

Di(e)

by OUSFG

Dramatis Personae

Princess Di

Wall

Four Men In Black (one of whom resigns at the end of the scene one to be replaced by himself without a moustache, one of whom is promoted between scenes one and four and one of whom makes a very brief and pointless cameo in scene 4)

Men In Black reject

Straw vendor 1 (World Of Straw)

Maurice

Claude

Martin Bashir

Alien played by ostrich

Two aliens in The Outer Limits

Duncan playing a part for no readily apparent reason at this end of the script.

Jeremy the Dairy Farmer

A chorus of velociraptors.

And anyone else we've forgotten...

Properties

Moustache

Flashy light thing

Cool guns

Shades (black)

Coffee Pot and ostrich

Milk

Sugar

Matchbox cars

Chart

Card

And anything else we've forgotten...

SCENE 1

MIB 1 and 2 are watching The Outer Limits, and chuckling, knowingly.

ALIEN 1: Oh, that alien planet turned out to be primordial Earth all along. How ironic.

ALIEN 2: Yeah, just like that time we needed a reverse polarity neutron sump and all we could find was two thousand spoons.

ALIEN 1: Not really

MIB 3 enters, rapidly.

MIB 3: Turn over quick. That stupid leggy bint is shooting her mouth off again.

BASHIR: So, Princess Di, how many people do you think are in your marriage?

DI: Err, five?

BASHIR: No, three, ma'am.

MIB 1: We must get there quickly. We are, after all, a shadowy organization dedicated to making sure that the Royal Family are held in high regard whatever bollocks they might come out with.

MIB 2: What about the Queen Mum? They love her anyway, and they don't know...

MIB 3: Sssh. They can't know that until the denouement. Keep watching the telly.

DI: I feel I'm the Queen of people's hearts.

MIB 2: Oh, for fuck's sake. How are we going to contain this one?

MIB 1: We'll just have to brainwash the entire population door-to-door using our specially-designed flashy red things reverse-engineered from alien mind-wiping technology... Or something.

MIB 3: Like we do, normally. Again. How boring. Sod this, I resign.

Exeunt stage front. They attempt to brainwash audience.

MIB 1: What do you think of Princess Di?

AUDIENCE: She's crap.

MIB 1: Please look at this light.

MIB 1 flashes light at AUDIENCE.

MIB 1: No, Di is good, not crap like you thought.

AUDIENCE: Aaah!

MIB 2 looks startled.

MIB 1: By the way, do you remember where you were when JFK (*MIB 2 looks startled*) was killed?

AUDIENCE: Yes.

MIB 2: Best do something about that as well, then.

AUDIENCE: Why?

MIB 2 looks startled, MIB 1 sighs and flashes light once more as scene 1 ends, and velociraptors enter, whilst bagpipes play in the background a strange yet somehow comforting melody reminding everyone present about the Scottish Highlands, except I was lying about the bagpipes.

SCENE 2

Enter chorus of the velociraptors.

CHORUS: We're the chorus of velociraptors, here to sing a song,
Reptilian Nostradamuses and very rarely wrong,
Reptilian Nostradamuses, though possessed of bird-like features
Reptilian Nostradamuses, we're snake-related creatures.

Reptilian Nostradamuses, Reptilian Nostradamuses,
Reptilian Nostradamuses, we're snake-related creatures.

We'll help explain the coming play so all of you must hark,
Foreshadowing, back references, 5 minute story arcs,
Foreshadowing, back references, and such predictive tools,
Foreshadowing, back references, explain it to you fools.

Reptilian Nostradamuses, Reptilian Nostradamuses,
Reptilian Nostradamuses, explain it to you fools.

A sorry tale of Princess Di, her name a dark prediction,
A heady mix of film and fact, a speculative fiction,
A heady mix of film and fact, much like 'Titanic', blending,
A heady mix of film and fact, though you won't guess *this* ending.

Reptilian Nostradamuses, Reptilian Nostradamuses,
Reptilian Nostradamuses, though you won't guess this ending.

We've mayhem, milk and monarchy, just waiting to be played,
Some turn out to be aliens, and others end up flayed.
Some turn out to be aliens, for poorly thought out reasons,
Some turn out to be aliens, in fact, this may be treason.

