

OUSFG PUNT PARTY PANTO, 2013

THE ENTENDARIAD

PROLOGUE (EMMA):

Some say that art should emulate real life,
Some say originality's the thing,
Some claim that it originates from strife,
On neither does our comic muse take wing,
A ukulele must suffice for fife,
And where a hardened play'r might cry, we sing.
We do not vie with reason or reality,
But merely with absurdity, carnality.

We don't presume to take a moral theme,
This is no gospel or sententious tract,
At times, you'd claim the content was obscene,
But what we hint at, we demur to act,
We aren't as callous as we'd care to seem,
We lack, if anything, a scrap of tact,
But as our great initial act starts moving,
You'll even claim it's morally improving!

(At least, of the morals you might call Byronic,
Which only a cynic might presume ironic.)

SCENE THE FIRST: ENTENDERAGE AND EUPHEMISM ARE TRAPPED ON AN ISLAND IN THE SOUTH, AND ARE DISCUSSING HOW UNHAPPY THIS MAKES THEM

ENTENDERAGE: ...and pies! I love pies! I miss pies!

EUPHEMISM: And there are so many southerners here, it's terrible! And I hate the lack of sausages up here, if you know what I mean.

ENTENDERAGE: Just cos you've tasted most of them.

EUPHEMISM: ...

EUPHEMISM: I feel we're already got ourselves into a conversational dead end. Meanwhile, on with the play!

ENTENDERAGE: I miss eating pies with you. We should do programming together when we get back to the north.

EUPHEMISM: Yes, coding without you is like having to use visual basic!

sound of fangirls squeeing

ENTER EMMA (with chorus of fangirls/boys/people/fire breathing ostriches?)

SONG:

EMMA: Master of the ships,
Quick to slash your friends,
Ready to subvert whatever canon sends!
Connoisseur of porn,
Slasher of the great,
Writing what the writers can't appreciate!
Glad to make a meal of subtext,
Open to an OT3,
Ready to purvey all literature of doubtful quality.

Here an RPF
There a new AU,
Coffee shops and gender swaps and high school too!
Here a little porn,
There a little fluff,
Finding all your kinks can be immensely tough!
Let me recommend my favourites,
Check me out on AO3!
But watch the trigger warnings,
Lest you start regretting what you see!

ALL: Master of the ships,
Quick to slash your friends,
Ready to subvert whatever canon sends!
Connoisseur of porn,
Slasher of the great,
Writing what the writers can't appreciate!
Glad to make a meal of subtext,
Open to an OT3,
Ready to purvey all literature of doubtful quality.

EMMA: I am the harbourmaster, finally a new ship for me to sail!

ENTENDERAGE: I've heard about you, aren't you one of those strange people on the internet? On that one site where everyone is falling?

EMMA: Indeed I am!

ENTENDERAGE: And where you give each other lots of GIFs?

EMMA: You seem to grasp the general idea. You two are my new OTP, I'm going to make loads of GIFs of you looking at each other longingly, and I might even write some RPF of you.

EUPHEMISM: Reverse path forwarding?

EMMA: ...something like that. Entenderage can reverse forward *your* path any day.

ENTENDERAGE: Looking at each other longingly? I think you've got the wrong end of the stick, me and Euphenism are just coding buddies.

EUPHEMISM looks mournful

EMMA: Suuure you are. I never pay attention to canon anyway.

ENTENDRAGE: In fact, I'm trying to get back home to see my wife again.

EMMA: A wife? Oh, I can still ship you both even if you have one of those! If I'm feeling liberal I might even write her in as well!

there is a rumbling sound and the crashing of waves

EUPHEMISM: What's happening?

ENTENDERAGE: It sounds like something's coming.

EUPHEMISM: Loudly.

EMMA: Your ship has set sail! I am going to keep doing this for ever and ever and ever and ever and then I am going to even keep on shipping the ships of angry penguins until they eventually shrivel and die and then I won't even have to eat because monkey pants.

