

The Wolves of Wall

SCENE ONE

Narrator: From the darkness of the void the betentacled lord Cthulhu looks down on the village of Wall (a medieval village that is possibly on a space station), which he has afflicted with the curse of lycanthropy having first tried vampire cows but found them to be both time consuming and ill-adapted for exsanguinations. The villagers are all in a tizzy. Septimus, the heir apparent has been brutally murdered.

Septimus: *Death Rattle*

Rose: Murder! Murder!

All Villagers: * various cries of murder*

The Doctor: This is terrible

John Locke Lamora: Murder on our very doorstep

Snape: Murder most foul

Cordelia: How horrible, hold me my... fellow and unromantically involved villager, I'm scared

Xander: Don't worry Cordelia; I'll protect you

John Locke Lamora: Its obvious our village faces the gravest threat it has yet encountered in its short and illustrious history. I speak of course of lycanthropy.

Capt. Jack Sparkness: Lyyyy... cannnnn... throp... eee?

John Locke Lamora: You know: werewolves

Capt. Jack Sparkness: were... wolves...

John Locke Lamora: Men cursed to transform into werewolves by the light of the full moon.

Capt. Jack Sparkness: Um...

John Locke Lamora: Big furry things with teeth

Capt. Jack Sparkness: Oh like those cows

John Locke Lamora: Yes, like the cows. It seems to me that we must take swift and immediate action if we are to secure the future of our town and save the lives of our children and each other.

Cordelia: Oh God... what can we do?!

Vaarsuvius: Are we sure it's a werewolf? It could be a grue.

Xander: What's a grue?

Vaarsuvius: It's like a bugbear.

The Villagers: *concerned mutterings*

John Locke Lamora: *with escalating voice* Only one clear path presents itself, we must with strength of purpose and a grim determination... go to sleep.

The Villagers: *nods and comments of agreement*

Villagers all close eyes

The Cockrel: Cock-a-doodle-do

Rose: Argggghh I've been horribly mauled!

Professor Trelawney: Who did it? Can you describe your attacker?

Rose: *holding in internal organs* No, amazingly I seem to have slept through the whole thing.

John Locke Lamora: Hmm it seems we must take a different approach, we must be cunning yet subtle so I suggest... we go to sleep

The Villagers: *nods and comments of agreement*

Villagers all close eyes

The Cockrel: Cock-a-doodle-do

Xander: My bowels my precious precious bowels

Rose: And I've mauled again... ouch... bad wolf... bad

The Villagers: *disconcerted muttering*

John Locke Lamora: People, fear not; though our situation seems bleak the more we learn the closer we come to resolving our problem. Only through determined action can we save ourselves. It is clear that we must... sleep!

The Villagers: *mutterings of agreement*

Villagers all close eyes

The Cockerel: Cock-a-doodle-do

Rose: *Groans*

Vaarsuvius: Rose! She's been attacked again. Apothecary Severus, you must help her with your herbs.

Rose: I CAN HAZ WOLFSBANE?

Severus Snape: I'm afraid I don't have much wolfsbane left, that cockerel's not keeping itself alive.

The villagers: *cries of lynch the cockerel*

The villagers proceed to lynch the cockerel

John Locke Lamora: *wiping hands* Well that was a full and productive day, time for bed me thinks.

Villagers all close eyes

Ghostly Cockerel: WoooooooWooooooo-a doodle-do

Rose: *Death Rattle*

Professor Trelawney: Noooo, its just as I foresaw, Rose has been killed.

Countless legions of Dr who fans: Hooray!

John Locke Lamora: Grave news indeed I suggest we sleep on...

Professor Trelawney: *interrupting* But wait! All is not lost, for my crystal ball has allowed me to divine the identity of the werewolves. For you see, I am a seer.

Baltar: Sounds suspicious to me

River Tam: Yeah, that's exactly what a wolf would say.

The Doctor: Hmm, you arguments are intriguing to me.

Professor Trelawney: But I...

Baltar: I think we should lynch her she might be a Cylon... I mean werewolf.

Capt Jack Sparkness: Yes that sounds like the reasonable thing to do.

Cordelia: I was sure I heard something move during the night.

Professor Trelawney: But you...

Severus: To the village gallows!

*The villagers proceed to hang Professor Trelawney *

Professor Trelawney: *Death Rattle*

Vaarsuvius: Hmm what is this....*leans down and picks up a portal gun*

Captains Jack Sparkness: An aperture science portal gun, what are the odds

Vaarsuvius: Of course, the werewolves must use this to enter the houses of their victims.

