We're really missing Zac

It's time for Animatrix
You see Neo spin on sticks
Trinity's in a fix
With two twins who look like pricks
The Animatrix

Tim's housemate has a secret doorway leading to his head
The hulk is in a cassock while Daredevil opts for red
Tatu run through forests
While Orson Welles is dead
The writers flipped
We have no script
We should have gone to bed

It's time for Animatrix
With more firepower than Hans Blix
Would let a tyrant keep
And the plot puts you to sleep
The very cartoony...
Third one soony...
There is no spoony...
Animatrix!

Mike: (Pity it's shit)

=== Scene 1

Heaven.

Jon Courtenay Grimwood (Narrator): Our story begins in the palace of the Jade Emperor, ruler of heaven, at the Earth's core. Heaven is space, space is zero gravity, zero gravity is at the Earth's core; see, this is hard SF - practically friggin' Stephen Baxter.

Jade Emperor: My loyal servants, what do you think of the moon?

Monkeys: We like the moon!

Enter a dour-faced, yet moderately successful mid-80s pop band, The Smiths.

Smiths: Most venerable highest Jade Emperor of all-embracing sublime spontaneous existence of the heavenly golden palace; we crave of you an indulgence. We seek A Light That Never Goes Out, that we may raise up on a tall tower of wood.

Jade Emperor: You want the moon on a stick! Never, quite out of the question! For truly my monkey servants love the Moon, and will never allow it to be parted from me, as demonstrated by their song. Hit it boys.

Monkeys: _Sing_

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We like the moon!
Coz it is close to us.
We like the M000000N!
But not as much as a spoon,
Coz that's more use for eating soup,
And a fork isn't very useful for that
unless it has got many vegetables,
and then you might be better off with a
chop-stick.
Unlike the moon.
It is up in the sky.
It's up there very high,
But not as high as maybe dirigibles or zeppelins
Or lightbulbs!
And maybe clouds.
And puffins also I think maybe they go quite high too.
But not as high as the moon,
Coz the moon is very high.
We like the moon,
Tha moon is very useful everyone.
Everybody like the moon
Because it light up the sky at night and it lovely and it make the tide go and we like it.
But not as much as cheese.
We really like cheese
We like zeppelins;
We really like them
And we like kelp
And we like moose
And we like deer
And we like marmots
And we like all the fluffy animals,
WE REALLY LIKE THA MOON!

Jade Emperor: So, as you can see, I cannot let you have the moon. And why would you want it on a stick, anyway?

Chief Smith: Well, you'll never get to heaven

Chorus of Agents Smith: Oh, you'll never get to heaven

Chief Smith: On a sky-y hook

Chorus: On a sky-y hook

Chief Smith: 'Coz a sky-y hook

Chorus: 'Coz a sky-y hook

Chief Smith: Will only go to Low Earth Orbit.

Chorus (puzzled): But that doesn't scan?

Jade Emperor: But, Heaven isn't in Low Earth Orbit,

Chief Smith: Precisely!

Jade Emperor: It's in the centre of the Earth

Chorus: Ooh, baby, do you know what that's worth?
Ooh, heaven's in the centre of the Earth
They say in Heaven, the moon comes first
We'll make heaven in the centre of the Earth

Chief Smith: But, despite this, we tried getting to heaven on a sky hook. But it broke. Unfortunately, the sky hook was holding the moon up, which is why you now have the moon here in heaven, in the centre of the Earth.

Chorus: Ooh, baby, do you know what that's worth?
Ooh, heaven's in the centre of the Earth
They say in Heaven, the moon comes first
We'll make heaven in the centre of the Earth

Chief Smith: So now, we need to get the moon and put it on a stick to replace the sky hook.

Jade Emperor: I'm afraid you may not have the moon, as my monkeys like it very much.

Monkeys: We like the moon!
Coz it is close to us. Chorus: Ooh, baby, do you know what that's worth
We like the MOOOON! Ooh, heaven's in the centre of the Earth.