ENTENDERAGE: clearly her love for us has addled her brain.

EUPHEMISM: I'll addle *your* brains.

EMMA: *swoons*

EMMA: I think you should go on to the internet boat and join in our unholy OTN of fic and then I will ship us all all the way to your – [CENSORED]

ENTENDERAGE: ANYWAY. Which way is this ship of yours going?

EMMA: Oh, both ways, definitely.

EUPHEMISM: Wherever its's going, it can't be worse than here. I haven't seen a decent chippy in months.

All board the ship

do a dance to represent the passage over the sea

EMMA: We're arrived at the island!

ENTENDERAGE: Island? I thought you said you'd get us back home.

EMMA: Not yet. First you need to have a romantic island holiday! I've already got the fic planned out. But I'd better be off, the shipping lanes are busy at this time of year and I have to keep things in order!

vanishes in a puff of porn

a gigantic monster appears on the horizon, with glowing red eyes. Entenderage and Euphemism do battle with it in a spectacular and dialogue-less scene.

SCENE THE NEXT - THE PLAY WITHIN A PLAY

(ENTOURAGE AND PETER ARE WANDERING AIMLESSLY THROUGH THE LAND. WITH EVERY STEP, THEIR PATIENCE WITH BOTH THE SITUATION AND EACH OTHER WANES. BY MUTUAL AGREEMENT, THEY SIT DOWN TO REST. PETER TOSSES A COIN.)

PETER: HEADS.

(HE HANDS THE COIN TO ENTOURAGE, WITH AN AIR OF MUTE RESIGNATION. ENTOURAGE LOOKS REASONABLY SMUG: HE HAS BEEN WINNING FOR THE PAST FEW HOURS. PETER FLIPS ANOTHER COIN.)

PETER: HEADS. (FLIPS ANOTHER.) HEADS. (FLIPS ANOTHER.) HEADS!

(HE HANDS ALL THREE COINS TO ENTOURAGE, WITH EVEN GREATER RELUCTANCE. HE TOSSES ANOTHER COIN.)

PETER: ... YOU MUST BE JOKING.

ENTOURAGE: WHAT.

PETER: HEADS.

(HE INDICATES THE COINS, SOMEWHAT HELPLESSLY.)

PETER: WE'VE BEEN FLIPPING COINS FOR THE PAST FEW HOURS, AND THEY'VE ALWAYS LANDED ON HEADS! DOESN'T THAT STRIKE YOU AS STRANGE?

ENTOURAGE: WELL, YES, BUT FOCUSING TOO MUCH ON THIS SORT OF THING GENERALLY LEADS TO ALL KINDS OF NEEDLESS PHILOSOPHICAL ABSTRACTION. I'D LEAVE IT BE, IF I WERE YOU. I DON'T EXPECT IT MEANS ANYTHING.

(ENTER THE PLAYER, THEATRICALY.)

PLAYER: NO ONE EXPECTS THE GRATUITOUS INCURSION OF
METATHEATRICAL MISE EN ABYME INTO AN OTHERWISE INNOCENT
PANTOMIME PRODUCTION!

ENTOURAGE: ... YEP, I CAN SAFELY SAY THAT I WASN'T EXPECTING
THAT.

PLAYER: THAT'S BECAUSE NOBODY DOES!!! ... EXPECT IT, THAT IS.

PETER: ER. YES, WE GOT THAT.

PLAYER: ARE YOU TRAVELERS?

ENTOURAGE: MORE OR LESS?

PLAYER: WELL, I HOPE FOR YOUR SAKE THAT IT IS LESS RATHER THAN
MORE - FOR IF IT IS LESS, THEN YOU HAVE THE TIME TO SIT DOWN AND
ALLOW MY ACTING TROUPE TO PERFORM TO YOU A TRAGIC STORY!

