

THE OUSFG PUNT PARTY PANTO 2002

(k) OUSFG 2002

*** ABSTRACT

The epic tale of an unlikely - very, very unlikely - fellowship in its battle with largely unspecified dark forces and, more to the point, itself. With songs.

*** DRAMATIS PERSONAE

MAGNETO: Elderly mutant wizard father figure

BILBO: Elderly spacefaring robot halfwit

ANT: Irritating young halfwit with geas

DEC: Irritating young halfwit sidekick

THE PIPPIN AND MERRY CHAIN: Essentially irrelevant halfwit side-sidekicks

SH'RYDER: Drunk drug-addled popstar on a mission

LEGLASS: Camp, slinky SM:TV-presenting elfin sidekick

BOROMIR: Dies

AND ALSO: Harlan Ellison, Harold Pinter, a Galadriel, Inklings, Goblins, a Barman, several tuneful Ralph Fiennes, Arwen, Elrond Hubbard, a Chorus of Orcs and divers monsters, extras, locations and special effects

GOD SAVE THE KING - WHENEVER HE FUCKING RETURNS

*** PROLOGUE (SUNG)

In the twelve scenes of this play, this is what you'll see:

TWELVE is the finale
ELEVEN is the fighting
TEN is Galadriel
NINE is the Bezrog
EIGHT is the Octopus
SEVEN's Elrond Hubbard
SIX is redundant
FIVE is Harrison Ford
FOUR is the ring-Ralphs
THREE is the pub
TWO is fuck Brie
And ONE is the birthday party

*** SCENE ONE: THE BIRTHDAY PARTY

[enter HAROLD PINTER]

[HAROLD PINTER goes to speak, but mercifully is interrupted ...]

[enter MAGNETO]

MAGNETO: [to audience] Dudes: before we start, I'd like to apologise for the offensive northern stereotypes throughout this performance. This is in memory of James Doohan, who played Scotty in Star Trek.

MAGNETO: Ah, I am come to the land of the halfwits.

[enter ANT]

ANT: Aww reet. Which one am I then eh pal? You here for the poarty then?

MAGNETO: Indeed I am dear boy!

[enter BILBO, who speaks in capitals]

BILBO: HOW ARE YOU GENTLEMEN PLEASE ENJOY YOURSELF BIDIBIDIBIDI

MAGNETO: How are you old friend?

BILBO: I AM ELEVENTY-ONE BIDIBIDIBIDI

MAGNETO: Are you now?

BILBO: I AM ELEVENTY-ONE BIDIBIDIBIDI

MAGNETO: So you are. Well, well, well.

BILBO: THERE IS NO WELL HERE BIDIBIDIBIDI

MAGNETO: Ominously, I fear you are right, my friend.

BILBO: I DO NOT KNOW HOW TO OMINOUSLY BIDIBIDIBIDI

MAGNETO: Mmmm.

BILBO: I DO NOT KNOW HOW TO MMM BIDIBIDIBIDI

MAGNETO: No. Well, we all learn at some time in our lives ...

BILBO: [interrupting] OH SHUT UP OR ILL SHOVE MY ROLLED-UP NEWSPAPER DOWN YOUR THROAT BIDIBIDIBIDI

MAGNETO: Later, old friend, later. To the party!

[enter DEC, PIPPIN AND MERRY CHAIN, etc]

[a party ensues; there is a chorus of teenage girls shouting 'SEX!', dancing, etc; BOROMIR passes by in the background, dying]

[PIPPIN AND MERRY CHAIN set off a firework]

BILBO: SOMEBODY SET UP US THE BOMB

MAGNETO: [to PIPPIN AND MERRY CHAIN] I would punish you, but you're pointless secondary characters, and that would only give you too much importance. Besides, you're probably not even being played by anyone.

BILBO: YOU HAVE NO CHANCE TO SURVIVE MAKE YOUR TIME [vomits yoghourt]

ANT: Well I'll go to the foot of our stairs! What's gooin on ere Magneto eh?

MAGNETO: [to audience] At this juncture, there would usually be exposition, but by now you're either with us or hopelessly lost, and either way, we're against *you*.