Reptilian Nostradamuses, Reptilian Nostradamuses,
Reptilian Nostradamuses, in fact, this may be treason.

And so the play continues, as tradition now requires,
Please bear in mind the writers are quite ruinously tired,
Please bear in mind the writers are now prob'ly feeling shitty,
Please bear in mind the writers and bestow on them your pity.

Reptilian Nostradamuses, Reptilian Nostradamuses,
Reptilian Nostradamuses, bestow on them your pity.
Please bear in mind the writers and bestow on them your pity.

SCENE 3

Interviews for MIB. MIB 1 and 2 are interviewing applicants. MIB 1 has been promoted, as we told you in the Dramatis Personae, which is why he's wearing a hat.

APP 1: Nice hat.

MIB 1: Thanks. I was promoted. BUT, your feeble attempts to butter me up have failed. You're crap, and you don't get the job.

APP 1: Oh, no! My horse was so looking forward to expensive grain to eat, but he's going to have to make do with cheap straw for a while longer.

Exit APP 1

MIB 2: Next!

Enter MIB 3, sans moustache.

MIB 3: Hello.

MIB 1: Before we start the interview, would you tell us what you think of Princess Di?

MIB 3: She's crap.

MIB 2: Would you please look at this light?

Cut to phone booth outside office.

APP 1: Hi, is that 'World Of Straw'?

STRAW 1 : Yes, how may we help you sir?

APP 1 : I'd like to order a large consignment of straw.

STRAW 1 : Well, that's what we're here for sir. How much do you need?

APP 1 : Oh.....I dunno.... A large wagonfull, I suppose.

STRAW 1 : Could you be more specific, sir?

APP 1 : Errr.....enough to cushion a 60 kilogram weight allowed to fall freely for, say, 200 metres? Sorry, I've no idea why I said that - no doubt, in time, the reasoning behind this will manifest itself as a peculiar plot twist in someone's life.

STRAW 1 : Oh, that's OK, sir. We get similar orders. Last week someone asked for enough straw to pad out the interior of a length of piping, bearing in mind it would have to protect the ricocheting body of a small pixie-like person as it rolled away into the sunset - a fiery and hideous death indeed.

APP 1 : Errrr.....yeah. When should I expect it to arrive?

STRAW 1 : What?

APP 1 : How long before I get it?

STRAW 1 : You mean...you actually want straw?

APP 1 : Why else do you think I'd phone you?

STRAW 1 : Sorry, we're here to provide a piss-take service. There's no call for straw at short notice in the UK you know. The French can help you - I'll put you through to 'Straws Somme Nous'. Large wagonfull, eh? You'll probably qualify for a free cat. Hold please.....

Exeunt omnes.

SCENE 4

MIB 1, 2 and 3 are in an office, 1 and 2 sitting, 3 being fitted out with various items of black. (You may have to use your imagination.) An ostrich-style alien is dancing near a coffee-pot.

MIB 1: I guess we'll have to give you a name, won't we?

MIB 2: Traditionally, we use single letters of the alphabet.

MIB 3: Why?

MIB 1: For example, yes. But that one's taken.

MIB 3: Eh?

MIB 2: No, that's the ostrich-style alien dancing near the coffee-pot, see?

MIB 1: No, C works in the canteen.

MIB 2: Oh.

MIB 1: No, he's retired, (*turns to MIB 3*), that's why we're employing you.

MIB 2: (*confused*) But U's been here for ages?

MIB 3: Uh?

MIB 1: No, that's a schwa, we can't use indeterminate vowel sounds.

MIB 3: (*puzzled*) Mmm?

MIB 2: No, that's phonetic.

MIB 3: Aaah!

MIB 1: **We're** going to choose it. And you can't have R, anyway.

MIB 3: No, I meant I think I understand. Anyway, why can't I choose my own letter?

MIB 1: Because you'll just ask to be X, won't you?

MIB 3: How did you know?

MIB 2: (*resignedly*) They always do...There's a queue

MIB 3: I didn't want to be Q..

MIB 1: Jesus...

MIB 3: What, both of you?

MIB 2: We can't both be Gs.

MIB 3: If we're onto rock groups, can I be U2?