Jade Emperor: Shut up! Chief Smith: Shut up!

Chief Smith: Very well. I didn't want to Marr this encounter with bad blood, but I now feel we must take the situation into our own hands. Grab it boys.

The Smiths steal the moon.

Chief Smith: Now we must escape to Nowhere Fast. We can leave the centre of the Earth through a tunnel, with little pushes, like on a swing, which leads to simple harmonic motion, resulting in us reaching the surface at mach five. Just remember, E=MC Hammer.

Jon Courtenay Grimwood (Narrator): Told you this was practically Stephen Baxter, didn't I?

Chief Smith: We will pause half way up the tunnel to defecate in zero gravity.

John Courtenay Grimwood (Narrator): I rest my case.

Exeunt The Smiths.

The Jade Emperor summons a Djinn.

Jade Emperor: Djinn makes a man mean - everyone booze up and riot! My twelve bullet-time-proof monkeys are now so angry! They will surely hunt down the Smiths to the ends of the Earth in order to regain my beloved Moon!

Exeunt Monkeys, rioting.

Jon Courtenay Grimwood (Narrator): Excellent. The Jade Tiara of Heaven will be mine!

Michael Moorcock: [Waves] I am Michael Moorcock and this is my New Wave! Woohoo!

Fourth wall collapses; injured bystanders sue for damages.

=== Scene 2

It is the annual Superhero Fashion Death Court.

Jon Courtenay Grimwood (Narrator): Ah, that yearly spectacle of superheroism, haute couture and willful misunderstanding of the place of underpants in proper dress. As always, the reward for the best-dressed superhero is to be leader of the Style Council; for the losers, there is only death. This year, it is held in the European Capital of The Culture; most of Liverpool has been demolished by a number of gargantuan, superintelligent starships with decidedly odd names.

Kilgore Trout: See boys, there's no need to fight, thanks to hostess Fruit Pies! Now in spinach, a gu gu gu gu!

[Exit Kilgore Trout, being kicked by Kurt Vonnegut]

Judge Dredd: Well, it's been a tough year for the Judge this year, and to help me decide who shall win, and who shall die, we enter the final round of the competition. Could we please have the first contestant come down the catwalk, please?

[Enter Superman, flying down the catwalk]

Jon Courtenay Grimwood (Narrator): This year, Superman is wearing a distinctive red and blue number; a timeless classic, we assume, as he has not changed it much for several decades. It is perhaps unfortunate, though, that the Man of Steel has still not quite learned where his underpants are supposed to go.

Superman [having reached end of catwalk, and dropped to the ground]: If I win, I hope that I can put my title to good use, saving the Earth from marauding super-villains. And if I lose, well, I've died before, I'm sure I can cope again.

[Enter Green Arrow]

Jon Courtenay Grimwood (Narrator): The Green Arrow has surprisingly opted for a green ensemble this year. Perhaps a little too heavy on the Robin Hood theme for our panel of Judge, though?

Green Arrow: I hope to put the title to good use fighting the fight of a good man against criminals and the corrupt government. And if I lose, well, I've died before, I'm sure I can cope again.

[Enter Sue Richards, Invisible Woman]

Jon Courtenay Grimwood (Narrator): Well, I'm sure the Invisible Woman has come up with a Fantastic costume this year, but unfortunately I think her downfall might be the inability of our panel of Judge to see it. We'll see if this daring strategy pays off.

Jon Courtenay Grimwood (Narrator): Ah, it would also appear that Sue has a sore throat, and is quite unable to speak.

[Enter Jean Grey, Marvel Girl, Phoenix]

Jon Courtenay Grimwood (Narrator): Ah, it would appear that Jean has sadly opted for her original Marvel Girl costume. The narrator thinks this may not have been the best choice, when she has had several costume changes since, all of which, quite frankly, seemed better. Perhaps she has an Ace up her sleeve? After all, as the Phoenix she can change clothes at will.