Captains Jack Sparkness: Cunning bastards, first they come to kill us and now they're thinking with portals.

Vaarsuvius: This may be of use to us, brother; we shall discuss it at our next denominational meeting...

SCENE THE SECOND

Xander/Cordy love scene.

****It is night. XANDER and CORDELIA sneak out of their huts, skulk warily towards each other, meet, and embrace cloyingly. This scene should be as sickeningly sweet and saccharine as possible (at least, as much as is in character for these two).****

Cordelia: So, people are dying left, right, and centre – want to spend the night with me?

Xander: Sure. You got any linoleum at your place?

Cordelia: Uh, no. It's not like you don't visit every night. You know I don't have any linoleum, duh. Are you saying looking at me isn't enough to make you want to have sex, so you have to look at linoleum? Are you saying I'm less attractive than flooring? Cheap flooring?!

****XANDER commences emergency smooching. Halfway through, SEPTIMUS turns up.****

Septimus: Oh dear God.

****CORDELIA breaks off the kiss.****

Cordelia: What's your trauma? Wait, aren't you dead?

All ensemble shout at Septimus to shut up

****He leaves in disgust. Smooching resumes. Once all parts of XANDER and CORDELIA'S digestive systems have been vigorously licked clean, a thought strikes CORDELIA****

Cordelia: Xander, would you protect me from werewolf attacks?

Xander: Cordy, of course I'll protect you. If you died, I wouldn't be able to go on.

Cordelia: Wow. Er – yeah. And me. With what you said. Yeah. I mean it.

****They proceed to make out.****

Wolves' scene
(Baltar and John Locke Lamora)

Baltar: What's on the menu tonight?

Locke (singing):

It's elf!
Have a little elf!
Morph into a wolf and brush up on your stealth!
For you know those ears are exceedingly good.
So it's tricky food.

****Baltar shakes head in vigorous disagreement****

Baltar (singing):

Find a weaker pick.
Someone not as quick.
How about the barber – that should do the trick.
Just sneak in through a portal and feast on a mere mortal steak...
Piece of cake!

Locke: Sweeney it is, then.

Cthulhu Scene

****THE DOCTOR, CAPTAINS JACK SPARKNESS, and VAARSUVIUS, are kneeling around an eldritch altar chanting****

Doctor, Jack, Vaarsuvius: Ph'nglui mglw'nafh Cthulhu R'lyeh wgah'nagl fhtagn.

Doctor: Now, Great Cthulhu, whose name may not be uttered before non-believers, granter of the Silver Spoon of Destiny(a registered trademark of the OU TolkSoc), with the sacrifice of jelly babies ripped from their mothers' wombs, we evoke thy power into this Portal Gun, that thou mayst work thy tentacular will upon this world from your forgotten house in sunken R'lyeh!

Jack, Vaarsuvius: malo malo malo malo. quidquid id est, timeo Danaos et dona ferentes. arma virumque cano.

****THE DOCTOR** raises the portal gun and the Spoon of Destiny(copyright 2008 Taruithorn). CTHULHU lets out an unearthly roar. The Spoon starts to lose its shape and starts to melt into the gun, their very atoms becoming one. This is the big impressive effects shot, the one that requires shiny CGI and that George Lucas can only dream of. We'll improvise.**

Jack: I feel his tentacles upon me! Do you read much hentai oh mighty one?

Doctor: Stop flirting with the Great Old One.

Snape retroprotects Sweeney Todd.

****It is night. Suddenly SWEENEY TODD screams in his death agony.****

Sweeney Todd: I will have vengeance! I will have salvation!

The Vilagers: Oh god he's been killed

****SNAPE billows in, wielding wolfsbane. He waves it over SWEENEY TODD.****

Snape: Protego Retroactivium!

****SWEENEY TODD recovers.****

Sweeney Todd: Wait... I was dead... and you... drove the werewolves away... afterwards... and I'm better now?

Snape: You question my logic? 10 points from Gryffindor!

Sweeney Todd: How about a shave?

SCENE THE THIRD

* Scene: village square. *

Ghost cockerel cockadoodles.

ORLY owl hoots.

Ghost cockerel: YA RLY!

* River Tam crawls into the square. *

Jack: Are you alright?

River (looks at body): Pretty red. Red all over.

Jack: we have to get you to a hospital.

The Doctor: Epoch fail! We live in the middle ages!

Jackness: Oh yeah. Well, there's always the next best thing... revenge!

* Jack rushes round waking remaining villagers, who gather in square. *

Jack: Look, look at this poor girl. There's still a werewolf among us.