MIB 2: No, you can't be me.

MIB 1: No, he meant the letter. But we don't use numerical suffixes.

MIB 3: Why?

MIB 2: Oh, bloody 'ell...

MIB 3: I don't mind L.

MIB 1: You can be S.

MIB 3: But S is crap!

MIB 2: Listen, you...**are**...S.

Everybody looks puzzled.

MIB 3: So, I'm S? (*Pause*) Am I?

MIB 1: Yes.

MIB 2: What, so he's I?

MIB 3: Now, I'm I, am I? I thought I was S.

MIB 1: Yes, S.

MIB 3: Right, that's OK

MIB 1: No, S!

MIB 3: My name is S, then.

MIB 1 and 2: Yes!

MIB 2: If that's all sorted, we need to complete our records. Now, name, S. D.O.B?

MIB 3: 17th October 1967.

MIB 1: So, then age?

MIB 4 sticks head around door.

MIB 4: Eh?

MIB 2: No, H, go back to work.

MIB 4: O.K.

Exit MIB 4

MIB 3: Thirty.

MIB 1: Right, country of origin?

MIB 3: U.K.

MIB 1: No, I'm X.

MIB 3: Bastard, that's why you wouldn't let me be X.

MIB 2: I'm fed up with this scene. Do you want tea?

MIB 3: Dunno, what's she like?

MIB 1: Look, there's a bee.

MIB 2 and 3: Oh, eff off.

FTB.

SCENE 5

APP 1 in phone booth, Frenchmen in French shop.

CLAUDE : Salut?

APP 1 : No. What? Oh, you're French. Errr.....je voudrais une errr....consignment grande of le straw, s'il vous plait.

CLAUDE : (*placing hand over receiver*) 'Ere! Maurice! We 'ave another one of those English pig-dogs! No doubt trying to compensate in straw for what he lacks in the ooh-la-la bon-bon department, non?

APP 1 : Errr...bonjour? Saltoo? Errr.....'allo, 'allo?

CLAUDE : Yes you lager-swilling 'ooligan of a fat little English man?

APP 1 : Oh...you speak English. I'd like to order a large quantity of straw - I envisage a large wagonfull of the stuff and I'd like it if -

CLAUDE : Your wife is hairy.

(Pause)

APP 1 : What? I mean.....errr.....what?

CLAUDE : You heard, you merde.

APP 1 : Look, you can't treat me like this! I'm an Englishman and I want my straw!

CLAUDE : I can treat you any way I want to. Who has the straw, mon ami?

APP1 : Well.....are you one of these piss-take straw distribution agencies?

CLAUDE : Zut alors! Who ever heard of such a thing? No doubt a freakish conception of one of your diseased English minds. You are small and English, we are the French and occupy the true centre of the Universe.

APP1 : Only because every bit of it is trying to get away from you equally desperately.

CLAUDE : Shut up!

APP1 : Not until you send me my straw.

CLAUDE : Non.

APP1 : Oh....please?

CLAUDE : *(pause for feeble French thought)* O.K.

Exeunt omnes.

SCENE 6

MIB 2 and 3 sitting drinking coffee. The ostr^H^H^H^Halien has gone. No, not Australian, like you thought. That would just be silly. MIB 1 dashes in.

MIB 1: You must look at this video-tape which I am holding in my hand here.

MIB 2: O.K., what is it?

MIB 1: That interview with Princess Di. Look, look at this bit...

Enter DI on the video. She's sitting on a chair, with her head leaning to one side. As she speaks the following line, she tilts her head extremely, yet apparently attemptedly endearingly briefly to the opposite side and back, with a coquettish smile..

DI: I am the queen of peoples' hearts.

(DI pauses.)

MIB 3: So?

MIB 1: Ah, but look again, this time in slow motion.

DI repeats above, but in slow motion. As her head tilts, milk pours from her ear on to the floor. (An extra would be useful here, to pour the milk.)

MIB 3: Oh my god, what was that?

MIB 2: *(ominously)* I think it was milk.

MIB 1: Yes, indeed, that was milk. And, look what happened after the end of the interview.

In slow motion still, MIB 1 jabs at control in frustration.

DI: Oh arse, I lost some milk.