Jean Grey: If I win, I hope to be feared and hated by a world I have sworn to protect. And if I lose, well, I've died before, I'm sure I can cope again.

[Enter Daredevil]

Jon Courtenay Grimwood (Narrator): Oh, dear god. How can he walk in those? They seem awfully tight. Well, I suppose that's a Devil may Dare attitude...

Daredevil: I fight for justice when the law fails!

Judge Dredd: I am the Law! Null pointes, lawbreaker. Eat justice!

[Dredd pulls out his lawmaker (his GUN, you pervs) and shoots Daredevil in the head.]

Daredevil: I didn't see that one coming.

[enter ee doc smith]

ee doc smith: did someone call

[exit ee doc smith]

[Daredevil dies]

[Enter the Hulk]

Jon Courtenay Grimwood (Narrator): Well, the Hulk has opted for the interesting option of bursting all his clothes, except for his pants.

Hulk: Hulk pants!

Judge Dredd: Well, it has been a tough year, but I shall run an elimination process. Superman broke the law, as the catwalk was not a catfly. The verdict is guilty, the punishment is death. Contenders, are you ready?

All Superheroes: Ready!

Judge Dredd: Audience, are you ready?

Audience: Ready!

Judge Dredd: Fight, fight, fight.

[An almighty battle ensues, in bullet time, wherein eventually Superman dies. Someone probably has some kryptonite or something. Enter the Smiths stage right, who mill about a bit with the moon.]

Judge Dredd: The next elimination will be Invisible Girl. Given my inability to see her costume, I have to award her no points. The verdict is innocent, the punishment is death. Contenders, are you ready?

All Superheroes: Ready!

Judge Dredd: Audience, are you ready?

Audience: Ready!

Judge Dredd: Fight, fight, fight.

[An almighty battle ensues, in bullet time, wherein eventually Invisible Girl dies. This might be difficult to tell, unless blood stains appear when she has died. Even her lipstick might show up in inopportune places as everything becomes visible when she dies. Enter divers monkeys stage left, who mill about a bit looking lost. At least they're not in bullet time, unlike the Smiths who are still stage right. Milling about a bit in bullet time again. That sounds quite tricky, to be honest.]

Judge Dredd: The next victim is Marvel Girl. There's just no excuse. The verdict is innocent, the punishment is death. Contenders, are you ready?

All Superheroes: Ready!

Judge Dredd: Audience, are you ready?

Audience: Ready!

Judge Dredd: Fight, fight, fight.

[An almighty battle ensues, in bullet time, wherein eventually Marvel Girl dies. Then I think Dark Phoenix has to sacrifice herself. Question ye not the continuity of the X-Men! The monkeys spot the Smiths and the moon, and move to intercept. Exeunt the Smiths stage right in bullet-time.]

Judge Dredd: Well, it's the Hulk versus Green Arrow. Who do you think is going to win? The verdict is innocent, the punishment is death. Contenders, are you ready?

All Superheroes: Ready!

Judge Dredd: Audience, are you ready?

Audience: Ready!

Judge Dredd: Fight, fight, fight.

[An almighty battle ensues, in bullet time, wherein eventually Green Arrow dies. Well, this one might be quite short. Exeunt the monkeys stage right]

Judge Dredd: This year, for the twenty-eighth year running, I declare the Incredible Hulk's pants the greatest achievement in modern fashion. Long may they remain indestructible. Tell me, Hulk, have you ever thought of getting a shirt made out of the same material as your Hulk pants?

Hulk: Hulk no time for stupid human conversation. Hulk has appointment at 2pm with Jean-Paul Gautier in Milan. Out of way puny human weakling. Hulk accesorise!

Jon Courtenay Grimwood (Narrator): And speaking of accessories, if the Hulk doesn't want to claim his prize, I, in my guise as M John Harrison, for I am him, shall steal the Jade Tiara of Heaven for myself.

Judge Dredd: Would you like your jelly now?