Snape: So, if Professor Trelawney wasn't a werewolf... she must have been right all along. It was Baltar, as she said. *Looks accusingly at Locke*

Locke: That doesn't follow. Non sequitur. Just because someone was killed last night doesn't mean that she wasn't also a werewolf. And even if she wasn't, she could still be wrong.

Cordy (ignores him): Baltar... He is rather smarmy. Must be a werewolf.

Vaars: And he looks just like Dr Bashir. Must be in disguise. Must be a werewolf.

Locke: That's neither necessary nor sufficient.

All (ignores him): Lynch, lynch, lynch...!

* Baltarshir gets lynched *

Snape: Now we can go to sleep in the certain knowledge that we are safe from werewolves.

Locke: But that doesn't make any sense. We don't know that.

Snape: It's a justified true belief, isn't it?

Locke: But as Gettier showed...

Snape: Oh no he didn't

Locke: Oh yes he did

Snape: Oh no he didn't

Locke: Oh yes he did

Snape: Oh no he... *audience storms the stage*

* All go to sleep through boredom (Xander and Cordelia, arm in arm) *

* Cordelia wakes up early in Xander's arm (not arms, he only has one left) *

Cordelia: Good morning, my love... Xander? What's all this gore? Eeewwww!!!!!!

Jack (rushes to her): What is it? Xander's dead! I'm so sorry. Let me help you with all that blood. There, there.

Cordy: Poor Xander. I'm so upset. (*pause*) Wow, you're pretty... pretty. I was going to kill myself in grief over him, but you'll do instead.

Jack (backing away in that inimitable way of his): It'll never work out between us, Love. I'm sorry.

Cordy (following): But without you I have no reason to live.

Jack: Doctor, quick. I need a weapon.

* The Doctor hands him the portal gun. *

Jack: I'm sorry, love.

* Jack shoots Cordelia, but it rebounds and he is duplicated. *

Jack 1: Hello handsome!

Jack 2: Hello handsome!

* They make out *

Cordy: Hey, which one's Jack? Which one is my love?

Locke: Well, personal identity is generally associated with continuity of consciousness. Which one of you remembers how you got into this mess?

Jack 1+2: I do.

Locke: So much for that.

Jack 1: Hey, I've got an idea! All we need is another Jack to take care of Cordelia, and we can go off together. (ooh err missus)

* They fire the portal gun, and another Jack appears *

Jack 1+2+3: Right, we're off. You take care of her.

* They look at each other. No one volunteers. *

Jack 1: Hey, I'm the real Jack.

Jack 2: No, I am.

Jack 3: This is ridiculous. We need a philosopher.

Locke: You called!?! (← should be an interrobang) But actually it doesn't really matter which one of you is the real one. You all are. But you should still (normative) keep duplicating yourselves in order to maximise utility. I'm an absolute utilitarian, don't you know!

The Jacks continue duplicating

Jack N (just created): Peanut!

Jack N+1 (just created): Hey, this is great, the cult will reign supreme with all these members. Cthul...

Cthulhu: Thou didst speak my name. Die worthless human scum!

Jack $i=1..N+1$ (pointing at Jack $i+1$, cyclic): it was him!

Narrator: KAAPOW! ZAP! BLAMMO!

* All Jacks are smote, smited, and smitten *

Snape: We'll I guess its easy now. Since Sweeney and I can protect each other from werewolves, one of you cultists needs to side with us and we can kill the werewolves.

The Doctor: But won't you lynch us afterwards?

Sweeney: We promise not to.

John Locke Lamora: Fine I admit it, I've been brutally murdering you one by one. However I really don't think that this type of king-making is fair.

Snape: Hang on, so you really think that the humans wouldn't gang up against the werewolves? What kind of role are you playing?

John Locke Lamora: Yes but within a structured set of rules, king-making is not a clean way to resolve this unstable configuration.

* An Enormous argument ensues between remaining villager, werewolves, Cultists and wolfsbanes *

* All those not arguing break into song *

This was a travesty!
We're scribing a scroll here:
"Grave mistake!!"

and we're most irate
about the outcome

Village of Wall: now
We've all played the parts we were assigned.

On the whims of some us
We lynched the ones who are dead.

But there's no sense crying
O'er ambiguous rules.
You keep on complaining
till you're down to just fools.
Cos the seer gets killed.
And the players aren't skilled
So not many will stay
Still alive.

We're not even grumpy...
We don't want to whine about the rules –
Even though we role-played quite so poorly.

OUSFG failed to help us.
And we ran out of words that scanned at all.
We tried to rhyme with metagame
But couldn't...

The End