ENTOURAGE: SERIOUSLY? I'VE HEARD OF HIGHWAY ROBBERY, BUT I'VE
NEVER HEARD OF HIGHWAY THEATRICALS.

(THE PLAYER IGNORES HIM, MASTERFULLY. HE
CLAPS HIS HANDS, TWICE, AND A TROUPE OF - ER - TWO APPEAR,
LOOKING SUITABLY MOURNFUL AND (YES) DRAMATIC.)

PLAYER: ATTEND TO A TALE OF RAMPANT INDISCRETION,
OF MOB RULE, MURDER, AND MALIGNANCY,
OF MALICE, RANCOUR, AND OF FALSE CONFESSION,
OF SUPERNATURAL DISSYMMETRY,
OF LOVERS VILIFIED FOR ONE TRANSGRESSION,
AND FOLK OF GREAT INSENSITIVITY,
I'D CALL THE STORY SOMEWHAT MELANCHOLY,
BUT WHETHER 'TIS YOUR PLEASURE, OR MY FOLLY,

IS YET TO BE ESTABLISHED. BUT I STRAY
TOO FAR FROM THIS, MY TOPIC, THAN IS NEEDFUL,
IN LIGHT OF THIS, AND MORE, SUFFICE TO SAY
THAT THESE TWO LOVERS WERE QUITE FAR FROM HEEDFUL
OF KEEPING EYES AVERTED IN THE DAY,
AND KEEPING CURBS ON THEIR OWN WAYWARD GREED. WELL,

ALL THIS CANT DISTRACTS ME FROM MY STORY,
WHICH IS QUITE MORAL, IF A LITTLE GORY.

6: I WAS A VILLAGER OF NO RENOWN,
IN A DISTRICT PLAGUED BY MATTERS LYCANTHROPIC,
WHERE MURDERS SURFACED ONCE THE SUN WENT DOWN,
THESE WEREWOLVES BORDERED ON THE MISANTHROPIC,
BUT IN HIS MIGHTY SCOURGES ON THE TOWN,
ONE WEREWOLF'S VIEWS WERE NOT QUITE SO MYOPIC,
WE MET AT LIGHT OF DAWN. I'M HIS. HE'S MINE.
WE'RE WEREWOLF AND VILLAGER. WE'RE SIX AND NINE.

9: I KNEW THAT I WAS EVIL FROM THE START,
FATE BECKONED - WHO WAS I TO SHUN THE CALL?
BUT ONE YOUNG MILKMAID WENT AND STOLE MY HEART,
AND EVER SINCE, I'VE BEEN WITHIN HER THRALL,
AND SO I WOUND THE WEREWOLVES; TAKE HER PART,
THEY ASK ME: "ARE YOU EVIL?" AND I STALL,
I STOLE THE HAIR FROM OFF THE WOLFSBANE'S HEAD,
MY FELLOW STOLE HER LIVER. SHE WAS DEAD.

6: THEY TOLD HIM: STATE YOUR ROLE. HE GREW ALARMED,
HE STUTTERED, "WOLFSBANE" - QUITE THE BAREFACED LIE!
I NODDED, ON THE OFFCHANCE HE REMAIN UNHARMED,
AND FROM THAT MOMENT WE WERE DOOMED TO DIE,
"SO WHO DID YOU PROTECT?" HE SHRUGGED, DISARMED.
IT WASN'T REALLY A CONVINCING TRY,
AND ONCE HE'D UTTERED IT, HE STARTED TREMBLING.
I NEVER SAW A FLIMSIER DISSEMBLING.

9: "WOLFSBANE. RIGHT," THEY ECHOED, QUITE UNMOVED,
OR, TO BE UNGRAMMATICAL, UNMOVEN,
TO THEM, MY HESITANCY ALL BUT PROVED
MY GUILT. UNFALTERINGLY (THIS THUS PROVEN),
AND KNOWING OF MY PLOY THEY DISAPPROVED,
(MY LOVER KNOWING I WAS DISAPPROVEN,)
I YIELDED UP MYSELF TO DEATH; AS YOU DO,
"FISTS IN THE AIR!" I PLEDGED THE GREAT CTHULU.