Jon Courtenay Grimwood (Narrator): Is it red jelly? I loooove jelly.

Judge Dredd: You're not M John Harrison, you're Jon Courtenay Grimwood (Narrator).

Jon Courtenay Grimwood (Narrator): I am M John Harrison, I am him!

[Exeunt Jon Courtenay Grimwood (Narrator) and Judge Dredd stage rear, bickering]

[Enter Kilgore Trout stage left]

Kilgore Trout: Tequila?

[Enter Michael Moorcock stage right]

Michael Moorcock [new waves]: You wish!

[Enter Kurt Vonnegut stage rear]

Kurt Vonnegut: Your mother!

Michael Moorcock [new waves]: Why, is she coming?

[enter ee doc smith, stage bottom, through a devies in thee floore]

ee doc smith: did someone call

[kurt vonnegut steals ee doc smiths shoes]

[exeunt omnes stage front]

=== Scene 3

[Enter the Smiths]

Morrissey: Well lads we now have a Moon.

Smiths: And foresooth, 'tis a good thing.

[Enter Angry Monkeys]

Monkeys: We are angry monkeys. Give us our Moon.

Smiths: Never. We have to retain the moon for at least another two scenes, until we can reach the Matrix parody scene where the reason for the Smiths appearing in an SF parody will finally pay off with brilliantly witty effect. No, wait, we cut the Matrix parody scene. So there's no reason for us to be the Smiths at all, is there? We could have been the Farm. Or the Pet Shop Boys. Or the Inspiral Carpets. At least we wouldn't have had to be so miserable.

Monkeys: [quizzically] We are still angry monkeys. Give us our Moon.

[They fight with monkeys demonstrating much bullet-time-proofness; spaceship materialises overhead]

Except on Wednesdays, When I Get Rudely Awakened by the Dustmen (A Culture Ship): Greetings puny carbon-based lifeforms, I am the GSV Except on Wednesdays, When I Get Rudely Awakened by the Dustmen. Yes, Iain M. Banks has become a lazy arse since he got on the South Bank Show. But that's beside the point. Hand over the Moon bitches.

Morrissey: Monkeys, let us not be eternal and implacable foes. Let us unite in the face of a common danger, confident in the knowledge that a dozen agitated simians and a whining Mancunian indie band can see off the threat of a planet-scale galactic destroyer bristling with technology the likes of which we can barely imagine. For, yea, when you think about it, isn't a planet-scale galactic destroyer just a big robot, really? And, yea, are not Robot and Monkey pledged to fight eternally?

Monkeys: We are angry monkeys. Give us our Moon. And some slightly more interesting dialogue wouldn't go amiss either.

[Monkeys and Smiths fight space destroyer; an SFX delight ensues. Planets are rocked from their very foundations. Monkeys swing through trees in space to join in battle. Morrissey dies a hideous death, having been bottled by the crowd. The monkeys eventually retrieve the Moon and run off, leaving the Smiths still locked in stellar combat. All this happens in bullet-time, except of course for the monkeys. Which is why they win.]

[MUCH REJOICING! Monkeys are, quite literally, over the Moon.]

[Enter Jon Courtenay Grimwood (Narrator), stage top. Don't ask me how, he's the Narrator, but he exited earlier. He's not even really supposed to have a stage presence. But without one he couldn't have got the tiara.]

Jon Courtenay Greenwood: Aha! I still possess the Jade Tiara of Heaven.

Monkeys: Like anyone gives a toss. We didn't even manage to write one plot this year, so the possibilities of writing a subplot as well were never exactly high, were they? Now piss off, and take your Tiara with you.

A COMPLAINANT: I wish to register my dissatisfaction with the standard of this year's OUSFG pantomime. If next year's effort is not considerably better I, in my form as a giant energy-devouring robot planet, will consume the planet Earth and all life upon it. Yours, disgusted of Orson Welles, nee Unicron.

[Exeunt omnes]

FIN