Jeremy dashes on, and injects milk into her ear. As he leaves, he flashes up a card saying "Grade is a cunt.".

MIB 1: As you well know, these are the classic symptoms of a princess harbouring a dairy-sucking alien foetus, and for reasons of her own only wearing one ear-plug.

MIB 2: Yes, we must go and kill her as quickly as possible.

MIB 1: But how?

MIB 3: I know..

MIB 3 pulls out matchbox cars. Whilst the following lines are read, relevant bits are enacted with cars.

MIB 3: Well, we could airlift a car by helicopter...

MIB 2: No, that's silly.

MIB 1: The classic response to this situation is to have a white Mercedes, a black Fiat Uno and two really fast motorbikes, with three people on them for some reason. We have the white Mercedes waiting in a tunnel, HERE. We get her driver really drunk on Moo (the alcoholic milk reverse-engineered from alien technology which we had withdrawn from sale) and carbon monoxide (for some reason), then harry the car with the motorcycles at very high speeds, for example 60 or 120 miles per hour, HERE. We follow in the Fiat Uno, and chase her into the tunnel and either push her into the wall with an odd spikey mechanism, or we shoot out her tyres, to cause the car to swerve and crash.

MIB 2: Isn't that a little contrived? Why don't we just push her off the Eiffel Tower?

MIB 3: Why would she be up the Eiffel Tower?

MIB 2: Stands to reason. She's going to France, isn't she? There's no other reason for going.

MIB 3: Let's go, then.

Exeunt omnes.

SCENE 7

Set under the Eiffel Tower. No, really, it is. Warning, this scene just gratuitously insults the French for no particular reason. Straw-wagon en-route to England is under the tower. The Frenchman driving it has stopped for a boiled onion.

The Dirty French Song

I'm going to tell you about a race of people that I really, really love to hate.
They come above athlete's foot on the list of things to exterminate.

Chorus: You know that I never usually forget a face,
But in a Frenchman's case, I'll make an exception.
So I say sweep on you fat and greasy French citizens.
You are mere slaves, to the human race (even the Germans).

The extermination of the French is gonna be a long hard toil.
We must lance every one of them like a purulent boil.

Chorus: You know that I never usually forget a face,
But in a Frenchman's case, I'll make an exception.
So I say sweep on you fat and greasy French citizens.
Your race is a freakish pet, that we'd rather forget.

Bridge: I've seen you undressed in your cacky old underpants.
The disgusting nature of your armpit hair holds me in a trance.
Clean off those frog guts and garlic in the English Channel (NB : NOT the French channel, WE own it! Hah!)
We'll show you how to banish your B.O., the U.N. will provide the flannels!
And then when you're bathing x3 We'll release the sharks.

Chorus: You know that I never usually forget a face,
But in a Frenchman's case, I'll make an exception.
So I say sweep on you fat and greasy French citizens.
You are mere slaves, to the human race (even the Germans).

You know that I never usually forget a face...

Enter MIB 2 and 3, then Di.

MIB 2: Look, there she is. I told you she'd go up the Eiffel Tower.

MIB 3: O.K., then , perfect opportunity. However, to look really cool, I think we should wear our shades up on top of our heads. Like this.

(MIB 3 tilts shades onto top of head. MIB 2 copies action.) MIB 2 and 3 sneak up behind her and push her. She screams and falls over the edge. (You may have to use your imagination. Again.) She lands on a very soft wagon of straw. Gosh, that was lucky.

MIB 2: Bugger. I knew all that bollocks about straw earlier in the script had to have some point to it.

MIB 3: Right, let's finish her off with our implausibly powerful guns.

MIB 2 and 3 draw implausibly powerful guns. They point them at Di, but she pulls out a specially-designed flashy red thing reverse-engineered from alien mind-wiping technology. She flashes it at MIB 2 and 3.

DI: You will forget you were trying to kill me. You love me. I am the queen of your hearts.

MIB 2: You are the queen of our hearts.

MIB 3: Yes, we love you.

Exeunt MIB 2 and 3, confused.

SCENE 8

Hotel room. MIB 2 and 3 are still confused

MIB 2: We love her.

MIB 3: She is the queen of our hearts.

Phone rings.

MIB 2: Hello?