6: THAT SPINELESS IDIOT! AND THUS, I DIED.
HE GAVE A DULL, DARK CRY AS HE WAS SMITTEN,
WITH MİRRORED AGONY, I ALSO CRIED,
THE ZOMBIES SMIRKED - AT LEAST THE ONES HE'D BITTEN,
MY LIFE, MY DIGNITY, ALL I WAS DENIED,
AND ALL MY CAREFUL PLANNING OVERWRITTEN,
AND YET, THOUGH DEAD, I STILL AWAIT THE DAY
WHERE PREDATOR CAN COEXIST WITH PREY.

(ENTOURAGE AND PETER EXCHANGE CONFUSED
GLANCES, TO THE TUNE OF: IS IT OVER? ONCE IT HAS BEEN
ESTABLISHED THAT YES, INDEED, IT IS OVER, THEY RELUCTANTLY
APPLAUD.)

PETER: WELL, THAT WAS LONG, SENTIMENTAL AND ULTIMATELY USELESS.

PLAYER: INDEED! ALSO, IT'LL COST YOU SIXTY GROATS.

PETER: GROATS?

PLAYER: THIS SCENE IS A MUTILATED, MODERN-DAY PASTICHE OF A
TWENTIETH CENTURY PASTICHE OF AN ELIZABETHAN DECONSTRUCTION OF A
REVENGE TRAGEDY; ANACHRONISMS ARE BASICALLY PAR FOR THE COURSE.
I WOULDN'T WORRY ABOUT IT. INSTEAD, I'D JUST GIVE ME ALL YOUR
MONEY AND FORGET ABOUT IT.

(ENTOURAGE, RESIGNED, HANDS OVER ALL THE MONEY HE PREVIOUSLY WON FROM PETER.)

ENTOURAGE: YOU'RE RIGHT, THAT WAS TOTALLY USELESS. SHALL WE?
(THEY CONTINUE TO TRUDGE ON.)

SCENE THE NEXT

S – Sphinx

En – Entendrerage

P – Euphemism

BC – Sherlock/Harrison/Martin

F – Freeman

Entendrerage and Euphemism journey through the desert until they reach a grand gate with a monstrous guardian.

S) HALT! In the name of Artemis!

En) Is 'Artemis' Cthulhu in drag like two years ago?

S) I speak of Artemis, Lord of Fowl!

En) Great – can we go through the gate please?

S) Only the worthy may guess the password – only the worthy can guess our Lord's favourite fic pairing!

P) How are we supposed to work that out?

En) Artemis Fowl's favourite slash pairing? Well it's probably going to be focussed on a sociopathic genius...

P) If only we had someone who was good at deduction...

En) Well I'm sure that we can –

B) OK, I'm bored, all of you be quiet.

En) Who are –

BC) I'm Sherlock Holmes and you're two Northerners on an Odyssey, being toyed with by the capricious whims of a freaksh pantheon, whose persistent interruptions are becoming interminably tedious!

P) Whoa! How did you deduce –

F) It's in the script... (*points*) – Dr John Watson – hi

BC) Be quiet all of you! I need to think! Now, Lord Artemis – male title with what is conventionally a girl's name which implies a probability that the pairing may not be heteronormative however –

F) Yes Sherlock, or we could just break the gate down and kill the guard with a crowbar?

[crowbars guard and starts attacking the gate]

En) These two haven't been as good since Gordon Freeman started playing John Watson.

[Enter Lord of the Fowls]

Mel) Foolish mortals! Behold my wrath - war ducks attack!

[BC shoots ducks casually]

Mel) What? What *are* you?

BC) [*sneering and sardonic*] Better than you

Mel) At what?

BC) Everything.

Mel) Enough! Release the Quacken!