[exit MAGNETO]

DEC: Let's go down to t'Eagle and Child, and let's take this oddly massive ring; they're always popular there.

[exeunt ANT, DEC and PIPPIN AND MERRY CHAIN]

*** SCENE TWO: FUCK BRIE

DEC: What about Brie?

ANT: Fuck Brie.

DEC: We can't fuck Brie, half the people here are eating it.

ANT: Okay then - cut to the pub scene.

[cut to SCENE THREE]

*** SCENE THREE: THE EAGLE AND CHILD

[the BARMAN is at the bar; SH'RYDER is almost comatose in a corner; three INKLINGS at the back are arguing]

[enter HALFWITS]

DEC: I just about feel safe, having arrived in the walled town just before the cursed ring-Ralphs. What shall we do now, eh, Ant?

ANT: Order a pint in this fine hostelry, the Eagle and Child.

ANT: [to BARMAN] A pint of your least piss-flavoured alcoholic beverage, please barman.

BARMAN: Any ID, lads?

DEC: I'm 53 - give me a beer!

BARMAN: Not without ID; more than my job's worth.

DEC: Not even if I come and stand in the foreground, thereby looking larger and hence older?

BARMAN: No, piss off; Lemonade or nowt, and if you give me any more trouble, you're barred.

SH'RYDER: I'll get these in, lads. [to BARMAN] And a pint of methadone for me, mate.

BARMAN: Sorry, didn't realise they were with you, Mr Ryder.

HALFWITS: Cheers, mate.

[BOROMIR stumbles in, dying]

BARMAN: Oi! No bleeding on my floor - get out!

[suddenly, in the background ...]

CSS LEWIS: Oi, Tolkien, your elves are shit!

JRRR TOLKIEN: You're just jealous, Lewis. Fucking talking lions!

THE PULLMEISTER: Bloody fantasy writers: you're all the same.

LEWIS + JRRRRRRRRR TOLKEIN: Piss off, Pullman, you're one of us.

[they fight; bitch-slaps all round until Lewis is obviously losing]

JRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR TOLKEIN: Come on Lewis!

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[meanwhile, back in the foreground ...]
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ANT: So, who **are** you, and where's Magneto?

SH'RYDER: I'm Shaun Bloody Raah ... Sh ... n ... der. Call me ... Sh'Ryder.

[SH'RYDER leaps up]

SH'RYDER: Let's fucking go!

*** SCENE FOUR: WEATHERTOP

[SH'RYDER and the HALFWITS are encamped]

[enter stealthily nine RING RALPH FIENNEs]

[the party are awoken by terrifying ring tones]

SH'RYDER: Fook off yows bastards! You're not even real! Not properly real, anyway, or something ... [tails off]

RING-RALPH: Yes, but there are nine of us and five of you, and nine is more than five ...

[a song]

Mathematicians versus philosophers
Mathematicians versus philosophers
They will fight interminably

Philosophers think in ivory towers
Mathematicians multiply in the faculty
Why do they have to hate each other?
Both of them love formal proofs
Why can't they just get along
Would it be oh-so-wrong
Mathematician and a philosopher brother

Mathematicians versus philosophers
Mathematicians versus philosophers
[repeat until fade]

[ANT passes out; exeunt omnes towards the next scene, except for BOROMIR, inexplicably present, who dies slowly]

*** SCENE FIVE: THE FLIGHT TO HARRISON FORD

[SH'RYDER and the HALFWITS flee from the bleeping RING-RALPH FIENNES; they run into LEGLESS]

SH'RYDER: Legless!

LEGLLESS: You and me both.

DEC: What **are** those things?

LEGLESS: They are ring-Ralph Fiennes, dread servants of, er, never mind.

RING-RALPH: [to mobile phone] I'm on the horse ... can't talk now, I'm hunting halfwits ... no, *horse* ... no, *halfwits* ... look, I've got to go now ... no, *hunting* halfwits ...

LEGLESS: Quick, give Ant unto me and i will bear him to the ford, and safety, yea [giggles].

SH'RYDER: No way, you're a bird.

LEGLESS: I'm the better rider!

SH'RYDER: Listen, I'm fookin *called* Shaun R ... Shaun Roy ... Sh ... and anyway, neither of us've got a horse!