Enter wall and MIB 1. The wall is clearly a cinematic device, to represent the distance between the participants in the conversation. In some films it's diagonal. In other films, it's a wiggly line, or even vertical, in the boring ones. We, however, have eschewed all such traditional methods, and employed an English graduate. Wall is holding an optician's chart.

MIB 1: Hi, it's me.

MIB 3 looks around the wall.

MIB 3: Oh, it's you.

MIB 1: *(Testy)* Yes.

MIB 3: I see the MIB team is playing the classic 2,5,6,9 *(getting more confused)* formation.

MIB 1: No, that's the new eyechart.

MIB 3 moves head back.

MIB 1: Apparently, that Princess Di is still alive.

MIB 2: She is? Oh, yeah, she's great. We love her.

MIB 3: Yes, she is the queen of our hearts.

MIB 1: No, she's evil, carrying an alien in milk and so must be killed.

MIB 2: Oh, yes. How could we be so blind?

MIB 3: I don't know. Perhaps it was that specially-designed flashy red thing reverse-engineered from alien mind-wiping technology.

MIB 2: Oh, yeah, I'd forgotten that. D'oh! *(Slaps forehead)*

MIB 3: Wasn't that rather the point? *(Slaps MIB 2's forehead.)*

MIB 1: Oh, you fools. *(Leans round wall and slaps both their foreheads, then leans back.)* Kill her! There's no time to lose. And try to make it look like an implausible conspiracy. That way no-one will believe it really was.

MIB 3: Implausible conspiracy? How are we going to do that?

MIB 2: Wait a minute. *(Pulls out matchbox cars.)*

MIB 3 and 1: Ah-aah! MIB 1: And remember to wear your goddam reflective shades over your eyes this time. *(Pause.)* And BURN all the straw in Paris.

Exeunt omnes.

SCENE 9

Drunk man (under the influence of Moo - alcomilk) gets into car. Humming Airbag (available on OK Computer by Radiohead, they're great they are). Car drives off followed by motorcyclic MIB's. Follow it into the tunnel with a black Fiat Uno. Disappears into tunnel - explosion (possibly denoted by Boom!, Ka-Boom! Purgh...BOOM!) White Mercedes and Black Fiat Uno exit tunnel. (This might be the most taxing task yet for your imagination.)

SCENE 10

Enter velociraptors.

CHORUS: So, you think she's dead, do you? Well, you're wrong and you're a grotesquely ugly freak. Yes, you. And we're velociraptors, so if we think you're ugly, it must be bad. Actually, what happened was that the Men in Black received a last-minute phone call from Buckingham Palace explaining that the Queen Mother had snuffed it. So, obviously, the only way they could prevent the nation disintegrating in mourning for their much loved matriarch was to hollow out her corpse and fill it with the flayed queen. But, of course, that would leave an empty queen skin. So instead of killing Di, they decided to fake her death, take her away in the white Mercedes and put her inside the Queen's skin. Oh, and by the way, grrr.

Duncan wanders across the scene ranting about sugar. He's an American-Football-playing, shades 'n' merkin wearin', buskin', Queen in a bugskin. Aah, you'd thought we'd forgotten that bit of the film, hadn't you? Well, we hadn't.

QUEEN MUM: Just a perfect play.
Eat sugar cubes in the park.
And later, hyperglycaemic,
We go home.

QUEEN: *(DI in hat representing skin)* Just a perfect play,
Valets are left alone,
We can rule on one's own,

It's such fun.

Oh it's such a perfect play,
I'm glad I spent it in you.
Such a perfect play,
Your skin's nearly hanging off.
Your skin's nearly hanging off.

MIB3: *(With moustache)* Just a perfect play,
You made me forget myself.

QUEEN: I thought I was someone else.

JEREMY: *(still in slow motion!)* Someone good. Yeah.

MIB1: You're going to be Queen, of peoples' hearts.

CHORUS: Queen, Queen, Queen.

MIB2: You've climbed inside Elizabeth's parts

CHORUS: Queen, Queen, Queen.

DI: Oh what a perfect play

FIN

Thanks to Archie for surreal ideas and songs, and for not killing us when we taunted him by letting him fall asleep for a mere half an hour then cruelly waking him.

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