F) *smite*

En) These two haven't been as good since Morgan Freeman started playing John Watson.

[Anti]pope Matt) Um, sorry to interrupt, but Morgan Freeman is *not* God. He's just an actor who played God once.

F) Charge the monster! Get grappling hooks into its back and let us ride it into battle! Long Live the Fighters!

Mel) Curses!

En) These two haven't been as good since Martin Freeman started playing John Watson.

[Martin Freeman disappears into the desert riding the Quacken]

P) Um, we appear to have lost both your sidekick and a weapon eminently suitable for getting us through that gate...

BC) We no longer have a Quacken, but we do have an aeroplane! Which I can fly!

1st Officer Douglas Richardson) Well that might be somewhat of an overstatement...

SCENE THE NEXT

Outline

Arrive in “SoCal” (actually Wales): Entendrarage and Euphemism (on plane flown by Benedict Cumberbatch, who flies away)

Bamboozled by Goddess of Highway Robbery and her gang of various celebrities (Joss Whedon, John Barrowman, and Felicia Day)

Escape

Script

En, Eu, and BC: AAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHH!!!!!!!!!!

(miming the plane crash landing in a sunny place)

BC: Bye guys, my Watson needs me! (flies away)

Eu: Weird...

En: It's so sunny!

HR: (enter the masked goddess) Aha, travelers! You must be lost. Tell me kind sirs, where have you come from?

En: We've been tossed about a great deal. We're looking to get back to the North.

JB (masked): The North you say? Which North? After all, lots of planets have a North... Who *ahem* are you looking for?

Eu: Well they're rather long and tall...

En: Not to mention that tongue!

JW (masked): I sense some sexy times... That's generally your deal, right John?

(John and Joss remove their masks)

En: Generic Exclamatory Remark! Are you guys really...?

JB: Prepare for Flirting

JW: And Make it Hurting

JB: To Provide the World with Sexual Frustration

JW: To Add to Emotional Devastation

JB: To aid our leader in her highway sorcery

JW: To promote our goal of hold up burglary

JB: John

JW: Joss

JB: Our Goddess sneaks by in the dead of night

JW: She'll raise the *stakes* so quiver at her sight

FD: (jumping between them): Stick 'em up! That's right...

Eu: Felicia, you're here too!

En: What is this place? There's so many celebrities... we must be in Southern California.

Eu: Ooooh, and that must be why it's so sunny. The West coast has the sunshine...

En: And the girls all get so... (looks at HR and FD) Wait...

HR: (interrupting the thought) Have you need of any supplies on your journey? I'm sure we can aid you.

(mime sequence of HR giving food etc to the guys, while her celebrity minions pickpocket them and then another minion points at the scenery while HR swipes their weapons)

HR: It was 20 years ago today

FD: The Highway Robber got the band to play

JW: Marauding voyagers with style

JB: Clever piracy to beguile

FD: So may we reveal to you

JW: The place you've been in all along

JB: With the Goddess and her Celeb Band

(all the gang point to the scenery)

En and Eu: Huh?

HR: Wales, you idiots. We're in Wales.

(insert misty mountain sheep: the gang alternates lines in groups while one character swoops down to steal stuff one at time, stealing all of the props by the end of the song so the supplies of En and Eu are completely ransacked by the end)

Wales Song (filk of that one Hobbit song):

Far over the rainy mountains cold
With sodden sheep all growing mould
We must away ere break of day
Before our feet become too cold

The rains were pouring on the heights
The sheep were moaning in the night
The Is they bred, they flaming spread
The English speakers stirred with fright

En and Eu: (exchanging knowing looks) Ooooooooooh, Wales...

En: That's sort of like So Cal...

Eu: I thought you meant like (makes crazy wale song noises)

En: Yeah, that's why you were confused...

(both look down and finally realize that they've been robbed)

HR: (holding a swindled weapon and velociraptor) So glad you were able to drop by boys.