[LEGLESS pauses, then grabs ANT and springs lightly towards the ford, pursued by the RING-RALPHS, still chattering on their phones]

LEGLESS: At last, we reach Harrison Ford!

[LEGLESS crosses the river. The RING-RALPHS confront HARRISON FORD; they assume various threatening poses, and then HARRISON FORD throws them into the river, and they are vanquished]

*** SCENE SIX: THE HACIENDA

[ELROND HUBBARD, MAGNETO, ANT, DEC, SH'RYDER, LEGLESS and BOROMIR, and possibly some random elves, are gathered at ELROND's house, the HACIENDA]

ELROND: I am recruiting a magnificent seven; Sh'Ryder and Legless will pick teams.

SH'RYDER: Boromir.

LEGLESS: Magneto.

[long pause]

LEGLESS: I don't want a halfwit on my team. Can't we have rush goalies?

SH'RYDER: I'd be happy to have a moratorium on halfwits. Sorted.

ANT: Fuck you like at the bottom of the stairs.

HARLAN ELLISON [for it is he]: I am Harlan Ellison. I am him. I demand to be on one of the teams.

ELROND: By what right?

HARLAN ELLISON: I'm more charismatic and interesting than any frigging halfwits.

SH'RYDER: Damn straight.

LEGLESS: Yup.

HALFWITS: Why aye! We'll ave you, Ellington!

HARLAN ELLISON: Like hell you will, I'm Harlan Fucking Ellison!

[they fight; HARLAN ELLISON slays the HALFWITS]

[there is a continuity error; it is announced that the scene is deleted]

*** SCENE SIX TAKE TWO: THE HACIENDA

[ELROND HUBBARD, MAGNETO, ANT, DEC, SH'RYDER, LEGLESS and BOROMIR, and possibly some random elves, are gathered at ELROND's house, the HACIENDA]

ELROND: It's the smell of humanity. Do you like my dress?

LEGLESS: Purple is *so* not your colour.

ELROND: What *ever*.

MAGNETO: Right: [gestures at ANT, DEC, LEGLESS and SH'RYDER] you, you, you, you, me ... we must thrust the ring into the Crack of Doom.

[BOROMIR dies]

MAGNETO: You can come too. And so can Pippin and Merry, if anyone's playing

them.

[exeunt omnes towards the Crack of Doom]

*** SCENE SEVEN: INTO MORIA

[the fellowship are halfway up a wall which they are trying to surmount]

MAGNET0: This is fucking terrifying; let's go down.

SH'RYDER: Which way's down?

[they descend]

MAGNET0: Balls, let's take the tube.

[they come to a locked gate]

DEC: What's this then?

LEGLess: [grinning and brushing her hair] 'Speak, friend, and [giggles] enter' [puts fist in mouth]

MAGNET0: A password is needed! 'Punk-ass'. 'Nose pianist'. 'Arse pupil'? 'Giblets'? 'Yukka'. 'Has no BOI' ... 'orc pants'

[the gate remains unmoved]

MAGNET0: Oh! I know - 'friend'!

[the gate remains unmoved still]

ANT: Friend, pet.

[the gate opens; they enter]

[enter GIANT OCTOPUS, running]

OCTOPUS: [panting] Fuck.

[BOROMIR dashes back out from the gate and dies]

*** SCENE EIGHT: THE HALLS OF KHAZAD-DUM

[the characters play Morning Crescent with middle-earth locations]

MAGNET0: We must alight at Durin's Tomb.

DEC: [blurts] Or Crack of Doom.

SH'RYDER: Crack of Doom, Durin's Tomb - gotta have a system.

LEGLess: Ah, here we are.

[They get off at Durin's Tomb]

ANNOUNCEMENT: Mind the Cave Troll. Mind the Cave Troll.

[BOROMIR dies]

[FX: darkness]

ANT: Dark in here, isn't it.

DEC: Yes, dark. So dark they we can barely read Jeremy's fucking illegible handwriting and therefore will probably utter several utterly meaningless sentences during the next scene.

LEGLess: Magneto, where's your magic glowing staff?

