

The Penultimate Perennial Peripatetic Punt Party Panto (2009)

Cast list:

Baroness Von Mift (B)
Henchman (H1)
Henchwoman (H2)
Henchperson (H3)
Minion 1 (M1)
Minion 2 (M2)
Minion 3 (M3)
Dark Sheep's chorus
DeWitt (D)
Topher (T)
Echo (E)
Ceiling Cat who guards the bank
Random Boltzmann Brain
Colin the elephant
Boltzmann-brain-eating Zombie Horde (many peoples) (ZH)
News Reader = dragon puppet
Prime Minister (PM)
Spock (S)

PROPS:

letter, optional duck / messenger pigeon
mug
big letter 'T'
Piece of paper with Echo's price
Piece of paper with Echo's required skill set

Scene 1 (Castle Von Mift) Baroness alone, Chorus to join in singing – from audience?:

Song 1

B: I am the very model of an evildoing Baroness,
I dream plans full of all the best unmitigated awfulness.
I was raised in an environment of evil and maliciousness
And helped my parents bring about much unabated bitterness.
I'm very well prepared, as well, for pesky little hero folk,
And taken time to get myself a dark and swishy tailored cloak.
Have plotted many traps to place inside my secret citadel
<hmm> aha!
And inherited some minions who have promised they will serve me well!

Chorus: (Inherited some minions who have promised they will serve her well,
Inherited some minions who have promised they will serve her well,
Inherited some minions who have promised they will serve her serve her well!)

B: I'm very good at bribery, extortion and venality,
I've never given funds or even pennies to a charity,
In short in matters dealing with unmitigated awfulness,
I am the very model of an evildoing Baroness!

In fact when I have organised a power grab or coup d'état,
Or summoned up a monster such as Stay Puft Man or Godzilla,
When I have stolen anything from any of my local shops,
And practised at evading superheroes and civilian cops.
When I know how to operate my laser-powered gunnery,
When I know more of torture than a novice in a nunnery,
In fact when I have any hint of practical experience,
You'll grant I have obtained at least a small degree of competence!

Chorus: (We'll grant that you've obtained at least a small degree of competence!
We'll grant that you've obtained at least a small degree of competence!
We'll grant that you've obtained at least a small degree of compe- competence!)

For all my evil scheming, though I'm innocent of any crime,
I'm learned though in theory and content to sit and bide my time
In fact when I've committed any evil deeds of any kind
You'll say I am the model of an evildoing mastermind!

B: To me, Henchmen!

<H1, H2, H3 & M1 enter>

B: Ah, my new henchmen, I hope that you serve me with as much faithfulness as you have shown my dear Mater. I shall endeavour to be worthy of the position I have inherited in the 'The Royal Society of Evildoers and Other Perpetrators of Malfeasance.'

M1: Wait a second, I'm not a Henchman!

B: Excuse me, but what is your position then? I believe I have seen you in the corridors of Castle Mift, trailing after Mater whilst she <sigh> set about her devious schemes.

M1: <Upset:> Excuse me, madam! I am a minion. I do have the same life expectancy as the henchmen, but my life will not be thrown away by your mood. Instead I am to serve as fodder for any enemy.

H1: Hang on, I don't want to be subject to your good humour; I've seen you throwing objects at the television when watching Torchwood! Please may I be downgraded to a Minion?

B: <starts to look angry> Of course not! I can't remove your special power either. What was your power by the way?

H1: Urm... <looks shifty> I blow umbrellas inside out.

H2: Whilst on the point of henchmen, may I point out that I am a Henchwoman, and can't we escape the patriarchy even here?

H3: And I am a Henchperson.

B: <fondly:> You can never get the service these days... Very well, I shall cater to your petty whims.

<M2 enters with a duck; in the duck's bill is a letter.>

M2: Baroness! A letter has arrived just this moment from the 'The Royal Society of Evildoers and Other Perpetrators of Malfeasance (Est. 1213; affiliated with the Evil League of Evil)'

B: Would you be so good as to give me the letter, my good sir?

<Letter handed over>

<Letter beginning to be opened: Dark Sheep chorus jump in from behind and start to sing:>

Song 2

Dark Sheep, Dark Sheep! Dark Sheep, Dark Sheep!
His terrifying death bleat is heard across the land
He wants to know whose defeat that it is you've planned
Your family tree's replete, with many villains grand
You need to prove you've got the spark
I hope your bite's worse than your bark

Dark Sheep, Dark Sheep! Dark Sheep, He's Dark!
The Royal Society of Evildoers and Other Perpetrators of Malfeasance
He's tortured rhyme and scansion, to the last degree-sense
We could do worse to you, though, so you know the reasons
To prove your worth, or your will reap
The dreadful fury of Dark Sheep!

B: Ah, yes, great idea - I shall finally prove my worth!

B: Mwahahaha! I shall...

<ponders for a while>

Mix up the sachets of white and brown sugar in all the eating establishments in the land; that will precipitate unending irritation to diners everywhere!

H1: An excellent idea, madam; but perhaps a little more malevolence would be more appropriate to mark your entrance to The Society?

B: Very well, I shall contemplate this further....

I shall take photographs inside the Exam Schools.

H2: I think not. Something that more people would be affected by, perhaps?

B: I could... untune all of the string instruments in OU Orchestra.

H3: Wonderful Madam, but maybe a little more... grandiose?

B: I shall kindle flame within the Bodleian!

H1-3: <sighs, shaking of heads>

H1: Madam, maybe something a little extreme is called for.

H2: After all, you would like to hold yourself to the standards held by the august family of Mift.

H3: Whilst you are pondering this issue, would you care for a cup of Earl Grey?

B: Why yes, that would be very thoughtful of you. Send one of the minions for it please – one sugar.