FD: (showing off some more of the loot) Yeah, you've been real helpful.

JW: (with another stolen weapon) You boys might want to be moving along now, I'm starting to get attached to you.

JB: (with yet more loot) And we all know what happens with *this one* and emotional attachment. (mimes various death scenarios)

En: (running away... er, escaping) I'm out of here!

Eu: (following) Right behind you! (leans out at audience, and winks while En drags him offstage)

SCENE THE NEXT – A QUICK PINT

ENTENDERAGE: Well after that, I could really do with a drink.

EUPHEMISM: *euphemism*

They enter the bar

EUPHEMISM: Your finest chocolate milk, sir.

ENTENDERAGE: A pint.

RYAN is studying in the background.

RYAN: We're having so much fun doing physics over here.

IORNMANGLOVESPERSON: *appears out of nowhere and punches Entenderage*

JAVERT: A fight! I must join this!

JAVERT: *RAWR*

various guns, swords, iron man gloves, etc

battle scene

EUPHENISM: *dies* (killed by Javert)

ENTENDERAGE: NOOOOO

Exit pursued by Javert

FINAL SCENE

[ENTENDRORAGE enters, disguised as an arts student]

ENTENDRORAGE: "Well, here I am. The North."

[The GOD OF HITTING SMALL TARGETS WITH BIG MISSILES (Matt) appears]

MATT: "Where is Entendrarage? He should have made it back to the North by now." [Notices ENTENDRORAGE] "Oh, a fellow arts student. Have you seen a CompSci around here? Well, not here, we're in daylight. But someone in the shadows, probably not making eye contact. Why aren't you meeting my eye?"

ENTENDRORAGE: "No reason."

MATT: "... What's the password?"

ENTENDRORAGE: "Turing and Babbage!"

MATT: "You're not an Arts Student! Is that you Entendrarage? You are in disguise."

ENTENDRARAGE: "Javert is chasing me. I'm basically Jean Valjean."

MATT: "Well, that's stupid. At least you've made it back to the North. There are terrible things going on in your palace. A group of southern pandas have taken over, convinced that you are dead, and they are trying to seduce your wife. Fortunately, they don't know how. But its getting close. We must do things quickly!"

ENTENDRARAGE: "A group of pandas?"

MATT: "Or whatever. I don't know what the collective noun for panda is."

ENTENDRARAGE: "In my experience, they tend to form a harem of pandas."

MATT: "Please. Pandas are pretty much the opposite of sex. Why would you want a panda anyway, when you have a giraffe, with that tongue?"

ENTENDRARAGE: "There are plenty of non-sexual uses for giraffe tongues."

MATT: "Well, I don't want to think about that. Your wife and cheese baby are at great risk. Those pandas might do something or whatever. You need to kill them all. With a large missile."

ENTENDRARAGE: "Well, I have one of those handy at all times."

MATT: "Giraffe is going to set them a test. This test is designed to replace you, so she wants to know that your replacement will be able to do everything that you can do, which means that she wants to know that they can hit something small and far away with something big. Thus I've come to help you, as god of hitting small targets with large missiles."

ENTENDRARAGE: "That sounds easy enough to achieve."

MATT: "Wait! What's that?!"

[They hide behind a tree. The PANDAS enter, singing.]

Do you hear the pandas sing

Singing the songs of angry men

It is the music of the species

That will not give birth again.

...ooo, bamboo! *nom nom nom*

MATT: "That's them!"

PANDAS: "Do you hear the pandas sing?"

ENTENDRARAGE: "That was so hot."

MATT: "Uh, sure. You have to fire this missile at them."

ENTENDRARAGE: "I will do something almost identical."

[Enter GIRAFFE with her CHEESE BABY carrying a GIANT MISSILE]

GIRAFFE: "You pandas are ruining the North! While other bear species were out diversifying their habitat and diet, you just lazed around down there and ate bamboo, without even learning which end of your females to have sex with. Even if you could, because most of you have erectile dysfunction."