MAGNET0: Here it is, if you squeeze it, it will glow.

ANT: Stick to the darkness?

DEC: Yeah.

[they wander for a bit; GOLLUM skulks]

SH'RYDER: Ouch. Ouch.

LEGLess: Grope sluts aren't they?

[enter a GOBLIN]

GOBLIN: Eh mate, look after yer car fer yer?

ANT: Are they orcs or goblins?

DEC: Does anyone know the difference?

[GOBLINS rise up]

GOBLINS: Ach, ladle. On, tightpants, I suppose we all look the same to you white Northern Anglo-Saxon Geordie bastards.

ANT: Well yes, in the dark.

MAGNETO: Look, look, squeeze my magic staff, we'll be able to tell them apart in no time.

HOBBITS: Er, no that's alright.

[drums, played by busking homeless Scouse goblins]

DEC: [gloomy] That'll be the drums, drums in the deep then.

MAGNETO: Better that than some more terrible percussion.

[Silence; all wait for BEZ to play the marracas; everyone yells at BEZ to start playing the marracas]

BEZ: Oh, oh, right, OK, stone hearin'. [Plays the marracas]

LEGLESS: Ai! Ai! A Bezrog! A Bezrog is come!

EVERYONE ELSE: Say what?

SRYDER: Eeh, it's Bez. Allo Mate, eh, eh steady.

[FX: You can open your eyes now]

[a melee ensues; BEZ drags off MAGNETO]

BEZ: Come on mate, I know this great pub, we'll catch up with you later.

MAGNETO: Will you squeeze my staff?

*** SCENE NINE: THE MAGIC FOREST

[Enter HOBBITS, SH'RYDER, BOROMIR and LEGLESS]

SH'RYDER: Well we're well out of that then, eh mates. We have escaped from the Bezrog and are now safe in the forest idyll of the Elves, pointy eared arrogant bastards that they are.

[Enter GLADRIEL]

GLADRIEL: Woouoooo. I am Gladriel. Woouoooo.

SRYDER: Aye, and I'm the Queen of Sheba love.

GLADRIEL: Woouooo. I am Gladriel. I am really. Woouoo. Look, I'm all ethereal and everything. With a posh English accent. But I'm Australian really you know. Millions of dollars of voice-coaching went into getting this accent just right. I am Gladriel. Woouooo.

[BOROMIR dies.]

ANT: We're wondering if you can help us, oh beautiful ethereal Elven-type maiden. We're searching for the end to the story. Do you serve any obvious function in the plot or can we move onto the next scene?

GLADRIEL: Well, I'm here for two basic purposes. Woouooo. To make everything seem, yunno, mystical and stuff. And because otherwise there'd be no female characters at all. Woouoooo.

DEC: So no obvious plot function at all?

GLADRIEL: I serve as a - woouoooo - voice for the most tired element of the writing.... For this very reason I will now summon down a really big frigging dog! Yes! Woouooo. I am Gladriel.

[all pause to silently express their frustration at Mike's dog obsession]

ANT: Let's get out of here; she is a stone cold bonker.

[exeunt omnes; GLADRIEL continues to rave until arrested]

*** SCENE TEN: A PARTING OF THE WAYS

[the party is encamped]

BOROMIR: [to ANT] Give us the ring.

ANT: No. Fuck off, like.

[long pause]

[enter a horde of URUK-HAI; a melee ensues]

BOROMIR: Luckily, I've done my dying by now, so this is mercifully quick.

[BOROMIR dies]

[ANT and DEC flee in a punt]

SH'RYDER: Let's hunt some orc!

LEGLESS: Oh, i've torn my little skirt.

SH'RYDER: Okay. Let's hunt ... some .. orc pants!

[exeunt omnes]

*** EPILOGUE (SUNG)

In the twelve scenes of this play, this is what you may have missed:

TWELVE chapters in book one

ELEVEN chapters in each book on average

TEN chapters in book two

NINE gooold rings

EIGHT orcs (at least)

SEVEN gooold rings

SIX books in total

FIVE in the fellowship

FOUR discarded fellows

THREE gooold rings

TWO towers towering

And ONE ring to rule them all!

*** THE END