H3 <indicates to someone off stage, signals 'T' and a '1'>

B: Ah, the wonders of tea - without it one simply wouldn't be British.

Hmm...

Aha!

H1-3:<expectant looks> Yeeeeesss?

B: I shall do away with all the tea in the land! Removing the very essence of the country!

H3: Ye Gods!

H2: <hushed> No!

H1: <looks on in stunned silence.>

<Enters M4 with cup of tea>

B: <holding cup close, looks up with evil glee> How could anyone cope without tea? I will bring the country to its knees; there will be a wasteland of parched lethargy. This household shall be the only one with people fully functioning. Mwahahaha.

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## **Scene 2 (Dollhouse) DeWitt and Baroness:**

D: Welcome to the Dollhouse, how may we serve you today? I give you fair warning that our prices may seem a little steep, but what you are buying is simply not accessible anywhere else.

B: I need one of your best operatives for a secret mission of utter secrecy. It shall last for only a few days, and they will require the skills in this list.

<hands over piece of paper>

D: I assure you, we are a professional organisation, and details of your requirement shall not go beyond these four walls. We merely need to know exactly what situation our operative will be in, in order to gauge the necessary insurance policies.

B: I'm afraid I cannot tell even you. Price is no option for this special mission.

D: Very well, this shall be the payment required. <scribbles on a piece of paper, passes it to B. B seems pleased.>

D: Oh, and unfold it...

<B unfolds it, looks surprised but regains composure.>

B: <mutters under breath:> I shall be richer beyond even your wildest dreams Miss DeWitt; I shall control the most precious thing in the universe - even more precious than rhodium itself!

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Scene 3 (Dollhouse - Topher Brink's laboratory) Topher alone:

<Echo enters>

E:<Placidly:> Is it time for my treatment?

T: Yes, Echo. Would you sit in the chair please.

<Echo sits down, Topher is fiddling with dials near her head.>

T: I sure wish I knew what the client has in store for you. Lots of these skills suggest a bank heist, but where does the croquet come into it? Let alone speaking LOLcat, and knowing Babylonian Cuneiform!

<Echo goes GZZZZZZZ, stops, sits up.>

E: Right, lets go. The Royal Tea Bank waits for no-one.

<Echo leaves>

T: Steal tea? Meh, I'm a coffee person anyhow. No need to let Miss DeWitt know...

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### **Scene 4 (The Bank) Ceiling Cat only (hidden):**

<Echo storms in the door, and \_\_dramatic \_\_movements\_\_>

E: Aha! Tea is within my grasp!

Ceiling Cat: Ceiling Cat iz watchin U!

E: U Can haz cheezburger?

Ceiling Cat: <contemplates, ends up agreeing to the bribe.> U can haz T.

<Echo makes her way with the tea to location of B; at the University Parks - on the way to Castle Mift>

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Scene 5 (University Parks) Baroness and Echo:

B: Thankyou very much Ec... urm, Taffy!

E: All in a day's work.

<Boltzmann brain materializes randomly>

Brain: Stop, tea thief!

B: You mere brain cannot stop the evil mastermind that I am!

Brain: By the power of neg-entropy I shall stop you! I tap my plains to summon a mighty being. This enormous elephant with trample shall be your undoing!

<Colin the elephant thrown to Brain>

Brain: They must have run out of the larger kind. Oh well, a 2/2 will kill you in... a few turns.

<turns Colin to look at the Brain.>

We shall wait our turn.

B: Aha! But my citadel is located on a swamp! I tap my swamps and play a 5/3 zombie horde!

<Enter Zombie Horde>

<Colin the elephant turns to look at the Brain and runs away (thrown away from the direction of the zombies)>

ZH: BRAINS.....

BRAAAAIIIIIINNNNSSSS

<Zombies converge on the Brain, and procede to nom.>

ZH: Nom Nom.

B: Nooooo! <SQUELCH>

Song 3

ZH sings:

All we want to do is Nom your Brains
We're not unreasonable,
I mean no-one can eat your eyes.

All we want to do is Nom your Brains
We're not unreasonable,
I mean no-one can eat your eyes.

<Zombie horde wanders off, in search of more brains.>

B: Success! ... But I can't pay the Echo cost!

E: Oh Woes! <falls to the ground>

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**Scene 5: TV - (BBC News and Baroness' living room) News Reader, Baroness (opposite sides of the stage)**

News reader: Sticking to the main story of today, the shocking news that all of the tea has been stolen by a mystery villain! We now go live to number 10 for a special announcement.

<enters PM>

PM: We urge Britons not to panic at this moment, for we have earmarked a secret agent for just such an eventuality. This has nothing to do with the unexplained expense claims.

<to the side of the scene>

B: Ah, success. My years of careful and cunning calculations have come to fruition at last!

PM: He is right at this moment tracking down the perpetrator.

<PM and News reader leave scene>

<Phone rings>

**Song 4**

Dark Sheep chorus sings:

He heard the sad announcement the PM made today  
But he thinks you have skill enough to get your way  
Get compliance for your demands and quickly win the day  
Name your price, don't make it cheap  
And give the proceeds to Dark Sheep!

<Spock beams in> [transporter noise]

S: Baroness von Mift, I should have known that you were behind this!

**Song 5**

Spock Sings:

Not so fast, von Mift! Your plan's come to naught!  
Villains never win, but often they get caught!  
Yes, Mr Spock is here, ears blowing in the breeze  
The day needs my saving expertise!  
A Vulcan's gotta do what a Vulcan's gotta do  
I'm so much better than Kirk and Sulu  
It's logical that you should just surrender now to me  
Then I'll beam up to watch Serenity.

B: I comply.

END.