PANDA: "If I had the energy I would think of a witty response to that."

GIRAFFE: "You will make terrible lovers. But Entendrarage has been away for a whole twenty hours, so he is almost certainly dead. So I have come up with a task to replace him."

PANDA: "Hey look there's an arts student... whatever."

ENTENDRARAGE: "Can take part in the contest?"

PANDA: "Whatever."

GIRAFFE: "Well, I guess an arts student can't be any worse than a panda. They don't cost quite as much, and while pandas are black and white arts students are re[a]d all over."

PANDA: "So what is the challenge? Will I have to get up?"

GIRAFFE: "My Entendrarage was very good with his missile. He could really hit all the right areas, even when they were very small, from far away. So here is a missile. And I will take as my lover the first of you who can hit this small target with this missile."

PANDA: "That sounds violent."

GIRAFFE: "This isn't violence. It's biology."

ENTENDRARAGE: "Who's going first?"

PANDA: "Hand me the missile."

[The CHEESE BABY takes the GIANT MISSILE to the PANDA. The PANDA throws the MISSILE without getting up. It falls at his feet.]

PANDA: "Well, I tried."

[The PANDA goes back to eating bamboo. ANOTHER PANDA taps the missile with his foot.]

PANDA: "This is too hard! Why would anyone want to have sex when they can eat, anyway?"

PANDA: "What's sex, anyway?"

ENTENDRARAGE: "It's like when grown ups take their clothes off and do a special hug, and touch one another's special bits together."

PANDA: "Oh, I've done that before, but no-one got naked."

[The CHEESE BABY picks up the MISSILE and tries to hand it to the PANDAS in turn; they prod it or bat it away, but none make much of an effort]

PANDA: "Well, the zookeeper can't say we didn't try to get her pregnant this time."

ENTENDRARAGE: "Is it my turn yet?"

PANDA: "[Chomping on bamboo] Nom nom nom."

GIRAFFE: "Oh, go ahead. What have I got to lose now my Entendrarage is dead?"

[The CHEESE BABY takes the MISSILE and hands it to ENTENDRARAGE.]

ENTENDRARAGE: "[Aside, to MATT} You better bloody well help me."

[MATT emerges to assist him. ENTENDRARAGE throws the MISSILE and hits the TARGET (TARGET may have to be imaginary)]

ENTENDRARAGE: "That's one target down, now for my next aim!"

[ENTENDRARAGE sheds his disguise, revealing himself to be a COMPSCI]

CHEESE BABY: "Daddy! This is why you wouldn't make eye contact or have a personal relationship with me – you're a CompSci after all!"

ENTENDRARAGE: "Whatever, son. I have to have a personal relationship with these pandas."

[Song: seducing PANDAS somehow]

Suggested song (to the tune of Hey Big Spender)(feel free to alter the lyrics as you see fit):

Hey big panda

Hey big panda

Hey big panda

Share a little bamboo with me

Share just a little
Share just a little *eyebrow waggle*
Why don't you share a little bamboo with me

The minute you ate, shot and left I could see you were a bear of extinction, a real big spender
So furry, so refined Say, wouldn't you like to know what's goin' on in my mind? So let me get
right to the point I don't pop my cork for every bear I see

Why don't you speeeend a little time with meeee.

MATT: "That... wasn't what I was expecting."

[Exit MATT, disgusted]

ENTENDRARAGE: "The reason pandas are going extinct is because they're all in love with me."

PANDA: "I'm dead, right? Just to clarify."

ENTENDRARAGE: "Yes. Shut up."

GIRAFFE: "I can't believe the pandas lost to you, ENTENDRARAGE! You are now MY LOVER! ... Or, you would have been, but you have one more challenge ahead. You have to face another trainer! His name is ... JAVERT! He beat the pandas before you. He is my real LOVER!"

ENTENDRARAGE: "What the fuck?"

[Enter JAVERT. Exit EVERYONE ELSE]

JAVERT: "Yes, 2460pun! It's me, Javert! I warned you I would not give in! I will not be swayed! My Growler is in the top ten percent of Growlers!"

ENTENDRARAGE: "You're shitting me, right?"

JAVERT: "Growlithe, I choose you!"

[Enter GROWLITHE]

ENTENDRARAGE: "Fuck me."

PANDA: "Sorry, not more than once in a year."

[Enter ELLIE, God of Being Allergic to Waves]

ELLIE: "No, wait, I can solve this one!" [A look from ENTENDRAGE] "No, not that one! I am goddess of being allergic to waves! Here, take this FIRE TYPE POKEMON!"

[ELLIE hands ENTENDRARAGE a POKEBALL]

ENTENDRARAGE: "Vulpix, I choose you!"

[Enter VULPIX]

JAVERT: "Growlithe, use GROWL!"

GROWLITHE: "GROWL!"

ENTENDRARAGE: "Vulpix, use SLASH!"

[VULPIX approaches GROWLITHE, looking deep into its lagoon blue eyes and seeing into its very soul or something. Imagine Emma wrote this, or whatever.]

VULPIX: "If I could rearrange the Pokedex, I'd put #058 next to #037."

GROWLITHE: "Growl?"

VULPIX: "Did it hurt, when you climbed out of that Pokeball?"

GROWLITHE: "Grr?"

VULPIX: "Oh, just shut up and kiss me!"

[They kiss, maybe. This part should probably be improv. But not too improv. Shut up, it's 3.30]

JAVERT: "I... what?"

ENTENDRARAGE: "You haven't been around here much have you?"

JAVERT: "I'll escape now from this world. This world of Pokemon slash. There is nowhere I can turn without seeing that in my head. There's no way I can go on."

[JAVERT jumps in the river. GIRAFFE returns to the stage]

GIRAFFE: "Entendrarage, I can't believe you won! I won't deny I'm a little disappointed. But it's OK I guess."

ENTENDRARAGE: "That's basically because I'm brilliant."

[Enter EMMA]

EMMA: "Oh my god, Giraffe! I've read all your fic! It's amazing!"

GIRAFFE: "What? I haven't written any fic. Certainly no RPF. Don't be ridiculous."

ENTENDRARAGE: "What's RPF?"

EMMA: "Real person fiction. Oh my god Entendarage, you should read what she's written about you! There were pandas and Pokemon and songs from LesMis, and you could do amazing things with a missile."

ENTENDRARGE: "But that's what just happened..."

GIRAFFE: "Don't be stupid, I didn't write this play."

ELLIE: "I wasn't that impressed. But at least I got to do something."

EMMA: "But the end where they were reunited finally!"

[Enter MATT]

MATT: "After he seduced the pandas. He SEDUCED the PANDAS. Why the hell did you put THAT in there?"

[Enter CYNTHIA]

CYNTHIA: "I got to rob some people though! That was cool."

MATT: "No it wasn't."

ENTENDRARGE: "Did you write this play?"

GIRAFFE: "Surely the important thing is that we are together."

CYNTHIA: "And that we're gods."

ELLIE: "Useful gods!"

[THEY SING SOMETHING]

EPILOGUE (EMMA):

An epilogue must summarise the play,
And document all we have tried to teach,
I'd claim to moral is not mine to say,
Its convolutions lie beyond my reach,
With themes of such spectacular array,
That I can only stand here and beseech
You. Judge it as you will, or as you must,
For to your judgment, this, our work, we trust.

A muse unsubtle might coerce our rhyme,
And bid us: "Be sententious! Be aloof!
Be lofty! Give them wisdom for their time!

And help them reach some moralistic truth."
But why append advice to what's sublime?
Why polish what is naturally uncouth?
And so, I finish. With one final word,
Thus: "Flying Chaucer!" Concession to the absurd.